

94th JOTTINGS

We wish Gnr. (Dave) White, our ex-reporter for "FLAK," all the best in his new venture at the 15th Heavy Regiment. He has made his bed—we at B.H.Q. hope that he lies on it.

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Our sympathies go to Lieut. J. L. (Tim) McCoy, and we sincerely hope that he will soon be fully recovered and back with us again

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"Best of Luck" is the wish of the battery to the 24 gunners who departed this weary life for the care-free life of civilians.

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Congratulations go to Bdr. Silk and Bdr. Powell on their promotion. In the words of that famous poet Robbie Burns, "You Ain't Seen Nuthin' Yet."

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A cold snap was experienced the other morning, and a Gunner was heard to remark that it was a case of "Winter draws on." Also he hoped that Staff McLisky had plenty in stock.

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Gnr. (Pauline) Grey and (Minnie) Karora, our B.H.Q. harmonizers, are to be heard almost every evening vying with the tuis and other native birds.

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Kauri Point Kapers

Presenting a drama in one act, from real life:—

Scene: An army pay-room.

As the curtain rises to the soft strains of the "Star-Spangled Banner." Lt. Ochjoy is seen seated at the central table. A stern frown hovers over his dark, manly beauty, as various one-pipped gentlemen hurry to and fro, a world of care shown on each martial face.

From the right centre a gunner marches smartly in, snaps a salute, and stands rigidly at attention. The sun, reflecting from her platinum blonde hair, throws a ray of glory into the sombre atmosphere; a shy but expectant light shines in her beautiful blue eyes.

Lt. Ochjoy glances up; slowly a gentle smile softens his stern beauty as the following dialogue takes place:

"Good afternoon, Gnr. Throbbing."

"Good afternoon, sir."

"Are you doing anything to-night, Gunner?"

"Oh, no, sir" (shyly and expectantly).

"Good. Very good. My uniform is in a shockingly dirty condition, Please see what you can do, and don't forget to polish the buttons."

The gunner collapses on the floor, and four sobbing Waacs tenderly carry the body out as the curtain falls.

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Kauri Point has been honoured by a lengthy visit from our revered and venerable B.S.M. His present occupation seems to be to encourage our young rookies to hit a certain given spot in a certain given time. A ribald suggestion has been put forward that a few spots judiciously administered might greatly enliven proceedings generally. Enquiries as to the B.S.M.'s health from B.H.Q. were as follows (over the phone): B.H.Q.: "Hello, S.M. How are you getting on?" S.M.: "Fine, sir, I am now back on a battle station." B.H.Q.: "What's that? A bottle station?" We pass such suggestions over in dignified silence.

We must admit, however, that Kauri Point, from a scenic point of view is, if it can possibly be imagined, benefiting from the S.M.'s visit. The S.M. was overseeing the preparations

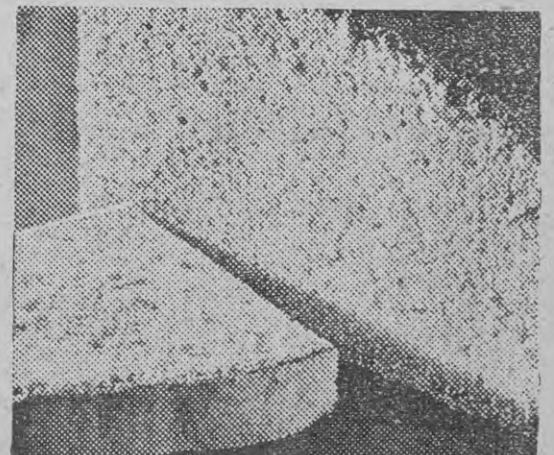
for the planting of pungas. One inquisitive gunner asked the natural query: "Say, S.M., what are we supposed to be planting? Pansies?" Back came the S.M.'s answer: "Pansies! Pansies be damned! There are far too many here already." We the guardians of Kauri Point morals, take that literally. We scorn any hidden inference.

The Kauri Point cricket pitch is definitely taking shape. A beautiful rustic fence is being constructed round it, volcanic soil is being spread and rolled in. The expected results have given rise to a furious controversy. Which is the more profitable to raise on our future pastures—springing heifers or woolly sheep? Apart from the war effort we have given our vote to the heifers as serving a double purpose. Our lady gunners would just love to attend them as a break from gun routine, and our commanders, gently dozing in their cots in the early hours, their great minds fixed on imperial problems, would have ample milk in their morning cups. Waited on, of course, by shy and beautiful batwomen. Oh, Aphrodite! What a jolly war!

—"ELSIE."

ALLIES

Muttered a Gunner as he offered a cigarette to a member of the R.N.Z.-A.F.: "After all, they're our Allies, just like the Chinese or Greeks.."



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