NOTES BY THE WAY

(by "Dodo")

The most popular man in Rangiora Camp? - The rations man!

Sergeant-Major M --- is very fond of - tennis

At a recent smoke concert the fun was fast and furious. Some of the N.C.O.'s particularly enjoyed themselves. Eh?

Adele and Alec (our Camp pigs) are fast developing into prime pork. Every so often the butcher casts covetous eyes in the direction of their home-made sty. A far-away look appears in his blue eyes, and he smacks his lips as if visualising succulent pork chops reared on the premises, so to speak.

Gunner N----'s flamboyant bicycle is the envy of the entire Camp.

Its demand is terrific. Enquiries as to hire from the owner, Racecourse View.

Anti-Tank Gunners are ardent wooers, so we are told. This is where their quickness of the eye comes in. I know, however, such a gunner who proved not quick enough - and acquired from a damsel of large proportions - two lovely black eyes. He's been a reformed character for - two weeks!

Speaking of tanks (we weren't, but that's a detail) we moderns are not so up-to-date after all. Although they didn't call 'em tanks, the ancients had huge movable land forts drawn by horses or elephants crowded with soldiers armed with bows, catapults, spears, pikes and axes, and with sharp blades on the wooden wheels, which moved down the enemy wholesale.

In our frantic search for matter for this column (when the fount of inspiration runs dry) we came across this choice little verse so cute in its simplicity:

"Twinkle, twinkle little star
We went riding in a brand new car,
But what we did I ain't admittin'
But what I'm knitting
Ain't for Britain!"

What we want to see in a movie is a bed which throws itself on the heroine when the hero gets up and walks out.

Which reminds us of the time a poor dog tired slightly befuddled long-legged gunner arrived home in the small wee hours to discover his comfortable couch already occupied by a snoring lump of humanity. The said lump had succumbed in the first available hut. Don't know sequel.