

ARTILLERY REVUE SHOW"ARMY ON THE AIR"

On the evenings of 14th. and 16th. of December the Artillery Training Depot presented at the Town Hall, Rangiora, an original and highly entertaining non-stop revue show, written, played and produced entirely by the Camp personnel, including the officers. The following were largely responsible for the spade work connected with the production: Bdr. C.L. Beatson; L/Bdr. J. Gant; Bdrs. C. Kendell; Gnr. Duncan Campbell, and Mr. L. Sutherland. The proceeds were in aid of the local Patriotic Committee funds.

The revue consisted of a series of short snappy sketches interspersed with individual items. Speaking into the mike an announcer in front of the curtain introduced each sketch as though from a broadcasting studio in a most diverting and witty fashion.

The sketches included "Children's Hour" (a skit on Radio Aunts); "Alimony" (a colorful and comic Eastern piece); "The Only Thing the Army Couldn't Do" (a hospital drama, with gruesome trappings); "Poona" (a "dig" at the "old school tie" in India); and "Bashem" (an uproarious school interlude.) The Ballet, in which hulking artillerymen in short blue costumes and jaunty little hats to match, floated about the stage to ballet music, can best be left to the imagination. It rocked the house.

Among individual items was a most realistic impersonation of the famous "Popoys" by 2/Lt. Johns, even down to his absurd throaty chortle. The Balalaika chorus, some piano brackets of old songs, and "For England" sung and played by Bdr. Miller were especially outstanding.

The show was a credit to all concerned. For over a month the personnel had given their spare time and sacrificed leave for rehearsals and the polishing-up of the production.

ORDERLY ROOM ECHOES

Sundry hammerings in the sacred precepts of the Camp Orderly Room recently disturbed the cloister-like atmosphere of that hallowed place. Investigations revealed the cause. The records clerk was busy materialising a brand new idea for efficiency and time-saving in his intricate department. Without a doubt the old saying "Necessity is the Mother of Invention" is amply proved here. In this department inventions flow thick and fast. Neat filing systems jostle with special cupboards and mysterious and cryptic lists wonderful to behold.

Close by in the deep shadows where no sun penetrates the ancient typewriter leaps into action on its protesting carriage on the daily routine of R/O's, memos and other little things as plentiful as the flowers in summer.

The Orderly Room Sergeant, with a fatherly eye dips into a mountainous heap of papers, pouncing like a hawk on some desired missive which he grabs with a loud cry of triumph. He adds up figures with relish. Marty can tell you anything from Form N.Z.100000/00000/0000 to the last horse at Riccarton.