

Loophole



OFFICIAL NEWS BULLETIN
of the
MARLBOROUGH RETURNED SERVICES ASSN

Vol. 4 No. 4 September 1957

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PRESIDENTIAL

Although the result of the ballot for Executive Members was announced in the last issue of *Loophole*, and I have welcomed Messrs Bill Sinclair, Doug Matthews and Jim Knowles to the Committee, I have not had an opportunity to thank the unsuccessful candidates for coming forward. I am sure all our members appreciate their action and hope that they will not be discouraged; but will offer their services again next year. I was sorry that Lance Waters and Frank Delany could not see their way clear to continue on the Executive, as both have given many years of most useful and outstanding service.

For the first time on record the Sounds Branch have elected one of their own members, Jack Watts, to represent them, and with Leon Reader from Havelock, Eric Gibb replacing Terry Madsen from Picton, most of the branches have strong representation on the Executive. I would like to see Renwick and Flaxbourne delegates appointed—Flaxbourne are seeking a town member to represent them.

All our branches have held their annual meetings and are all on a sound footing. Most of them have held reunions and several their annual balls. Our Executive was represented at most of these functions.

The Annual General Meeting, after a full discussion, reaffirmed its previous decision for the Executive to proceed with the erection of a new Clubhouse, plans and specifications are almost to the stage when we will be able to apply for a building permit and obtain quotes to put before a further general meeting.

The Dominion Conference was held at Wellington in June when our Association was represented by Jim Naysmith, George Cole, Clem Harris and myself. We have each submitted a written report which has been circulated to branches and is available to any member interested. The Conference was very well reported in the Press and in the Review.

The Annual Ball was most enjoyable and the Women's Section again did a wonderful job and I wish to thank them and the members of the Social Committee for the tremendous amount of hard work they put into the running of it.

F. W. PARKER, President.

AWARDS

Following are lists of our members who have distinguished themselves by meritorious service to returned men in various spheres and who have won a reward bestowed by N.Z.R.S.A. or by our own Association. We have also recorded the names of our boyhood heroes—the South African Veterans.

N.Z.R.S.A. CERTIFICATE AND GOLD STAR BADGE :

23087 John Sinclair Bain, 18/2/1947; 6/382 Oliver Leslie Watson, 18/2/1947; S.A.5073 Edward John Harvey, 12/10/1948; 55524 Roy Augustus Mears, 13/12/1949; Imp. 470531 Frederick Alderman Harrison, 6/12/1955; 24/929 Laurence David Waters, ?/10/1956.

N.Z.R.S.A. CERTIFICATE OF MERIT AND "M" BADGE :

40269 Percival John Young, 16/3/1948; 33146 James Amos Breayley, 18/10/1949; 10/3120 John Frank Walter Watts, 7/2/1956; 6/1371 Frank Woolmer Parker, 3/7/1956; 24/819 Archibald Arthur Kitching, 3/7/1956.

MARLBOROUGH R.S.A. LIFE MEMBERS :

23087 J. S. Bain; 24/1302 E. J. Brammall; 33146 J. A. Breayley; 3/3640 L. A. Curry; N.12900 F. O. Delany; 7/1431 F. C. Hammond; 470531 F. A. Harrison; 44478 H. Hill; N.1041 W. A. Hood; 24/819 A. A. Kitching; 55524 R. A. Mears; 6/1371 F. W. Parker; 6/976 W. S. Pratt; 42593 E. M.

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Rudd (Mrs); N.460706 J. W. Sutherland; 24/929 L. D. Waters; 6/382
O. L. Watson; 10/3120 J. F. W. Watts; 42831 T. J. Williams; 13383
E. Wilson; 40289 P. J. Young.

SOUTH AFRICAN VETERANS :

R. Allan, A. T. W. Berry, J. R. Bowes, M. Broadhurst, J. H. Brooks, S. E. Brown, J. D. Burroughs, J. F. Casey, J. Catto, R. J. Craven, G. T. Crawford, W. Dick, A. J. Dick, C. A. Hadfield, E. J. Harvey, C. A. Hatsell, H. E. Hodson, H. J. S. Mitchell, T. Murray, W. S. Mac. Morrin, John Nicholls, O. Owens, E. A. Philpott, E. Sharplin, L. W. H. Vicary, J. Watson, G. T. Wells, C. E. Waller.

MEMBERSHIP — ALL BRANCHES

Last year we fell short of our target of 1800 members by 44, to register a decrease for the second year in succession.

The decreases during the past two years of 7 and 5 are so small that we could say that our membership has remained static for the past three years, the figures being 1768, 1761 and 1756.

Last year four Branches showed a decrease on their peak year. They were Renwick 12, Awatere 11, Kalkoura 27 and Picton 12, a total of 62. The other five Branches and Blenheim registered record membership.

If six branches can maintain or increase membership, it is reasonable to assume that ALL branches can do likewise. We have ample material to work on. Though some members move away to other districts, there is also an influx of returned men to compensate for such losses.

We have records of 2030 members in Marlborough; but we are certain that a further 150 to 200 returned men are in our midst and are not recorded. Could we make a 100% united effort to reach a membership of 1800 plus, by 31st March next.

We have offered on more than one occasion to draft circulars for Branches

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and to duplicate sufficient copies to be sent to their unfinancial members, or if Branches care to send in their own copy, we will be pleased to run off duplicate copies to their requirements.

Already since 31st March we have received arrears from 26 members. This proves that 26 members were willing to pay their 1956-57 subscription and if they had been approached earlier in the year, there seems to be no doubt that we would have had a record year.

I am setting out a schedule which will show the position regarding membership over the past four years and sincerely trust we may all make an endeavour to reach a target of 1800 members by 31st March next.

P. G. TIZARD.

BRANCH :	Record Year	Number of Members in Record Year	Number of Returned men known to be in the district	Number Financial on 19th Aug.
East Coast	1957	23	25	12
Sounds	1957	29	30	26
Rai Valley	1957	35	32*	15
Flaxbourne	1957	31	33	20
Havelock	1957	47	57	27
Renwick	1955	51	63	28
Awatere	1956	80	86	42
Kaikoura	1955	180	200	108
Picton	1956	193	201	130
Blenheim	1957	1098	1253	920
South African and Life Members		50	50	50
TOTAL			2030	1378

* Rai Valley is the only district in which there are less Returned Men than were members in their record year.

DIAL

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COMMITTEES FOR 1957 - 58

Chairman and Convenor — Name in bold type.

