

had other incentives, four in number. From the standard and effectiveness of play is not a far cry, The play cannot be better described better than as "willing". Where skill was lacking, enthusiasm was not. While skill did show signs of improvement, the enthusiasm was always notable. The old, well-known, pep-talk of Knute Rockne - "Get out there and fight" - was, if anything, interpreted too literally. Not that I am implying that the general play was thinly disguised fisticuffs, but it is significant that the present leading teams are composed of husky, rugged men, whereas the team which progressively deteriorated most, 150 B, was more 'killed' and 'skilled', if you get me.

Putting aside all sarcasm and cynicism, we must congratulate the three teams who are at present level for the winning honours. 150A and 151A on their consistent improvement, and RHQ on the standard they have maintained throughout the season. A team which deserves great credit for their extraordinary improvement is BSD, who have recently shown excellent form. They were very unlucky not to have had just that little extra to beat RHQ on the occasion when they met and drew. 150B has gone sadly to the pack after giving a very good account of itself at first. A case of a hot favourite making a disappointing showing. 204B just didn't have the stuff, but were always triers.

A special hand to the Navy who supplied us with some sparkling Rugby, refreshing and educative. The sports committee and Capt. Dixon did a good job and are deserving of our thanks.

So it is with the fondest memories of good tussles, rugged fields, the plunk of the leather and the damned good chances to make a noise, that we say "goodbye" to football on Ile Nou and at Naia, and let us hope that we have not seen the last of the good old game for the season.

(Ed. We understand that the Rugby in the Regiment is to be reorganised once we are settled in our new home, and we have high hopes of enjoying a good deal more football before the season closes.)

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 "In the war against reality, man has but one weapon - Imagination."
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Printed and published with all care but absolutely no sense of responsibility, by the Editor, Lieut. King, and S/Sgt. Bennett, at:

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"F. C. (in) PIECES"

It took us months to build it,
 We wore out picks galore,
 The Jap would never hit it,
 Its depth five feet or more.

At last the digging ended,
 The Captain he got us the word,
 And down the hole we descended,
 To build our new home if we could.

With men like Hogg and Schischka,
 And Houllis and "Charles" for support,
 The sides went up in no time,
 With monstrous labour and thought.

Geo wanted to put the roof on,
 An absurd request to make,
 For I'll swear they don't make dunnage,
 To take that monster's weight.

At last the ache of comfort,
 A home for the rest of the war,
 It stood there in its glory,
 A couple of weeks - no more.

For the order came - We're moving,
 And in one ghastly hour,
 That building crumbled in dust,
 Neath a crowbars' frightening power.

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15 ODDITIES

First with the jungle boots - first with the jerseys - no one can say they are not consistent.

When I hear people casting a slur upon the fair name of R.H.Q., I am often prompted to interject and, though rarely on their behalf, am, nevertheless, always first to accede to them that much. Their consistency is nothing short of miraculous - they NEVER miss.

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A certain young lady was heard to remark the other day - "Ze American com, ze New Zealandais, go", punctuating her words with heart rending sobs.

This was greeted with high glee as we all know the one she is going to miss, having seen that motor bike parked outside a certain institution on more than one occasion.

Her boy friend, running true to form, could not have looked after her from a financial point of view as she makes a point of wandering round to "Sleepy Hollow" every pay day - but all she gets for her trouble is a most lurid reminder that her 'Daddy' lives at "The Ruins", and to hop it back there and put the nips in.

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