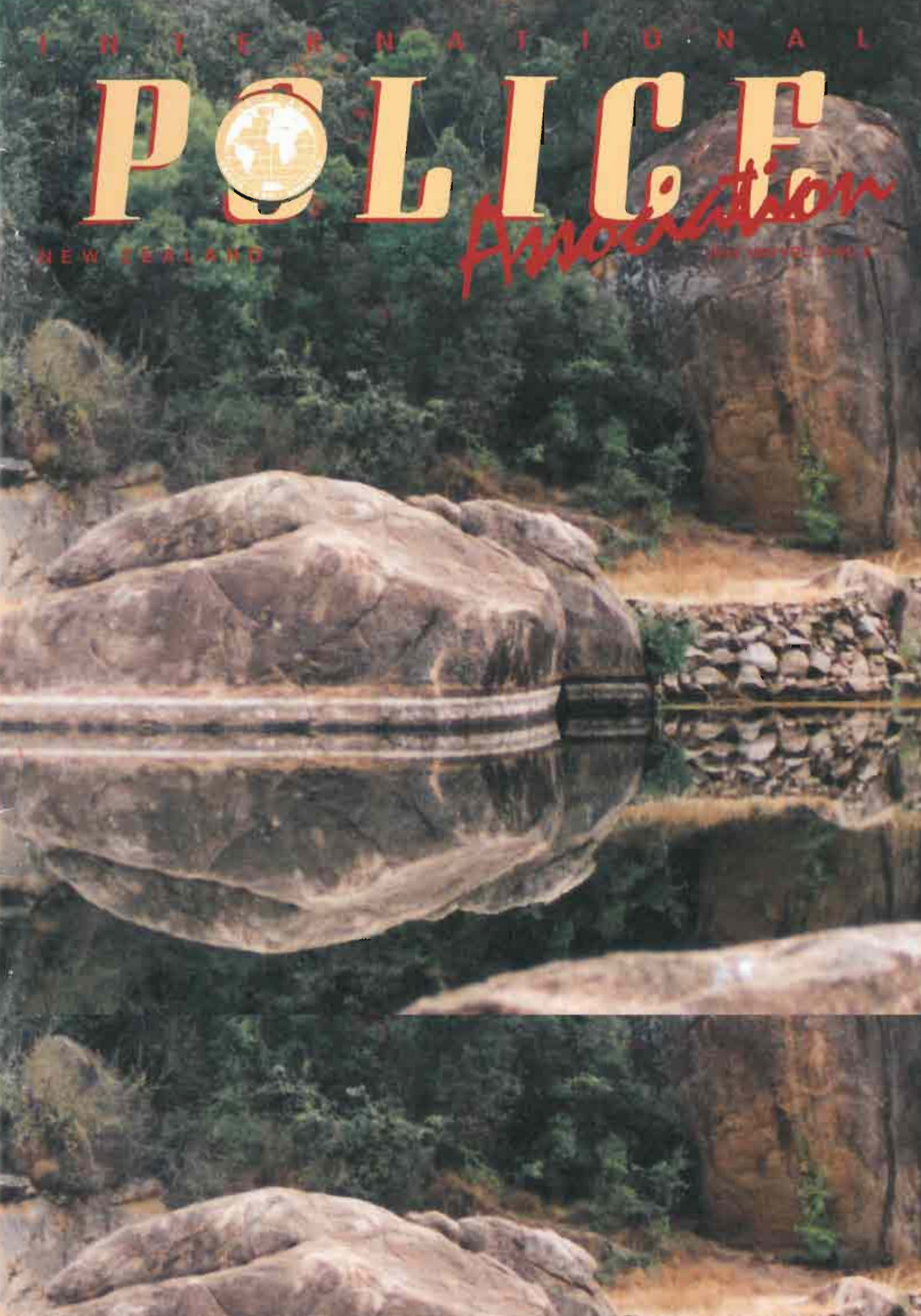
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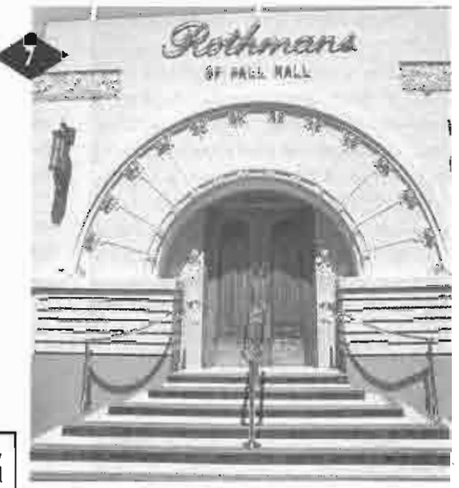
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Contents

ISSN 1173 8685 Volume 31 Number 2







FEATURES

Off (And On) The Beaten Track in Hawke's Bay 6
The Hokitika Wild Foods Festival 10
From the Side-Line 13
IPA NZ Steps Into The Electronic Age 19
So, How Valuable Are You? 20
Tribute To Nora Crawford 26
Cruise (Part 2) 32
Heartbeat II 35
Paris And the Bomb 38
Memories of 'kia ora', kiwis and much more 39
The Nobel Prizes 41

DEPARTMENTS

Editorial 2
President's Message 3
From the Secretary General's Desk 4
Hobbies Desk 5
Off the Wire 14
Thank You for Writing 22
Travel Desk 24
Computers@ipa.journal.nz 36
Today's Bookshelf 46
Wine Chat with Ace 49
Gardening Gurus 51

INTERNATIONAL NEWS

Assoc. Sec. for South Africa 11
Le Francophone á L'écoute 18
Coming International Events .. 45

Cover – front: Reflections, Meleme Dam, Matobo National Park.
Back: Chintampa Dam. (Article on page 11).
Photos courtesy of Carole Tipler.

Editor:
Elaine O'Hara
27 Kempthorne Crescent,
Kohimarama, Auckland.
Fax: 09-528 9474

Assistant Editor:
Sherwood Young

Editorial Assistant:
Carole Tipler

Published by:
Percival Publishing Co (NZ) Ltd
PO Box 52-117
Phone 09-366 0194

Printed by:
Maxwell Printing Co (NZ) Ltd
PO Box 52-116
Phone 09-846 4199

Advertising:
Auckland: 09-366 0194
Wellington: 04-384 7948
Christchurch: 03-366 4872
Dunedin: 03-477 5744

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From the Editor to you



It really doesn't seem so long ago when I was sitting in front of a blank screen wondering what on earth I was going to write about in my editorial. How time flies when you're having fun! Now here I am back again, although I hasten to add, just for a mere interlude whilst our beloved Editor and her right-hand man take a well-earned holiday and break away from things that are I.P.A.

Today I received a postcard from each of them describing heady days of fun and enjoyment, which is marvellous. I know we can look forward to reading of their adventures and, I hope, a wonderfully relaxed helmsman!

I am very sorry to be the bearer of bad news in this editorial. You will have noticed that our last issue was much smaller then we can usually expect and this magazine contains even less pages. Unfortunately, this will be the last issue being published by Percival Publishing as they have now closed their offices in New Zealand are moving back to Australia.

This means we will once again be negotiating a new contract with another publisher for our future to be assured. There is a possibility that these arrangements may not be completed in time to be able to publish our September/October issue, however, you may be assured that the editorial team will be doing their best to ensure as little disruption as possible.

In the meantime, we thank Percival Publishing for all their endeavours on our behalf and wish them much success in Australia. We go back a long way together as, of course, this company published our first ever magazines way back in the late 1960s.

Nevertheless, I hope you enjoy the content of these pages. Get warm and snug in front of your fire, pour yourself a tea, coffee (or whatever), put your feet up, relax ... now ready on!

Be careful out there.

. . . Carole

President's Message



As I write this column we are currently preparing for our trip to the World Congress in Quebec in the first week of June. I am very pleased that Ace and Elaine O'Hara and Graeme Muggeridge of Auckland will join Christine and me in Quebec. Ace will act as our observer for the congress meeting.

The AGM in New Plymouth was a wonderful weekend with lots of old acquaintances renewed. Some of us are still looking for Mount Egmont. I know we drove up the mountain in the dark and it felt like the summit of Mount Everest when we got out of the bus. Thank goodness for the flasks of "soup" provided to warm us up.

After a delightful evening and meal we entertained ourselves by displaying our items of international dress and telling a few yarns and the bus passengers were kept in fits of laughter. I am sorry that I missed the barbecue at the Geraghty's home on Sunday but I had to leave on an earlier flight.

I would like to thank Snow and Marilyn Latham for hosting us and the New Plymouth members who put so much effort into ensuring a successful weekend. We were saddened to hear of the death of Keith Payne, who had assisted in the running of the AGM and our sympathy goes out to his family.



At the AGM I took possession of eight beautifully carved Teko Tekos, which were obtained for us as gifts for host nations at international conferences. These items have a special significance for us as this was the last of many assignments Evan Jordan undertook for IPA, obtaining them at my request just a few days before he died. I will be presenting one of these carvings to the host nation at Quebec. Evan was to have coordinated our travel arrangements to attend the 50th Anniversary Celebrations in Bournemouth in 2000. I would like to thank Ace O'Hara for offering to undertake this demanding task on our behalf.

Bruce Hutton is involved in organising an international photographic competition based in Wellington. There will be a category of competition open to all IPA members worldwide reflecting aspects of their culture, so all you keen photographers should consider entering the competition. Bruce will advertise further details.

There has been a disappointing response to our invitation to attend the Editorial Seminar in Hervey Bay, but we expect those who attend will contribute well to the programme.

IPA New Zealand has now taken a leap into the 21st Century with the formation of our own page on the Internet, courtesy of Nancy Beauregard of the Internet Group of Northland Ltd. I would like to record my thanks to Nancy and to Anne and Tony Picketts who have arranged this service.

In the next magazine we will report on the 1997 World Congress. This is an exciting time for us as the Australian President, Elke Pfau, is standing for the International Vice-President position and we will be supporting her. I believe it is important that Australasia is again represented on the permanent executive bureau.

SERVO PER AMIKECO
John Coomber,
President

From the Secretary General's Desk



The Annual General Meeting held in New Plymouth is without doubt one of the better ones that I have had the time to attend. It was great to meet old faces again and also to meet some new ones. I believe that the AGM was one of the smoothest that I have ever attended and there was certainly not a great deal of upheaval for anyone.

The social activities were great, as was the progressive bus drinking trip. If you were not warm outside, you were on the inside. Thank you New Plymouth, for a great weekend.

The change of address slip that was printed under this column provided us with 19 updated addresses and I thank our members for going to the trouble of sending them in. It is a continual battle to try and keep the address list in any semblance of order and so, if your address has changed, or the address is not entirely correct, tear out this page and send it to me at P.O. Box 50588 Porirua, so that we can look into it.

The New Zealand section has been approached about two members of IPA going to the 750 year celebrations in the Netherlands in 1998. Details of this will be published in the next Journal as we are finalising some items with Police National HQ before the criteria are released.

Also in 1998 there is a world Photofest, which will be held in Wellington during August. It is intended that there will be an international competition for IPA members but at this time the final competition details have not yet been sorted out.

The theme, we hope, will be around the entrant's country's culture rather than a Police theme, as we hope this will attract more interest. So, start snapping, and await the details in the next magazine.

Best wishes to all...

Bruce Hutton
Secretary General
L.P.S.N.Z.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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IPA Number: NZ .....

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New Address (full address including house/flat/unit number, street, suburb/rural area, town/city):

.....

Phone Number (home): ( ) ..... Region (1 to 6):.....

Please forward details to: I.P.A., P.O. Box 500588 Porirua.

Hobbies Desk

with Tony Picketts



The big news for this issue is, of course, the NZ IPA section now having its own www page. Mind you, we're still trying to "decipher" the Internet; is it a hobby, an addiction, or has it become a way of life?

For some, it is obviously a hobby, but for others it's a way of life. Computers have become so entrenched into our everyday existence that it is hard to think of one single thing or action we do daily that is not touched by a computer. Perhaps one could liken it to the motor vehicle—at first a toy for those who could afford it and now not only a serious hobby for the collector but so much a part of our existence that we couldn't imagine life without it? And today even cars are dependent on computers!

Maybe it's time to start thinking of publishing a list of members' e-mail addresses in the magazine. Any thoughts on that? Interesting to note that the *National Reporter* has a list of e-mail addresses which includes members interests etc. E-mail is now becoming a popular replacement of the old "snail mail" pen pal relationship and as many overseas members are on e-mail connections, this could create a new interest for members.

We were pleased to receive an e-mail message from Graham Morrell in Napier just recently, giving us details of his patch collection and news of Rod Finnigan in Zimbabwe. Rod quite happily asserts that the NZ IPA magazine is the best in the world—so who's arguing? He also remembers back to the days when my name first appeared on the Hobbies Page!

Some of you will know Graham and his collection of police badges. At the moment, he is working on a very impressive cabinet of British badges—there are a few gaps of "hard to find" patches, however, and Graham would dearly love to remedy that situation. Also of interest to Graham are Italian breast badges and the French Gendarmerie. Anyone interested in contacting Graham can write to me and I will pass your letters on.

Another overseas member keen to enlarge his patch collection is: Markus Bressler, M/2584, Landespolizeischule, Baden Wurttemberg, Rheinhardshof 97877, Wertheim am Main. Markus is interested in patches worldwide.

Tape corresponding has become rather quiet over the past few months. We could so with some new members for the tape group. It's an ideal hobby for retired officers, so if you're thinking about "What am I going to do with myself when...", I'd be happy to get you started.

And now a couple of requests from the "old fashioned" type of pen pal:

Angie Carver who is 27, single, and lives at 19 Newlands Drive, Walmer, Kent CT147Xb is seeking penfriends from anywhere. She hopes these will lead to exchange visits. Angie's interests are walking, literature, travel, mixed musical tastes and "laughter".

Julie Ann Moss is 33, single, lives at 39 Coniston Road, Worksop, Notts, S81 7PP and also seeks penfriends anywhere. Her interests are gardening, keeping fit, walking, cycling, reading, cinema, visiting places of interest, and conservation issues. Julie does voluntary conservation work.

Also from our friends in the UK, the second of the "IPA 2000" pins will be available by the time this magazine is published. This year the pin shows a Royal Ulster Constabulary officer holding an Ulster flag (red hand on a white background). The cost will possibly the same as last year: £1.25.

Well, that's about my lot for this time. ***Please*** keep in touch—let me have your interests and requests. Don't forget: The magazine and the Hobbies section is what you make it! I can be contacted by post at...

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BOURNEMOUTH IPA 2000 PINS

Glynn Jones, IPA British Section, has requested that I collect and co-ordinate orders for Bournmouth IPA 2000 Pins – 1997 now available. The design is a Royal Ulster Constabulary Officer, holding Ulster Flag, background St George Cross. Cost: $NZ3.50 incl. postage. Orders to: Stan Keith please at CIU, Central Police Station, Private Bag 92002 Auckland. Phone 09-302 6593 or private 09-420 7569.

Off (And On) The Beaten Track in Hawke's Bay



Te Mata Peak.

By Don Goodall

The Hawke's Bay is a place to be savoured. Enjoy it slowly and gently and as with a good wine, the aftertaste is well worth the wait.

slowly and gently and as with a good wine, the aftertaste is well worth the wait.



We tackled the Gentle Annie to Hawke's Bay from State Highway 1. You can divert from Taihape or Waiouru. It is 150 kilometres of back country New Zealand, of which 45 km is unsealed. Would I do it again? You betcha!

The crossing of the ranges into Hawke's Bay follows the glories of the sheep trails of early New Zealand. Names of famous early sheep stations like Moawhango are protected and cherished. Before the turn of the century bales of wool were dragged from inland Hawke's Bay stations like Moawhango across the volcanic plateau via Raetihi to the Whanganui River and barged down to the Wanganui wool sales.

Today the modern road crosses the highly scenic Rangitikei River, the Kaweka Mountains with its exotic pine

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Note the contrast with the green roofs/white walls further inland. Even the place names glorify the British. In the British army based in India, Napier, Hastings and Clive were soldiers of repute, Meeanee and Scinde names of famous battle fields.

Take your pick, Napier or Hastings are both ideal bases for your holiday.

NAPIER

Few places in the world have been able to capitalise on a catastrophe as well as Napier. The 1931 Hawke's Bay earthquake levelled much of Napier and Hastings, and killed 256 people. Despite New Zealand being in the middle of the world-wide Depression, rebuilding took place with great rapidity and all in the prevailing architectural style of the times. Today Napier rejoices in its self-appointed title as the "Art Deco capital

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Dolphins performing at Marineland in Napier.



Napier after the 1931 earthquake.



Ngatarawa Winery, Hawke's Bay.



Napier after the 1931 earthquake.



Ngatarawa Winery, Hawke's Bay.





momentos and memorabilia, and the staff are very well informed. Indeed they offer a city walking tour exploring the central city architecture, outside and inside.

The gaudy paint work and glitzy styles seem garish considered in isolation, en masse they present a totality not to be missed.

City planners have created central malls with pedestrian ways which allow the upward gazer great vantage points in complete safety from traffic. Napier people are proud of their architecture and delight in talking about the major revolution that took place. Where else in New Zealand can a City Council cajole people to re-paint their houses, in colours pre-selected by Council? As one retailer said: "They told me my building was shabby and needed repainting. Would I like to have someone call to discuss colours? When they arrived they brought a colour photo of the original building in the 1930s. They suggested I return to these colours, and if so I would get a loan to help repaint it. Then I would need to keep up with the play and repaint every five years." In this way almost all business premises have been renewed.

It is noticeable that other commercial buildings have had facades reconstructed, awnings added and masonry adapted to fit the prevailing style of the 1930s. In the residential areas no loans have been given. But so many houses have been spruced up and the Art Deco colour schemes imitated that one has to admire the combined persuasive abilities of the Council and the Art Deco ginger group. Oh that residents in other parts of New Zealand would become so civic minded and civic amenable.

Two museums have recaptured the moments of the Hawke's Bay earthquake. One, a private museum, has a special moving floor to simulate the real thing. As one Swiss tourist told me: "It was so real several of us in the audience screamed. We wanted to rush out. I have never felt an earthquake." The Hawke's Bay Museum also presents a video complete with eye witness accounts. There is an extensive display of photos nearby, showing before and after shots of many of the main areas of Napier and Hastings.

Incredibly the land area about Napier uplifted about three metres in some 10 seconds. To the north the Ahuriri salt water lagoon was drained and fishing boats were left high and dry at their moorings and jetties. But the salt ridden soils had little value and so today Napier has an airport within five minutes of the city centre. The port area became shallow so new breakwaters and wharves were built off the reclaimed sea bed.

To the west the swampy/marshy area behind the Marine Parade sand hills was also uplifted and drained giving rise to large flat areas suitable for housing parks and industry.

The "Hill" behind the commercial centre which was called Scinde Island, is now joined to the mainland. Take one of the numerous pamphlets prepared for tourists and walk the hill. Admire the spectacular views and architecture of a previous era. Wonder at the houses which escaped the main ravages of the earthquake. Did the solid rock foundations help the area escape, or was wooden construction the key? After all, even the hospital toppled.

Descend on the northern side and treat yourself to an ice cream at Cool Cats, relax on their outdoor furniture on the foreshore and contemplate the extent of the disaster which hit the Bay cities.

Behind lie the bond stores where goods were stored before being released by New Zealand Customs after payment of tax. Now they are remote from the port. The fishing boats and fish processing factories, the railway lines and tram lines were all upset. Look for the old tram stops and waiting sheds, all painted in Art Deco motifs, with street scenes of the times, complete with people dressed in period costume. Did a Council really allow this?

Rothmans tobacco factory, once alongside the wharves, is now some distance away. This has to be the Art Deco building to outrank all other Art Deco buildings in Napier. Restored brilliantly by Rothmans, visitors can browse inside and marvel at the creativity of the architects and interior designers. Remember, all this during the middle of a depression.

