

1 Mar 44

NEVER HAVE SO MANY ACHIEVED SO LITTLE IN SO LONG A TIME

An edict issues forth - All ranks attention!  
 On 19 Feb at ~~owe-eight-five-owe~~ hours  
 It is th'authorities' expressed intention  
 T'immortalise on film these charms of ours.

All Officers and WAACs will wear suits, glamour,  
 All Other Ranks BD and Caps FS,  
 The whole will make a Photo, panorama,  
 That only Time can possibly redress.

The purpose is to spur our martial paces --  
 Some say our contribution's growing littler--  
 To make a secret weapon of our faces  
 And send it jet-propelled to frighten Hitler.

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The troops march on, the whole Camp Staff assembles--  
 Some never seen except when drawing pay...  
 The very atmosphere with tension trembles--  
 But why this unaccountable delay?

Time Marches On, and NOT a thing transpires,  
 The Future steadily becomes the Past,  
 In heavy garb the multitude perspires,  
 Then sees the missing camera-man -- at last !!

When all have ta'en their seats, incl the Band,  
 With camera set in spite of film austerity,  
 There comes an order hard to understand,  
 "The Photo's off!" Alas for poor Posterity.?

The Editor,  
 Papakura Parade.

Sir,  
 If my follicular desuetude is regarded as newsworthy by your reporting Staff, then you have my permission to air the topic as much as you like but I do take strong exception to having my name (and my hair)

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linked with those of that venerable old jelopy, Staff Ill. No-one free from the stigma of congenital mental insufficiency could long keep his head up with such a weatherbeaten millstone around his neck.  
 (Sgd) John Maconie.