



West Auckland Men's Rebus Club Newsletter

October 2023

Next meeting: 10:00 am Friday 13th October, Friendship Hall, 3063 Great North Rd, New Lynn

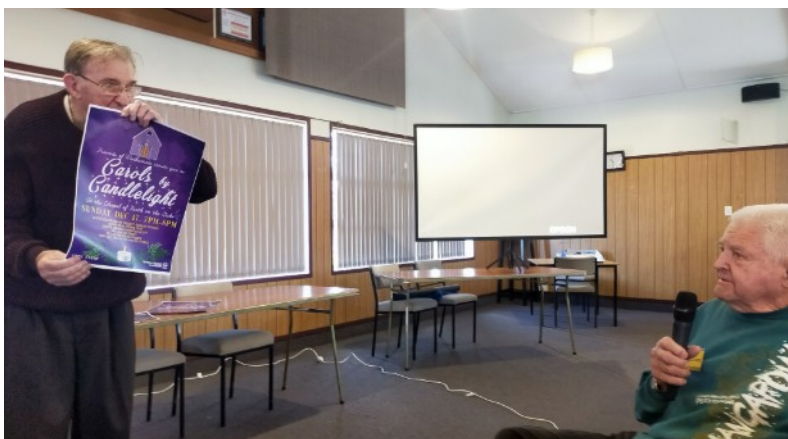
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Bus trip on Kiwi Tours coach to Hamilton Gardens (see page 12).

PRESIDENT'S PRATTLE
President's Report October 2023
Bill Mutch



Bill Mutch holds up Trevor Pollard's Carols by Candlelight poster at the September meeting

I have been busy with the Railway club. We had a monster book sale which was very successful. It was also a time to chat with other members and gain new members. The club is looking to have another Saturday sale in the first week of December. These books are popular for Christmas gifts.

If you want a break, look at Rarotonga because Air NZ has some sale fares from \$255 one-way. I have been many times, so if you need any advice, I am a phone call away at 817 4721 or 021316556.

Rarotonga has NZ money and is less than 4 hours away so less fuss.

I had a birthday recently, and my family took me to Rahwhiti retirement village at Remuera. What an upmarket village this is. The meals were excellent.

My son is the Executive Chef and has a staff of seven trained chefs. If you are looking for the top of the range, look here.

See you all soon Cheers Bill Mutch

CLAUDIA'S CORNER

My Boss told me to have a good day!
So I went home.

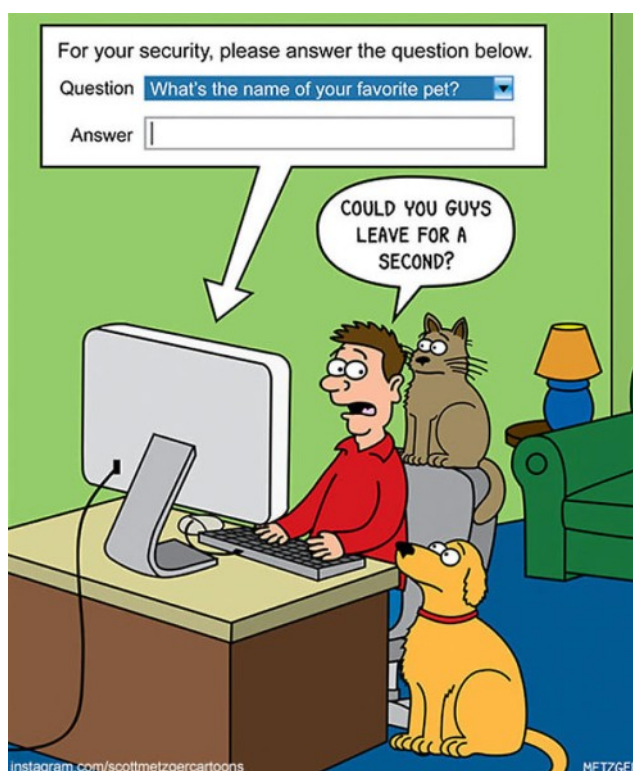
How do you make a swiss roll?
Push him down a steep hill!