MANAGEMENT: W. J. Perkins, D. W. B. Clarke, J. R. Naysmith, J. A. Knowles, R. B. Hadfield, President and Secretary.
BUILDING: R. T. Scott, J. R. Naysmith, J. A. Bell, L. G. Sinclair, C. D. Matthews, President and Secretary.
FINANCE: J. R. Naysmith, R. T. Scott, W. J. Perkins, J. A. Bell, R. B. Hadfield, President and Secretary.
SOCIAL & ENTERTAINMENT: G. R. Cole, A. A. Kitching, R. B. Hadfield, F. R. Lightfoot, J. A. Knowles, D. W. B. Clarke, President and Secretary.
GAMES (CRICKET & BILLIARDS): L. G. Sinclair, G. R. Cole, C. J. Harris, J. A. Knowles, President and Secretary.
RELIEF: F. W. Parker, W. J. Perkins, R. T. Scott, F. R. Lightfoot, R. B. Hadfield, N. K. Jellyman, President and Secretary.
REHABILITATION: J. A. Bell, C. D. Matthews, C. J. Harris, A. A. Kitching, N. K. Jellyman, President and Secretary.
CEMETERY: D. W. B. Clarke, C. D. Matthews, C. J. Harris, F. R. Lightfoot, L. G. Sinclair, President and Secretary.
LOOPHOLE: R. T. Scott, J. A. Knowles, G. R. Cole, N. K. Jellyman, President and Secretary.
AWARDS: A. A. Kitching, J. A. Bell, R. T. Scott, President and Secretary.
HERITAGE: G. R. Cole. **RED CROSS:** F. R. Lightfoot.
SCOUTS: J. A. Knowles. **PATRIOTIC:** R. T. Scott.
MARLBOROUGH CENTENNIAL CENTRAL COMMITTEE: R. T. Scott.

OFFICERS

of the
BRANCHES
for the

Year Ending 31st March, 1958

KAIKOURA BRANCH:

Patron: Mr L. P. Blunt.
Immediate Past President: Mr D. H. Stove.
President: Mr J. E. Goold.
Vice-President: Mr R. A. Kitching.
Hon. Treasurer: Mr M. O. Moore.
Auditor: Mr J. H. Burns.
Committee: Messrs C. E. Perrin, N.

K. Young, J. D. Gray, C. L. Stack,
J. E. Deyes, F. B. Sabiston, I. H. Smith, K. E. Pitman.

Patriotic Welfare Committee: Messrs J. E. Goold & S. B. Harris.
Benevolent Committee: Messrs J. E. Goold & R. A. Kitching.
Memorial Hall Committee: Mr R. A. Kitching.
Blenheim Representative: Mr N. K. Jellyman.

EAST COAST BRANCH:

Chairman: Mr K. G. Avery.
Vice-Chairman: Mr H. M. Good.
Secretary and Treasurer: Mr F. W.

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Assist. Secretary: Mr R. W. Parker.
Committee: Messrs F. Newton, M.
Young, A. Mehlhopt, D. H. Giles,

R. F. Parker.

R.S.A. Representative on Patriotic
Welfare Committee: Mr J. S.
Davies.

LAST POST

Since our last issue of Loophole the following returned men have answered the Last Roll Call. Our sympathy is extended to those who are left behind.

N.13281 R. G. Glover; 18372 F. Hodson; J.43344 A. Patterson; 70618 P. Jarman; 10/3518 & S.A.9801 G. Conroy; 21760 A. S. Woolley; 811147 J. W. Knighton; 19217 V. L. Powell; 7/202 C. G. Grace; 11/486 F. S. Burson; 7/1432 F. G. Ashton; S.A.6081 A. J. Mulford.

*Behind is life and its longing,
Its trial, its trouble, its sorrow,
Beyond is the infinite morning,
Of a day without a tomorrow.*

NEW MEMBERS

A welcome to our ranks is extended to the following new members who

have joined during the past three months:

34214 A. J. Hastie; 280418 R. MacDonald; 77649 G. P. T. Hey; 70118 R. V. Oertel; 3/50 G. A. E. Dyer; 11409055 P. E. P. Atkinson; 425769 R. Nehemia; F.X.92672 F. T. Brown; P/211080 C. H. Weston; 3029 F. E. Camp; C.J.X.563650 W. Little; 4/758 E. M. James; N.Z.4211716 R. C. Steven; 415315 R. B. Hamilton.

TO BRANCH MEMBERS

Last year the Social sub-committee of the Executive Committee issued invitations to Branches to attend social functions at the Clubhouse in Blenheim. You are all aware that the Clubhouse is yours at all times; but the organised visits were aimed to foster goodwill and understanding between town and country members, to offer an opportunity to members

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who are not regular visitors to the Club to enjoy at least one social function during the year and to try their hands at indoor bowls, miniature rifle shooting or billiards and to perhaps discuss any question or problem they may have, with the Association officers. We cannot claim that all these functions were a howling success as some Branches did not send in representatives.

This year Wednesday 25th September has been set aside for a Social night when it is hoped that each and every branch will endeavour to send in one or two cars crammed with members.

The success or otherwise of this evening pends on your response to this—our cordial invitation to be present.

P. G. TIZARD,
Secretary.

SECRETARY'S NOTES

Since our last issue of "Lou Pole" we have seen the Geophysical Year launched with rather decent co-operation from old sol with his special session of flare up, spots and explosions—timed nicely for the first day of this eighteen month year—we have seen our idols the All Blacks beaten by Canterbury and also over the radio we heard a Russian choir singing "Tipperary." Wonders never cease.

Now that you all know that cigarette smoking is the main contributing factor to lung cancer, you should cut out the booze and fast car driving and concentrate on smoking our "King" size cancer inducing smokes which are guaranteed to free you of

all your earthly worries quicker than any other known method of self annihilation. Make your motto "Inhalation for annihilation."

Parking meters and Birthright seem to be coming our way in Blenheim. The reason for the first can be anyone's guess. We pay rates to build roads, we pay petrol tax to drive on them and now we will be expected to pay to stop for ten minutes or so on them.

Now do you see the real reason why we should have parking meters? I don't. Pedestrian crossings require funds for periodical repainting and it has been suggested that pedestrians will in future be expected to place a penny in a box each time they use one of these crossings.

The introduction of the society styled "Birthright" has much to commend it and is deserving of the support of the whole community.

Birthright may be termed the small brother of Heritage and could function as does the big brother movement in America.

Many will question the need for the formation of new Welfare Societies with large sums of money at their disposal in this our Welfare State.

There is the need—apart from money—for the Welfare workers to be banded together to assist in the management and guidance of children and adolescents, to teach them thrift and the folly of this bodgie Commie motor-bike cow-boy stuff. Read what our Australian counterpart of Loophole—the Gallipoli Legion Gazette—has to say in condemning the need to raise funds to

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establish more clubs for the welfare of City youths.

"It seems to us that the youth of today, while he has ten times the money in his pocket than the youth had 20 years ago, a period of full employment, and a full belly, still has to be nursed along and pampered and amused. He has today every opportunity of attaining that degree of security in employment denied to his counterpart of the thirties. With amusement of every description from "Chicken" to T.v, he still has to be amused at the public expense.

From the thug who breaks a bottle and jabs it into a policeman's face to the lout who stands on the street corner and shouts foul obscenities at a passing girl, it should seem they must have priority of the welfare organisation.

Meanwhile the old people and the sick can make out the best they can.

"What does it matter about the old and sick, let us reclaim these dear boys" we can hear the reclaimers say.

