

Sportslants

ALL QUIET ON THE SPORTING FRONT

There is little doing in the sporting line these days in camp, as this is the inter-season period of slackness. However, arrangements have been made to start cricket next week, and baseball is also on the way up. In the meantime, assorted P.T. Sergeants, self-consciously sporting shorts and shapely shins, have given the local tennis courts a sound thrashing, and it is hoped that it may soon be possible to arrange a tennis competition, perhaps in conjunction with the Air Force.

GOLF GAMBOLS

A most enjoyable Sunday was spent early last month when the Army played the Air Force at golf on the local links. This is something of an innovation in sport in the camp, and was brought about largely by the efforts of Sgt. Arnold Hensleigh. So successful was the day that efforts are being made to secure a return match in the near future.

In the morning the teams played four-ball, best ball, and Army finished one game up. However, on the whole day, the teams finished up even. Army won the Stableford held in conjunction with the other matches, when Herbert won on the count-back.

Results:—

Air Force: Davie (10), Stewart (24), Army: McNamara (24), Hensleigh (10). Morning: Air Force won 4 and 3. Afternoon: Air Force won 4 and 3.

Air Force: Ekdale (12), Borsdell (13), Army: Herbert (12), Knowles (24). Morning: Army won, 3 and 2. Afternoon: All square.

Air Force: McMurray (16), Drocherie (18), Army: Ramsbottom (18), Sutherland (4). Morning: All square. Afternoon: Air Force, 2 up.

Air Force: S. L. Aitken (18), J. E. Aitken (18), Army: Clements (12), Christman (20). Morning: Army won, 4 and 3. Afternoon: All square.

Air Force: Herbert (18), McLean (2), Army: Hayden (7), Muir (16). Morning: Army won, 3 and 1. Afternoon: All square.

A splendid day ended with a superb session at the 19th hole, doubtless one of the chief reasons why everyone is so keen on a return match.

ROBUST ROTUNDITY

How the trembling earth doth shake!
Has Tarawera come awake?
No, no earthquake this. Just mark
The mighty mass of Charlie Clark.

CHEERS AND JEERS

Alas, alas for good intentions. Here the Editor slaves and slaves month after month to bring sweetness and light into the souls of the masses, toiling to cast some halo of amusement over the drab life of the P.B.P., and what is his reward? Abuse, abuse, and the most shameful ingratitude.

By dint of shrewd disguises (Man at Work, Intelligent Sergeant, Landscape Ornament, etc.) and an ingenious adaptation of Hitler's idea of doubles, the Editor has so far succeeded in avoiding his numerous pursuers. The fourteen libel actions pending have been squashed under the Impecunious Sergeants' Act, 1942, and in one or two cases mutual non-aggression pacts have been entered into. But every mail brings its quota of trouble. Here are a few extracts.

Sergeant George Hickey:—Dear mr. editor, u have given me a fare spin up 2 now but i must protest agensst the horrid slurs wot u have kast on me in the last issue, 4 one thing u included mi name in the P.B.P. list. i will pass this over in the silent kuntept it deserves as i put it down to yore ignorance, and i am shure the P.B.P.'s are even more insulted than i am. but wot i cannot stummick is the reference u maid 2 my blud-staned thumbprint on a gurl's leg in hockey. U sed it was coincidence or comenplacence. Now, i cannot find concu- sence in my dikshonaries. i have some immagnation and i am shure i no wot u mean. if it is wot i am thinking, u are a low-minded heel and i will sue you 4 damages. Wot will orl my frends say. Please appologise in your nekst issue.

(Editor:—Aw, gee, George, I was only fooling. The N.E.D. gives "Concupiscence"—"Any inordinate impulse demanding self-gratification." Clang!)

Staff/Sgt. Clemens:—Dear Sir, You are a (censored). The (censored) things you said about me are — — — x ! ! @ ! x x. I — — — You go and (censored). That is if — — — x @ ! ! ! And what I want to say is (censored). If you — — — again, I will (censored).

(Sorry. We can't print any more. The blue pencil broke.)

Sergeant Whattman:—Dear Sir: People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones.

And to cap it all, a dastardly attempt was made to frame the Editor himself. In a vile and fiendish plot to tarnish the spotless reputation of the master-mind, a certain designing couple tried to secure pictures of the Editor which low-minded people might consider compromising. This is hereby broadcasting to Ngongotaha, Little Ditchling, Wortle-on-the-Snortle, etc., that the whole business was a frame-up. The Editor's solicitors, Messrs. Skitzle, Honeybubble, Gigglepip and Snork, have the matter in hand and, on demand, can produce certificates of character from the Temperance League, the Band of Little Mothers, Pansy's Purity Party, Aunt Daisy's Happiness Club, and the Comparatively Reverend Bishop of Gin-and-It.

Another interesting phenomenon still to be explained by medical science. Two weeks ago the camp hospital is packed, and every morning finds long queues before the R.A.P. The day before furlough begins, the hospital is empty, and Stan Wiltshire has not a single customer. Do diseases run in cycles—or something?

PADRE'S MESSAGE

CHRIST, THE LEADER OF MEN

Napoleon is often represented as saying: "I know man well, and I know that Christ was not a mere man." The reason given is striking and convincing. He reminded his hearers of the personal loyalty that so many thousands of his soldiers showed to him, and then he asks if there is any chance that a few hundred years hence man will be found to think of him as these did; he, Napoleon, will then be a mere figure in history, and he asks them to compare with this the personal devotion of millions of men and women of all nations and races to Christ, eighteen centuries after he had left the world.

The sworn fealty to Christ is the strongest power in the world and is a perpetual tribute to the best that is in human nature. No other leader has a power and a wisdom which can be compared with His; no resourcefulness, no intellect, no strength of character, no personal dignity can for a moment be set beside His matchless perfections. To those that know Him, He is the leader indeed who inspires service in spite of persecution, fear, suffering, hunger and thirst, and even death. For there has never been anyone quite like Christ, nor one who has so captured the love of the world, and what is more, retains it. No man dare deny the magnetism.

Many look helplessly to-day for a leader, be it in war, politics or economics. List the qualities you require in a leader if he is to gain the confidence of his men. You will probably say, courage, efficiency, knowledge, insight, consideration of those under him and finally love. Do you ever realise that you will find all these qualities in Christ in a superlative and infinite degree?

Therein you have the secret of His inspiration and magnetism; the reason why men suffer willingly, make heroic sacrifices, dare nobly and find a purpose in life under His banner. The man who swears allegiance to Christ reaches his true stature, the stature of a Son of God destined for victory.

PLT.-LIEUT. AINSWORTH, S.M.,
Chaplain, R.N.Z.A.F.

What the well-dressed officer should wear in summer. Lieutenant McNamara and Captain Neesham set the fashion in smart, natty, tropical rig. One must clothe the figure to the weather's figure.

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