I didn't like my new beard at first
But then it grew on me.

Which month do people sleep the least?
February.

I ate a clock yesterday
It was time-consuming

Why did the old women put rollers
on her rocking chair?
She wanted to rock n roll.



MEETING REPORT

September 2023

Whisper AI transcription (edited)



Bill Mutch speaking with Vince Middeldorp looking on at the September meeting

Okay, good morning and a big welcome. It's a beautiful winter's day and springs in the air.

Before I go any further, I always like to get the sad things over with first. Yesterday Roger Laloli passed away.

I'll ask Bill Fairs to come forward and say a few things about Roger.

I rang Roger's wife on Wednesday. And I got no answer. So I ran again twice yesterday and still got no answer. Then last night I received a text to say Roger had passed away.

Roger had been a member of the club since 2010.

There's going to be a private cremation and, in the New Year, a meeting to remember Roger. He was a QSM recipient, was on the council and was a very popular man.

Okay, getting back onto a positive note, I'll ask Neil Castle to come forward please.

I want to thank you very much for the lovely birthday card that Vince brought up to my place with all the names on it.

On the day of my birthday I was over at the North Shore Hospital having the battery replaced in my pacemaker. It was the third battery that I've gone through.

At the Hospital, I was treated like exhibit A because I was 94 on that day. I thought what a great birthday. I've got myself a new battery and new life.

When I was leaving the hospital, I went up to the counter and the two ladies behind the counter gave me a birthday card and a few chocolates

I haven't got any birthday cake to hand out to anybody, so what I've done is made a small donation to the red kitty box over there.

Moving right on, we have visitors here today. We've got Vincent and we have also got John. Big welcome to you and to any other visitors I haven't mentioned.

Apologies. Charles Nicholls. Anyone else got apologies? Bobby Bland.

I couldn't raise him on the phone this morning. He said he'd fill in his membership form and be here today. He may come a little bit later. (Trevor Pollard)

Has anyone tried to ring Trevor (Pollard) recently?

Two months ago we didn't have a phone at all. Then they gave me a new number and then they gave me the old number back again. Why? I don't know. (Trevor Pollard)

Matters are rising from the August meeting. Anyone want to add anything to what happened in August? I know it was bloody cold.

Correspondence.

The Rebus Chronicles came through. Walkworth Men's Rebus Club's are looking for more members and they've made up these little cards. You can see the front and back of the card on the projector screen.

They are asking their members to hand the cards out to people who might be interested in coming along to their meetings. At the next meeting they expect to have about 10 visitors as a result of these cards.

It's quite a neat idea. Maybe we should get some cards made up and put them at the back by the attendance list for our members to take away and give out. (Vince Middeldorp)

Can we have a treasurer's report?

I've got some numbers from Charles. For the year to 31 August, we have \$300 more income than expenditure. We have \$1200 in a term deposit and \$653 in the bank. So we're in a comfortable financial position. (Vince Middeldorp)

Is Ian Smith here? We missed you at the last meeting.

I was having a double dose of COVID. My brother came to visit and brought COVID with him. I caught it, passed it on to my wife, and after she recovered I got it again.

We are not going to Esquires on Friday the 8th for a coffee meeting at 10am. Instead we are going to Sierra Café in Lincoln Road.

We've got the Hamilton Gardens trip lined up on the 4th of October which happens to be a Wednesday. The coach is leaving at 9.15 from the St John Hall in Edmonton Road.

The other club I belong to (Waitakere Combined Rebus) managed to get a subsidy for travel and we're going to spend that money wisely on trips.

We are charging \$20 for the bus. Hamilton Gardens it's a really nice place to visit. You can buy your lunch there or take your lunch with you. We'll be there for about 3 hours which will give you time to wander around.

I need to know what size of bus we're going to hire so you really have to give me some indication of whether you're going to come or not. You can pay me at the coffee morning next Friday or you can put it into the bank account which is mentioned on the newsletter.

We'll probably take a 48 seat bus so we will have plenty of room. We are aiming to be back by about 5:00 pm or 5:30 pm depending on the traffic.