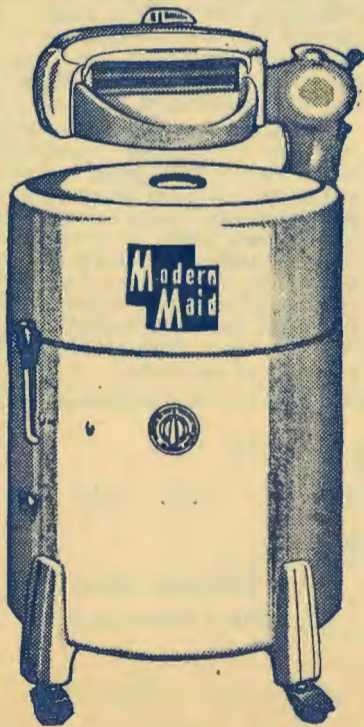
Well, we would like to offer two suggestions, if we may presume so

far. First: Put them into a training camp, get a few old Sar Majors with leather lungs and let them go to work on them. We who remember the "bull ring" could recommend these methods. Second: Revive the old "Tingarra" or better still "Sao-broun."

There is a great need also for welfare work among our elderly folk. The formation of Darby and Joan Clubs in many lands has proved worthwhile in combating loneliness which is probably the greatest malady of this age—worse even than lung cancer.

To the writer it seems that the "play way" of learning in schools is reflected in the work and leisure of modern youth. Have a look round town any day, any time and you'll see groups of female office workers gazing yearningly at foundation garments in shop windows or merely yarning about the merits of Louisa's latest love lotion.

This theft of employers time is delinquency of another type. It is a serious matter and one which could be tackled by businessmen's associa-



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tions, though it can be said that each case should be dealt with by the individual employer. But things don't work out that way. All a girl employee has to do is to find another boss who is waiting and willing to pay her a higher salary. These kids have us just where they want us as employers.

The delinquents are still in the minority. Let us guard against their reaching the majority.

Yes there's plenty of scope for our welfare workers.

We have also seen the inauguration of a constitutional society, formed no doubt with the idea of taking over the duties of watching over the actions of those who watch over the actions of those who—and so ad infinitum.

I have noted with quiet amusement lots of our citizens working themselves up into a frenzy on the car ferry issue. I would like to lodge my protest to the statement that a certain self appointed group of men represents the views of the whole of Marlborough. I once heard such a group described as a society of self-made men, who meet monthly to praise their creators. It seems to me that quite a big number of people have "done their scene" not only in Blenheim but in many places in New Zealand on this complex question.

Now we've blown our top on a variety of subjects; it may be well to remember that these notes should be telling you more of recent R.S.A. activities.

All Branches have now held their annual meetings, our sub-committees are all on their toes and functioning well. Our president was more than unfortunate that two key men in his newly formed Choir were unable because of 'flue' to attend the first meeting. Setbacks such as this

are made to be overcome. Our members are just the boys to face up to and overcome such trifles. No need to be a Caruso or Robeson before joining this select band. Under the leadership of George Hope you'll soon be a star vocalist—or told there is no HOPE for you. Jim Knowles has the right idea in organising another group; but as this is still in the embryo stage, we leave it to Jim to make his plans known to you in a separate article. The time is more than ripe to arrange social functions for our women members. They also served overseas, and as of right, have full membership of the Association and the Clubhouse. I suggest to them that they meet—say at 5 p.m. on the first Wednesday of each month—for an informal reunion with cocktails. Why not? The idea seemed right judging by the glint in the eye of one of our women members when I made the suggestion. Let me have your ideas, Ladies. I'm sure Scotty and I can get this jacked up.

Quite a nice surprise greeted me in Athol Hood's office in July, when he handed me a cheque for £100 from one of his returned servicemen friends for the building fund. This investor in our building fund wishes to remain anonymous; but we do wish him to know how much his action is appreciated.

Within six weeks or less of receiving this publication (pardon the term) bowlers throughout the district will be on the point of opening their playing season. Both the men's and the women's clubs have room for more members, particularly the latter. Both clubs deserve the full support of members and the Women's Section, so let me make an appeal to members and their wives to link up now with one of our clubs.

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TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

Cooled beer (a reality) in the summer—a new Clubhouse (almost a reality) in which to enjoy it—new amenities which will add to comfort and relaxation, will mean added interest in our R.S.A. affairs. Perhaps there may come new ideas for our members' entertainment by our members. I'm sure many do not fully realise the excellent welfare work done "behind the scenes" by our President, Secretary and other sub-committee conveners. Without a doubt this welfare work is in capable hands.

But George Cole and his Social Sub-committee members would appreciate and accept interest, and participation in, other forms of entertainment. Much of their spare time is already taken up with such activities as bowls, billiards, shooting, etc., but this Annual R.S.A. Ball—does it cater for the Returned Serviceman? Could it be supplemented by another form of entertainment wherein our members could "get together" in other congenial surroundings.

I have in mind some adopted form of a "Tin Hat Club." The main theme would be an address by some well known personality — I've heard Mr Inglis, S.M., on the "Nuremburg Trials" — Capt. Johnny Slaughter, R.N., on "Submarines" at such functions. Jim Henderson of the "Diggers Session" could deliver a most interesting address, and there are many others.

Then there's the musical and entertainment sides. Musicians could be left in the capable hands of our new bandmaster Geo. Hope and Gordon McIntosh. Of the entertainers there must be many besides our worthy Secretary (well he's entertaining on the cricket field), all welded together with some light refreshment and perhaps a game of skill (not Housie) could prove as successful in Blenheim as it has in other parts of New Zealand.

When to have it? Well, perhaps only two or three times a year or perhaps as a form of Annual Reunion some time near Anzac Day. Anyway its a thought, and with organised support from members, could also become a reality. Our Secretary

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I am confident, would direct any support or ideas through the correct channels to the Social and Entertainments Committee.—J.K.

BUILDING FUND

We acknowledge with thanks further contributions to the building fund from the following:

H. Foley, E. Lasky, A. F. Norgrove, F. V. Langdon, A. C. Jenkins, C. Charteris, R. G. Wareham, P. R. Westenra, R. G. Currie, W.S. Indoor Bowling Club, F. McNiven, J. C. Sutton, A. C. Jamieson, H. S. Melville, S. B. Harris, W. L. Brown, A. E. Cresswell, O. T. Coleman, G. S. Musgrove, Anonymous £100.

HARRY

One of our oldest members who has reached the stage where he has lost interest in R.S.A., his friends and society in general, except horses and T.A.B., was recently visited by Mr F. Parker to see how he was getting along.

Harry wasn't interested in his relatives, the making of a will, the final resting place of his mortal remains, or any other common topic of conversation.

When Frank asked him what unit he served with, Harry's memory really ticked over, stirring him into a state of excitement as he related an incident during his service in France over forty years ago.

Alone, Harry had unexpectedly been confronted by six armed Germans, and as he told himself, "Harry, you've had it," it occurred to him that he might as well put his rifle to his shoulder and at least try to get one of them before they got him.

To Harry's amazement, the six of them as one man dropped their rifles and threw up their hands in "Kamerad." Harry's aim had been so shaky, each of the six Huns had thought Harry's bullet was for him.

THAT 'OLE DIGGER

On returning home from the annual meeting, I sighted a heading in The Express covering the purchase by the Power Board of a Digger from a Southland company for the sum of £800.

