

M.T. MUTTERINGS.

Seen on the Great South Road a few times recently - S/Sgt. George Marten & his "Heilia" transporter, with 14 tons of wood on the back and 8½ stone of beautiful W.A.A.F. in the front.

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A BIG NIGHT.

A very convivial get-together in the 3 M.T. Sgts. Mess on Thurs. 16th. A great quantity of the necessary was consumed, and a fair portion of it settled in S/Sgt. George Davies' legs and somewhat marred his tap-dancing. Highlights of the evening were - H.Q. Bludgers trying to outgulf P.O. Bludgers. P.O. Bludgers won. (Tough Guys). Songs rendered by that well-known Welshman, Taffy of the Kiwi Concert Party scored top marks.

S/Sgt. Joe Parkinson (a new-comer & a dark horse) made a great hit with his number "The Old Sod." Camp S/M Bill McQueen as usual took the prize for Yarn-telling. Half way through the evening a brilliant entry was made by Lt. A. Thompson! (No doubt he will live it down).

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Caught day-dreaming on Parade one morning, S t. H. Armiger had to be reminded what his name was.

Capt. Ross Smith celebrated St. Pat's Day by showing the boys how. Looked becoming in overalls of Le Roy pattern. (Fitted him like a tent.)

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Our leading Casanovas S/Sgt. Bill Bell and S t. M. Neville upheld the boogie-woogie reputation of the M.T.M. at the Camp Dance.

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Pte. Fitzgerald P.O. complains bitterly about the hard seats in the Cinema. They prevent him getting any sleep during the concerts.

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Beware Medical Block! Your S/M job has gone air-minded. Seen in Wellington after a rough trip from Christchurch, says it is pretty good! Ardmore may get another recruit. Think you, WO1. Stevens?

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Said Sgt. Smith while the H.Q. Ser eants were entertaining the other night, "We'll have to see to it that we never get a Scottish R.S.M. again."

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Ref. Fitzgerald above. Cpl. Jenkinson, Waac, will hire out cushions @ 6d. an hour.