

22 : *Battalion Association* AUCKLAND BRANCH

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LADIES NIGHT: For those who attended, Ladies Night at Hamilton was a most successful evening. It usually is so, when fewer than expected turn up. Lashings to eat, plenty of room to move around, and tons of grog. But the COST? It hurts Association funds. Most disappointing for the Hamilton boys who did all the organising. They did a great job and earned the thanks of all members. Too bad that many intending to go were laid low by flu which was particularly bad at that time. National President, Frank Twigg, and Hugh Cameron came from Hawkes Bay for the show, and Pat Waite and his wife arrived from Hawera. And if we go back to Hamilton and you get lost in that final mile or so, just stooge along in the general direction. Stop at a compulsory stop sign to let a car whip by. Your wife will scream, "That was Keith McBrearty. Follow him. He will know the way." And you're home and hosed. That's what happened to us, anyway. We followed Keith to a sign that read, "SILVA BACH" -- not SILVER BACH -- and that settles a long standing dispute on pronunciation. You win, Cedric.

Hark, hark, the gentle lark,
Next time we go to the Silva Bach.
But wait, there is a catch,
I understood it was called Silver Bach

COMMITTEE: In our July Newsletter we printed a list of Officers, complete with addresses and phone numbers. Have you still got it? Because here are some alterations:-

		New phone Nos.
	Business	Residence
A.F.Anderson	Otahuhu 27/67140	27/65087
D.A.Kinvig		873-634
D.Shirley-Thomson	?	31-159

(Dudley has a new business number, too, I carefully copied it down twice -- Two different numbers -- and can't get a reply from either. Watch for the new phone book. Sorry, Dudley.)

On the question of wrong numbers and newsletters. I was given a number to ring about our last Newsletter. I rang aforementioned number -- and got a lady out of the bath! It reminded me of the story of the bloke who rang his wife from the office, and was told to speed things up because the good lady had leapt out the bath to answer the phone and was dripping water on the carpet. Bloke hung up and immediately told his mate to ring the same number. The mate did so and asked for "Bill." Was told to ring Bill at the office. Mate said, "Thanks, sorry to trouble you - I see you were in the bath!" Woman screamed and hung up phone.

CRETE FUND: Our Secretary is to prepare a report on children assisted. This will be published in our next Newsletter. Your Committee feels this is a good time to have a long look at our commitments in this respect. What do members think? If you have any definite views on the subject please let us know. Even if you are not in favour of the Committee taking over any further sponsorships you may feel that we should still collect what we can for the fund without a definite commitment.

VIETNAM: No, this is not a discussion for or against. Just to report that the Committee decided that as there are Kiwis in now, we, as a group of ex-Kiwis, should let them know that we had not forgotten them. So we arranged to send off a consignment of canned beer with the compliments of Auckland Branch of 22 Bn. The Army Association kindly arranged for the R.N.Z.A.F. to fly the grog to Whisky Company. and we had a slip put into each carton to say, "Good Wishes from 22 Bn."

MEMORIAL PLAQUE: Last Newsletter I reported how the Battalion had come to be associated with the R.S.A. in the erection of a plaque to the memory of the Late T. Sampson, Boer War and World War I. I did, at least, have the forethought to explain that my information was given over a mug of beer.

Its just as well I made that remark, because it was all wrong. Now I have another story, again from a reliable source, and again, between drinks. Dare I stick my neck out again. No, I daren't. So I hope that the 22 bloke who was instrumental in raising the money, and who had the 22nd named on the plaque will forgive me if I do not name him. Thanks, Bill, on behalf of the Branch, and my apologies to 22 blokes at Onehunga if I caused them any embarrassment.

TAURANGA: Every now and again the Tauranga boys get together and pass around the hat for battalion funds. Many thanks, Tauranga, and thanks to Barry Houlahan who sent the ackers on to us.

LAST POST: We regret to record the passing of:-
Frank Kerrigan
Rocky Ford
F Wilson
C.J. Harnish
W.R. Sinclair
F.T. Marshall

PERSONAL: We have been informed that Mrs. Bert Williams died recently. Sincere sympathy, Bert, from the Committee and Members of Auckland Branch.
On a trip to Christchurch, last September, I met Dave Whillans and his Wife, Margaret. Dave is looking well despite his illness of last year, and talked of going to the National Reunion next year. Margaret was not sure that Dave is well enough yet for another trip. Here's hoping.

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WANTED



HAVE YOU SEEN THIS MAN?

If you have not seen him, then most likely he is looking for you. Our Secretary/Treasurer, Cedric Randerson, is on his annual hunt for Subscriptions. Just \$1 per year brings you all the privileges of membership of the Branch, plus fringe benefits, for example, these Newsletters.

If you care to add a little extra to the paltry dollar aforementioned, say, for our Crete Fund, Branch Welfare Fund, or even for general purposes, you may perhaps bring a fleeting smile to the grim visage depicted above. We will keep our candid camera on "Alert".

you may recall in our last issue I made a rather brash remark -- well, perhaps one particularly such remark among others. I said that I should be in the advertising racket. That remark is hereby withdrawn - unreservedly. Cop this lot. It comes, unexpurgated, from the pages of an advertising brochure, and purports to describe modern furniture:-

Cradled in space age luxury . . . the young executive wife (below) willingly waited on by an attentive husband when they settle down for an evening at home in the colourful apartment that reflects their love of today's bright colour and bold pattern. The contoured chair is deeply filled with the softest Decron and covered with a floral pattern that melds sharp pinks with soft apricot and sunset orange on a mudflat background. The orangey amber is echoed in pieces of glassware and on the lamp in deep and light tonings.

