

ORGANISING THE HANDLE BUSINESS

Huddled into the darkest corner of the canteen, 30 Div. Sigs. (other ranks) last night accepted with enthusiasm and celebration the idea of forming a Frothblowers' Club. Its aim, until a better one is discovered, is apparently the organised handling of handles. Membership is open to everyone who wears the two blues and is willing to enter into the spirits of the thing.

In the light of experience, Sigm Brown, H.W., was an easy bet for president. L/Cpl A.A. Smith holds the rank of secretary, and Sigm Dan Keane is the third of the trio which will hold the reins in the meantime.

When world-wise Secretary Smith drew attention to the fact that there were some pretty good hop-heads away on the scheme, it was decided to adjourn the meeting until 1930hrs on Monday.

It is suggested that the insignia of the club shall be a Bead of Froth on the Bridge of the Nose, to be kept fresh as far as cash and canteen hours permit.



Trying to make both ends meet.

TENT 22 BURSTS INTO VERSE

Behind the cheery face of Sigm Noel Atkinson (cable wagon), lies a mind that runs in rhymes. He dedicated the verses below to his old home, Tent 22:-

Whenever there's something

They're wanting to do,

The blighters all call in

At Tent Twenty-Two.

The serjeant he calls us,

With voice sweet and low;

The corp'ral he tells us

We really should go.

So we all tumble out,

And with many a groan,

Swearing and cursing,

In chorus we moan:

"What have we done

To deserve this cruel task ?

What have we done

To deserve it ?" we ask.

"Nothing, dear lads,"

Comes the gentle reply.

"But you're here to do it -

Not to ask why."

D SECTION

'CHEERED TOO SOON

Memories of the first tabloid sports afternoon:-

The premature elation of D Sec's linemen and DRs at a "victory" they skited about all through mess.... "Father" Garnett named and chaired as the hero of the day, after pulling and pushing his weight in everything.... The sight of "Father" hovering above the crossbar in the high jump was the thrill of the day.... The C.O. wielding a rake at the long jump pit.... 2/Lieut Holms putting the vocal spotlight on Capt Feeney every time the latter took his turn... The unusual spectacle of Sjt B.C. Fergus, armed with the shot, using his strength to a peaceful purpose.... Lieut Dasler, the fittest-looking man on the ground, leading the field in the 100yds.... Lineman Kateliffe's violent tights.