With President Jim, Digger Ed. and Kiwi Bob present at the Board meeting isn't it rather surprising that none of them thought fit to ask the

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A LESSON IN SELF HELP

In February of this year I inspected the site of the new Rarangi Golf Links and whilst I could see the possibilities of a good links being established some day I frankly thought that the job was far too big to be tackled by a few enthusiastic Kiwis and other golfers.

I wasn't particularly surprised when the new Club was formed but what has surprised me is the transformation from a wilderness to a comparatively clean area in a matter of only four months by a handful of Sunday workers, who have completed the initial clearing of 120 acres of matagowry, cleared the stones off approximately 60 acres, erected one mile of first class fencing, carted 200 yards of top soil, laid down, fenced

and seeded 14 greens the other 4 are prepared but will not be seeded until September, also approximately 200 trees have been planted.

All this work has been done by an average of eight men and women each Sunday, a little mechanical equipment and a lot of enthusiasm. If the present rate of improvement is maintained I can see that what appeared to be an idle dream of a play area for all, becoming a reality in a very short time.

The initial finance for this project was raised in the following manner. Twelve men, mostly Kiwis put in £25 each by way of 5 years subscription paid in advance and starting from 1958. A further 20 men and women paid £10 each giving them 2 years subs also these 20 are the people who work on Sundays and they are credited at the rate of 5/- per hour against their future subs. Already six of these people have qualified for an additional 5 years subs and by the time the links are ready for play several will be life members.

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Sufficient money is left over to ensure the necessary working capital when the season starts. Promises of membership from old and new golfers should start the club off without very much worry and even if the promises do not eventuate the foundation members will dip into their pockets a little more.

The E.M.E. Corp were recognised as the best scroungers in the Army, they not only had to scrounge for themselves as every Kiwi did; but in addition they had to keep the Div. mobile and many a truck found its way to the whisky suppliers and in turn some of this grog found its way to our Yankee friends in exchange for all sorts of equipment. One of our E.M.E. Skippers hasn't lost the art. He recently set the ball rolling with a couple of bottles of Old Smuggler plus £25, and in return received a 5-gang set of fairway mowers in really good condition and an excellent heavy 3 feet greens mower, the new price of this equipment would be £750 - £800.

But one may well ask, "Why go to all this trouble in making a new golf links when we already have two

others in or near Blenheim."

About thirty years ago, one golf course was ample to meet the needs of its forty-five or so members. Today we have one 18 hole and two nine hole courses to accommodate their 200 members. The two nine hole courses have and are still serving a most useful purpose as kindergartens. As soon as a player from these courses shows promise, he is apt to transfer to an eighteen hole course where he can have a tilt at the big boys on a full size course. In addition to this ever increasing popularity of the game, there is the steady increase in the population of Marlborough.

One could add to this potential, those in a state of golfing "hibernation." Without much real effort, one could list fifty names of men and women who have been regular players; but who for various reasons are in a state of "hibernation." They have not all sold their clubs. They may not all take up competitive golf again; but it is a safe bet that most of them can be coaxed out of their semi-retirement if offered sufficient inducement. Perhaps the lure of a

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seaside links where one can complete a round with dry feet will bring some back as active players. Not all will wish to become full playing or full paying members. An occasional round will be all that some want, and it is an expensive item if one (or a couple) have to pay a full subscription for merely two or even half a dozen rounds in a season.

Yes, there is a need for another 18 hole links handy to Blenheim. After the "need" has been established, the choice of a site is the next important step. Those in the know, are aware that the search for ideal golfing country in Marlborough has exercised the minds of golfing officials for perhaps forty years. If perfect seaside sandy conditions were available in Marlborough for a golf links, we would not have an inland golf course; nor would any golfing authority select an inland site if a seaside site could be found within reasonable distance. No one has yet claimed that Rarangi is the ideal site; but it has more to commend it than was at first apparent. With modern transport, Rarangi can be reached in less time than it took for our golfing pioneers to reach their Riverlands course in a gig. With a wide view of Cloudy Bay with its placid waters across which can be seen the North Island and its snow covered mountain range, with a fine view of Tapuaenuku in its winter garb, with an uninterrupted view of Marlborough's "Blue Mountains" in the west and with the nearer home view of rocky coast and tree clad

hills, Rarangi has much to offer those appreciative of varied scenery.

But golf isn't played on scenery alone. Good open golfing country is there also. We feel that it is a case of "Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway, and fools, who came to scoff, remained to play." (My humble apologies to Oliver Goldsmith.) My guess after this my second visit—on each occasion with a very open mind—is that Rarangi will in the course of two to three years boast fairways and greens second to none in Marlborough. Even if this can be achieved in say five years, it will be something the promoters will be happy about.

I have advocated the use of volunteer labour in the construction of our new clubhouse. After seeing what has been done at Rarangi by a mere handful of enthusiasts, I am more than ever convinced that we have among our members a sufficient number who will be ready and willing to lend a hand when the time arrives. I was somewhat rocked when taken to task by a South African War Veteran, because I had not been out to Rarangi to lend a hand. Ern Philpotts who served in South Africa fifty-seven years ago and is no longer a chicken, told me how he enjoyed giving the boys a hand.

I heard from an official of the new Club that Ern had bossed the fencing job and generally "hoed" in with the younger ones setting a pace they found hard to equal.



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TEXT OF ANZAC DEDICATION

It has come to the notice of the Dominion Executive Committee that many local Associations are not familiar with the Anzac Dedication as used at the Dawn Ceremony of Remembrance. The Dedication is not usually pronounced by the officiating minister but usually by some prominent citizen participating in the service.

For the information of interested Associations the text reads:

"At this hour, on this day, Anzac received its baptism of fire, and became one of the immortal names in history. We who are gathered here think of the comrades who went out with us to battle but did not return. It is fitting that we should keep this dawn vigil together, in remembrance and gratitude. We feel them near us in the spirit. We wish to be worthy of their great sacrifice. Let us, therefore, once again dedicate ourselves to the service of the ideals for which they died. As the dawn is even now

about to pierce the night, so let their memory inspire us to work for the coming of the new light into the dark places of the world."

H.S. MAUNGANUI

The Editor Loophole,
Dear Sir,

I was very interested to read in your last issue of Loophole about the N.Z.H.S. "Maunganui," and pleased to hear that she had not gone to her last resting place without some mention of her glorious deeds during World War II.

I was a P.O.W. of the Japs for 3½ years in Singapore and Formosa. I was in hospital in Manila just after the war when the "Maunganui" came in to pick up the patients, and that was when I met my first Kiwi's, the nurses and two orderlies of that fine ship. They gave us a wonderful time during our trip to Lyttelton and again on the home run as far as Sydney. It was due to the good food and great care that they bestowed on us that I was able to regain my health and strength, in fact I built myself up

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from a mere 5 stone to 10½ stone in a matter of two months.

Matron was a very worried woman the day we sailed from Lyttelton for it was the day of the Gold Cup, and although she had a full roll call in the morning, by 10 o'clock half her passengers were missing in spite of us all being confined to the ship with orderlies on the gangways; but we all managed to turn up in time to sail.

