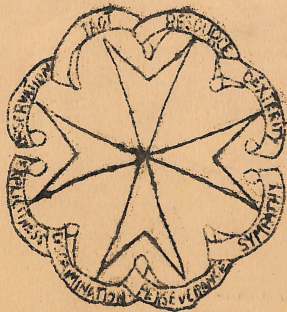


# Jottings

by



The HASTINGS Cadets.

## EDITORIAL.

J.E.M.

Dear Readers,

I am happy to announce the first edition of "Monthly Jottings". We all hope the publication will be a success and it is up to you to help make it so. Now if some items do not appear in this edition don't be down hearted but keep your brains rattling. Everything cannot be put in one magazine and if it is censored in, well wait for the next one. It must be understood that all entries are censored by a competent Committee of your own choosing. Any non-de-plumes are allowed as long as your own name is written in brackets for personal information. Do not "swamp" us with articles, but do not leave us high and dry, after all it is your magazine. The cost will be 6d. per copy and well worth reading. This amount will very likely cover printing expenses only.

The Divisions are just getting under way this year and we should all strive to make it a bumper one. Up with the Competitive Teams, up with the membership, you can help by getting your friends interested also by keeping your own attendance regular. It is up to you Cadets an award is to be made this year to either boy or girl Cadet with the most attendances credited to his or her name.

Acknowledgements are to:

Mr. Barden, all Cadet Officers and Miss Donovan for their splendid co-operation. Also to Mr. J. Drummond for his helpful advice given in the time most convenient to us.

The Censor Committee (and contributing Cadets) are as follows:-

J.E.M. (Editor),	<u>Committee.</u>
R. Drummond	Superintendents
R. Morgan	R. Baxter
	R. Hickman.

OFFICIAL NOTES.

Dear Officers and Cadets,

1955 has certainly brought us some good news hasn't it, as do you realize what you are reading? Yes, it is a Cadet paper, and it is one compiled in our own District - and - do you realize how much thanks we owe to those responsible for such a grand idea? You do! Well then, let us show our appreciation to the members of the Hawkes Bay East Coast District Cadet Publishing Committee (sounds good doesn't it?) by helping them all we can with any items of interest we have about our C<sub>2</sub>det work.

Now here's a reminder for the Nursing Cadets. I'm wondering how those competitions practices are getting along, won't be long now you know before "Our Day" is around once again. Havelock competed for the first time last year and Waipukurau the year before and do you know who we will have in that place this year? You're not sure, well I'll tell you, it's Waipawa and they certainly have their eyes on those District Cups. There may be another surprise for you before Competition day as did you know there are Whakatu Nursing Cadets now too. Yes, two of the Hastings Cadets live at Whakatu but since the bus timetable was changed they cannot get along to the Hastings Cadet Drills. Mrs. Rawlings very kindly came to the rescue and the result is that in addition to the two Cadets, several new ones have joined and they are all busy at work.

Good luck to members of the Publishing Committee and to all Officers and Cadets in our District.

(Sgd.) C.E. Phillips.  
Dist. Off. Nursing Cdts.

Hello! Cadets,

Congratulations to those who have had the foresight to start this Publication. I have felt for a long time that something along these lines would be an asset to the District and I am very pleased that you have taken the initial step. I wish the Editors and the latter every success.

Now as you know we all belong to a very noble Order and as everything we do is watched by the public in general it therefore behoves us ever to uphold the great traditions of the past and to see that no act or word of ours shall sully them. I feel that you realise this otherwise you would not be members of the Brigade, and living up to the

Official Notes Cont'd.

grand motto - For the Faith and the Service of Mankind - For the Faith - having faith in God and all his teachings as well as faith in mankind. For the Service of mankind - to serve and not to count the cost, to give and seek no reward, and by doing unto others as you would wish them do to you.

Great ideals, I grant you, but they can be lived up to by each and every Cadet both boy and girl with a little thought and determination. Carry on with the noble work you are doing and be prepared at all times to render assistance and aid to the suffering and you will be fulfilling your obligations as Cadets. Remember the time spent on your training by your Officers is done for your special benefit. Respect them for it and never let them or your Division down as I know you never will.

Good luck to your "Monthly Jottings" and your Divisions.

(Sgd.) H.E. Taylor  
Dist. Off. Ambulance Cdts.

SUGGESTIONS.

1. Penny concerts, Cadets and Officers participating, occasionally, instead of Socials where the younger ones feel "out of it". Doughnut.
2. To every Cadet who has seven items of his or her contributions published shall be given a free copy of this magazine. Editor.
3. We are now ready to take contributions for the April issue. How about it? The girls gave 14 of the 19 articles this time, come on Boys! Editor.

