

The 67th Spotlight

Congratulations.

Congratulations to Captain C. S. Maguiness, O.C. of the 67th A.A. Searchlight Battery, on his promotion (long overdue) to the rank of Major.

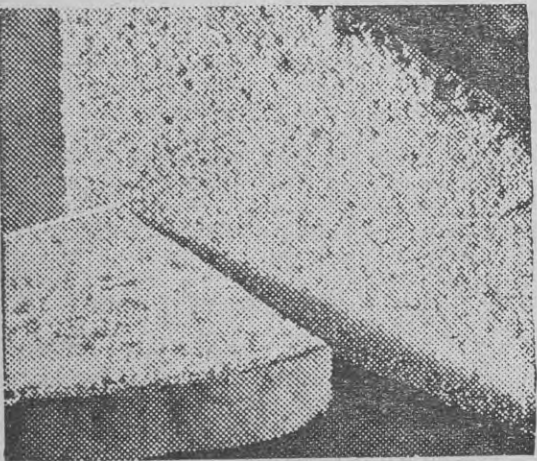
Major Maguiness is one of the Old Guard so far as Ack Ack is concerned, and except for a brief period with the coast lights, when he was commissioned a month after the outbreak of war, he has been in the A.A. Searchlights since the Territorial days of 1936. At the outbreak of war, away back in 1939, he was one of the first mobilised.

He is one of the most popular officers in the Anti-Aircraft units, and in the old days before the Ack Ack had really spread its tentacles around Auckland, those of us who belonged to the 67th were always being told how lucky we were to have "Mac" for our O.C. Even some of the kitchen hands who hated everyone (particularly officers, on principle), had a good word to say for "Mac."

There is an old saying that no man is a hero to his valet. To draw a parallel it might be said that no officer is a hero to his Orderly Room who must work at his elbow all the time.

Suffice to say that Major Maguiness rates very high with us and all at H.Q. No greater tribute could be paid.

God bless America. Q.M. Staff please note. Greater love hath no man than this, that he give up his girl friend for a Yank



ADAMS BRUCE
Rich
BLOCK CAKE



EXIT

Old soldiers never die, or so the saying goes, they simply fade away. Life in the 67th Battery suggests that young soldiers meet a similar fate. For months our men have been gradually disappearing, to the Air Force, to industry and to overseas units, but the Battery was struck a severe blow last week when District clamped down on the last of our Grade 1 men.

We wish them the very best for the future and hope they will always retain pleasant memories of life in the 67th.

BUSY B'S

It has been an eventful week for B Troop, as, among other things, we have had three afternoons set aside for ping-pong matches and one for basket-ball. One evening we had a play-reading and another a gramophone recital, so you see our leisure hours—when we do our training and what not—are getting fewer, in fact we get busier every day.

BASKET BALL

B Troop played A Troop one day last week. The game was fast and exciting, and resulted in a win for B Troop, the score being 5-3.

Later the Battery team played G.O.R., the match ending in a draw with the score 6-6.

Although their beauty is fast disappearing through over-training, the Waacs on L.D.4 are developing considerable talent at table tennis. This transformation is taking place under the careful tuition of one Sgt. S. F. Watson.

TELEPHONICS

Remark of the week, heard on the Orderly Room phone: "I've left my battledress trousers behind!" For the benefit of those of our readers with colourful imaginations, and those who do not know the Waac bombardier in question, we hasten to assure them that it was not nearly as serious as it sounds.

Then there was a Waac who gave two rings on a party line when she only meant to give one, and picking up the receiver screamed, "Check. Delete two rings, substitute one."

Night Plane Co-op.

You sit in the mess and you laugh and you joke,
And you watch the crowd through a haze of smoke.
Someone's playing the gramophone
And you're starting to feel quite at home;
And suddenly out of the night's still calm
Comes that discordant jangle:
"Alarm!"

The Gramophone's left, and butts are dropped.
You dive for the door but there you're stopped
By everyone trying to do the same.
So you wait your turn and endure the pain
Of mild abuse and pokes in the back,
Till you're out in the night with the rest of the pack.

Then you run like hell, and all the time
You're thinking of words that will define
That wretched bloke in his dirty plane
Who seems to think it's just a game,
As he spins and dives away from the lights,
Then soars again like a bird in flight.

Then you strain your eyes and you peer about
Till your neck near breaks. Then someone shouts
"Plane," and you make a dive for your post,
But the next thing you hear is "Target lost."
Then after what seems an awful time,
You hear "Stand down," and you think "That's fine."

There's a bit of a scuffle, a bit of a jig,
And somebody's elbow goes into your rib.
You turn to give them a killer stare,
But it has no effect—it's dark up there.
Then later still you crawl to your beds,
You curse the army and curse its heads.

You curse the war and you curse the guns,
You curse the spaghetti eaters and Huns.
But if some say when you're on leave
"H8's pretty good I believe"
You smile and say "It's the grandest station,"
You just don't mention night co-operation.

PREDICTOR (93rd Bty.)