

PERSONALITY PARADE NO. 8.  
( by Major Sucker O.B.E. )

R. G. MACALE  
"The Bog Ape"

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

He was born in Rakia, so his birth possibly had some connection with the building of New Zealand's longest bridge; a more feasible explanation of his hatred for the P.W.D. than his claim that, like "Farmer" Sainsbury and Dick Laurie, the Department was always on the wrong side.

Rakia (isolated village that it is), proved too hot for him, and at the age of ten, he had to leave and settle in Methven. 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 when Alex Toner shifted the Public Conveniences round.

He kept pigs for a time (maybe that explains his amazing eating abilities), but his wife's insistence on his wearing 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 "Pulla", and gained the title of "Bog Ape". The Air Force finally caught up with him, however, and he was transferred into the Army.

He again came in contact with Alex Toner who was now an ardent naturalist with a pickle bottle full of New Caledonia's queer insects. He wished to add to his collection a brown and orange moth, but unfortunately chose Mac's pet Horace (or was it Herbert), 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 teeth 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.



NOTES AND COMMENTS

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 Faiculi Const. Coy. This would mean still further development of the Drag-Line 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. McRae hinted that the Company had a vast programme of works under consideration, but he refused to divulge details.

SURF SLITHERERS CLUB

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

\* Cpl's H. Palmer, A. & T. Bluck, "Red" Newman, Sgt. 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 praise for his effort one afternoon recently when he played in a tough Rugby game, then followed it up with a sparkling exhibition of Soccer in a following game. G.V.S. should be his initials, the "V" 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 Napier gets more annual sunshine!

\* Cpl. Fergusson and Keith Motton (Bldg.) Promenading with two little French lassies, eh? We're surprised at you!!