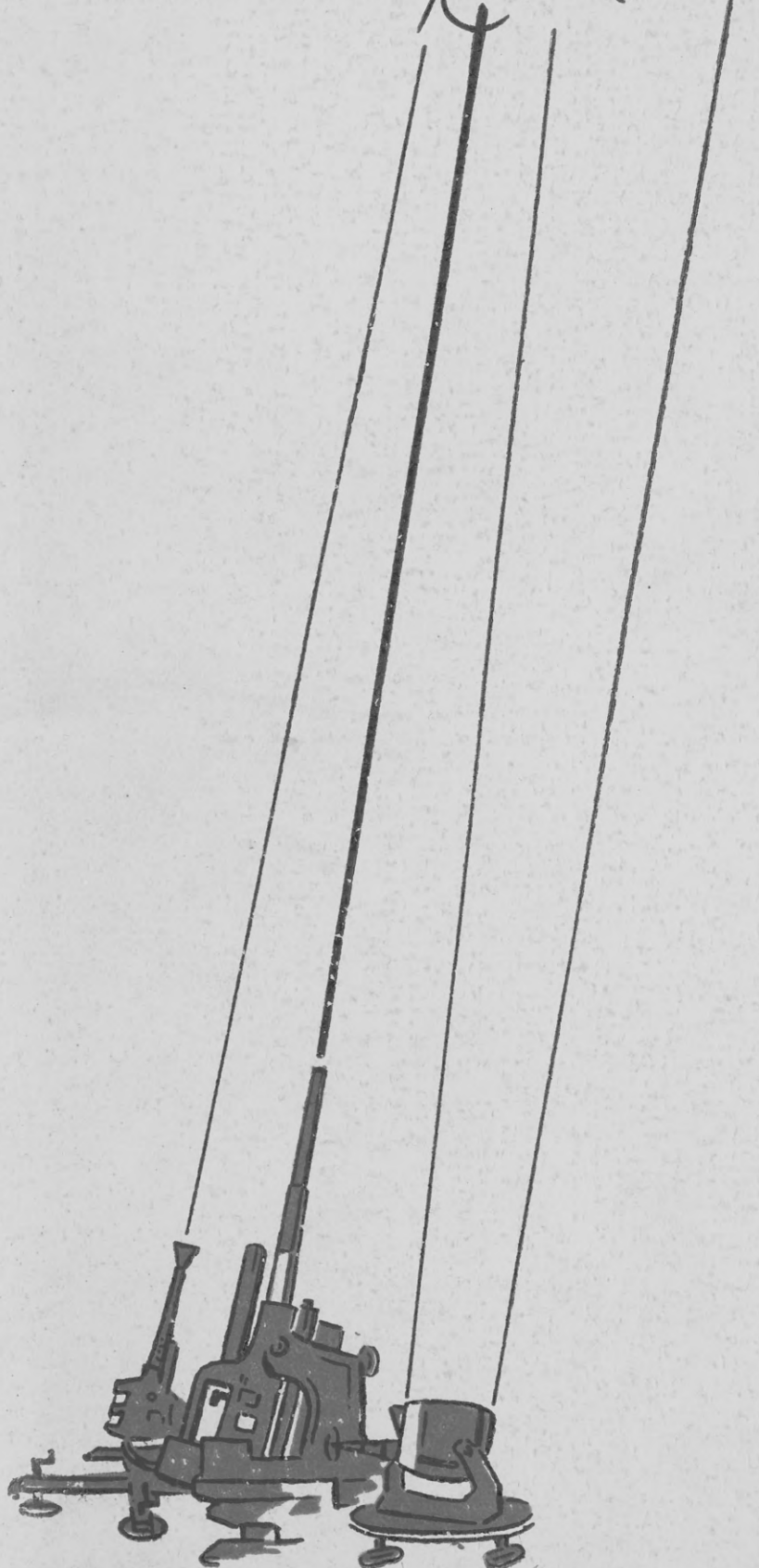


FLAK



26th COMP. A.A. REGT.

DUNEDIN N.Z.

1943



AN OUTLINE HISTORY OF THE 26th COMP. A.A. REGIMENT.

Shortly after Japan entered the war it was decided to give the main ports of the Dominion anti-aircraft protection. Although they lie so far to the south, the ports of Dunedin and Port Chalmers were given their allotment. Lieut.-Colonel, then Major, Sleight and Capt. Kilner were initially posted to the regiment that was to be formed for the purpose, and the first routine orders were issued on June 5, 1942, marching them in, together with 2nd Lieuts. Arnold and Banks.. At that time the Regimental Headquarters consisted of a room at the Kensington Drill Hall. On June 10 a small draft of men was marched in, followed on June 22 by the main draft. By this time temporary Headquarters and residence had been taken up at Littlebourne House.

The selection of the main site at Wharf Street had already been made by the C.R.A. and the Brigade Major A.A. Reconnaissance and the selection of further sites was left to the Regimental Commander and Capt. Kilner. Several sites were selected at Dunedin and Port Chalmers, but have not been occupied. Light gun sites were reconnoitered in the wharf and oil tank area of Dunedin and were occupied on July 13.

A tremendous amount of work was necessary before the Wharf Street site was fit for occupation, and during the actual construction the Regiment supplied a 24-hour picquet. The move from Littlebourne was made on October 6. During the early days at the new camp, gun and predictor detachments had to leap over drainage ditches ten feet deep in the course of their drill, the agility they then acquired doubtless contributing to their smartness later on. A small draft of officers was marched out to an overseas mobilisation camp on September 16.

The first draft of W.A.A.C.'s was marched in on October 9, and underwent training on the instruments. Their numbers have steadily increased during the further history of the Regiment. The radio-location equipment arrived on October 28, the wharfies remaining under the impression that it was a set of mobile field kitchens.

The first shots from the heavy guns—they were the first to be fired by heavy A.A. guns in the South Island—were fired as a salute on Armistice Day. On November 23 the light battery fired its first live shell practice from St. Clair beach.

On November 21 the Os.F.C. arrived, firm in the belief that they were God's gift to A.A. After some time at Wharf Street they gradually became convinced that A.A. could function without them. On December 20 began the first visit from an R.A. Gunnery Instructor in the person of B. S. M. Vickerman. The Regimental Christmas Dinner—served in the traditional manner by officers and senior N.C.O.'s—was held on December 29.

On January 7, 1943, considerable consternation was caused in the Sergeant's Mess by the promotion of four W.A.A.C.'s to sergeant rank. Others have joined them since.

The first full-dress live shell practice was held by the heavies on January 20. The standard was good, the drogue being well torn. The shoot by the light battery on the following day was particularly successful, three drogues being brought down.

At the beginning of February the camp Y.M.C.A. acquired two 35m.m. cinematograph projectors, giving the unit Hollywood feature films on nights when there was no leave. In the middle of the month Capt. Kilner and a large draft of men were marched out to an overseas mobilisation camp. On February 8 Miss McClure arrived as the first W.A.A.C. officer in the Regiment, to be followed on March 29 by Miss Begg.

On March 6 the unit was well represented at the Combined Services Sports Meeting where it gained several successes.

The first resident M.O., 2nd Lt. Hutchison, was marched in on March 4, and the second R.A. Instructor, B. S. M. Cobhill, began a visit on March 31.

From April 2 to April 9 a mobile R.D.F. scheme was held on the Taieri Plains, and on May 17 and 18 both batteries had a further shoot. The Wharf Street site was the first to

be calibrated for radio-location, and this shoot included the first radio-location shoot to be held on a New Zealand gun-site. The standard again was good..

Towards the end of May another large draft of senior N.C.O.'s marched out to an overseas pool. On June 14—United Nations' Flag Day—the Regiment, in battle-order, participated in a parade through the city, being the largest Unit on parade. Within the next few days a big majority of the officers were marched out to join the overseas draft. With these two drafts went most of the men who could claim a comparatively long association with the short life of the Regiment to date.

Whatever may be the future fate of the Regi-

ment, it is felt that although it has not been called upon to take any real part in the defence of New Zealand, it has done its part by training many men for overseas service. Their worth has been proven by the fact that a large proportion became the N.C.O.'s of the units to which they were drafted.

In conclusion the Regiment wishes all who have passed through it, the best of luck and speedy and safe return to New Zealand.

This magazine was made possible by the acquisition to the unit of the cartoonist, Gnr. Henderson. It is hoped that it will keep alive the memory of the unit among all who have passed through its ranks.

R. E. SLEIGH, Lt. Col.



INTRODUCING US TO A RAW RECRUIT.

Ours is a fine camp, ours is. When you come in to our camp, you are expected to do or die for your king, country, family, etc., etc., and to defend Dunedin to your uttermost, more or less, etc., etc., against any marauding Japs, etc., etc. So much for that. This is a good thing.

The first thing you notice about our camp is that we have a Colonel. The idea of this is that a camp must have a boss and we have a boss. That is the Colonel. His job is mainly going about seeing that nothing is lying around, such as screws, nuts, rifles, lorries, Bofor guns, tired W.A.A.C.'s, etc., etc. This is sometimes a good thing.

We also have officers in our camp. Officers are people who hold commissions. A commission is a sort of licence so that you don't have to do any work. Some of our officers do some work, however, such as going about telling people to take their hands out of their pockets, helping to look after the Y.M., etc., etc. This is a good thing.

We have a Sergeant-Major, too. The main job of a Sergeant-Major is to tell you that your leave is cancelled. This is a bad thing.

We also have Sergeant-Majors come out from England sometimes, called gunnery instructors. They wear white bands around their hats to prove they are different from other people. Their main job is to tear people up for paper, which is evidently short in England. This is a bad thing.

We have N.C.O.'s in our camp, too. The idea of N.C.O.'s is to keep some men in the camp, as it makes it harder for the Man-Power to get them out. This is a good thing.

Then we have a Y.M.C.A. in our camp. This is a sort of substitute for a Lovers' Lane. as we are not allowed to have a Lovers' Lane. Sometimes they have what they call dancing in the Y.M. This is different from ordinary dancing. The girls get up and dance and the men sit all round the walls and watch. This is a bad thing.

We also have a Rest Room for the W.A.A.C.'s. This is mainly for married or engaged W.A.A.C.'s. It is used mainly for lectures. This is a good thing.

We have two kinds of guns in our camp—big guns and little guns. The big guns are a

sort of stove-pipe with oven-door attached. The idea of these is to scare the Japs, etc., away by making a loud noise. The little guns are a sort of fairly large automatic rifle, sometimes known as pea-shooters. This is wrong because they shoot things like bullets, which are a good bit larger than peas. The idea of these is that if you can get the Japs, etc., to come close to you without the big guns noticing them you might be able to scare them away again. This does not work very well, however, as the big guns are clever and usually notice them. At any rate, the Japs are very reckless people, and don't get scared. Somebody has probably told them about our little guns. This is a bad thing.

We also have W.A.A.C.'s in our camp. The main idea of these is to make discipline harder. They wear hats with "Pro Patria" on them. This is short for "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori," which means that it is a wonderful and very nice thing to die for your father. Nobody has told the W.A.A.C.'s about this. This is a good thing.

We also have a predictor in our camp. This is a very clever thing that finds out where a plane is and where it is going to be; then it finds out where it is when it is where it was going to be; and then it works out where it will be when it is further on from where it was when it was going to be there before. The idea of this is that if the plane flies in the direction you want, at the speed you say it was going to fly, and at the correct height that you worked out for it, you might be able to scare it if the gun crews point their guns in the right place. If you hit the plane they hold a Court of Inquiry. This is a good thing.

The Adjutant borrows the gadget once every fortnight and works out how much pay you get on it. This makes sure that you do not get enough. This is a bad thing.

Then there is a thing called radio location. This is a sort of toy, but it is a very clever thing, really. It has some very good ideas in it. For instance, it has doors in it that only open from the inside. This is a very good thing. It also tells you where an aeroplane is when there isn't one there at all. This is a very clever thing.

This gadget also has a phone in it. The idea of this is so that the Colonel can find out

what the girls think of him, and what are the latest prices for women's underclothing. This is a bad thing.

We also have an M.I.R. This is a sort of unemployment bureau for people who haven't got commissions. This is a very good thing.

We have a Quartermaster in our camp. He is there to get you to sign for things he hasn't got. He has a lot of people to help him to do this. This is a bad thing.

We also have some Radio Mechanics in our camp. They wear sparks on their arms to show how clever they are. Of course, this isn't any proof really. They run a sort of hospital for old radio sets. This is a good thing, as they never have to buy one themselves. It is also good practice for them, as it helps them to find out how a radio set works. This is a good thing.

We also have guards at our camp. They are W.A.A.C.'s who stand at the gate and wear bayonets on them. This proves that you can't get past them. This is a good thing.

We have barbed wire all around our camp. This is either to keep the Japs, etc., out, or to

keep us in. As it does not keep us in it must be to keep the Japs, etc., out. This is a good thing.

Our camp is built on a rubbish dump. This is a very bad thing. There is no need to say any more about it.

There are some carpenters in our camp. Their job is to put orderly rooms up, take them down, shift them round, etc., etc. This is a good thing, as it gives them something to do, which is what you really need in our camp.

We also have army education in our camp. This is an idea to make you feel that you are on leave when you aren't really. This is probably a good thing.

We also have sport in our camp. We have all kinds of sport, such as hockey, cricket,, Maori P.T., practising the lying load, etc., etc.. If you are good at this you can get a lot of personal benefit out of it. This is a very good thing.

We also have afternoon tea in our camp. It is time for afternoon tea now. This is a good thing.

—SPARKS.



RADIO CO-OPERATION.

OFFICERS' MESS.



TOP ROW: C. J. Rawlinson, 2/Lt. Adjutant; W. Thomson, 2/Lt.; B. F. Falck, 2/Lt.; W. H. Masters, 2/Lt.; C. Chapman, Capt. 2 i/C.; R. G. Little, 2/Lt.; C. J. Hayden, 2/Lt.; G. B. Lawry, 2/Lt.; E. H. Sumpter, 2/Lt.

MIDDLE ROW: J. H. Harris, Padre; A. W. P. Johnson, 2/Lt.; E. Begg, Jr. Sub.; K. T. Tulloch, 2/Lt.; W. J. Gilbert, 2/Lt. (below); R. E. Sleight, Lt. Col., C.O.; I. L. Hutchison, 2/Lt.; L. Logan, 2/Lt.; O. A. Hughes, 2/Lt.; P. E. Rice, 2/Lt.; A. E. Raitt, 2/Lt.