The whole Esplanade area, Marine Parade, was naturally reclaimed from the sea. This boon has been capitalised on by the Council. Activities along this stretch include events and activities for all ages. Here is the Kiwi House with live showings, feeding and handling. Marineland with the trained dolphins and sea leopards, offers the adventurous a chance to swim with the dolphins in the pool. Visit also the tourist information centre, the aquarium and formal gardens, the mini racing cars, bumper boats, the mini golf.

The rural area between Napier and Hastings cannot be rushed. Circling the cities are many horticultural units with roadside stalls selling luscious fruit and vegetables, products of New Zealand's Fruit Bowl. Drive carefully and be prepared to stop. Tree-ripened nectarines, peaches, apples, apricots and cherries are a delight. If it is in season, try fresh asparagus or sweetcorn with your breakfast of bacon and eggs.

Beyond lie the vineyards. With the spectacular architecture of its seminary, Mission Vineyard is a definite must. Brother Martin, one of the last of the Marist Brothers with an interest in viticulture, takes guided tours each day. He is well used to the old joke from visitors entering the refectory, on seeing a religious brother preparing food, "So, you must be the friar!" He replies, "No, actually I am the chip monk."

Select from the many vineyards to visit. Some offer high class restaurant meals, several offer beaujolais and boules, some provide picnic lunches, others welcome people to bring their picnic teas and quaff away the afternoon.

HASTINGS

The other half of the "Bay Cities", Hastings has its distinct character and flavour. Napier is the port and considers itself the administrative capital. Hastings produces the goods. Hastings is home of the big food processing factories such as Watties although the recent closure of freezing works has hit hard. Hastings is the "English" centre with its racecourse, polo fields and gracious parks, fringed with delightful old English oaks and plane trees.

Art Deco is alive and well in Hastings also. It is just that the locals don't boast about it. But check it out, it exists here too.

Top resort and a tourist must is Fantasy land. For kids of all ages up to 95, it is Disneyland at one tenth the price. Ride on the train or Mid Western paddle steamer, capture the castle or feed the ducks, it is a great place to see kids enjoying themselves. Right alongside is the well sheltered motor camp.

At Fantasyland, Mary and I attended a magnificent production of Macbeth. It started at sundown (" the gates open at 7.00pm, bring your dinner hamper and the performance starts whenever the sun goes down," said the lady at the entrance.) What a magnificent spectacle. For an audience of 300 people drinking wine and eating drumsticks from wicker Fortnum and Mason hampers, it was sheer delight. The scudding clouds back-dropped the blasted heath scene, the gentle wind swished the cloaks and the ramparts and battlements were solid and real. The sword fight scenes were truly spectacular. The grassy field before the castle gave an unparalleled performance area.

You cannot go to Hastings without visiting *the* ice-cream parlour. Rush Munro made real fruit ice-cream before all others, and continues to do so. Try some of the 80 different flavours.

Havelock North is "the Village". Nestled into its setting on the northern slopes of the mountain backdrop, this is the archetypal English village with all modern amenities. Don't expect to find native trees here. The English trees are prolific, the municipal flower gardens and traffic islands are exceptionally colourful and well-maintained.

Six roads met in the town centre, a traffic nightmare. So an English style ring-road system and municipal parking area was devised to improve flows. Shoppers can cross roads with impunity and the shopping area is exceptional. But try the Irish pub for a great bistro style meal with Guinness.



Kiwi House, Napier.

Behind Havelock North are three private schools. Hereworth Private Preparatory School prepares the young gentlemen of the wealthy for later rigours at Wanganui Collegiate and more recently at Rathkeale College in Masterton. Woodford House and Iona College prepare young ladies to run the sheep stations of the Hawke's Bay and beyond. They all have excellent reputations and superb facilities: architecturally individual and each magnificent. They are worth exploring and provide a glimpse into a different world.

One of Hawke's Bays favourite sons is the architect, Scott. Visit the Catholic Church in Havelock North for an example of his individual style with modern stained glass work and use of wood.

But many architects have had a field day in the Hawke's Bay. There is something about the dryness of the climate, the blazing summer sun, the frosty dry winter days which unshackled owners' wallets and stimulated architects. Admire Art Deco Napier certainly but don't overlook the magnificence of Havelock North.

Drive from Havelock North up the Tukituki Valley. More recent vineries such as Coleraine provide stunning examples of architecture in the grand style. Cross the concrete bridge and drive back towards the Hawke's Bay coastline on the eastern side of the Tukituki River. Note another magnificent example of Hawke's Bay sheep station architecture from an earlier era.

From the concrete bridge continue up the Tukituki River and you will eventually arrive at the two stunning, starkly beautiful East Coast beaches, Ocean Beach and Waimarama. Watch the road, the signs and the rips. Burn time on our summer visit, nine minutes, the lowest I have ever seen, and no shade trees in sight.

Drive your car, or climb Te Mata Peak, behind Havelock North. The summit affords magnificent views of the Hawke's Bay. To the west and north are the squared-off orchard and vegetable fields with their incredibly regularly-spaced shelter belts. To the south and east are the dry yellow fields of the large sheep and dry-stock farms, with irrigation ponds and dams.

Below you is the incredibly scenic Tukituki River drifting lazily through its flat, gravel-fringed river valley.

Flaxmere is a unique suburb of Hastings. To protect the extremely valuable horticultural soils, the Hawke's Bay Councils decided to restrict urban development on to the inland gravel beds. Flaxmere residential suburb was developed as a self-contained suburb complete with playing fields, community centre and shops.

It was designed to latest American residential development standards. To cater for different ethnic groups appropriate cultural centres have sprung up. Unfortunately it developed a "reputation," a reputation which you might like to explore as you take an alternative route back to Napier.

Oak Avenue is a must. A long, flat, oak tree lined avenue planted about 100 years ago it stretches for over a kilometre and is reminiscent of southern France. It lies on the route from Flaxmere to Clive.

Leaving Hawke's Bay is difficult. The driving is easy, it is the emotional wrench which makes it so difficult. Driving through the hills and green pastures provides that scenic contrast which confirms that the Hawke's Bay is a totally different world.



Pernel Orchard, Hawke's Bay.

The Hokitika Wild Foods Festival



by Graeme McColl

I admire people of the West Coast: They are self reliant and mildly distrustful of any one who is not one of them. There are myths about the Coast, the weather, hotel hours, gold mines and so on. A lot of these myths have been formed as "con-jobs" to keep outsiders away, well, so the Coasters tell me. For instance, the "always raining" myth. In the last year I have had five trips to the coast. It rained once and was listed as the top temperature for New Zealand twice.

Now another great "con" is the way outsiders are encouraged to travel to Hokitika for the annual Wild Foods Festival. Once there, these trusting outsiders are induced to part with large sums of money for the "pleasure" of sampling such purported delicacies as worms, huhu grubs, possum, snails, goat, etc. What is surprising is that they do it willingly, egging each other to buy and try.

I had the pleasure of being at this event from the "inside" as well (see my musings in a previous issue of this magazine). Not that Torlesse wine is a wild food; however, the Australian winemaker can get a bit cranky at times, so I suppose that does qualify the product.

On the day of this year's festival, Cyclone Gavin was causing a little havoc on parts of New Zealand, however, on the West Coast, beautifully sunny! From the festival site in Cass Square, there was a magnificent view of the Southern Alps, frosted with just a trace of snow, and Mt Cook in all its glory on show as the final backdrop.

Hokitika normally has a population of 3,000 people, but on this day it was host to 15,000. Despite all this, the camping out, the crowd numbers, which included an influx of young, impoverished students, everyone seemed to enjoy themselves.

The festival itself lived up to Coast traditions of drinking and eating. The beer tent, in true Coast fashion, did a roaring trade. Rumour has it that a keg of beer was being consumed every four minutes at the start of the day, the drinking then got serious and the consumption rate increased.

Some additive must have been placed in the beer that caused the people to partake of these wild foods. Many dares were made during the day and the "wilder" the food, the greater the queues and sales. Notably, such stalls sold out early.

Also prominent this year was the "Mountain Oyster" stall. "What are these 'Mountain Oysters'?", I hear the uninformed ask. "Mountain Oysters", dear reader, are the difference between male lamb and a neutered male lamb. The qualification to be listed as a "wild food" arises because of the lamb's opinion of his demise from ram to wether. My taste of wild food consisted of produce from the stalls close at hand, wild bacon sandwich, sushi and whitebait. This latter delicacy close enough to huhu grubs and worms for me.

This was a great experience and well worth an excuse to visit the West Coast, but make sure you book well in advance either in rental accommodation or with friends. Most attendees rebooked as they left this year's festival. My last advice is, be at the festival early, when the crowd is less and all the wild foods are available.

The Author: *Graeme McColl is now employed by the St John Ambulance Service as the Disaster Response Planning Coordinator for Health Services in the South Island. He previously served 28 years in the Police. He attends South Island Wine and Food Festivals assisting his partner, Angela, who is the Marketing Manager for Torlesse Wines.*









Associate Secretary for South Africa



Carole Tipler

As promised in our last issue, I am going to attempt, through this column to describe some of the magic of that fascinating continent of Africa. I have been most fortunate to have visited, albeit briefly, two countries and as a result have been left with a yearning to return.... all of the time.

This issue I will talk about the marvels of Matobo in Zimbabwe. As you can see from the photographs accompanying this article, the splendour of its scenery and the grandeur of its towering sentinels of stone has to be seen to be believed. Last year, my mother and I returned from Europe and the U.K. via Africa. We chose to come back to New Zealand that way for three reasons: one to try and appease my yearning to return described above, two to meet again the wonderful people I met last time I was there and thirdly to share my love for this continent with my best friend, my mother. It may interest you to know that the extra cost of returning to New Zealand via this way is quite minimal and worth every single cent!

Peter Bell, the Zimbabwean Section's Travel Secretary, is a most marvellous person. He is meticulous in his planning of any tour and, together with his wife, Doreen, always ready to pack up and act as guides. Their hospitality is warm and welcoming and their knowledge of Zimbabwe and its wild inhabitants, especially the fascinating birdlife, is unsurpassed. Peter had, in the months preceding our departure from New Zealand, planned a magical ten days exploration for us of parts of Zimbabwe. First stop was Maleme Camp in Matobo National Park.



African Village, Matobo National Park.

In the *Spectrum Guide to Zimbabwe* Matobo Hills are described as "a world in tortured disarray". The park lies south of Bulawayo and for as far as the eye can see, great granite sculptures shaped by time and weather dominate 3,000 square kilometres of Matabeleland South Province. Besides the beauty there is much history written within the caves and confines of the hills and valleys where ancient Africans drew their life experiences on the granite faces. Our instructions were to leave Harare at 5 a.m. When Peter says he will be leaving at 5 a.m. he means it, so we were up early!! Unfortunately, our plans had been somewhat thwarted by our arrival in Africa one day late. We had left London Friday night, excited by the prospect of Harare in the morning when the Pilot came on the intercom and quietly told us that since one of our engines had shut down, we were required to return to England. We finally left Saturday night which only gave us Sunday for our "Rest Day".

Harare was slowly awakening as we found the road to Bulawayo. We were to travel approximately 350 miles which was expected to take just over eight hours. Breakfast was to be at a restaurant en route called "Denise's Kitchen" which was a colonial-looking building set in fenced surrounds where Kudu and Sable roamed at will. There I gave my heart to a couple of Cheetahs who interrupted their playing together like kittens to investigate the love on my face.

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One, in particular, rubbed itself along the wire fence just inches away from me purring loudly. I can tell you, I was totally hooked!

Bulawayo was a bustling city on the flat where we stocked up on provisions for our forthcoming adventure. Camp bookings had to be confirmed and then Peter turned the van towards Matabo. I remember my mother was much intrigued with the stately elegance of the native Zimbabwe women as they walked the streets with swaying grace, carrying great bundles of shopping on their heads.

The first glimpses of the Matabo Hills and valleys were just a taste of what was yet to come. Rains had come to Zimbabwe later this year which had caused autumn to be extended. This was lucky for us as the towering sentinels of rocks were the background for blazing oranges, yellows and red trees with their leaves not yet shed. Peter, forever patient and unruffled, gladly obliged us with our frequent demands to stop to photograph as a whole new world was vainly tried to be captured for the future nostalgia that almost certainly would come!

Peter and Doreen introduced us to the fascination of ornithology. For the uninitiated, it was easy to miss the beautiful black eagle sitting silently on an outcrop of rocks waiting for prey, or the ever vigilant Lilac-Breasted Roller watching for something to move in the grass below him. Being with these two interesting people gave us a new insight to the ability to just stop, watch and listen and the natural beauties of the surrounds were enhanced when we took the time to just sit and look.

Peter had selected the Campsite at Maleme Dam as the most suitable place for us to stay and like most top guides, he found us the best. Mum and I were allocated a cabin with its barbecue area overlooking a great valley at the end of which we found Maleme Dam. Monkeys played in the trees around the cabin and Rock Hyrax or Dassies scuttled for cover on our approach. I hadn't met these animals before and in the forthcoming days we saw many of them basking in the sunshine on the rocks. Later that day we sat in the quietness of the evening and listening to the Baboons screaming and squabbling in the deepening darkness.

That afternoon we drove into the Park or Wilderness Area to Chintampa Dam with intent to track down some animal and birdlife. As we drove by Maleme Dam we were totally captivated by the magnificent reflections. The day was still and the mirror results I am happy to share with you. We saw Impala, Sable and Giraffe on this trip and just before closing time, a lone Rhino feeding by Chintampa Dam. I was pretty nonchalant about seeing a Rhinoceros having seen whole families in Hwange on my previous visit and expecting, confidently, to see them again this time. However, Peter and Doreen had a very sorry tale to tell of the disappearance, through poachers, of most, if not all, of the Rhinoceros in Hwange Game Reserve and the rarity today of ever getting to see one at all. The excitement, traditionally reserved for the finding of a pride of lions, a leopard or even a cheetah, is now extended amongst the Safari goers to the finding of a Rhino. How tragic that the world is about to lose forever this great creature.

We listened to the Hippo snorting away at each other by the Dam before returning to our cabins. That night we shared a magical evening by a campfire, drinking local brandy and sorting out the world very effectively.

An early start took us past a family of Warthogs ploughing up the nearby fields by our campsite. Our destination this morning was to visit the site of Cecil Rhodes' grave. Before he died Cecil Rhodes requested he be buried "at World's View" and his spirit must surely rejoice daily at the magnificent panorama which greets it as the sun rises in the morning. For as far as the eye could see, we were surrounded by great craggy outcrops of rocks and deep valleys of greens, browns and golds. The rock formations were glorious in their grandeur, the colours sparkling in the sunshine. Clipspringer antelopes startled away on our approach although Doreen patiently captured a family on film, drawn to her by her stillness.

Buried up there on top of the world, also lies the remains of Dr Jameson and Sir Charles Coghlan. The graves are simple with no headstones but not far away is the massive memorial that Rhodes raised to Major Wilson and his thirty three men who went in pursuit of King Lobengula during the conflict in the 1890s. Mzilikazi, King Lobengula's father lies close by in this now place of peace.

We explored, we read all the inscriptions, we photographed, we filmed and then it was time to return to Camp. Later that day we again explored the Wilderness and this time drove to Mutshelei Dam. At the lakeside we found a Fish Eagle which in my clumsiness I frightened away before we could capture him on film. In the silence of the rock outcrops from an observation platform we listened to the call of the Hoopoe echoing over the valley, the harsh sound of the Babbler rising and falling, the distant cry of a fish eagle and were lost in the total absorption of identifying the various sounds under the expert tutorage of the Bells. Nothing moved in the valley below us so we moved on to explore another path, another track, another part of the park. At one point we had to stop and wait as what appeared to be a snake crossing the road, turned out to be a long line of furry caterpillars set on a destination unknown.

That night we spent another idyllic night watching the crackling fire outside the Bells' cabin. The stars were bright in a sky not affected by the trimmings that go with habitation. More time was needed to explore the marvels of this area, the primitive cave drawings we didn't get to see, and the hundreds of other sights to see, sounds to listen to and places to experience that lack of time made prohibitive for us. One day.....

It is with pleasure I can report two visitors from Africa since last issue. John "Bomber" Davidson arrived safely and as you can see from his letter, enjoyed his visit to Godzone. Annaleize Bender from South Africa also paid us a brief visit. John and Judy Pegler met her on her arrival and last I heard she visited Hamilton briefly on her way to Christchurch. Rumour has it she was checking out a possible transfer!

Marlene and Alan Merriman leave at the end of May for their big OE and we all hope they have a wonderful trip. Perhaps we can look forward to someone else waxing on lyrically about Africa in a future issue! That is apart from our very own Jacques up there in Rwanda. Take care up there, Jacques.

From The Side-Line....



by Lawrie Philpott

Morale in the Police is the current talking point. Economics and staffing may be contributory causes for experienced personnel leaving the Police and although salaries, resources, lack of public discipline etc are major concerns, there are at least two other factors causing problems – court proceedings are involved in both.

Over the past few years quite a significant number of criminal charges have failed to reach the judicial conclusion because of delays in the system. Naturally this has its effect on all concerned with the prosecution, in particular the officer who made the "catch" in the first place.

The question arises as to why the build-up causing the delays. It appears there are too many cases being defended unnecessarily, too much frivolous cross examination of witnesses allowed by Judges and too many re-trials allowed for trivial technicalities, all of which naturally makes the court waiting lists longer.

A further disturbing fact is that should a lawyer, law student or even a Judge be convicted of a criminal charge he/she is still permitted to practise as a solicitor! On the other hand, a member of Police convicted of even a relatively minor offence is dismissed OUT, KAPUT, terminated from his/her career. Not exactly morale boosting stuff!

In the Police we have a P.C.A. keeping an eye on us in every respect, but there is no such organisation watching the legal profession. Lawyers are amongst the least popular professionals. Quite a number have been in trouble or caused trouble but the Law Society is only a protection agency like a union.

How many re-trials have been ordered on appeal because mistakes in the original trial or summing up have been discovered? The question of legal aid and its abuses should also be looked at by an independent authority.

How depressing also is the number of escapes from institutions. Look at the heartbreak of a recent early release, when a young man within hours of being given his parole, was involved in an armed robbery of a Hutt Valley Bank and quite unnecessarily shot and killed a staff member.

Just before leaving the justice system, consider the case of a New Zealand citizen who disputed a $5 debt in Virginia, U.S.A. His dispute resulted in numerous court cases, one involving seven State Supreme Court Judges! It has now come to an end with both parties deciding to take the matter no further. Ironically, the bar which started these proceedings closed ten years ago.

I turn next to radio/TV investigative journalism. The day may not be too far off when journalists, radio/TV interviewers, talk-back hosts, etc may have to caution the unwary, inexperienced interviewee that "anything you say will be edited, altered, transposed, added to, parts deleted, all to suit our media's purpose and furthermore, will be recorded and may be brought up for use against you should you ever change you mind on the subject!!"

Have you ever noticed how obscure some items are that have been dragged out of the archives at short notice.

Now to bloopers and errors of the quarter. Blooper has to be Wellington's evening newspaper of 10 April, which published the radio ratings for the wrong year – 1996 instead of 1997. At least they admitted it! Quote has to be "We want to see if it was alive before it was dead"! and typographical error was "Water Hadlee Award"! Walter Hadlee would probably not appreciate that error – Yet another case of an "L" of a difference.

Years ago, you would pass through a town, the main features of which would be a hotel, a hall, a church (or two) and maybe even a three-legged dog! Nowadays the hotel is a tavern, the hall is probably in ruins, the church is used for anything and everything, the dog has retired, everything has been EFTPOSed and every town seems to have at least one well signposted antique shop! I think if we were to add up all the antique outlets in this country alone, there must have been a mighty lot of hoarders and collectors in years gone by.

Consider, if you will, by the time a few years of the new millennium have passed, things like tupperware, plastic items, pressure cookers, typewriters etc, will all be "antiques"!

Finally, I can't let this quarter go without asking one of those questions which will never ben answered. On page 59 of our January issue, how many of you noticed that Friday and Saturday can both be the 18 April? Time for some R & R.

