

"Bludger" Dansby-Scott, who had difficulty in explaining the origin of his Christian name, to which counsel Cooper took exception, Fred McDonald, who was eventually accepted as being ONLY from the bush, without further appellation. And pressman Eric Bygrave, who, although called by the defence, durthored the prosecution by his testimony.

Both Counsel pleaded well for their respective clients, and addressed an impassionate plea to the jury (who asked the usual inane questions) and Judge Stokoe's summing up was a remarkable and masterly piece of oratory partly associated with the case itself. The jury, after a short retirement (hurried along since supper was ready and waiting) brought in a verdict in favour of the plaintiff - finding the defendant guilty on the charge of false pretence, and with damages to boot. Judge Stokoe, in inimitable style, slated the defendant, and duly sentenced him to a long string of penances - after which the court was closed for the night.

Flashes from the Court Room.

Clerk of the Court, Asby-Palmer, swearing in members of jury and witnesses on the "bible" - a gun drill book (weight: ten pounds).

Judges Associate Ellis waking up as each witness was called and enquiring anxiously, "Is he charged with rape?"

Water-Sider McNabb showing signs of boiling when his mates at home were taped.

Pages could be written on the many passages of wit, but space will not allow. Enough to say that the case held the interest it aroused, and ab above all, justice (?) was upheld. Further mooted cases for the session are eagerly awaited.

(Editor, please. Messrs Cooper & Lusby, and Arthur Smith (TBF, OS2U, PB2Y2) desire to know if it is possible to advertise in your publication.)

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Many of us are now wondering what kind of war this is turning into, and small wonder, with farewells to "Coast" and chances of transfers to the R.N.Z.A.F.

After almost four years of living up to the motto "Once a Coastee, always a Coastee", and repeated rejection of applications for transfer to the "Blue Orchids" we now find the boot on the other foot - hence the surprise.

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"AVUNCULUS"

A Major of ours named Kennedy, was reputed for using his energy, By trying to spread More hairs on his head, With beer as his only remedy!

"RUMOUR"

I'll write this tale of rumour, You can make of it its worth, If you have a sense of humour, You may gain from it some mdrth.

Beginning life on a ----- seat, As a whispered cyptogram, By the time its just a short hour old, Its believed by every ham.

"The WAACS are here in thousands They are here as manning crews, To take over all the instruments," That's the way a rumour brews.

"We'll be home by sure for Easter, Will you take an even bet?" And here we are in mid July, And we haven't shifted yet.

The QM's started packing up, He's filled boxes by the score, But the rumour monger has not guessed Its condemned goods ex store.

"A certain Big-Wig's over here." "In action soon", 'tis said. That Big-Wig knows no more than us, So you needn't lose your head.

And so on and on they travel, Gaining credulence as they speed, Till they are believed by one and all, A mighty Oak built from a seed.

So at the seat of evell stop then, Build latrines with separate stalls, With only room for one to sit, Enclosed in sound proof walls.

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"B-----You. I'll play for City"

All good things must come to an end and it looks as though the football for 1943 is no exception. The R.A.P. orderlies can now sink into their customary coma and watch the supplies of iodine, adhesive plaster, etc., accumulate on the shelves. Perhaps, now, batteries may be able to operate at full strength, and route matches should be well attended.

For 3 months now, legalised mayhem has been committed in the name of New Zealand's national sport. Certain bitter spirits have had their chance to speak their minds on one or two player's ancestry and to dish out well meaning advice on how they could best be disposed of. The bitterness has not confined itself to personalities but even developed into a class war between the "Workers" and the "Autocracy". We all know how encouraging it is to play to the plaudits of a brass-lunged cheering crowd, particularly one led by Irishmen who are noted for their close resemblance to raucous asses, so imagine being a member of the R.H.Q. team who definitely lacked support. They, of course will say that that is a back-handed compliment to their sterling play under odds, but I suspect they