

The United South Island States of New Zealand, yesterday mourned the passing of a figure whom the passing years had mellowed into a kindly and benevolent old gentleman, steeped in the traditions of the Far South.

The demise of Percy Kenna recalled to mind the stirring years of his heyday, when the foundations of the fabled Kenna fortunes were being well and truly laid.

His earlier life was inconspicuous; as an Orderly Room Clerk in the Pacific War (1941-1945) the business of the section was conducted in the usual balled-up Army manner. Returning to civil life, he took up metallurgy, and became skilled at recognising whether a platinum blonde represented diamond rocks, or merely workable (h)ore. Turning his attention to psychology, he became a psychiatrist and was able to tell whether children had more fun in childhood than adults had in adultery.

These pursuits failing to give him mental stimulation, he married a sob-sister who, his friends related with gusto, "Sits on his knee and bawls, making it very hard for him". After the divorce, he began to play an important part in local politics, and was elected Alderman of the village of Dunedin, which, after a slow decline over the years, was beginning to build up a tourist trade in Hokanui whisky and haggis. Other organisations which remain a monument to his name include the Anti-Rubber-Heel League (Dunedin folks claimed they gave too much); Rice Laundry Ltd (For cleaning rice re-used at weddings) and a Company selling bottles of fresh air for bicycle tyres.

Marrying, for the second time, a Hawkes Bay (North Island Dependency) girl, he enthusiastically took up hog-raising - and finished up with five daughters and four sons, who enjoy a precarious existence as a touring 3-ring circus.

We extend our sympathy to his widow and family on the loss of a substantial citizen (he weighed 16 stone).

WHAT HE THINKS.

In reply to the innocent question:- "Do you think the war has made any difference to you?", Spr. Gibbs did not hesitate to reply that he thought it would change the whole course of his life.

"You wouldn't believe it, but I was only eight stone six when I came into the army in January of this year.... do you know what I am now?.... Ten stone four! On the farm I worked like a slave, got up at four in the morning; the wife and I milked ninety cows between us, and after breakfast at eight o'clock I had to turn to and do the work on the farm. Very often I

Sir;

On behalf of our clients, the "Humorous Concrete Coy", we emphatically protest against your scurrilous leader in last week's "DOZERDUST". That a paper of such standing should stoop to such "Yellow Press" practices is painful to such an honest Coy as the above.

They are reluctantly compelled to ask you to publically apologise in the columns of your paper before the 4th August 1943, otherwise we have been instructed to take legal action in the matter,

GETTEM & SKINEM  
Barristers & Solicitors

We have consulted our legal advisers, Messrs. Dhobies & Itch, who advise us to ignore the above threats.

If they wish to take the matter further they know what to do..... (Editor)...

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CURRENT TOPICS

MONDAY NIGHT

SUBJECT: "WOMEN AND THE WAR"

AT 7 P.M., IN Y.M.C.A.

SPEAKER: PADRE A.H. LOWDEN

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RUSSIA AGAIN !

From "Russia at War" to Russia after the War, led to Germany after the War and round the best part of the globe, before the meeting came to a close on Monday night when one of the best Current Topic Discussions was held. Padre A.H.Lowden took the lead.

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PING PONG !!!!

TONIGHT. SATURDAY...PRACTICE IN Y.M. !

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had to get the wife to do such work as harrowing and other jobs I should have had a man to do."

"You would say, then, that the army has surprised you?..." "Yes, it seems to have given me more confidence in myself. Stuck on a farm in the Kaipara Flats all my life, I had no kind of social life, and I never felt I was able to take part in things.... But here it is different. I am with the 'boys', free from worry and am much happier."

"Do you think you will go back to share-milking?" "... "Not on your life. I'm going to do work I've always wanted to do. I've had my share of being a slave.