

Care For A Lift?

(95th BATTERY CORRESPONDENT)

Did you ever hear of the occasion when the 2 I/C accompanied by a trusting and unsuspecting brother officer pushed off one Saturday on week-end leave, in the former's car. If you have ever travelled by one of the buses which cater (?) for our requirements, you will appreciate the smug looks on the faces of these two gentlemen as they bade airy farewell to the poor unfortunates, who, for the modest sum of 1/6, would have the privilege of riding on a mudguard or the running board of one of the no doubt one-time excellent, but now very venerable buses.

They had proceeded perhaps 200 yards when a sinister cough was heard from the engine, followed by a series of short, sharp coughs, and the car came to a stop. The usual antics were gone through, efforts to restart, hopeful queries from the passenger as to whether there was any benzine in the tank, and finally looking hopefully inside the bonnet, with what object in view is never explained. This state of affairs continued until the advent of the B.C. and the 2 I/C's dog, which the want of a bath and his predilection for being sick down the neck of the occupants of the front seat, barred him from travelling.

The B.C., after a careful survey, diagnosed the trouble as a blockage or stoppage or something in the feed system, and forthwith proceeded to unscrew things.

The 2 I/C applied himself to the end of a pipe, and endeavoured strenuously but unsuccessfully to remove the obstruction by blowing through it. He got redder and redder in the fact, veins stood out on his neck, and his eyes were in danger of popping right out of their sockets, but still nothing happened. A cheerful passer-by not knowing how close he was to being murdered on the spot, murmured something about "Won't it go Papa?"

A tow by the B.C.'s car was next suggested, but after covering two miles and severing the former's tow-rope, this was given up. Then arrived on the scene, the one and only Austin, the hero of Tobruk. Under any other circumstances the thought of this gentleman being let loose on a car other than his own Citroen, and or other cars he is reputed to own, would bring a painful shudder from the owner. However, the position by

this time was desperate, so much so that even the worthy Austin's assistance was welcomed.

In no time, before the fascinated gaze of the others, parts were strewn over the road just as motor cycle parts use to lie about in the garage. What was done was carefully explained with a wealth of technicalities, and to the amazement of all, Austin in particular, the car started.

The 2 I/C was loud in his praises and profuse in his thanks, as with grimy hands he wrung his saviour's horny hand, inwardly blaming himself for having misjudged this prince of mechanics.

With light heart the owner and passenger climbed in and set off, by this time 1½ hours after the commencement of their journey. A quarter of a mile passed, the engine purring gently, half mile 3/—cough, cough, etc., etc. Having watched the maestro at work, it was nothing for the two amateurs to remove the carburetter, drain out a pint or two of water, reassemble it and start up again within 32 3-5 seconds. The passenger essayed a short cut by not replacing the float on one occasion, but the engine did not appear to function so efficiently, so it was decided to play fair in future and put everything back. This state of affairs continued for a further two hours, and it is now a source of wonder why the one-time passenger so politely but firmly declines further invitations to travel with the 2 I/C unless he has the latter's personal guarantee that he will get him at least to a bus stop.

No Longer Virgin

The U.S. submarine Sturgeon radioed to its flagship after sinking its first Japanese ship: "Sturgeon no longer virgin."

It's A Paradise

We're in the camp that is the best,
Of all the camps we know,
Where we get co-operation,
In all ranks—high and low;
Where extra leave falls in your lap,
If you've the urge to go,
Where all the Waacs are glamorous
Just like a Broadway show.
When "Smithy" orders—"Jackets On"
To worst the icy blow—
Our curves are then all camouflaged—
Bad show boys—he's not slow.

We have a super Swimming Pool,
But last week as you've read
The water shortage knocked us back.
Still, next summer's well ahead.
The bath in which we all delight,
Before we go to bed,
Attracts the baby centipedes;
Huge spiders there are bred;
And rats and bugs disturb our sleep,
The squeals would wake the dead;
But still our hut's a Paradise—
Our Mr. Skeet once said.

The Waacs may rave and do their
block,
And curse as ne'er before,
But every little bit of fluff,
Is a soldier to the core;
And tho' they say—if they'd a chance,
They'd be smartly out the door,
And leave it to the other chap
To fight this blinkin' war;
If the Japs should try their little
tricks
And land upon our shore—
We'll show 'em we can take it lads,
And hand it out, what's more.
—H2.

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