So please tell me if you want to go.

The little Chapel of Faith in the Oaks at Waikumete Cemetery.

This year we've got some lovely little kids from the Methodist Sunday School who will sing; we've got a three person string trio; we've got Marina and Rebecca Scott who are both opera singers; and we've got Peter Palmer the accomplished keyboard player.

Come nice and early. You should have a good night. It's between 7:00 pm and 8:00 pm on the 17th of December.

There is plenty of parking. If you know where the Glen Eden fire station is, go into that little back road and drive right up into the parking area. (Trevor Pollard)

General Business

I went over to the Hibiscus Coast Rebus Club and they had a very nice lapel microphone. It is something we need to get as well. (Vince Middeldorp)

I think we should have a lapel microphone. It would be money well spent.

I'll just call on Noel Rose to mention about the next speaker.

I'm working with Charles to secure the services of Paul Buchanan

This person will cringe when I get near them. Would you like to tell them about the book sale next week?

It's amazing just what has come into the country and has ended up in the book sale next week, the 16th and 17th of September from 10:00 am to 4:00 pm, at the Railway Enthusiasts club rooms 38 Alfred Street, Onehunga.

I was going through some magazines. One was the Burlington Northern which is an American railway company monthly magazine going back to the 1970s. It was addressed to Alan Pegler, Flying Scotsman Enterprises, Santa Barbara California.

Alan Pegler was the owner of the Flying Scotsman steam locomotive and I know that he shifted it across to America for a series of demonstration runs. I have absolutely no idea how his personal magazine has ended up on the mezzanine floor of 38 Alfred Street. (Alan Verry)

We're going to have morning tea now, free for visitors. You don't have to put your gold coin in but if you want to put a bank note in you're welcome.

GUEST SPEAKER

SENIOR SERGEANT BOB BARRETT (RETIRED)

Whisper AI transcription (edited)



Bob Barrett speaking about events during his time in NZ Police.

I joined the police in 1962 and, being an active young guy; I did what I thought police were interested in: locking people up. They were people breaking the law of the land.

After being stationed at the Wharf Police Station, and having the Assistant Commissioner blow the dust out of my ears because I was making too many arrests, I was transferred to Avondale.

On my first day in Avondale doing community policing, I thumped a guy who had punched me and dragged him back bleeding, into the station. That didn't go down well with the sergeant.

At around that time, CIB detectives were making headlines in the Auckland Star and New Zealand Truth. The Truth had a nice way of putting it: detectives cavorting with prostitutes.

So of course the crap hit the fan. Now if you get in the crap and you are a detective, you can always be put back in uniform branch. If you get in the crap in the uniform branch, it's the door.

The Truth started putting out that there were more releases to come. The head of the CIB was in a panic and went around to see this little lass called Anna Karina Hoffman.

I hope none of you know her name because she was the head lady in Auckland. She was warned and told to keep quiet.

Anna Karina was clever, and under her bed had a tape recorder. In those days, tape recorders were suitcase size. She had this tape recorder going whenever detectives spoke to her.

So there was a mass sacking that resulted in about 15 detectives going back to uniform branch.

One day I came in and it was the first time I ever saw the old bugger (the sergeant) smile. He said, "On Monday you're in the CIB."



Anna Karina Hoffman

Her indoors, after reading what was in the papers, would not allow me in the CIB.

I had an interview with the Assistant Commissioner of Police.

He told me you're the top cop in Auckland. You've made more arrests in a year than any of the others and more arrests than have been made in half the police stations.

This was the same man who, two years earlier, had blown the dust out of my ears for arresting too many people.

Anyhow, I knew they couldn't get me in the CIB unless I applied and I wouldn't apply.

My work as a detective only lasted a week.

Now I'm back to being a cop in Avondale and working on the night shift.

It's so quiet out in the western districts that a cop from Henderson, a keen young English lad, and a cop from Avondale form the night patrol.

One night we get a call, a serious assault, a woman being hit over the head with a hammer; quite a bad wound on her head.

