

Personal Pecks at Base Depot

I give you a few lines below,
Of the boys at the Base Depot,
I trust you enjoy them,
For we in this den,
Will always give things a go.

Officer-in-Charge, Mr Ham,
Is rather a bald-headed man,
If you want a new frock,
To him you must trot,
But he'll probably tell you to 'scrub.'

N.C.O. in Charge, Sergeant Jones,
Wakes up in the morning and
groans,
'Put your feet on the floor,'
But we all still snore,
And away he goes with his moans.

Sarge Robbie they say is a pal,
Who can always be seen with a gal,
Be she yours, be she mine,
He'll be doing a line,
So be sure you guard her yourself.

Sergeant Noel is in charge of pay,
And he's here for most (?) of the
day,
But at night he's a sight,
In pyjamas bright,
And does he get hell—I'll say!

A proud father is Sergeant Wills,
Many thanks to him for he filled,
All the boys of the Base,
With one large case,
And the Sarge was in at the kill.

A new arrival Sergeant Mac,
Is forever in for his whack,
Be it woman or beer,
He's full of good cheer,
But he spends too much time in her
flat.

Sarge Still is a man with a name,
Which carries a good deal of fame,
Tis a Joy to behold,
When stories are told,
His look of dismay and of shame!

Ken Hartley has a dinkum cough,
And he caught it from a lonely
Waaf,
So long as that's all,
And he doesn't fall,
Then we won't duck him in the trough.

Bombardier Johnston, he has strayed,
On each occasion he's been paid,
To the Home of the Nurses,
Who have empty purses,
So no wonder he's rather decayed.

Bomb. Hepworth is yet another,
Who should be in care of his
mother,
That girl at the Station,
Gives him his ration,
Of food, you fools, so why bother.

Gunner Flower, he may be seen,
Doing his bit in the ---rine,
And when it is passed,
He hates being asked,
'Ar'n't you just a bloody has-
been?'

Bill Eddy is with us just now,
And for women he is a fair cow,
He dances up and down,
With a girl in brown,
And what a knee action—and How!

Young Gunner Taylor is the bloke,
Who entered the pub for a smoke?
But when he got there,
The blue boys did glare,
And now the poor cook has gone broke.

The writer of these poor verses,
Has stopped a good many curses,
But he's not worried,
If the boys get flurried,
By their wives, girl friends and
nurses!

(Written with the compliments of
Gunner C. E. Irving).

The Worm Turns

GUNNER FLOWER'S RETALIATION

Now at Base we have Irving
A poetical bloke,
Who at odd times goes dancing,
He says, 'for a joke'

When he's at his capers,
The girls think him divine
And vie for his favours,
'That's right in his line.

But if wifey could see him
Once out on the spree
He would wish he could vanish—
Or hide up a tree.

In efforts to cover
His gross subterfuge,
He grew a moustache
Of dimensions most huge.

But everyone knows him
And he shivers with fear,
For if he gets caught,
His end is quite clear.

READ

"THE TIMES"

On MONDAY
— TUESDAY
— WEDNESDAY
— THURSDAY
*
— SATURDAY

*READ THE OBSERVATION POST
Its Printed by "THE TIMES."

Sports and How We Play

SENIOR RUGBY.

Artillery won by default from A.F.V. 'B'.

This was disappointing as Artillery was left to show that the form of Monday was wrong. However the team turned up in strength at the junior match and if vocal encouragement and advice could win matches our junior team should have walked in. As it was, well, we won't rub it in—"nuff said."

JUNIOR RUGBY.

TARANAKI 'B' V. ARTILLERY.

Result: Taras. 21; Arty. 5.

This result was a great surprise to the supporters of our junior team. In previous matches, our juniors have scored comfortable wins, but on Saturday nothing could go right and they were decisively beaten.

As a game, there was plenty of movement but unfortunately for Artillery, most of the sparkle came from the opposition. Our backs never really settled down—weak tackling, dropped passes, poor positional play were all too evident. Our one try was scored by Love (converted by Robertson) and although other movements started off promisingly they broke down.

The forwards took quite a time to settle down, but once into their stride, they played their part well. Anton was perhaps our best forward; what he lacks in weight, he makes up in keenness and energy. Of the backs, no one on Artillery side played better than Potter; but the back line was generally disappointing and we hope for a vast improvement next time they take the field.

The team was:—White, Paterson, Potter, Robertson, Love, Cooney, Neilson, Cotton, Bogunda, Larson, Lincoln, Anton, Perry, Odlin, Durrant. During the game, Whitehead replaced Bogunda and Smith (?) replaced Perry.

