

THE GATES OF HELL

We have passed through the celebrated "Gates of Hell" - or have we? There seemed no sign of Cerberus - unless "he" is among those of H M Ships which so kindly escort us.

We should like our friends back in N Z to believe that on this solemn occasion our thoughts were on a plane to match. Something high-toned and moral - "Into the valley of death rode the six hundred", or perhaps "The boys stood on the Burning Deck" might fill the bill.

Unfortunately for high flown dreams, our friends back in New Zealand know us. It is no use pretending, for the truth will out, and sad and immoral though it be, it must be confessed that though our thoughts indeed may have a wistful longing, the direction of that longing is a long long glass with ice in it.

The inventor of the refrigerator will surely rank high among the benefactors of humanity.

WATER RITUAL GOES LITERARY AND GETS DAMN HOT

Yesterday we experienced one of the coolest days we have had. How many of us enjoyed that cool headwind blowing off a fern-fringed shore, breathing cool whispers through the balmy atmosphere.

We are passing through Hell's Gates - if Hell hath no greater horrors, need we fear?

Those stories about white men in the tropics with their cool highballs are just a lot of bunkum. Cold drinks upset the tummy, and any drink makes you sweat.

Submarines are not the only things that will torpedo you - try 6 gins in quick succession.

SPORTS SHORTS AGAIN

Well, of all the days to pick for a sports day, Wednesday was a honey; it was only about 97 in the shade and a mere 115 in the sun, but competition was very keen, despite the heat.

In the pillow fights we saw some of Saturday's faces trying themselves out again and also quite a number of new ones. The standard was a little higher than the last day, and we witnessed some good bouts, one of the best of the day being between Anderson and Shilton, who sat knee to knee and pasted XXXX out of each other. Warman, who was a winner on Saturday, fought well and walked off with the fags again. Other winners were Logan, Bernicker O'Malley.

In the obstacle races, most of the competitors came off the track with sore knees, but the long crawl through the wind tunnel did not mar some of the close finishes. This was one of the events that the Officers shied clear of - the SISSIES. The finalists and ultimate winners were:- Phillips, E Coy, Goulde, E Coy, and L McDonald, 16 R O C.

The sack races drew their fair quota of entries, and some of the antics of the competitors brought many a laugh from the onlookers, mostly from the Native Crew, who chuckled with glee in their inimitable way. Those who touched the tape first were:- H H Collins, E O'Donoghue, Greentree.

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