SOCIAL NEWS.

We are proud to welcome the arrival of a new Nursing Cadet Officer, Miss Morgan. We wish you the best.

Miss Janis Glover is now nursing at the Hastings Memorial Hospital. We are missing her from the Nursing Division.

Also we miss Athol Curtis from the Boys' Division. He is now at Smedley. We wish you both the best.

We send our congratulations to Mr. Burfield for his recent arrival.

Wallis Pocock is just recovering from her recent accident. We hope to see her back at St. John soon.

Editor.

JOKES RIDDLES CROSSWORDS ETC.

"But George this isn't our baby, it's the wrong pram!"

"Be quiet this one has rubber wheels."

Tram Conductor: "How old are you?"

Girl: "Ten and a half"

Tram Conductor: "You told me that a year ago."

Girl: "Oh no. That was my twin sister."

Marlene Russ.

Woman Customer: Are you sure these tyres wear well?

Service Station Man: They must wear well lady - no one has ever come back for a second one. "Me"

Q. What watch cannot be worn?

A. The night watch.

Q. Why are the billy goat and button hole alike?

A. Because they both go round a button (a buttin).

Q. What are the first words Adam said to Eve?

A. Nobody knows.

Marlene Russ

Across.

1 Head Bone

5 Ligaments look like cat....

6 Protruding facial feature.

Down.

1 Common name for leg bone

2 Ribs protect what

3 Short for university Entrance.

4 Haemoglobin in the blood does what?.

← Helena Hannah

		2 L		4 C
1 S	K	U	L	L
H		N		O
I		5 Q	3 U	T
6 N	O	S	E	

→ "Doughnut."

COOKING SECTION by Serg.

So this is the first magazine and cooking section, I think you should begin on some of the easy things first. Boys! yea even you can try your hand at cooking and at our famous recipes. This month is devoted to sweets, and next month? I'll have you guessing for that.

Butterscotch.

3 ozs. butter	2 heaped cups sugar,
3 tablespoons water.	3 teaspoons vinegar.

Put butter, water and vinegar into a saucepan, bring slowly to the boil. Now add the sugar, and boil for 20 minutes without stirring. You can now, if you like, add a few raisins or sultanas. Pour into a buttered dish and mark into squares when not quite set. Remember! please tidy up after you and not leave it for "Poor old Mum" or someone else.

Have you ever tried these on sandwiches, they are delicious. Sliced apple or carrot, or Chopped walnuts and sultanas mixed. "Doughnut"

HANDY CRAFT.

A neat little box or chest for the stamp collector. Glue some empty match boxes together. All the same way up and have three on top three underneath. Keep stickers in one drawer, swaps in another etc. To make neat cover the block on top and sides with wallpaper. "Doughnut"

The Budgerigar.

Known in its wild state as the undulated Grass Parrakeet, the Warbling Grass Parrakeet or the shell Parrot, the Budgerigar is so well known that a description is superfluous. In ordinary seasons these birds are spread over vast districts, especially where the rains have favoured the growth of grass. the seed of which forms the principal diet. Budgerigars breed in a wild state in the southern parts of the Australian Continent, and flock in countless numbers, usually about October when the grass seeds are in abundance. Should the season leave the ground bare of vegetation, due to lack of rain, the birds migrate Northward where tropical rains invariably produce a certain amount of grass and seeds for their consumption.

The wild Budgerigar cannot compare with the control-bred specimens of today, being much smaller, fairly difficult to tame and decidedly less colourful. They are green with undulated blackish bands on the back and wings, which are of a yellow shade. All the colours seen today among Budgerigars kept in confinement are the result of selective breeding, and great credit is due to the fanciers who have persevered and with much patience produced the wonderful birds now seen upon the show bench.

B. Richards.

This'n That.

Breathes there a man so brave and bold, to meet and beat the common cold? If such there be .. go, mark him well - his head is clear as any bell. He does not need to spend his pelf, for medicine to stock the shelf. He does not wheeze .. screw up his face, and hoot and sneeze about the place; or tear up sheets to make up rows of handkerchiefs .. to wipe his nose. From out his eyes no water runs, his feet don't weigh a dozen tons. His stomach doesn't feel like lead, no bells are ringing in his head. This man can taste the food he chews; he doesn't get the red-nose blues, and if he wants to smoke a pipe, the darn thing will not taste like tripe. Then, when this hombre hits the hay, he gently snores the night away .. Oh, lucky man! (if such there be).. But brother, he's not you nor me! (Ka-choo).

"Me"

The Beauty of the Childrens' Hour.  
by Bertram Baley.

Between the dark and the daylight,  
There comes from each radio tower  
A series of gentle broadcasts  
That are known as the Childrens' hour.

