

6.

INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGE.

(by J. Fingland)

Venice⁶ lunch ready? Why, are you Hungary. Yes, Siam. Well, I'll Russia to a cafe and Mija. What will you Havre? I'll have some Turkey, but the China is not too clean; please ask the waiter to give me a Soviet. The waiter said 'sorry, but I can't Serbia' so I asked for the Bosphorus when he told me we must not Roumania. The proprietor, a foreigner, rushed in saying Canada noise, Spain in the neck, you Moscow and Amiens what I says. Do you want Rouen my business? I said 'O.K. Sweden the coffee, Denmark the bill, and we'll Ceylon'. He said Asia change Europe to no good. But Egypt me for the brand New Guinea I'd had for years. We went for a Rome around, but it's the last time Alaska. Kenya beat that. Abyssinia Samoa.

THE Editors received an invitation to visit Tent 4, Building Lines, of the "Gambling Den & Oil Burners Assn." This distinguished Assn. apparently tries to make up for lack of home life by relieving visitors of all their wealth, filling them up with first class oil (NZ) and a lot of bulsh. The meetings are held from Sat. midday till work time Monday morning. Hope our credit is good.

WAACS want to know when next Engineers Dance will take place.

"I don't want one of my Plumbers B...grd up with this P.T." A warning from S/M Gordon Berry to P.T. Class. (O.K. Gordon)

SAPPER at R.A.F. was told something wrong with his system...Ours too. We backed too many losers.

And the misses gets wild and starts to throw

The Pots and Pans when her spirits are low

All the things we did so long ago
Well! What do you think?

R.G.P.J.

PACIFIC PARADISE.

In this Pacific Paradise
We're over run with rats and mice
Find in our beds all things that crawl.
Disturbed at night by calves that bawl.

The rain seeps softly through our tent
The fly is sadly torn and rent
Get nicely settled when there's a shout
It's Gordon Berry with his 'Everybody out'

We've lately made our lowly tent
Into a home of some extent
With coco-nut fronds and string
Enough to make our officers bring
Their coppers round so they can view
What the W.S.C.O. can do.

We'd feel alright if it wasn't for
The drip of the water on the floor
When the thunder clouds burst
And the heavens split
When the lightning flashes seem to flit

like mile-lo g rabbits of molten
Through the gloom of a day that
At the enormity of the offence
Against which we have no defence

We laugh at our troubles but under
This 'Paradise Tough' is beginning
And we're all perfectly willing to
That given a chance we would all die
To the H-L out of this 'Pacific Pearl'
And see once again ladies out of uniform.

When you read this tale of woe
you know it only goes to show
That we would all all of us like
Out with a shovel, rake and hoe
And feel the fresh light winds
From mountain tops whose crest is
Where the sunshine does not scorch
And the kid comes in with a cut on
its toe