

Meet the 15th Heavy Regiment

We, together with our illuminating off-spring, the 67th Searchlight Battery, are happy to be associated with the 22nd Lt. A.A. Regt., in the healthy future of the enterprise "FLAK." We hope our contributions will be worthy.

Now we have heard before somewhere that "there may be plenty of reasons but NO excuses," so we will not offer any. But all will agree it has been a tough go to fill our quota at a very short notice. So please don't judge us too harshly this time.

Our officers, gunners and gunner Waacs, will without doubt take up pen and ink (any typewriters, too, if BHQ's come clean), and produce plenty of first-class literary efforts. Don't hesitate to send in your contribution, and remember some of the best English literature has been written in gaols. Anyhow, see your Battery Representative and let him judge.



Lt.-Col. E. Elliott, N.Z.A.

Of course we are justly proud of our C.O., who really needs no introduction, but nevertheless is Lt.-Col. E. Elliott, N.Z.A., who has been actively engaged in the obtuse problem of

AA. since the beginning of the war. Many of his old stalwarts are scattered to the four corners of the globe, but there are still others who remember scrubbing shower recesses at Mt. Victoria after B.C.'s inspection. But there is no doubt they would not swap their "boss" for six months' furlough.

So let's get going, because it's going to be hard to catch up to the 22nd Regiment standard, but we will do it.

Athletics

Bdr. V. Knight (H3), and L/Bdr. Deane (G8) were selected from the regiment to represent N.M.D. at the Combined Services Athletic Championships at Wellington last week, and although they were not successful we are proud we were represented, and congratulate them.

Congratulations

Married.—Lt. R. F. Kelly (H5) to Bdr. M. C. Burrell (G8).

2/Lt. J. A. Allan (R.H.Q.), to Miss Norris

Gnr. K. J. Crosbie (69th BHQ late H8) to Cpl. J. M. Chamberlain (1st Tanks N.Z.E.F.)

Births—To Capt and Mrs. W. A. Potter (G8), a son

To 2/Lt. and Mrs. B. G. Thompson (G8) a son.

Swimming Pool

The majority of those in the 15th Regiment have heard of the Chamberlain Park swimming pool, and many have contributed to it through one or other of the many raffles held. Thanks to the assistance of the Wilson Portland Cement Co., Ltd., Winstones Ltd., and the Mt. Albert Borough Council, the idea is now a reality. Great credit is due to Sgt. Kerr and the many gunners who toiled to make it such a creditable effort. Very soon now, the pool will be filled (after the shortage). There is great excitement to see who will have first dive, or, conversely, to see who will be the first to be thrown in.

Belmontasia

OR WHO'S WHAT IN A NUTS-HELL?

(No Kernels Need Apply)

In presenting ourselves we feel we can do no better than quote that memorable saying used on so many occasions by all the most memorable people—"So this is Belmont!" Yes, this is Belmont—spelt with a B (B for beer, you know, in the old phonetic alphabet—but of course you haven't used that since last year, so you've probably forgotten it).

Do drop in and see us some time. You really can't miss us. There's a big sign over the gate, "Visitors welcome (Marines and Gobs not during business hours)." In fact we really couldn't get on without our visitors. People popping in all day long... you really do meet the most interesting characters, don't you—m-m-m, don't we!

But if you're coming up the drive after dark, mind your toes, because there's three-quarters of a large warehouse parked across the old path at the darkest point. The other quarter? Oh, that's what you've been tripping over all the way up. And once past this obstacle, watch out for a couple of over-grown Baby Austins disguised as rose-bushes; they're dangerous after sunset, especially if started up. Now here's a quiz for all the clever girls and boys. Who's in charge of this colossal moving job? That's right. Five bob to you—it's none other than B—, — (B— this censor!) Ferdy.

We can offer all types of fishing, oysters on the rocks, sprats in the bay, and kingfish in the beam. To go out after kingfish you have first to qualify on sprats. We feel we should warn any intending kingfishers that these fishes have strong opinions about class distinction.

It is on record in our Fishing Book (kept in a safe place, and called "Fighting Book" for security reasons) that, on occasion, three gunners have caught eight fish, three 2/Lts. have landed four, but a colonel, a major and a Captain I.G. couldn't get a nibble between them.

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