

Handwritten signature

THE EDITOR SPEAKS.

Last Night's show provided easily the best entertainment the Battery has been privileged to witness for some time.

Everyone will agree that having the members of the party to tea was a feature which improved the occasion both from our point of view and the girls'.

The concert went off to a bright breezy start at 7-30, with none of the usual delay and from then on snappy witty entertainment kept the audience clamouring for more.

The versatile Mrs. Squirrel certainly knows what the boys like and her programme had not a dull moment in it. A great deal of practise and hard work had it's just reward in the rounds of applause which followed each item.

We appreciate the efforts on our behalf and trust that soon we will have the pleasure of their company again.

THE EDITOR.

SIDELIGHTS OF THE SHOW.

The ovation Popham received when he entered the hall with a young lady under his wing. Was that a blush or was it sunburn Pop?

.....
Frewer applying the Indian Deathlock to his partner in the Monte Carlo.

.....
The great work of the band. An excellent programme of dance music was well received and their efforts were all the more creditable when we realise that this was practically the first time all the boys had played together. Were proud of you.

.....
Gunner Foley disappearing smartly by numbers into the vitals of the piano after every item.

.....
Padre in the thick of things down at the wharf. Which flavour lipstick do you like best Padre?

TENDERS.

Tenders, closing at the Orderly Room, on Saturday October 11th. are called for the erection of an ornamental birdbath, as a memorial to our popular canteen manager, Piccolo Pete Powley. Dick's untimely death is expected at any minute if he persists in his demoralising habit of charming his snake with weird wails from his piccolo.

Lowest or any tender not accepted.

BELCHING BERTHA SAYS.

• Adam may not have had a funny bone, but he had a lot of fun with a spare rib.

The eternal triangle is something that babies wear.

As a woman shows so shall men peep.

It takes will power to love a fat girl.

A quadraped is someone who has four children born all at once.

Put aside your problems for a brainy day.

Where there's a will there's relatives.

An optimist is a man who see a light in the darkness where there isn't one; a pessimist is a man who puts it out.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

GUIDE. Well educated. Fond of children. Must be able to guide employer by direct route from battery to barracks. (Not via Home Bay. Apply Gnr. McCracken any night after 7 p.m.

A ROOKIE WRITES HOME

(2)

Goat Island,
Thursday.

Derist,

you remember that litter wot i sends you last week well you wont get it becos it didnt go becos a sargint guy name beetie found it in the bottle wot i told you about and put it in his paper wot he calls the grone for everyone to reed and no about it.

i thort it was a durty trick but gunar boid sed no it was in the grone so all gunars could see how to rite a nice letter home so i dont mind and i am goin to show him this one so as they can orl see it.

this dump gits worser as it goes on and i dont seem to not do nothing rite. some guy named wattie a sargint grabs us early this mornin and pulls us outer bed and sends us up to peel taters crool guy he is too - made us go even when we said we didnt like peeling taters.

well i was peelin slow like when a big guy in white named ellyit sez ter me ter git a move on so i ups an tees him i didnt come here to peel spuds and i wants some akshun so e says ter me go an arsk bomberdear billing for a kidey punch wot i did and the crool cow when i found him at breakfast punches me in the bak like i was a maverick and him a boxer to sos i coodn hit him back

wel i has a nice breker and gits told to wash owt the hutt wot was easy after the cow shed only they try to keep the wals clean hear did you ever here of a cow shed wiv cleen wals anyhow i has just finish this and wattie coms down and tels me to report to the ellyit guy again sos i can peel some mor spuds so i thinks its time to disapere so i hops behind the reck hut to hyde and finds a bomberdear golewatter their and he tels me not to tel dickson he is their so i gows over into a big concrete shed were they keeps all the rubish to hid an i fines a won striper name of kissin hidin their so i looks four somwear else

but i runs into the eleyit guy and he gos crook at me cos i hav gottm billing exited cos billing is very rumatiky and shoodnt goe faster than a wark cos he mite brake down an then they wood poot him in the ole mans hoam a nice concrete playce down by the beech were all the worn owt guys live

i ses i am sorrie and seein as how he is rumatiky i will hit him furst nex time so he ses alrite take this tukker to leftent darbie up at the beeopee this guy darbie is another bad temperd bloke cos i goes up to him and ses oi you and he ses sir to you and i ses to him dont bother calling me sir cos i am only startin yet an ar you leftent darbie and he ses oo the hell do you think i am genral booth and i ses o no hes a big shot and you are only small change whitch he didnt like at orl and i cood see his seven a side mostach twitching so i beets irt mitey smart

as is gos owt a litel wee guy naim urine ses in a horse wisper that i orter call him mager barbra so ill remember that wel dere wen i gets down the hill that ----- dickson stopps me and sez dont you mo you saloot officers in this mans show and i sez ow do i no them and he sez o they were a coller an ty an i sez so do i on sonday as soon as i had sed that he narows his eyes stiks his chin at me an sez all fearce like o no you dont now you ar workin four mister frazer

so i gos down the rode a bit an i sees a little guy with a wiskey flushed compleckson name of gifkin an so i gives him a reel good saloot but nocks me hat of and everywon larfs just becos i nocks me hat of

wel dere its time fo go and dig hols for som guy leftent mason wot gunner boid sez all the bois call dismal desmon

so i must close dere

yor boy

john

ps ted sez we wil hav some leave in sick weeks time

Bdr. Rush, we hear says it with flowers to the lady of his choice. But you never know what you are saying, do you? The following is published as a guide:-

Jonquil - I desire a return of love
 Peach Blossom - I am your captive
 Tuber Rose - Dangerous pleasures
 Verbena, - Pray for me (on return from leave?)
 Monks Hood - Danger is near
 Snapdragon - No!
 Red Balsam - Touch me not.

