

## With the 94th

We have been semi-officially informed that the 94th Battery is about to adopt a new motto—"Absque Labore Nihil" (Without Labour, Nothing). We treat with lofty scorn the ribald comment of a would-be witty gunner who suggested that "And With it, Less than Nothing" should be added. And we would further add that the achievements of the 94th do not require the services of the 67th's spotlight.

The great topic of the last fortnight has been the Mystery of the Missing Heater. In spite of the engagement of that eminent criminologist Mr. Sheerluck Jones, no solution of the mystery was forthcoming. The O.C. was on the point of ordering Gnr. Frothing to fill in form 27643 LL.B. in desperation, and submit the whole matter to caucus, when an urgent appeal was made to the Minister of Supply, Dr. Defoe. Armed with unlimited authority, a pretty Waac and a Ford V8, Dr. Defoe was able to convince the authorities in Auckland of the urgency of the case; a heater was supplied to cover the deficiency, and the high lords of the battery once more resumed their interrupted slumbers. On such small things do crises turn.

A requisition for starch to our Minister of Supplies, Dr. Defoe, was put in by that venerable and austere descendant of the Roman matrons, Sgt. Tenderdaughter. In the name of all gunners we protest. We would have our lady gunners as nature intended them to be—bright-eyed, laughing daughters of Aphrodite; to the haughty, aristocratic dames of other units we would leave such things as starch or any other stiffening measure they may desire.

This battery has been honoured by a visit from a B.S.M., one of the principal ornaments of the great Smith family. His principal object in life sees to be the tagging of huts—fot fear they should be missed. With humble deference we suggest a far greater scope for his activities. In the words of Gilbert and Sullivan: "He's got them on his list, and they never would be missed." C.O.'s please note.

## Battery Badinage

The most disconcerting thing that could ever happen to anyone is to be placed in such a position that, though there is nothing to do, you've got to appear to have the responsibilities of a Regiment on your shoulders. One unfortunate, on being caught in the act of trying to find something to do, was promptly pounced on by one of the very few who successfully pretend they have something to do.

"Just the man I want." A most expressive and heartless sentence. It means anything from "You're Orderly Officer to-morrow," "You're going to town to buy two split pins," to "You're going on leave on the 4.30 bus, and you've got three minutes to catch it." Well for once, fate intervened in another form, and caused an already distracted mind to set forth on paper something that even as yet is not exactly clear to the aforesaid mind. It could relate the story of "How I trumped my Partner's Ace," or "The reason why you should play Bridge." Probably you'd be just as bored after reading this.

However, let's eulogise on the exigencies of the service. To wit, How to pass the evening in the mess without taking undue risks. At present should you come to sit by our roaring fire you would probably think that some horrible disaster had fallen upon us. No longer those hectic nights that made you wonder if you would ever get to bed in time to get up for the morning parade.

All but the pleasant recollection of these days have passed away, and now we only celebrate when such days of rejoicing warrant it. For example, to-night will be different from last night, when from one corner frantic howls of "You've trumped my ace," rent the air, and the Big Four passed sarcastic comments on each other's play at Bridge. But, to-night, is an occasion. Someone has got engaged, someone is leaving and we're going to win the football match this afternoon.

Speaking of hoping to do things, you realise what the Government housing scheme is like. If you put in your application two years ago and you have had three more children since then, you stand a chance of a house next year, if the Union increases the wages. Well, we're somewhat in the same position. Our family has increased so much that the

construction is making fast and furious headway. The back garden is completely cluttered with 4-man huts. These have one disadvantage, however. The usual procedure is for a truck to arrive with bits and pieces in the morning. There aren't too many bolts, so the huts go up with bits missing, and nails sticking out from all directions. Everything is to specification, except the parts that aren't, and somebody sleeps in it that night, and next morning a truck comes to take it away again, and you go back to living in the gorse.

However all these little things are sent to try us, so they say. Well finally we'll close off with the "Battery Supper Song," to the tune of "One Dozen Roses."

Give me one dozen eggs,  
Put some steak in beside them,  
And send them to the 2 I/C.  
The Adj. will receive them,  
The Tiffy 'long beside him,  
And the acting ex-15C M.T.

There'll be half cooked onions with them,

And some dirty coffee too.  
If you think that you will get some,  
Then you know just what to do.

When the Waacs start in complaining,

When the gang commence their training.

On cooking lessons number two.

We make no apologies for our "pome." Just a sidelight, why did they adopt Scrim's locked door policy? For reply to this, hesitate before you look at the next issue.

### "FLUFFY"

1st Gunner: I see the O.C. with a new car, Joe.

2nd Gunner: Yeah, she's a whopper—new Vacuum brand.

1st Gunner: What! Vacuum car—never heard of it before.

2nd Gunner: Oh, you know the kind. Every time he's out in it he picks up a bit of fluff.