

PROVOST PRATTLES

The guardian angels of the
camp,
"Camp Provost" is our name,
Require the glue upon a
stamp
To keep us in the game,
Our duties keep us on our
toes,
And on the toes of others,
Considered by our friends
and foes,
As just their little brothers

Our pugaree is envied by
the P T boys and Staffs,
The smiles upon their faces
lie,
But give us heaps of laughs,
The transport drivers watch
as well,
Their speed we keep so slow
They tell us we can go to
Hell.
But we've no time to go.

We see and hear a lot of
things,
But "lums" the word don't
worry,
We havena way with us that
brings,
The day when you'll be
sorry,
And so you'll see we work
like hell,
No time for tea or supper,
You wonder why we thrive so
well
On half an ounce of butter.

Gus Raynor. Camp Provost.

CAMP COMMENTS

We are pleased to observe
the efforts now being made
to brighten the lives of the
P.B.I. Community sings,
Band performances, Music
Lovers Club AND the new Col-
our Scheme, Pink, Green &
Cream. These with the Blue
and Golden curtains seen
here and there are fetching.

But - what about the week-
ends. DEADLY.

We are informed that the
forage Party for mushrooms
(A Block) met with consider-
able success. Did the
product appeal to the carsick
members of the party?

Old identities continue to
"fade away". Poor old Joe
has gone to "rest". 'Tis a
far, far better thing etc.

If the bangs and rattles one
hears when passing the gym in
the quiet of the evening hours
are an indication, some
"Samsons" must be in the pro-
cess of manufacturing.

FASHION NOTES.

WAAC Elliott will, on
receipt of a stamped ad-
dressed envelope, advise
on the latest mode for the
promenade to the showers.
The new fashion is most
effective on a windy day.