Off the Wire

Northland



Greeting all. Very little to report from the North for this quarter — we're thinking everyone must be preparing to hibernate for the winter! It could possibly be even quieter over the next two months with the Seagers and us off to Hervey Bay in July, and Jean and Ellis Woods off to the UK!

However, it has been rather an extraordinary time for renewing old acquaintances. We've probably "run into" more people known during my working life in the past two months than we ever did while in the job! Even old school chums from Rotorua called into our shop unexpectedly! The most recent visitor was Peter Ward, now working as a private investigator in Auckland. Peter called into our shop quite recently to make a purchase.." ooops! I've seen that face before!!!!! It was good to have the chance to revive a few memories! Also in that list of "acquaintances" was Pat Coghlan, Dave Bell and West Hill. Dave Bell is in fact a regular visitor to a certain establishment in Waipu!

In the list of comings and goings from Northland are Nimmo Ponifasio and Geoff Hill among the goings and by the time you read this article, George White will be in New Plymouth. Not too sure that there's been many comings to replace the goings but hopefully we'll have some news of any new faces in the next issue.

John Rahui is making a slow recovery after major spinal surgery for an injury sustained to his lower neck after a motor accident. It could be quite some time before he is back at work. Sad to hear that Gus Lindstrom has been so ill. I'm sure you'll all join with us in wishing him a speedy recovery.

Congratulations to Andy Clubley on joining the ranks of fatherhood.

Dai Harding took a decent break and used up all his leave to do a worthwhile trip to Europe, Asia and Australia. For nine weeks armed with introductions and advice from IPA travel secretaries and foreign embassies, IPA Membership Card (with photocopies), a directory of overseas contacts in Lions Clubs International, UK and NZ passports, Visacard, Mastercard, Cashflow cards, vaccination cards, antimalarial medication, a good itinerary planned with a respectable travel agent, and of course airline tickets!! At various times of the year, the airlines are very competitive and Dai managed to obtain a good deal through Qantas/BA so that he could travel to UK via South East Asia and return via Singapore and Australia (life in the tropics suits him — he had a shave and a crew cut!) This travel arrangement also offered a free side trip from London to Europe (IPA houses are numerous and economical in Netherlands and Germany, and there were a few discounted fares to Athens and Cyprus. Qantas are also giving Dai a free ticket to Australia from Auckland for being a frequent flyer (keep saving your leave Dai!) As luck would have it, Dai was able to see the last international rugby match between England and Wales at Cardiff Arms Park before they demolished the stands. The Welsh need to improve their Rugby playing strategies before they build a new stadium! !

The IPA is strong in Nottingham where Dai was hosted by IPA members in West Bridgford Police Station by IPA members and colleagues working on similar DARE (Drug Abuse Resistance Education) programmes. There he was linguistically corrected by the barman who said "*Fongaray*" when our part-Kiwi mentioned where he came from. The barman had spent some time in Kaukapakapa. Dai also visited IPA HQ and viewed the emblems and badges from around the world. His recommendation to all travellers is to gather as much information about events, IPA homes, organisations that interest you as possible and then experience the life of the locals, their cuisine and culture.

Still with travellers, we were delighted to receive an Email from our esteemed Assistant Secretary General recently. As most of you will know by now Jacques Legros is with the United Nations international criminal tribunal in Rwanda. Jacques has asked us to let you all know that the fastest way to contact him is by the Internet. If you have access to Email, Jacques would appreciate a message from "home". His address is: jacques legros at ictr-kigali@un.org.

Hot off the press is a rumour that Ian Boddington is now back in Paihia and in the same line of trade as myself — the liquor industry!

Well, before we get into hot water with Carole for going over our 500 word limit, we'd better bring this to a close. Kind regards to all. Northlanders — *please* keep in touch!

Anne & Tony

West Auckland



Hi, it's been a while since I last wrote. I see I've missed the last couple of issues. In November, Mike and I did a two week jaunt to Queensland on the cheap airfares (as did half of New Zealand, I think!) We went south as far as Kingscliff and north to Gympie. I got to swim with some dolphins which was the highlight of my trip. We were very impressed with the weather, awesome houses (of which we viewed many), friendly people, a noticeable lack of graffiti and general lack of the anti-social behaviour we see here, despite the fact that we looked for it.

In February/March I left Mike to his own devices and spent five weeks in Perth visiting relatives — another lovely city. Since then it's been back to work as I've missed a bit of time so can't be certain I'm up to date with all the goings on around here. However, here goes.

Like most stations, we've been losing our fair share of staff. Louise Mann, Chris Pearce, Paul Raynes and Morise Greig are some of our recent departures with Constables Kistemaker and Capill going in the next few weeks. There's been a few transfers out and some new arrivals as well.



A few members had a very close shave (led by Te Atatu community constable, Dave Trethowen) recently when they lost their locks in support of the Cancer Foundation fundraiser at the West City Plaza in Henderson. District Commander, Steve Long, was one of the party, however, he nearly didn't make it as he had to phone the Watchhouse to find out where the main shopping centre in Waitakere was! ! ! !

Another station "Girls' Nite Out" is in the planning stage but station-wise and IPA wise it has been pretty quiet of late. Roger Gray (our part-time police officer) is off for six weeks with the All Whites to Papua New Guinea and will be there by the time this issue comes out.

Weatherwise we've had some pretty spectacular crisp sunny days for an Auckland autumn. All those staff that hail from south of the Bombays reckon that's what the weather is like ALL the time where they come from! ! ! On a sadder note, last week we were told that ex-Constable Gary Swan who worked at New Lynn lost his young son, Jesse aged six. Jesse had fought a long battle with leukaemia during his young life. Staff who attended Jesse's funeral, along with all those unable to attend, extend their sympathies to Gary, Michelle and family on this very sad loss.

Well, I know I've probably missed heaps but work calls so until next time, Cheers.

Michelle

Waikato

For FAR TOO LONG Region 2 IPA has been drifting without paddles..... Brian and Tracey are now steering and we need the oarspeople!!! In other words, Region 2 need support to be an active region.

Unfortunately we only get a few overseas visitors in most parts of our region (except the main tourist areas), which means we often forget IPA and its motto, "Service Through Friendship". This friendship can surely be amongst ourselves while we wait for overseas contact. Therefore, anticipating your full support, the following fun events have been planned and venues booked.

Tauranga Weekend
Saturday September 1997

An evening BBQ or something similar is being organised at the Mt Maunganui holiday units, which we have booked for the night for "out-of-towners" (3 units sleeping 8 in each — more can be squeezed in if needed). This is advance warning, so put it on the calendar and a newsletter will be sent to remind you closer to the time.

(There is also a rumour that some members may be considering a visit to Mills Reef Vineyard on the way there for a "wee taste". More about that later....).

1998 New Zealand Section AGM
17-19 April 1998

Region 2 has undertaken (bravely, we thought) to host next year's National AGM in the Waikato. In the spirit of IPA we will be looking for Hamilton/Cambridge members to host the visitors from around New Zealand. The anticipated programme will include:

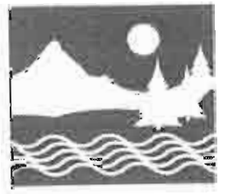
Friday 17 — AGM 5pm
Saturday 19 — NEB Meeting for delegates (Waikato activities for non NEB)
Saturday Evening — IPA Function
Sunday 19 — Farewell Brunch

We had an outstanding time this year, hosted by New Plymouth. Let's see if we can show them a great time in the Mighty Waikato, huh?

Be in.....

Servo Per Amikeco
Tracey and Brian

Taranaki



Greetings from Taranaki,

I have again managed to get the job of scribe for the area after being away from it for four years. I look forward to giving news of the IPA members here. Unfortunately time is against me on this occasion so my column does not cover happenings over our full membership, but I will do my best to fix that next time.

The AGM went off very well and everyone seemed to enjoy the weekend activities. The highlight was the bus trip on the Saturday night when we all ended up at the Stratford mountain house for a meal. The trip itself was one that we will all remember as Carole and Sonja had arranged stops on the way to ensure that we all had our share of "cheer'". I must admit that I became very partial to Carole's "mixture" as long as it was followed closely by one of Bob Maxwell's whiskeys. (None of the others will admit to this in case Carole brews up some more). The idea of drawing for seats after each stop made sure that everyone mixed. Indeed a great night and a big THANK YOU to all of those involved in organising things. Liz and Doug Geraghty kindly hosted everyone to a bar-b-que lunch at their place on the Sunday. Thank you, Liz and Doug , for your efforts which were very much appreciated by all. I am sure that all of our visitors enjoyed the whole weekend and left with a very good image of Taranaki hospitality.

Marilyn and I enjoyed hosting Elke Pfau for the weekend. Unfortunately we were not able to give her a good look around our fair city as most of her time was taken up attending meetings. However, we did manage to get a quick tour in on the Sunday morning. Hopefully Elke will some day return to the area and we will get the opportunity to give her the full, leisurely tour around the province.

The weeks after the AGM have been filled with sadness due to the passing of Keith Payne. Keith was our Regional Treasurer and was a dedicated worker for IPA. He became ill and was admit

ted to hospital the day after our trip to the mountain. He died peacefully two weeks later. The crowd that turned up at his funeral showed the high regard in which he was held within this community. Our heartfelt love and sympathy goes to Janet, Julie and Lesley.

Steve Barrett set off in late May for a trip to America, the Continent and Canada. I understand he hopes to get a bit of skiing in and catching up with old buddies. He is away for two months.

Marlene Merriman is away shortly as well. Both she and her husband are doing a bit of touring around the Middle East and then around Ireland. I understand that they are meeting up with their daughter across there and will be accompanied by her.

Snow Latham is taking time out from the winter and is going to Brisbane for two weeks in June.

Scott Winger is also presently travelling overseas on LWOP and Jan MacNeil, whom we welcome as a new member, is off to England in September.

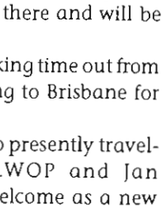
Jock Ross has spent several weeks off work after suffering chest pains. He ended up in hospital on two occasions but now seems to be on the mend. He indicated that he would be returning to work in the very near future to again get the watchhouse running smoothly. Our best wishes go to you, Jock, for a speedy recovery to full health.

Bob Maxwell is to be congratulated on his election to the New Zealand Automobile Association board and this is due recognition for his years of hard work in that area. He is the first Police Officer to rise to that position and I am sure that his experience and skill will be of great benefit to the board.

I hope to be in a position to report more fully on members' activity in the next issue but until then...

Lukim yupela

Hawke's Bay



What a great article in this issue about the wanderer in the Hawke's Bay. I have had the advantage of reading a draft copy of the travelogue when I was tasked by Elaine to supply appropriate photographs to accompany the article. Hawke's Bay Tourism Services were very helpful. They had recently commissioned a professional photographer to tour the Bay and obtain pics of the tourist spots the historical buildings and give coverage to the areas that make Hawke's Bay so wonderful to visit. The photos which accompany the article have been kindly loaned by Hawke's Bay Tourism Services.

As mentioned in the previous Journal, Noel Hawkins has retired after 34 years service in Wellington and the Hawke's Bay. Noel and Karen are off to Europe later in the year for their big retirement holiday. They are hoping to catch up with some of Noel's friends from Cyprus days, and already the letters and faxes have been exchanged between Britain and Denmark. Noel has already stepped back into police work as he is now the Napier Neighbourhood Support Co-ordinator having taken over from Brian Elliot and Phil Schmidt who have laid the foundation for a great community relationship.

Havelock North Sergeant, Dave Robertson has taken early retirement and at present is getting cycling fit for an adventure around the South Island later in the year. The South Island must have some attraction as Dave Stevenson has retired as Senior Sergeant in Hastings to take on Chief Executive of the Southland Rugby Union. A three year contract, which will put his Diploma in Sports Administration to good use. Dave is originally from Invercargill, Bluff and Stewart Island so will have a foot in already. Mind you, with all the Hawke's Bay rugby players down there at present he shouldn't have too much trouble. Others on the move are Gary Duncan and Matt Ngamanu from Taradale.

Rick Graham was at Government House this week to receive his QSM from the Governor General. Well done again, Rick. We like to keep Napier on the map with the bright side of our tourist spots, but earlier this year we had tragedy on the beach of Marine Parade. We have had a rough run of very dangerous seas over the past four years and this February was no exception with the beach being closed because of the horrendous seas. An unfortunate accident happened when three members of a family were swept into the seas near the Kiwi House in Napier. A family member rushed to help but members of the public rescued her and then assisted three police members to rescue the others. Tragically one of the children lost her life, but the efforts of Riki Miringaorangi, Peter Gimblett and Dean Young, along with two members of the public were outstanding. A big call to enter the rough sea when your own life could be at stake to rescue others.

You may recall that Mark Sandford and Massey Coffin took part in a sea rescue about four years ago and were awarded the Silver Medal from the Royal Humane Society and for the same rescue Massey received the 1995 Charles Upham Award for Bravery. Alex Pollock is another member who a couple of years ago received a Bronze Medal from the Society.

Promotion for Grey Brown from Hastings and soon to come to the Hawke's Bay is Dean Munden from Auckland.

Viv and I enjoyed the AGM in New Plymouth and thanks to all the Taranaki Committee for the well-organised weekend. We were impressed with the mystery bus trip and mulled wine up the slopes of Mount Egmont amongst the sleet and snow. I'm not sure whether the cold or the hot is best. I'll tell you about it after my sojurn to the warmer climates.

Ross Pinkham

Greater Wellington Area News

It should be noted that Police Region 4 no longer exists with the combining of Police Region 3 (Taranaki, Wanganui, Palmerston North and Hawke's Bay) so I have titled the happenings as the "Greater Wellington Area News".

We have now had our AGM which was held at the Royal New Zealand Police College. Our guest speaker was Georgina Beyer who is the mayor of Carterton in the Wairarapa. She is the first transsexual mayor anywhere in the world and was very entertaining with her stories of her encounters with the Police when she was a stripper and worked the streets in Wellington. Recommended if you ever require an after dinner speaker. An intelligent, well groomed and articulate woman who I believe we will hear more of in either local or national politics.

The key committee members were re-elected unopposed but on a sad note was Lawrie Philpott's decision not to seek re-election on the committee after 24 years of sterling service. Our sincere thanks to both Lawrie and his wife, Rita, who will be missed from the committee.

Also on a sad note was to learn of Evan Jordan's sudden passing away. It was a bit of a shock to us all and he too will be sadly missed in IPA circles. Our sympathy is extended to his wife, Jan, and family. Our sympathy too has been extended to Val Redshaw who lost her daughter Liza in a motor accident.



There have been a few visitors here over the last few months. Harry and Mary Arbuckle visited again from Stenhousemuir in Scotland. They were last here in 1994. This time they were here to attend Owen Dance's daughter's wedding. Harry looked resplendent in his kilt. They were hosted by Bill and Gretta Beck.

Nick and Marie Titolo, a retired homicide detective from California now living in Florida, were hosted by us. They timed their visit right and attended our AGM which was great.

Another visitor from the States, Kevin Walsh, was due here in March but had to cancel for medical reasons.

Well that brings everyone up to date with all the news here. Until next time regards to all.

Clint Libby

Christchurch



Hello again from Region 5, the area of, if nothing else, the best brass bands in New Zealand! At the recent band contest in New Plymouth, Region 5 bands won three out of four grades and were placed second in two of them.

I don't open my column this way to take the mickey out of those North of the geographical centre of our country. By the way, do you know where that is? It is actually on the top of a small hill in Nelson, so there are two bits of useless information you might wish to slop into your next cocktail party conversation. Anyway, back to bands. Our newly elected chairman, Senior Sergeant Geoff Smith is one of those. He is ex-MOT and has taken an active part in our local IPA which I'm sure will continue despite his new position.

It has been said by wiser people than me that "no news is good news" and that is obviously the case here. I therefore deduce that things are "A OK" here in Region 5. I would like to thank Don Goodall for the two articles on that great area of Coromandel. Very informative and colourful. That other well-known saying... "never has so much been said about so little" certainly does not apply to Don's articles. I was also impressed with the Nunan article on his trip on the Russian ship. How did Barbara Nunan get a photo taken with a staff member and the Czar? Well, it looked like him in the photo; the chap with the beard. Surely that was not my old mate from Cairns travelling incognito. Great to see you looking so hirsute, Tom.

Just think it is 35 years ago that I was able to point out the pitfalls of the inner city area to you! It is reassuring to see that the Aussie bards can still produce good stories. Carole — I am really sorry that my first love won out in New Plymouth and I couldn't get to meet up with you all at the AGM. Banding really "taxidermitized" my plans of joining you, at least in the socializing bit. Mind you it was worth the effort, being in one of the top brass bands in New Zealand. Not that one would boast about it.

I now look forward to the Editors' conference, where I may learn not to waffle to pad out my contributions. Cheers for now.

Blue

Blue — we missed you! Alas, you missed a good do, we drank, we laughed, we talked a lot whilst a damn fine brew lurked in the pot! Ed

Otago



Greetings from the Deep South Region.

In February Nikki Willems, our Treasurer for the past two years resigned, from that position. She has medically disengaged from the Police, and has left New Zealand to seek a new life in Holland.

Graeme Mosley, our scribe and Secretary, has also stepped down from those positions. Thank you, Graeme, for all your hard work. Arthur Mahan has taken over the position of Secretary/Treasurer as from the Annual General Meeting, and I have taken over the position of Regional Editor.

The trickle of overseas visitors has dried up, with only a German couple arriving unexpectedly late April for two nights. Others were supposed to arrive, but no contact has been made with them.

Last year, there were no social functions held, however, this year is going to be different. By the time you read this, a dinner evening will have been held at Valentine's restaurant at Dunedin for all members, and those that did not attend, you will have missed a great night. For those unable to join us at these events due to distance, we are quite willing to hold social functions in your area, and I am happy to travel to these functions.

We welcome new members to Dunedin: Christopher Beale, Stephen Burke, Deborah Hill and Tania Turner, all of Dunedin. Also Steve Griffiths of Milton who joined in 1996 and Derek Cantelo who moved to Queenstown recently, all the way from Auckland. Kevin Wall was finally able to be tracked down by me and was presented with his Life Membership certificate and badge when he passed through Mosgiel in May.



The frosts are upon us down in the south, and winter is not far away. Think of us down here in our winter woollies.

Bye for now.

Trevor

Le Francophone á l'écoute



Secretary Associate for Belgium, France, Luxembourg, Switzerland and French speaking countries - Jacques Legros

Du Rwanda, bonjour á tous! As mentioned in the last edition of our journal, I am writing this article from Kigali, the capital city of Rwanda. As you may know I have been assigned to work as an Investigator for the United Nations International Criminal Tribunal for that country.

On 27 February 1997 I left home and raced to the airport. Understandably my wife, Jean, and my two daughters, Christelle and Jacqueline, were not, to say the least, thrilled to see their husband/father leave them behind for a year. Unlike me they were not overly concerned if I had missed the plane to Christchurch and on to Sydney. However, I found the farewells a lot more difficult than anticipated and the last request by Air New Zealand to board the plane made the whole process easier to bear, but none the less very emotional.

The Air New Zealand flight from Dunedin to Christchurch was pleasant but as usual I found that the Ansett service "nothing is a bother with a smile" is sadly lacking with Air New Zealand domestic airline's flying staff! By contrast the Christchurch to Sydney Qantas flight was faultless. It made this part of my travel so much more of a pleasurable experience.

While in Sydney I re-acquainted myself with ex-neighbours from Dunedin, Wayne and Brenda Drake. They took me on a tour of Sydney by night and the following day I met members of the New South Wales Police. Aussie's hospitality at its best! I was invited to join them at a luncheon at a local Yacht Club. A Chief Inspector also accompanied us from Essex, England and our own Kiwi liaison Police Officer, Inspector Reid. The atmosphere was most convivial. I indulged in a kangaroo steak, which was, against my expectations, tender and delicious.