AMERICAN BASKETBALL.

Once again "Marmos" covered themselves in glory—and sweat—by defeating P.D.C., 21-14. The game was very even—in fact up to half-time, when the score was 14 all, it was anyone's game. However, a re-arrangement of positions brought the desired effect and in the second half, it was all Marmos.

Our basketball players are making quite a name for themselves—so far they are undefeated in the competition and we all hope that they can keep up this record. This is all the more surprising when one considers the fact that our team is rarely the same two weeks running and has no practice during the week.

The team last Saturday night was: Neilson, Gibson, Marshall, Still and Harvey. Scorers were:—Marshall (9), Harvey (8), Neilson (4).

Personalities

Our M.O. is a very quiet man, and reticent about himself. This is typical of a man with his proud record. We give below an extract from an English paper:

Rugger Sketches.
J. E. Gieson.
Guy's Hospital and Kent.

Is one of several good players outside the scrimmage upon whom Guy's are relying for success in the forthcoming Hospital Cup. Gieson was educated in New Zealand, but by virtue of English parentage has been recognised by the R. V. Selection Committee to the extent of being asked to travel with trial match teams in reserve. He is really a centre threequarter back, but in emergency has played well for Guy's at outside half-back. A clever and at times brilliant, constructive player. His defence not always is as good as his attack. Gieson also is a first-class performer at lawn tennis, and played with distinction in the holiday tournaments last summer.

E.W.S.
We have been able to gather a little further information about the Doc, although he will wonder where it came from. He played for England against France, for Kent against the Springboks and was first emergency in the Davis Cup, to mention only a few of the notable games he has played. To think no one knew of these exploits. Afraid you can't get out of playing now Doctor.

An elderly gentleman, from 2nd Field Regt. N.Z.A. went into a bargain store to buy one or two things wanted at home. A smart young sales lady enquired his wants:

"I want six rolls of sanitary paper, please."
"We don't stock it, only toilet paper."
"Oh, well, I'll take six rolls, please."
"Anything else?"
"Yes, I want some soap."
"What sort, toilet soap?"
"No miss. I want some for my face."

Said the gunner who was shifting ammunition last week:—
Whether working or not in this Army, you're still swinging the lead.

Things We Want to Know

What literature is the Assistant Quartermaster reading? Why did he try to disclaim ownership? Is he contemplating double bliss?

Who was the 5th Battery Bdr. who left out the aiming post on the range?

Why hasn't Sgt. Robinson let on what a wonderful cook his wife is? No wonder he is always wanting to go home. Thanks Mrs. Robinson it was a great cake, may we say come again please?

Was last Sunday the R.A.P.'s lucky day and the Regiment's black Sunday? Our sympathy goes to Driver Clem Thistle, Gunners Farrell, Nippert and Hill and to Bdr. G. M. Taylor.

Is Hitler really in camp and is he in the news sooner than anticipated?

Who doesn't know that opossums are protected? Even if a fair body is to be protected from the chills of winter later, the dance must come first.

Why do the boys in hut 37 wear pyjamas on check parade? No one wants to play draughts at that hour—or do they?

Who was the 6th Battery Sgt. who, after saying au revoir to a W.A.A.F., wiped the lipstick off on his sleeve? OOO-er!!!

Which S/M did not make the distance to the shoot? Could he be drowned in a butt of malmesey for dereliction of duty?

Did W.O./2 Flaws have someone to clean his tent on Tuesday morning?

Is Crash Cottingham going to take on the cinder track again?

How did Sgt. Harris rotate the Editor who fell for it like a silly sap? Go up top Bill.

What questions has Sergeant I. Tustin been asking the M.O. lately?

Who is the Staff-Sergeant attending Staff College and why?

Why did a certain Sergeant make a bank retirement when his wife hove into view? Hey George brighten up on your R and O's.

Does Errol Flynn take a lot of Joy out of Sergeant Still?

Did 5 Battery orderly room clerks have a good sleep when two gunners might have had furlough?

How much horsepower was needed to pull a vehicle out of the mud near the Public Works, although driven by a very capable driver with a crown?

Which Lieut. believes faith not drive shafts moves one of Survey Troops' dog boxes? That's Wright isn't it?

What do the following memories of Pinochio mean "Rita," "Joan," "Lorna," "Doreen," "Mariel," "Naney," "Joy" and the Sucking Pig? Apparently a busy time was had by all.

When is the Padre taking Church Parade for the Survey Troop?