 Mr. Mark has earned a reputation for "Marks"manship which eclipses the great Cadman feat. Out rabbitin' the other-day he shot a rabbit in mid air - not a pink one either. The animal was bounding along at roughly six oh knots when he caught it on the bounce at a range of 100 yards. Mr. Mark attributes his amazingly steady hand with the rifle to complete abstinence from alcohol and the smoking habit and his quickness of eye to long years of practice at snatching cakes of soap and toothpaste left around by unwary members of the battery in ablution stands.

 Another man who has renounced Bacchus is Len Smith who unnerved several confirmed toppers recently by lowering 1½ jugs of milk without turning a hair - or his stomach.

 Gnr. Allen has greatly helped to eradicate a lot of red tape from the British Army lately. In his system of Simplified Bugle Calls, the first mess ~~call~~ call is used for all parades.

"Retreat" has been greatly modified to include portions of "Oh Johnny", 12th Street Rag and Rachmaninov's "Prelude".

 Bill Bovey, inventor, has been wandering around distributing brochures of his new patented labour saving device to the Recruits. This amazing and extremely intricate instrument is a combination wash board and wringer. Our genius expects to get married shortly - on the strength of this brain child and is at present studying sanitation in some detail with the view to the presentation of a revolutionary combination back scraper and potato peeler.

 Lost! One "break" in firing circuit of No.2 Gun Finder please return to Bdr. Cantwell. The salvo registered "break" but Ken couldn't find it anywhere.

 Heigh Ho, Saliva ! Farmer Goldie rides again rounding up the woollies to the tune of the theme song:

"Locked in the stable with the sheep
 I lay me down with fleas to sleep".

 Mr. H.J. Von Dadelszen is expected to arrive per launch on Monday for one of his periodic flying visits.

 We congratulate Wing Commander (Giffy) Giffkins on the celebration of his birthday (Friday) He left Motutapu with the worst intentions.

 On behalf of Sister Jean's Fund for Distressed Soldiers we appeal for help. Barney Billing is, as usual, chronically impoverished. In fact he is so hard up that he can't afford to buy tobacco. We appeal to all smokers to save their cigarette butts for our worthy Bombardier. This will be considerably cheaper for them than keeping Barney in smokes and at the same time will save Barney's pride as it goes against the grain for him to be continually on the bludge. Rally round boys and help our popular pug out of his difficulty.

Dere esmerelder,

i hope this here letter finds you in good health which i aint. i wish i was back on the farm with you and clara and the other pigs. this is a hellova place and i cant do nothing rite. they tells me im going to a place called motor tap cause i looked like a goat so here i comes.

i has a nice bed much nicer than the one at home and the straw is new and the bed springy and i am next to the only nice bloke i met here his name is boid and he is very elpful i wanted to have a leek just after i got here and my friend boid said to do it out the winder wich i did and there was a couple of guys outside wot thinks they owned the show named dickson and jimiller and they got in the way. the bloke jimiler let out an orful yell wen it went on the other bloke and wen i looked him it went all over him too

they came inter the hut goin crook and wanted to know my name. i said it was john thomas and i wanted to start at the bottom and work my way up and they arsked me if i came from fordorset wherever that place is. jimiler has the best hogcallin voice i ever heard.

i goes down to some show they calls the ordinary room and there is that guy wot used to run the station wearing the funniest hat i ever sore so i strolls in and sez ow do ted and he sez oo the ell are you calling ted so i tells him ow we used to call im ted bein short for s---thead and he goes orful crook. cant understand these army guys at all.

we are all called gunars here and mister i mean gunar boid sez we each have a gun of our own. gunar boid says they will give me a fifteen inch one.

the guy dickson comes round just now and arskes me wot i can do and i finds out that that mertrickulashun i puts yes to is some exam so i tells him i aint much good at figgers and he says bootiful but dum eh weal ive been looking for a bloke to take over beeseesack from lees.

i hope you get this letter orlrite as gunar boid sez the maile is pretty terible and some guy medoze reeds all the letters when they are posted so i wont post this as boid sez it is much safer to put it in a bottle and throw it in the sea. he sez he had a lot of luck that way so i ll try it.

see you next leave they say its every other day here and ill bash that ted guy wen i see him in the blackout here lots of luv from yore boy

john.

OBITUARY

-Inserted By: W.N.K.
K.T. & A.F.

On September, 22nd, 1941, at Barracks Engine Room, Motutapu.

TUPPY

The Battery Mascot, after a very short illness Sadly missed by all, Especially the Engine Room Boys.

Though you've departed, little friend

Remembered you will be

And ever you will be our Tup

To the boys of the Engines, three.

Although Bill fought the whole night through,

His efforts were in vain.

Still we hope in the land where you now dwell

That you are free from pain

We will remember your frisking little form,

your 'photo we will keep

And may God have mercy on your soul

In your last eternal sleep