Her story was that she'd gone out with this guy twice and he was creepy, so she wanted nothing more to do with him.

Mrs Kievet was her name (Anne Elizabeth Kievet), she was 37 years old, a very attractive woman.

So we hunted for this bastard (Kenneth Mervyn McKay) all night. We couldn't find him.

The file went forward. He was arrested and went before the court.

Now that was the biggest case I'd ever been involved in because the charge was causing grievous bodily harm.

The next charge on the scale of serious charges is attempted murder. Causing grievous bodily harm is the third most serious charge.

It wasn't my case, but I was bloody interested.

Anyhow, he (McKay) goes before the court and there is the usual toing and froing. The judge, his words, I didn't go to the court, but I got the report, were, "There are domestic overtones and I'm going to treat it as such; the fine is five pounds."

He should have got a couple of years. That decision really got up my nose, and I again made a nuisance of myself. I said to any boss that would listen, "Appeal the case. You know, this is wrong!"

Six months later, he (McKay) is waiting for her (Mrs Kievet) again and this time he stabs her to death. Her diaries are found on the side of the Henderson Creek.

It was a two-week search to find the body. It was very hard.

Now, police are not only governed by the rules of the land; they have their own book of instructions, called the General Instructions.

The General Instructions for going to domestics at that time were that you're to leave the couple together in harmony and write out a report. The very last thing you would do is to arrest the man for assault.

There was also another thing happening. My Australian step father was beating mum. I gave him a going over, and then a cop came and saw me. It was the cop that had recruited me about three or four years earlier. That worked out well.

Family violence became a big thing in the police for me. In the end, I got a medal from the Queen for a lot of hard work which slowly turned the police around on family violence.



Bastion Point reserve May 1978

Bastion Point was occupied for 560 days. Joe Hawke was the main spokesman or the evildoer; whichever side of the coin you're on.

We all know now that they were quite justified in making their protest against what was wrong. The land had been robbed from them.

The powers that be decided that they had to go, and we had to do it.

Eight hundred cops were gathered at the Whenuapai Air Force Base. That was out of a force of about 4,000 men.

Now air force bases have the most glorious canteens with the cheapest booze you'll ever get. It is Friday and they have happy hour.

You've got cops that have come from as far away as the West Coast and Invercargill. A lot of these guys haven't seen the Auckland guys since they've entered the training college. There is great camaraderie, and the drink is flowing.

I got my sergeants together and said, "You're responsible for every man being fit and well and looking bright eyed in the morning."

Well, it came to briefing time; 8:00 O'clock on Friday night. The guys have been on the turps for four hours and they are assembled in a big Air Force hanger.

There was a little stage for the Commissioner, Assistant Commissioner, and Superintendents. And there is this drunken rabble, still telling yarns and yahoing.

The cowardly bosses sent a poor female police inspector to quieten the mob. You can imagine what that was like. It was a shambles.

Then we all became aware of this noise. We look round and there are six big burly South Island cops, with a man on their shoulders. They're vocalising the funeral march and slowly marching him out of the place because he is passed out.

The bugle went at six o'clock in the morning. I had a beautiful breakfast. Most of the Henderson guys were at breakfast. I noticed that there were a lot of guys missing.

We proceeded to get on this convoy. The Army supplied the transport. Four-wheel drive Bedford trucks; metal cabs, canvas backs, and no suspension that I could detect.

And they started loading the cops on my section into the Bedfords. They had the top cops in a Land Rover, followed by the Bedford trucks and then another Land Rover. You could have captured Dunkirk with this convoy. It was huge. Eight hundred cops.

Some guys then decide not to go down the north-western motorway, because, "They'll know we're coming." The convoy therefore goes up through Coatesville and comes down over the Harbour Bridge, so that, "We'll surprise them."

These poor, hung-over cops suffered this hellish trip. On some trucks, the canvas would go up and a guy would be losing his lunch or tea.

We arrived at Bastion Point. I got my men standing to attention and then marched them up to the gates. The Commissioner and his hangers on were there. I brought them to a halt, marched up to the Commissioner and saluted.