Why do Survey Troop leave priceless instruments lying on the side of the road? Does this instrument sow seeds of bygone memories?

What happened when Sergeant Jones, of Base, worked? Did the street look cleaner? Did the other Base men feel prickings of conscience?

What brand of Hairoil does the Adjutant buy for the assistant Adjutant? Was it Hairoil or was it?

Who was the young L/Bdr. of the Guard yesterday lounging round the sentry box with his hands in his pockets?

Is it true that Sergeant Bailey dismounted without orders? If so Why? Where? When? How? Did his B.D. suffer or only his dignity?

What did Bandsman Hannify mean when he said he supposed Poultry for Regimental Ball supper meant egg sandwiches? A Base libel.

Who was the shy young Gunner who had to be reprimanded by his S/M for coming on to parade on Sunday morning with marks of lipstick on his face?

Is Sergeant Kavanagh a MERRY ANDREW?

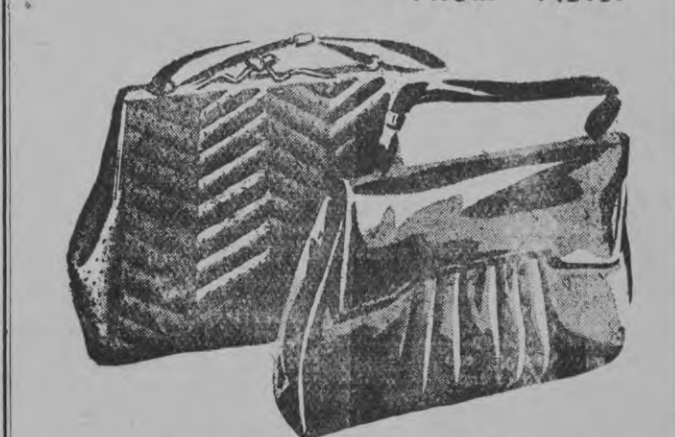
Was Sgt. Bowman looking in that fight or has he had training at railway buffets? He gets in, gives his "order" and gets out.

Why was there not a repeat performance of "burlesque boxing"? Come on, officers, "all in" next time!

Did Juno land a low blow when "behind" on points?

Was it Murphy or Max Baer?

more gift suggestions FROM P.D.C.



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Our Cookhouse

In my young life I've been shifted from pillar to post, and now once more bolted and assembled, I ponder on my next move. I wonder whether my back and sides will stand the strain.

At the 6th Battery cookhouse I occupied an open position, but was not there for long; in fact we didn't open fire, before we moved to a semi-covered position on the flank. It was here that I was to stand the test, and during one awful night, stood up to a terrific battering of wind and water. Marquee and huts came and went; just like that; other cookhouses lost their heads, but not mine; it was screwed on the right way.

The next day I was proud to act as a T.E. Store, Ration Store, and cookhouse combined, particularly as my fellow cookhouses were casualties. From then on my surroundings became camouflaged with a tree wind breaks and under my O.C. (Sergeant Brookes and his minions), I and the area immediately adjacent became the show place of the Regiment.

Then came the great trek and many a lonely day and night did I spend until another storm laid our marquee low and I was more filled with the paraphernalia of kit, equipment and stores. All went well until I am ashamed to say it) WATER proved my undoing and I was torn asunder and moved to a drier spot.

Here, I was part of a hollow square and became the vegetable store for the Regiment. What tales I could tell of the 'spud-peelers.' With the yarns they used to spin I'm not surprised at the vegetables being off colour.

With the advent of the Regimental Ration Store I was due for another movement order, and it came just when my joints were getting set again. How I wish that there was an R.A.P. for cookhouses. I'm sure I would be re-boarded.

Motor bikes now clutter up my interior but this will not be for long as rumour has it that I am to become a Guard Hut, possibly owing to my solid construction.

Was ever a cookhouse so versatile and can you wonder when I meditate as to my future? Will I be disintegrated to make a thunder-box (or two)? If so, this would absolutely "put the lid on it."

"From what you tell me," observed the solicitor, "it seems your husband's behaviour is that of a blackguard."

"How dare you! I came here for advice about a divorce, not to hear my husband abused!"

Policeman: "Can you describe your assailant?"

Victim: "Describe him! That's exactly what I was doing when he hit me!"

The barmaid was a flirt, and when S/Sgt. Kitchener went out to buy a paper she pursed her lips invitingly and leant over the bar towards the shy young Gunner.

Putting her face against his, she whispered: "Now's your chance, darling."

The Gunner looked round the empty room.

"So it is," he remarked; and promptly drank the S/Sgt's beer.