



THE S.J.A.B. CADET

Jottings



No. 6

—

1956



Everyone responsible for the publication of The Cadet Jottings take this opportunity to wish all of the Officers, Superintendents, District Staff, Cadets and all our other readers,

The best wishes for the

Christmas Season

and a very

Happy New Year

BIG RUN OF COMPS. NEXT YEAR

(By Foresight)

Taking a look into the programme for next year, divisions in Hawke's Bay are going to have a busy time as far as competitions are concerned. The teams will have to be putting their hearts and souls towards training. However, members think that this will be time well spent, as, every time they compete they learn something and it is a real treat to them to see the team spirit at all competitions.

In reality we do not enter the competitions with the sole idea of winning but with the idea of gaining that little extra knowledge, and the thought of meeting other St John from the various centres in New Zealand. Then, having achieved this friendship and having perhaps seen another part of the country we aim our skill at winning the trophy of the competition.

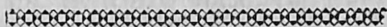
And so may the best teams win and may all those that are not quite so successful take their defeat in a good sporting way and realise that without them there would not have been a competition.

A rough outline of the competition programme for next year is as follows:—

APRIL: Hastings cadets are starting a competition that will be open to all Hawke's Bay-East Coast and any other district that Hastings chooses to invite.

MAY: Wanganui are holding their annual competitions so that they can endeavour to win the majority of their trophies back from the Napier and Hastings divisions.

ELIMINATION competitions in June or July.



WE TAKE A BOW

Dear Sir,—I would like to commend your paper for the good job it is doing among the Cadets of the District. It keeps the young St. John people informed of what is happening in the Order locally, and whenever I am speaking to Cadets I will encourage them to contribute their news for publication.

At this time of the year I would like to take this opportunity of extending to all Cadets in the District my best wishes for a Happy Christmas and a Bright New Year.—Yours faithfully, H. G. BARDEN, Commissioner.



APPEAL

An appeal to all cadets and their superintendents to see if they could possibly spend one parade night practising artificial respiration. As you all know with the summer weather coming on there will be crowds of people going swimming. No matter where you may be, at the baths, the river, or the beach, your services may be required to promote resuscitation to some person. Revision on this will possibly be a great help to you.

I hope superintendents will cooperate as much as possible.

AUGUST: Dominion Championships.

* * *
BARDEN & TAYLOR CUPS
approximately September.

NOTE: None of these dates are definite.

Our next issue of the Jottings will be published in February, 1957, and so we invite any suggestions that you may have that will help improve our magazine. All suggestions will be given every thought and consideration and a reply will be given to each suggestion.

Contributions of articles of interest will also be most welcome. The first of these to be in the hands of the editor ready for publication will be the winner of the first prize to be awarded for contributions in 1957. (You, too, can donate a prize if you wish.)

Just enter your suggestions below and post them to us.

I suggest:—

Our Address

J. MORGAN,
511 E. Queen St.,
HASTINGS

CHRISTMAS COMPETITION

SEND THIS COLOURED PICTURE
BEFORE DECEMBER 20th. WITH STAMPED,
ADDRESSED ENVELOPE FOR RESULTS
AND PRIZES.



A HISTORY OF THE CADET JOTTINGS

Early in 1955 one of the Hastings cadets began to work on the idea of printing a magazine of some description for the Hastings Cadet Divisions.

Having first approached the Superintendents of both Divisions, he was unable to find a way in which it could be printed at little cost. So still undaunted he approached Commissioner Barden, who arranged that if the two divisions could form their own censoring committee, and elect an editor he would be able to see about its reproduction. Thus formed a magazine that was sent to the now resigned secretary of the Hastings Sub-Centre, Miss Donavon, who cyclo-styled it for them. The cost of the paper etc. compelled the committee to make a charge of 6d per copy. The articles being contributed by the cadets.

This magazine was to be called the "Cadet Newsletter" but on investigation, this name could not be used as Priory were then issuing a Newsletter. Then in a telephone conversation, Miss Donavon suggested the "Cadet Jottings." But being overruled by the committee the effort was called "The Cadet." The covers of which were printed and donated by Hart Printing House, Hastings.

However, on the resignation of Miss Donavon, Miss N. Morgan

CHRISTMAS COVER

An extra special thank you is sent to Commissioner Barden for his designing of the front cover for this Christmas Issue.

Thank you Mr. Barden.

an acting Cadet Officer, spent hours and hours of her spare time typing the stencils. Unfortunately, after the third issue, Miss Morgan could not continue and as all efforts to find a typist failed, the magazine was abandoned.

But the seeds were sown, and this year one of the Hastings Cadets seized an opportunity to begin again. This time, instead of the magazine being cyclo-styled it was to be printed.

