



Men of the N.Z.E.F., in Egypt, enjoying a swim.

TRENTHAM ARMY TEAM BEATS MANAWATU

Fast, Spectacular Match

Fast and at times spectacular and exciting Rugby was seen by a large crowd at the showground this afternoon, when the Trentham Army team beat the Manawatu representatives by 18-14. The weather was ideal for football, with a wind from the south-east. In the main the teams were closely matched, but the Army all round were a good deal faster than Manawatu, and they handled the ball more smoothly, more particularly the inside backs.

The teams were:—
Army: Connor, Sherratt, Barton, McAneny, Logan, Bradley, King, McPhail, Elliott, Rhind, J. Finlay, Bowman, Mills, Smart, and Carson.

Manawatu: Dermer, Bowler, Waugh, Reid, Stewart, Sargisson, Edlin, Waldegrave, Wallace, Dustin, Nicholson, Powell, Carter, Spence and Craven.

An unusual feature of the game was the way in which the scoring alternated, particularly in the early stages. Manawatu scored first (a converted try), and a few minutes later Army followed suit; thereafter the scoring alternated fairly regularly till the Army got a lead which they maintained to the end. Manawatu, however, were never on the defensive for long; they fought to the end and were always dangerous.

All the Army forwards played splendidly, particularly Bowman and J. Finlay; both wingers, McAneny and Sherratt, the centre, Barton, and the half-back, King, were always in the picture, and the full-back, Connor, was very safe.

Sargisson, at first five-eighth, played an outstanding game for Manawatu, and his anticipation frequently got his side out of difficulties; Stewart, at second five-eighths, gave a sound display. Till he had to retire because of an injury Dermer was very safe at full-back, and his kicking was first-class. Among the forwards, Waldegrave, Dustin, Powell, Spence and Horgan were prominent.

For the Army, McAneny (2), Bradley and Sherratt scored tries, three being converted by J. Finlay. Stewart, Powell, Reid and Horgan scored tries for Manawatu, one being converted by Stewart. Mr. C. Eglinton was referee.

Giving evidence last week, a soldier complained to a magistrate that every time he comes home on leave, his wife goes through his pockets systematically each night. What one might call a repeating rifle.

TRY A SMILE

"Well, Tom," I said, "are you going to enlist and have a go at the Hitler mob?"

"Too right I am," says Tom. "Them Nazis will be chicken feed for me."

"Why?"

"Struth! I've a job as bailiff in King's Cross district for the last couple of years."

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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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FIXED.

First Militiaman: Is there any graft in the Army?

Second Militiaman: Well, they do say the bayonets are fixed.

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STEERING THEM.

Early morning parade at the camp. Physical instructor was giving the recruits "jerks."

"Now, then, you lads, I want you all to imagine that you are in a racing skiff, rowing up the river. Now pull in time as evenly as possible. One, two—

—one, two,—one, two—

"Eh, you in the rear rank, why in the hell aren't you rowing?"

"It's all right, sir," came the answer from the recruit in the back row. "I'm the cox!"

He had failed to give the correct reply to a sentry's challenge.

"Any explanation?" asked the officer on the following day.

"Well, it's like this, sir," he said.

"I knew it was Bill Atkins what was on sentry-go. 'E ain't no pal of mine . . .

"So why the 'ell should I say 'Friend' to that blighter?"

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WHY NOT?

"Newie" had walked into the holy of holies, the Colonel's hut at Liverpool Camp, without knocking.

Colonel was very angry, and decided to teach him manners.

"Private Green," he bawled. "Do you think for a moment that I would walk into your father's house without knocking?"

"Yessir," came the answer.

"Indeed," the Colonel roared, more fiercely, "How is that?"

"Well, sir, he keeps the pub called the 'Royal' in our suburb."

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"This meat's bad," complained the housewife, throwing the parcel on the counter.

The butcher unwrapped the meat, smelled it. "It's not the meat that smells, ma'am," he declared. "That's the trouble"—pointing to a picture of Hitler on the wrapping. "Even his picture stinks."

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THE NEW HEROISM.

"Spare a copper, gov'nor, for an old hero of the battlefields, sir. I've survived four wars."

Gent (feeling for coppers): How did you manage it?

"Kept out of 'em, gov'nor."

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