

Sat. 4 Mar. 44.

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THE TESTIMONIAL EXPERT.

"Oppy" wrote a letter,  
To the firm that we all know --  
Praising up it's products,  
He had used before this "show"

We've fought a few miles further,  
It had slipped right from his mind,  
Till yesterday upon his bed --  
A letter he did find.

He gently broke the crested seal,  
And scanned the pages few  
Then loudly did he chuckle  
As he said - "I'll read to you."

The firm had right there stated,  
That for remarks so kind  
Half a dozen lovely samples,  
In the next mail he will find.

So right now we are waiting,  
For the mail boat to come in,  
With all those lovely samples --  
Of BAYERS ASPIRIN! "G.B."

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"RAMBLE WITH GAMBLE."

Len Vine contemplates studying algebra -- then he considers he may be able to understand a few of the Army moves!

The subconscious mind is peculiar. One of the boys in this Company has been heard singing "White Christmas" in his sleep. We think that if the person in the next bed listens more carefully he will find it's the "White Mistress" that's on Jim's mind!

In last week's Carrier Platoon publication reference was made to "Honk's" singing, in which it was defined to an artillery battery opening up with rapid fire. This week someone wishes to correct that with a claim that it resembles a wounded elephant dashing through the undergrowth. -Honk, honk, here I come!

"Skipper" was unhappy. The Doc told him he has tonsillitis and "Skip" says he hasn't any tonsils!

Paul Krause thinks we should swipe a flag from a destroyer, paint a Rising Sun on it, and display it in P.Z. as a souvenir of War.

It was most pleasing hear that George McKirdy located his lost mess plate which he's had for the past two and a half years. Such sentimentality!

R.A.P. greeting. -- "And what colour do you want on today?"

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MORE TOPICS FROM THE TROPICS.

Wally Hadwen, visiting us from "B" Company, startled us with a black beard. One of the boys suggests he use it if ever he is short of signal wire!

Then there is a certain member of this Company who, during one night, struggled frantically. He thought a Jap had approached his bed, so he struggled for his knife, but in doing so discovered that it was merely his mosquito net which had fallen on him.

CYNIC: "Heard any news in the past six months?" -C.S.M. Harrow.