

Shaun spoke about his Beloved Animal, [BA for short] the black Labrador. Whilst working for the Christchurch RSPCA, a couple dropped in a 2-day old puppy. He adopted BA, carrying him in a front pack while at work, feeding 3-4 hourly, toileting, vaccinating etc as you do with a baby. Their bonding was so strong that BA soon became a permanent member of the Anderson household. BA had to be put down at 10 years of age and the family have never had the inclination or need to replace the special personality and companionship that BA was.

Keith arrived in Wellington, aged 18 and immediately set out to find employment. His friend Pat was arriving in a few month's so he had to make a good impression! When Keith got a promotion to Palmerston North he and wife Pat

brought their 1st home.

Back home in England, both sets of parents realised that their offspring were not returning. Pat's family visited this young family and Keith's parents decided to immigrate to New Zealand. A beautiful glass vase semi encased with silver filigree is a precious item from Keith's Mother. He remembers it filled with roses sitting on the dining table.

Alan's theme was penny farthing's. He showed a light which was designed to be attached to the front axle. It contained an oil lamp which he thinks would give 4-5 hours of light. He remarked that it gave as much light as a candle! The rumble bell which hung on the handlebars was used to inform the drivers of the horse and drays that they were going to be passed. The Hudson's patented Siren was attached to a wristwatch strap and used to deter the dogs from running out in front of the cyclists. Alan mastered the art of riding a penny-farthing (and still owns one). He quipped that it was a long way to fall!

Dick showed and talked of his late Father's kit bag, No 233730 of 27 Machine Gun Battalion from World War 2. He was away for 4 years and on his return, after reuniting with wife Jessie and young son Ken settled in Geraldine. Very soon he was in a partnership operating Geraldine Motors. At a Rotary meeting a few years ago Dick was sitting with the late Frank Howe. Dick learnt that Frank was also a member of the same Battalion and could remember his Dad, Charles Thomas Johnston. Sadly, Dick's Dad had passed away. Frank presented Dick with a copy of his diary which he wrote in daily whilst on service. Frank's son has the only other copy.

Enjoy your weekend.

Bev.