He said, "Bob Barrett, I knew the task force would do a good job." The Auckland task force was something else that I was in charge of, and he was associating me with that.

I said, "No sir, this is a mob from Henderson."

Then there was a conference amongst the officers. And then they said, "Bob, you form a perimeter around the place that they (the Bastion Point occupiers) are in."

I marched my men out and did it very professionally, and then slowly things got ordered in the chaos. Another mob would come marching up and in the end we were surrounding the occupiers about three deep.

Then a Commission Officer came over and said, "Bob, you are going to have to go in and arrest them all."

Now I'm a guy from Henderson, and I had to arrest all the people at Bastion Point.

The occupiers were taken in, booked, released without charge. And so that was Bastion Point.

I referred to the Task Force. Well, in 1973 the police put 120 of the perceived toughest, more athletic, more go-getter cops from all over New Zealand into a camp at Papakura.

That was because New Zealand had changed. The Vietnam War had started and there were communist led demonstrations in New Zealand.

From my perspective, you didn't get a lot of stories from the news media about Viet Cong atrocities or the murdering of total villages.

Then you got all these haters of anything in uniform and some really nasty demonstrations. One of the biggest mouths, of course, was once the mayor here (Tim Shadbolt in Waitakere).

Anyhow, those demonstrations were nasty. They tried to blow up the Supreme Court with gelignite.

So the bosses realised that if they sent two or three cars to deal with a situation, the police response is not coordinated. You wanted a small body of highly trained men sticking together because they could achieve a lot.

This was in the 70s, when you had some shocking pubs such as the Glen Innes Tavern and the East Tamaki Tavern. Jugs of beer were being consumed. There was no social drinking.

Following on from that training in Papakura, a squad was formed in Auckland and I was one of the first sergeants on it.

We started going around the pubs with a big van. We wore the full black police helmet to distinguish us from the guys wearing the checker cap.

The pubs knew that we meant nothing, but if you threw a jug at us, you were in the hoosegow. The squad stopped operating after three months. And then conditions went from bad to worse.

The police bosses got serious and formed what was called team policing and for Auckland, that was the task force.



Gypsy Rogues motor cycle gang 1970s

The guy that made the first inspector of this, go get them, do anything squad, was well educated, beautifully spoken, knew his law, but he wouldn't be my choice to put on the sharp point of this force.

So we get a job, at Druces Road Wiri: the Gypsy Rogues motorcycle gang.

A patrol followed a stolen car to the gang headquarters, which is a farmhouse.

A dog handler was called in and this entire gang, about 50 of them, turned on those guys and gave them a bit of a hiding.

So we were called out.

Wiri is farmland. There is a street light about every 100 yards. It's very dark.

There's a long normal width of a driveway, fenced on both sides, down to this farmhouse.

The inspector's talking to me about what we are going to do when we hear this chant: "Kill the pigs; kill the pigs; kill the pigs."

Through the darkness, you can see this mob, and you can see that some of them have fence pails and other stuff. To me, that would have been an indication that negotiating isn't going to do diddly-squat.

Luckily, because they were contained between the fences, the frontage of them was small.

Then the inspector did something that surprised me. He said, "Squad; offensive line; form."

The gang comes out. They are all shouting what they're going to do to us. The inspector takes a step forward. The gang leader takes a step forward and smashes the inspector in the face with a beer bottle.

So our commander has gone down, and before I can say anything, their second in command has broken a bottle on a post.

Unfortunately for me, being a bit taller and lucky for the cop in front of me a bit shorter, the broken beer bottle is flung smack into my head. What a godsend the old police helmet was, because it cut two inches through the helmet brim and cut into the corner of my eye.

The only thing I could think of at the time was charge. And those magnificent did that; they charged.

Most of the guys were rugby league or rugby players, and they were tough, fit boys.

They were into them, and the gang got done like a dinner. At a fence post, I see the leader. He's whimpering, and he's handcuffed around the post.

Further down, around another post, is the guy who hit me, and he's handcuffed.

The funniest thing I saw was a cop rhythmically hitting a gang member with his baton. Before he was in the police, he was a blacksmith. He was back on the anvil.

