

THE LUCKY BOMBARDIER

With bated breath he scanned the news

"Smith B.F." 'twas true
At last he was to have his chance
To prove he was true blue.

He, wheezing, swelled his pidgeon
chest

And, foot on chimney flue,
He conjured up in fancy
His deeds of derring do.

He led a charge along the Nile
And, back from desperate raids,
Spent nights of amorous frisking
In arms of docile maids.

He rode a camel round the ship
And on a sunlit beach
He offered wrong suggestions
To many a dusky peach.

When Tunis had been conquered
And he'd saved t' Egyptian crown
He strode along the rose-strewn
paths
The lord of Cairo town.

(On leave then home to England,
Having copped a "Blighty one",
Acclaimed by press-reporters
As "The Terror of the Hun"

Field Marshals thronged to greet
him

And proudly shook his hand
His chest adorned with medals
By the highest in the land.

Duchesses fawned upon him
Seeking his caress
But the only one he favoured
Was a "Hotcha" Marchioness.

Just picture then his horror,
When all his dreams had fled,
To arrive here in Noumea
To "H. Defense Group Z".

[illegible]

Every dog has his day
A saying wise and true,
So let's be fair
And now declare
To put the matter right
Every tom cat should have his
night.

20010701000000

☐ 1 ☐ 2 ☐ 3 ☐ 4 ☐ 5 ☐ 6 ☐ 7 ☐ 8 ☐ 9 ☐ 10 ☐ 11 ☐ 12 ☐ 13 ☐ 14 ☐ 15 ☐ 16 ☐ 17 ☐ 18 ☐ 19 ☐ 20 ☐ 21 ☐ 22 ☐ 23 ☐ 24 ☐ 25 ☐ 26 ☐ 27 ☐ 28 ☐ 29 ☐ 30 ☐ 31 ☐ 32 ☐ 33 ☐ 34 ☐ 35 ☐ 36 ☐ 37 ☐ 38 ☐ 39 ☐ 40 ☐ 41 ☐ 42 ☐ 43 ☐ 44 ☐ 45 ☐ 46 ☐ 47 ☐ 48 ☐ 49 ☐ 50 ☐ 51 ☐ 52 ☐ 53 ☐ 54 ☐ 55 ☐ 56 ☐ 57 ☐ 58 ☐ 59 ☐ 60 ☐ 61 ☐ 62 ☐ 63 ☐ 64 ☐ 65 ☐ 66 ☐ 67 ☐ 68 ☐ 69 ☐ 70 ☐ 71 ☐ 72 ☐ 73 ☐ 74 ☐ 75 ☐ 76 ☐ 77 ☐ 78 ☐ 79 ☐ 80 ☐ 81 ☐ 82 ☐ 83 ☐ 84 ☐ 85 ☐ 86 ☐ 87 ☐ 88 ☐ 89 ☐ 90 ☐ 91 ☐ 92 ☐ 93 ☐ 94 ☐ 95 ☐ 96 ☐ 97 ☐ 98 ☐ 99 ☐ 100

Printed and published with all care but absolutely no sense
of responsibility, by the Editor, Lieut. King and S/Sgt. Bennett,
at "The Ruins"; Ile Nou, No w Caledonia.

6-5 6-6 6-7 6-8 6-9 6-10 6-11 6-12 6-13 6-14 6-15 6-16 6-17 6-18 6-19 6-20

THE STORY OF BANKSIE'S BOAT

Sequel To The Blockhouse Of
Fame By Name Of Same One Bankie.

You've read of the wreck of the
Hesperus
Of the shooting of Dan McGrew
But none of these tales compare
With the story I'm telling you.

You've heard of Banksie's block-
house
Now I'll tell you of Banksie's
boat
The most unseaworthy spectacle
You ever saw afloat.

This huge titanic monster
Is nearly a score feet long
Gigantic ribs of bent bamboo
Thick and doubly strong.

'Tis natty, slim, with clean cut
lines
And streamlined stern and bow
It's composed of material of
every kind
Held together the lord knows how.

It's skin did come from the mess
tent wall
Plus a parcel wrapping from Mr
Cox
And it's super special bucket
seats
From a dehydrated cabbage box.

Its cowl is a ground sheet
Its keel a four by two
It's tied together with fishing
Lines
And painted a khaki hue.

As yet it has not seen the water
And the water's seen nothing as
 queer
When the bottle is broken across
 the bows
I'll bet it's devoid of beer.

Now the Yanks have seen this effort
And it's rumoured the plans they'd
buy
To create a fleet of these vessels
If only the b...s would fly.

10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10

"I say, Mater, the Pater has
hung himself in the back garden"
"Good gracious; what will the
neighbours say".

701020-01-05-01-01-01