

THERE WAS A SHOOT

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Without benefit of publicity or cheering crowds, scornful of anything savouring of the spectacular, the Field Artillery, as represented by "A" Bty, had their shoot last Tuesday morning. No open parade ground lined with spectators, no smoking guns pointing to the sky, no flashing planes for them. Instead, grimfaced and tense, the gunners took their guns quietly into the bush.....

Fizz !! Crash !! Bang !! A.T.D. jerked itself from its customarily somnolence. The glassy stare disappeared from classes undergoing lectures, the men on the guns looked apprehensively for slit trenches, cooks cursed the dislodged dust, clerks forgot to look busy and Quartermasters ceased writing home in order to place the NZ 324's in a vulnerable spot. The barrage had started.

A moment's awful silence - well, perhaps several moments - then the barrage opened up again. The shell shined its way over the camp and a cloud of smoke appeared among the trees. Anxious ex-Infantrymen, veterans of the barrage at El Alemein hoped wistfully that it had not landed short. But the gunners knew their guns. There was lots of margin. Several hundred yards of it according to the sweating, swearing, officers.

Split minute corrections were made. Once again the camp was racked by the concussion as the barrage crept on. The other shell was rained home - and fired. A.T.D. shuddered and lapsed into somnolence again.

"A" Battery carefully cleaned its little gun and quietly and modestly trundled it back to the gun park. They appraised its virtues in sober tones. Four times had it Tored and only once had it Fizzed. Thank God their guns were not as other guns. The men squared their shoulders and looked into the future with quiet determination - ex-infantrymen shivered

MOTHER OF INVENTION

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INGENUITY'S LATEST

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The American Magazine advertises a shovel equipped with a folding seat to permit occasional resting. The wording is the magazine's not ours and its authenticity we can vouch for.

It has occurred to many who have viewed the advertisement with as much curiosity as genuine interest that its introduction to the Army would be a definite boon. Look at it from the QM point of view. Shovel handles are more likely to remain in one piece for longer periods except in the case where a user leans heavily on the handle in lowering himself to the seat. However, it is evident that broken handles would appear less frequently for replacement and reduce the bad language of most Quartermasters in some degree.

The unofficial vote of the camp is that indentants are immediately forwarded so that those of us unfortunate enough to be caught in the draft for the next war may have some prospect of acquiring one when on fatigues.

When the men's wants were made known the QM staff looked up from the books they were reading and told the "A" Battery Labour representative in no uncertain terms that the Shovellers' Award could not be altered in wartime.

Nevertheless, none will deny that it would look far more regimental to see rows of contented shovelers sitting in orderly fashion than see them as at present in a variety of attitudes on the end of the handle which inclines at all angles, that most comfortable for the individual leaner being chosen.

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Athletics has been popularised in the last week by the necessity to accomplish the Latrine Spring in 10s.