

NOSSIR!

I could never understand a-
Bout such foolish propaganda
Managing to educate a
World to worship a dictator.

Think of it, who could be littler
Than that ranting rooster Hitler?
And look - who's proved so toony
woony
As deflated Mussolini.

THIS HOCKEY

Among the last to get under way in the Battalion, hockey has nevertheless proved itself against all comers, and is now the only sport not to show a defeat in its A grade matches.

Initially only friendly games were played with neighbouring units - the score in the first being 10 - 0. But then a competition was arranged, and both an A and a B team were entered. Although the second team has been battered on a few occasions, only a game with the A team - shortly to eventuate - can convince them that they are not just about as good.

A TEAM

McCann

Joffe Curtis

Burton Rough Fairo

Lawton, Wham, Simon Cox Brooks

The problem of a ground has been acute, the Battalion having an unfortunate site as far as flat areas are concerned. Together with the Soccer, they have made a ground of sorts but, as the traffic cannot be persuaded to keep off it, the surface is - to say the least - irregular.

CURTSEYS

Those directly interested in the production of this paper are as follows:-

Staff

Lieut Sale
Sgt. McLeod
Sgt. Sturmer
Sgt. Irvine
Sgt. Barlow.
Cpl Gray

Artists

Sgt. Loveridge
Pte Kendall

Other Contributors

Cpl. Blackston
Sgt. Strang
Pte Kendall

BIG, DID YOU SAY?

Magnificent, supercolossal.... How can we describe it? The new Battalion recreation hut roars its form over the countryside, dwarfing even the R.A.P. - up to now the chief social centre.

Statisticians say the building is 120 foot by 30 foot, with wings 40 and 50 foot long. But isn't that a bit of an understatement?

Society thronged to the opening last Sunday night. The Brigadier, nurses, visitors from many units. The Battalion was also there - and the hut held 'em easily. Ian Jacobson, proprietor and licence holder, beamed with pride.

Thanks to the Pioneers - who drew the thing on a specially large sheet of paper - and then did much more - the Black Aces who thatched, and the men who navvied, were offered by the C.O. in opening the hut.

In spite of a spirited rendering at the C Company concert the night before, Mr. Rusden was not asked to sing "My Kid's a crooner at the opening of the new hut

Features of the night were tea and cake (free) and an exhibition of local art (very good, too) by Pte Kendall.

A programme organised by Padre Baragwanath went off very well, although the pioneer sergeant had left acoustics off his big piece of paper. A surprising array of vocal talent was revealed, among those looking modest being Capt Burton, Lieut. West, Sgt. Forsyth and Pte Anderson, and, of course, the Padre himself. Pte Anderson was heard in two violin solos.

The standard of a few recordings did not compare, but when the Battalion was asked to lend a hand the acoustics were ruined for good and all.

WHOOPEE!

Much wassail and good cheer were in evidence on Saturday night, when C Company was entertained at dinner in their company mess room. Everyone enjoyed themselves as never before.

For we had roast fowl - 23 of 'em - baked spuds, green peas and gravy. To follow, fruit cake scones and some of Malkie's biscuits. Not forgetting the five bottles of plonk per man.

The evening started under strict table manners and as the hours crept slowly by and the plonk did its duty, there was music and song as is seldom heard. The highlight of the evening was a quartette rendering of "One Dozen Roses" by Cpts Bullon and Cutler and Lieuts Rusden and Olliver. A feature solo which brought the hut to a sudden quiet was Mr Rusden's "My Baby Goes BOO BOO (like Bing)". Many of the lads also gave spirited items.

The old go-anna was ably punched along by the talented Paderwiskors understudy, Arty Robinson.