

"THOSE BALD-HEADED OLD B-----S"

Asleep at a place called "Baldy's Rest",

Are two old men we all know best,
But in this time of strife and war,
God only knows what they're here for.

Notorious Baldy Mk.I is the first,
A man of few hairs -- but Hell, what
a thirst!!!!

It's naught but pity and sorrow we
feel,
For the bald headed fellow we all
know as Neil.

As RQMS he's a hell of a freak,
They gave him the job on account of
his beak,
With changes of clothing he's awfully
tight,
Even though ruined, he says, "That's
alright".

He owns the QM, or that's how he
feels,
Is always the first to praise up the
meals,
Though the shelves of the store are
chock full of food,
Ere he parts with a tin, he has to
be wooed.

At night in the tent his mates get
no rest,
For Baldy is chasing around in his
nest,
The mossies come in at a hell of a
rate,
And settle all over the old b-----'s
pate.

Neil's Pommy Sheila no doubt is a
thrill,
And even at forty (?) love's caused
him a spill,
And one of the things we would all
like to see,
Is Neil with his fat Pommy girl on
his knee.

We're b-----d for space
This is all we can do,
Next week in this place,
Meet Baldy Mk.III!!!!!!

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THE JAUNTINGS OF JASON:

(Continued)

And it came to pass that after a
festive evening at the hands of King
Wickatidium, that Jason once more
awoke with a foul mouth and an even
more foul head on the following morn.
As before, he declined the rich
viands preferred by a slave, and tot-
tered to the presence of the Great
One. "Greetings, O Jason", quoth the
King in genial tones, "I have good
entertainment for thee this day".
"My thanks are most heartfelt, O
King", quoth our friend, "but I trust

thou hast not in mind the showing of
bewildering machines in mind for me
this day." "Not at all", said Wick-
atidium blandly, "I propose to en-
trust you to the care of the great
Centurion, Robertus Kennedius, who
will have my orders to see that thou
mayest wander where thou would'st".

And so Jason departed with the
great Robertus, whose quiet genial-
ity appealed to him greatly, and
wandered over the realm at will. In
due course they arrived at a shady,
secluded spot. "Let us tarry a while
under yon tree", said Robertus.

"Well spoken, O Defender of the
Opressed", Jason replied. Having
come nigh to the place they espied
several warriors taking their ease
and chatting quietly among them-
selves. "Let us disturb them not,
but go elsewhere", said Robertus
kindly. "I would fain have words
with them", Jason replied. "Thou
shalt do so in due season," was the
answer as they walked away unobserv-
ed, "at the moment those warriors
are engaged in the art of relaxa-
tion, and are resting from their
arduous duties under the heavy hand
of the Aresem, who doth drive them
mercilessly. An he should find them
in their present occupation, it would
go hard with them indeed. We should
but cause them uneasiness by our
presence."

Hardly had the words passed his
lips when they heard a loud voice
shouting, "Where's Andersonus?
Where's Andersonus?" No reply be-
ing heard the voice continued, in
the manner of a shriek, "Tomlinus!
At what art thou employed?" From
the loud spate of words which this
utterance brought forth, it became
apparent to Jason that the one ad-
dressed as Tomlinus was engaged in
the cutting of grass near the pal-
ace of the Aresem, and thought not
much of it.

At this moment the wanderer came
in sight of a warrior of great
height, had he but stood erect in-
stead of in the stooping manner in
which he then appeared, though it
became evident that this manner was
adopted by this potentate -- for such
he appeared -- on all occasions.

"There is the Aresem in full ton-
gue", quoth Kennedius, smiling wry-
ly, "an he became dumb he would ver-
ily fall upon his own sword. Let
us proceed further, that we may
view the scene in peace." Jason
was amazed when Kennedius escorted
him to a small edifice in which he
was shown how, by the turning of a
small wheel, great streams of water
were forced out of small holes in a
metal disc. Robertus explained
that it was under those cool streams
that the warriors were wont to batho
and, even as he spoke, came one by