I have been back in New Zealand for 10 years now, so you can see that I didn't waste much time coming back here. Who knows; it may have been that first meeting with the Kiwis of the N.Z.H.S. "Maunganui" that persuaded me to return here and make New Zealand my home.

Yours faithfully,

S. R. LANG.

SHORT STORY

The scene is in the kitchen cum living room in a working man's home in the East End of London, the night after its occupier, 'Arry 'Uggins had won first prize in the football pool, £100,000. 'Arry is in his pink singlet, his fireman's braces, and with his feet up on the mantelpiece. "Mum," he says, "How about a ride in a boat." "Alright," says Mum. "I've heard about a boat called the Queen something or other, how about a ride on her." So next day, 'Arry 'Uggins eventually arrives at the Cunard office, where a carefully groomed clerk inquires his wants, expecting another fireman wanting a job. When 'Arry said he wanted a ride on their biggest boat, the clerk said that they were just taking bookings for a Mediterranean cruise, and that second class accommodation would be £400 double. 'Arry considered this then asked if they didn't have anything better. He was informed that First

Class would cost him £1200. "Anything better than that," asked 'Arry. Well, said the surprised clerk, we have the Suite, but that will cost you £3000. "Nothing better?" asks 'Arry. "My good man," says the clerk, there is nothing better in the Queens and that means there is nothing better in the world, bar none. "O.K.," says 'Arry, "we'll take it."

In due course, Mr and Mrs 'Arry 'Uggins are ushered to their suite on the Queen Elizabeth, hordes of stewards and stewardesses dancing attendance on them, with the head steward personally supervising everything.

Later, the Purser went to the Captain to arrange seating at the Captain's table. "This blasted business again," said the Captain, "I have enough to worry about sailing the ship, still lets get it over with, who is aboard." "Well says the Purser. "there is Sir Winston and Lady Churchill, you must have them, and Sir Anthony and Lady Eden, you must have them. There is Sir James and Lady Fletcher, from New Zealand. "Who are they, never heard of them," says the Captain. "We have had a directive from head office that they must be at your table." "Oh well," said the Captain, "I suppose I will have to put up with them, but no more." "But," says the purser, "there are the occupants of the suite, head office insists that the occupants of the suite must sit at your table." "Blast," said the Captain, "who are they." "A Mr and Mrs Harry Huggins," said the purser. "Well I must have them I suppose," said the Captain, "So will you give Mr and Mrs Huggins my compliments and ask them to take cocktails with me at 7 p.m. and dinner at my table at 8 p.m." The purser duly presents the Captain's compliments to Mr and Mrs Huggins,

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THE DULUX SHOP

to find 'Arry stripped down to his pink singlet, fireman's braces and his feed up on the chesterfield. "The Captain," said the purser, "would like you and Mrs Huggins to join him for cocktail at 7 p.m. and dinner at his table at 8 p.m." "Cor"! says 'Arry, "can you beat it Mum, we pay £3000 for this here suite and we have to feed with the crew!" — R.T.S.

THE JOKE WAS ON ME

With the last war now history, I wonder how many are like myself, very vague about some of the greater issues but very clear in memory so far as many of the little incidents and happenings are concerned. This is one of those minor happenings; staged on B Block Parade Ground, Burnham, late in 1940.

We, the recruits, were in line across the parade ground and the sergeant was all intent on teaching us how to march. He had demonstrated, he had given us that little talk, and then began the practical.

It went something like this:

Sarge: "Now on the command quick march, I want you to take a full 30 inch pace forward with the left foot, swing the right hand to the fore and the left hand to the rear, waist-high, and—Hold it.

The word quick, followed by, what sounded like a sneeze and cough all mixed up was the signal to move.

Smartly some thirty or so recruits took that 30 inch pace.

Sarge: "I said—and repeated his instruction above."

Myself, out of the corner of my eye saw one or two change over their arms and thought "Just how dumb can you be."

Sarge, in a voice that we hadn't

heard up to then repeated his instruction.

I saw someone else change, gee I thought, is it possible. Clots!

Sarge—And I know his thoughts were like mine (he said so) came along the front of the single rank and belted a left wrist down, the owner thought it was broken—I know—it was mine. — RAW RECRUIT.

SOUNDS BRANCH RE-UNION

SATURDAY, 13th JULY.

Loop-Hole's roving reporter has now recovered sufficiently to write his report, sitting before the fire exactly a week later. I am afraid I never learn from experience, the start time from Havelock was 6 p.m., officially. I allowed ten minutes grace for myself, and on arrival at the wharf I spied two dim figures disconsolately peering over the end of the wharf, these turned out to be two of the boys who had travelled all the way from Murchison. I in turn peered over the end of the wharf and was greeted with a murky vista of mud and a few inches of water and not a sign of a boat in sight, not even a dinghy. About 6.30 four Nelson boys arrived and two from Renwick and there was much stamping of feet as all tried to keep warm.

True to old dig type, one had the griff, the driver had at least gone home from the pub to have tea, so we at least had tabs on him. But no boat.

What's that coming round Cullen's Point? It is a boat, but the sound of the motor was foreign, and so it proved to be. We morbidly watched its occupants disembark, while one or two comments about going in search

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of a drink or something to keep warm were heard. Then a welcome sound is heard and by general agreement it is the Kowhai's engines we can hear. We anxiously peer at the water level, which by this time, an hour later, has risen considerably, enough at any rate to let her come up to the wharf.

A happy gang of Murchison fishermen disembark, our launch refuels, and at long last we are off, after the launchman turns her round in her own length, which seemed quite a feat to me. The run down to Homewood in the bright moonlight was very pleasant, but by the time one gets to the age of enjoying reunions, one has lost the desire of female company every time he sees moonlight on the water. It was well after nine o'clock before we got to Homewood, but we were royally welcomed when we got there. It was a great pity that only nine of us took advantage of the free launch and so help our most distant branch to stage a grand reunion, but we all had travelled quite a distance to attend and this fact was appreciated by the Sounds Branch members.

Rum issue at the door, a chance to greet old friends and warm ourselves in front of either of the two roaring fires, then down to business, or rather to sit down to a well laden table. Hori Bates, the President, welcomed the visitors, in particular Mick Wadsworth from Nelson, who

had been over to Aussie with the last Anzac Delegation. The usual toast list was honoured, The Queen, Absent Comrades, Kindred Associations, Ex-Service Women, Marlborough R.S.A. and the Visitors. A roll call was held, so that everyone would know who everybody was. Every visitor was called on to say a few words, and the inevitable tall story and ones not so tall were told. One of the Renwick visitors ex Maori Battalion, told a very good one. It was during one of the desert battles, and they were being well and truly done over by the enemy artillery. During a brief lull he heard a voice from a neighbouring slit trench say—"The only thing stopping me from getting a V.C. is this slit trench."

