

2. Why has the RSM started a nightly tattle?
3. Who was the man who did not return to camp until 2330 hours on the night prior to the above?
4. How did the RSM know that the man mentioned in 3. above was out till this time when he was asleep at that hour? - and why his sudden concern about the matter?

Remember the old saying, RSM ????

"People in glass houses ---"

(Case proceeding)

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SPLICE THE MAINBRACE AND ALL THAT

What-ho, you yachties!!! Cluster around and read all about the opening day at the Royal Naia Yacht Squadron, a function which will long be remembered in this part of Necal. In Commodore Griffin's inaugural speech, which was delivered from the 'skids', he outlined the aims and activities of the club - stressing beer, beer and more beer, with a spot of sailing chucked in. (Applause, and 'Good old Griff!'). Subscriptions immediately began to pour in, and Hon Sec was unable to cope with the rush.

The club's pride and joy, "Pearo Mitchell's 1½ metre (Mark IX) Slap Happy" was then carried down to the drink. All present held their breath. "My God", yelled Chief Bailer Huffadine, "she floats." The first run was made by skipper Macindoe (that well known yachtsman from Drunken Bay on the Waitemata) and the stiff southerly filled "Slap Hap's" sails as she sped round the course on her maiden voyage. "EE, give me a pop lad - it looks gradely easy", piped up Midshipman Dick (old Boy) Ankers. But disaster overtook his attempt and opening day (as well as "Slap Happy") was nearly ruined when he capsized in gybing round a buoy. However, he dived into the sail and was rescued by the life saving detachment (loud cheers from the shore).

Keen to try his luck was that Blond Viking Snow Pracy who said he could "paddle his own canoe", didn't need the instructions of the Commodore or the Skipper, and turned A over T also. More applause from the land lubbers and once again the salvage crew went into operation. Next came "Little Horse Huffadine", who, though full of confidence at the outset, just disappeared beneath the foam while running before the breeze. Howls of mirth from the "sideline" at this stage caused the Commodore and Skipper to become somewhat apoplectic and to declare the opening closed.

However, practice will bring its own reward and high hopes are held for the future of these young members. An open regatta will probably be held

when the next beer ration arrives and the committee has decided to hold a ladies night (they hope - they hope - they hope).

A cordial invitation is therefore extended to all local belles (or those virgin on it.)

SEA DOG.

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20FORCASTS

Following a rebore, the edifice known as "Chrystall's Palace" has been moved to a new site and erected over the scene of the recent excavations. The Management extends to old and new clients a hearty welcome with the usual excellent service assured. You are advised to visit the establishment early as the present "de-odourised" condition is not expected to prevail.

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"THOSE ACK-ACK BLUES"

This place is really Hell, Sir,
I'm telling you it's true,
Manning A.A. guns, Sir,
At a place called Cactus Grove.
We man them in the morning, Sir,
We man them late at night,
And when we get a shoot, Sir,
Won't our skipper get a fright.
We are there for the duration, Sir,
And we fire them once a year.
We've tons of bleeding ammo, Sir,
But not a pint of beer.
We have a grand parade, Sir,
In the morning just at nine,
In the mess tent if it's wet, Sir,
On the bull ring if it's fine.
The sergeants call our names, Sir,
The Lord knows what it's for,
Perhaps it's a new game, Sir,
Just to make us guess some more.
We have rumours by the yard, Sir,
We'll be home by June for sure,
And if you don't believe me, Sir,
Ask the lads from 204.

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THE ORACLE ON THE HILL

Consult our well known Seer -
Hopalong McCarthy.

The Regiment is very fortunate in possessing a man of outstanding ability in this direction. Owing to an unfortunate (?) injury he is able to devote considerable time and energy to this fascinating subject.

For a small fee (3 beer coupons) he will give you the latest dope on courses in NZ, the new fishing grounds of the Sa-----ga, or how to get a re-board. We recommend haw powers to the RSM. He can, by the mere closing of his eyes, indicate which bushes missing in mess orderlies of fatigues are hiding behind (fee: 5 Kopecks.).

This miracle of the modern age can be seen in a trance at any time of the day in his high temple on the hill. Visitors are welcome (Bring your own beer!!).

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