BOTTOM ROW: A. T. Patterson, 2/Lt.; M. Smith, 2/Lt.; O. Cotteril, 2/Lt.; A. E. Hewstone, 2/Lt.; L. D. McGregor, 2/Lt.; L. J. Steel, Y.M.C.A.; E. H. Smith, 2/Lt.; R. Simmonds, 2/Lt.; W. J. More, 2/Lt.

RECLAIMED LAND.

An impossible place—mud everywhere, tin cans, dead cats, odd bits of old cars, all the miscellaneous rubbish of a city, strange smells, and rain! A picture of desolation framed in barbed wire. Some humorist had relieved the scene by sticking up Army notices declaring that the place was a "Prohibited Area"—as if any sane person would want to trespass there. An ideal spot for a concentration camp of the worst Nazi type.

Picking my way carefully through the mud, I was at last introduced to the C.O. He appeared to have been specially selected for the job, because he stood an off-chance of keeping head and shoulders above the mess. Here it was intended to establish an Ack Ack camp! Men were busy. W.A.A.C.'s had been sent home—the place was unfit to receive them.

The impossible was accomplished. Things began to take shape. Soon a truck could be driven on to the site without danger of being bogged. Wooden buildings sprang up everywhere. The estate agent could have made a great advertisement about modern conveniences, hot and cold, electric light, even gardens! Feminine voices at first sounded strange as they emerged from figures garbed in male battledress, but as soon as you got used to

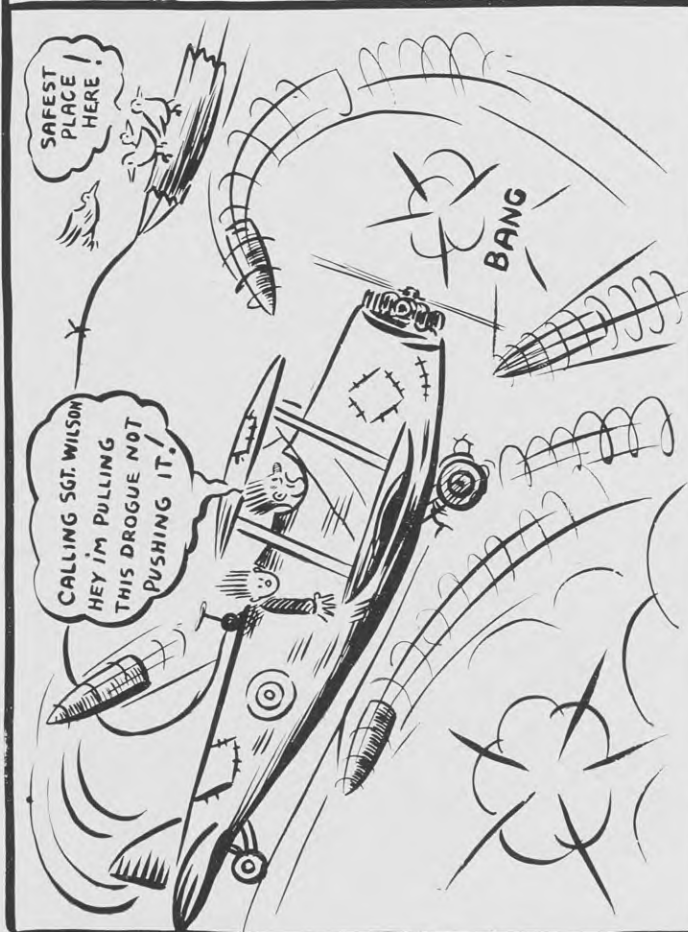
the dress you could settle down and feel at home. It was not long before the little god Cupid discovered that there was a job or two for him to do around the place, and he got busy. Already one has visions of some Darby and Joan returning in the years to come, forgetful that this place was once an unwholesome tip, seeing it as the spot where "Romance" ceased to be only a word for them.

Beyond the seas there are some who lived here for a time. We wish them luck in their efforts to reclaim land. Some of us may have the opportunity to join them before the mess is cleaned up. Well, we know that land can be reclaimed, and we'll see the job through to the end. Not only have we learned that land can be reclaimed and made to serve a useful purpose. We have also discovered that it is possible for men and women from very different walks of life to live together as comrades. After the war we'll stick together, comradeship and co-operation shall continue to reclaim land for a decent civilisation. So shall free men win the war. So shall free men win the peace. Once more will God look down on the earth that He made and see that it is good.

—Padre J. H. HARRIS.



GUESSING CONTEST AT THE WINTER SHOW.



THE HEAVY SHOOT.

GWA HENDERSON

WAAC—OH!!

We came, we saw, and marvelled
(And in thankfulness we cheered),
That army life had not been ruined
By WAAC's, as we had feared.
Their light and cheery chatter
(True, there are some that it would bore)
Has eased the irk of army life,
And the galling yoke of war
Keep us young and keep us happy
(Keep the charm we find so dear)
We've found much joy (and faulty cooking)
Since your arrival here.

DUNKIRK

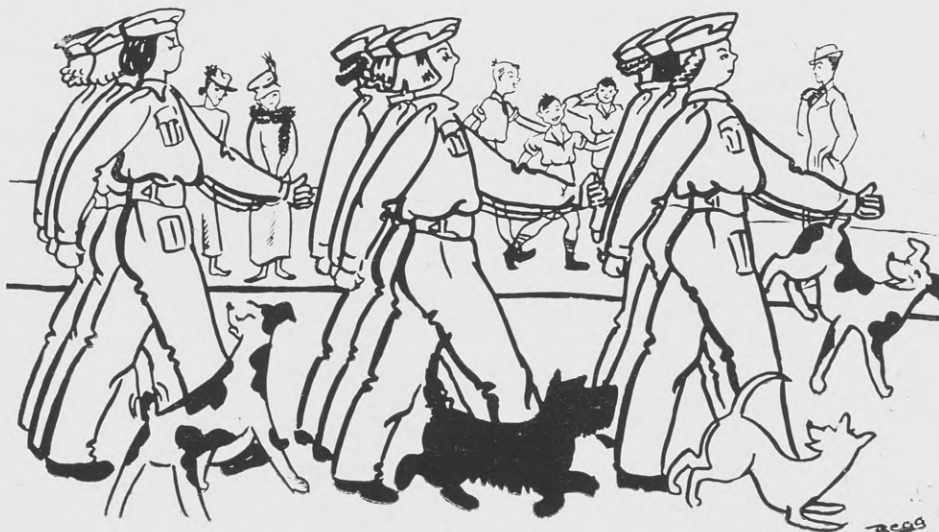
The pall of smoke has lifted
From Dunkirk's sandy shore,
And the sands of Time have drifted
O'er the awful trail of war;
But forever to Thy glory,
In eternal reverence,
We shall tell the story
Of Thy Divine deliverance.
Gnr. W. L. Colvin.

OUR GENTLE WAACS.

Their lives were gentle, sheltered, pure,
Their habits were refined,
Their training did not them inure
To Army life unkind.
Their thoughts were all of church and choir,
And sweetness filled their mind.
Are they not worthy of something higher
Than the ancient cakes the Y.M. find?
Gnr. W. L. Colvin.

THE OFFICERS' SHOOT.

Dunedin is a bonny town,
An' aye, we're havin' fun!
We even had some officers
A-shootin' o' the gun.
Singing, 'Here's luck, me hearties,
Here's luck to you,
Though we missed it last time,
Perhaps we'll hit it noo!'
They a' know a' the answers,
But just the same we hear
That Sergeant-major Vickerman
Was standing mighty near.
Singing, "Here's luck, me hearties," etc.
'Twas just as weel, for at the start
When first the gun went "bam!"
It soon was seen that Gunner Jim
Hadna' set the cam.
Singing, "Here's luck, me hearties," etc.
The Battery Commander
Was leader o' the gang,
An' to give his team encouragement
This was the song he sang:
Singing, "Here's luck, me hearties," etc.
Cried he, "Now hark, my trusties,
I've got some bonny news.
We're goin' to have the Colonel
A-settin' o' the fuze."
Singing, "Here's luck, me hearties," etc.
They bellowed every order;
They bellowed, "On Q.E."
They really tried to demonstrate
What gunners ought to be.
Singing, "Here's luck, me hearties," etc.
But though they struggled sternly
To make the pointers match,
The old red drogue just floated on
And didna' get a scratch.
Singing, "Here's luck, me hearties," etc.
—E. H. S.



WAAC—OH!

REGIMENTAL ROLL.

The following is the Roll of the 26th Composite A.A. Regiment:

A
ARNOLD, J. R. C., 2/Lt.
AUSTIN, C. W.
ABERCROMBIE, D. H.
ARMSTRONG, J. N., L/Sgt.
ALLEN, C. H.
APPLEGATE, C. G.
ALEXANDER, R. J., L/Bdr.
ANDERSON, R. D.
AMIES, S. S.
ASHTON, A.

B
BARTLETT, J. A., L/Sgt.
BELL, E. W.
BENNETT, T. A.
BUTEL, R. E.
BLOXHAM, N. L.
BATEMAN, R.
BARTON, C. F., L/Bdr.
BUCHANAN, W. C.
BIGGS, E. W., L/Bdr.
BEATTIE, A. J.
BRUCE, A. R.
BLAKELY, R. W.
BARLEY, T. L., 2/Lt.
BEADLE, E. A.
BURROW, E. R.
BROWNE, E. J., Cpl.
BROWN, A. H., L/Bdr.
BROOME, C. F.
BOOCK, E.
BRYANT, C.
BUNBURY, W.
BURROWS, W.
BELL, E. T.
BRAITHWAITE, R., L/Bdr.
BARRON, L. C.
BALLANTYNE, S. M.
BRAID, C.
BROWN, D. C.
BLOXHAM, D. L.
BENNETT, K. T.
BUSHBRIDGE, J.
BURROW, E. R.

C
CHALMERS, W. G.
COLLIE, S. F.
CUMMING, A. J., L/Bdr.
CUNNINGHAM, J., L/Sgt.
CRAW, L. D.
CONNOLLY, E.
COOMBES, R. L.
CLEMENTS, R. W.
CALDWELL, J. R., L/Sgt.
COTTON, J. L.
CROWE, T. E.
CROSLAND, W. G.
COOPER, E. R.
CROWLEY, D. W., Sgt.
CAMERON, S.
COSTER, D. G.
COTTERIL, O., 2/Lt.
COLVIN, W. L.
CHAPMAN, C., Capt.
CORSTON, C. G.
CAMERON, C. B.
COCKERILL, L. A.
CUFF, J. R.
CAVANAGH, V. G.
CLARKE, H. E., 2/Lt.

D
DREAYER, O. G., Bdr.
DICKSON, F. H., Bdr.
DAVIS, J. M.
DAVIS, E.
DOWELL, A. A.
DIXON, K. A., Bdr.
DICKSON, R. J. O., L/Sgt.
DICKSON, J. N.
DUTHIE, W. G.

DUN, R. J.
DALY, A. J.
DIGBY, J. M. C.

E
EDWARDS, G. L.
EASTON, J., Sgt.
ELLIS, N. M., 2/Lt.
ELMS, C.
EDRIDGE, W. C.
EASSON, A. T. E., L/Bdr.

F
FINDLATER, R., Sgt.
FULLER, E. L., Sgt.
FINKLE, C. S., L/Bdr.
FRASER, P.
FITCHETT, I. E., Sgt.
FORREST, K. L.
FLETT, H.
FLANAGAN, T. M., W.O. II.
FAIRBAIRN, A.
FAIRLEY, D. G.
FORRESTER, G.
FALCK, B. F., 2/Lt.
FERON, W. D.

G
GORTON, W.
GEORGE, P., W.O. I.
GRAHAM, K., Bdr.
GRAY, A. W., L/Sgt.
GAUDIN, R.
GARSIDE, J. R.
GRENFELL, R. E.
GILBERT, W. J., 2/Lt.
GRAY, M. O.
GIBB, R. G.
GILCHRIST, E. L.
GORDON, A. A., L/Bdr.
GUFFIE, C.
GRAVE, F. A.
GREIG, C. A.
GARDINER, I. D.
GARVAN, C. J.
GEORGE, P. W. L.
GRAY, C. G.
GRIFFITHS, A. C.

H
HARGREAVES, J., Sgt.
HOGLUND, J. R., L/Bdr.
HUGHES, O. A., 2/Lt.
HEWSTONE, A. E., 2/Lt.
HARDING, O.
HIRD, H. G., L/Bdr.
HELLYER, F. L., L/Bdr.
HANCOCK, A. W., L/Bdr.
HANCOCK, R., L/Bdr.
HENDERSON, G. A.
HENRY, D.
HAYES, J. G.
HESSELIN, D. A.
HARDING, D.
HARE, L. W.
HEDGES, A. J.
HARRIS, J. H., Padre.
HARRIS, W. J.
HUBBARD, L., Sgt.
HAZLETT, F., Sgt.
HUTCHISON, I. L., 2/Lt.
HAYDEN, C. J., 2/Lt.
HALBERG, V. C.
HERD, T.
HODGE, R. K., Sgt.
HANNING, W., 2/Lt.
HAND, J. H.
HART, E. K.
HERRIE, E. D.
HILL, E. R.
HOCKINGS, W.
HUME, C. D.
HUNTLEY, L. R.

HUGHES, A. M.
HARRAWAY, G.
HUNT, L/Bdr.

J
JOHNSON, J.
JOHNSTON, J. W.
JONES, B. O. S.
JOHNSTON, A. W. P., 2/Lt.
JONES, V. R., L/Bdr.

K
KENNEDY, J.
KEEN, J., W.O. II.
KELMAN, R. G.
KING, F., L/Bdr.
KIRBY, E. W. B.
KEEN, D.
KAY, A. R.
KIRBY, R. E.
KELMAN, E.
KENT, D. H.
KERR, R. E.
KNOX, W. W.
KINGSTON-SMITH, E.
KEAN, G. A. Sgt.
KIRK, J., S/Sgt.
KYDD, J. E.
KERR, C. L.
KIRBY, L. F.

L
LITTLEJOHN, I., Bdr.
LINDSAY, G. M.
LITTLE, R. G., 2/Lt.
LAPSLEY, J.
LAWRY, G. B., 2/Lt.
LUMSDEN, L., L/Bdr.
LITTLE, J.
LANG, M. B.
LONGWORTH, H.
LAPTHORNE, N. C.
LOW, H.
LEWIS, W. E.
LADBROOK, W.
LUSH, L. G.
LILLEY, S. G.
LENNOX, R.
LEYDEN, E. W.
LITTLER, W. H.
LARSEN, W. A., Sgt.
LEADER, V. J.