After lunch and a tour of the security monitoring control centre, Wayne took me to the airport. It was time for me to leave Sydney. After a brief transit for refuelling in Perth, I was en route for my first taste of Africa.

In Johannesburg, Harry Glazer (a local IPA stalwart) met me, but did not allow me to stay at the hotel. I then had the pleasure of meeting his charming wife Claire, who by coincidence, is French. Both invited me to experience a local restaurant. After an excellent "briefing" on what to expect in Africa in general and Rwanda in particular, it was with glee that I welcomed my pillow. (I would not advise anyone to travel all the way from Sydney to Johannesburg in one trip. A stop-over in Perth provides a much-needed break to reduce jet lag).

Harry made sure, the following day, that I did not miss my plane and assisted me with all departure formalities. Interestingly enough, South African Airways was the only airline which charged me for excess luggage. The Kenyan plateau was soon in sight and after an impressive bird's eye view of Mt Kilimanjaro, I landed at Nairobi.



I was welcomed by Inspector David Mathua and Superintendent Arap Kutto of the Kenya Police, Nairobi Airport Division. I was treated like an International VIP. Nothing was a problem. As there was an International Rally in the capital, accommodation was at a premium. Whilst I was provided police transport and refreshments at the Kenyan CID School, Superintendent Kutto, on my behalf, arranged accommodation into Mount Kenya Guest House in Nairobi South "C".

I was given a couple of tips on how to select an "appropriate" taxi if I wanted to have a quick glimpse of the capital before dinner. It was explained that one has to be careful when selecting a taxi in Nairobi as you can either find a taxi which gets about like a demented maniac and you take your life into your own hands, or you may end up being "deposited" in a suburban street into the hands of local thieves who will take great pleasure in relieving your person of all your worldly possessions. The taxi driver collects a "percentage" of the windfall and who cares about the prospect of a generous tip. That night I was able to open the birthday card that my daughter Christelle painstakingly put together.

After a very comfortable night's rest, I was again met by Superintendent Kutto and provided with transport to the airport. There I was introduced to Assistant Commissioner Busienei, the head of Nairobi CID. After a brief chat and professional niceties, I was soon on the final leg of my destination.

An interesting aspect is, prior to boarding your plane (in this instance a 737 of Air Uganda), every passenger must personally identify his/her luggage. We all line up on the tarmac and then the luggage is loaded onto the plane.

I transited at Entebbe Airport in Uganda; the airport security staff seemed to take a perverse pleasure in searching everyone prior to allowing them to re-board the aircraft. Searching for explosive devices and/or weapons is one thing but I drew the line when a staff member started to search through personal documents. I had to remind them of their obligation of free and unencumbered passage of diplomatic personnel and requested to speak to a supervisor. The "search" was suddenly cut short and all courtesy was on the menu! Once again all luggage was taken out of the plane and the "identity parade" took place before take off.

Finally, I landed in Kigali. The airport building, although showing some of its "wounds" from the war, seemed to have escaped major damage. After having satisfied immigration formalities and having collected my luggage, I was making my way out when I was reminded by a customs official to queue up and have my luggage inspected. Wary of my Ugandan experience, I refused to subject myself or my luggage to any further search.



Other UN personnel who could not be bothered arguing with customs officials, allowed themselves to be search as well as their personal belongings (incidentally in contradiction of the Convention on Privileges and Immunities of the United Nations). However, a member of the Tribunal, who was to collect me from the airport, had a few pointed words with a customs supervisor. I was soon allowed to leave without any further hassles. I did not have anything to hide but there was an important principle that had to be respected.

That's it from me. Next issue I will write a little more about my experiences since I first arrived in Kigali. Like the first time I experienced a local restaurant and I will describe the various facets of life in Kigali.

IPA New Zealand Steps Into The Electronic Age

http://www.igrin.co.nz/~ipa

IPA New Zealand is now on the Internet with its own web page which has been sponsored by The Internet Group of Northland Ltd — known to Internet users as iGRIN.



Nancy Beaureguard.

The designer of the site is Nancy Beaureguard of Whangarei, who has had a long association with computer technology, Bulletin Boards and the Internet. iGRIN was first thought of in 1994 when many Northlanders were becoming interested in the information technology highway but were faced with hefty toll calls to Auckland for Internet connection. In 1995, a director of a Whangarei Computer firm approached iHUG in Auckland with the idea of bringing the service further north. iHUG set up a demo in Hunt St one weekend and started signing people up.

In February 1996, Bryan Rentoul who has had several years' experience with computers and information technology and was instrumental in the establishment of Northland's first Bulletin Board back in the late 80s, came on board and saved the company from an almost certain premature death.

iGRIN has now entered a close working relationship with Northland Polytechnic. In November 1996, iGRIN started operating four Internet stations in the Public Library. These work on swipe cards — much like a phone card. iGRIN's bandwidth was doubled late last year and will shortly be increased again. The company is now on a digital link from their premises to the telephone exchange and this has resolved a lot of previous problems for customers. There are now five full-time staff employed, including a Technical Manager and a Web Administrator and Designer.

One of iGRIN's projects, in conjunction with the Polytechnic, is Virtual Northland (http://www.northland.net.nz) which will be formally launched in the near future. Virtual Northland is a unique project that without doubt will benefit Northland, its individual communities and people. Initially, Virtual Whangarei (http://www.whangarei.net.nz) will be the more prominent one. Other projects with the Polytechnic are to follow.

NET NZ Ltd (http://www.net.nz) is now a subsidiary of iGRIN, and offers among other things free email accounts and extremely competitive Web hosting. Although http://www.igrin.co.nz.ipa/ is based in Whangarei, the wonders of the Internet mean that it is accessible to all world wide. The site offers much to intending visitors to New Zealand as well as New Zealand resident IPA members.

Members who have not ventured too far into web pages in New Zealand will no doubt be surprised at not only the Police content on the web, but the links to other sites, including Police Community Relations Coordinators, IPA sites in Britain, Canada (1997 World Congress), France, Germany, Iceland and many other sites.

For the moment, the Email contact through the site is: anpicket@igrin.co.nz. Readers are welcome to contact the IPA through that address if they wish.

Anne & Tony Picketts

So, how valuable are you ...



By Des Hall

It's a difficult thing, putting a value on yourself. You try to find a way through The Pass somewhere between writing yourself off as Just Another Good Ol' Boy, or risking ridicule if you decide you're worth more and head for the moral Uplands, always a tricky journey.

The basis for all this arose, not just from one recent event but from years of watching a whole series of incidents and coming, regretfully to a disturbing conclusion. Well it should be disturbing but we're probably about to find out more about that.

The idea? Just this. Human life has never been so cheap. At least, not within what we might be pleased to think of as Modern Times, the era in which we live. Perhaps one doesn't have to go back further than the militarily sanctified mass murders of the Somme and Passchendaele, recent as they are but we do still pride ourselves on making progress since then. (As long as you discount the old USSR and the Eastern Front and Nigeria and Vietnam and all that.)

What in fact tipped my ideas over the edge - too far over, some may say - was a news report of two girls of 13 and 14 years being released from custody after five months' incarceration. The five months was arrived at after they were allowed 12 months off for good behaviour (short break here while I lie down and howl with laughter) and seven months for the pre-trial period they'd spent in custody.

And what, you are wondering had they done to deserve something as harsh as a five months' prison sentence. Not much, really. Just a bit of girlish fun which involved kicking a 12 year old girl to death in a fair ground.

Any parents out there with a 12 year old daughter? There must be somebody. So, what value do you put upon this creature who, I am assuming is as totally delightful and lovable and loving as mine though I grant you not all parents perhaps are as undeservedly blessed as we are and were.

I can't answer for you but I'll stick my neck out to say this. If your treasure's whole life is worth only somebody else's five months then you're not really a parent at all. You're a breeding machine no doubt, and you can prove it, but a parent...

And so now you've spotted it. All this is about sneaking in a vote for the death penalty, so why didn't I have the courage to come out with it at the beginning and say "Hang 'em all, string them up, to the gallows with them."

The reason is simple. I don't believe in the death penalty. "Penalty" implies punishment and there is no punishment fitting for the murder of my daughter or sons or wife or, I suppose me for that matter though I wouldn't actually be mulling it over personally.

Nor do I believe that the possibility of a sentence of death is a deterrent. People who have, over months of stewing it up or in an instant of rage finally killed somebody, aren't worried about deterrents. For one thing they don't think they'll be caught, no more than do thieves and burglars and EBA drivers.

The threat of a fatal outcome doesn't put off people who make up their mind, over months or in a micro-second to kill somebody. It isn't part of the equation.

It is here we crash into the semantics argument, or playing with words. If I don't believe in the rope what do I think. Just this.

Lethal consequences. Having let the punitive cat out of the bag at last give me time to finish before you throw things. I'm saying just that: if you decide to take a life under circumstances that the law calls murder, then the consequence should be the judicial loss of your own life.

But that, the cry goes up is just State murder, and that's not enough to justify killing somebody; that simply reduces the State (that is, you and me, the people who collectively constitute the State) to the status of the killer.

Besides, the voices are raised (here comes the nasty bit) what about Arthur Allan Thomas and David Bain. Supposing they'd been hanged, after one has been pardoned and the other's conviction and sentence is - as I write languishing under a heavy cloud of doubt. It is possible to make such a dreadful mistake. Of the first of those two one can ask - how do you pardon somebody for something they haven't done? Legal word games it may be and certainly is in some cases, but that doesn't make it sensible. If you are in doubt you have no business hanging somebody is a principle with which I can fully agree. But in that event you have no business locking them up for years either. You've no business imposing any penalty at all. The whole thing smells of double standards: there is proof beyond reasonable doubt as long as you don't execute anybody but after that there isn't: not the first time the Law has worn two hats.

Arising here is another argument that bothers me greatly and that is the question of defining a human being. This is fundamental to the whole problem because we only call a killing murder if killer and victim are human. Consider therefore the murder that occurred some few years ago when a frequently drunken bully roared home one night and not only thrashed his 12 year old Carl. This time he kicked him to death. Among other unspeakable features of this monstrous crime, we were treated to news photos of the delightful, smiling little fellow who was obliterated by the monster, a monster who is now doing 'life' (another pause for chuckles) for murder.

This all occurred in fact within a short time of the death of Delicia; you'll recall her as the infant girl who was treated by her "carers" to physical obscenities beyond belief before the light went out in her tiny body.

It is here we arrive at one area of discussion I warmly dispute. The creatures responsible for these concentration camp horrors were dealt with as human beings. That is to say they had a more or less upright, bipedal posture, a more or less hairless skin and were able I assume to make articulate noises from a hole in the face. Thus you see they qualified for the description "human". And that is what worries me: that is all one needs today to be called human. Not once will you find it includes the term "possesses the properties associated with humanity, or humane." Do you grasp the implications of this? By definition, such marvellous human beings as wheelchair athletes wouldn't qualify. Stephen Hawking doesn't come within definition.

There is another aspect of this anti-lethal consequence philosophy that is insufficiently discussed to its conclusion and that is the question of killing in war. Killing in these circumstances is accepted almost universally as pardonable; indeed it's more, it is one's patriotic duty to go out there and slaughter people whose "crime" is they belong to the other side.

Even those who are left behind to plough and reap and mourn and conduct morning prayers agree with this, so we may legitimately search for a reason in this enormous moral dichotomy. Why? The answer discomforts me immensely.

It is this. When one person in society is murdered it causes no great sense of unease or discomfort among most of those who weren't murdered. A killing on the streets of Timaru causes few problems to the citizens of Helensville, slaughter in a tavern car park in Papatoetoe brings few chills to the spines of the good folk of Queenstown. They weren't hurt, they (unless by way of friendship or relations) remain largely unperturbed by the loss of life. In the process of betraying a populace whose safety and welfare should be their prime concern, successive enfeebled legislatures have degraded the value of human life until criminal death no longer registers.

But war, now that is different. There is the nasty, the unsettling possibility, however remote at any one time that the foe may reach our shores, may infest our skies, may lob bomb or mortar into our own living rooms.

It should be a matter of deep concern to all that human life has been so cheapened by those who hypocritically claim to most value it.

Now it's our own, our very own life that may be in danger. Suddenly it is all right to kill and the sooner our lads get out there and start killing somebody, the sooner will we all feel safe again, the quicker can we get back to the bodily and spiritual comforts of Thou Shalt Not Kill, for our own skins will no longer be threatened. I don't like it and I'd be interested to know how many people who have been in my situation agree with this. I intensely dislike this double-think and especially on the part of those who pronounce loudly upon the evils of judicial lethal consequences but whose freedom to do so has been bought by the battlefield blood on their fellow creatures' hands.

There is still the question of the actual carrying out of the lethal consequence to be resolved but this should present no insurmountable ethical problems.

Right away I agree the ritual of hanging is a particularly gruesome and unedifying affair. As far as I know I am personally acquainted with only one man - a very senior retired police officer - who has actually witnessed a hanging. He has never done more in conversation with me than confirm his presence as a witness and I would never presume to broach the subject uninvited. In my personal code of ethics, presuming it exists I would however be far more merciful toward the confirmed beyond-a-shadow-of-a-doubt killer, than he or she was toward their victim, by giving them a choice. They could die by the rope, the needle, the pistol or the chair - or by the same means by which they slew their victim.

It would be interesting to see after a few such consequences, how many killers elected death by their own technologies. My guess is, from very few to none. My guess also is that this idea is so full to overflow with the spirit of natural justice, fair play and reason it has no chance in a millennium of millennia of ever becoming law. Imagine if you can anything more heinously politically incorrect than an icy veined butcher dying by the same means with which he killed.

We come now to another major hurdle and that is the old question "All right Mr Judicial Killer - could you pull the trigger." Alas, I have to reply - yes. It is 2 am on a black cold night. From a deep warm sleep I am half-awakened by what sounded like breaking glass and then a muffled scream. My heart already doing 140 I slip out of bed and tip toe down the hall to my daughter's or son's room. It is dark but light enough to see some monstrous shape half lying on the bed. One of its hands is hidden under the bed clothes, the other is at the throat of a child who, it appears has already stopped breathing. You have to believe this next sentence for it is the whole truth.

To the extent of my power to enforce it the lethal consequence is alive and well in New Zealand. You may disagree. You may consider it your moral duty and responsibility to scream and beat the beast upon its back with closed fist but never, never at any event do anything seriously to prejudice its life.

God has done some odd things, I often think during my lifetime, some good and undeserved and some very strange (I thought) things I didn't (I thought) deserve but He did do me one huge favour in my childhood years. He never left me at the mercy of an overpowering murderous brute in the small hours, while you stood beside my bed wrestling with your conscience and the sanctity of somebody else's life.

It should be a matter of deep concern to all that human life has been so

Continued on page 23

Thank you for writing

Dear Carole,

I was delighted to be able to speak to you on the phone and I deeply regret we did not meet up for me to personally thank you for all you did for me before my arrival in New Zealand and afterwards.

As I stated on the phone, John and Judy (Pegler) met me at Auckland Airport and were kindness itself. My night stop in Sydney was all arranged and everything worked like clockwork. During the Tournament, I had many phone calls asking after my welfare, one in particular being Frank Smith who left his number in case I needed help. I did not speak with him but a message was left and I gathered he was connected with the Police.

On arrival back in Auckland I was in contact with John and Judy and on the Saturday went with John to a Reunion meeting of ex-members of the Auckland Police where I was given a wonderful welcome. I met with Greg McManus, ex NRP and had a long natter and a long conflab over Bill Belollam, who was my boss in the fingerprint department in Bulawayo during 1958, a wonderful man who taught me an awful lot which helped in later years, also Ron Pilborough. Everyone made me feel at home and I thoroughly enjoyed their company.

On Sunday I was taken over by Lions International and eventually left your country and went via Los Angeles to London. I was treated with VIP treatment by New Zealand airways who could not do enough for me. So ended a trip of a lifetime.

I shall never forget New Zealand and all the kindness, help, friendship and hospitality accorded me. I shall have everlasting memories, never to be forgotten. Many years ago I was told that I should endeavour to visit New Zealand as it was God's own country and they were right, a wonderful, marvellous country.

Thank you again, to everyone, for what they did for me. Yours very sincerely in Friendship,

John "Bomber" Davidson

Dear Elaine

First of all I will say thanks for all the kindness I met in New Zeland when I came to Auckland. Tony and his wife took care of me the first days I was in Auckland. Tony and I went to visit Nora Crawford. I had got a letter from her the last days I was in Sweden and she begged me not to forget to visit her this time also. I didn't think I would see her for the last time. I thought it when I read her last letter but when I saw her show Tony her garden I couldn't believe it. She was a great lady, you can be proud that she was an IPA member of New Zealand. I liked her.

In Auckland I also met old friends Tony and Karin, and also Phil and Christine, thanks for a good dinner. Tony took me to see the country outside Auckland and it was very nice to see Auckland from above, it looked to me as if it was some kind of rainforest. There was some rain also but Tony told me that the sun should come out at two o'clock — but it came at five minutes past two!

My aim was to see the beginning, the place which is very important to the Maori. Tony drove me down to Tauranga to your member, Carl Stenquist and his wife. I travelled to Cape Reinga together with Carl and Chris. Carl had arranged for me to stay in the holiday homes in Paihia and Whangaparaoa. Thank you colleagues, very nice flats.

I found Whangarei a very interesting place, with much to see. I wish I had more time to see around there but I could say the same of most of the places. When I arrived in the Bay of Islands I wished I had time to take the boat and see the sea life, not only in the aquarium. We went by the "Fun Bus 2000" from Coopers Beach, where we left our car, up to Cape Reinga by 90-mile Beach and through the Te Paki quicksand stream. A marvellous trip. When I was standing up by the lighthouse at Cape Reinga I had a feeling that I was at the end and I had to go back to travel further, or out to sea. I went back because I had to see the kauri tree. It was an experience to see the big old tree. When we came out from the forest I met Auckland Region Commander, Assistant Commissioner Brion Duncan. I understand that everyone is interested in the forest.

We spent our last night in Whangaparaoa, in the police complex. Really a good place to relax, but I couldn't find anyone to thank for the hospitality, neither there nor in Paihia. I left some small things in both places.

I am the travel secretary in our region and have been to New Zealand three times, and have met a lot of nice and friendly people - not only colleagues. The hospitality is really great. The first time I visited New Zealand I stayed with Howard and Betty Ireland, we correspond and I still visit them when I'm in New Zealand. I've really good friends so far from home.

I enjoy reading your Journal, it helps me to serve the members in Region IV and to give advice to other regions here in Sweden. If anyone is coming to Stockholm, or in our area, would they please write or fax me.

Sigun Ekstrom
Polisinspektor
Phone 08-401 00 46
Fax 08-653 37 29
Psok 0749 14 89 03
106 75 Stockholm

Dear friends — members IPA

St Petersburg, being one of the most beautiful cities of the world, is pleased meeting all IPA members.

IPA St Petersburg Region of Russian section invites you (couples or organized groups) to visit our amazing city. All your wishes about spending time in St. Petersburg we will make real.

We will provide all necessary arrangements for you: excursions, transfers, multi-lingula guides, accommodation in hotels of all categories, special meetings with your Russian colleagues, all kinds of meals. Just let us know what do you want and we will do it.

Discover the most beautiful and exotic country with us!!!

If you have any questions or special requests please do not hesitate to contact with us:

IPA St Petersburg Region
198328 St. Petersburg box 281 Russia
Fax: 007 (812) 237 0795
Phone: 007 (812) 151 72 69
With warmest regards,

Secretary St. Petersburg Region IPA
Oleg Iaroukhine

Dear Elaine,

I would like to resume writing contributions for the Journal again.

I follow the Axemen's Carnivals up here in the north, and just submitted an article to their yearly magazine with photos of our New Zealand axemen who have become World Champions. I was a competitor myself, but the advancing years have curtailed my activities in that area and many others.

Enclosed is a cutting from local papers which may interest you and show our members what some of us "oldies" get up to.