There was piles of food, enough nearly for the Maori Battalion, and that is saying something. A cake guessing competition was won by a Nelson visitor, who turned out to be a professional, being a pastry cook. He was practically bang on, even down to the ounces. The cake was then auctioned, with Mick Wadsworth the Auctioneer, as also was a bottle with contents unspecified. These made quite a nice little contribution to the Branch funds. The evening was very enjoyable, the only failure being the attendance, and I am sure that those who stayed away would have enjoyed the hospitality turned on at Homewood. Then came the hardest part of all, and the man that has the

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solution to this problem should be mentioned in the Birthday Honours. How do you get every one rounded up and on to the boat again. I was out the door three times, to be hauled in again and a rum shoved into me to keep my toes warm on the way home. Perhaps some enterprising person will cross a wolf hound with a good sheep dog and maybe if he is put round the room a few times with a few nips in the rump here and there, a departure inside half an hour could be arranged.

Well we got away, about 1.30 a.m., with a launchman very pessimistic about our chances of getting in. We didn't. Have you ever sat on the mud just inside Cullen's Point from 3.30 a.m. till just on 6 a.m. in mid-winter during the heaviest run of frosts for years. With no motor going to keep up the temperature, it got colder and colder. The only bloke that seemed at all comfortable was a man from Renwick with the name of Larsen. I seem to remember that name as belonging to an Arctic Explorer, so perhaps when he wrapped his scarf about his head and just lay down, he was snug in a fur parka in an igloo somewhere in Greenland. We had several tries to get up the channel, the main concern was to get up to the sticks in case the fog came down, we got up to the first and no more. When we finally did arrive, I was first off, so cannot tell you more about two of the Nelson boys who were still alive and taking nourishment right to the bitter end. I didn't even get to sleep before the kids awoke, so gave up in the end and got up, vowing to row my own boat to the next Sounds reunion, or else invest some money in the Have-

lock Harbour scheme; but I will return, like McArthur; the Sounds reunion is too good a show to miss, and the next time I hope the launch has to tow a dinghy behind with the overload; but will the organisers recognise the nautical superstition about sailing on the 13th. —R.T.S.

A MEMBER TAKES TIME OFF

On a warm sunny day in July Harry Duckworth was seen in town wearing a heavy overcoat, scarf and gloves—the only man in Blenheim so snugly wrapped up. Harry has just returned from his five week tour of New South Wales and Queensland and was feeling the cold after the tropical temperature of Cairns.

Read what he has to say about his trip, and his impressions of "the size of the Island Continent (nearly 2000 miles from Sydney to Cairns). Sydney with a built-up area of 30 by 24 miles, the harbour bridge which dominates the City and seems to be always on the skyline, R.S.L. Clubs, Anzac House in Sydney which is known to most R.S.A. members, the traffic of trucks, cars, trams, and buses (5000 taxis in Sydney) which travel at 30 m.p.h.

"We don't do this in Blenheim and yet we never saw an accident," said Harry.

"I visited three R.S.L. Clubs, one at Taree where we stopped for the night on the Pacific Highway Tour from Sydney to Brisbane. This Club cost £33,000 to build and was opened two years ago free of debt. It is a brick building three stories high, bottom floor is leased as doctors' surgeries,

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the second and third floors club for members with a small flat for the manager. This is a well laid out Club with everything of the best. The bar is at one end of the lounge and behind it with a door at the side of the bar is the kitchen, which serves a dual purpose, as eats or hot drinks can be served at the bar—you carry your drinks to the tables.

You only have to walk into a R.S.A. Club to be made welcome. Some of this hearty welcome is due in part to the fact that the Breweries and Hotel proprietors are after the Clubs (any licensed or chartered club) and the Clubs have to watch their step. The moment a stranger steps inside he is asked for his card, no Club intends to be caught by the police with non-members in it.

It was a Sunday night when I walked up the stairs of the Taree R.S.L. Club. As I looked in the lounge doors the Secretary walked across—"May I see your card, please?" he said. I pointed to my R.S.A. badge, he looked, said "1957" the date clip) "a Kiwi, come along, the President is across here, he would like to meet you." Over I went and was introduced—had a couple, then we had a picture show 40 minute film. On Sunday night is ladies' night and about 100 men and 50 ladies were present, then we had another couple and the President said: "Come and meet a few of the boys," and took me to a table where seven or eight chaps were sitting. He introduced me and I was invited to sit in and then occurred one of those long arms of coincidence that every now and again crop up. The fellow on my left was a 1914-18 digger. I told him I served with the R.N., he said, "Ever at Portland?" I said, "Yes, were you at Melcom-Regis" (Aussie Replacement Camp). He said, "Yes, for eight months in 1917." So we proceeded to swap yarns of Welmouth—the town for Portland and Melcom-Regis. After a while I said I was seated on a seat at the Esplanade on Saturday night waiting for the pubs to open, on my right was a Kiwi, on my left an Aussie Sergeant and an Aussie Private next to him and just a few minutes to eight (just before the pubs opened) we hear a hell of a noise from the pavilion at the western end of the Esplanade and then two or three voices calling at the top of their voices—"Coee Coee" the private jumps up and off for his life to

answer the call, the sergeant jumps up and says "this is where I disappear" and he did in the opposite direction, the pavilion was wrecked that night. My new friend said "were you on that seat," I said "yes," "well," he said, "I was the sergeant," so I will never forget my visit to Taree.

The other R.S.L. Clubs I enjoyed visiting were Cairns £30,000 new club, MacKay £27,000 new club, both opened free of debt—in fact the R.S.L. Clubs are a feature of every town or suburb or a city. Taree, MacKay and Cairns are all about the same size as Blenheim, so there is hope for us yet. I found all clubs well run, plenty of social activity, something on nearly every night for one section or another, and I'm not going to be rash enough to say there are no Poker machines in any club, I cay say I never saw one.

Sheep and cattle country you feel, is not farmed as we in New Zealand understand farming and as for farm houses, generally speaking, they are few and far between. A tin shack seems to serve in most cases and never a tree, shrub or garden round it. What it would ge like on a hot, sunny day I cannot even imagine; but outside the shack would be a £1400 Convertable. In wheat country big machinery is used; eight furrow ploughs being quite common and we were shown at Dubbo one farm where they used a thirty-two furrow plough. Harvesting is done by huge combines and grain is carted in bulk to silos along the railway.

Jenolan Caves are well worth a visit. They are coloured brilliant yellows, blues and reds with the caves skilfully lit up, making a picture never to be forgotten.

An eight day Tropical Wonderland Tour around Cairns with its marvellous sugar country (25 tons to the acre), Bananas, Pineapples, Paw Paws and all tropical fruits growing here to perfection, then took us to the Atherton Tableland with its rain forest, beautiful lakes, waterfalls and rapids. Here are pythons, platypus, crocodiles, ants, emus, cassowary, brilliant shrubs, butterflies and birds. We visited a Sugar Mill, Peanut Factory and several collections of shells—thousands of them—one collection is advertised as the house of 10,000 shells (and I believe it)—shells from every beach or island in the world.

Green Island, 16 miles from Cairns

by launch, by itself is worth the trip to see, and the underwater observatory is the gem of all. You descend into a large tank sunk under water on to a bed of Coral—size of chamber say 20ft x 12ft with port holes to look through. Brilliantly coloured tropical fish of all shapes and sizes and the colours of the rainbow—hundreds and hundreds of them—came into view during the hour and a half we stayed in the observatory. It is unbelievable that one could see so many and such a variety of fish at one time, add to this the shell fish, giant clams up to four feet across, beche de mer, stone fish, the many different kinds and colours of coral sea anemones of all colours and species—it was breath taking and a sight impossible to forget.

