

## WATER RITUAL RELAXES

Some English Officers had an evacuation at Dunkirk - We can do better than that.

Certain subalterns with their Gymkhana Club friend got pukka near pickled.

Cable news from Egypt makes us feel very Sollum.

All this changing of course is Aden the convoy to avoid the enemy.

We hear the Army Service Corpse woke up on Saturday Night - Shades of Hades!

## EROS BEFOULED

I wandered into the Mental Hospital, or rather a hothouse with "Mental Ward" over the door.

There were the poor fellows - some had great lumps under their chins - their eyes were leaden - their faces puffed, & their bellies very bare. One poor fellow was holding great lumps of flesh. He had a pitiful tale. He was the victim of vindictive malice.

This was the tale. He was a serjeant - a serjeant among serjeants - one who roused the envy of his fellows - a Spurious Lartius amongst many false Sexti.

One bright tropical day when the sun was at its zenith and flying fish were spouting in the lacelike spray of deep blue sea, this poor innocent was lured into the swimming pool.

He stood on the slippery verge & plunged - deep & long into the cool scum of the pool. Like attendants at Hades goat riding, his embryo tormentors lined up on the four sides of the pool. The lithe body shot through the green ooze - then up, like a spirit seeking the sublime, it rose.

Splash ! A dozen hate-ridden devils flung themselves upon him. They kicked him where it hurt.

They took the poor boy to the hospital, & there he lay, holding his mumps.

At least, that is his story.

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## THE 19th ARMY TROOPS COY

(Words & music by Sjt H Jacks)

The 19th Army Troops Coy  
Goes on into the fight,  
The 19th Army Troops Coy  
Goes on for what is right

(Chorus) We are the boys from far away  
New Zealand's happy shore,  
And always cheerful always gay  
We'll do what was done before.

New Zealand Engineers we are  
And soldiers true and brave,  
Sent by our folk so dear and far  
O'er ocean and its waves.

And Hitler and his evil gang  
We'll send deep into hell,  
And Goering, Goebels, high we'll hang  
With Himmler there as well.

Who was the marksman who neatly threw a basket of tins down the funnel of the water boat? And who, with a bit of string with a can on the end hooked onto the water boat's whistle, & tried to knock out a tune?