Bill Roughan,
Life Member

Dear New Zealand,

The "Friendship Week" organized in Auckland gave us the opportunity and incentive to revisit Auckland, meet our daughter and family, and rekindle friendships we enjoyed during the five years we lived in Auckland. We were also able to participate in the IPA Friendship Week in Auckland and meet police from around the globe.

I contacted Ace, the vibrant Travel Secretary and chief organizer of the Friendship Week in Auckland, coordinator of youth exchange and Housing, and also a *connoisseur* of wines etc. etc. (and the articles he writes are very interesting to boot). He sent me all the requisite details as regards the Friendship Week, which helped us tremendously.

We decided to participate only in the opening ceremony and dinner on the first day, as we had already made plans to visit Sydney during this tour. Once we had settled down in our daughter's home we got in touch with Ace and his charming wife, Elaine and were invited to their home, where we were treated like royalty.

We imbibed in an Ace's "Extra Special," and nibbled at the savoury goodies prepared by Elaine, and enjoyed a tour of their home (especially the wine cellar) and we gazed enraptured at the wide array of mementos, patches, insignia, uniforms, etc, etc. It was a very touching sentimental display.

We returned the compliment, and had them as our guests at our daughter's home, and were pleasantly surprised that they enjoyed even some of our "very spicy" dishes.

My wife and I attended the "gala opening ceremony and dinner" at Hemingway Harbor City Hotel at Quay Street, preceded by a superb display of singing, dancing, rituals, and challenges by a contingent of Maori. Ace responded to the challenge by singing in Maori and English, and everyone, without exception, was touched, and enjoyed every moment.

We were thrilled to participate in the "Friendship Week" in Auckland hence this letter, which hopefully will induce members who can afford it, to take advantage of meeting new friends, and visiting other countries, and enjoying friendly assistance and treatment, showered on visitors by our brother members.

It was a wonderful feeling to walk into a host of police officers from all around the world, and be greeted with warmth and friendship at every turn and without exception. Ace went out of his way to introduce me and my wife as Vern and Vera from the USA and we felt like VIPs. Many addresses and telephone numbers were exchanged, and many friendships were made.

When we returned to the States I was touched to read an article of "congratulations from New Zealand" published in the national Reporter of the IPA in the Fall-Winter Issue 1996. It was a congratulatory letter to our editorial team on an excellent publication which was an admirable gesture and in keeping with out motto *SERVO PER AMIKECO*. I agree with the writer wholeheartedly.

Servo Per Amikeco
Vernon E. Elias

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cheapened by those who hypocritically claim to most value it. Agreed, there are many influences at work today that were not present as recently as fifty years ago. For example we have now slaughtered on our roads more people than we have lost in all the wars New Zealand has engaged in, but that appalling statistic has done not a single thing to encourage us to drive on the left or "count two seconds" behind. Our entertainment too, by way of cinema and TV has fed us a constant and constantly increasing diet of killing in the street, the home, the bank, dairy and service station as well as the battlefield.

We have become desensitised to killing in daily life while the law insidiously reduces murder to a ho-hum affair of less importance than importing heroin, while at the same time it pays two-faced obeisance to life's immeasurable value.

It's a good time to stop all this, because the next step is to consider there is only so much "human life value" to spread around. The more people who crowd the planet the smaller portion there is to share out to each individual. You don't think so?

Try this. Mankind has finally accomplished the ultimate in total war and almost wiped itself out, all but for two people. They are a man and a woman on Stewart Island. That's all, on the whole planet. Tell me, how much of the grand total value of human life now resides within each one.

Not just one sixth billionth, but one half. The only further upsetting thought is that if one of them kills the other, he or she is going to get away scot free without a hair on the upright, hairless, talking, bipedal body being harmed, just like murderers do today. Deprived of psychiatric assessment, counselling, food, shelter, entertainment, and visiting rights of course but you can't win them all...

I hope very much this article hasn't just written itself into an inescapable corner, but if so I'm sure somebody will tell me.

Nora Crawford...

The Angel of Rossmay Terrace



"When are you going to join the Police?" asked Inspector Donald Scott. "I might just do that," replied Miss Nora Mary Parker, and with a little encouragement from her mother, whose brother-in-law had been a Police Officer in Essex, England, Nora did just that. Almost 35 years later, Mrs Nora Crawford, now with the rank of Detective, retired from the New Zealand Police.

So, who is this Policewoman, once described by a Commissioner of Police, as the *nicest looking policewoman in New Zealand?*

Nora was born in Hawera on 25 June 1917. Her parents were farmers and she had one sister. She often walked long distances to the Ararata Country School. A combination of her father's ill health and the depression hard times forced Nora to stay at home and do her early secondary education by correspondence—helping out on the farm ("damned hard work") during the day. Later Nora undertook a commercial course at Hawera Technical High School before briefly working for the importing firm of Johnson & Co. She was then able to attend a Herd Testing Course at Massey University in Palmerston North and accepted a position with a firm of accountants in New Plymouth; who decided she was better employed recording herd testing data in the office than 'out in the field'. The weekly wage for the specialized job on the Burroughs machine was £2.5.0 ($4.50) with no extra for her many hours of overtime.

It was at this point that in September 1943 (Nora was 26) that Inspector Donald Scott, Officer in Charge of New Plymouth police, while working in his garden called out those fateful words that were to change Nora's life and make her name famous—*"When are you going to join the Police?"* His glowing accounts of police work soon had Nora filling out an applicant form.

On 22 November 1943, Nora Parker was travelling by railcar to Wellington to join 20 other raw recruits at the Newton Police 'Depot' (training school). This was only the third intake of Policewomen. Study of law was to prove difficult and in desperation Nora wrote to Mr Scott indicating that the Police was 'not her scene'! Inspector Scott wasted no time and telegrammed back: *"Stay with it; you'll make it O.K."* Senior Sergeant Daniel Beard, her instructor, kept her on target and even convinced her to attend a post mortem examination. She had seen dead animals of course but at first wasn't at all happy to see a human body. Lectures on abortion were not easy to absorb, either.

On completion of the course she was swom in as Constable W35 and posted to Auckland; but policewomen were not issued with uniforms till 1952. During those first plain clothes years there was still plenty of work for policewomen - patrolling parks, cinemas, 'sly-grogging' (especially where the American servicemen were concerned), and general helping their male counterparts while dealing with female offenders, witnesses etc. Nora did not relish sly-grogging, and straight out dishonesty as burglaries, and thefts, so it came down to specialising in fraud. Possibly because of this interest, Nora was selected with two other policewomen to be the first to be given a trial in the C.I.B. so the uniform was worn for only two years. Having satisfied all concerned that women could work in the C.I.B., Nora and one of her colleagues went to the Police Training School, now at Trentham, for the 13 week Detective qualifying course, on completion of which she was officially designated Detective; the first woman to be so designated in the New Zealand Police. After retirement, her good name and reputation in the fraud squad led to a responsible position with the Bankcard organisation for many years.

At a Police Association meeting in 1947 she met Constable Dougal Daniel Crawford of the Wharf Police, and they were married in 1948. Dougal was a member of the Auckland Police Pipe Band and it was because of this new interest that indirectly both were to be involved in the formation of the New Zealand section of the Intemational Police Association which, in turn, led to worldwide friendships and popularity.

In June 1995 Nora related some of her experiences in the C.I.B. to Lyn Chadwick during a taped interview, including the following:

"During the war we had quite a lot of trouble with what we called the *ship girls*—girls who chased seamen, especially the Americans, and I wasn't keen on that wort of work; but when I was married to Dougal I received a wedding present from one of those ship girls and later I asked her who she could afford the money to buy it. She told me it had come from her 'earnings' one night. This woman had twins and when I asked who the father was she replied 'Probably the League of Nations"'.

"I had a file minuted to me about a theft of a bank book and money, and the suspect was a boarder at the house. This man had a reputation of being hard to interview and would never admit anything. I was quite surprised when he readily admitted everything. I accused him of lying but he was genuine in his admissions, saying he had never been interviewed by a woman before—and then went on to admit several other thefts, including some in Wellington. I still didn't believe him so I went and checked up and he was right. He even admitted some thefts in Australia. He went to gaol for three years.

"I was sent out to Remuera Golf Course one day to accompany some women golfers around the course as there had been some complaints about a man exposing himself, etc. One male detective was hiding up a tree and another was behind a bush. The signal was for me to drop my handkerchief if I saw the offender in the act. I dropped my handkerchief as arranged, but nothing happened, so I had to drop it a second time. The chap up the tree had gone to sleep and the one behind the bush was looking elsewhere."

Other experiences: "Another admission I got was from a woman this time, who a Detective had tried several times to interview without success." "I have been bodyguard to the Queen and also to Queen Sirikhit, but I was also prison escort for the famous murderess, Pansy Haskell". "My first pay for two weeks back in 1944 was £9.10.0 ($19) but I only received £6.2.6 in my hand ($12.25).

During her police service Nora was very active and influential in the activities of both the Auckland Police Social Club and the Auckland C.I.B. Social Club. Following retirement from police service, her main involvement, apart from I.P.A., was forming and running the very successful Auckland Ex-Police Officers Club. In fact, her last visit to Wellington and the Royal New Zealand Police College was in 1994, when she very capably represented the Auckland Ex-Police Officers Club at a seminar of New Zealand Retired Police Organisations.

A major appointment in Nora's post-police life was to be named as Patron of a police recruit wing at the Police College. This was *Wing No. 101,* the one following the Centennial 100 Wing honoured by the presence of Her Majesty the Queen, who bestowed the title 'Royal' on the Police College, so Nora had the honour of being Patron of the first wing to graduate at the *Royal* New Zealand Police College. She was a model patron and won the hearts of all recruits, instructors and college staff. Her speech at Graduation, classed as one of the longest, mainly concerned the roll of women in the police, their difficulties in being accepted and her suggestions to those in authority for the future.

In January 1995 Nora had a fall injuring her back. As a result of tests in hospital it was discovered she had the first signs of cancer. Her condition gradually deteriorated over the next two years, but she gallantly held off suggestions she enter hospital or a hospice till December 1996. After sending out Christmas cards to all her regular friends, she was admitted to St Joseph's Hospice in Auckland. She passed away peacefully shortly after mid-day on Wednesday, 1 January 1997, in her 80th year.

So, no longer will we see the yellow Ford Escort transporting visitors about Auckland; no longer will we hear something described as 'fabulous' or a 'whatnot' (when short of a word); but also no longer will sports-minded friends be able to utilize the Rossmay Terrace front lawn parking facility when watching rugby or cricket at Eden Park!

It was no secret that, during her last year of life, Nora made all the arrangements for her funeral; type of service, venue, hymns, etc; but it was obvious that she made quite a major miscalculation—she drastically underestimated her popularity and how many would attend her funeral. Suffice to say that double the number standing at the service, as were able to sit down—something like 250 overall. The overflow room and foyer were full and latecomers had to listen from the footpath. Official representatives were Deputy Commissioner Matthews, Region Commander Duncan and Inspector McNaught. Retired Police Chaplain, Rev. Dow conducted the service and there were five speakers. Keith Allison, Welfare Officer, listed the events of Nora's life and commented she 'was well groomed at all times'. D/Sgt Dale Candy, on behalf of all policewomen, said Nora was good natured, friendly and kind to all junior policewomen. "She was a survivor over difficulties". Frank Gordon, her superior for many years related some of her C.I.B. experiences including how she regained control of a violent, screaming female prisoner in the rear of a police car in the middle of a busy central city street one evening—by tickling the woman's feet; but 'she could certainly let off steam when she wanted to'. John Coomber, as President of the New Zealand I.P.A. spoke briefly on her involvement in I.P.A. and read two fax messages—one from personal friend and President of the British Section, Phyllis Nolan, and one from Alan Carter, International Secretary General on behalf of the International Executive and the British Section. Mr Carter, after attending the meeting in Brisbane in October 1996 made a special stopover in Auckland to visit Nora before returning to England; but due to a delay in his flight from Australia he could manage only a telephone conversation of an hour's duration with her from his hotel room for which, I am told, she was extremely grateful.

So the final act on that fourth day of 1997 was the committal, with pallbearers including Greg McManus, her successor as I.P.A. National Treasurer, and Travel Secretary Bob O'Hara; the cortege passing through a guard of honour of police in uniform under the supervision of a Senior Sergeant—appropriately a woman.

The last word from Rev. Dow—*"In love we remember her."*



Nora in front of the Nora Crawford display at the new Police Museum at Porirua.



Safeguarding your health on holiday

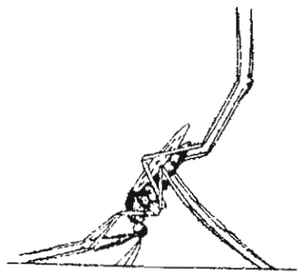
by Ace O'Hara

When one is disgustingly healthy, day-in-day-out, at home and at work, there is a tendency to expect that you will enjoy that same blissfully healthy state throughout your overseas holiday.

Sadly it does not always work out that way. Every seasoned traveller will confirm that travel insurance is vital, and the person who thinks that they can economise by dispensing with it is a fool. Sickness or accident overseas can strike at any time and it is only then that you will be aware of just how essential good travel insurance is.

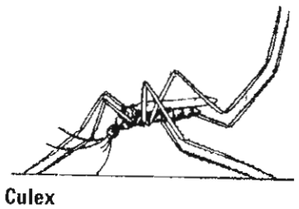
There are other precautions that you can take besides travel insurance, and these are especially recommended if your overseas travel plans include countries where malaria transmission occurs. These are mainly in the tropical latitudes, Central Americas, especially the Amazonian Basin, Central African countries, India, Pakistan and South East Asia. Malaria in its most serious form can be fatal and the risk of becoming infected with it should never be taken lightly.

The International Association for Medical Assistance to Travellers (IAMAT) publishes a very comprehensive handout "How to protect yourself against Malaria" together with a "World Malaria Risk Chart" showing the danger areas where the malaria parasite is rife.



Anopheles

The sole cause of infection is the female mosquito anopheles which carries the malaria parasite from an infected human to a new victim. She starts hunting for blood after sunset each night and she searches for a host to supply her with this vital necessity, because blood supplies the protein needed for the development of her eggs. Anopheles enters your room at night and can be seen resting on the walls. She adopts a different attitude to the normal mosquito Culex, that we all are familiar with, and stands on her head with the tail end of her body pointed upwards like a rocket on a launching pad, (see illustration).



Culex

In tropical Africa alone, the malaria carrying mosquito kills one million human beings every year, the biggest percentage being children. With those figures in mind, you will begin to appreciate the terrible risk that the unsuspecting traveller runs if no or insufficient precautions are taken.

There are several methods to prevent the risk of malaria. The best way is to avoid the bite of the malaria-carrying mosquito, and to do this mechanical protection is recommended. The use of window and door screens that are fine enough to exclude the insect and the use of mosquito nets in malarious areas is essential.

The IAMAT organisation has designed La Mosquette, a portable free-standing net for travellers that is available for $90 Canadian plus postage, (a small sum for insurance against a very nasty threat.) It packs up small and weighs only five pounds. It can be ordered from: International Association for Medical Assistance to Travellers, 40 Regal Road, Guelph, Ont. N1H 7L5 Canada.

Other methods of protection include anti-malarial drugs, but unfortunately some parts of the world now have drug resistant strains of the malaria infection, so that 100% protection cannot be guaranteed.

Rainfall and temperature are the two factors that most influence the reproduction of the anopheles. Knowledge of their breeding habits have assisted in the treating of their breeding places, and also their resting places with DDT, but over time new strains of anopheles have shown a resistance to the insecticides that have traditionally been used. Mechanical forms of protection are still considered the most effective.

Any traveller wishing to register with IAMAT may do so free by writing to: IAMAT, Papanui Medical Centre, PO Box 5049, Christchurch.

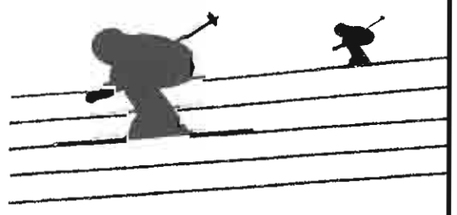
Your IAMAT card will enable you to have access to an English speaking doctor in any of 500 cities around the world and with an IAMAT directory you will have a list of centres through which you can contact the list of approved doctors, who charge reasonable fees and also make house calls if necessary. You will also be given convenient sized pamphlets with helpful information on immunization and various tropical diseases and advice about health risks for travellers. This is free but this world wide organisation welcomes donations which are tax deductible.

The National Heart Foundation of New Zealand also publishes a helpful pamphlet titled Air Travel and your Health giving very useful information on Medical Fitness, Reciprocal Social Security Arrangements, Accident Compensation, Vaccination and Inoculations, Hints for the Tropics, Special advice for Heart Patients. This is available from: The Heart Foundation, PO Box 17160, Greenlane, Auckland 5.

Last but not least, if you are on medication of any sort, ensure that you have a sufficient supply to last you until you return to New Zealand. If necessary have your doctor supply a certificate to confirm your need for the medication carried, in the event that you lose your supply, and need an emergency prescription.

While this travel desk advice may seem basic common sense, it helps to convince people of the need to take suitable precautions to safeguard their health while travelling. The health care situation that you presently enjoy in New Zealand may not be available to you overseas, and Accident Compensation is but one example of this. Safe Travel!

I.P.A. SKI & TRAMPING WEEKEND



FRIDAY 29th, SATURDAY 30th & SUNDAY 31st AUGUST

Accommodation has been booked at the Mangatapopo Lodge, 15 minutes from the Top of the Bruce, Mount Ruapehu.

For A Weekend Get Together For All I.P.A. Members

Mangatapopo Lodge is the old school which has been converted into an Outdoor Education Resource.

The Lodge is suitable for large groups and the kitchen, accommodation and drying rooms are in excellent condition.

Costs are reasonable.

If you are interested, please send details to Ross Pinkham at his home address – 20 Surrey Street, Taradale

It is intended that everyone would arrive on the Friday afternoon and vacate the Lodge soon after lunch on the Sunday.

What is there to do? Skiing – Top of the Bruce on the Whakapapa side of the mountain; bush walks along many tracks at the base of the mountain; Waiouru Army Museum - just a 45 minute drive away; the hot pools of Tokaanu, etc, etc.

Numbers are required by Wednesday 20th August so that advice can be sent out regarding food requirements, maps of location, bookings for equipment, purchase of mulled wine, etc, etc.

PLEASE DON'T DELAY – GET A GROUP TOGETHER NOW AND BOOK YOUR ROOM

CONGRATULATIONS...

to the constable below, who was awarded the I.P.A. Behavioural Science Prize for his wing at the Royal New Zealand Police College:

...Constable Scott Alexander Leith, of No. 167 (Allan Galbraith) wing. Scott will be stationed at Auckland.

As with each intake, this constable will be awarded an honorary 12 months' membership in the I.P.A. We trust it will be the start of a long-term association with the I.P.A.


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I.P.A. Personified

By Lawrie Philpott

During her 35 years with the police, Nora became known to anyone stationed in the Auckland district; and later, while working for *Bankcard Security* she became even better known, especially to C.I.B. members throughout New Zealand, if only by telephone. Her circle of friends and wonderful reputation were to expand world-wide through the International Police Association, formed by Arthur Troop in 1950.

In 1962 Dougal Crawford, as a member of the Police Pipe Band and his wife Nora went to Sydney for the Empire Games. There they met Ray and Mrs Dodd who had heard all about the I.P.A., had joined the British Section as associate members and were in the process of recruiting sufficient members in Australia to enable them to form their own Section.

In 1964 Trevor (Sport) Cook, while on holiday in the U.K., attended a World Congress of I.P.A. in Blackpool, and this led to several members of the New Zealand Police applying for associate membership, one of these being Basil Johnson - who was to become N.Z. I.P.A. No. 1. An attempt to form a New Zealand Section failed because of insufficient members, but Nora made certain that the minimum numbers required were on her books by 1966.