By the time I got down to the house, there were gang guys lying on the ground moaning and groaning. A woman comes out of the house saying, there's a solicitor that wants to talk to you. He tries to question me on our rights to be on private property. I had to remind him that if you're chasing a burglar, and he jumps a fence, you're quite entitled to jump the fence and chase him. It's called fresh pursuit.

The leader of the gang who bottled the inspector got two years 10 months, and the one who threw the bottle in my face got two years six months.

I didn't think it was much, but the judge probably worked out that they'd received a little bit of summary justice along the way.



Keith Holyoake and US vice-president Spiro Agnew in Auckland January, 1970

During the Vietnam War, Vice President Agnew is on a Pacific tour. He's accompanied by his wife, and Apollo 10 astronaut Eugene Cernan.

I was a sergeant; I was given five men, and I grabbed a lot of men from around the country. We might have had 600.

The Intercontinental Hotel at the back of Auckland University was where he (Agnew) was lodging. They put us in lines across the road in front of the hotel.

Outside the hotel, a mob of protestors had worked themselves up.

Now and then, one guy would sprint to get to the hotel, and he would be just mowed down.

The bosses, who obviously enjoyed a bit of hospitality, were in the hotel. Outside, the men sweated in the lines on 12-hour shifts.

Then the bosses would come out and say, "Remember men; no arrests." This do nothing approach to protestors was something that had crept into policing.

Well, the law doesn't say if you're a protester, you can break the law because you're a protester.

So, we had these guys spitting and throwing stuff like the old flour bomb. A lot of the police are getting riled up because you stand for hours on your feet, your feet ache and you're taking this barrage of foul language.

At that time, there was this thing about baby killers in the Vietnam War.

Now, I had a sergeant with me who was an ex-Navy man from World War II and he had a wonderful chest of ribbons. A protestor dressed like a Mexican and wearing a sombrero saw Charlie's ribbons and started chanting, "Baby killer." They all took it up, and it went on and on and on.

Then the Chancellor of the university came down and said to all the demonstrators, "You're welcome to come onto the university so these pigs can't get at you."

They got braver as dark set in because you couldn't really see them throwing stuff at you.

I met up with a sergeant who'd been in the CIB; no nonsense, guy.

He said, "These people are committing lots of offences. What if we go up O'Rourke Street on the other side, come into the university and attack this mob from the rear?"

I said, "What a really good idea. I've had enough of this crap."

So ten men and two sergeants came in through the trees, hit them from behind and threw some of them over the picket fence. The protestors then started using all this filthy language; so they had to be arrested.

If we'd been given another 10 minutes, the demonstrations would have been over. But the boss staggers out from having his meal in the hotel and says, "My God, what's going on? Come back before there's a bloody panic attack."

So we got pulled back and got a telling off for using our initiative and trying to clean it up.

The second night of the protest comes and the demonstrators are more prepared. They've got flour bombs, they've got eggs and they're throwing this stuff at our lines.

At 11:45, a boss comes out and says, "Mrs. Agnew can't sleep. Can you move the demonstrators back?"

Then the guys that were on a break in the hall nearby came out and tore into the protestors, not with their batons but with the point of the toe and the cuff around the ear.

I can remember at one stage seeing someone lying on the ground. I look at him, and seeing he's a reverend, I give him a hand up. He says, "I got knocked down to the ground by a policeman. What do I do?"

Quick as a flash, I say, "Turn the other cheek."

We chased these guys through Albert Park, right down to Queen Street, and we lost them.

Then bus loads of cops arrived from South Auckland. Nobody is in section and nobody is in control. Cops are everywhere roaming Queen Street and Wellesley Street.

If you've got a strap around your head and long hair, the cops grab you, and you're convicted because you must be one of the demonstrators.

That event became known to the demonstrators as the 1145. And their motto was, "We, the people of New Zealand, are never going to forget 1145."

I took my wife fishing for two weeks and when I came back, it had all blown over.



