ay, May 17, 1940

# Lower Hutt Inspitality Committee

mselves of the opportunity to R. I. Goldsmith. iriends with residents of Lower

Domas been felt that many soldiers, In: from other parts of New Zeand without friends in Weltingould be glad of having a home The hey might go during week-EREIlave.

WIG lents of Lower Hutt extend a ad invitation to such men to acdecospitality in their homes on Rev afternoons and evenings. hard se hand in your name not later Soll hursday of each week to-

the Mr. A. J. DAYSH, Lonecretary, Y.M.C.A. Hut, or

Captain Pearce (C.A.), STAntham Mobilisation Camp. Rootroop train will be met each RS. JE afternoon at the Lower Hutt AD. 7 Station by Mr. A. S. Kemp-Railwoof Lower Hutt, who will in-ALS AT you to your hosts. T DRM Miss N. OLPHERT Secretary. KE'S I

#### RD., 🏼 THE R&MALE STREET GUARDS TES, TOLO ON THE STAGE. OFT DRAN

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ELL M., "N.Z. Youth On Parade." RET D

which was presented at the Main Assembly Hall, Centennial Exhibition. Under the direction of Pte. L. M. Buick-Constable, the following boys gave a strictly impromptu but interesting sketch of barrack room life: L/ committee has been operating Cpl. Pat Smith, Ptes. "Scotty" Mon- does not require?" Detober last and many soldiers, crieff, D. Russell, S. Chamberlain, D. s there's to Wellington, have avail- Delaney, P. Cross, W. R. Smith, and

> Big Bill Smith's rich basso was commented upon most favourably, as was swered the tramp. the general harmonising of the boys who were called upon several times during the evening to sing famous Digger songs.

The sketch was called "Buckle Street Blues" and featured a brand new song of the same name especially written for the occasion by Pte. Buick-Constable. It was crooned in appro priate blue tempo by the composer backed by the guards' very tuneful harmony, and judging by the enthusiastic reception accorded to it by the large audience, it seems destined to be quite a song hit—its melody is extremely bright and at any rate it is the only song written about the boys left behind-the boys on home defence.

# CHAIRED OFF FIELD

At the conclusion of the Poneke-John-sonville match at Athletic Park, five play-ers were chaired off the field by their team-mates. They were Crisp, Elliott and O'Brien (Poneke), and Dean and G. Burns (Johnsonville), who have joined the forces. As some of them will be traticord at Transtham it is possible that The forces. As some of them will be stationed at Trentham, it is possible that their clubs may have their services for a few more matches. All five have had out-standing records for their clubs. For many seasons Crisp impressed as the best full-back in club matches. In these games his play was almost faultless, but he never seemed able to do himself justice in representative games. in representative games

### "Has the doctor any old trousers he "No, I'm afraid they would not fit you," replied the lady of the house with a smile.

"I'm very handy with a needle," an-

YULE SMILE

"Good morning," said the tramp.

But the lady remained adamant.

"What makes you so sure? Can't I see if they'll fit?" the tramp persisted.

"Well, if you must know," replied the lady, "I happen to be the doctor."

The live-wire salesman walked into the factory and said to the manager: "I want to sell your men my course on 'How to put fire and sparkle into your work."

"Not much you don't," said the manager. "This is a shell-filling factory."

### THE COLONEL'S GOOD ONE!

"While watching the German lines one day," said the old colonel, "I saw a German guarding an ammunition All Bottled Ales and ONLY Best dump. Picking up a rifle, I fired a quick shot, knocking the cigarette lighter he was holding out of his hand.

"I took careful aim and fired again -but I'm almost ashamed to tell you the rest of the story. I had to shoot five times before I spun the wheel of the lighter, lit it, and blew up the dump."

Smithy, hard nut of the company, was stopped by an officer whom he had not saluted. "Why don't you show respect? I have hundreds of men under me, and they all salute me," said the officer.

"That's nothing," said Smithy. "Back home I had thousands under me, and they never saluted."

The officer (impressed): "What was your job?"

"Mowing the grass in the cemetery," replied Smith.

Walking through the camp, the new militiaman passed a newly-fledged officer without saluting him. "Don't

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you know you must salute an officer ?" "Yes, sir," meekly replied the private.

"Right. So that you won't forget next time, you can start right away and salute me . . . a hundred times." The private began. He had reached twenty when a senior officer butted in and inquired what was going on. The young officer blushingly explained.

The senior officer smiled. "H'm. USE Very good. But all the time I've been in the Army I've always understood that an officer must return a salute. So we'll start all over again . . . and I'll see that it's done properly this time."

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