M
McNAUGHTON, I.
McTAGGART, J.
MULQUEEN, S. H.
MINCHER, S. E.
MASTERS, W. H., 2/Lt.
McARTHUR, J. A.
McCULLOCK, H. L.
MOONEY, T. B., L/Sgt.
MASON, B.
MASLIN, G. T.
MILES, L.
McDONALD, L.
McLAUGHLIN, L.
MITCHELL, D.
McCARTNEY, E.
MARTYN, P. K., Bdr.
MORE, W. J., 2/Lt.
MARTIN, A. C.
McKELVEY, W. B., L/Bdr.
MUNRO, L. D.
MURPHY, P. D., Bdr.
MILLER, D.
MILLS, H. M.
MARLOW, W., Sgt.
McGREGOR, L. I., 2/Lt.
McCARTNEY, P.
McCORMACK, T.
MAWHINNEY, G., Bdr.
McGREGOR, P.
MOULIN, F. J.
MARTIN, J.

MOWATT, E. W.
MACALE, T. G.
McALLAN, I. A.
McARTHUR, R. I.
McCORMICK, H. H.
McKINLAY, R. G.
McDOUGALL, J. F.
MILLARD, A. W.
MIDDLEMISS, A. R.

N
NEWTON, N. G.
NORTH, T. K., L/Bdr.
NISBET, E., Sgt.
NEWTON, F. W.

O
O'BRIEN, J. S.
O'BRIEN, D. W.
O'NEILL, W.
O'ROURKE, J. B.

P
PINFOLD, W. G., L/Bdr.
PENNINGTON, W. R.
PAUL, B. R., L/Bdr.
PATRICK, F.
POSKITT, R. W., Bdr.
PATTERSON, A. T., 2/Lt.
PARKER, J.
PARKYN, G. W.
PIPER, F. W., Bdr.
PETTITT, H.
PRATTLEY, G.
PEARCE, E., S/Sgt.
PEART, W. W.

Q
QUIN, E. V.

R
RYAN, M.
RYAN, W. T., Bdr.
RICE, P. E., 2/Lt.
ROBERTS, J. M.
ROGER, A. J.
RODGER, J. H., S/M.
RAWLINSON, C. J., 2/Lt.
ROBERTS, C., Sgt.
REID, T.
RAITT, A. E., 2/Lt.
ROBERTSON, A.
RANDLE, J. T.
RAMSAY, B. A.
REES, W.
ROBERTS, G.
RAE, E. W.
RHODES, J. I.
ROBINSON, A. C., 2/Lt.
REMNAINT, N. L.
RIDDICK, J. S.
RODGERSON, J. M.
ROBERTSON, W. J.

S
SLEICH, R. E., Lt. Col.
SMITHIES, H.
SLIGO, W. F., Sgt.
SMITH, R. J., Sgt.
SMITH, T. A.
SMYLIE, D. T.
SIMPSON, G. G.
SIMPSON, A., Bdr.
SCULLY, A., Bdr.
SKERRETT, G. H. C.
SMITH, J. B.
STRATHERN, R. D.
SUTHERLAND, R. F.
STEVENS, C., 2/Lt.
STURGEON, F.
SAVIGNY, R. P.
SIMONS, R. H., 2/Lt.
SMITH, E. H., 2/Lt.
SUMPTER, G. H., 2/Lt.
SMITH, M., 2/Lt.
SNOWDEN, R., L/Bdr.

SNOOK, W. A.
SAMSON, B. J.
SIM, J. R., L/Bdr.
SMITH, D. G.
SIMMONDS, R. H.
SCULLY, J.
STEPHEN, D. J.
STANAWAY, M. J.
STANLEY, A. E.
SWETE, E. S., 2/Lt.

T

THOMAS, E., Bdr.
THOMSON, H. A., Bdr.
TORRANCE, W., S/Sgt.
THOMSON, W., 2/Lt.
TULLOCH, K. T., 2/Lt.
THOMSON, D.
TAYLOR, W. A.
TRAYNOR, R. P.
THOMSON, W. McK.
TOP, F. A.
THOMPSON, J. H.
THURLOW, W. F.
TOMLINSON, A.
TREVATHAN, T.
TAYLOR, A. W. H.
TAYLOR, M. B.

U

UNDRILL, O. S., 2/Lt.

W

WOODS, J. E.
WHITAKER, I., Bdr.
WATSON, A. L.
WINDER, D. E.
WILLIAMS, M. L.
WHITE, J. H., 2/Lt.
WINDER, J. R.
WILLIAMS, A. E.
WALLACE, W. D.
WOHLERS, H. N.
WISE, A., Bdr.
WILLIAMS, G., 2/Lt.
WILSON, M. E.
WILLIAMS, G., Sgt.
WILLIAMS, C. R., 2/Lt.
WILKINSON, E.
WILLIAMS, A., Bdr.
WEBB, F., L/Bdr.
WEST, N. J.
WALKER, B.
WILL, J.
WILLIAMSON, A.
WITHINGTON, W.
WINSTANLEY, G.
WATSON, R. M.
WATSON, A. J.
WATTS, W. R.
WEST, D. L.

Y

YOUNG, R.

W.A.A.C.'s

A

AULD, E. P.
AITKEN, V.
ALLAN, M.
ANTHONY, F.
ARMITAGE, B.
ANDERSON, J. A., L/Bdr.
ANDREW, N. O.
ARNOLD, A. S.
ARUNDEL, D.

B

BARNETT, E., Bdr.
BARNETT, L.
BEATTIE, M., Sgt.
BAMBERY, D.
BALLAM, F.
BRICE, E.
BAMBERY, H.
BAKER, S.
BROWN, E. M.
BOOTH, B. A.
BEGG, E., Jnr. Sub.
BARTLETT, A. T.
BECK, L. F.
BROWN, J. M.
BROWN, M. M.
BUCKINGHAM, P. M.

C

CUTHILL, L.
CURRIE, E.
CUMMING, N.
CRAWFORD, M., L/Bdr.
CAHILL, D.
CAIRNS, I.
CAMPBELL, M. I.
CONNELLY, M.
COLLINGS, L.
CONNELL, E.
CURNO, E. M., L/Bdr.
COLLIER, J., Sgt.
CHERRY, M.
CHAPMAN, M.
COBURN, M. J.

D

DOWIE, L.
DICKSON, Q. M., Sgt.
D'OW, E.
DICKSON, I.
DAVEY, M.
DYER, M.
DAVIDSON, M.
DICKY, J.
DICK, N. M.
DRYDEN, I. B.

E

ELLIS, G.

F

FOX, H.
FERGUSON, M.
FINDLAY, U.
FLETCHER, R., Sgt.
FAIRBURN, M. N.

FALLOON, J.
FLANNERY, E. P.
FORD, J. E.

G

GRANT, U.
GENGE, J.
GREENALL, D.
GIBBS, A. S.
GRIFFITHS, A.

H

HARROW, W. M.
HUNTER, R., L/Bdr.
HENDERSON, D.
HEWITT, W.
HALL, A.
HANSEN, B., L/Bdr.
HACKETT, M.
HOUGH, E.

J

JACK, D. R.
JOHNSON, I.
JOHNSTON, M. G.
JOYCE, E. M.

K

KANE, M.
KENNEDY, L.
KING, H.
KEADY, J.
KELLY, J., L/Bdr.
KIRKNESS, M.

L

LOWTHER, E.
LAW, C.
LONG, J., L/Bdr.
LECKIE, I.
LYMBURN, J.
LAWRIE, E.
LAING, F.
LOMAS, A. Y.
LOOMES, P. M.

M

McKEICH, A.
McKERROW, L. J.
McKEWAN, M.
MILLER, M. D.
McKINNON, K. J., Sgt.
MOYNIHAN, E. M., Sgt.
MAZEY, O. J., L/Bdr.
McDONALD, P.
McINTYRE, M.
MAXWELL, O. G.
McKINNON, M.
McDONALD, N. E.
McGREGOR, A.
MORRISON, M. L.
McFARLANE, J.
McAUGHTRIE, L.
MILLER, L.
MORRISON, R. B.
MILLER, M.
McCRORIE, B.
MATHIESON, G.
McFIE, J. V.

McCLINTOCH, J.
McKENZIE, L. A.
MORRISON, M. J. S.
MUIR, J. C.

N

NEWTON, N.
NEWLANDS, M.
NICHOL, A., Bdr.
NICHOL, T. R., L/Bdr.
NEWSOME, J., L/Bdr.
NELSON, J. F.
NITSCHKE, E. E.

O

OSBORNE, V. L.
OGILVIE, J. B.
O'FEE, E.

P

PETERS, M. H., L/Bdr.
PALMER, M.
PRIMATE, M.
PATERSON, W.
PEEK, M.
PENMAN, B. C.

R

RICHARDS, E. F.
REID, A. J.
REID, A. A.
ROBERTSON, E.
ROUGH, D.
RICHARDS, E. F.

S

STONYER, P.
SPRAGUE, I.
SLIGHT, J.
STRANGMAN, L.
STEWART, E.
SMITH, J.
SHERWIN, M., L/Bdr.
STEWART, D.
SMITH, A. W.
SMITH, M. B.

T

TURNBULL, M.
TILLEYSHORT, S.
THOUMINE, E. G.

W

WATERS, M.
WILSON, P. M., Sgt.
WINGHAM, A.
WARREN, E. A.
WILSON, N. S., Sgt.
WALKER, I.
WATTS, J. D.
WYATT, D. E.
WHELAN, M.
WINDLER, J., L/Bdr.
WILSON, K. J.
WEAR, G. M.
WARDEN, M.
WHITE, D.

Y

YOUNG, D.



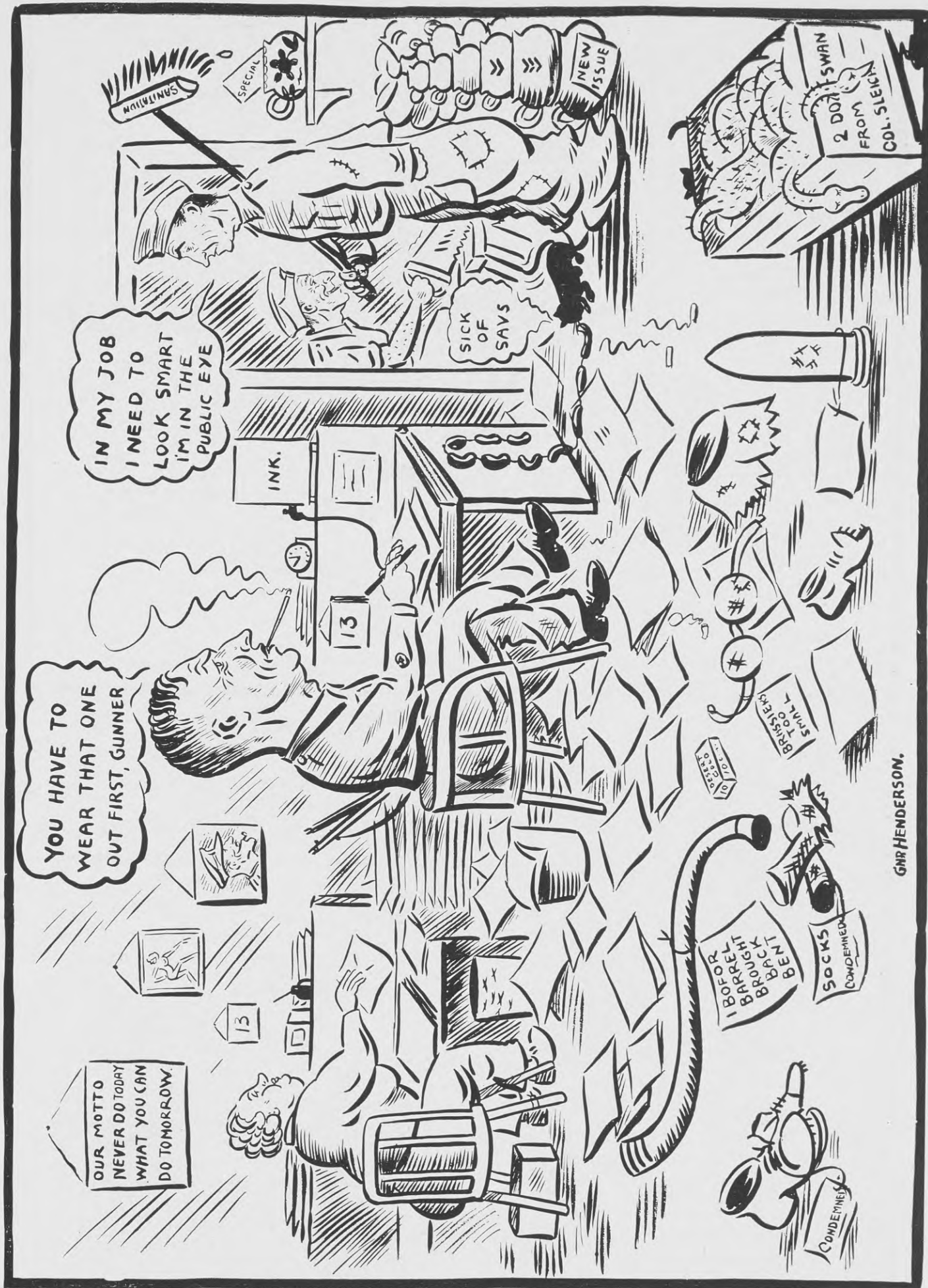
W. Kilner (Capt.), J. H. White (2/Lieut.), J. R. C. Arnold (2/Lieut.)

Gene S. Henderson

HEADQUARTERS ON PARADE.



THE "CRACKS" DO THEIR STUFF.



DAILY SCENE IN OUR Q.M. OFFICE.

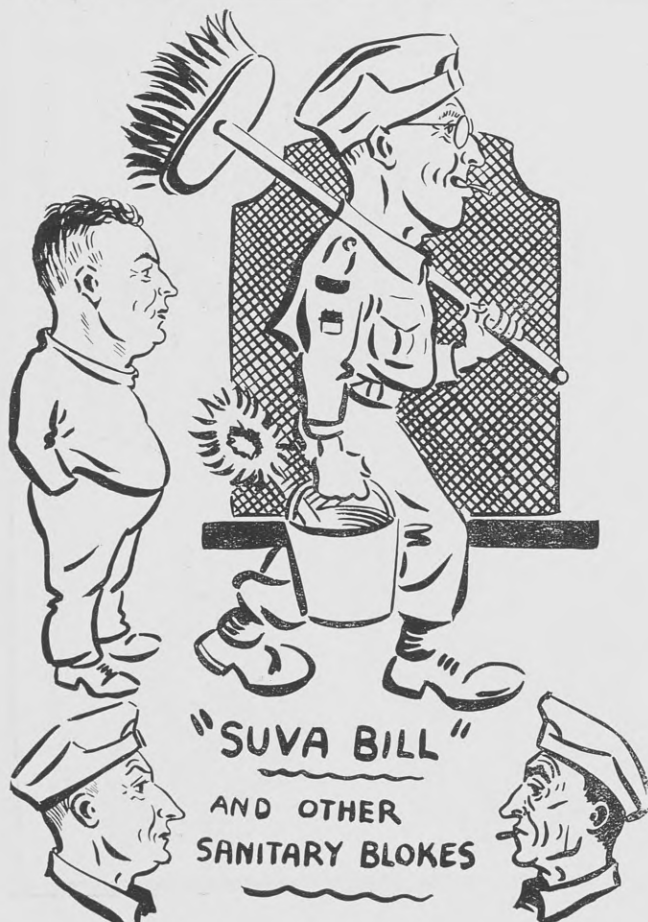


ANCIENT AND MODERN.

