

the name of Stevius, son of Hortonus, to enjoy the delights thereof. "Greeting, Hortonus," quoth Avunculus Robertus, "Dost thou remove the dirt of thy night's work ere thou restest?" "Even so", quoth the warrior in a tired voice, "though I comprehend not why the handling of white flour should render me in this condition."

"Do the warriors, then, work at night also?" asked the traveller in surprise. "This man turneth good flour into good loaves which he calleth bread", was the answer, "though how he turneth it into anything in his delapidated establishment has ever been a matter of wonder to me."

"Good morrow, Gillespie", "Good morrow to thee, O Great Kennedius," quoth the stoutly built warrior, who was passing, "does everything proceed according to plan?" "An it doth it is none of my planning - whither goest thou at such speed?" "Verily the Arosen hath instructed me to cleanse the latrini, and I speed elsewhere lest he give me further orders of a like nature."

"An it please thee, O Great One, the redoubtable Ernestus Mandius would have words with thee," said a legionnaire who had arrived at that moment, "Pray pardon my absence for a moment, O Jason", murmured Avunculus, and withdrew after inviting Jason to wander at will amongst the legionnaires.

But Jason had rather tired of his wanderings (still having rather a foul head from the previous night) and so he returned to rest on the sumptuous couch which had been set aside for his use during his stay at Araich Cue.

(To be continued).

THE DEAR DEPARTED: (150DDITIES)

Taking with him the envy and "green eye" of all members at Sloop Hollow, our saviour and father confessor of the past six months fares forth almost at once to savour once again the delights of civilisation, and of

course we all hopefully and most credulously believe that his journey is for the purpose of blazing the trail for the rest of us. Such is the stuff of which fools are made.

Everyone here wishes him a safe and pleasant journey and sincerely hope the Public Works Department have not completely spoiled the delights of his favourite Taupo.

"Much better the devil we know, than the devil one does not know", and we all hope, of course, that the new broom doesn't sweep too clean.

MENTAL ABERRATIONS OF A PADRE

After Padre W---'s varied experiences with this and other Regts. overseas, we can probably expect something of this sort when he returns to his favourite pulpit back in 'EnZed', and gives out the events for the coming week.

SUNDAY: Services will be held in the East End in the morning and in the West End in the afternoon. Babies will be baptized at both ends.

MONDAY: As this is the egg day at the local hospital will everybody please lay an egg on the Altar before leaving Church.

TUESDAY: Our Mothers' meeting will be held. Ladies desiring to become mothers must wait on the Vicar in the vestry after the service.

WEDNESDAY: Our weekly Tea Meeting will be held as usual. Ladies giving milk please come early.

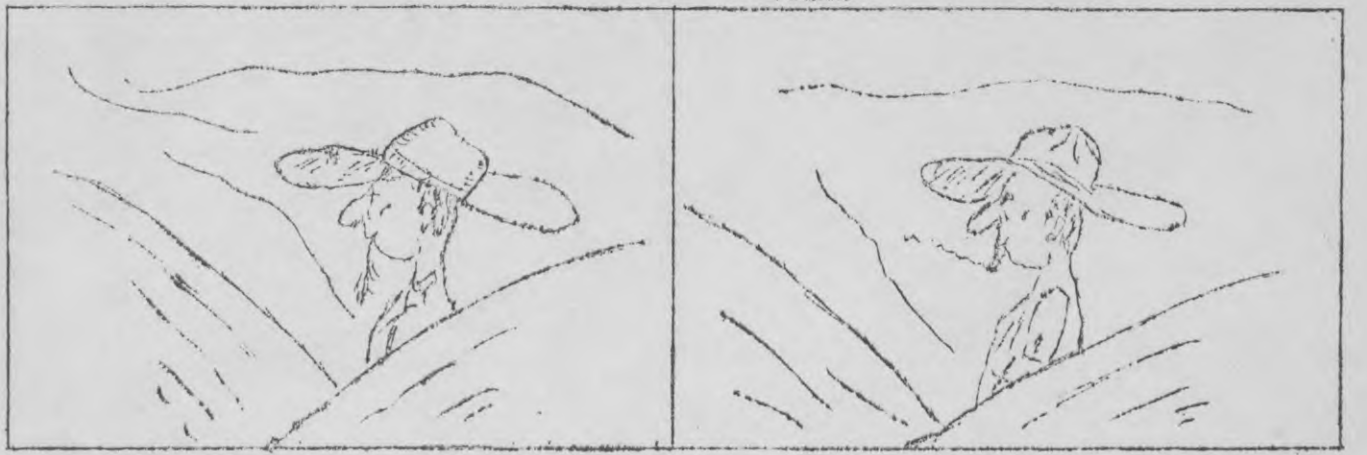
THURSDAY: We will hold a short musical concert. Mrs. Higgins will sing, "Lay me in my little bed", with the vicar.

FRIDAY: The choir practice will begin with the singing of "A Little stream of water". As our choir master will be absent, will some kind lady please start "A Little Stream of Water".

As I shall be out of town on Saturday next, the Rev. Good will carry on with my wife as usual.

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War does strange things to some people !!!!



Pre - War ----- And then some !!!!