

High Jump, Gnr. Y. E. Vernon; Putting the Shot, Gnr. L. J. Reed; Tug-of-War, "C" Relief; Half-mile Walk, Gnr. J. P. Aston.

The Battery congratulates Gunners W. Sandle, L. E. Vernon and J. P. Aston on their fine performances in the Public Service Sports.

Several General Duties men, finding discipline in the "X" Battery too strict, have applied to be transferred to "Steeple" Battery.

The recruits regret the loss of one of their instructors who is now trying for a "Pip"—they all agree that he is 101 per cent. efficient.

It is noticed that "Cupid" has been putting up a barrage of arrows of late. Bachelors, note well: "red flag" not hoisted before the commencement of firing.

Bdr. C. R. Mark has taken on the duties of "Mess Caterer" for the Longa Mess. We wish to congratulate him on the many improvements effected and hope he will maintain the high standard. He is to be assisted by a Mess Committee comprised of Bdr. C. J. Smith and Gnr. J. H. Rose, who were elected by the Battery.

The Battery wish to congratulate the following on their promotion:—Bdr. J. A. Armstrong to Bombardier; Gnr. J. B. Aimers to L-Bombardier; Gnr. J. F. Shaw to Bombardier; Gnr. C. R. Mark to Bombardier.

How good is the Dorset "A" cricket team? (We will "C").

When is the next route march?

Who is the member of H.Q. 4 who shines floor polish?

Who taught the Assistant District Messenger to walk? We like his rear view.

Who was the barracker for the "Relief tug-of-war"?

When is the Auckland trip coming?

RECRUITS FOR FORT DORSET.

Another detachment of Hawke's Bay and East Coast recruits left last Saturday for Fort Dorset to join the Second Heavy Artillery Group. To date in No. 7 area there have been 233 registrations for home defence; 155 have passed as fit, and these 43 have been sent to camp. Of the balance, 68 will leave during next week. Those who left last Saturday are:—Napier: W. Abbott, W. Brookie, W. Frarer, A. Franklin, C. A. Hamilton, F. Harman, C. B. Roadley, P. M. Hogan, G. L. Houlton, F. G. Skews, H. Whyte, A. W. Williams, W. H. Bailey and V. C. Logan; Hastings: S. Transom, E. R. Lebbey, H. J. Von Dadelzen, C. Allen, J. Beckett, M. J. Bone, D. Corbett, W. Dooley, H. R. Edwards, R. J. Aftka, J. N. Hogan, M. McDonald, R. Mulholland, J. G. Overend, E. J. Parsons, N. C. Pocock, G. N. Pryce, G. Ross, A. C. Sturgess, H. F. Lowe, R. E. McCleary and G. W. Robertson; Dannevirke: R. A. Craggins and G. L. Edwards. There were also six from Masterton and 19 from Gisborne.

willingly worked to provide a supply of hot water. Thank you one and all. We recognise the spirit behind our kind action, and accept it as a token of your appreciation. Perhaps the final balance you are doing us is at least as much good as we are seeking to do for you.

Everyman's Hut

"Change and decay in all around I see,
O! Thou, Who changest not, abide with me."

As one listens to the words of this grand old hymn ringing out from the men gathered in the hut, one's mind travels back in retrospect over the years that are past. Twenty-five years ago the thunderbolt of war crashed from a blue sky upon a peaceful world, bringing in its train suffering and change. One remembers the enthusiasm of those days of '14 and '15. As the picture of our late King George V. would be thrown upon the screen in the picture house, as one man the whole audience would rise and spontaneously break into the strains of the National Anthem. The difficulty then was not to get men for the Force, but to sort out the pick from those offering. To-day—"change"—yes, and as one thinks of the numbers of men, married and with families, who have already left these shores, or are soon to leave, surely it must be said "change and decay." But what changes in the last few months—a camp sprang into existence almost overnight, but already it has changed—tents are giving way to huts, new buildings constantly rising. Men are changing constantly, old faces disappear. Their places taken by new ones, who themselves will soon pass on to make room for others. Drill, training, tactics—all are changed.

And taking a wider outlook one contemplated an even changing world situation, changes due not only to the operation of land, sea and air forces, but also to the warfares waged incessantly in economic and diplomatic spheres. The problem facing the average ordinary individual is to find something enduring to which to pin one's faith. The efforts of those responsible for the conduct of Everyman's Hut are directed to providing the key to this problem, and the men are urged to look past themselves, look beyond the world to that One "Who changes not," that One Who will abide with them forever. Generally speaking the men realise they are on serious business and they think of serious things. "Desperate diseases require desperate remedies." While one deplores the whole circumstances of war and what it entails, if that circumstance is causing people to turn back to God, to readjust spiritual values and seek spiritual things, surely good must ultimately result from it all. To hear the men singing with all their hearts the well known old hymns or listening in respectful silence to the reading of the Scriptures and the message following, convinces one that the Hut is filling a most pressing need amongst the men. May the memories of it all strengthen their hearts as they fare forth to face the unknown.

Mr. Gordon Blair's hut has arrived and though the bad weather has hindered its erection, it should be ready for use shortly. Sunday mornings the Band boys take charge and give Gordon a much appreciated spell. Last Sunday the power was off until well into the afternoon owing to the change over of the main lines and our hearty thanks are due to all the boys who

HAND OUT A SMILE

QUITE SAFE.

Officer (during manoeuvres): You are standing in the imaginary fire of the enemy, 500 yards away.

Private: I'm quite safe, sir. I'm standing behind an imaginary rock, 30 feet high.

* * * * *

SO THAT'S WHY!

"When you salute," explained the sergeant, "you bring your right hand up smartly until your forefinger meets your forehead.

"You'll notice that your fingers are made different sizes so that they fit under the peak of your cap."

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THE DEMOCRAT.

Her son had joined the Army as a private. On a visit to the barracks she stepped out of a magnificent car, looked approvingly at the sentry, and then said: "I want to see my son, the Hon. Launcelot Cholmondeley Reginald."

The sentry turned his head. "Hi, Bill," he called, "Tell Snotty 'is mucker's blown in."

* * * * *

Into the village chemist's shop dashed a private, breath coming in quick pants.

"I say," he gasped, "our sergeant's being chased by a bull."

"What do you expect me to do about it?" asked the chemist.

"Shove a film in this camera quick," replied the recruit.

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THE TANK BUMPED.

Into the path of a line of tanks rumbling through the village stepped a distressed old lady. With a clank, clank, the line pulled up, and stepping to the side of the leading tank the lady called to the driver:

"Young man, did you notice a half-pound of butter up the road? I've dropped it."

"Gawd, missus," came the reply, "now you mentions it, I remember as 'ow I did feel a bit of a bump."

* * * * *

The beautiful actress was visiting a military hospital. "Did you kill a German?" she asked the occupant of the first bed.

"Yus, lady," he said.

"Which hand did you use?"

"Me right 'and."

The actress took his right hand and kissed it.

The turn of the man in the next bed came.

"I killed hundreds of 'em," Tommy answered.

"And which hand did you kill them with?"

Tommy leant forward eagerly. "I BIT 'EM TO DEATH," he replied.

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