SFO (Serious Fraud Office) investigation of the Helicopter Trust

I was in the Department of Internal Affairs. I was a senior gambling inspector and was doing the books better than some of my predecessors had done. I found that the Palace Casino, a little pub next to the Mexican Cafe in Victoria Street, had a sign with a helicopter on it for the helicopter trust.

Now, if you have a pub and you put in gambling machines, the only money you get is for the cost of your power, and the cost of your staff servicing the machines.

You cannot make a profit because nobody should make a profit out of gambling. That's the law of New Zealand.

So a lot of publicans were miffed about that and tried ways of getting around it. What these guys did was send a bill to the helicopter trust every month for exactly half the money they had made from the gambling machines. The bill was for a helicopter trust advertising sign on the window of the hotel.

That sign would be worth probably \$300 a week and they were billing the helicopter trust thousands of dollars.

Their accountant had sent out an email which said, "Guys we're in trouble here. How do we hide all this latest money from the DIA?"

The gambling money should have been going to sporting, health, and dementia groups that needed money. Instead, it was going into the back pocket.

There was a huge court case, monstrous. After a two-week trial, the jury came to their decision in half an hour that these guys were innocent.

My information is that the defendants took the jury to dinner after the case.

So there you go guys, thieves are everywhere.

TRIP TO HAMILTON GARDENS

WEDNESDAY 4TH OCTOBER

Vince Middeldorp

Trips organiser Ian Smith always seems to be lucky with the weather but for the trip to Hamilton Gardens he hit the jackpot. Not a cloud in the sky, not a breath of wind, just a perfect spring day.

The bus we travelled in did not come from our usual provider Peter Verryt, but from Kiwi Coaches. Shortly after the bus arrived at St John Hall, Ian Smith told us the driver's name was Tiger. On hearing that someone behind me said, "Oh like Tiger Woods."

Instead of going through the Waterview Tunnel, Tiger opted to loop through spaghetti junction. It didn't take long before we hit slow moving motorway traffic. It was mostly in the lane for Hamilton. Tiger drove fast down the lane which goes to the waterfront (the Port lane) and at the last minute switched into the lane for Hamilton. Later when I asked him how he managed the lane change Tiger said, "There is always a gap; if there isn't a gap you make one."



Taupiri Service Station and shops next to Gordonton interchange on the Waikato Expressway

The plan was for a comfort stop somewhere along the way and I think it was Tiger who suggested Taupiri. It turned out to be a really nice new development with a BP Service Station, Robert Harris Coffee shop, Taco Bell, and McDonalds Restaurant.

When we arrived at Hamilton Gardens I couldn't believe how popular it was. The sealed parking area was completely full and ours was the third bus in the parking area. The exceptionally fine weather and school holidays would have contributed to so many people being at Hamilton Gardens.



Trevor Pollard with his walking stick at the entrance to Hamilton Gardens

I bought a Map and Visitor Guide at the entrance for \$2. It said Hamilton Gardens is the Waikato's most popular visitor attraction with more than 1.1 million visitors each year. Online information says Hamilton Gardens is a 54-hectares park on the banks of the Waikato River.

The entrance at Hamilton Gardens leads into the eighteen enclosed gardens. One that stood out for me was the Modernist Garden. It was described in the guide as, "A late 20th Century garden for outdoor living designed in the American West Coast tradition." It was more paved area than garden, had a tiled mosaic of Marilyn Munroe and had wooden pool side chairs that looked difficult, if not impossible, to get out of.



The Modernist Garden is designed for outdoor living



The Indian Char Bagh garden is designed as an escape from a harsh environment

Photos of Hamilton Gardens that caught my eye before the trip showed a stone bridge and stone walled footpath. When I saw this feature it was every bit as breathtakingly scenic as captured in the photos. The stream under the bridge carries water from the Waikato River into the Hamilton Gardens Lake.



The arched stone bridge and walkway at Hamilton Gardens was completed in 1988



The Hamilton Garden Cafe is a place where many of those on the trip spent a lot of time

We left Hamilton Gardens at 2:30 pm and were back at St John Hall at 5:30 pm. This time the comfort stop was at Bombay. It was supposed to be only 15 minutes but was stretched out to 20 minutes by two Waitakere members who knew the bus wouldn't leave without them.

