



IN ACTION IN TUNISIA.—While a New Zealand gunner applies a field dressing to his mate's wound, the remainder of the section never falter, but continue to work their gun, firing point-blank into enemy masses, until the line is broken. A spectacular incident from the recent Tunisian campaign.

Beauties of a Southern Course

It is noteworthy to mention that yet another G.P.O.'s course has finished, and that the northern boys have all safely returned to their emplacements, thanks to the guidance of the head boy, Max Gerrard. Max and his students have all graduated as supermen, and may be suitably employed anywhere as licensed contractors to carry predictors, height-finders, blocks of wood, and other junk.

The school throbs with life. Students will certainly become acquainted with Mr. Thompson, who will give them full instruction in how to scramble through the inside of a predictor in quick time, how to match wits on a plotting board, and so forth. Charlie is down there too—Charlie Roe. It is significant to mention that he still lisps beautifully, and that his eyes are still set on Auckland. What's the attraction?

If Shelley was alive to-day he would certainly have rewritten Adonais in memory of our old friend Captain Brooks. Everybody mourns that he is amongst the departed. Is there a gunner in the country that has not felt the bracing effect of his personality when he has unexpectedly stormed on to a site? The G.P.O.'s heard him breathe his last when he gave his Gettysburg address on "Calibration."

The last G.P.O.'s course survived five weeks in N.Z.'s ice-chest and apparently distinguished itself by registering a splendid

shoot. The drogue—that elusive piece of silk—was hit three times with 50 rounds, thus establishing a standard that may be difficult for future courses to excel. Firing having ceased at about 1530 hours, the ammunition supply numbers (and others) retired in disorder and refuelled at a local pub. The campaigners sauntered back to barracks before dawn, not without casualties.

The school provides charming quarters for the officers. They inhabit dwellings on the tennis court and stand in constant jeopardy of being hurled down into the suburbs by a landslide. They say it is their reputation that keeps them up there. Incidentally, this is one way out of the school. The N.C.O.'s have a hide-out in the woods. According to the prospectus there are three meals a day and food is provided to suit everybody's taste. This should recommend the school to anyone. The menu reads: Monday: Stew. Tuesday: Stew modified. Wednesday: Curried stew. The courses are all inter-related and can be sensed well in advance. How true it is that variety is the spice of life!

—H.2

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