And the boys and the girls are gathered  
to listen with bated breath,  
To educational programmes,  
Of murder and sudden death.

Then the air is athrob with sirens,  
As the ears of the little ones,  
Tune in to the soothing echoes,  
Of "gats" and of tommy-guns.

And the eyes of the kids are popping  
As they listen and wait, perplexed  
By the educational problem  
Of who will be rubbed out next.

The Beauty of the Children's Hour Cont'd.

Grave Alice and Laughing Allegra,  
 And Harry , Dick and Tom,  
 Hear music of sawed-off shot guns,  
 Accompanied by a bomb.

And quiver and shake and shiver,  
 At the tender and pleasant quirks,  
 Of a gang of afable yeggmen,  
 Giving some "punk" the works.

And they listen in awesome silence,  
 To the talk of some mobster group,  
 As they're opening up a bank vault,  
 With nitroglycerine "soup".

The Prayer.

The teacher is a holy man,  
 He goes to church on Sundays,  
 He prays to God to give him strength  
 To wack the kids on Mondays.

"Inky"

Answers to Crossword.Across.

- 1 skull.  
 5 gut  
 6 nose.

Down.

- 1 shin  
 2 lungs  
 3 U.E.  
 4 clot.

Oh, sweet is the noise of battle,  
 To the childrens' listening ears,  
 As the guns of detectives answer,  
 The guns of rackiteers.

And these educational programmes,  
 Will make the youngsters cower,  
 And the night will be filled with nightmares  
 Induced by the childrens' hour.

Rosemary Morgan.

Sad Story.

Little boy;  
 Unripe plum;  
 Pain under wais tocoat;  
 Kingdom come.

Jean Morgan.

Tongue Twister.

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper  
 corns,  
 If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper  
 corns,  
 Where's the pepper corns Peter Fiper picked?

"Me"



Alphabetically Speaking.

A is for action St. John's are alert,  
 B is for Beckett he's tops for a cert,  
 C is for concert the last spelt success,  
 D is for Donkey, who I mean you can guess.  
 E is for ether, for Cadets that is "out",  
 F is for First aid when we are about.  
 G. is for golden gate we want to see,  
 H is for healthy St. John's should all be,  
 I is for ? can't think oh what a pity,  
 J is for Jerusalem that great Holy City,  
 K is for knee cap or else patella,  
 L. is for ligaments which keep bones together,  
 M begins Morgan in St. John there are six,  
 N not so orthodox, warming beds with hot bricks,  
 O is for Officers - that's enough said, teaching  
     Cadets would make many see "red",  
 P is for patient in an accident lain,  
 Q is for question "Where is the pain?"  
 R is for Rob Roy in emergency cool,  
 S for St. John right there as a rule,  
 T is for tea after meetings on Tuesday,  
 U is for unfortunate corporals it's no play,  
 V is for valient like the knights were at Malta,  
 W is for wise guys, We'll buy them a halter,  
 X is for xtra the magazine new,  
 Z means I'm finished and about time too.  
                                     Doughnut.

Treasure Island Adventure. Part 1, Shipwreck.

by Doughnut.

On 17th December 1951 my merry companions and I set sail from the Port of Napier on the motor vessel "Hesperus". The manager of a Wellington Motor Vessel Firm, who is the father of a Form III C. pupil, had offered an end-of-year educational trip to any of the other commercial pupils, given permission to go to Fiji. Seventeen girls and our English Master, Mr. Walsh, who was to superintend us, were now sailing "across the deep blue sea".

For the first few days everything was running smoothly. The waters were tinted green, the skies were a cloudless blue and seabirds circled above us as we slipped the miles away. It was to our astonishment that on the fifth day of sailing we awoke to a muggy grey morning. As usual the girls met on deck to discuss the day's activities, all wearing brief sun costumes even though there was no sun shining. The majority of us decided to breakfast on deck and afterwards to take a stroll round the ship, which we had not yet fully explored. Betty decided to lie on deck with a cool drink and a book. The remaining few followed her example.

As the day wore on, it grew hotter and still hotter, the atmosphere was unusually still and the air grew dark and heavy, the birds had disappeared long ago. Though nothing was said to us we all knew that something was wrong as the crew of the ship were talking in low tones to each other, and shortly after the evening meal we were ordered to our cabins. Each girl left her cabin door open to enable us to call excitedly to one another. The sea was getting choppy now and a wind was beginning to rise. Few of us liked the rock of the boat and for the first time since sailing figures were wobbling their way in direction of the toilets with very white faces. After an hour of this the cabin steward came and strapped us to our bunks. It was then we knew the worst. Not one of us could sleep but lay listening to the wailing of the wind.

