

'TALLYVOU'

1CFG MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

'tis a tale of reminiscence
That I'm now about to tell,
One that's full of pleasant memories
Of the TALLYVOU HOTEL.
GATTY. Dear old friend to all
Has gone on NZ leave
But just because he's left us
We cannot sit and grieve.

The bar is now attended
By a 'local' - name of SACKS
But the cause of our excitement
Was chiefly WAAFs and WAACs.
First when we arrived there
B Company had a dinner;
A roaring party then ensued
And made old SKINNY thinner.

A farmer came to stop one night
E sega na marama
We nearly took the roof off
When he said : 'Oi Lei! Turaga!'
Tennis then became the rage
We all began to play it;
Against the serve of JUICY JUDE
We simply couldn't stay it.

At this stage in our stay up there
We met 'THE FLYING MARAMA'
Who gave her contribution
To our little country drama.
She introduced us to the WAAFs
And then began the parties:
While Robby plays Johannah
Come! Sing like Hell me Hearties.

Commandos are real specialists
In every trick and trade
We'll fix up tonsillitis
Or your liver if it's frayed.
When the MAJOR gets down in the 'Bar'
He works from Left to Right
With a nip from every bottle -
But you cannot get him tight.

Yet round about the midnight hour
His memory fades away;
He sanctions more wild parties
But doesn't know next day.
Then he starts Commando tactics
And points of self-defence -
His speciality is Ladies' wrists
And overturning Gents.

"Give us something Scotch" he calls
- But Robby's not so frisky -
'tis not a song that he requests
But a drop of well-aged Whisky.
Then MACHERSON enters Major's head
- Come on there, Don't renege -
The boss goes on reciting
'bout a fifty gallon keg.

And then we left old TALLYVOU
With a mighty celebration
So tough, that what we need now is
A week or two's vacation.

Change your 'date' from a
'meet' to a 'cinch'. Special service
for soldiers. We not only give you
taralalas and other opportunities
for meeting your one and only, but
when you have justified yourself, we
take you along to get your liscence
and then give and your friends 4
days leave to do the job officially.
Then in case you are liable to
become a henpecked husband, we take
you away and put you in a delightful
spot with all the mod. covs. of CB, IT,
WI, fires, hurricanes and floods.
We guarantee to pay 1/6 per day
to all wives if you follow our
system.

We would like to take this
opportunity of expressing our thanks
to successful clients, who have so
kindly helped in our cafeteria.

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J. VUNIWAI.

He's up with the Wogs in the morning
To tend to the Sick Parade
And usually comes in to breakfast
With the fluff on his chin still
displayed.
His bed is laid out by a window
Of the dormitory come-R. A. P.
And not 'cos he likes the fresh
breezes
But the Fair little lassies to see.

Oh Boy! He's a lad with the wimmin
That is if our eyes don't deceive.
The hour he gets home in the morning
Is incredibly hard to believe.

Each p.m. he goes out on Recon.
To see what goes on in the town,
The comment he draws from WAAF
drivers
Just cannot be here written down.

The NMP there will sure miss him
For Johnny was his First Mate;
But Johnny just called on the Dr.
As a blind, when out on a date.

'O Here we go gathering nuts in May'
Is the theme-song of Vuniwai Bold.
But alas! My space is restricted
So the details remain still untold.

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'B-O-Y'

"One of your boys asked us up for
a game of tennis".
Definition of 'BOY' :- Medium height,
wrinkled face, bald with fluffs of
white hair at sides of head.
Synonym - Pop.

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