An executive meeting was held at 20 Rossmay Terrace (Nora's home) at which Nora was elected Treasurer - a position she held with great credit and aplomb till 1987 (21 years) when she did not seek re-election. A computer glitch at the I.P.A's bank at one stage had caused some concern but Nora was proved to be correct, endorsed by a special audit and there was never a cent out of place.

With Presidents of the ilk of John O'Ferrall, Trevor Cook, Brian Daw, Basil Johnson and Secretary-General Jim Stoddart, Nora provided the incentive and enthusiasm to raise the profile of the New Zealand Section for it to become a popular and well-respected Section of this, the largest Police organisation in the world.

In those early days Auckland was the main entry/exit for visitors to New Zealand, and even cruise ships brought the occasional member to that port, so it was not long before the names *Crawford* and *Rossmay Terrace* became synonymous with Auckland and New Zealand I.P.A.

Apart from individual visits and the occasional small group coming or going, one way to take part in I.P.A. activities and to observe the motto *'Service Through Friendship'* (apart from official meetings) was to participate in Friendship Weeks.

In mid-1978 Nora attended at least one such gathering - that was in Israel - and she enjoyed the whole idea so much that when, at the New Zealand National Annual General Meeting in Christchurch in 1980, the suggestion was put forward by me to hold at least a Friendship Week in New Zealand to help celebrate the centenary of the New Zealand Police, Nora supported the concept whole-heartedly. That Friendship Week was extremely successful, even showing a healthy profit, much to Nora's delight.

In between times, in 1982, she was on a visit to Europe so attended the World Congress of I.P.A. at Wiesbaden as one of the two observers - John Lardner being the other - and myself as delegate. It was here that I, for one, realised what a great ambassador she was for our country and how well respected. This was illustrated by concern in many quarters when she experienced a slight illness.

Another incident showed a different side to her nature. She and I were being driven by car to Frankfurt one evening. I was in the front beside the driver who could not speak English - Nora was in the rear seat. On the autobahn we were almost classed as 'low flying'. Nora asked me what speed we were doing. I leaned over, had a quick glance at the speedometer, thought quickly and replied "Just over 100 ks", to which she retorted "It seems a lot more", but didn't question it any further. I never told her that the speedo needle was well over the 160 k/h mark.

But Nora did not hesitate to let her opinions or criticisms be known and many of us on the National Executive were quickly "put back on the rails" at various times. Unfortunately, on some occasions she had the wrong person(s) in her sights, but once she had something in her mind she stuck to her opinion.

On at least two occasions she questioned the right of someone to attend a function and wasn't really satisfied with the explanation - I think we all in I.P.A. were 'offside' with her at some time or other - but if you did a good job she let you know about it, too.

Nora also attended the International Meeting in Adelaide in 1986 and the two major I.P.A. events in New Zealand, viz. the Friendship Week in 1986 and the World Congress in 1991; but although she had hoped to go to Brisbane for the Conference in 1996 and even hoped to join the group planning to attend the Golden Jubilee World Congress in Bournemouth in 2000, her health had deteriorated to such an extent in 1996 that she could not contemplate ideas of travel any more. Even though she was not present at the Brisbane meeting she certainly was remembered and we from New Zealand who were there simply lost count of the number of inquiries re Nora's health - hardly anyone else in New Zealand was mentioned.

Perhaps her crowning glory was at the World Congress in Wellington when the International President, Roy Stragner, presented her with the Silver Medal of the I.P.A. - a medal usually restricted to persons who have served on the International Executive - and she was only the second woman to receive such a high award. As Secretary General for New Zealand, I had presented a letter, dated 15 October 1989, to the International Secretary General recommending that Nora be presented with a suitable medal. Happily, Phyllis Nolan of Ireland (and an International Vice President) also took the matter up and recommended that the Silver Medal be the appropriate award.

Nora continued her interest in I.P.A. as New Zealand Associate Secretary for the British Section till less than a year before her death—still helping members travelling between our two Sections. She greatly valued photographic records of visitors to Rossmay Terrace, and her interaction with I.P.A. members overseas—her large collection of photo albums neatly recording names and dates.

Nora Crawford was awarded Life Membership of the I.P.A. in 1983. I.P.A. will never be the same without Nora Crawford, but her name is still revered as sponsor of the I.P.A. display in the New Zealand Police Museum at the Royal New Zealand Police College, Porirua.

Photo captions (pages 28 and 29)...

1. **Nora and husband Dougal (early 1960).**
2. **On patrol in Queen Street with Const. Molly Speakman and Det. Gordon Fraser (1952).**
3. **I.P.A. New Zealand's first Treasurer (Nora), Secretary-General (Jim Stoddart) and Editor (Dorothy Weymouth) in the early 1970s.**
4. **With Secretary-General Alan Carter, 1991.**
5. **Det. Nora Crawford, escort and bodyguard for Queen Sirikit, 1966.**
6. **Nora inspects the Wing named in her honour at the Royal New Zealand Police College.**
7. **The Jubilee reunion of Police Women 1991 (Nora seated second from left).**
8. **With Owen Jacobsen (Bronze Medal) and Rolf Koch (Gold Medal) after presentation of her I.P.A. Silver Medal.**
9. **Welcoming Irish Editor Brendon Colvert and his wife, Kay, in 1994.**
10. **Auckland City Harbour News awarded her a bouquet of flowers to acknowledge her community service 1994. (She loved flowers and her garden was a constant source of pleasure to her).**
11. **Old friends were always welcome at 20 Rossmay Terrace. Gary Lambert and Nora with Phyllis Nolan, Dave McEllin and John McCormack from Ireland.**
12. **Less than 12 months before her death Nora was still welcoming old I.P.A. friends, Margaret and Phil Katz from Arizona. (Phil is Associate Secretary for New Zealand for the U.S. section).**
13. **Nora's lounge room was a treasure trove of Police and I.P.A. memorabilia.**

Alan Keith Lance PAYNE

(1932 — 1997)



On Friday, 2 May 1997 Keith peacefully passed away in the Waikato Hospital. He was admitted to hospital on Sunday, 20 April and was operated on that day.

He held the position of Treasurer for No 3 Region and was a tireless worker for IPA.

Keith joined the Ministry of Transport on 7 October 1957 and served at Whangarei and Maungaturoto before moving to New Plymouth as Traffic Sergeant on 9 July 1973. He was promoted to Senior Traffic Sergeant in 1985 and retired in 1993.

Keith was one of nature's "Gentlemen" and a friend to all. The high regard in which he was held was made more than evident by the large number of people who attended his funeral in New Plymouth. Bruce Drysdale, in his eulogy, said "I came to know him and respect him as a kind and considerate person who didn't seem to have a bad word to say about anyone. Keith was meticulous in everything he did."

We are all going to miss Keith very much, but none more so than his wife Janet and his daughters Julie and Lesley. To them we offer our heartfelt sympathy and support.

REST IN PEACE FRIEND

(New Plymouth Members, IPA)

Cruise (Part Two)

by Tom Nunan

On the drive to Hue central, cemeteries containing the tombs of monks and mandarins line both sides of the road.

There is an impressive view of the Trang Tien Bridge which spans the Perfume River. The bridge was built in the years 1897 to 1899 by the same French team which built the Eiffel Tower.

Back in the Kamikaze traffic streams we accept our fate; one is inclined to enquire as to when the last Traffic Policeman died?

On to the Forbidden City and the Citadel of the last Emperor, Bao Dai. I could see no trace of the savage fighting which ripped this city apart during the bloody Tet offensive of 1968. The Forbidden City is so extensive it defies description; it consists of numerous buildings, all in a parlous state of repair; large cannon guard the entrance. The area is very imposing and the buildings intersected with courtyards, lanes and gardens; decaying memorials abound. The whole complex is doomed unless restoration on a massive scale is speedily started.

Out into the traffic again and we finally sight a Traffic Policeman but when the green light comes on it is an invitation for traffic in *all* lanes to erupt! The prison has a line of prisoners smoking and looking at the passing traffic from an upstairs balcony. A large school discharges its pupils and their cycles into the already swollen traffic. Two men on a small motorcycle have three cyclists hanging on to them. We finally hit a cyclist but no injury! The frenetic pace of the traffic and the multitude of near misses inspire a mood of hilarity in the coach. Night falls with tropic suddenness and it is the night of the children's lantern festival!

In every village and town, children and adults combine in joyful processions bearing illuminated lanterns and stars; they are led by brilliantly dressed lion dancers with each gyrating lion trying to outdo the other. Every fresh appearance of a lion dancer brings forth a burst of cheering and clapping from our coach which is reciprocated from the amused participants outside. I wonder what our driver and guide think?

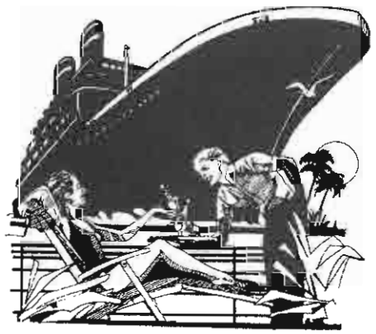
One fearsome Dragon stands in front of the coach and challenges our progress; often our travel is reduced to a crawl and we have to come to a stop on many occasions because of the celebrations. Five on a motorcycle, two adults and three children, the accident rate here must be high!.

At the ship we present our Immigration Cards to the uniformed officials at the gangway. I pass through and suddenly there is a commotion behind me. Barbara, feeling in her bag fo the plastic Immigration Card, presents her Medical Alert Card and the Immigration Official is not happy! To make things worse Barbara and a couple of other members of the party start to laugh and I have visions of us being guests at the Hanoi Hilton, but the correct card is finally produced.

I am awakened by loud telephone rings over the Public Address system together with Russian commands given in a loud voice, I wonder what is going on. Then the voice of the New Zealand Cruise Director, David Lee comes through advising that all are to move to boat stations immediately; he completes his announcement with the sentence, THIS IS NO DRILL. (Shades of Pearl Harbour, that convinces me!) I know that Barbara will go to the boat station direct from the movies.

The words of Samuel Johnson come to mind, *'Depend upon it sir, when a man knows he is to be hanged in a fortnight, it concentrates his mind wonderfully'*. My mind is certainly concentrated!

All the books I had ever read concerning evacuation from a ship stressed the necessity of dressing adequately so I take some little time to don a track suit and shoes when our stewardess flings opens the door and tells me stridently to get going. There is quite a scene in the passage leading to the stairs, passengers in various stages of dress are being shepherded by stewardesses, all wearing lifejackets, up the stairs to the boat deck. I leave everything in the cabin, possessions are of no consequence at a time like this. Talking to Tom Mullen, the hairdresser at a later date



he tells me that since he had to take to a lifeboat on a previous voyage on another ship he always keeps his vital documents in a plastic bag that can be snatched up at once.

Back to our emergency... As I reach the stairs I notice some of the crew in their silver fire fighting suits on standby, I think this is certainly for real. I see no signs of panic anywhere and as I go to climb the stairs the All Clear sounds. Barbara thought I had slept all through the emergency; she had gone straight from the movies to her boat station where a retired NSW policeman broke open the lifejackets and they donned them. A couple of persons disregarding all standing instructions returned to their cabins, foolish. Barbara is upset at missing the end of the movie. The emergency was triggered by a fire in the engine room which was soon extinguished.

Taiwan and Taipei are booming, as we drive through the Toll Plaza I notice that the attendant is wearing a smog mask, no motorcycles are allowed on the motorway, petrol is 70 cents US a litre, three million automobiles in the country and five million motorcycles and scooters. Although relations are still touchy with mainland China many business managers are returning there for business opportunities. The Government is not exactly enraptured over this and would prefer them to establish business posts in other parts of South East Asia.

Memorials are constructed on an heroic scale here. Our first port of call is the *Martyrs' Shrine*, a stunning example of classical Ming Dynasty architecture dedicated to the fallen heroes of China's wars, that is World War 2, and the fight against the Communists. The design of the main building apparently emphasises the harmony between Heaven and Earth. We arrive in time to witness the Changing of the Guard. The Guard House is situated in the outer courtyard of the complex. As a young PC134A attached to Rochester Row Station in London, I had attended countless Guard Changes at Buckingham Palace and I enjoyed them for the ceremony, music and drill precision, this display in Taipei is red hot.

The New Guard consists of four tall, athletic soldiers bearing burnished Lee Garand Rifles complete with bayonets, their helmets are polished silver, they wear black jump boots and aguillates. The officer who precedes them has a pistol at his waist. The commands are given in a loud howling voice and as the New Guard marches with the exaggerated movements of the slow march towards the Shrine it is apparent that the heelplates of the boots have been loosened to give a melodic sound as the boots meet the stone floor of the compound.



Hong Kong.

The five are accompanied by two impressive men with hair done in short crew cut style; I estimate their height as 18 cm. They do not wear uniform but are very neatly dressed in grey trousers, white shirt and a tie. Their job is to clear the way for the guard, enforce a respectful demeanour in the crowd and to pay particular attention to the bearing and smartness of the guard. On occasions they approach guard members, inspect them and even use a brush to despatch minute particles of dust real or imagined. They are in effect performing valet duties.

The Guard changes with Present Arms etc. and salutes all round including a tribute to the fallen, all onlookers remove their headgear. The two guards at the Main Shrine then proceed to go through an intricate drill with their bayoneted rifles with no words of command, the drill even includes throwing the rifles at one another and catching them. Some of the Returned Servicemen in our party are very impressed; the US Army influence is very pronounced, so is the pride these soldiers feel.

The National Palace Museum houses the world's largest collection of priceless art treasures spanning 5000 years of China's history. Most of the Museum's 620,000 *(yes)* exhibits were part of the Chinese Imperial Collection which began over 1000 years ago in the early Sung dynasty. Apparently 8000 pieces are on show at the one time, the displays are changed four times a year so that it would take 20 years to see all the exhibits. When Chiang fled from the mainland the greater part of these exhibits accompanied him.

It is impossible for me to describe this wonderful museum housing the most fantastic range of exhibits that I have ever seen. Our Guide says a visitor should devote a week to explore this wonderful treasure house. I believe that this Museum itself is sufficient reason to visit the city, we have little time as usual and have to be content with a mere tantalising taste of the treasures.

A tour of this museum and its treasures would have any person agog at the antiquity and extent of Sino culture. A quick stop at the Museum store and a wistful look at all the other displays not viewed and we are away into the traffic, all of us incredibly impressed.

Pusan is the port where we change most of our crew; some crew members don't know until the last moment whether they were going to be changed.

Many of the crew say that they are not happy to go home to a very uncertain future with an economy going off the rails, crime rampant and the unemployment rate very high, some of the crew are crying as they leave the ship. They all come from the Vladivostock area so it's a short sea trip from here.

Nagasaki has a population of about 450,000. Main industries here are shipbuilding, coalmining, fisheries and other industries. The city is on a deep inlet extending about five kilometres from the open sea. On three sides of the city are thickly wooded hills, the waterfront teems with activity while the residential areas rise terrace upon terrace on the hillsides.

We are a gaggle of characters as we find our way to a narrow island in the street to board the streetcar and, praise be, we get on the right car. The streetcars are small, crowded and give a bumpy ride, they are boarded from the rear. An

early lesson learned is that during the whole trip one must progress towards the front of the streetcar so that one can leave the streetcar without a struggle. Our journey progresses one step at a time, hanging on grimly when one can grab an unoccupied strap and frequently checking station numbers. We even manage to change streetcars at the right stop!. Conversation with our fellow passengers, (the awake ones that is, many are asleep), is generally limited to smiles and head shakes although once the map is produced all want to help. Our destination is the Peace Park and we leave the streetcar at Matsuyamacho.

The Park was laid out to commemorate the exact spot where the atomic bomb was detonated at 11.02 am on 9 August 1945. It is a solemn spot. The Nagasaki International Cultural Hall and Museum, which was a centrepiece of the Park, is no more as construction of a more impressive building is now proceeding. The Park is dominated by the Peace Statue erected in 1955. This 32 feet bronze statue is a symbol of Nagasaki people's desire for everlasting world peace. This thought is echoed in the various plaques and statues, most from Socialist countries, which line the paths. A magnificent fountain where the children are playing on this day is a reminder that many victims died screaming for water.

From the Park I can see the twin towers of the Urakami Catholic Church, it is an enchanting walk. The streets are narrow, clean and quiet with little traffic. The tasteful shops blend with the elegant buildings. The bakeries and cake shops are delightful, cleanliness is supreme. In these shops the customer takes a tray, some tongs and selects items without touching them, returns to the checkout person and the sale is made. Even the manhole covers are clean and embossed with floral designs.

Up early next day and although the sun is shining the atmosphere is very hazy, I soon discover why! We are in Kinko Bay making our approach to Kagoshima, the capital of the Prefecture of the same name; the City has a population of about 600,000. As we approach the wharf we pass many dolphins, one dolphin is bigger than the others, it is a Japanese submarine surfacing on our starboard side! Kinko Bay is dominated by a compact cluster of high craggy active volcanoes which loom menacingly over the city, this explains the haze, one volcano in particular is smoking all the time and dropping ash far and wide.

The Japanese attention to detail is striking. At a shop selling Casio watches there are hundreds of watches on display, all ticking away and ALL showing the same time! All the shoppers and pedestrians are well dressed but with a throaty roar a souped up motorcycle speeds past carrying two up, the rider is wearing the traditional German steel helmet, his pillion rider no helmet at all. At last a pair of hoons and no police person in sight, in fact we never see a police officer during our time in Japan! We surmise that these two hoons are probably the only two living hoons in Japan and that the Police tolerate their existence as a training aid.

Guam anchorage is a very large inlet of the sea bounded on one side by a narrow strip of scrub-covered land. Shopping stop at the Micronesia Mall, we alight at Bus Exit No.4 and are warned that the bus will depart from here at 1600. I notice that all persons entering the complex are counted and particular attention is paid to the numbers entering from each bus, kickbacks? In a public toilet I am reassured by the sight of a hidden video camera and a prominent notice, FOR YOUR PROTECTION THIS PUBLIC SECTION OF THE RESTROOM IS MONITORED AND RECORDED. My last memory of Guam is a sign on the wharf toilets advising patrons that because of water shortages the toilets are closed on Tuesdays and Fridays!

In the late afternoon we enter the narrow entrance to Madang Harbour passing very close to the Coastwatcher Memorial Beacon. This memorial evokes memories of brave men operating behind the Japanese lines and transmitting information to the Allies. I was privileged to know some of them when I lived in Rabaul. Thirty-seven Coastwatchers lost their lives; their Australian Navy Caps did not save them from execution when they were captured by the Japanese. Admiral Halsey put it well: "The Coastwatchers saved Guadacanal and Guadacanal saved the Pacific."

The Memorial is very close to the picturesque Madang Resort Hotel. The flat land is dotted with groves of coconut trees, huts, houses and many *haus pek pek* (toilets) are built over the water's edge like Samoa. We berth in line with the tarmac of Madang Airport where I first landed in 1955 with the Rabaul Rugby League team. I go ashore with Barbara and find that I can still communicate with the locals in Pidgin English; there is an air of stagnation in the town.

A graffiti covered Brisbane wharf does not welcome cruise ships, but now our final crisis! The Quarantine Beagle dog is strongly attracted to Barbara's overweight straining suitcase and it has to be opened. Nothing is found but the explanation given is that Barbara had kept biscuits in the suitcase at some time during the voyage.

An odyssey of 52 days and nights is over, we had a ball! We met a couple of people we would never invite home but for the most part we enjoyed the company of our fellow passengers, the crew and the people we met on our shore excursions. I will never forget the sights I have seen and I now have a different perspective of Russians and Russia, Asia and Asians. No travel can compare with the joy of cruising.



Peace Statue, Nagasaki.

Heartbeat II

by Bill Roughan

The Author: William Thomas Roughan lives at the Kamo Old Folks Home in Whangarei. He is 85 years of age, and proud of his years with the NZ Police. He is a Life Member of the I.P.A.