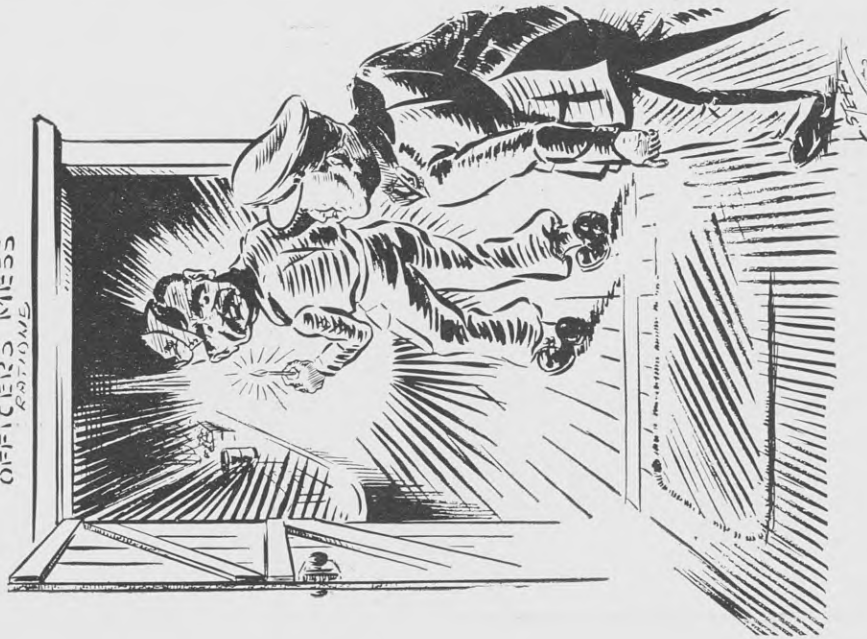
In far-off, ancient days
 War was a simple and direct affair
 Of foot and cavalry,
 Of lance and plume, of pike and sword;
 When knight fought knight
 And lord fought lord
 In highest chivalry.
 And then, when war was waged,
 The young, the weak, infirm and aged
 Remained inviolate,
 And only willing lips in lovers' bower
 Fell victim to the victor's power.

Now, to the increased tempo of our age,
 War is a glutton, civilian-fed,
 Murder-mad, metal-cased,
 Whose blister-gas and flame and shell
 Makes for man, with man's invention,
 A vain, temporal hell
 Of pain and waste.
 Now, the price of war is read
 Not by the piles of martial dead
 But of slaughtered innocents,
 And the only brilliance in the war-spun skein
 Comes from the tresses of the aged slain.

Gnr. W. L. Colvin.



OFFICERS' MESS
RATIONS



"But, Sir—I was only looking
for a match to light my fag!"

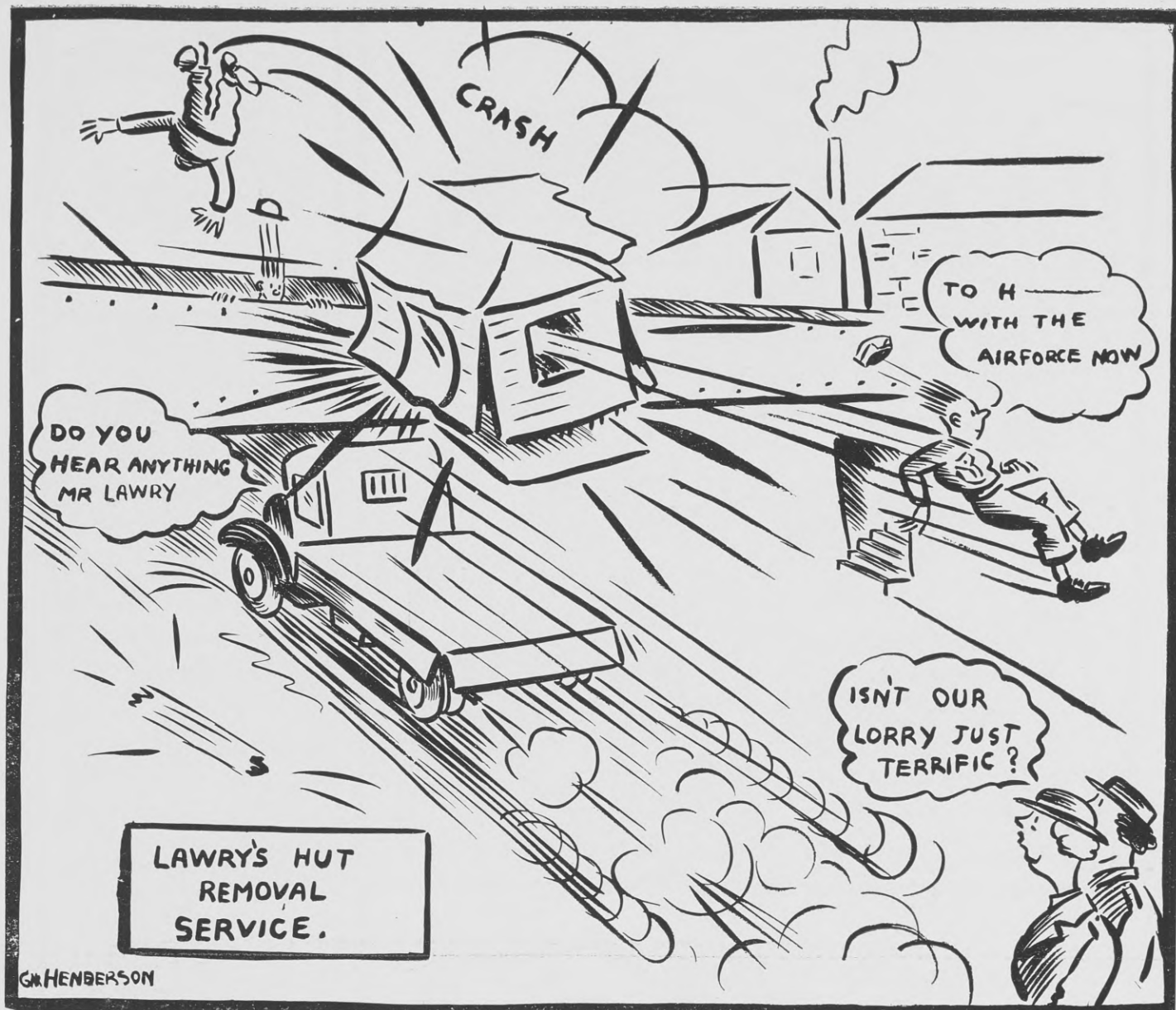


C.O. GOES CHIROPRACTIC.



HENDERSON

MOSSEY'S BLOOMER



" 3 sick, 4 light duties,
2 sanitary, 9 guard,
14 furlough, otherwise
all present and correct,
Sir ! "



MAN-POWER WEEK
IN THE ADJUTANT'S
OFFICE.



Hutch's Tape Worm is
on the Ration Strength,
too!



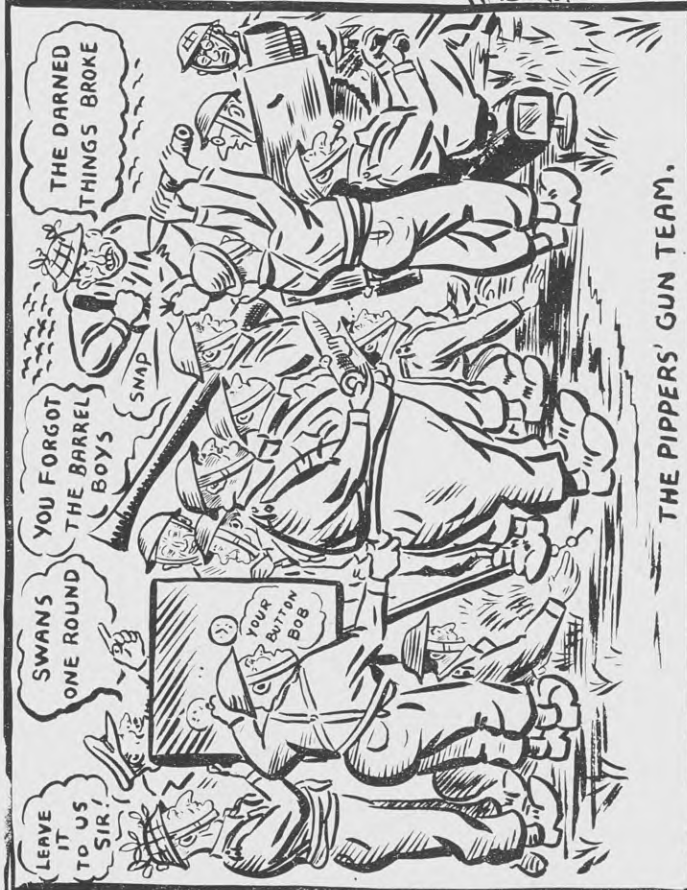
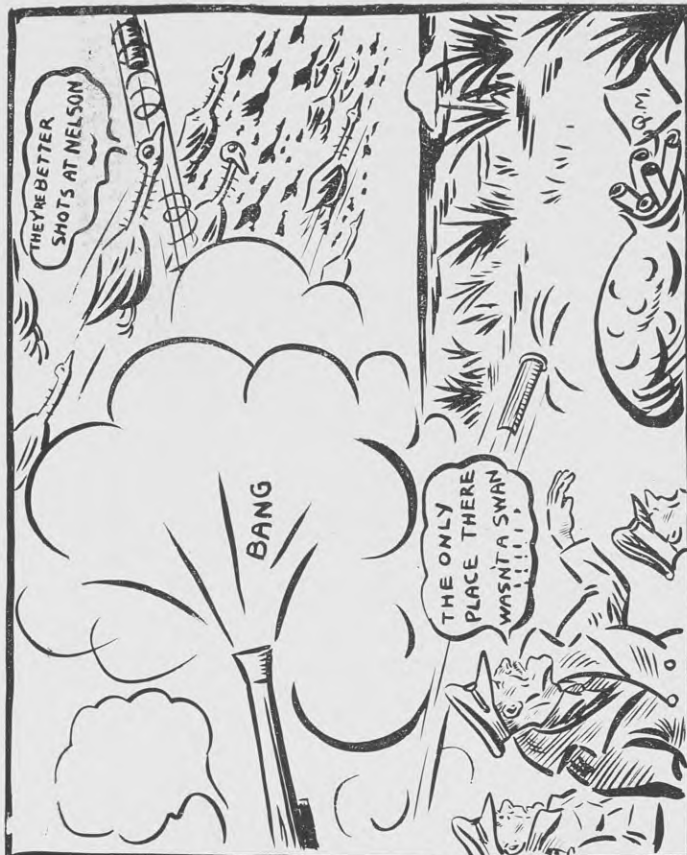
POSSIBLE PROBLEMS
OF OUR TRANSPORT
SARGE WHILE TEACHING
WAACS TO DRIVE!



IT HAPPENED IN THE M.I.R.

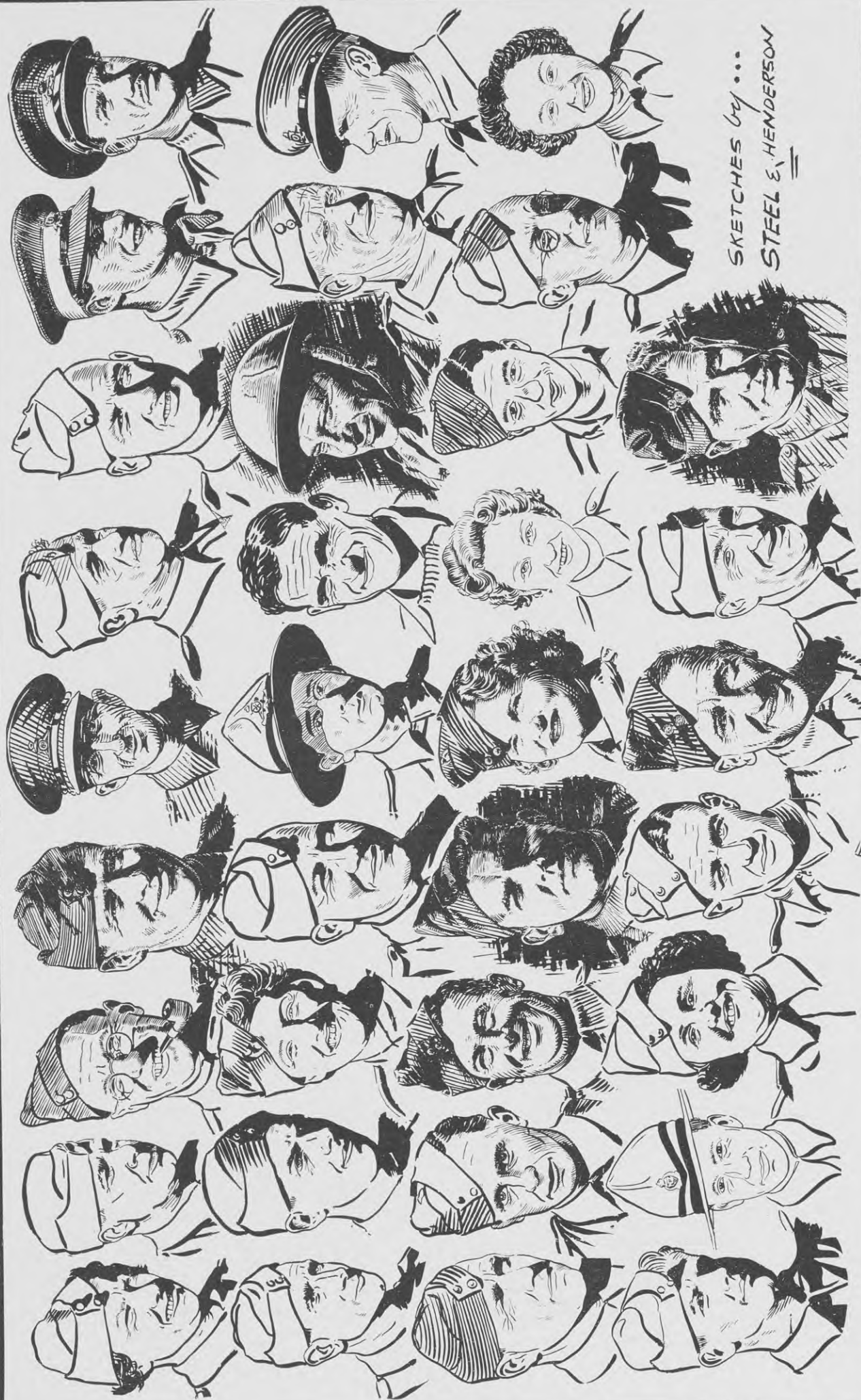


PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, MAN, THERE'S WORK TO DO.