Five glorious days of touring amongst the islands of the Whitsuntide Group, sailing from MacKay on a sea like glass with temperature round about 70 degrees, we visited Brampton Island, Goldsmith, Pentlicost, Haymon, South Molle, Whitsunday, Long Island, Lindeman, passing many others and spent a day on the main reef of the Great Barrier. We landed on a Sand Cay and fossicked across the reef as the tide went down searching for and finding shells to add to our collection, quite exciting when you pick up something you want. A trip in a glass bottomed boat is quite a thrill punctuated with 'look at that' and "can you see this" and ending up with a stiff neck.

I must mention we found Australians very friendly, especially the Queenslanders—for instance, I asked in Cairns where could I get a real boomerang instead of a tourist one, Mr Dawson, prop. of Hydes Hotel, said: "You will be back next Sunday morning?" I said: "Yes." "Leave it to me," says he. I saw him Sunday

morning. "Got those boomerangs, Pop?" "No," says he, "but I've arranged for Ivan, a porter at Hydes, to take you up to Mona Mona mission and for Paddy, an Abo, to give you a demonstration of throwing them and you can buy from him any you want." This trip was 32 miles each way and was being done as a result of a query and this was typical of the Queenslanders. Mr and Mrs McDonald, father of Bob McDonald, of Blenheim, took us all round Brisbane and made sure we missed nothing—lovely people, I like them. Finally, as I must stop, Australia is a land of opportunity. It is only on the threshold of its future development and one continually heard stories of immigrants who had been in the country since the war—some of them could not speak English when they arrived—making a fortune, one sees some startling, incongruous things such as Surfers Paradise, Palatial Hotels and every conceivable idea of taking your money while you smile and in sections and patches of land big machines digging up the sandy soil and pushing through a process to extract minerals with water and acids.

THE DARKTOWN FIRE BRIGADE

Scene—A farmyard at Seenwork. Winter—Four inches of snow.

Joe, Jack and Bob were Battery Farriers and the "bivvy" was a long narrow lean-to at the back of the shed used as a "Smithy." Bob's bunk was at one end along the back wall, the rest of the end wall being occupied by the door. At the opposite end was Jack's bunk while Joe's was half way along the smithy wall, which was constructed of old sheets of iron,

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ground sheets, sacking and other odds and ends. In the centre of the remaining space was an oil drum brazier with a glowing fire of charcoal borrowed from the cookhouse. The heat from it was very pleasant around bedtime and it wasn't a bad war at all.

Sometime during the night, Jack awoke, choking with smoke. The charcoal fire was still going, so was Joe's bunk, the straw beneath which burst into flames just as Jack leapt out of his own. He let out a yell, shook Joe and then, with lungs full of smoke, took a header through the wall into the smithy. Exit Jack. Joe lost no time in getting on to his feet and taking in the situation at a glance, decided that the thing to do was to get the burning bunk outside and accordingly he grasped one end of it and backed rapidly toward the door, having, unfortunately, to pass Bob's bunk on the way. The commotion had awakened Bob and the first thought was of his tunic, hanging from a rafter overhead, for in the pocket of that tunic was something like fourteen quid in preparation for leave. It was necessary to stand on the edge of his bunk to reach it and he had just this undignified position when Joe backed under his shirt tail with the blazing bunk in tow. Bob immediately thought of things other than leave, and took a leap a-la kangaroo in the direction of the brazier which was not nearly as hot as his last position. A second leap took him through the hole in the wall, made by Jack. Exit Bob. Joe's brave attempt to get the burning bunk outside was thwarted by the fact that the bunk had been built

inside and was slightly wider than the doorway. It became firmly jammed and after some wriggling and twisting, Joe gave one mighty heave, pulled the end of the bunk clean off and rolled backwards with in into the aforementioned four inches of snow. As he was wearing only a singlet, this cooled things down a little; but had no effect on the fire which had now taken in Bob's bunk and the end of the lean-to. The next thing was to find water and there was a ditch of it, stagnant and black, close by. There was also an old iron saucepan and Joe filled it with the black stuff and attempted to throw it up the wall. A saucepan is not a good thing from which to direct a stream of water and most of it went straight up into the air—and came down just as Mac, the farrier overlord, arrived from somewhere and he and Joe collected it between them.

Others had now arrived and a bucket brigade was formed from the pump at the back door of the farmhouse, where Bob, clad only in his singed shirt, was bobbing up and down with the pump handle, when Mademoiselle came out to see what the noise was about. Without missing a stroke of the handle, Bob did his best to explain. The fire was eventually put out without further incident except when the voice of the Q.M.S. called out to Joe to "Throw some here," and Joe obliged by aiming a bucket of wat at the voice, and according to the voice, scored a direct hit.

Everything in the bivvy was lost and next morning the three warriors appeared on parade in an assortment of borrowed clothing, the most con-

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spicuous being Jack, a jockey type, wearing a pair of Mac's riding breeches, Mac being a sixteen stoner. He had no puttees and would have found no place to put them if he had.

The sequel was that each of the three victims was fined the cost of a leather valise of farrier tools which they had taken into the bivvy for safety.

C'est la guerre, n'est ce pas?
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An amusing placard is boldly displayed on the wall of an Adelaide Returned Services League Sub-Branch hall showing its members "Ten ways to ruin a sub-branch."

DON'T come to the meetings.

BUT if you do come, come late.

IF the weather doesn't suit you, don't think of coming.

NEVER accept office, as it is easier to criticise than do things.

NEVERTHELESS, get sore if not appointed to a committee, and barge out fuming.

IF you are appointed to a committee, never come to committee meetings.

NEVER do anymore than is absolutely necessary, but when other members roll up their sleeves and do it, howl about how the branch is run by a clique.

NEVER get new members, "Let the secretary do it."

DELAY your debts as long as possible, if not, don't pay them at all.

IF asked by the chairman to give your opinion on a certain matter, tell him you've nothing to say, but after the meeting tell everyone how things should be done.

OUR GARDENER SAYS

Spring is here and its a mighty important season for the home gardener—and that's YOU. On your efforts now depends how much you can enjoy the hospitality of the Club later in the year. Here are a few notes which may help you.

ASPARAGUS —

There is still time to plant but only just. Open a trench eight or ten inches deep and plant in the bottom of the trench. Cover lightly with soil and as the growth comes away gradually fill the trench in. With the crowns planted deep like this they are much less likely to be damaged when cultivating. Make sure there are no perennial weeds such as couch or convolvulus in the bed and don't expect a meal from the asparagus for at least a couple of years after planting.

BROAD BEANS —

If your autumn sown plants aren't setting don't blame the bees. Wait for a showery or overcast day and wrench the plants, i.e., push a sharp spade down either side of the plant at an angle so as to cut the roots. Don't start too close to the plants, about nine inches away is in order. This sounds silly but it isn't.

