

## VARIETY & DIETRY

"Come to the cookhouse door boys," is one of the most familiar bugle calls in the Army. Few of those who line up with their plates to receive their share of the GOOD things realise what a multitude of organised work has gone into their being able to collect their meals on the dot for each of the three meals a day. It is the delivery of the cooked meal which is the final effort of many starting from the producer to the vendor to the Army purchasing officer who in turn distributes to the various camps. Here the Supply Officer takes up his responsibilities and issues to the Q.M., whose cooks serve up the finished article be it roast beef, with veges., apple pie or plum duff.

Here, in our camp we are fortunate that in the main all our fresh vegetables are bought locally and it would be safe to say that there are none better procurable in the whole of the Dominion.

Our supply officer, a tall, wiry individual, has gained quite a reputation around the gardens for his stature enables him to see over large plots of cabbages and lettuce. He watches these almost from seed to head and has a personal interest in the whole affair right to the picking. Almost every day he returns to the camp with a truck laden with good things from

**BREAD**—Over 8000 slices of bread are consumed in our mess each day. This is cut from long loaves each morning so as to be ready for you at each meal.

the bountiful earth and frequently the fine fresh heads of lettuce which reach us in cut up salads are not many hours from being cut at the gardens. But this is not all, for there is often the element of surprise when he picks up a particularly good line of brotroot, some excellent pumpkins or marrowns and great bundles of silver beet. The greens used for our meals have the highest nutritious value.

There is well matured cheese from our dairy factories, while the "cow juice," which is from the contented cows of the smiling farmlands in the district, helps to build sturdy soldiers.

From Central Otago's sun-kissed orchards come many of the peaches which have been supplied to the men when available. Apples are from Hawke's Bay and Auckland, but it must be remembered that no commodity can be procured unless the supply be adequate enough to meet the requisite requirement of all ranks. The civilian population, too, has a call on all such foodstuffs.

The soldier of to-day on the present ration scale, particularly in this camp of ours, has a greater variety from that supplied three years ago. Occasionally through some reason, a meal might not be quite like a man would like it to be. The kitchen staff in a camp often works under difficulties but they work without stint as part of a great organisation, which strives to give variety and dietry, that all may be well fed, without undue waste.

The Sergeant with the soothing telephone voice—Sgt. Ray McInnary.

## CAMP CONCERT

### A GREAT SUCCESS

The camp concert held in the Y.M. tent on Wednesday evening was a rip-snorter and was attended by all the best people. Lady guests on arrival were greeted by loud cheers and officer escorts came in for much good natured banter from the boys. Lieutenant Maich was the big maestro and he and his band of performers had quite a hectic time but they succeeded in turning on a great show.

A few minutes before the show was due to start the lights went out. After much scurrying for candles and making "temporary" arrangements the lights came on again, much to the relief of Mr. Maich whose hair by now was getting slightly ruffled. At 1959 hours Mr. Maich disappeared off the stage to return promptly at 2000 hours with his hair perfect (an officer to the last hair). The honoured guests now being seated the show was on and what a show. Two rollicking songs in which the audience joined, nearly lifted the old canvas off the poles. During the singing of "Good Night Sergeant Major" Lieutenant Maich in the excitement of conducting the audience to even greater efforts, nearly jumped off the stage. (Bad luck, it would have made a good story). Then came "Roll Out the Barrel" and here the tent started to leak and caused some of our lady guests to shift hurriedly. It is hoped that they did not think it was part of the show and that the drips were spots of rum. The P.T. staff next took the stage and all were dressed in pi-utus. They came on swinging and swaying in true Maori style, singing "Maori Battalion." Sgt. Puki Green was a "oner" and was the cynosure of all eyes. They received a big hand and came on again to a haka, in which red-headed Sergeant Delamore proved a very active leader. Next was a hilarious sketch, in which "Baby Took a Bow." It was some baby, about 15 stone if it was a pound, while proceedings connected with the sketch were somewhat scandalous. (We are broadminded).

Cpl. Dean then sang a couple of soothing songs after which he smiled prettily and gave way to Pte. O'Connell who told us how we made asses of ourselves at weddings. The mouth organ round-up under the leadership of Pte. Frank Drifill, brought tears to the eyes of the more sentimental when they played "Irish Eyes and "My Bonny." Pte. Hay arrived out of breath with a trumpet which he had evidently been polishing right to the last minute and gave two fine solos. Our good padre was on the stage for the bull fight sketch in which tough men came to grief and the stage was strewn with various items of clothing. It remained for a disreput short-sighted individual to conquer Ferdinand and clear the stage for Sgt. Pedgood who gave two highly appreciated pianoforte solos. His place was taken by Pte. Roskrue, the little man with the mighty voice who will probably be New Zealand's Lawrence Tibbett one day. He was given a big hand and as he went off, the melody boys came on to a candle light scene in which they played and Frank Drifill had a few things to say about Sgt. Blows nose, Sgt. Mjr. Murray and the R.A.P. Next was the scream of the evening when the baby of a few scenes before, in the shape of Cpl. Constant, by devious suggestions asked Mrs.

Brown "not to have any more." One officer during this scene almost had to be asked to leave for laughing so much.

As a grand finale all joined in the songs "There is a Boy Coming Home on Leave" (we know . . . on Friday) and "God Defend New Zealand."

It was a splendid effort and all joined with Lieutenant-Colonel Wood, when after his speech, he called for three cheers for Mr. Maich and all the boys who had given such a splendid show at so short notice.

Bravo! bravo!  
P.S. Nearly forgot the accompanist. Un-sung heroes these. Thank you Cpl. Taylor.

## TALENT WANTED

Whether you can sing, recite, play a jews harp or a Wurflitzer organ do not be backward in coming forward. The camp concert on Wednesday evening showed how these entertainments can go over, when enthusiasm and co-operation is given unstintingly. The entertainers rose to the occasion and their example was pointed out by Lieutenant-Colonel Wood. The new Y.M. hut will be a splendid place for concerts so it is up to you who have talent to come forward. Not only will it show that the new hut is appreciated but entertainments such as those given on Wednesday make for an even better camp. Our food is good, the training is planned to build you up and the meteorological department have promised us some brisk autumn weather, so all we need now is just a bit more life and laughter. Then we will not require the R.A.P. Fellows do your share.

## THE SNR. SERVICE

### "Yachting"

The New Zealand Freshwater Yachting Championship events held on a stretch of water adjacent to our camp at Easter-tide drew one Army entrant, when Lt. D. Stewart entered the 18-footer Manoa. Corporal Taylor was the skipper while Lt. Stewart, Corporal Hubbers and Private Rex Whitford comprised the all Army crew. Sailing weather was very light on the Saturday and this meteorological phenomena, provided an excellent square off for the Manoa not getting a place. It was explained that the Army were always used to doing things the tough way and that the Manoa crew would have liked a three reef breeze, when she would have carried full canvas and just showed the natives how. In the next day's event for this class, the Manoa came second out of three boats (the Guerilla likes to be candid). The crew were jubilant and said they were the only one to carry a spinnaker on two legs of the race. The wind was only slightly better, so it was probably mind over matter which gave the Army boys patience to prevail with the big sheet. Here's hoping for gales and whatnot at the next contests and pleasant sailing days on the week-end leave days.

To the P.B. Private named Winterbottom, we can only hope that he finds some consolation in the prevailing rotten weather. It must be most seasonal for him.