I was nearly dazed by the monotonous sound of the waves when, crash! what I thought I cannot say, all I knew was that I had unstrapped myself from the bunk, grabbed my gown, and was in the corridor to see what the disturbance was before I could say, "Jack Robinson". Soon all the girls were making their way to the deck, and as we ran we heard the piercing scream of the alarm. We were met by Mr. Walsh on the deck where all members of the crew were rushing here and there with ropes, and much more of the ships equipment. We did not need to be told what had happened and we were hurried to the life boats by a worried looking master. Much to our horror we were then set sail with half the crew, towards an Island, in the raging sea. This land was near the reef upon which we had been wrecked when driven from our course in the storm. The remaining half of the crew followed in another life boat with some stores they had saved.

With a great roaring and swirling the "Hesperus" sank. Lanterns which had been saved flashed brightly now and with much difficulty, the waves were jostling the life crafts terribly, we landed. The soil was unknown to the captain and we would not know it until the light of the morning brought forth more unasked for adventures.....to be cont'd.

Recommended books for teenagers.

Across Unknown Australia	Michael Terry.
Audrey the Sea-Ranger	T.H. Nash
Reach for the Sky	Paul Brickhill
Thirty-nine Steps	John Buchan
Fifty Thrilling Years at Sea	Cpt. G.G. Whitfield
The Little Fellow (Charlie Chaplin)	Peter Cotes.
White Boots	Noel Streatfield
Tennis Shoes	" "
Ballet Shoes	" "
Pollyanna series	L. Porter
Little Women	Louisa M. Alcott.
Good Wives	" "
Little Men	" "
Eight Cousins	" "
An Old Fashioned Girl	" "

Rosemary Morgan

Blackmail.

by Lawrence Tassell.

Part I.

The woman was blonde and attractively thirtyish. Her suit, handbag, and hat matched, rather startlingly, in a pale shade of green. She appeared at midnight at the Fowler Street Taxi Stand.

"Where to Lady?" the cab despatcher asked.

"4422 Heliotrope Drive".

The despatcher scribbled on his call sheet 4422 Heliotrope Drive; 12.01 a.m.

"Sit down and wait Lady, be a cab here in a few minutes."

Only a few cabs operated after midnight. Shortly one of them arrived and drew up. The despatcher called "Take the lady to 4422 Heliotrope Drive Ed."

The woman got in and was driven to the address. It was in a moderately fashionable street, and the house, at this hour, was unlighted. The woman got out, paid and tipped the driver, "You needn't wait" she told him.

She took three steps up the lawn walk, then stopped to fumble in her bag as though for a latchkey. This gave the cab time to drive away. When it was out of sight she turned and walked rapidly up the street, not stopping until she arrived at her own apartment, a mile away.

A night later she again appeared at the Fowler Street Taxi Stand, again she taxied to 4422 Heliotrope Drive. Again, once the cab was out of sight she walked home. She repeated the operation on thirteen successive nights. But on the fourteenth night she arrived at the taxi stand five hours early. Twilight hadn't yet faded. Again she was driven to 4422 Heliotrope drive. This time, after getting out she was awkward in passing the tip and the coin dropped on the cab floor. Searching for it delayed the cabman's departure long enough for the woman to reach the house porch and ring the bell.

John Norman heard his front door chimes ring just as his living room clock struck seven. He was alone in the house. His wife had been out of town for two weeks, but was due home tomorrow. They hadn't needed a servant since Judy, their teenage daughter had gone to boarding school. John went to the door opened it and confronted a woman he had never seen before. She was slim and blonde and green-eyed.

"I'm afraid I'm lost". she spoke up in a tone of embarrassed apology.

"May I use your phone book? I'm late for a dinner party in this neighbourhood. I thought it was in this block, but - "

"Help yourself", John Norman spoke heartily. "The same thing happened to me once". he stood aside to let her come in "The phone is right in that alcove".

"Thank you so much" she went to the alcove, picked up the 'phone book, and began thumbing through it. When she emerged she smiled gratefully. "I got the address from the book. It's not far, thank you."

Then John became aware that she was staring ruefully at smudges on her finger tips. It looked like garden mud. A similar smudge was on her handbag. "Now where" she exclaimed "did I get that?" He presumed she had dropped the bag in crossing the lawn. Stooping to pick it up she could have soiled her fingers.

"Which means I have to go home". Her lips dropped in chagrin. "And I am late already". She took a step toward the door, then turned to him appealingly. "Unless you'd let me scrub it off right here, would you?" it will only take me a minute".

"Sure" John agreed easily "The powder room is right there". He pointed to the door in the back of the hall.

"I'm sorry to be such a nuisance". She went back and disappeared to the powder room.

to be cont'd.