



PERSONALITY PARADE. NO 17.

JACK GIBBS.

By Major Sucker, O.B.E.

JACK was born at Kaipara Flats, North Auckland, where he went to school and later started working on a farm. He was doing well till Councillor Paul (later famous as the Black Tracker) introduced a Farming Reform Bill & gave him some poor horse racing tips. He shifted to Waikato, was married and under new management regained his success. . . . WHEN put into WORKS SERVICE COMPANY he hoped to be made farm manager; with his honest features and the Black Tracker's schemes it looked as if they would both be able to retire after the war, but unfortunately for them the scheme was abandoned. . . . HIS job of batman-section orderly room clerk is now becoming somewhat like his farm life which he explained meant chasing the chickens out of the garden, keeping his cows out of neighbouring turnip paddocks and the roads. He did his best to graze as many horses and calves as he could on the roads - it was something of a racket among the farmers. Here he now has about the same amount of running around to do, but it consists mostly of rushing to and from the notice board on which he has to pin announcements of table tennis matches, swimming car-nivals, motor trips, boxing, chess and draught meetings. Sometimes he feels that his legs are not equal to the strain. He hinted that he was going to approach Lieut. Torrie with a view to obtaining a horse which he could keep tethered outside the Services Orderly Room. . . . ASKED his opinion of the W.A.A.C.S. he became volubility itself. Stuck away in back country districts he had not had the opportunity of feasting on the beauty of N.Z's lovely ones (a weakness common to all farming communities) Now, however, he had opportunity to set the balance. Unfortunately, he found himself so tied up with the confounded notices that he had no time to enter the competitive struggle. Perhaps he might gain the confidence of the Welfare N.C.O. who would allow him to run up to the Waneery with notices. Of the W.A.A.C.S. he has observed at a distance he is greatly impressed by the one who collects the CENSORING STAMP, and had some hard word to say on making one so young and beautiful walk such a long way for so trivial an article (that's a good hint) However, his choice always has been and always will be a flaming red head. " Yippe, I'm seeing more of life now than I thought was in our dreams ", he concluded as he dashed off with a notice.

THAT quiet R.A.P. Orderly of ours is not so slow. He was observed returning from the pictures hand in hand the other night. Wouldn't look our way.

" Shorty " Hampson's name almost omitted from boxing notes. He packs too heavy a wallop to allow that.