

# None Less Than Hess

(67th S.L. Battery Correspondent)

Included among the other glorious exploits of the searchlight men in England, in the recently published book "Roof Over Britain," is the story, now revealed for the first time, of how they captured Rudolf Hess, Hitler's right hand man who has been A.W.L. from Germany for some time. Of course this capture was made easier by Hess obligingly baling out right over a searchlight site and sliding down the beam so to speak.

At first he said he was "Alfred Horn," but some bright lad suggested that it was rather strange that a person with a good English-sounding name like that should be flying around in an Me. 110 so late at night. (Note: These boys were all so bright that we feel sure they must have been trained by B.S.M. Partner).

They were about to make a report to HQ (in triplicate) about it when another gunner (who went to the pictures) said he thought his face looked familiar.

Finally, they looked through a pile of newspapers and magazines until the Gunner said "Stund Fust! That's him, I'm sure that's the —? —? (censored)." He pointed to a photograph of Hess, Hitler's best friend and Deputy-Fuehrer of Germany. The gunner's friends roared with laughter (we can imagine).

When his identity was established they considerately asked him if he would like to be dropped over Berlin with the next load of bombs. "No! No! No!" he screamed, "I'd certainly die if I said yes."

Several reasons have been advanced for his sudden flight from Hitler's New Odour (yes, that's right, it stinks).

1. He quarrelled with his mother-in-law.

2. He was looking for a White Christmas. They haven't had one for years in Germany on account of the Black Outlook.

3. He heard of the hospitality for which all S/L men are famous.

Anyway this brief account has given the 67th a new interest in life ... you never know, one day Tojo might borrow a Zero and hop toward New Zealand before the Son of Heaven catches up with him.

We at LA 1 can promise him a warm reception if he should try. —(With apologies to the authors of "Roof Over Britain"—We mean to read their book if we can get it.).

## SECURITY!!

A convoy of trucks en route from Wellington to Auckland recently were due to arrive at a small town late one evening. As NOBODY had been warned of their arrival, the Don/R was sent on ahead to warn the S.M. in charge of the local Drill Hall. Imagine his surprise on arriving in the town to find notices announcing a dance (posted up at noon that day) which read:

**DANCE  
TO-NIGHT  
PARISH HALL. FUNDS FOR  
RED CROSS  
PLENTY OF PARTNERS  
CONVOY ARRIVING**

Any sceptic who doubts the efficiency of the "bush-telegraph" can see the poster for himself in our orderly room.

## SHORTAGES

The water shortage in Auckland may be due to natural causes, but the beer shortage in Wellington is reported to be due to the activities of certain members of the 67th now in that village.

## ZERO, ZERO, ZERO

The powers that be have decided that 0 (as in 1000 or morning tea time), written 0 and spelt "nought," will in future be pronounced "zero" instead of "owe" in signal messages. (If this doesn't read sense read it again slowly and carefully ... if you were out last night give it up).

Now although we don't care a fig ourselves we consider that this change places some of our local blue orchids in a dangerous position. One morning as an innocent little Harvard is stocging along on co-op., some temperamental officer at one of the local gun sites is going to hear the words "One zero zero zero," coming from G.O.R., jump to conclusions, and order "Fire."

This might be distinctly uncomfortable for the bloke in the Harvard, but on second thoughts (and having watched several shoots) he would probably be quite safe, and no doubt the Heads have taken this into consideration.

## WAACS

A new bunch of Waacs at LA 1. They should be able to give us some "Spice-y" stories and also something about the "Grimmer" side of army life. Nothing to report yet, unfortunately.

## HALT!

A new and rather timid Waac had great difficulty in learning the phrases incidental to picquet duty, and her greatest fear was that one night she would have to challenge the Orderly Officer.

Sure enough one evening while she was on picquet an officer suddenly loomed into view through the gathering dusk. Summoning all her courage she screamed: "HALT. LOOK WHO'S HERE."

Orgies of intoxication  
And similar nocturnal ventures,  
Followed by regurgitation,  
Result—the loss of Waller's dentures.

## FURLOUGH COURSES

Arrangements have already been made for a few Gunners to attend courses during furlough. If you feel like doing a Trade Course during Furlough, see your U.E.O. at once.

Telephone 41-249

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