Speaking as a young feller from the sticks, how could I ever hope to compete with that lot? Take another gander and especially note that "floral pattern that melds sharp pinks with soft apricot and sunset orange on a mudflat background " Some meld, eh! Sounds like an eviscerated tropical fish cast up by the tide on some muddy shore that is forever mod.

Think you could lift your aching head off that lot on some sunny Sunday morning after?

The orangey amber etc. bit gets me too. Now if the writer had only restrained, just a little, and written, "the amber is echoed in pieces of glassware" then I would be with it. That I would dig, and appreciate.

But apparently even advertising script writers have something that does duty as a soul, for later on he says:-

There's a need to consider cost, because the type of furniture the average young married buys is not what he and she will want to live with in later years.

This is known as the escape clause - and is a good thing. Often the escape clause is called "the small print" and is a bad thing, because people are not supposed to read the small print.

All this leads up to something, surely. How true - it set me thinking about "Accoutrements, military" "troops for the use of" and all that jazz, and how would a modern ad. man describe some of them. Let's start with the most obvious -- Bombay Bloomers. Now there's a real challenge. Dare we suggest:-

Those tasteful, convertible, utility garments. Swinging slacks or Walk shorts, at the flick of a button - or buttons. (What the hell are walk shorts, anyway, and when are shorts not walk shorts - When they are too tight to walk in? But back to the ad man. Give him a chance)

Another change - a quick tug at cunningly concealed tapes, two neat bows, and what have we? (Go on tell the man. What do we have? No, I daren't either. Let him get himself out.) We have another transformation. (Transformed into what? Now don't start that all over) We-l-l-l, they're pants, snug at the waist, neatly buckled in front, roomy in the seat, wide in the legs, flaring out from the knees, and snugly drawn into the ankles and tied with tapes. Around the tops of the legs we find cute rusty marks where the buttons used to be -- the buttons that flicked the things into shorts. (While the buttons lasted!) A crafty idea, this, shows just where to sew back new buttons. The tied-in bottoms (The bottoms of the legs, you clot) are neatly tucked into the hose tops. And around the Hose tops hordes of female the -female-being-more-deadly-than-the-male Anopheles mosquitos fight and struggle to reach the soft warm flesh beneath. But they don't make it - not with Bombays. "The Protectors," folks called them. (Troops called them -----!!)

Available in any colour - so long as its khaki - melding softly with the desert background. Variations include delicate splatterings of rifle oil, enchanting smears of truck grease, and alluring smudges of soot - vividly reminiscent of Benghazi burners and cookhouse fatigues.

All colour combinations enhanced by dribblings of purple death and roosters' blood, and sweat. (The man means beer with the fun out of it)

See your Quartermaster NOW. Beneath that grim countenance, behind that initial, uncompromising, NO! (Now I'm sure where bank managers come from) behind it all lies the true sartorial artist, guarding this precious creation, his treasured Bombays. (Man, oh Man, am I talking myself back into the advertising rat race!) P. B. A.

I make no comment on other snippets from the first insert, e.g. "willingly waited on by an attentive husband." Actually in the illustration, he is offering her a box of chocolates. Dangerous stuff, that, and has no place in a Newsletter such as ours. Anyway, its all phoney. I happen to know the model. Her name's Sue, and Sue ain't married. Engaged, yes, but not married. "Willingly waited on by an attentive husband." -- Phooey!!

AMONG vague murmurings emanating from the female side of the family -- they've been peeping over my shoulders as I have been typing -- I detect women's talk. You know, women only. They are discussing what I believe are called Pantyhose, and, in particular, a three-legged issue of those garments. Don't ask me to explain it - it's all beyond me, except that I gather that by some strange and mystic procedure, when one

leg wears out the spare is brought into use. Apart from Rolf Harris, a natural, as first and only customer, I can't see how the thing can work.

But the whole subject does conjure up a horrible thought in my mind. What if the Army had got hold of the idea in 1939? Can you imagine Three-legged Bombays? Ghastly thought! What would you do with the extra leg? And there's no prize for the answer to that one!!

No doubt orders would be promulgated decreeing that the spare leg would be folded so-and-so, tucked under then over the web belt, and that the part draped out over the belt would hang down four fingers below the waist - or something along those lines. But which leg? The Army, being what it is, would order which particular legs were to be worn for that day, and which one was to be carried at the high port - left, right, or centre - totally disregarding the fact that some of the legs detailed for duty that day would, inevitably, be those that were torn, worn out, ripped, burnt, or what have you, while a perfectly good reserve leg hung uselessly over the belt.

And then there would be the question of the -er - the front opening to be considered. Wouldn't that tend to wander about somewhat, depending upon which legs were in use? Intriguing thought!!

Scrub the whole idea. Forget that I ever mentioned it.

And after all that, the self appointed censors, still peering over my shoulder, tell me I've got the whole thing wrong. I hope so.

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ROGUES GALLERY: We've devoted a whole page -page 8 that is, to one Thomas P. Grace, so well known to Auckland members that no further introduction is needed.

