## Oh! DEAR, WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE.

No. 1 she sets the deflection,

The Gunners can give her the final correction, The shells they are flying in every direction. We'll soon win this ruddy old war.

No. 2 sets the lateral rate,

She turns her handwheel with vigour and hate,

The bursts are always behind or too late, We'll soon win this ruddy old war.

No. 3 is layer for line,

And she is sure that she's doing fine,

She'll get on the target if you give her the time We'll soon win this ruddy old war.

No. 4 is predicting the fuze,

The Gunners all know that she's been on the

She orders 15, and they wisely refuse. We'll soon win this ruddy old war.

No. 5 is feeding the angle,

She thinks she is putting her clothes through the

If we hit the target, it's only a wangle. We'll soon win this ruddy old war.

No. 6 will follow the height,

The whole world is weary, but she'll be all right, She'd willingly follow the whole flaming night, We'll soon win this ruddy old war.

We're doing our drill in our own special way, We know our instructors will soon be away, We are N.Z. Gunners-to hell with R.A.! We'll soon win this ruddy old war.

## THE QUARTERBLOKE WRITES HOME.

"Lights Out" had been blown on the Barrack Square, And the moon shone dim above,

But a lamp still burned in the Sergeant's

And there sat the Battery Q.M.S. And he wrote to his own dear love.

SUBJECT: Affection, boundless, Oft heretofore evinced, And Accusations, groundless, In yours of 2nd inst.

Agree your recollection Of vows in days, old, good; But subsequent sub-section Is not quite understood.

Admit I am acquainted With lasses, local, one, But reference hussies, painted, The total held is none.

Besides, re Love, will ever Indent for same on you. Though we're apart, could never, Kiss women, Strange, in lieu.

So will you bid suspicion, Unjust, take wings and fly? Please expedite rendition, Of favourable reply!

"Punch," 4/3/42.

