

THE TRAMP GOES TO TOWN

For some weeks past we have seen Gordon Stalker decking out the area behind the Sergeants' Mess with a mass of sheets, towels, pillowslips etc. - The rest of the Staff still confine themselves to the normal three sheets in the wind.

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There is an excellent tennis court down at the Sports area, but no one seems to use it much. There still appears to be a marked preference for an older variety of the game of quoits.

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Our officers assure us that their dance on Thursday last was a success. As far as we were concerned the highlight of the evening was a touching duet by Sgts Reg Reed and Fish Nash VF (veteran of Fiji) "We're always on the outside On the outside always looking in."

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A number of people around here seem to be suffering from Wac-worry. There is however no truth in the rumour that the Field Post Office is shifting its Headquarters to the hospital.

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In a recent issue of the LIFE Magazine a series of photos of night clubs appeared. Under an appropriate photo we read

"The three dictators, Hitler, Mussolini and Tojo are caricatured on the back of three chorus girls panties. Customers then hurl cotton balls at shapely backsides" We'd say a pretty bum show!

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"The Ordnance"

Who are the boys who bask
in the sun?
Who get plenty of leave
and plenty of fun?
Who always growl when work
's to be done?
The Ordnance

Who are the men who dole
out spares
When not at work with
other wares?
And stand all the abuse-
Who cares?
The Ordnance.

At whom do new boys pout
their jaw
As if they'd won the blink
ing war
When really they have done
no more
Than the Ordnance?

But never mind we'll do
our share
We may be here, we may be
there
Who will be left when it's
time to care?
The Ordnance

(Cpl J.R. Parnell)

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