LIGHT'S SHOOT—or, Y.M.C.A. PICNIC AT THE BEACH?

SERGEANTS' MESS.



TOP ROW: J. A. Anderson; J. A. Bartlett; J. N. Armstrong; J. H. Rodger, S/M.; P. George, W.O. I; T. M. Flanagan, W.O. II; A. W. Gray; R. A. Cobhill, W.O. II, R.A.; F. Vickerman, W.O. II, R.A.

SECOND ROW: R. J. O. Dickson; J. Kirk, S/Sgt.; N. S. Wilson; E. L. Fuller; W. Crainfield; E. Nisbet, W. Marlow; R. K. Hodge; J. Keen, W.O. II.

THIRD ROW: G. A. Kean; R. Findlater; E. Pearce; J. Cunningham; —Dickson, Q.M.; J. Collier; J. Easton; D. W. Crowley; R. Fletcher.

BOTTOM ROW: W. A. Larsen; G. Williams; P. M. Wilson; T. B. Mooney; W. Torrance, S/Sgt.; F. Hazlett; C. Roberts.

RAID ON DUNEDIN—"ALL THEIR PLANES RETURNED SAFELY."

It is October 18, 1965.

In Army Headquarters, somewhere in New Zealand, confusion reigns supreme. The sanctum has been disturbed. Colonels and majors, rudely awakened from their mid-day nap, rush hither and yon, brushing the sleep from their bleary eyes. The soft thud of slippers rises to a roar like distant thunder. Doormats, wrenched from their age-old moorings, drift about like leaves on the April wind. New Zealand is on the alert.

Somewhere, out in the waste of waters, a lonely sailor, perched on the top of a pitching mast, has sighted something suspicious moving in the darkness. The warning, dashed off immediately on the ship's wireless, has gradually come to the Dominion, and now, after passing through the outer chambers, has at last reached the sanctum of the most high. The show is on. Somewhere in the labyrinth of offices a diligent officer races to the phone, rings Army Signals, and puts through an urgent call to the city of the south. After an hour and a-half, during which he has short but interesting conversations with the City Dyeworks, Arthur Barnett's, and a certain Mrs Henry Brown, Jnr, he contacts the local A.A. Regiment, and the defences of Dunedin spring into sudden life.

The Colonel, for the sixth consecutive flap of the war, is absent on duty. But Sergt. Cunningham, as good a driver as ever in spite of his failing health and fourteen children, is off the mark in AS 22,560,284, and brings the Colonel in past the place where the guard used to be. He is lowered into his waiting bath-chair, and immediately orders the leave to be cut down to 75 per cent.

By now, the shades of night are falling fast. Through the twilight appears the figure of the Adjutant, moving stealthily with a Tommy-gun poised at the ready under each arm. From beyond him, on the parade ground, comes the snarl of grinding gears as Mr Masters, his beard entangling itself in the gear-lever, gets in some feverish last-minute practice at handling a gun-tractor. The whole scene is one of great efficiency, and only by the determined looks and clenched teeth of officers and men would one guess that they were the actors in a mighty drama of life and death. The fact of the danger

overshadowing the town is kept a close secret, but if the citizens of Dunedin were only privileged to see the camp and to sense the atmosphere within it, they would sleep secure in the belief that their safety lay in the hands of valiant men.

At this moment, a patrol plane of the ever-watchful R.N.Z.A.F. roars over the city, and the whole of the populace, as if in some strange manner the secret of the threat has become known, crowds off the pavement on to the roadway and gazes upwards.

As the darkness grows murkier, the network of radio-location stations scattered over the suburbs and harbour comes into action, and invisible fingers of radio begin to probe the hidden mysteries of the ether. Though the rest of the defence mechanism seems to slumber, these nerve-centres are ever-watchful. If once the telephone should ring on the line connecting these stations, the whole of the Regiment will leap out of bed and into life. While all others sleep, the radio-location operators toil on, their knitting growing longer and longer as the watches of the night crawl by.

Suddenly, like the knell of doom, the bell tinkles. From a score of beds the officers come tumbling. A score of ears are glued to receivers and a score of hearts beat faster. The lions are poised for the kill. They listen with bated breath as the voice of the W.A.A.C. operator comes over the line:

"Could you tell me what the time is, please? I'm sure it must be time for the next shift."

Slowly and wearily the officers lower their heavy limbs back on to their downy couches. But hardly have they begun to dream of the days when they will all be colonels before the bell rings again. No mistake this time. A target is sighted. The alarm is sounded, and the camp re-echoes to the sound of frantic hooves as the Regiment goes into action. This is the time they have been waiting for. This is the culmination of the long, weary years of training. The time has come for the taking of blood!

First, the guns must be lined up. Men on all sides work feverishly till the cold sweat—purely from their terrific exertion—pours from their brows. As they toil, the sound of the plane comes to their ears, stimulating them to

still greater efforts. The Colonel leaps from his bath-chair—throwing off the weight of his years in an instant—to spur them on. The plane has now dropped its bombs, and passes over the gun-site on its journey back to the waiting mother ship.

With a mighty flash and a roar like the end of all time, the guns are fired. A lonely seagull, caught, perchance, by a shell a few feet from the mouth of a gun, drops to earth—a blood-stained collection of scattered feathers. The shells burst behind the plane, helping to speed its homeward flight, and the cheers of the gunners resound through the air as they see that the coward has fled. Only the light gunners are silent as they speed along the Peninsula roads behind their tractors, seeking to bring the target within range and drive it beyond the coast.

Down into the very gunpit itself floats lightly a white feather spotted with dripping red, the vivid token of an innocent, harmless bird, brought by fatal and inscrutable chance into the bloody doings of mankind.

--SPARKS.

THE DAY'S PLAY.

- 0630 Reveille: "Christians Awake!"
- 0730 Breakfast: "Meekly Wait and Murmur Not."
- 0815 Officers' Parade: "When He Cometh."
- 0900 Route March: "Art Thou Weary, Art Thou Languid?"
- 0930 Manoeuvres: "Fight the Good Fight."
- 1130 Physical Training: "Here We Suffer Grief and Pain."
- 1215 Lunch: "O, Come All Ye Faithful."
- 1315 Rifle Drill: "Go, Labour On."
- 1415 Lecture: "Tell Me the Same Old Story."
- 1630 Dismiss: "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow."
- 1730 Dinner: "What Means This Eager Anxious Throng?"
- 1800 Free For The Day: "O Lord, How Happy We Shall Be."
- 1930 Absent Without Leave: "We May Not Know, We Cannot Tell."
- 2000 Last Post: "All Are Safely Gathered In."
- 2015 Lights Out: "Peace, Perfect Peace."
- 2030 Inspection of the Guard: "Sleep On, Beloved."
- 2100 Night Manoeuvres: "The Day Thou Gavest Lord Is Ended."

SENIOR
COMMANDER
IRWIN
INSPECTS
COMFORTS OF
W.A.A.C.'s



THE CARTOONIST AT WORK—A STUDY IN PSYCHOLOGY.

I thought I would drop in and see George.

George is the cartoonist—the bloke who did most of the sketches for this magazine. As I stepped into the hut he was just putting a cigarette into his mouth. “Gotta match?” he says. “Darned if I can find mine. Must be about somewhere.” There were three boxes behind his elbow.

He was sitting at a table. At one end of it was a neat pile of military diagrams and a pair of soccer boots—the rest of it looked like a snowstorm. I could see a sketch of myself in the middle of it—a nose like a carrot with a pair of glasses on it.

“I’m knocking off smoking,” said George. “Can’t be good for a man. Got any advice?”

“Sure I have. I’ve knocked off at least thirty times myself.” I pulled a packet out of my pocket and lit up. George had finished his by now, so he had one, too. He didn’t seem interested in my advice. As he was talking, he idly did a sketch of the Colonel standing on his head. The Colonel was standing on his head, I mean, not George. That’s George’s hobby, doing sketches of the Colonel. He does them when he’s resting. He changed the pencil from one hand to the other, then back again. “Fair cow sometimes,” he said, “deciding which hand to draw with. Ever get that way?”

“No,” said I. “Never.”

“See the game on Saturday?” he asks. “They tell me the Army fixes it up if you get hurt. I’ll be able to go for it next time.”

“Good Lord,” said I. He shot four goals last Saturday. Sounded pretty good for the rest of the competition.

“Where’s my hat?” said George, burrowing under the mountain of paper. “Must be about somewhere.”

“There you are. You were sitting on it.”

“Be back in a sec,” he said, darting out of the door. He was, too. “Had to go and ask the M.O. to take his hat off,” he explained. “Where’s my brush? Must be about somewhere.” He burrowed into the snow again,

“It’s stuck on your ear,” I said.

Just then Gunner — walked past the window. I couldn’t help following her with my eyes. George looked up. “Not much of a face, that,” he says.

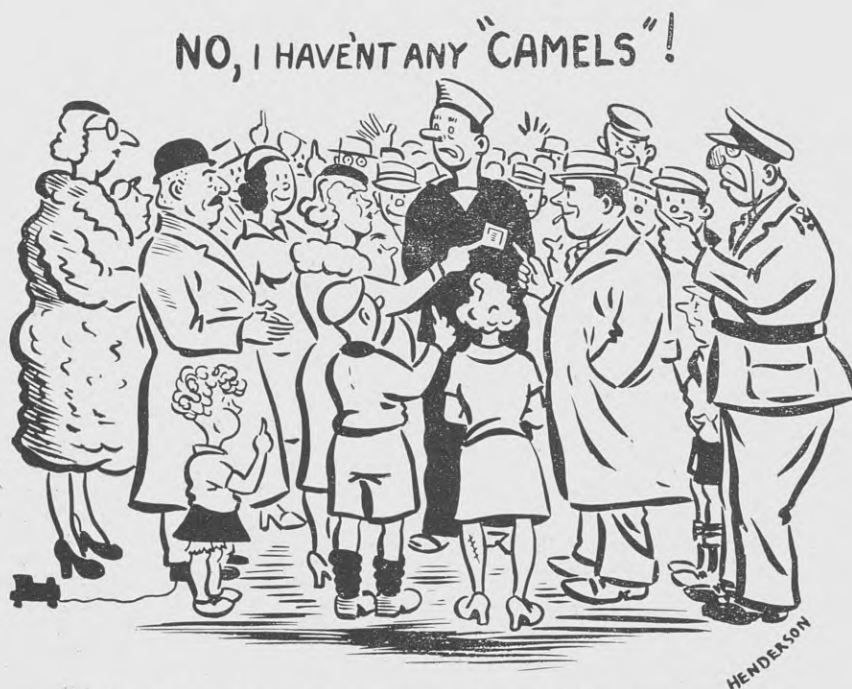
“Heavens,” said I. “She must be the prettiest girl in the camp.”

“That’s the trouble,” he explained. “Nothing to take off about her. Now, if she had a hooked nose, or a double chin, or glass eye, or something, she’d be O.K. Very poor face, that!”

“Gotta smoke?” he asked, a few minutes



GUNNER G. HENDERSON.



THE U.S. SAILORS (?) WERE VERY POPULAR.

later. I gave him one. "I'm knocking off smoking. Can't do a man any good."

"I know," I said. "You told me before."

"Gotta match?" he said. "Darned if I can find my matches. Must be about somewhere."

I handed him a box. He lit up and put it in his pocket.

"What does Jack Cunningham say?" he said, suddenly. I look at him. "Good Lord!" I said. "When?"

"Anytime," he says. "You know—I want some saying of his. Some silly expression or other." He thought for a minute. "It's O.K. I've got it."

I looked over his shoulder. He was putting

the finishing touches to a cat. "What do you think of that?" he said. "That's funny, isn't it?"

I looked at his face. It was so serious you would have thought he was conducting a post mortem. I looked at the sketch. Yes, it was funny. I wanted to laugh, but with George looking like that I was too scared to.

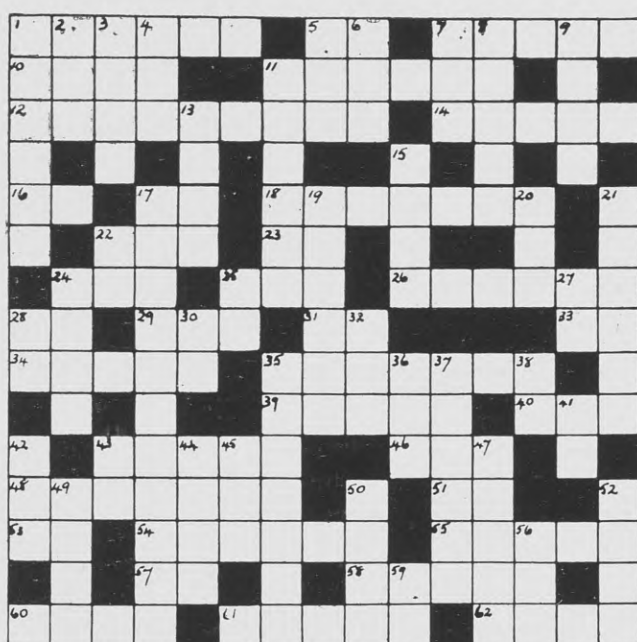
"Yes," I said. "That is funny. Damned funny."

"That's good," he said. "I get worried stiff over these things. Think I must be too serious about them."

He settled down to work again. Quietly I crept to the door, stepped out, and gently shut it.

—SPARKS.

OUR CROSSWORD.



CLUES.

DOWN.

1. The answer to a Waac's prayer without the "son" at the end.
2. The Officers would like us to treat them with this.
3. The Yanks have these for breakfast.
4. The ruin of many a good soldier.
5. Draw this from the Q.M. store on Saturday mornings.
6. She started all worldly troubles.
7. One of the signs used in 19 down.