LETTUCE —

Watch out for slugs and birds. There are plenty of baits available to kill the former and a few strands of cotton will keep the sparrows away. Plenty of manure and regular cultivations will give crispest and sweetest heads.

SPINACH —

Remember Popeye? Sow the prickly seeded type as soon as possible. Needs growing quickly, a check and it is likely to bolt to seed.

PARSNIPS —

Don't blame the seed if you have a poor strike (unless you used old seed). A good fine, firm seed bed and thin sowing will give the best results. Thin the seedlings early to about six inches apart.

FRUIT —

If you haven't sprayed for curly leaf by the time this appears in print then you are almost a sitter to get a good dose on your peaches and nectarines. A spray at petal fall with lime sulphur will reduce the risk of brown rot and with any luck will carry you through to about three weeks before harvest when another lime sulphur should be applied. This is shaving the spray programme down to the absolute minimum but in our

relatively dry climate these two post blossom sprays will do the job in most seasons. Of course you will have to thin your fruit to about four inches apart. Where peaches, and other stone fruit, touch is the place where brown rot starts and thinning should be done early enough to prevent this happening. Good thinning means better quality fruit in a dry season also. Keep an eye open for aphids on your stone fruit and hit them hard with a spray if they occur. Nicotine sulphate is the usual spray but there are several suitable materials available now.

Regular sprayings of apples with DDT and lime sulphur will give you a clean crop and the fruit will keep much better after harvest. If you can't or won't spray regularly at least make a bird of a spray at petal fall, one in November and one in December.

When the frosts are over is the time to trim up that lemon tree if it needs it. Don't do it too early in the spring, the soft young growths that come away are very susceptible to frost.

Don't forget to manure all your fruit trees in early spring, a pound or two of blood and bone spread around will pay dividends.

WOMEN'S SECTION NOTES

During the months since the last report to Loophole the Women's Section has had some very pleasant afternoon meetings. Remember the Second Wednesday in the month is their meeting day, and they have been very well attended.

Several new members have joined and we are very pleased to welcome back any old member. There is still a hearty welcome extended to wives and next-of-kin of ex-servicemen to come along to our social afternoons.

There have been bereavements and quite a lot of sickness in the families of some of our members. Where possible they have been visited, and flowers or get-well cards sent to them.

The annual meeting was held in May and the following were elected to office: President, Mrs Shannon; secretary-treasurer, Mrs Wilson; vice-presidents, Mrs Priddle and Mrs

Fisher; immediate past president, Mrs Ashley; committee, Mesdames Crafar, Millard, Hansen, Quinn, Lucas, Neal, Inder, Faulding, Cruickshank.

Mrs Ashley was thanked for her work as President, while in office and was presented by her committee with a small gift of appreciation. Mrs Benfell and Mrs McMahon were recorded a vote of thanks for their valuable assistance as committee members.

Mrs Fisher was a very capable secretary to the ball committee, the catering for which was in the hands of the women's committee.

The indoor bowls have been very well patronised this winter; the club championships are not yet finished, and there promises to be some surprises this year, we have had some very happy games with other clubs. Some time in August we hope to compete for the "Perkins" trophy with the men's club.

The section would like to thank all the artists who have contributed towards making our social afternoons so pleasant. Short plays, sketches, piano and vocal items, dancing and talks, all help to vary the programmes for our social meetings.

May I appeal to ex-servicemen's wives to join our ranks, also to old members to join us again at our social afternoons. A very pleasant two hours is spent, the hostesses doing a great job arranging interesting and enjoyable items for your entertainment. The get-together and fellowship between members means a lot to us all.

At our social afternoon on 14th August, I appealed to members for their valuable help on "Rose Day," may I through these columns make a special appeal to all members and ex-servicemen's wives who are not members of our Section, to come forward and offer their services as sellers on the 8th November. As we remember our fallen could it be an incentive to excel ourselves. Will you stand by me? Can we possibly exceed all previous sales? We have our willing stalwarts; but more helpers are needed so that we can have sellers on the streets continuously from nine o'clock onwards, with no shortage of

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sellers at any time of the day. Rose Day, or Remembrance Day in England is their big day as Anzac Day is our big day in New Zealand. Will you help to make Remembrance Day our Big Day. Thank you.

H. SHANNON,

President M.R.S.A. Women's Section.

IS THERE AN ART IN BORROWING?

Last Autumn I approached a neighbour, the owner of a rotary hoe to cultivate a piece of ground intended for a lawn, his reply was "No! I don't want anything for the job—here take the hoe and do it yourself." When met with my flat refusal, and renewed request that he come and do the job, he just couldn't understand; after all other neighbours hadn't said no, and quite a number of them have had the machine, to their advantage.

The truth of the matter is, I'm a Jonah when in charge of other people's property and flatly refuse to borrow.

It all seems to have started on one of the first occasions that I took the family car out alone, first stop—bang went the coil, and what might have been a most pleasant Saturday evening was spent in search of a mechanic that was at the theatre or some other place of entertainment.

Later, I moved away from Blenheim and on a week-end trip home, in my employer's car, well just think of it this way, how would you like to be blacked out suddenly, in the middle of the night south of Keke-rengu? Perhaps you would prefer to have the battery drop out of the battery box, as happened later in the Greta, North Canterbury.

Shortly afterwards a friend wanted his car delivered to relatives in Blenheim for Christmas, very convenient for me, but—just after entering the Borough of Blenheim bang goes a tyre, absolutely beyond repair.

A couple of months later when home on leave we had a note from an absent aunt, "would we please use and exercise her car," once again very convenient but—second outing, bang! goes a bendix spring.

The welcome news "transferred back to Blenheim," didn't seem to change the tide. A rental car was in

mind, to come and look for housing; but two trips were made, at a friends insistence, in his car. The first trip, troubles, a broken distributor arm, the second, for no accountable reason a door glass shattered into a thousand pieces.

Safely settled in Blenheim we thought concrete here and there would be an advantage, and borrowed a mixer, apparently in good order, but dame luck decreed otherwise, before the job was half done, with a crunch, the drive gear gayed up the ghost.

This is not the complete story by any means, altogether I've come to the conclusion that to borrow, is, to pay.

More recently with several weeks of batching coming to an end, a kindly neighbour offered, "you'd better borrow the wife on Saturday morning, you know just to give that feminine touch to things that is so necessary. His use of the word "borrow" conjured up smartly a picture of blown fuses, coils, broken glass and what have you. His offer was discreetly declined.—JONAH.

CRIMEAN WAR

At least one woman fought through the Crimean War. She was Mrs Elizabeth Evans, who in 1851 joined the King's Own Lancaster Regiment with her husband. When she died a special bearer party was sent by her regiment to carry her remains to the grave. The coffin was covered with the regimental pall, which had inscribed on it the names of all the battles in which the regiment had fought, and the "Last Post" was sounded over the grave.

★ ★ ★

The kind of woman that most men are waiting for is one that's on the telephone.

★ ★ ★

Prize fighter hanging on ropes: "If only that bell wouldn't keep saving me!"

★ ★ ★

There was a man in our town, and he was far from wise,
But in radio quiz show he copped the major prize.

You wonder how he did it when his wit was very dim?

—The rest of the contestants were dim-witteder than him!

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