Coming home the traffic was much heavier than on the trip down. Tiger drove past slow moving traffic on the bus lanes and in one place where the bus lane ran out he drove on the shoulder of the motorway. This time he went through the Waterview Tunnel and that helped speed the trip home. The return journey took 2 hours and 40 minutes (Hamilton Gardens 2:30 pm – St John Hall 5:30 pm; 20 minutes at Bombay).

PASSING OF ROGER LALOLI QSM JP

THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 7TH 2023

Vince Middeldorp

At the September monthly meeting Bill Fairs informed us of the passing of Roger Laloli. All those at the meeting with the exception of recent members, would have vivid memories of Roger. He was someone with a twinkle in his eye and had a warm smile for everyone that he came into contact with.

Roger hadn't been at any meetings in recent years. One reason was his move to the Summerset Retirement Village in Hobsonville. Another was health issues that resulted in the loss of his driver's licence.

Roger was someone who made the most of trips and coffee mornings. When there was a coffee morning at the Falls Bistro, Roger was there with his wife Jewel. He was one of the few members who went to see the Warbirds when they held an open day at Ardmore on the 6th of December 2020.



Roger and Jewel at Ryders Cinema on Riversdale Road



Roger and Jewel at a Falls Bistro Coffee morning



Roger and Jewel at the Ardmore Airport Cafe

Roger will never be forgotten, especially by those who he gave support and advice to when they became President, Vice-President or Treasurer. They were roles that Roger had filled at various times during his years with the club.

COFFEE MORNING AT SIERRA CAFE

Vince Middeldorp



The largest table at Sierra Cafe on Lincoln Road

When Esquires Cafe at The Boundary shopping centre in Henderson closed for rebranding to a Gloria Jean's Cafe, they did not announce a reopening date. So, we moved the 15th September coffee morning to Sierra Cafe in Lincoln Road.

The staff at the Sierra Cafe asked us to reserve seating for our next coffee morning. The issue for us is that we don't have a list of who will attend. We're never sure how many people will come to the coffee mornings, so we can't reserve seats in advance.

COFFEE MORNING AT GLORIA JEAN'S CAFE

Vince Middeldorp (Hemingway AI edited)



Gloria Jean's Cafe at The Boundary in Henderson



There has been an extensive refurbishment in the change from Esquires Cafe to Gloria Jean's Cafe

The next coffee morning is **Wednesday 25th October** at Gloria Jean's Cafe, The Boundary, Henderson 10:00 am.

We have always known this cafe as Esquires. It seems like the ownership hasn't changed, just the franchise it operates under.

CHRISTMAS LUNCH AT MCHUGHS OF CHELTENHAM

Ian Smith (Hemingway AI edited)



Devonport Museum at 33 Vauxhall Road, Devonport

This year's Christmas lunch will be at [McHughs of Cheltenham](#). Before going to McHughs, we'll visit [Devonport Museum](#). The date is Wednesday the 13th of December. The bus will be leaving St John hall at 9.30 am. It should be back at approximately 3 pm.

Please put the money (**\$50 per person**) in the Combined Club bank account by October 25th. The account number is **12 3232 0318628 00**. We need it to secure our booking. When you pay please put your name and cell phone number on the transaction if it fits into the allowable spaces.



We went to McHughs of Cheltenham for mid-winter lunch on 23 June 2022

SPEAKER FOR OCTOBER DR PAUL BUCHANAN

Paul Buchanan (Hemingway AI edited)



Paul Buchanan. Photo credit: The AM Show

The talk is titled "Systemic Realignment and the Long Transition in International Affairs." In this talk, I'll explain the changes in the world since 1990 and the important parts of this ongoing transition.

We can also discuss current events like the war between Russia and Ukraine, and how China has impacted global politics. It's important to consider New Zealand's role in all of these situations.

SUPPORTERS



The November meeting date is Friday 10th November 2023

Our meetings are at 10:00 am, **second Friday of the month**, New Lynn Friendship Hall, 3063 Great North Road.