So after a few negotiations, began this magazine. The editor choosing Miss Donavon's suggestion "The Cadet Jottings" decided that he could ot fall back on the old name "The Cadet" as this was to be a completely different magazine. The first issue was solely for the Hastings cadets and it was because of District Cadet Officer Mr. H. Taylor's suggestion in 1955 that he would like to have seen The Cadet go all round H.B., that this magazine was sent to Napier and other Divisions, and now, it circulates right throughout the District from Gisborne to Takapau. 450 copies are printed and this is a record circulation as well as the fact that we can have our photographs reproduced for us.

SMILED AS SHE LOST LEG

"THERE'S no other way out," the doctor told the frightened young girl in his surgery. "Your leg will have to be amputated."

Pretty Harriet Willard sobbed. "W-will it hurt?" she asked.

The screams of agony and the intense suffering of patients who had gone through similar operations flashed momentarily through Dr. Thomas Morton's mind.

Then he smiled at his patient and said: "You will be the first person to have a leg amputated WITHOUT FEELING ANY PAIN!"

But Harriet Willard was not reassured. When she was taken into the operating theatre one day in October, 1864, she gripped the sides of the operating table and steeled herself for the agony ahead.

America's greatest surgeons watched silently as Dr. Morton picked up his box-like equipment in the Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston and placed a rubber tube in the patient's mouth.

"Breathe deeply," he said to Harriet Willard. After a few

seconds her eyes flickered and closed.

And the assembled surgeons assembled watched the first amputation to be performed without the usual shrieks of agony from the patient. Occasionally she SMILED in her sleep.

Thomas Morton had conquered pain with Ether!

OBJECTS OF THE ST. JOHN AMBULANCE BRIGADE CADET MOVEMENT

To afford facilities to boys and girls to meet together for practice in First Aid, Home Nursing and kindred subjects with the object of receiving early training in them.

To inculcate the principles laid down in the Cadet's Code of Chivalry.

To develop the spirit of team work and to improve health and physical vigour by means of games and exercises.

To lay the foundation for ultimate membership of Senior Brigade.

MORE MOTORING EPITAPHS

James Johnson occupies this bunk;
He tried to drive while he was
drunk.

Close by the brook sleeps Ernest
Bass;
The bridge was narrow; he tried
to pass.

Here reposes J. H. Kidd,
Who thought he wouldn't skid—
but did!

Here lie the bodies of both the
Drakes;
They trusted too much in their
four-wheel brakes.

Heaven help women like aMrtha
Marr;
She took one lesson, then drove
her own car.

O'er Mike O'Toole they've now said
Mass;
He reached for his brake—but
stepped on the gas!

Here lie the remains of Percival
Sapp;
He drove a car with a girl on
his lap.

Slumbering here is William
Black,
He heard the bell, but had no
brake.

Beneath this stone lies Henry
Baines;
Ice on the hill—he had no chains!

Here's Mary Jones, but not alive;
She made her car do sixty-five!

Ed. Smith is lost to earthly wiles;
He took a curve at fifty miles.

Beneath this turf lies Arthur Meek;
He used a match on a gas tank
leak.

* * *
"Now Minnie, how many more
times have I to tell you about
those cobwebs? I've just had to
sweep one off the bed-rails and
put it in the fire myself!"

"Good lawd, sir! That's the
missus's fancy dress for tonight's
ball!"

John: "Professor Smith has
given me a ticket for a lecture
and I don't quite know what he
means by it."

Charles: "Why, what is the
trouble?"

John: "The lecture is on 'Fools,'
and on the ticket it says 'Admit
one!'"

* * *
Tramp: "Old lady, spare a copper
for a poor old man."

Lady: "How dare you say I am
old!"

Tramp: "If you were crossing
the road and saw a worm, would
you pick it up?"

Lady: "Certainly not!"
Tramp: "Well, you are not a
chicken!"

* * *

WHAT HE'D GET

An inspector was examining an
elementary school at the beginning
of the year. He asked a little girl
"If I lend your father one hun-
dred pounds, and he promises to
repay me ten pounds every month
from the 1st of March, how much
will he owe me on the 31st
December?"

The little girl hesitated a
second and then replied: "One
hundred pounds."

"My dear child," said the
inspector, "you do not know the
rudiments of arithmetic!"

"Oh, yes I do, sir!" she replied.
"But you do not know my
father!"

* * *
Old Gentleman: "Remember, my
man, hard work is the thing.
Begin at the bottom and work
up."

Pat: "It can't be done in my
business, Sir, I'm a well digger!"

Inspector: "That new man will
never make a detective."

Chief: "How is that?"

Inspector: "There was a cwt. box
of soap stolen from a railway van
and the fool arrested a tramp."