R.G.NACALS

"I'm not on a grador, it's a damnod Porkins", Sapper Macale retorted when I attempted to enthuse over his job in the Services Section.

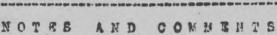
He was born in Rakaia, so his birth possibly had some connection with the building of New Zoaland's longest bridge; a more foasable explanation of his hatrod for the P.W.D. than his claim that, like "Farmer" Sainsbury and Dick Lauric, the Department

Makaia (isolated village that it is), proved too hot for him, and at the age of ten, he had to leave and settle in Mothven. He was not associated with the W.C. fittings of that name, however. He went to school in Ashburton, and remembers distinctly that exciting day whom Alex Toner shifted the Public Conveniences round.

Me kept pigs for a time (meybe that explaines his amazing eating abilities), but his wife's insistance on his mearing a hat when visitors were at the farm annoyed him so, that he offered his services to the Army. They refused, but the Air Force was not so particular and accepted him. He perfected himself in the technique of holding a shovel-the P.W.D. had already given him some valuable experience-learnt to say "Bulla", and gained the title of "Bog Ape". The Air Force finally caught up with him, however, and he was transferred into the Army.

Ho again came in contact with Alex Toner who was now an ordent naturalist with a pickle bottle full of New Caledonia's queer insects. No wished to add to his collection a brown and orange woth, but unfortunately chose Mac's pet Norace (or was it Norbert), as the victim. I was not given the lurid details, but Alex is no longer a naturalist.

At 6 o-clock in the evening when he is cleaning up the left-overs in the cook-house, he dreams of a portable stone crusher, rattling (Like his terth when eating barley sugar), over the paddocks, picking up boulders and dropping them crushed in the correct position. He hopes to patent the idea later, but in order not to get away from the Army altogether when demobilised, he is planning to buy a herd of goats.



Interviewed on his return from a hurried visit south, Sgt. Cyril McRae said that his trip had been most successful. He had been able to secure further supplies of essential machinery for the Naiouli Const. Coy. This would mean still further development of the Drag-Lins venture which was proceeding according to plan. Aussie Austin, Norm Carswell, and Alan Dye had had a visit from the official photographer when the new winch underwent the first trials with great success. Sgt. Mc. Rae hinted that the Company had a vast programme of works under consideration, but he refused to divulge details.

SURF SLITHMERS CLUB

Emulating Miami's (Flah-ua ridors of the Surf in the Romantic Gulf Stream, the Surf Slitherers lost a good deal of skin and cut anything but glamourous figures Sunday, when they paid a eccond visit to the beach. (cont. next column)

Opl's H.Palmer, A. & T.Bluck, "Red" Newman, Sqt. G.Berry and Spr. J.Adair gave displays in a new type of "nose-dive". Equipped with spanking new surf-boards, they gambolled in the foaming breakers with abandon. (and the boards often abandoned them!)

They tell us "Bunny" Spencer (Bldg.) earned high preise for his effort one afternoon recently when he played in a tough Rugby game, then followed it up with a sparkling exhibition of Seccer ina following game. G.V.S. should be his initials, the "Y" standing for "Versatile".

"Snow" Stewart (bldg.) dropped us a line from Transit Camp, and we were pleased to hear everybody is O.K. there. As an ex-Nelsonian, Snow takes a lot of convincing that Napler gets more annual sumshine !

Opl. Furguson and Weith Notton ! (21dg.)
Promonading with two little French lassias.
eh? We're surprised at you !!

