

WRITE YOUR OWN OBITUARY NOTICE.

AT THE RACES.

NO 2. R. H. CONEYBEER.

( BY T.A.S. )

It is with regret that we announce the sudden death of Mr. R. H. Coneybeer this morning at his beautiful home in Fitzherbert Avenue. It will be recalled that on Saturday Mr Coneybeer celebrated his 93rd birthday by scoring three successive tries in the representative rugby game against Shannon. It is thought that the heavy kick in the groin he received in the course of the game may have been a contributory factor in his untimely end.

Mr Coneybeer's early years were spent in Palmerston North where he received his early education. It is not known where he received the latter part of it. Nevertheless he was a studious type and devoted many years to the study of "systems" of backing horses which invariably ran last. He was a junior partner in the legal firm of Droopsnoop & Crabs who specialised in outwitting the Income Tax Dept.

At the age of 21 Mr Coneybeer enlisted as a Sapper in the Works Service Engineers which played such a prominent part in the Pacific in World War NO 2. He was one of the few men in the Unit, as the Unofficial Historian goes to some length to show, who had great difficulty in getting out of bed in the mornings, and who broke so many steel tapes that the Survey Parties to which he was attached were reduced to spend most of their time making "pegs"!

On his return to civil life, Mr Coneybeer was hurriedly married. His wife was an untiring worker; she had a fine flower garden, one set of triplets, three sets of twins, a baby grand piano and the name of being the "best dressed woman in Palmerston" of which she was very proud.

Mr. Coneybeer was a man of varied interests; what his friends had to say of him was not so interesting, or truthful, as that said by his enemies. A keen member of the Rotary Club, he was a strong advocate for less birth control among members. On this he frequently crossed swords with Sir Peter Wingfield who considered total birth control a great cultural stimulant. Mr Coneybeer's cultural attainments were not conspicuous despite his interest in rugby and racehorses.

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"STILL PEELS WITH HIS HANDS"

Two and a half hours after his twenty eight birthday, Sgt. Ian Pears, a little flushed and unsteady on his feet said: "I still feel with my hands" in reply to the question: "How do you feel!" Asked what he thought of the WAR he replied: "I think New Zealand should give the Japs twenty four hours

Last Saturday a party of fortunates, or perhaps they would prefer to style themselves "unfortunates", set out in the early hours of the morning to attend their first race meeting in New Caledonia. A great deal of "scone" was "done" by Tony and others at the gate when the hold up of the truck took place before the party got going. The journey was uneventful, except for the orange incident when a native was unwittingly done for half a dollar. Dust from the preceding trucks in the convoy was but also the reason why the party looked more like a lorry load of negroes by the time they reached their destination. However, a wash in the stream under the curious eyes of the "Wog" beauties restored our Romeos to their natural, virile manhood, and a cup of tea at the Road House raised their confidence in backing winners.

The racecourse was a surprise to all in that it was far better than anyone expected. Even though Naiouli played a prominent part in its construction the facilities were as good as found on the smaller racecourses in N.Z. Old Sol shone on the large attendance comprised mostly of En Zeders who were well aware of the French Girls present---they were very nice too! The Div. Ban rendered items between races while an amplifying system kept everyone well posted which gave a finish to the organisation and which went to making the day most enjoyable.

All the horses were in good form, making the races a punter's nightmare; the comparatively low dividends ( six dollars being the highest ) did not deter the enthusiasts from putting their "hard" earned on would-be winners. There was a suror method of losing on the field and a good many found it more popular than the horses.

Although some races had bad starts, all were very exciting. Assertions that such and such a horse should have won were rife, while others were quite certain that their nag should have paid more than two dollars. Of those from Works Service Engineers, Captain Boyd appeared to be the only one who made the races worth while; the losers were in the majority and averaged a deficit of three dollars. Despite this "she was a good show" and everyone hoped that their next meeting would be when there is a ten bob toto and a two way betting system.

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to get out of Tokio!"

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Lonely young man wished to correspond with young lady interested in higher things. Colour no bar. Reply. genuine.