

Victory for the 95th

The 95th has a Rugby team. This it not mere wishful thinking, but a bold statement of fact. After several scratch games we had hopes of a team, and long and loud were the arguments of the many self-appointed sole selectors.

Our season commenced with a pipe-opener against Hobsonville Air Force Station. After an even tussle, we came home 5—nil. Then came the turning point in our career. No, it was not the advent of several All Blacks to replace the cream of the Battery which has steadily been filtered by Regiment to make up other Battery cadres. The remarkable change—the B.C. and others, would perhaps call it a miracle, was wrought merely by the arrival of some jerseys.

This may seem an exaggeration, but you haven't seen our jerseys yet. Nothing could be dearer to the heart of our Battery Commander than the startlingly vivid green which graces the upper half of our 15 stalwarts. In fact, the coincidence was so marked that our Transport officer, who chose the jerseys, has been accused of "crawling." It is rumoured that he is busy working a neat golden shamrock on each jersey in an endeavour to elbow, the Battery Training Officer from his firmly embedded position in "the Big Four."

It is remarkable the difference a uniform will make. Prior to our red-letter day, our team turned out in Jerseys woollen, shirts flannel W/O collars, multi-coloured shorts and sandshoes. The jerseys arrived just in time for our game with Whenuapai Air Force, and such was the effect on esprit de corps that we won 29—0.

Looking for fresh fields to conquer, we found our old friends, the 94th, straining at the leash. Thanks to the R.N.Z.A.F. at Whenuapai for the use of their ground, a most enjoyable

game resulted. Major Kingsford arrived with his team, as well as a referee, a cheerful Bombardier staggering under a load of oranges and several leather-lunged supporters. We are glad to know that one battery at least can produce such an imposing array of manpower.

Our Commanding Officer also found time to come out and view the game and to lend a much-needed note of impartiality to the barracking.

It would scarcely be fair to report the game, for this is being written by a 95th pen. Suffice it to say that the 95th got home by 21—5. In his usual sporting fashion, Major Kingsford was overheard to remark that the better team won. We are inclined to agree, but will admit that we had certain advantages. For instance, we are now quite blasé regarding aircraft. The 94th, however, have not had the same opportunity; and it was a distinct help every time an aircraft took off, as 94th heads would bob up from a scrum and backs would gaze skyward, while the 95th would stick to the job in hand.

Some of the highlights were Major Kingsford almost becoming entangled in several loose scrums in an endeavour to photograph the herculean struggles—the rather unconventional methods adopted by Gnr. Harkins and Purdon in line-outs, the rare turn-out of Gnr. Edwards.

Since this has been penned, the latest copy of FLAK has arrived. Under the heading "When Giants Clash," we read the following:—

The result was 31—6, needless to say in favour of the 94th. Modesty is only one of our virtues, but we feel bound to issue

a friendly warning to other Units: "Beware, the 94th is on the march."

It is obvious that when the 94th penned their praises they were unaware of the prowess of the 95th "Greens"—in fact, we think they crossed their bridges before coming to them. In view of our recent victory, we implore you not to misinterpret the non-de-plume "Greens." It merely applies to our famous colours, as anyone can see that the 95th is, as always, a definite factor to be reckoned with.

THINGS I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE IN THE ARMY

1. Phone number of any movie actress named Lana Turner.
2. Whole cookies or cake from home.
3. Fifteen day furlough starting tomorrow.
4. Three day pass when I get back.
4. Quarters and rations for my girl friends.
6. Free beer in the Canteens.
7. A longer rest between gun drills. Preferably six months.
8. Something you ask for in the canteen.
9. Four pay-days a month.
10. A way out.
11. Shoes that never need a shine.
12. An egg that looks like it came from a chicken.

* * *

Pretty-legged girls who encase same in slacks,
I'd condemn to life term in the Waacs!

TO A NON-COM I KNOW

The Romans had a word for you—
Three words, I should say,
No single word could comprehend,
A Noncom, anyway.

They are, NON COMpos mentis,
Words which quite embrace
The things you are—nuts, insane,
A psychopathic case.

The Sergeant slays his cringing brood
With curses lurid, crisp and crude,
The Colonel's equally emphatic,
But uses swear words most gram-
matic.

Look Smart . . .

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