

The 94th On Parade

badly caught on several occasions for breaches of mess etiquette and had to pay the penalty. Since then he has been making determined attempts to recoup his losses, and it is now necessary for fellow officers to carry out rigid mutual inspections before entering the mess to ensure that no "pips" are upside down, etc., as we know that under the pretence of brushing a speck off our already immaculate uniforms, he is really checking up on the general turn out. The Acting Battery Commander is to date his best catch, when the aforesaid officer endeavoured to sneak into his bedroom unobserved to repair the omission of pips.

We also have an expert Cardinal Huff performer, who has qualified as a pope on three consecutive occasions on ginger ale. Can he do it on beer?

Be sure to order the next publication for the sequel.

The young English officer was extremely conceited and boring. "It's a fact," he boasted to the young lady, "that people often take me for a member of the Guards."

"Really?" drawled the girl. "Fire, railway, mud or black?"

A local picture theatre is much favoured by our Waacs on account of its very comfortable seating accommodation. This, it is understood, induces sleep. But who was the Waac who woke up suddenly during a tense and thrilling drama, while the audience was holding its breath and counting its heart-throbs, and remarked loudly: "Golly—I've lost my hat!"

Our gunners never stop work. That is hardly ever. A fair visitor on a recent Sunday afternoon saw Gunner Thorpe busily building a stone wall to keep the ration trucks off the lawn. It took a lot to convince her that he wasn't doing it as punishment. Gunner Thorpe's amusement at her idea finally overcame her incredulity. Now she wants to join the Waacs. Can this be pure disinterestedness, Gunner?

The more academic of our battery staff have got the crossword puzzle complex badly, and our general knowledge is increasing. We now know that there are birds called "ernes." (It is suspected that these birds may be responsible for dropping the litter that occasionally appears.) But Q.M.S. McLisky took a poor view

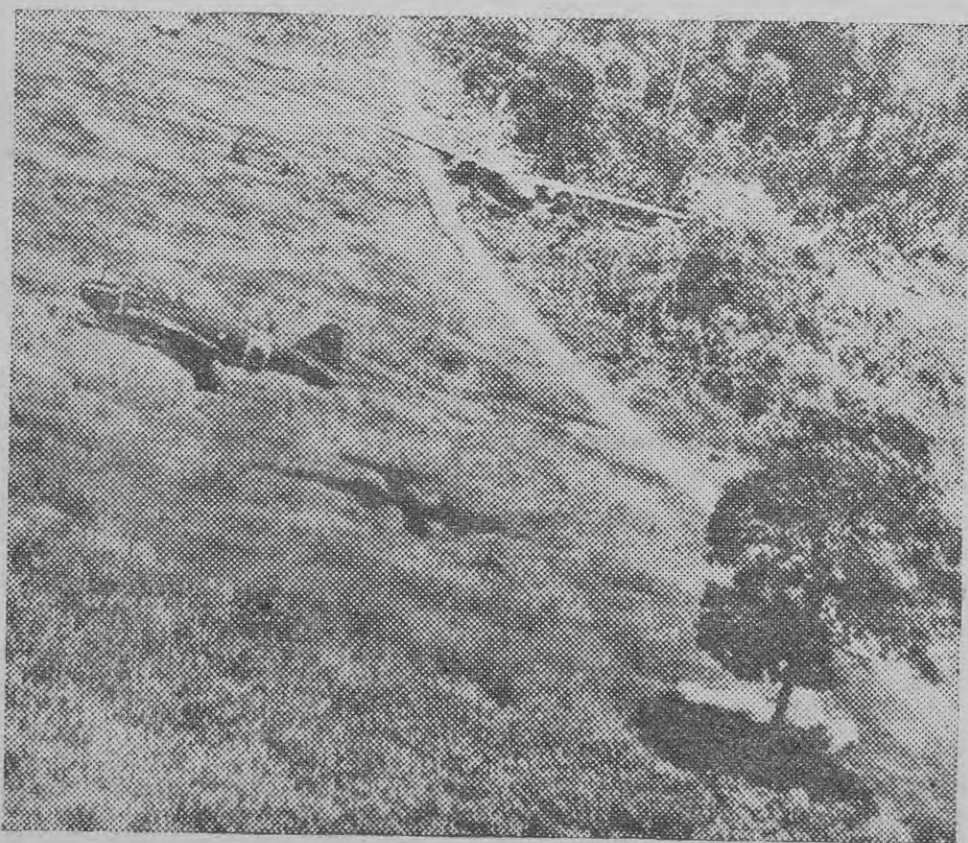
of it when awakened at 11 p.m. and asked if he could name a popular army dish of four letters beginning "st—."

We miss Gnr. White from B.H.Q. There never was a man with a more comprehensive grip on the problem of fish supplies in the northern suburbs.

Our sylvan surroundings tend to bring out unsuspected traits in our B.H.Q. staff. A certain Waac driver is believed to be cultivating goldfish in Kelly's Pond (not to be confused with Kelly's Corner), while others find the lake shore an idyllic place for ukelele parties on a Sunday afternoon.

Our returns expert is Lieut. Jackson. Whether it is the number of Waacs who on last Wednesday week were reported to be wearing their stockings inside out and failing to comply with the regulation to use lipstick only in moderation, or alternatively who wish to go to an AEWS course on "Care of Children," or simply an easy one like the number of one-legged paperhangers with glass eyes now in the unit (he can do this on his head), nothing puts him off his stroke. But ammunition returns are not popular just at the moment.

This battery has been deeply moved by the AEWS inquiry as to how many visiting concerts per month would satisfy its requirements. The officers at B.H.Q. are said to be of the opinion that if Dorothy Lamour and Ginger Rogers can be included in the concert parties, there aren't enough nights in the month.



STRAFING JAPANESE PLANES—An American Douglas attack bomber, skimming 100 feet above ground, attacks Japanese planes at Lae, New Guinea. The American plane has just passed over a disabled Japanese bomber, and a wrecked Zero fighter can be seen under the tree at lower right.

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