



The Potatokohe Sergeants

## POINTS FROM POTATOKOHE

Every member of the Battalion stationed here, from the sanitary fatigue down to the Colonel, is blowing off steam and indignation at the malicious and unmitigated kick in the pants served out recently by Old Granny Dinkum Oil Rumourmonger. Every reader of "The Dragon" will readily agree that these boys who wear the small green patch belong to the Cinderella Battalion. When the hear of the vicious attack on their reputation, there is not the slightest doubt that sympathy will flow profusely to these lads from the "Mainland."

It's a well-known fact that several weeks ago one Battalion was wrenched away from their comfortable surroundings in the centre of the North Island and installed in a Field Camp near "Potatokohe"—where the spuds come from. It was a sorry day for everybody when we had to tear ourselves away from the land of sand, snow and sickness, but it was a case of duty before sentiment and comfort, so off we went to our new home, where frosts were few and far between, and sunshine, cauliflowers and Waitemata were plentiful.

A small amount of leave—every night in the week, in fact—together with a warm welcome from the female population of the surrounding district, helped us to forget the tragedy that had befallen us when we left the atmosphere of Ruapehu. We were beginning to lift our heads almost with joy, when Fate suddenly took a hand and brought to our ears the story which was being spread about the district.

But let us tell you the story, for we're sure you'll agree that we have a bone to nibble or a

pocket knife to grind when you hear it. This is how it was told to us: "You boys from the South Island must be a troublesome lot. We have it on good authority that deaths from sickness were so numerous in your old Camp that you refused to stay there any longer. You sat down and wouldn't work until something was done for you, so to satisfy you they sent you up to the land where spuds are grown."

"Fair play and fair females" is our motto, and unless some action is taken in some quarters by somebody, we'll go home altogether and won't play with our Tanks again!

Hong Long and Mee Kin, the Chinese gardeners of Three Tanks were a famous firm with the slogan: "Haven't got it—can't get it—if we had we wouldn't give to you."

Midnight in Camp

