

The Passing of H.3

One of the most strategically situated gun positions in Auckland has been closed. Strategic because of its proximity to the Gluepot and easy access to the city—a big advantage for hedgehoppers. Social amenities were few, but we were fortunate in having the big hall, which was very handy for badminton and basketball, and of course we were known everywhere for our super dances.

From Caledonia to H.2., from Noumea to Ngataranga, and from Papua to H.3., "Ring" will mean more to the Ack Ack than "Love Honour and Obey." "Ring" was our mascot—half Alsatian, and half unknown. At detachments rear "Ring" invariably took part in the dash to the guns. As a full-fledged sentry, who would bare his somewhat worn-down teeth at the approach of a civvy, he received his daily rations, as was his due.

On the Saturday before closing, Col. Rowbottom, accompanied by Capt. Brookes, paid a surprise visit, and complimented all on the precautions taken to preserve the equipment during our temporary absence. The ambitious project of the 60ft. x 30ft. recreation hut, practically completed, was whisked away to parts unknown. The majority of the materials used were "scrounged," and it was built entirely with slave labour.

H.3., the problem child of the Regiment, one-time training establishment (and one of the best), satellite operational station and orphan of the Regiment, is no more.

Block off the Old Chip

They say that Marshall Goering's father was a short thin man, and weighed only nine stone. So the Marshall is a block off the old chip.



The Art of Conversion

(95th Battery Correspondent)

Stress can—and does mean much. Of course it all depends on the person or persons or anyone other than the old 98th, now the new 95th. The stress might have been distress, but such is our spirit (35/- per bottle) that we soar high above our difficulties in conversions (C.V. to those who know). This handing-over business has been like the twins, a mixed blessing. There's no doubt about it: we should have a Phoenix on our crest as from the chaos of Stock Survey sheets, Boards of Indignation, Boards of Dismay, Committees of Telling Off (or Writing Off or whatever they are called) we are risen supreme. From the ashes has developed the greatest showing of talent seen in the Pacific. Not of course, the type of Friday night talent the boys like.

Outstanding on the talent list, of course, comes our worthy Major, who may be persuaded for a certain consideration to perform miracles. You have no doubt heard of the titled bloke called Midas who turned things to gold with a touch. Well, our old man can turn anything into anything else without even a touch. He uses a gadget called a C.V., and believe us, the results are truly remarkable.

He started off in a nice refined manner by changing "teaspoons, Waacs, for the use of" into "Tablespoons, Gunners for the use of," as there seemed to be some little difference in mouth sizes (they look much the same to us, but what the —! does that matter—he did it anyway). He also helped to turn a certain sleepy Adjutant into a car one dark night. (Author's note—No. C.V. was necessary on this occasion, I think it was a R.U.M.)

To return to the subject, the Major nonchalantly, merely with a flourish of the wrist, changes spark plugs into floor mops, soap to sugar, sausages to nails, ad infinitum. We have so much faith in him these days that we took a Bofors over to the aerodrome this morning and planted it down on one end of the runway. To-morrow we are all going up for a flight!

And we must tell you of two of our more senior officers who tried this C.V. racket on an R.N.Z.A.F. Equipment Officer. Too bad he couldn't be persuaded that two hexagonal nuts were springs syn. gear power, trav. long. His final remark was "They still look like Simmon's nuts to me."

What with C.I.V.'s, C.R.V.'s, N.Z. 138's, N.Z.1 B's, etc., we are all rapidly becoming experts in Accounting For Stores—but we wish the B.Q.M.S. would not keep referring to 1 Z.B.'s. We have not quite reached that standard of racket yet.

"EXAMPLE IS BETTER THAN PRECEPT."

As the fully accredited representative Of Military Law (of crimes preventative),

Captain Maguiness, both stern and impartial,

Adorned with his presence a district court-martial.

Before the prisoner was even attested The president of the court requested The records and files of the case to encumber

With Captain Maguiness's registered number.

Crimson with obvious mortification At such an unsoldierly, sad aberration,

Captain Maguiness at length must confess

To a temporary state of forgetfulness.

The president said, "Though deploring this lapse,

In Captain Maguiness's case, perhaps

A search through his pay-book will quickly uncover

The exact information we wish to discover."

The captain's discomfort a climax is nearing—

His pockets turned out but no pay-book appearing.

This shameful admission from him must emerge,

"I've left it behind in my second best serge!"