

SPORTSLANTS

HOCKEY

Interest is working up in the stick game and the Maori girls' team are looking forward to the day when they can have a contest.

FOOTBALL

The sound of boot against ball draws like a magnet after mess every night now. We hope to field good teams for the local competitions during the coming season. Players are earnestly practising each Saturday.

The forty and fifty aside soccer matches on the aerodrome provides healthy and breathtaking fun for many who have been inactive for years.

BASKETBALL

Were our ears red when our manly basketball team was whacked by a girls' team on a recent Sunday. I'll say. Even at the afternoon tea afterwards there were slight flushes on the manly cheeks of our former unbeatables.

CRICKET

We have some real good weilders of the willow. In a game against the Air Force the latter went out for a total of 120. Our team were only two wickets down for 134. Somebody said we had an All Black cricketer amongst us, but really Private Ces Dacre was holding back. Sgt. Delamore and Sgt. Yarnton were the two who did all the hitting and brought the score up.

In a match between B. and C. Company Warwick Snedden made the only century of the season. The young Auckland Brabin Cup captain did well but a hustling fieldsman reckoned the bowling was rotten. Good work Warwick.

ATHLETICS

S.M. R. Keats headed a fine body of men to contest events at the Auckland Provincial Athletic Championships at Waikaraka Park. There were in the team besides the leader, Sgt. Farquhar, Pte. Ansell-Brown, Pte. H. Farley, Pte. Dougherty, Pte. Garner, Pte. Walker and Pte. Mortimer. S/M Keats was leaping well and jumped 5ft. 10in. to equal the junior record. In the relays, the teams came third in the half-mile and second in the four mile. Not too bad when it is considered that our men prior to the contests had been fed wisely and well over a long period and all had quite a lot of extra weight to carry.

At the local High School sports representatives of the Army and Air Force turned out to fight stirring contests in front of adoring young maidens. Although the Air Force looked awfully sweet in their running gear and had the advantage of the feminine gallery on the sideline, they did not have it all their own way. S/M Keats came home first in the 100 yards Service championship, while the Army team came second in the one mile relay. Next time our boys say that they will part their hair in the centre, have a perm, and put red stripes down the sides of their pants and then they will show just what they can do.

AROUND THE HUTS

Y.M.C.A.

Next week we will be out of the old tent and into our new hut, on which they have been working night and day for some weeks. Weekly concerts and social evenings are part of the plans for the future.

In the meantime our lady helpers, there are over two hundred of them representing all organisations and religions, have gained a reputation for being fast young things . . . they can now serve batches of over 300 men with tea in the short space of 12 minutes.

The boys like snacks in between meals too. Over 6000 pieces of fruit cake was consumed in the Y.M. alone during March.

Famous Maori guides and singers give their time for the welfare of the boys and among the helpers last month was Te Mauri Meihana, whose wonderful voice is known over the air and on the record. She is also secretary of the Maori Musical Society. Guides Rangai and Ellen, together with no less than 25 other guides served teas during last month.

Soldiers' wives too, gave a hand and Mrs. Rangai Royal, wife of Major Rangai Royal, M.C., who has just returned from overseas, poured many a cup of tea for thirsty soldiers.

EVERYMAN'S

Everyman's Hut in our camp, is one of a chain of seven operating at the various military camps in New Zealand. Mr. Clark who is in charge locally, endeavours to make the hut what it is "A home away from home for everyman."

FOR HONOUR, AND FOR HER!

Somewhere, a woman, thrusting fear away,

Faces the future bravely for your sake;
Tolls on from dawn till dark; from day to day;

Fights back her tears, nor heeds the bitter ache;

She loves you, trusts you, breathes in prayer your name;

Soil not her faith in you, by sin or shame.

Somewhere a woman—mother, sweetheart, wife—

Waits betwixt hopes and fears for your return;

Her kiss, her words, will cheer you in the strife,

When death itself confronts you, grim and stern;

But let her image all your reverence claim,

When base temptations sear you with their flame.

Somewhere a woman watches—filled with pride;

Shrined in her heart, you share a place with none,

She toils, she waits, she prays, till side by side

You stand together when the battle's done.

O keep for her dear sake a stainless name
Bring back to her a manhood free from shame.

—Margaret Scruton.

CHEERS AND JEERS

In the columns of our more staid contemporaries this particular column would be headed, "Letters to the Editor." This column is open to you all to jeer and cheer as much as you like, providing of course, that certain parade ground language is not used in the texts. Such words are deemed secret and confidential within the meaning of the act, etc. Therefore while you may want to groan and moan, your letters must be of the more "re-frained" type. We print below an example of how a letter has had to be censored. It was a pity to cut it down so, for it had its merits.

Disgruntled—??!! —!?? — Colonel
... ??!! ... ?? — !! Major —?? — !! —xx?
Lieutenant — ??!! — x??!—Sergeant Major
—?? —!! —xx? Sergeant —?? —!! —?
Corporal —?? !! —??!! —?! — Army.

(Teh! Teh! "Disgruntled," such language. We agree, however, with the complaint that Reveille is certainly too darned consistent and early each day. Maybe the bugler can tell us.—Ed.)

Sai Louie-Humble Sir, I write to you in this first issue of yours to make a complaint. I belong to A Company and ever since the first day I arrived, nothing but fatigue. First day in camp, it is "Sai Louie you go on guard." Then some coal want to be shift. Sai Louie shovels coal Exhausted am I. I lie down under welcome shade of pine tree when a Sergeant Major with head of fire bellow, "Sai Louie what the hell are you doing? Go and help those men build those huts." Another thing too, I bring down numerous things such as tennis racquets, golf clubs, footballs and other weapons of sport, as I see picture in paper which gives impression of much sport. Instead of using same, it is Sai Louie you stop cluttering up hut and remove same to storeroom. It is same with my wardrobe which included magnificent dressing gown and slippers, a present from my ancestors. Sadly I have to send home. But it is these fatigues. Sai Louie in kitchen, Sai Louie in Sergeants' Mess, Sai Louie in Y.M. and Everymans, Sai Louie on sanitary, Sai Louie here, Sai Louie there, Sai Louie every damn where. In fact every time a man has to be replaced on anything it is Sai Louie. Sai Louie all same damn time. When it stop, I ask you?

(Ed.—Sai Louie of A Company is a descendant of the great 400 millions of the Chinese Empire. We have investigated his case and find that all he says is correct and extend to him our deepest sympathy. There are only —(censored) others doing the same).

Dodger.—May I suggest that since recent nights have been very dark and the winter will make conditions even worse, that the barbs be taken from the fences around our camp. I have torn my trousers at least a half dozen times lately and my uniform will soon be in shreds.

(Dodger, old boy, if you persevere with the barbed fences you will probably get promotion, for the latest Army notice gives considerable space to the necessity of negotiating barbed wire entanglements.—Ed.)