

SERVICE IN A CIRCUS.
(By Nobody Nose)

The other day, in the course of my duties, I came across a most remarkable person, who like myself, wishes to remain anonymous. I had seen him on previous occasions going round the camp in a most carefree manner, looking very much at home.

On this particular day his countenance glowed with a radiance which excelled even that of the Wharf Operating Boys. This somewhat rotated me, so I decided there and then, to know the reason why.

After a cross examination, and a promise, he told me that he had been previously employed by Wirth's Circus. Being loyal to the firm who was holding his job for him, he was confident it was on a par with Works Service.

"My present surroundings are similar to my former job, he said. Definitely "Tropo", I thought. I asked him in what he had specialised in the circus.

"I used to paint Zebras, but here I do odd tailoring work. This left me very much in the dark until he explained that the Zebra was a kind of Ass with stripes.

"Oh, we had elephants too, and they did all the heavy work. The keeper either prodded them along with a sharp rod, or led them by the ear with a hook!

At the mention of pay he became rather despondent. "I was only a sucker", he said, "the clowns got the highest pay, and what are they but the laughing stock of the crowd!"

Time was getting on, so to air my knowledge of the circus, I reminded him of Worth's. He regained his former self and said that we in this "show" (he would use that word) could go better than that "if....", pressing him to continue I made reference to music. He at once brightened "Ah!", he said, "if bull---, were music, we would have a brass band! That, I thought was the point to bring the interview to a close, so I left him with the rash promise to see him again

"CHINA AT WAR"

"THE STORM CENTRE OF THE WORLD HAS SHIFTED TO CHINA. WHOEVER UNDERSTANDS THAT VAST EMPIRE HAS THE KEY TO WORLD POLITICS FOR THE NEXT FIVE CENTURIES"

CURRENT TOPICS MONDAY NIGHT.

"Gunner" Macale is looking fit again. He was one of our "foreign correspondents" before going to hospital: he sure sat at that radio, didn't you "Gunner"?

AROUND THE JOBS.

"So they are holding the elections in September, are they?", queried Bill Charleton. The information quietened him so much that one or two discreet questions revealed his wish to be back to stand for a "seat". He flanked further questions by scrounging for a further issue of patriotic paper and envelopes, a game of "Housey Housey", two more crib boards and several packs of playing cards. In justification of the scrounge he pointed out that his party that morning had shifted eighty yards of material. "Yes, sir, we are prepared to work any other party to a standstill, and I'll back Dick Smyth, our mechanic against any you've got in camp. How are things up there anyway?", he added as an after thought, as he waddled away to scrounge stretchers he had got wind of. What Bill's like as a politician we don't know, but he sure knows how to smell things out. That right Bill?

Asked whether he would sooner thatch a haystack or a bure, Harry Stringer left no doubt on the question. In fact, he would sooner build a hay stack into the bargain. To prove the point he gave a demonstration on the art of bure building. "The corners and ridge are the ticklish parts", he said, as he went on to give a demonstration. Assisting thatcher Jack Olson thinks much the same as Harry. Other members of the party who take turns are Sps. H. Holt, E. Whitehouse, C Hayward. She's a good job, boys!

"When's that mail coming in?" was the greeting from Spr Apperley and echoed by most of Lieut W. Wise's party when we paid them a visit on Monday. George King was on the roof and our request for a ladder was met with "we're too busy for visitors, you'll find a ladder somewhere". By the time we had looked over the three warehouses erected in the last week, had a chat to Sprs Wood, Watson, Swift, Cole, Williams, Wilson, Hanson and Fox there was no time to hunt for ladders. Jimmy Ellory buttonholed us for information on the camp, which Norm James referred to as "the old dump". Lieut Wise we just saw; he was going places at top speed.

"H'm doesn't appeal to me" was Lieut Tremain's comment on the Austerity Week Campaign opened by "Curly" Griffin at HQ Works on Monday. Despite the all in display, the idea did not take on. Had "Curly" worn a Naiculi leaf, - no, hardly big enough, say two- he might have succeeded. It was a good effort and some kind of public recognition should be made to the O.C of Wharf Coy. "Curly" did his best, and the failure of the campaign was offset by the success of the drain.

"When two Irishmen meet they have a fight, when two New Zealanders meet they form a club!"

Percy Kenna