

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

As a regular supporter and a keen subscriber to your publication I am astounded that you should make such a colossal blunder as appeared in your edition of July 3rd. For the FIRST (Yes, I mean it, the really first!) time since the inauguration of your rag you have printed a piece of REAL NEWS. Obviously both you and your staff are unaware of this fact as the item in question was poked away in a dark corner on page 2, and, what is worse, carried over to page 3. I allude, of course, to the item about the RCM and his visits to a notorious ex-hotel now used as a hospital, and suggest that in future more care should be taken in the set-up of your paper and that space be given to each item according to its news value and public appeal.

Yours -- the last chance,
DISGRUNTLED READER.

(Ed. In order to avoid as far as possible any accusations of mud-slinging, we kept the article in question in an unobtrusive corner owing to the excessively unsavoury nature of same. You don't want YOUR children to read such things, surely!)

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

SNAKES ALIVE !!!!!

'Tis not for us to reason why -- but when a certain officer at R.H.Q. burst into the mess the other day and regaled all present with a story concerning a sea snake he had just seen -- a sea snake which, like the chameleon, had changed its colours to suit and blend with its surroundings, we were, to say the least, mildly curious.

Thus it happened that all who had heard the story, led by the enthusiastic 'raconteur', moved shorewards to view the spot where the 'body' was last seen. We found the snake -- a fine rusty piece of three-quarter inch pipe with a slight twist in it.

"But I saw it move", protested the original snake charmer.

As we said, it is not for us to reveal this officer's identity, because to incl him and exel the others would perhaps not be fair.

However, as stated earlier, 'Tis not for us to reason why -- but we're certainly wondering!!!!

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

20FORECASTS

A new nickname is born from our recent shoot:

'Hairtrigger' Houltham -- the man who forgot to take the first pressure.

* * * * *

Bouquets to Spud Murphy and Phil Gow for their victories in last week's boxing competitions. Better luck to Ron and Scottie next time.

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

BIRTH COLUMN

This week we have pleasure in announcing to our reading public the birth of a son to Gnr. R.J. Smith. Our congratulations, Smithy. Flags were flown from all buildings in Wellington and Invercargill on the great day and notable visitors to Mrs. Smith included Uncle Scrim, Gen. Freyberg and Mr. Semple. Gen. Freyberg actually went by mistake as he really wanted to see Smithy and ask him what to do with the 2nd. Div, as is flying back in a few days to have a few words with Smithy. Mr. Semple went along to tell Mrs. Smith not to let the lad grow up to be a 'Spittoon philosopher' to which young Smithy, four days old at the time, replied, "Scrim, I'm going to be a plastered like my pop." This knocked Bob back a peg or two and horrified Scrim who thought he said "Scrim, I'm going to get plastered like my Pop." They both left immediately.

It is understood that Smithy has decided on a life-time career in the Godfathers, and will be known as the Godmother.

"THE ELUSIVE DROGUE"

In an endless stream the batteries came,
Their guns trained to the sky,
With an air of quiet confidence,
To down that drogue -- or try.

Their sweating gun crews do their stuff,
Hurling ammo by the ton,
Some burst near, some far away,
But on the drogue -- not one.

The Captain swears, the Major fumes,
The Colonel does the scone,
The firing gains intensity,
But that drogue -- flies on.

From height control to range control,
Trying everything they know,
From firing shells to throwing stones,
But the drogue -- still goes.

The sandbags burst and downwards spill,
As the firing long prevails,
And 'Banskio's Bloc'house' rocks and shakes,
But the drogue -- still sails.

So men did come and men did go,
Some calm and some alarmed,
The guns were worn and tempers too,
That drogue went on -- unharmed.

Then a brand new troop took up the fight,
And fired up shells galore,
Then in one burst it shuddered,
And the drogue, it was --- no more!!

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-