

PERSONALITY PARADE. No 2,
(By Major Sucker)

"Ho Henry !"

My subject for this week's parade was born in Invercargill thirty six years ago and spent most of his life there. The most exciting incident of that period was when he regained the OYSTER EATING CHAMPIONSHIP from Fred Kronast, an outsider, the only contestant ever to snatch the coveted title from the Ford Family. Henry's grandfather first gained that beautiful cup, embellished with Oysters Rampant Argent on Ash Wednesday, 1867.

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"Ho Henry" was in Wellington for eighteen years getting experience in his particular branch of work, but otherwise left his home town only to go into the army. It is hoped that his cousin will hold the Oyster Eating Championship while "Ho Henry" is away. In civil life, he is an officer in the State Advances Corporation, a keen churchman and (I hope he will forgive the addition) a good father.

In the O/R's of Works Service Engineers Advance Party and now in Coy O/R he was and is a most conscientious worker, and when I asked him what his work included he answered: " From daylight till dark" which seemed most appropriate.

I soon realized that it was easier to find him in than catch him out. My interview too, reminded me of our first meeting. It was in a hut in Burnham where "Ho Henry" had made up a bed under the notice "Maximum number 18" probably as a mute protest against the huts having to hold thirty soldiers.

I asked if the church he attended had a dome, and was assured that it had a door and windows. To change the subject, I asked him if he had worn a wig, but he merely reminded me that he came from a Scottish town. He told me that his favourite sport was hockey and then took the opportunity to point out that he was sure my typist had only one aim in life.

This led me to think that I would never get rid of him so I asked : Do you do your own washing ? " No, I prefer to gamble ", he replied. As that got me nowhere I enquired. " when do you intend to retire ! " " At 9 P.M. (2100 hrs) unless you have any objections ", he retorted.

PEPYSIAN.

A E W S H I G H E R T H I N G S.

'Tis three o'clock, the passer said;
The moon shone brightly overhead.
She had red lips and bright eyes too,
We kissed, it seemed the thing to do.
And as we sat clutching there.....
She wore the flimsiest underwear.....
'Tis three o'clock, the passer said,
I yawned-----and so to bed.

ANON.

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A.C. was delighted with his private parcel received some days ago; the chief contents were a tin of plum jam, a tin of dried milk and a tin of M & V. Like the good fellow he is, he offered to share the gifts with all his pals. That's the spirit !

" If you feel you are facing a crisis read-----" and believe it they are doing so.
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THIS IS NOT A HOME ISSUE.



" A damn good show may not be a very high-brow expression to describe a Current Topics Discussion, but it describes what most felt about the meeting on Monday night. It is true that two ex-advertising men apparently mistook the meeting for a Sally gathering and revealed their sins; one admitting that in his advertising life he had written nothing but lies; the other hotly affirming that he had written nothing but the truth, which was met with the retort that " he had written bloody little, then !

Several married men expressed views on birth control; single men spoke of love and cuddles. Capt Blacker analysed the three main systems of Social Security. A GSM stood pat for "private enterprise"; a Sgt. shouted for radical change, not piddling taxation; another had a system of his own. Several "hear, hear's and boos. Capt Blacker's presiding order and leadership saved.....no, we leave the rest.....
BE AT THE NEXT MEETING...MONDAY NIGHT.