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# THE VAGARIES OF CANINE PETS

All the best people in the 22nd Regiment possess dogs. Whether it was the example of our Brigade Commander, a mere longing for comradeship, or the fact that the wife will not have dogs around the house, almost everyone of any standing in the Regiment is followed by pattering paws and wet muzzling noses.

Love of the canine is an admirable trait in any man, but it can cause the owner some anxious and embarrassing moments. Take, for example, the time the Brigade Commander visited R.H.Q. with his dog Whiskey. That, in itself, is perfectly natural. It was also only to be expected that Boss (the four-legged one) should show his customary Quartermastering hospitality and offer to show his doggy friend the sights. BUT, after all, that fountainhead of all knowledge, the Adjutant's table, is worthy of some respect. The attitude adopted by Boss (the four-legged one) and the faithful repetition of his partner in crime was most unregimental, in fact, is was "viewed with alarm." Whiskey may be the life of man, but it was almost the death of the Adjutant.

It is reported on good authority that the heap of returns piled in the wastepaper basket from the 95th Battery, which had been produced with such loving care and meticulous accuracy, had to be re-typed (by the 95th Battery, of course).

## Danger to Posts

The recently-installed 2 i/c at Regiment is reputed to own a particularly massive chunk of canine. It is to be hoped that he does not follow precedent when inspecting gun posts—drainage has always been a problem at the 95th.

It would seem that all is not well in the R.H.Q. dovecote. It has leaked out that there is bitter personal enmity between the Assistant-Adjutant, the Regimental Training Officer and the Regimental Education Officer. All are

mild-mannered men, but the introduction of a dog into their midst brought out the Mr. Hyde in these Dr. Jekylls. It has even reached the wilds of Whenuapai that the dog sold by one to the other was not the well-mannered animal it was made out to be. At least one of these gentlemen must have a twinge of conscience every time he glances down at the local police station.

Battery H.Q. of the 95th has always had a delightfully informal rural atmosphere. Kittens cavort around the cookhouse, white-tailed rabbits bob about in nearby paddocks, and cows munch contentedly at the grass around the Orderly Room. Like all good O.C.'s, ours came up to standard by producing a small and very curly spaniel. A rather sad little dog, Lannie

was definitely seen, but not heard. Then entered a wild Scotsman, Jock by name, he was much younger and more playful, long in limb and in temper short. Soon he had distinguished himself by baling up the B.S.M., and he had a rooted objection to any be-goggled Don R's.

## Peculiar Personal Habits

The unquenchable spirit of this youngster is reputed to be largely responsible for the number of wrinkles on the forehead of the 2 i/c (the Adjutant, Battery Cadres and Stocktakings also have left their mark.)

We can excuse the sock-stealing tendencies of his dog, for he concentrates his efforts on the property of his proud owner. We can excuse his eccentric antics before the Administration Officer on Battery parades, for he is barely 12

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