I was born a farmer's son in Gabriels, Otago in the year 1912, the same year the South Pole was discovered, *Titanic*, the largest ship afloat went down, and the *Earnslaw* was floated on Lake Wakatipu. Gabriels has since been named Lawrence. There were eight of us, four boys and three girls. I attended the Waitahuna West and Tuapeka South Schools and attained a proficiency certificate, which was sufficient qualification to join the New Zealand Police Force, as it was known then.

During the Depression in the 30s, I became a proficient blade shearer, having shorn at Mt Nicholas across the Lake from Queenstown with 20 shearers on the board at once.

I became a member of the Otago Mounted Rifles with my younger brother, Charles. We later selected a more rigid form of military training and were sent to Burnham military camp. From here I was selected to join a special intake of officers for training in Trentham where I one day visited Wellington and called at the Central Police Station, where I made application to join the constabulary. On 10 August 1938, I was called up to join.

This, I can assure those who read my story, was the high point in my life up to that time. I had behind me a great working knowledge of humankind, which held me in good stead during my police career.

There were 30 in our batch. We trained at Wellington South Police Station under Sergeant Geo Paine - a man with a permanent smile and a great sense of humour. Those of us who took his teaching to heart avoided the pitfalls of police life. I had not looked at a book since leaving school, so was at the bottom of the class after our first test.

On the final summing up after our three months' training, I was given a prize for most improved scholar in the class. My marks were still not very high, as I had actually come from zero. However, my practical ability outweighed my literacy knowledge and carried me over many stumbling blocks. My Christian family background gave me a strength to do what was right and proper. I saw my new profession as an honourable one and my thoughts have not changed in this respect.

My salary was then £295 a year, paid monthly. Our uniform was comprised of tunic buttoned to the throat with white starched collar studded on the inside neck band of the tunic, trousers, helmet, one blue and one white, a Macintosh, cape and a heavy woollen night duty overcoat, half lined with red flannel. We received a boot allowance, a baton, handcuffs operated with a key and a whistle and chain. While in the army, I had learned unarmed combat, which was a fantastic asset later in my police life.

My entrance into the police was a tremendous contrast from eking out a living in the depths of the depression. From six pence an hour on the harvest fields, eighteen shillings a hundred for shearing impoverished sheep and £1 a week driving horses, I was able to face life no longer fearing insecurity. An assured income gave me stability which meant I was able to concentrate on the job at hand.

I was not the oldest nor the youngest: some had their 21st birthday in the training school. I was 5' 10" and 14½ stone. One young man from Crumble, Jack Bovett, was 6' 4". I thought he was a giant until later in Christchurch when I met Chris McRae, my first Sergeant, who was 6' 7½"! This man held New Zealand Heavyweight titles of both wrestling and boxing, and was one of nature's gentlemen.

After receiving my prize of the most improved scholar in the training school, and just before the issue of our uniforms, I was sent off to Christchurch under sealed orders. I was to take up residence in the Waverley Private Hotel, 800 Colombo Street. On arrival there I was to ring the private number of a Detective Jim McClung. This I did and we arranged a meeting after dark beneath the weeping willows on the banks of the Avon near the Bridge of Remembrance. He told me how he would be dressed. This was all very exciting. My depot mates did not know where I had gone and I was not to tell them.

I met McClung at the time and place appointed. It was early November, the heart of the growing season in the South Island and the willows were lush, giving lots of cover. There, I was told I was on Special Duty. It made me feel extremely special! Bookmakers were illegal at this time, and it was my job to place bets with them. I was given their names and places of operation. The police stations were out of bounds for me, nor was I to speak to the police on the street. Warnings were given to me that some of the group I trained with may be posted to Christchurch and should I see any, I was to avoid their gaze.

Since my army and police training was almost six months' constant physical exertion, I was as fit as I had ever been in my life. Freedom was becoming a way of life for me. I took a tram to Sumner and spent the day on the beach, swimming and sun bathing.

The next day I went to New Brighton, following the same pattern. My betting could be done in the crowded bars between 5 and 6pm, closing time. I dressed very casual, showing off my tan, tried to look rugged, not always shaving. The first bet of two and sixpence I tried to place with a barman on a horse named *Honest Ned*. He took one look at me, turned my hands up, saw they were soft, and said to me, "You're a ruddy cop!"

(To be continued)

computers@ipa.journal.nz

by Sean McGonigle (spmcg@ihug.co.nz)

The big news for this issue's column is that the New Zealand section finally has a web page. Thanks must go to Anne Pickets for her efforts in this regard. The web pages can be found at www.igrin.co.nz/-lp

If you have internet access, then pay the site a visit. I'm sure that the folks who put in a lot of time and work will welcome your sending emails full of glowing praises. For those of you in contact with members from overseas, let them know the site, as it has useful links to other New Zealand sites. The combined effect may well induce a journey to New Zealand to check out the real thing.

This column has resulted in quite a bit of email from overseas readers who have access to the web. The email has come to me solely because my address has been the only electronic address pΔhed in the Journal. This is some indication of the worldwide interest in New Zealand IPA from members overseas. It also indicates that there are plenty Or people able to communicate electronically, and no doubt that number is growing rapidly. I'll be putting the New Zealand site address on every article, so that becomes the first port of call for inquiries from overseas. Anne may be happy for New Zealand members to have their email addresses linked to the site, for those of you who would like to receive email from foreign readers. One email address for readers to note is Jacques Legros', which is:

Jacques_legros_at_lctr-kigali@un.org.

He'd probably welcome some correspondence.

Some of the email has been to advise of other law enforcement related sites. I have checked these out, and one which I highly recommend to readers, especially those interested in patches, is Mario Plourdes'. Mario is a Canadian police officer, working for the Jonquiere City Police Department in Quebec. He has one of the best private web sites I have seen in a long time. It features an ever changing display of police patches from all over the world. It also has useful links to other law enforcement related sites. You can see it at **www3.sympatlco.ca/maplo/lndex.htm**, and there are French and English versions available. Mario is always keen to swap patches and photos.

One aspect of the web which I haven't mentioned in articles to date are the newsgroups. This is to some extent where the real communication potential of the web is fully realised. Glossy corporate home pages are all very well, but there isn't a great deal of interaction going on there. For all you know, there might only be you and the home page on the entire net, although ever increasing access times indicate otherwise. In many ways, it is like going to see a great movie in a theatre devoid of other people. You can rave about the film all you like, but no one else has seen it.

The newsgroups, or usenet, as it is also known, is basically, a huge electronic pin board. There are groups on every conceivable subject, from television shows, past and present, to computers, sports, sex (of course), food and drink, cultures of every kind, and more. The groups are accessed via a news reader, which is another piece of software. There are two ways of using a news reader. One is a stand-alone reader, such as **WinVn**, available for both Windows 3.x (16 bit) and Win95 (32 bit). You can find it at **www.shareware.com.** I have happily used WinVn for a while, but the latest vogue is now to use your browser to do everything. Both **Netscape** and Microsoft's **Internet Explorer** (MSIE) are available for free, for either 16 or 32 bit, and will perform all internet functions. They have a built in mail function, and a built in news reader. The idea is that you just click on the respective icon, and your dialer program should automatically connect you to the server. After that, you just run the one program to send mail, check web sites, and read news. Netscape is available from **www.netscape.com**, and MSIE from **www.mlcrosoft.com** or various mirror sites around the world (including **www.mlcrosolt.co.nz**). Note that if you have a copy of MSIE which was on your PC when you bought it, it may be a little old now. You can download an upgrade to version 3.02, and there are also a couple of security fixes which you may want to get, all available at the websites.



Having accessed your preferred choice of news reader, you will need to access a news source. There are plenty available, and most probably your ISP will have told you which one to use. If you can't find one, try **newsource.lhug.co.nz**. The news source is simply the computer which routes all the news groups; at last check there were over 20,000 different groups which you could access. Of course, only a handful will be of interest to any one person. The groups are loosely identified with their subject matter by various abbreviations, thus groups tend to have names starting with alt. for alternative, and comp. for computer related, and so on. After the general heading there will be a slightly more specific one, such as alt.rec, which covers a multitude of subjects, and then another heading, such as **alt.rec.tv**, and so on, down to the very specific name of the group, such as **alt.rec.tv.duckman.**

Many groups are local in nature, so to start with try using your reader to cull all the groups which have "nz" in the name. Two useful groups are **nz.wanted**, and **nz.polltlcs**. More interesting may be a search for your particular hobby or interest, such as art, wine, travel (best to specify a country), poetry, sports (virtually every American football and softball team is catered for), or film or television.

Once you select a group it can be "subscribed" to, which simply means the program puts it at the top of the list, so you don't have to search for it each time. After you open the group, you'll see a list of articles, and by opening

each article you can read what is said. People post articles to the group; others reply, agreeing or disagreeing, others change the topic, people post irrelevant articles, advertisements, and other exhortations: it is all very chaotic. There are some simple rules, known as "netiquette". Probably the safest rule is simply to read for a while until you find out whether the contributors are serious or just slightly loopy. If you do contribute (which is called "posting"), then "shouting" (TYPING IN CAPITALS) and "flaming" (denigrating another contributor) are generally frowned upon.

And finally, some helpful abbreviations, useful for posting and for general email:

OTY	Over to you
FWIW	For what its worth
IM(H)O	In my (humble) opinion
TAFN	That's all for now
TAFM	That's all from me
BTW	By the way

Well, I've reached my word limit for this issue. Feel free to email me with comments, compliments, abuse, threats etc. A final abbreviation for you to ponder, and a chocolate fish to the person who can tell me from whence it originates...

BCNU

Sean McGonigle (spmcg@ihug.co.nz)

A Prayer For Those Who Wander The Earth

Heavenly Father, look down on us your humble obedient tourist servants who are doomed to travel this earth taking photographs, mailing postcards, buying souvenirs and walking around in drip-dry underwear.

We beseech you, Oh Lord, to see that our plane is not hijacked, our luggage is not lost and our overweight baggage goes unnoticed.

Protect us from surly and unscrupulous taxi drivers and English-speaking guides.

Give us this day your divine guidance in the selection of our hotels that we may find our reservations honoured, our rooms made up and hot water running from the faucets (if at all possible).

We pray that the telephones work and that the operators speak our tongue, and that there is no mail waiting from our children which would force us to cancel the rest of our trip.

Lead us, dear Lord, to good, inexpensive restaurants where the food is superb, the waiters friendly and the wine is included in the price of the meal.

Give us the wisdom to tip correctly in currencies we do not understand. Forgive us for undertipping out of ignorance and overtipping out of fear. Make the natives love us for what we are and not for what we can contribute to their worldly goods. Grant us the strength to visit the museums, the cathedrals, the palaces and the castles listed as "musts" in our guidebooks.

And if, perchance, we skip an historic monument to take a nap after lunch, have mercy on us for our flesh is weak.

(Petition for husbands) Dear God, keep our wives from shopping sprees and protect them from bargains they don't need or can't afford. Lead them not into temptation, for they know not what they do.

(Petition for wives) Almighty Father, keep our husbands from looking at foreign women and comparing them to us. Save them from making tools of themselves in cafes and nightclubs. Above all, please do not forgive them their trespasses for they know exactly what they do.

And when our voyage is over and we return to our loved ones, grant us the favour of finding someone who will look at our home movies, videos and slides and listen to our stories, so that our lives as tourists will not have been in vain.

Paris And the Bomb

Don Goodall finds irony in France



Everywhere one walks it is "La Bombe".

All rubbish bins in streets and parks are sealed up because of the bomb. A large wheeled "Jumbo Bin" at the airport hums ominously when rubbish is deposited in it ... it is being scanned for metal objects.

"Non" when we want to cross using the subterranean tunnel from the Champes Elysee to the Arch de Triomphe. The subway is guarded by armed soldiers and no-one, but no-one is permitted to cross.

The streets are patrolled by day and into the night wherever people might gather near the Metro, near public monuments and possible "military targets". Gendarmes, the National Police, Municipal Police and soldiers are all out in force. Patrols of three to five range the streets, automatic rifles at the ready, or pistols in holsters, and we are left in no doubt they mean business. By their grim expressions, their measured tread, their physical presence, so you shall know them.

It does not pay to be male, brown and youthful. We watch as they are surrounded and grilled, passports or ID cards examined by not one, but several officials in turn. Are they waiting for a crack in the suspect's demeanour? Empty the bags.... and so it goes on as anyone remotely North African is examined.

"Non" there is no longer any left luggage place at the Airport.

"Non" the airlines will not accept suitcases checked in early.

We are sitting at Charles de Gaulle Airport waiting patiently for our flight, watching as the National Police comb the waiting rooms. "Is this yours?" pointing to a loaded trolley behind us... It is about to be wheeled away when along rushes the owner from a nearby kiosk to apologise profusely and remove it. He takes it with him as he selects his food and magazine inside the kiosk.

There is a commotion – all people are being whisked away from the American Airline booking lanes. Police, soldiers, Airline staff all congregate to force people away from that segment of the airport. Up go the red plastic tapes and markers as people are herded clear. "La Bombe!" Cover your ears, turn away, hide behind pillars, face away from the glass panels. We try to imagine what the instructions are. These are in French only and many in the area are confused and curious.

They would not - surely not. BOOM! yes they did...right there in the Airport building. A packet had been left unattended for more than ten minutes, no one answered the message over the public address system so it was summarily detached from others and exploded.

"Oh yes," said one of the Airline officials, "this has happened several times this month. It is not common but we don't take risks."

No one present seems to notice the irony that a Bomb in Paris has people all on edge and twittering, but a bomb in the South Pacific is nothing to get upset about. "But these are terrorists!" they explain.



Memories of 'kia ora', Kiwis... and much more

by Glynn Jones, U.K.

Twenty years ago I began a 'tapespondence' with Tony Picketts, the then Hobbies Secretary for New Zealand. Since then, hearing and reading so much about New Zealand, my wife and I developed a yen to visit.

When we heard about the New Zealand Friendship Week planned to follow the I.E.C. meeting in Brisbane, we felt it was time to stop dreaming and do something. A maturing insurance policy gave us a financial push to remove any lingering doubts!

So it was that, on 31 October 1996, we joined 50 other I.P.A. members from Australia, Britain, Denmark, Germany and the United States. The full story of that memorable first visit would fill the whole of this magazine, but I will not try the patience of the editor too far! I will just say that we renewed many older friendships and made many new ones – and came home with a host of memories.

Memories – of the luscious green-lipped mussels that featured on the buffet at the Welcome Evening in Auckland – and of the many excellent buffets we enjoyed during the Friendship Week, as well as the oysters (on one occasion), the excellent meats, salads, vegetables and fruits we were also tempted with.

Of the exquisite kauri gum carvings, and other exhibits, in the Matakohe Museum (where we could have spent much more time) and of the majestic Tane Mahuta ('God of the Forest') kauri tree standing 51.5m tall in its clearing. One of the Americans was heard to say "Awesome!" For once the word was used indisputably in its proper sense!

Of the 100 kph coach drive along the golden sands of the (not quite) 90 Mile Beach in glorious sun under a blue sky, made sweeter when we found later that those of us that took this option were the only ones to see the sun that day! Of the drive along the quicksand bed of the Te Paki stream and, eventually, of the glorious scenery at Cape Reinga.

Of the entertaining and educational visit to the Clapham's Clock Museum (housed in what appears to be a giant sundial!) at Whangarei, where they have over 800 timepieces of all ages and descriptions (and now they have one more – I was able to give them a 'credit card' alarm clock, which is now the smallest in the collection!)

Memories of the warmth of the hospitality extended by the local members who served us lunch at the Stanmore Bay Police Holiday Complex, and of the thoughtfulness of the caterer who, when told that one of the guests could only eat gluten-free food, said "Not a problem, I'll use gluten-free flour for all the cooking!" And no-one seemed to notice any difference!

Of the warm (and some very hot) baths at the Polynesian Pools in Rotorua, of the instructive and amusing show at Agrodome, of our sightings (I think!) of a live kiwi in its darkened enclosure at Rainbow Springs – not to mention the huge rainbow trout!

The visit to the Te Tawa Nga Here Pa (Maori Village), where we faced the spine-chilling 'wero' (challenge) followed by a 'powhiri' (welcome) and replied with "Kia Ora"; of the entertaining and instructive concert by the young tribesfolk and finally, of the opening of the food pit and the delicious 'hangi' dinner (including a steamed pudding!)

Of the awesome display of raw natural power beneath our feet at the Whakarewarewa Thermal Reserve, provided by the venting of the Pohutu Geyser and the magical, fairyland scene in the Glowworm Caves at Waitomo (although some of us did not relish the claustrophobic nature of the boat trip through the darkened subterranean cave).

Of the barbecue (and the steaks cooked to individual specification) at the Akona Kiwifruit Farm, and the sampling of various kiwifruit products. Before this visit I would not eat even a slice of 'Chinese gooseberry' in a fruit salad! Now I eat whole kiwifruit. (What a salesman that farmer was!)

Continued over page



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CODE	DESCRIPTION (NZ Police Coat of Arms)	
P102	*NZ Police Cuff Links	$9.50
P102A	*NZ Police Cuff Links Boxed	$15.00
P103	*NZ Police Tie Clip	$7.00
P104	*NZ Police Tie Pin/Lapel Badge	$4.50
P105	*NZ Police Plaque (Singapore made – out of stock)	$30.00
P106	*Tie Clip/Lapel Badge (blue crest New Zealand Police	$6.50
P108	*NZ Police Corporate Tie	$16.50
P110	*NZ Police Shoulder Flashes	$5.00
P120	*NZ Police Paperweight Helmet Crest	$25.00
P122	*NZ Police Tie Bar Cap Badge (boxed)	$10.00
P122A	*NZ Police Tie Bar Cap Badge (no box)	$7.50
P124	*NZ Police Coasters (set of 4)	$12.50
P125	*NZ Police Plaque (NZ made)	$28.00
P126	*NZ Police Helmet Badge	$5.00
P150	*NZ Police Teaspoons	$9.00
P151	*NZ Police Letter Opener (few only)	$10.00
P152	*NZ Police Pocket Slide - for conferences etc for jacket pocket	$34.00

CODE	DESCRIPTION	
X303	Kiwi Stick Pin (gold) Now only	$1.00
X304	Gift Pen – Kauri wood	$24.50
X306	Handcuff Tie Tack (new stocks arriving soon)	$10.00
X307	Kiwi Policeperson	$4.00
X308	Kiwi Flag Stick Pins	$3.00

CODE	DESCRIPTION (IPA logo)	
A204	Bottle Opener – plain	$1.50
A205	Bottle Opener – mere	$1.50
A216	Lapel Badge	$3.00
A217	Stick Pin	$3.00
A218	Miniature Baton	$5.00
A219	Baton Desktop (for pens and pencils) Reduced to	$16.00
A221	Charm (out of stock)	$2.00
A222	10 Greeting Cards (write own message)	$4.50
A223	10 Christmas Cards, printed (out of stock)	$6.00
A230	Wall Plaque	$28.00
A232	Ties - grey and red only (3 for $40)	$14.50
A233	IPA Pocket Slide - for conferences etc for jacket pocket	$34.00
A234	IPA (NZ) Banner	$10.00

Items marked * available to members only.
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Belated Welcome To Our New Members

2339	Terrence Kay	Taumarunui
2340	Tony White	Palmerston North
2341	Mark Kaveney	Auckland
2342	Stephen Richardson	Mokau
2343	Kevin Wellington	New Plymouth
2344	Rex Morris	Nelson
2345	Frederick Roberts	Wellington
2346	Michael Forrestal	Wellington
2347	Yvonne Coulson	Wellington
2348	John Miller	Lower Hutt
2349	Andy Cripps	Wellington

The excellently presented displays at Kelly Tarlton's Antarctic Encounter and Underwater World (and what an imaginative use for unwanted sewage tanks!); of the visit to the Auckland War Memorial Museum, and of the group being obliged to walk out, having been detected 'gate crashing' a display for children of Maori customs – without tickets and of the march up Queen Street.