8. Shells do this.

(Jumbled)

9. Opposite of difficulty.
11. The Regiment is high in this.
13. Search, scrutinise.
15. Supplied by the Patriotic.
17. Mr Lawry's pet toy.
19. As good a method of forecasting target positions as some we use.
20. Heavy Ack Ack.
21. The long-legged swamp-hen.
22. An Officer's title (to his face).
24. A fine fellow, this man.

25. Abbreviation for the most common Christian name.
27. Court Martial (abbr.).
28. An unsoldierly thing to say when you hit your thumb with a hammer.
30. Secret Service (abbr.).
32. Pixie.
35. Keep this book and you will have one.
36. Plymouth, Westward, or Dutch.
37. Nazi synthetic.
38. Requescat in Pace (abbr. and without "I").
41. Use Lifebuoy.
42. Bren Carriers and like vehicles (abbr.).
43. Towards, near, by.
44. The M.I.R. can fix this.
45. To move quickly as in "Detachments Rear."
47. Belonging to them.
49. Eats metal.
50. Navy Waac's
52. A mongrel dog.
56. A lot of us will be members of this after the war.
59. The initials of a Sleepwell expert.

ACROSS.

1. We do this at least twice a day.
5. Yours truly.
7. German Revolver.
10. Over the fence (Army abbr.).
11. Sunday's big event.
12. Instrument for identifying aircraft.
14. Describes little but means much.
16. Our current affairs authority.
17. We should get this before our furlough.
18. Officers use this term to impress gunners.
22. The rank and file.
23. Liaison Officer (ab.).
24. The big pea—even bigger than the colonel.
25. A lot of our men are—most of our Waac's want to be.
26. Our type of Guns.
28. Our youngest officer (initials).
29. The rank of the ever-popular Phil.
31. That is (abbr.).
33. We like her cooking better than the WAAC's.
34. Happy little things.
35. French unhappiness.
39. Force (jumbled).
40. Slang abbreviation for Infantry.
43. "Chins up, fellows" in this.
46. Establishment (army abbr.).
48. Army name for a wearying and often unpleasant task.
51. An ejaculation—but not the Colonel's favourite one.
53. Our army's highest decoration.
54. Miss Begg requires that we address each other with this title.
55. How does his fiancée get leave and furlough at the same time as he does?
57. Goes off with a bang
58. Hitlerised Huns.
60. An overworked and harassed man.
61. Not tight—except when one is on it.
62. A garden tool.



ON A SUNNY TROPIC ISLE.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Question: Have you seen anything of a big yellow dog?—Sgt. Smith.

Answer: No, we definitely have seen no sign or trace whatever of your big yellow dog.

Question: Have you found the answer to the Ack Ack problem?—2nd Lieut.

Answer: Don't be silly.

Question: Why is Mr Hewston always so busy?—“Gunner.”

Answer: Because he has so much to do.

Question: Is the Bofors a light automatic rifle or a sub-machine gun?—“H.O.”

Answer: On approaching Capt. Chapman, Mr Masters and Sgt.-Major Rogers for an official answer to your question, we were treated with ridicule. We suggest, however, that the Bofors would not be of very much use against subs, and therefore it is probably a light automatic rifle.

Question: What HAS the Quartermaster got in his store?—“Haven't got any.”

Answer: Files and papers for keeping check on the other files and papers in his store.

Question: If a plane is flying at 15,000 feet on bearing 230 at a slant range of 7536 yards at a speed of 600 M.P.H., what would be the deflections if it looped the loop?—“Gunnery Student.”

Answer: The Infantry could do with men like you.

Question: My daughter, aged 21, wishes to join the WAAC's. Would you advise me whether I should let her do so?—“Mother of Six.”

Answer: If you would be so good as to send us a photo, we will give the matter the serious attention it deserves. The general standard of WAAC's could do with some improvement. You could also enclose a photo of the other five.

Question: I sometimes feel like going A.W.O.L. Are there any places where I can get through the fence?—Gnr. Stewart.

Answer: Good Lord!

—SPARKS.

TARGET FOR TO-DAY—CONFESSIONS OF AN AMATEUR DROGUE.

This is going to be one of those confession stories. I haven't told anyone before, but I can't keep the darned thing on my conscience all my life.

It occurred like this. We happen to have borrowed a plane from the Air Force, so that it can fly round while we practise taking shots at it. It's a swell idea, don't you think? One after the other, everyone of importance in the camp takes a trip in it, starting from the officers and working down to the less important blokes like me. Then they walk round sticking out their chests, saying how good they are. Now it's my turn.

I'm not so keen. I get sick in anything—a boat, a train, a car—darned near on a push-bike. I'm O.K. when I'm walking. And after watching those blokes up in the air I decide there ain't no future in this flying business. And what's the use of taking on something without a future, especially when you're the world's champion Jonah.

Anyway, I say I'll go up all right. You can't very well back out, and if other blokes go around sticking out their chests in front of the W.A.A.C.'s, why can't I?

When we get out to Taieri, there is the plane all waiting for us. It always says that in the books, and it must be right. I think it is a sort of a dodge to make sure you can't change your mind. It isn't one of these modern stream-lined things. It seems to me more like a lot of packing cases tied together with bits of wire. Anyway, it looks like the thing that has been flying around camp, so I guess it must go all right.

The pilot gets us to sign a document about going at our own risk or something. There is another chap going up with me as passenger, too, so we both sign it. The pilot laughs. "I don't know what they make you sign that thing for," he says. "If anything happens when we're up high, then I guess we'll get down all right, and if anything happens down low—well, I reckon that won't be much use to you. Ha! Ha!"

"Ha! Ha!" says the other chap.

"Ha! Ha!" says me—not very loud. Maybe I haven't got a sense of humour.

The pilot says the back seat is the worst. We toss for seats. I climb into the back. The

other chap sits facing me, looking right at me. For some reason or other, I don't like that.

It's not what you would call a comfortable seat. Just a little canvas thing stuck up in a lot of girders. There is a bit of rope tied to one of them and that is for me to hold on to. I grab it and wind it round my wrist a few times to make sure. I'm stuck up on my parachute with my head looking out over the top. I guess I should get a good view. Then the plane starts tearing across the ground to take off. A gale hits me in the face and nearly blows my head off. I crouch down, bent over in half, so that the draught just collects me above the eyes. The parachute straps cut into my shoulders and nearly choke me. My lumbago starts yelling out about the way I've bent my back up. Then my goggles, which have a nose piece on them, nearly suffocate me. I try to fix them up with the hand not hanging on to the rope, and they fall over my nose.. The nose piece falls into my mouth. Every now and then I lift my head a quarter of an inch so that I can see over the side.

Up we go to 12,000 feet. It's swell up here. The town is away below us and all the harbour and Peninsula, just as you see it on a map. This is great. I do my best to gaze at it for a while—if you can call it gazing out of the corner of one eye. I'm still gazing when we go into a patch of cloud. When we come out I'm looking right at the sea. Hell, that's funny. The other chap is laughing at me. Then I wake up—we turned round in that cloud. I look over the other side and sure enough there is Dunedin, just like it was before.

After about 20 minutes, I begin to get a bit tired of Dunedin. This flying is a good thing, you know, but a man can't sit looking at a map for half an hour and still like it. And we don't seem to be getting anywhere—just going backwards and forwards. It's getting pretty cold, too. It starts at both ends of me at once and works in to the middle. My legs turn into stone, my hands go a delicate shade of purple, and my back starts freezing into a permanent stoop. My teeth start to chatter and I begin to shiver. Every time I shiver my goggles fall over my mouth. When I get them back up again they are fogged so I can't see out of them.

Then we go down. Not gently, but all of a sudden, from 12,000 feet down to 100. The wires whistle and everything rattles. I start thinking all the nails will come out. (Maybe they don't use nails on these things.) Everything roars and whistles and screams as if it is going hysterical. I just about am. The gale is nearly scalping me, so I duck down a bit further, heaven knows how. Then all of a sudden we flatten out—everything except me. For a second I think I'm going to keep going down—through the bottom of the plane. But the plane drags me after it, with my stomach close behind.

Then the pilot does some of this low-flying stuff. It's great, that stuff—if you like it. As he leap-frogs over a factory chimney, something hits me in the back of the throat. I think it is my breakfast. Next minute I am sure it is—I can see it with my own eyes.

All Dunedin seems to have got mixed up. One second I see the Gasworks, the next I'm getting a new angle on Queen's Gardens. Next I see the deck of a ship at the wharf tearing past, next the Gasworks again, next Knox Church. It's crazy—like Irish stew. Hell—what made me think of stew?

My stomach does a spell of hard work, then has a rest, then comes back at it like a tiger. During the rest I see something that looks like

camp, so I give a wave to show how good I am. At least, I stick my arm out, and the wind nearly dislocates my shoulder. Darn this waving business. We pass over the Caledonian Ground and I see that the caretaker has a moustache. It's a grey one, rather long and a bit curly at the ends.

Then we head for home, after shaking hands with the pilot's girl friend over Wakari or somewhere. We touch old Mother Earth—the best mother a man ever had.

As we climb out, the pilot notices that a big patch of fabric has gone missing from the fuselage. He scratches his head. "Gosh, I wonder where I left that," he says. "Of course, I wouldn't know. I lose all sense of where I am when I get within 50 feet of the ground. Ha! Ha!"

"Ha! Ha!" says the other chap.

"Ha! Ha!" says me.

"I'm blind in one eye, anyway," says the pilot. "Ha! Ha!"

"Ha! Ha!" says the other chap.

"Ha! Ha!" says me.

When I get back to camp I stick out my chest. Oh, boy! did you see what we did up in that plane? I'm a swell flyer, I am. Reckon I'll join the Air Force next war.

Well, on second thoughts, maybe I'll be too old. After all, one war is enough for any man.
—SPARKS.

THE ROMANCE OF R.L.

This is secret, so you can't read it. At least, you won't know what I'm writing about, unless you are a W.A.A.C. and a No. 3. But I'm going to write about it just the same.

I have always wanted to write about the life of a No. 3. I think it is a thrilling life, full of romance, worthy of books, poetry, novels, etc., etc. Some day I shall write a poem about it, but this will do for just now.

You have to be clever to be a No. 3. Radio location is fascinating work, but you must be clever to do it. You have to go on a course and for six months or weeks or something study how I equals E over R, and even harder things than that. The Army spends pots of money on you. And then, at the end of it all, you become a specialist in R.L., perhaps a No. 3.

Your work is very specialised. It consists almost entirely of sitting on a little seat and keeping one pointer on top of another one that moves round. This is very interesting

and difficult. You do it by turning two handles like bicycle pedals. The pointer spins round like mad one way and you chase it like mad; then it suddenly turns and goes back the other way. Then it stops still for half-an-hour. You sit as still as a rock with your eyes glued to it all the time. Then you glance up for a second to see if it is still daylight. When you look back, the pointer has moved and is nearly round the other side of the dial. You chase it like mad, then it stops still for another half hour. This process then repeats itself, and goes on repeating itself for the duration and six months after, or something. Sometimes it seems even longer than that, but that is really long enough.

It is really fascinating work, being a No. 3. At least, that is what they tell you when you join the W.A.A.C.'s. But, of course, you really have to do it yourself to realise just how fascinating it is.
—SPARKS.

JOANNA ACK-ACK.

The cry was "Plane!" We heard it throb,
 Joanna spun the time-drum knob,
 ("Displays keen interest in her job;
 A girl of the right sort . . ."
 I quote from her report).
 The time-drum turned against its mark . . .
 Joanna's eye was fiercely dark,
 The eye perhaps of Joan of Arc,
 Or Dorothy Lamour—
 I could not quite be sure,
 The lipstick scars Joanna's grace
 Like Hobnails in a holy place,
 But after all it's not my face,
 Red lips, alert, alive,
 Frame crisply "Fuze one-five!"
 Joanna stands erect, intent
 (Minuit Manhattan is her scent)
 While death moves up the firmament.
 Seconds (or years?) expire.
 Joanna orders "Fire!"
 The salvo fires—fair aim and true,

Like pepper dusted on the blue,
 Burst specks of black; the plane rides through.
 Joanna, lean, elate,
 Calls shrilly "Fuze one-eight!"
 The shells fall low, above, beyond . . .
 Too bad the Press could not respond,
 With "HEINKEL IS DESTROYED BY
 BLONDE,"
 And yet we must admit
 Joanna did her bit.
 And richly she deserves to class
 With men, and wear their badge of brass
 Stamped "Ubique" (the rest's "quo fas Et
 gloria ducunt")
 Upon her tunic front.
 Joanna is of seasoned stuff,
 Hard-shod, steel-hatted, trousered, tough,
 Yet always with a powder-puff,
 In that unlawful place—
 Her respirator-case.

"Punch," 4/3/42.



Col. J. G. JEFFERY, M.C., V.D., A.D.C.
 Fortress Commander.



Senior Commander IRWIN.

Oh! DEAR, WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE.

No. 1 she sets the deflection,
The Gunners can give her the final correction,
The shells they are flying in every direction.
We'll soon win this ruddy old war.

No. 2 sets the lateral rate,
She turns her handwheel with vigour and hate,
The bursts are always behind or too late,
We'll soon win this ruddy old war.

No. 3 is layer for line,
And she is sure that she's doing fine,
She'll get on the target if you give her the time
We'll soon win this ruddy old war.

No. 4 is predicting the fuze,
The Gunners all know that she's been on the
booze,
She orders 15, and they wisely refuse.
We'll soon win this ruddy old war.

No. 5 is feeding the angle,
She thinks she is putting her clothes through the
mangle.

If we hit the target, it's only a wangle.
We'll soon win this ruddy old war.

No. 6 will follow the height,
The whole world is weary, but she'll be all right,
She'd willingly follow the whole flaming night,
We'll soon win this ruddy old war.

We're doing our drill in our own special way,
We know our instructors will soon be away,
We are N.Z. Gunners—to hell with R.A.!
We'll soon win this ruddy old war.

THE QUARTERBLOKE WRITES HOME.

*"Lights Out" had been blown on the Bar-
rack Square,
And the moon shone dim above,
But a lamp still burned in the Sergeant's
Mess,
And there sat the Battery Q.M.S.
And he wrote to his own dear love.*

SUBJECT: Affection, boundless,
Oft heretofore evinced,
And Accusations, groundless,
In yours of 2nd inst.

Agree your recollection
Of vows in days, old, good;
But subsequent sub-section
Is not quite understood.

Admit I am acquainted
With lasses, local, one,
But reference hussies, painted,
The total held is none.

