

QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR:

(We are prepared to pay top rates for articles on the following thought-provoking topics.)

- I. Is a Quartermaster a born thief? Or is a thief a born Quartermaster? (Your father wasn't really Ali Baba was he, Humph? Were you really a safe blower in Civilian life - or only in the Income Tax Dept.?)
- II. Who called the Adjutant a -----? Who called the ----- an Adjutant? (Come on, Ernie, you know all the answers - what's the answer to that one?)
- III. Can a gentleman be "tres shiek", and still be "Tres chic"? (Shop !!!!! --- Major Marshall!)
- IV. Should a batman tell? (Well, we're asking you.)
- V. Is it fair to call an officer a "Night Owl" just because he can "out-with" and "out woo" anything on the island? (One of you young chaps can answer that one.)

STANDING ORDERS FOR GUARDS AND/OR PICQUETS

I'll walk my post from end to end,
And take no bull from foe or friend,
And if mayhap someone should pass,
I shove my bayonet, - er - at his throat !!
And if I see any son of a -----,
I dive into the neatest ditch,
These are the orders I received,
From the ----- I relieved.

(This answer, if delivered smartly in a soldierly manner to any visiting and questioning General, is bound to achieve results.)

REMARKS THAT WILL GO DOWN IN HISTORY

I. "You can't observe fall of shot at night with searchlights."
(Capt. Adamson)

(You're telling us ----- Not with your searchlights anyway !!!!!)

That's the story, chaps !!!

- THE WATCH NO. 3 --- AT NALA BY THE SEA -

There's Freddie our officer of whom we're so proud,
Though we've wished many times he was wrapped in his shroud
And Jerry our Sergeant, so big and so strong,
And makes life a misery, all the day long.
And then there is Foxy, a sporting young bloke,
Who of late gallops round on a broken down moke,
There's Vic, yes there's Vic, our Lance Bombardier,
As man on the breech, we claim he's no peer,
A cobbler of all is one we call Ghandi,
At getting E.D. by gun he's a dandy.
There's Cookie who tries our Jerry to duck,
So far no success, what b----- hard luck,
And Les, "his misssus" tries to make it go double,
But has only heaped up for himself lots of trouble,
There's also Bill Farris, a lad of some pluck,
Who's taken to swimming, we wish him some luck,
Next there is Ernie who's been to Fiji,
The strange words he uses are a puzzle to me,
Oh, we're proud of our "George", Chow Hound number one,
Could eat half an ox and give ensorees for fun
And then there is Frank, whose weakness is beer,
But can't give his throttle much exercise here,
Our Bert smokes a pipe much to our dismay,
We're frightened some blighter will shoot him some day,
Our Herb is a virgin of whom we can boast,
And justly we think he's one in the host,
I've purposely left our Paddy till last,
As having no brains he stops many blasts,
And when on parade these lads to appear,
One wonders just why in the Hell they are here.

Printed and published with all care but absolutely no sense of responsibility, by the Editor, Padre Ward, & S/Sgt. Bennett, at "The Ruins", Ile Nou, New Caledonia.