Memories of meeting and talking with Les Mills, Mayor of Auckland (and a sporting hero from my own athletic days) and meeting Nora Crawford after having read so much about her dedicated service to I.P.A. and of John Coomber and Jim McCarthy, who escorted us throughout the week and were always ready to solve problems, answer questions and offer advice (and mention must also be made of Stan Keith, who quietly drove the backup minibus which proved its worth several times).

All these – and very many more – are the memories of our first visit to New Zealand that we have brought back, and will treasure. This is not the place to tell of our other travels during this visit 'down under' but I would like to take the opportunity to place on record, our gratitude to Tony and Ann Picketts in Waipu (who met us off the plane and did much to overcome our 'jet lag' during the days we were with them before the Friendship Week); Roly and Sarah Hermans who welcomed us so warmly in Paraparaumu for a couple of days and Barry and Ruth Thackwell, who hosted us for our last couple of days in their lovely home high up on Mount Pleasant in Christchurch.

We met many other members of NZIPA but to list them all would be to risk offending someone by omission. We will therefore just say "Many thanks to you all for your friendship and hospitality; we enjoyed meeting you, we enjoyed your country, even the West (or should it be Wet?) Coast. Like a certain General MacArthur elsewhere, "We will return".

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The Nobel Prizes



Compiled by Dave Allen, Nelson

During President Clinton's inauguration speech in January this year (1997), he spoke of America's greatness and the wonderful achievements of her citizens over the years.

He unfortunately mentioned that an *American* was the first person to split or discover the atom. There were 'red faces' in the White House, when New Zealand jumped to the defence of one of our most famous citizens, the late Lord Ernest Rutherford, born in Brightwater, Nelson, New Zealand in 1871. His life and achievements are well documented.

In 1908 Lord Rutherford won one of the world's most coveted prizes, the Nobel Prize, for his work in physics.

The Nobel Prizes are the legacy of a Swedish genius, Dr Alfred B Nobel, and for nearly a century the most celebrated awards in this world have honoured the world's great achievers in physics, chemistry, medicine and physiology, literature and peace. Only six prizes are available each year and they bring fame, honour and fortune to an elite group of masterminds. Each Nobel award consists of a gold medal, diploma and a citation, as well as a substantial sum of money.

It is ironic that a person, who spent the most part of his life developing explosives, is responsible for the most prestigious peace prize available, but in spite of that, Dr Nobel was a person of peace and hoped that his inventions would help to bring an end to wars – obviously, he was mistaken.

Dr Nobel was more than a chemist. He was a prolific inventor who had taken out more than 300 patents on his great works. He was also a linguist and spoke fluent English, French, German, Russian and Swedish. He had a passion for literature.

He was born in Sweden, but was brought up in St Petersburg and by the age of 16 was a qualified chemist. He studied for a year in Paris and four years in America. He then returned to St Petersburg and worked in his father's factory until it went bankrupt in 1859.

That year, he returned to Sweden and began the manufacture of nitroglycerine. Shortly after production was underway, the factory blew up, killing five people, one being his younger brother Emil. He was in serious trouble with the Swedish Government and was forbidden to reopen the factory. He got around the situation by using a barge and began experimenting to find a way to minimise the danger of handling nitroglycerine.

During his experiments, by chance he found a way to perfect dynamite, and more importantly, he produced a detonator for explosives which couldn't be made to go off by simple firing. This invention, and his large holdings in the Baku oil fields of Russia, earned him an immense fortune, which later enabled the famous annual awards to be funded.

Dr Nobel died in 1896. He had never married and he left a fortune, but his will stipulated that a mere 50,000 pounds was to go to his relatives and the remainder was to be invested and the proceeds to be shared to five awards, which were to be established. It specified that the awards were to be made annually "to those who during the preceding year, shall have conferred the greatest benefit on mankind."

The will instructed that the awards were for literature, medicine (or physiology), physics, chemistry and the promotion of peace. A sixth award was added in 1969 for Economics Science, which was set up by the Bank of Sweden. A Nobel Foundation was established to manage the awards. The first Nobel Prizes were awarded in 1901. (Members of Nobel's family felt they were treated poorly in the will and challenged it by trying to get all his money for themselves, but failed).

The selection of prizewinners starts in around August of the year preceding the awards, when about five thousand requests for nominations are sent out worldwide. Self nomination would disqualify you. Prize proposals must reach the governing committee before 1st February of the year of the prize decision.

On 1st February six Nobel Committees, one for each prize, start their work on the nominations received. The final decision on the awards must be finalised by 1st November. Prizes may be given only to individuals, except for the peace Prize, which can be awarded to an institution. An individual cannot be nominated posthumously, but a prize can be awarded even if the nominee has died after nomination.

Once the awards are made, no appeal is allowed. It is not unusual to have a prize declined, but those who win are entered into the list of Nobel Laureates with the remark, "Declined the prize."

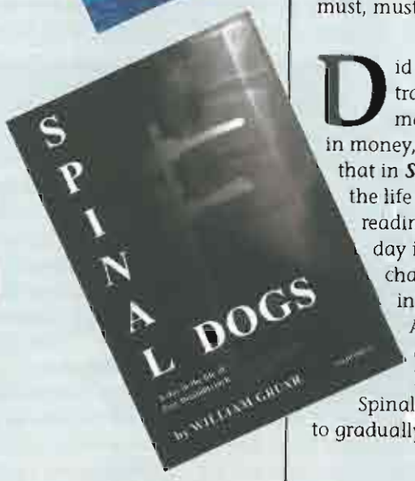
The ceremonial presentation for physics, chemistry, physiology or medicine, literature and economics take place in Stockholm and that for Peace in Oslo in December, the anniversary of the death of Alfred Nobel.

Today's Bookshelf

By Scrutator



By far the best adventure, historical book published here for many years is ***Wake of the Invercauld***, by Madeline Ferguson Allen (Exsile), the story of the wrecking of the Invercauld on the Auckland Islands in 1864, and the three survivors that were taken off a year later. Madeline Allen, great-granddaughter of one of the survivors, had his diary as the basis of the search she raised. Her party was able to land and discovered the routes travelled 150 years before by the wrecked party. Extracts from the diary are reprinted with the modern, contrasting aspect of the territory. This book will be a strong contender for the non-fiction book of the year. Deservedly. Its place is among the top few books of its genre internationally. A must, must, must to read and then buy.



Did you ever wonder how paraplegics, whose transport is a wheelchair, manage to get about, make something of their lives, and at what cost in money, pain and stress? William Gruar tells us all that in ***Spinal Dogs*** (Valid Press), subtitled "A day in the life of Ivor Disabilitybich". It is not "pretty" reading. It is the study of one man's experience one day in the Otara Spinal Unit with horrendous challenges. This will give readers a new outlook into a world they had never imagined existed. All we see is the final sanitised version of the accomplished wheelchair driver. This tells us how they learn to handle those machines. Spinal dogs are the adjustable metal tensioners used to gradually normalise shattered bones.



Fighting Political Correctness, by P. Jackson (Bounce Back/Hodder Moa Beckett) with a foreword by Phil Raffils, Principal of Avondale College, is a long overdue foray against the PC brigade, the mealy-mouthed who want the language rewritten to avoid hurting the tender susceptibilities of other races, humanities and sex. Courtesy is excellent, but the bastardising of the English language since "senior citizen" crawled into it some 20 years ago is

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Give three cheers for Michael Trotter and Beverley McCulloch who tell us the story of New Zealand's human past in ***Digging Up The Past*** (Penguin). A splendidly written and illustrated book of modern archaeological discovery that upsets a number of old theories. Every school should have this book and, if I had any say in it, every household, too. Specialists have written each chapter and the whole has been edited into a delightful and easily read book. I would say that an intelligent child of 10 years could find delight in it, perhaps even greater pleasure than his/her parents.





At some time or another almost everybody in the Force comes to Auckland for a time. Then the problem is where to go, what to see on weekends off. The ***Penguin Good Weekend Guide***, by Mary Jane Boland is the best help to discover weekends out of Auckland. Her district, discussed route by route, is just north of Waipoua to just about Taumarunui. That is, the upper third of the island. Roads and routes are discussed in an almost mile-by-mile survey, with items of interest noted, when and where they will turn up. Excellently done generally, but parts of it need revision to keep up to date with improvements and changes. But then, that is a problem every travel writer faces. The book is unique in its subject matter.



Te Rongoa Maori, by P.M.E. Williams (Reed), contains what 'Pip' Williams was told about Maori herbalism during the 25 years he had a pharmacy in Kaikohe, Northland. The main value of the book is in its delightful watercolours of the plants mentioned in short monographs (medicinal publishing jargon) on the facing page. Maori had no pharmacology before Europeans arrived and claims for curative value of the plants discussed should be ignored.

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Vivienne Smith chronicles the dismantling and turnaround of New Zealand Post in ***Reining in the Dinosaur*** (New Zealand Post). It is a story beautifully told and in

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Wine Chat With Ace

Promoting New Zealand wine to the world



Many of you will be aware of the regularity with which New Zealand wines win praise, trophies and medals in prestigious international wine competitions, especially in London which is regarded as the Wine Capital of the world, being the main trading site for many international wine merchants.

With increased areas planted in vines and an increase in the number of registered wine-makers there needs to be a continued expansion in our overseas markets. Why? Because our local market does not have the capacity to absorb all that increased production without an over-supply in the market. Several years ago there was a glut which led to price slashing and some wineries almost going to the wall. Healthy competition is good for the consumer, but in the long run wine-makers have to make a profit to survive and have the means to develop better methods and higher quality.

A completely new way of promoting New Zealand wines emerged in March 1997 when New Zealand Post put on sale six colourful postage stamps, illustrated by artist, Nancy Tichborne of Akaroa, and designed by Diane Prosser. Each of these stamps depicts a view of a vineyard in a noted wine-growing area of New Zealand, and they form a most attractive set.

The 40c stamp shows the stunning view from Rippon Vineyard out over Lake Wanaka with its small island rising from the rows of vines. Rippon makes high quality Pinot Noir and steely white wines which are bone dry. Te Mata Estate founder, John Buck's unique house and the Coleraine vineyard is featured on the 80c stamp. Te Mata Estate makes New Zealand's benchmark red wines Awatea and Coleraine, but their Elston Chardonnay and Cape Crest Sauvignon Blanc are also consistently fine wines.

Marlborough Sauvingon Blanc has become the world's bench-mark wine for this variety and the flagship vineyard Cloudy Bay deservedly features on the $1 stamp. The view on the stamp takes in the folding hills and peaks of the Southern Alps that back the vineyard. This same view is featured on their labels. Sauvignon Blanc and Chardonnay from Cloudy Bay have achieved a cult following among the cognoscenti in Australia and Britain.

A relative newcomer, Pegasus Bay at Waipara carries the flag for the growing Canterbury wine region on the $1.20c stamp, and this region has demonstrated a consistency in producing sound riesling. The region is showing promise too with Pinot Noir, and the stony ground left by a retreating glacier many years ago provides the ideal ripening situation for grapes.

Gisborne has always been regarded as "Chardonnay country". It consistently produces some of New Zealand's best examples of this popular wine. Millton Estate's organically grown vineyard has been selected to represent this region on the $1.50c stamp. Their reputation rests mainly on their superb Opou Riesling, but they are also one of the few wineries which make continue to make memorable Chenin Blanc.

Kim and Jeanette Goldwater pioneered winemaking on Waiheke Island and now enjoy international fame for the quality of the Bordeaux style reds made under the Goldwater label. The distinctive lone puriri at the crest of their main vineyard is depicted on the $1.80c stamp to represent the Auckland region, aptly the only stamp with a marine view. Artist Nancy Tichborn has done a tremendous job of enhancing the features of each vineyard in the series.

A pity that Nelson was not represented in this issue. The status of Neudorf's international success would have made them a worthy contender to show the flag for this region. But then neither was Martinborough included. Maybe the international reputation of this tiny quality wine growing area through the international success achieved by wines from Ata Rangi and Larry McKenna's Martinborough Vineyard is now so well recognised that it needs no promotion - the wines speak for themselves.

New Zealand Post is to be congratu-





lated for their initiative in promoting our wine in this way. My only lament is that this stamp series is not going to be left on sale long enough to maximise the potential advantage that it could have overseas.

A booklet containing seven miniature sheets of this stamp issue, plus 28 pages of interesting information about the New Zealand Wine Industry, is available from Post Offices and Philatelic Sales Centres nation wide for $13.40c. The book contains stamp sheets to that value so the information booklet is a real bonus.

RECENT TASTINGS:

Having wine enthusiasts, English IPA member Nick Smith and his wife Pamela accompany me on a recent West Auckland Winery crawl was a good excuse to visit seven wineries, and taste their best. Wines that impressed included:

Collards Rothsay Chardonnay 1995

An attractive lemon yellow colour suggested ripe fruit, and the viscosity in the glass stamped it as a classy wine before even smelling or tasting it. Very mellow with a nutty "buttered toast" character, pronounced peach and melon flavours which linger persistently on the back palate. It was selling for $27 and worth every cent!

Soljans Gewurztraminer 1996

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Soljans Gewurztraminer 1996



coloured, it showed great "legs" on the side of the glass. The nose was muted at first but opened out showing its complexity. The taste was quite buttery and soft obviously from malolactic treatment and showed tropical fruit, nectarines and peach stone characters. It is a big wine with mouth filling flavours that linger persistently on the back palate long after you have swallowed the mouthful. This is memorable wine and much enjoyed by my guests. $27.

Matua Hawkes Bay Gewurztraminer 1996

This wine had a delicate nose and clean crisp palate with good acid balance and an assertive length. The predominant impression was lemon and citrus flavours. It had good alcohol content obviously made from fully ripe fruit, and showed the spicy character for which this variety is so easily recognised. $13.

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Nobilos 1994 Reserve Hawke's Bay

newly designed green and gold label; few wineries make such consistently good Gewurz as Soljans. Great value at $12 ex winery.

Kumeu River Chardonnay 1995

Almost golden-syrup mouth filling flavour and lingering farewell. At $21 it is well priced for its quality, and deserves greater recognition as a classic wine. No New Zealand winemaker has achieved with this grape such impressive wine as Nobilos have produced. A celebration wine!

Coopers Creek Marlborough Sauvignon Blanc 1996

This wine is very attractively presented with a two piece black and gold label - simple but effective. The wine is straw gold with fresh nettly crispness that gives subtle hints of tropical fruit and freshly cut rock melons. It has plenty of acid and loads of flavour but needs to be drunk young and with food to show at its best. $14.

Babich Irongate Chardonnay 1995

This wine is a stunner. It has a pale lemon hue and opens up in the glass with an assertive bouquet that speaks of fine vanilla oak plus hints of apples, grape fruit and apricots all rolled up together to make a delicious fruit salad of a wine. It has soft richness that I suspect is the result of aging on the lees in French oak barriques. The finish goes on and on ..Great stuff!! And the price? - so good I nearly forgot - well worth $26!

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P.S. We lunched at Blossoms Espresso Cafe, Kumeu. They serve

Poisonous Plants...

Green Thumb and Gardening Gurus

Two classes of plants are not wanted in gardens. They are those admittedly highly toxic species which may cause accidental death of the unwary, and those immigrants which propagate too quickly and easily to become baneful weeds.

Various local bodies are preparing handbooks of these unwanted plants to make them better known. Readers of this journal tend to be among the first people sought by worried mothers when a child has eaten an unknown plant and she fears the worst.

Of the second group, we have plants like gorse and old man's beard that are obviously up to no good and should be eradicated as noxious weeks. In simpler days there were two lists of noxious weeds and everything in the first list was under threat of extermination, and rightly so. Those plants in the second list could be declared noxious locally.

Northland Regional Council was, I think, the first to produce a book of Poisonous Plants and Fungi in New Zealand, which was prepared by its noxious plants man, C Jack Craw. It met with an excellent response and has been distributed widely. It should be studied by every police officer, who should then be able to identify the most important toxic plants. The illustrations are excellent and will help in naming the plant if further help is sought from the Poisons Centre in Dunedin.

Auckland City Council has a more ambitious publication which names undesirable garden plants, plants that should not be planted because of their toxic properties or because they may become a problem themselves.

The local police station will often be first port of call for possible poisoning in children. Speed in identifying the plant responsible and calmness in dealing with very frightened

produced a population of children who are quite untrained in knowing which fruits or leaves are safe to eat and which are inedible. Nor do these children's parents know. There is an enormous amount of public education to be done in this matter, which should be taken up by primary schools as an important subject of general, perhaps vital, knowledge.

*(Pictures of toxic plants from **Poisonous Plants and Fungi in New Zealand**, by C. Jack Craw, Northland Regional Council).*



Foxglove (*Digitalis purpurea*), Digitalis.



Foxglove (*Digitalis purpurea*), Digitalis.





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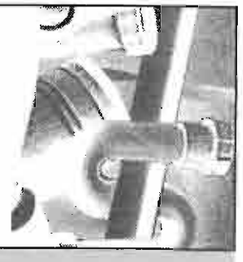
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Date Received .....
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PLEASE TYPE OR PRINT CLEARLY

1. Surname (block letters) ..... First Names .....
2. Date of Birth .....
3. Country of Birth ..... Credit Union Acct No .....
4. Address (home) ..... Telephone .....
5. Address for Journal ..... Family ages (F) ..... (M) .....
6. NZ Police: Station ..... Official No ..... Duties .....
7. Other Police Service .....
8. Law Enforcement Service .....
9. Retirement – Resignation date if applicable .....
10. Rank .....
11. Languages (Written or Spoken) .....
12. Interests .....
13. Are you willing to provide accommodation .....

If yes, please state what accommodation is available .....

14. It is a condition of membership of the IPA that a New Zealand Police Applicant if not already a member of the Police and Families Credit Union, must open and maintain an account with that organisation. The applicant must authorise regular fortnightly salary deductions of a minimum of $5.00 per pay period. Of that amount $1.00 per pay period will be debited from the applicant's account to the IPA by way of annual subscription and the remainder will be placed in a savings account for the member.

I declare that I now apply for Ordinary/Associate* membership of the New Zealand section of the International Police Association and that I agree with the aims and objects of the said Association as laid down in the Constitution and Rules that I shall conform to such rules as may be made by the New Zealand Section of the International Police Association. I will endeavour to further the work of the Association by fulfilling the obligation of membership and regularly subscribe my renewal fee by 1 January each year. $11.25 (including GST) joining fee enclosed. Authority for credit union deduction for payment of annual subscription also enclosed.

The Annual Subscription of $29.25 (including GST) per annum becomes due for payment on 1 January each year.

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Date of formation: May 31, 1966
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2nd Vice-President
Walter Mosslacher, Austria

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Assistant Secretary-General
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Cultural Commission:
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United National Commission:
President

Internal Commission:
Vice-President

Members of the National Executive

President:
John Coomber, 52 Totara St, Christchurch. Fax(03) 348 3411
Ph: (03) 348 0062

Members of the National Executive (continued)

Vice-President
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Ph: (04) 526 6011

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Bruce Hutton, PO Box 500-588, Porirua, Wellington
Fax: (04) 233 1596

Assistant Secretary-General
Jacques Legros, United Nations I.C.T.R. P.O. Box 749 Kigali, Rwanda, Africa. Fax: 001 212 963 3090

Treasurer
Greg McManus, Unit 111A, 441 Whangaparaoa Rd, Whangaparaoa
Ph: (09) 424 2980

Editor
Elaine O'Hara, 27 Kempthorne Cres, Kohimarama. Ph/Fax: (09) 528 9474

Assistant Editor
Sherwood Young, Police National HQ, PO-Box 3017, Wellington
Ph: (04) 474 9462

Travel Secretary
Bob O'Hara, 27 Kempthorne Cres, Kohimarama, Auckland
Fax: (09) 528 9474

OTHER EXECUTIVES

Hobbies Secretary
Tony Picketts, 14 Cove Road, Waipu, Northland. Ph/Fax: (09) 432 0045.
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Treasurer: Vacant , awaiting an appointment
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Regional Secretaries are asked to confirm the details shown and advise the Editor of any amendments.

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