

CROSSING THE LINE

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NEPTUNE GATHERS HIS SATELLITES

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"The occasion is a fitting one. What better excuse do you want?" And his satellites agreed. "Right", said Neptune, "Meet me at the Palm and Thatch, and we'll imbibe. Let's eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow the tax collector will catch up on you if you're not wary."

The satellites heeded the words of wisdom, duly placed feet on brass rail, and partook of schooners and things. It was not long ere the subject turned to the mating season and the mermaids, and that brought to the mind of one the question of how another member of the gathering had acquired a certain mer, now no longer a maid. "Well, it was this-a-way", answered the one addressed and retired outside. "I hid behind a rock" came a voice from outside, "and ..." there followed a rending of seaweed and where once darkness reigned in the corner of the blue-room, a huge hole appeared and a form landed gracefully (?) on the coral - "I had the nips in before she could say nay, just as swiftly as that - see?"

"Must practice that," spoke a doughty Neptunite, and with movement cumbersome crashed through the already gaping hole, widening it in his career and sinking heavily to the coral with less grace than his predecessor.

As 1730 approached, the satellites took a sounding and a shot at the gun and asked Neptune if the equator was not high. He agreed it was and knew his time had come for Neptune had not crossed the line before. "My satellites" he addressed them, "come with me to the deep waters and meet me on my ~~throne~~ throne." Upon which they surrounded him, escorted him to the water's edge and helped him to his rightful place as king of the Waves. He beckoned his satellites to him for consultation and one by one they emulated the daring young man on the flying trapeze and descended by their master. When even the lowliest

HOW A.T.D. MET THE 'BRIG'

(Excerpts - with apologies to Macauley - and Horatius.)

But the Colonel's face was happy, and the Colonel's smile was broad, For the Depot was all mustered, and the Sergeants reared and roared, For to the camp the 'Brig' was coming, to inspect this fine parade, Of EnZeders in their Sunday best, before they sang, and prayed.

Meanwhile the 'Big Parade', right glorious to behold, Stood sweating there in the morning sun, Rank behind rank, the best in the land, New Zealand's Artillery bold. A dozen bagpipes skirled, a deal of Scottish glee, As the procession of inspection, in slow and solemn file, Strolled slowly through the sweating ranks, Last Sunday morning - at A.T.D.

Then to their Church the soldiers filed, our under God's clear sky, And had their thoughts, and sang their praise, of Him, who rules on High, And to their pals, and loved ones, all sent a silent prayer, Messages of love and comfort, from every soldier there.

So they prayed, then rising, formed up in order again, And with their Leader, leading, swung off to a Highland strain. The boys marched past the Dais, where stood the dauntless 'Heads', And having paid respect to them, marched on, -- and to their beds.

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A certain member of the NZDC

(who incidently, owing to a bad mistake by a medical orderly) was vaccinated with an HMV gramophone needle (Lour.Tone) astonished us by actually remaining silent between 1100 - 1102 hrs 11 Nov 43! Wonders never cease.

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of his followers had partaken of the baptism they emerged in the deepening light of a torrid sunset and each went his way with the King's blessing;