Besides, re Love, will ever
Indent for same on you.
Though we're apart, could never,
Kiss women, Strange, in lieu.

So will you bid suspicion,
Unjust, take wings and fly?
Please expedite rendition,
Of favourable reply!

"Punch," 4/3/42.



FARMERS' INTERVIEW WITH COL. JEFFERY.

THE SPORTING SIDE.

There is no doubt that football certainly comes into its own in our unit. I recall with feelings akin to dismay our frantic efforts to field a cricket team at the beginning of last season. It usually ended up with picking up one or two strangers at the game. Guard duties and suchlike necessary evils certainly operated to prevent even the regular stalwarts from turning out on occasion, and it was always difficult to persuade people to play.

Not so with football. In both Rugby and soccer the mere lack of any gear whatever had no deterrent effect on the enthusiasm to enter teams and get to it. First the Rugby fans, whose season started before the others. Mr Rice, of course, took little persuasion to go to the Caledonian Ground and alternately hold up scrums and harangue them. It seemed to me that at any moment it could have been a case of butchering himself to make a Roman holiday, but he appeared to enjoy himself.

Well, a little judicious scrounging procured enough gear to have the boys decently clad for the first game, against a University team. Mr Rice and I proceeded to Carisbrook to watch our hopefuls—with some trepidation, it will do no harm to say. Enthusiasm, we thought, was all very well, but gun drill didn't appear to make these boys very good in the wind. Our guess was about 39 to nil against us. So, you can imagine our pleasure when they were beaten by only 19—17. The situation called for a couple of quick ones. It got them.

The next Saturday, wearing another variety of scrounged gear, they won 17—0, and the following match, against a third University team, they won 13—9 with a potted goal just on time. Good work, Lumsden.

But now tragedy befell us! "Man Mountain" Flanagan was hauled off "by the exigencies of the service," and although we could almost certainly rely on one or two others to administer the punishment certain opposing forwards occasionally richly deserved, no one else had his amount of weight, and we weren't allowed to put on an extra man to make up. But in spite of the need for drastic re-organisation, the side has continued to meet with a share of success. It certainly lost to Air Force and Port Chalmers, but it came to light with a well-deserved win against Univer-

sity B, and at the time of this magazine going to press appears to be a promising side.

The Soccer team, also in the First Grade, has had a good run. There are several reasons to account for this. In the first place, they seem to have more rep. players than is good for them, with the result that one of them, Sergeant Dickison, in goal, quite often must get very cold leaning up against the posts!

Secondly, there is one Murphy. It's not derogatory to the rest of the team to single him out, and I don't think I'm prejudiced. "Slinky" is the word I want. You may not have thought of it before, but go and see him some time. I recall one occasion most vividly: An opposition number was standing with his legs apart, looking at the ball. Suddenly, a body hurtled between those legs, connecting with the ball. Just like that!

Lastly, Mr Masters. Far be it from me to offer any sort of adverse comment on any one in our unit, but what the enemy teams think of those scorching running commentaries is best left to the imagination. Disturbing, to say the least of it.

At any rate, what with such stalwarts as Sgt. Dickison, Bdr. Murphy, the phlegmatic Gnr. Henderson—and Mr Masters—the Ack Ack eleven is near the top of the ladder, having up till June 5 won three matches, drawn one, and lost only a single game.

And now I must, I fear, offer some comment on our W.A.A.C.'s, especially at hockey. I say fear, because I know nothing about the game, and from the ones I've seen, the less I know the better. Why no one is ever maimed passes my comprehension. The crack of stick on ball, the frightful crack of ball on shin or ankle, the curious ritual of "bullying-off" which looks like the beginning of some cannibal orgy—no, we thought, these girls mean business, and this is no place for a mere man, even when he is accompanied by Mr Masters.

The results of the W.A.A.C.'s good work on the hockey fields have been most satisfactory to date (June 10). Of the four games played, three were won and one drawn. The Ack Ack Eleven beat Otago 4—nil, Fern 3—1, and Momona 8—1. The drawn game was with Glenross, each side scoring a goal.

In basketball the Regiment has not been

quite so successful, but its teams have shown that they are improving with every game. In the outdoor competition, Ack Ack lost its first two games but won the third match 24—15. The W.A.A.C.'s, in the indoor competition lost their first game but scored a win 17—14 in their second.

Table tennis has been a popular indoor sport, and the Regiment's teams have derived a great deal of pleasure from taking part in the Table Tennis Association's competitions. The two men's B Grade teams probably derived more entertainment than success from their games, but the C Grade men's team and the B and C W.A.A.C.'s teams put up some good performances. All taking part have thoroughly enjoyed the games, and table tennis has had many followers.

In fact, sport generally has played a big part in the life of the Regiment, and has assisted in maintaining the excellent spirit that has prevailed in the 26th Composite.

—W. J. THOMSON, 2/Lieut.

THE SILVER SPOON.

If you're just a bloke
Who is sometimes broke,
Altho' you have ambition,
They will pass you by
If you've no school tie,
When you sit for your commission.

For you've got no hope,
If your tie's just rope,
To a gunner's life you're fated,
And they'll send you home,
If your spoon was chrome,
Or tin that was silver-plated.

But if your blood's blue,
And you're in "Who's Who,"
And your old man's from Poona,
And your open gate,
Shows much silver plate,
You'll get your commission sooner.

Now don't despair,
Or tear your hair,
If you find you're inefficient,
Your old man's station
Will save the nation,
His name should be sufficient.

And if Japs land,
Upon the Strand,
The silver-spoon alliance,
Will wave on high
The old school tie,
And dazzle them with science.

OUR CAPPY
CHAPPY.



WINTER DRAWS ON

Page Thirty-one

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN ADJUTANT—

“ONE DAMNED THING AFTER ANOTHER.”

- 0600 hrs : Wakens, signs a Running Instruction, goes to sleep again.
- xxxx hrs : Wakens, dashes to breakfast (Note: Meal time is the best time to call the Adjutant to the phone and to bring Running Instructions for signature. Never let an Adjutant finish a meal without interruption or he will think that the Orderly Sergeant is not doing his job).
- 0800 hrs : Looks at H.Q. on Bty. parade ground. Looks away again.
- 0815 hrs : Regimental parade and personally-conducted tour of the camp. Changes the pace now and again just to make things a bit more interesting for those behind. Wonders what on earth *is* happening behind.
- 0845 hrs : Releases 15 men on Man-power.
- 0900 to 1000 hrs : All officers in camp call at Adjutant's office wanting to know what to do, as men all on fatigues.
- 1000 hrs : Morning tea (above note re. meals also applies to morning and afternoon tea).
- 1030 hrs : Lights pipe again and discusses Cookhouse with C.O.
- 1100 hrs : Opens mail. Five more new officers arriving. To make up for this, releases five more men on Man-power.
- 1145 hrs : Lunch.
- 1330 hrs : Reorganises Cookhouse again.
- 1430 hrs : Area rings for return. Adjutant explains that it went along yesterday and why don't they look for it. Completes return hastily and sends it to Area by Don R.
- 1500 hrs : Afternoon tea (see note above).
- 1600 hrs : Receives signal that phonetic alphabet changed again.
- 1615 hrs : Gnr. XY found in bed; explains that he was on guard the night before last and no one called him for parade. Being hurt by C.O.'s remarks, Gnr. XY asks for a form N.S. 179 (Remains on demobilised strength of Unit).
- 1630 hrs : Conducts Regimental Parade and route march. Takes note of men on route march, so that they can't ask for an under 20 release form.
- 1800 hrs : Dinner. M.O. explains how he would have shot at least one duck on May 1, '43, if he had taken a predictor instead of relying on F.A.S.
- 1900 hrs : Suggests a game of bridge as C.O. looks like work.
- 2200 hrs : Adds up score so that C.O. wins 9d. Signs a Running Instruction. Just one more pipe—goes to bed.

—C. J. R.

DIARY OF A MONTH.

- (Any resemblance of the characters in this diary to human beings is entirely coincidental.)
- April 1.—Hopped the fence last night and did a turn on the mat this morning. 14 days C.B.
- April 2.—Sgt.-Major Rogers went off on furlough to-day. WAAC-o.
- April 3.—The Colonel went off on furlough to-day. Too good to be true. Heaps of gun-drill. Sgt. Bartlett doesn't seem to like me.
- April 4.—The Colonel is still around. I never did believe Routine Orders. Was late for parade this morning. That makes 21 days C.B.
- April 5.—Cheers! Didn't see the Colonel all day. R.O.'s must be right after all. Heaps more gun-drill.
- April 6.—More gun-drill.
- April 7.—Went to the sports meeting to-day. Stood around for half-an-hour in our great-coats looking at the blizzard. Then Mr. Masters found out that it was raining and said that we could come home. Only my elbow got any exercise.
- April 8.—Sgt.-Major Rogers returned from furlough. Not so good. Visiting day to-day—that included the Colonel. I can't make out what that man sees in this place. Hauled two kids out of a gun barrel at 5 o'clock.
- April 9.—Slept in this morning. That makes 28 days C.B.
- April 10.—Sgt.-Major Rogers went out on seven days' special leave to-day. More gun-drill.
- April 11.—To-day's R.O.'s say that the Colonel marched in from furlough. R.O.'s must be blind. Still more gun-drill.
- April 12.—There's going to be a Regimental parade this afternoon. I wonder what the hell has bitten them this time. Some cranky idea of Capt. Chapman's
- April 13.—I like Regimental parades.
- April 14.—More gun-drill.
- April 15.—Sgt.-Major Flanagan shouted at one of the WAAC's this morning and she burst into tears. This army discipline! Had to be consoled on Sgt. MacKinnon's shoulder. Gun-drill.
- April 16.—Army education lecture to-day on raising the birth rate. I don't know why they came to us about it. Followed by gun-drill.

April 17.—Sgt.-Major Rogers returned from special leave to-day. Gun-drill as usual. I fell asleep after lunch and missed parade. That makes 35 days now.

April 18.—Domestic tragedy this morning. They tried to make one of the WAAC's move into the hut next door. She said her curtains and lino. would fit the new place all right, but she wouldn't be able to transplant the rose-garden. Tears, wouldn't swop, in spite of the Colonel in his most persuasive mood. Tut! Tut! This army discipline! Gun-drill.

April 19.—Slept in my own hut last night. Wasn't on guard. Special treat—two oysters for lunch.

April 20.—Sgt.-Major Rogers went out on furlough to-day. Gun-drill. Our rations have been increased—three cysters for lunch to-day.

April 21.—Gun-drill—same as usual.

April 22.—Same as usual.

April 23.—Wasn't in bed at tattoo last night. Colonel won't believe my story, though it's the best I could think of. Haven't worked out how many days that makes yet. Pic-

tures last night—"Honeymoon in Bali." Interrupted honeymoon.

April 24.—Slept in my own bed again last night. Same as usual—gun-drill, I mean.

April 25.—Pay-day to-day. I only owe them six bob now. Canteen out of tobacco, anyway. It must be near the end of the month again.

April 26.—Stood at attention while the radio played the "Blue Danube" to-day. Knew I had heard the tune before, but how was I to tell it wasn't the "Star-Spangled Banner." It's a long tune. Same as usual.

April 27.—Sgt.-Major Rogers returned from furlough to-day. He seems to have put on weight. Gun-drill (?)

April 28.—Haven't been on the mat for five days now. Touch wood.

April 29.—Same as usual.

April 30.—Man-powered out of the army to-day. I think I will tell some of these sergeants what I think of them and their gun-drill. On second thoughts, I don't think I will. I might be back here soon. It's too darn good to be true.

—SPARKS.

Sh ! . . . SECURITY !

We were drafted in here by ones, twos and threes, With nerves all unstrung, with chattering knees, The Captain, he told us, "Now, then, please, Tell nobody else—it's SECURITY!"

You are going on hush-hush," said we, "Oh! What's that?"

And our hearts turned right over and dropped on the mat,

Spake the Captain, quite loudly, "You'll know what you're at,

Tell nobody else—it's SECURITY!"

Day after day, from dawn till midnight,

We sweated at hush-hush and learned with delight,

What a "Boon" hush-hush was to old Britain's might,

We cannot tell more—it's SECURITY!

When we first saw the sets the staff-sergeants smiled,

Till one of us asked in accents so mild,

"Is this Heath Robinson's latest brain-child?"

And the answer came back, "it's SECURITY!"

Our genial staff Kirk asked one day in the set,

"Calibrate pie r" in yon super-het.,

Mix with X's, shake gently—now what do we get?"

And we shouted with joy, "It's SECURITY!" We were all lined up for "Tet. Prop."—It's swell, Said "Splurge" to "M.O."—"Now, sir, please don't tell,

I'd sooner have a shot of 'A.W.L.'"

But don't blow the gaff—it's SECURITY!"

The WAAC's showed us how they followed a plane,

Between eating and knitting kneecaps for Aunt Jane,

We marvel at how they keep nearly sane,

But they can't tell us that—it's SECURITY!

Our wives often ask in their wifely way,

"What's this hush-hush, and what do WAAC's do all day,

And how do you manage to spend all your pay?"

But we daren't tell them that—it's SECURITY!

Mince, Belgian roll, Shanghai ballast and stew,

Should be taken and shot at the Yanks in the blue,

Then the war would be over, we think so—don't you?

But don't tell us yet—it's SECURITY!

You all know the Q.M.'s song, how it goes, thus,

"My eyes grow dim"—he's telling us!

If you wait hours for him—create not a fuss,

What he's doing all day—is SECURITY.

—E. A. B.

THE KING'S ENGLISH.

We'll begin with box, the plural is boxes,

But the plural of ox is oxen, not oxes;

One fowl is a goose, but two are called geese,

Yet the plural of moose is never meese.

You may find a lone mouse, or a whole nest of mice,

But the plural of house is houses, not hice.

If the plural of man is always men,

Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?

If I speak of a foot and you show me two feet,

And if I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet?

If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth,

Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth?

If the singular's this and the plural these,

Should the plural of kiss ever be keese?

We speak of a brother and also of brethren,

But though we say mother, we never say methren.

Then the masculine pronouns are he, his and him,

But imagine the feminine, she, shis and shim.

So, what?

THE TERRIBLE TWINS—A RUGBY INTERVIEW.

Having cornered Gunners C. J. E. and E. A. B. in the Y.M.C.A. hut I was filled with a great feeling of satisfaction that, at last, my opportunity had arrived.

There they sat, side by side, enjoying a brief spell from their arduous and manifold duties, their countenances illumined with thoughts of what they would like to do to the gentleman who persists in supplying our Y.M.C.A. with so-called buns and cakes.

After bidding the gunners a cheery "Good morning," which was reciprocated with quite unnecessary heat, I carefully explained that I had hoped to extract much valuable information from them concerning their re-entry into the Rugby arena after a short rest period of 18 years. Oscillating his ears rapidly, Gunner E. A. B. launched out without further ado—

"May we say with all due modesty and reticence that we hope to give you information such as you would not have gathered elsewhere. After all, C. J. E. has achieved fame from his early youth as a keen sportsman. Instead of Grimm's Fairy Tales, his parents had the foresight in his youth to read him such commendable volumes as 'Tom Brown's Schooldays,' 'Wisden's Almanac,' and so on. At an early age his aptitude as a Noughter in the Caversham Noughts and Crosses nine was the remark of those in the know. As he matured, his talent was extended to the game in which stumps, bats and balls play their part. He was an honoured member of the Drains Cricket Club for many years."

Gnr. C. J. E. at this stage, having carefully adjusted the set of his immaculate anklets and gently placing his number eights on the inlaid radio which is the pride and joy of the Y.M.C.A., then opened his mouth and the accents proceeding therefrom conveyed such a feeling of dignity and sincerity that one could visualise—yea, even hear—his grey matter calibrating, oscillating, integrating, cogitating and deliberating.

"Gnr. E. A. B. has not touched on his own career, as I feared. His forte was in being skip in the Marbles Club in Riverton back in '17. He has also donned the green and black in his teens while residing in Invercargill. However, he is looking embarrassed, so I will proceed with regard to the game in which you are so interested. Of course when my colleague and

myself were offered the joint captainship, our innate good manners foresaw that this would not be for the ultimate good of the team, or, for that matter, the Regiment."

"Possibly you know," went on Gnr. C. J. E., absent-mindedly dropping the ash from his cigarette into the mouth of Bombardier Griever, who, strangely enough, was snoring in harmony with Bdr. Diggs, nearby, "E. A. B. and myself are just at the age of which that great Grecian poet, Anno Domini, spake. Of course, you remember his words—'Omega, finiculi finicula, pons asanorum to the nth power equals the time of flight of a wall-eyed egret minus X deviation in Lilac Time'—thus proving beyond a shadow of doubt that men of our age should hand the lighted torch on to the succeeding generation. In parenthesis, I might mention that, according to Bdr. Gaypan this custom does not obtain at St. Cyprian's, where he was incarcerated during his tender years. Apparently they switched off their torches before handing them on, to conserve the batteries. Oh! yes, the game—of course."

At this stage I managed to ask the great C. J. E. a question. "Your training?" I queried, wiping a section of alleged cream bun off my trousers.

C. J. E. went on:

"Naturally we re-doubled our training in order to show the young bloods we would play the game, allowing for wind, if you get me. We burned up the Caledonian Ground a trifle owing to our naturally fast pace, but this was unavoidable. We changed over from Capstan plain to the cork-tipped variety, as the extra weight of the latter type would increase our endurance. We even volunteered twice for fatigue in order to keep up the morale of the team. However, time is limited, as I see a gaggle of officers now emerging from that lettered hut over there."

At this stage Gnr. E. A. B. interposed, gently taking the cups from the table and dropping them into the grate.

"As you probably saw mentioned in the problems section of the 'Women's World,' I saw the first half from my excellent vantage point of emergency forward. Mr Rice, our coach, and Mr Thompson, our legal adviser, prevailed upon me to remain an emergency, as the presence of C. J. E. and myself together

would not be fair to the opposing side. Mr Rice told us to keep it tight—rather ambiguous we thought. C. J. E. donned No. 13 jersey in order to prove how indifferent his feelings were to the popular superstition. Then the whistle blew! Apart from a false start, when C. J. E. absently reached for his bat, pads and gloves, our team bore themselves proudly as they marched on to Carisbrook. Can you imagine the scene? Rain falling steadily, nimbus clouds being pursued by a bitter sou'-westerly, with umbrellas sitting up like a row of blacked-out toadstools. I ask you,—Can you imagine it?"

"Surely," I ventured, to my later discomfit.

"Well, I can't," rambled on Gnr. E. A. B., chewing the stem of his pipe voraciously, "because, strangely enough, it was a beautiful day—not one minute flaw—sun shining, clouds non est, wind conspicuous by its absence—in short, a beautiful day.

"Our team was called 'Army R' for the same reason—or lack of it—that our opponents who were mining students were termed 'Varsity F.'

Naturally, when the game started, I had eyes mainly for C. J. E., who worked very hard and often when 'Whang,' the announcer, looked in his direction. Without his glasses, my colleague must have been slightly handicapped, but one could not detect this from his bearing. Our young bloods showed up very well and scored occasionally, thus proving what a stimulating effect C. J. E. had on the team.



"As everyone in the Regiment is aware, he is noted for his snap decisions and rapid walking pace. Magnify this to the nth power and you will guess how valuable he was to his side. At half-time, as he came off the field, with his head held high, he was the perfect prototype of Aboo Ben Haddem in his heyday with the Arabian Knights. With the cheers welling up from the crowd and a full-throated cackle arising from our W.A.A.C.'s, the sight of C. J. E. marching in with the team was such a moving one that women fainted and strong men reached for their hip pockets.

"Then we had several pieces of assorted strategy handed round by Mr Rice (oranges and lemons being infra dig in these days) after which the team filed back to resume the combat.

"When four minutes had elapsed, one of our team got tired and Skipper Finnigan signalled me to come on. Discarding glasses, greatcoat, and all hope, I dashed across the field, the W.A.A.C.'s meanwhile making the welkin (who had been very quiet up to this) ring."

At this stage Gnr. C. J. E. carried on:

"When E. A. B. asked for his position and was told front row, as there was no room in the dress circle, he reeled slightly and paled beneath his tan. On seeing me, however, he let out a roar of good-fellowship which woke up the referee—so the game went on, and so did we! The second half was noted for scrums, scrums, and then more scrums. If placed end to end, these scrums would have reached from here to Schenectady, Wisconsin, Mass., and all points west. Our skipper thoughtfully elected to take scrums instead of line-outs, but unfortunately he generously shared them with the rest of the forwards. At times the scrum balanced itself on E. A. B. and myself—other times myself and E. A. B. Sergeant Munny swung on our necks like the celebrated man on the flying trapeze, and hooked nobly. Occasionally he would traverse the scrum R. or L. in collusion with the skipper, and once more E. A. B. and myself would be emulating Atlas, the Globe-holder. The skipper told us it would be a hard, stern game. He was right—we wish ours were a bit harder!"

At this stage, a beautiful whistle was heard in the Y.M.C.A. and a cultured voice rang out: "All out—110!"

Lighting a cigarette in a liesurely manner beloved of qualified personnel, C. J. E., after

expelling some c.c.'s of toasted poison gas from his bellows, went on :

"Sgt. Hubbub played an inimitable game on the line-out. We think he will do well in this position, as his years of three-quart play in the past will stand him in good stead."

"How did you find the camp disposed when you got back?" I asked.

At this stage, E. A. B. and C. J. E. arose to go on maintenance at the guns, as it was approaching 1200 hours.

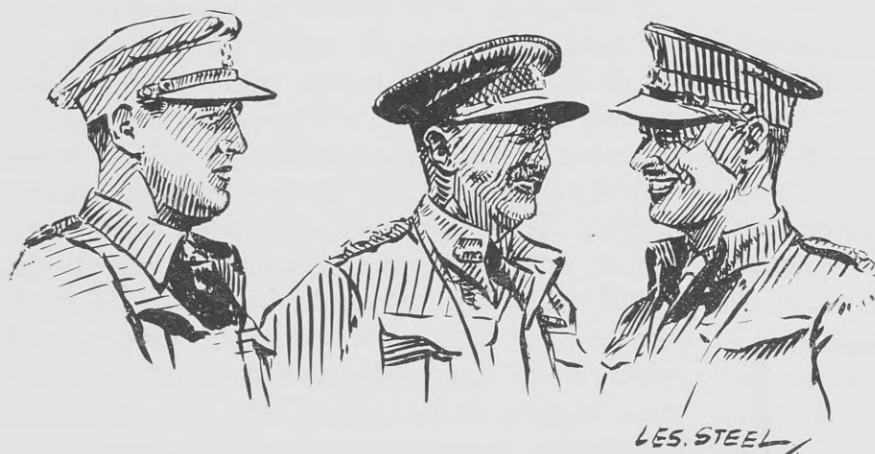
Said C. J. E. : "Apart from a strange feeling of exhilaration, the source of which you must keep secret, we were extremely gratified to learn that we had been honoured by selection for the guard. When I started on my beat—and the same goes for my colleague—I had the quaint feeling that if I tried to stop, my legs would be still carrying on, leaving my

chassis in a state of unstable equilibrium. Next day, good old Sgt. Bill Barflow massaged our lower limbs, restoring them to partial sanity, while E. A. B., whose head had been ringing with the 'Bells of St. Mary's' with Duke Ellington's Band thrown in for discount, had his noddle tuned out at the M.I.R. Apart from having to hold the telephone ear-piece about six inches from our craniums each time we ring up, we are 100 per cent."

"Have you any message for your public?" I began.

I got no further.

Gunners E. A. B. and C. J. E. chuckled deeply, smote each other, and yelled simultaneously, "That's it! Message! We forgot to tell Gunner Smudgeon that his special leave pass has been awaiting him at the orderly room since last night!"



Lieut.
C. Clarkson-Dodds
I.O. Arty.

Colonel
V. A. Young, R.A.,
Former C.R.A.

Major
C. C. Duigan,
Bde. Maj. Arty.



COL. LYON, M.C., E.D.,
Present C.R.A.

ENTR'ACTE.

It happened in the Y.M.C.A. recreation hut, where, a soul-stirring picture in technicolor, 'Aloma of the South Seas,' featuring Dorothy Lamour, was being shown.

Aloma had wandered up to her house after spending about a thousand perfectly good feet of film in one of those romantic, colourful, tropical pool scenes with her island lover.

Her housekeeper, an aged aunt, was obviously displeased with Aloma's absence from home and said in a scolding voice,

"Aloma! You've been gone three hours. Where have you been?"

"Oh, just down by the pool," serenely said the glamorous Aloma.

"Oh, Aloma," wailed her aunt, "Not with a man—I hope! Were you?—What was his name?"

Just then the side door of the Y.M.C.A. was flung open, and to the audience of W.A.A.C.'s and men, all awaiting Aloma's answer with hushed expectancy, came the voice of Sergeant Bartlett: "Bombardier Murphy! Bombardier Murphy! You're wanted."

"THANKS, GEORGE."

The scene was Logan Park. The Regiment's Rugby team was striving mightily to gain the ascendancy in a tough game with 'Varsity E. The score was nine all and there was not long to go. On the sideline were many of our barrackers—Waacs and men of the Regiment—lustily urging the team on to victory.

Yes, our forwards had their opponents hustled and looked likely to score. Enthusiasm ran high and our supporters literally danced up and down the sideline spurring on a magnificent forward sortee.

Through the tumult a voice came clearly—that of George—one of our mess-room girls who was—well—yes, just a teeny weeny bit excited:

"Go it, boys—go it! Go in for your chop!" she cried.

It was meet and right from a mess orderly, and, moreover, it had the desired effect, for, almost immediately after, a potted goal decided the game in our favour—13—9. Thanks, George!

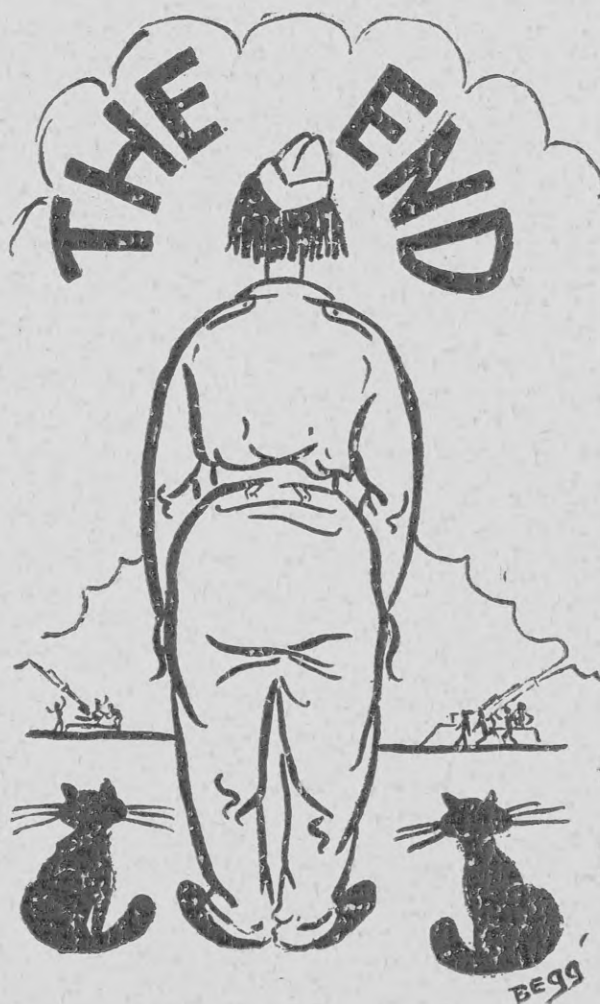
SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD.

ACROSS.

1. Parade.
5. Me.
7. Luger.
10. A.W.O.L.
11. Movies.
12. Telescope.
14. Obese.
16. E. O.
17. S. A.
18. Azimuth.
22. Men.
23. L. O.
24. C. R. A.
25. Wed.
26. Ack Ack.
28. O. H.
29. R. S. M.
31. I. E.
33. Ma.
34. W.A.A.C.S.
35. Malheur.
39. Ecfor.
40. P.B.I.
43. Alarm.
46. Est.
48. Fatigue.
51. Ah.
53. V.C.
54. Gunner.
55. Terry.
57. H.E.
58. Nazis.
60. Adj't.
61. Loose.
62. Rake.

DOWN.

1. Patter.
2. Awe.
3. Roll.
4. Ale.
5. Mop.
6. Eve.
7. Leo.
8. Usbrt (Burst).
9. Ease.
11. Morale.
13. Scan.
15. Y.M.C.A.
17. Searchlight.
19. Zodiac.
20. H. A. A.
21. Pukaki.
22. Mr.
24. Chap.
25. Wm.
27. C.M.
28. O.W.
30. S.S.
32. Elf.
35. Memento.
36. Hoe.
37. Ersatz.
38. R.P.
41. B.O.
42. A. F. V.
43. At.
44. Ague.
45. Run.
47. Their.
49. Acid.
50. W.R.N.S.
52. Tyke.
56. R.S.A.
59. A.E.



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