

Don't Say We Didn't Warn You

1st. Gunner: "What is the difference between the army and a circus?"
2nd. Gunner: "Don't know."
1st. Gunner: "The army has more tents."



Art for Art's Sake.

The best way to waken a man is to tickle his bare feet, says a doctor. Oh, well, another little job won't do the sergeant-major any harm.



It's all right m'dear, I'll look after them.

The sentry on guard was carrying a pick on one shoulder and his rifle on the other when the sergeant appeared. "What the dickens are you up to?" roared the sergeant. "Well," said the sentry, "I'm not much of a shot, so I thought I could stun 'em first and then shoot 'em!"



Demobbed.

"Calling Up Grouse," reads a newspaper headline. How dare they make game of the Army!



Coming Events Cast Their Shadows Before.

HER CHOICE

Soldier: Which one of these pictures of me do you like the best?
Girl: The one with the gas mask on.

FREDDIE BOYS AT WORK

The Editor,
"Observation Post,"
I forward herewith a contribution to the "O.P." The author remains anonymous, but I suspect his identity. You may care to add the following note:—
T.C.'s Note on the Shoot.
Weather perfect.
Method of ranging.—Gunfire.
First shoot (Koss): Targets not even part-worn afterwards, as far as could be seen. First and second targets changed for safety reasons.
Second shoot (Greenfield): Original target, one spectacular direct hit, several near misses. Target turned upside down. Range 2500.
Third shoot (Laws): Target turned over twice, several more close shots. Range 2700.
Fourth shoot (Thompson): Target now at 2900, and showing a tendency to disappear if you didn't watch out. Several near misses, and one drum broken loose from target.
Part of the target was later rescued, in a sinking condition, and a battered oil drum now reposes at Troop H.Q.

Any resemblance to any living persons is purely intentional.

The day of October 7th dawned bright and clear and at 6.30 a.m. all was a bustle, for our long awaited shoot was coming off. Each trailer was loaded with ammunition and the guns were soon ready to be hooked in. "Spud" Brown and "Pussy" Parker were to be numbers one, which considerably "rocked" a certain Bombardier, who had harboured high hopes of being one himself.

As the shoot was scheduled to start at 10 a.m. we were ready at about 9.30, as is our usual habit, but evidently the Navy, being very fond of leave or something of that nature, did not think about our target until after they had finished that delightful job of cleaning out the bunkers. The target was not in place until 10.45 and at 11.15 we received our first orders.

Our C.O. presented a striking study of field methods as he lay on his stomach with his binoculars glued to his eyes, scanning the sea in his usual manner. His "Right 30 deg." technique showed to great advantage.

After six rounds gunfire from each gun, all of which fell in close proximity to the target, No. 2 gun received the order "Stop," while No. 1 gun was given "three rounds battery fire," which was slightly balled up by "Sloppy Joe," the layer, but being a self-conscious sort of chap I won't go into that point any further.

We dashed back to T.H.Q. for lunch and at 1 p.m. were back at the gun position only to find that the guns had to be moved to another position.

After a lot of tough man-handling, we got the guns into their required positions, and at 2.30 p.m. Greenmeadows started his series. A slight error in his orders, brought this caustic remark from an onlooking Colonel "You can't do that here laddie." Boy! was his face red.

Spud scored a direct hit during this series; all the other shots were dangerously close to the target.

The next series conducted by "Bruce," was very good too, and both layers at one time or another during the seven shots had to report "Target obscured."

The Duke of Kau Point took the last series during which a mis-fire occurred and all the big noises from the district were utterly amazed when the gun crews and onlookers were not ordered to take cover. It appears that these chaps are a bit scared of mis-fires. Anyway after changing the striker and having another lash at it, the projectile descended to leave the muzzle.

We were congratulated upon the shooting and the gun drill by Colonel Andrews, so perhaps it was worth all the trouble.

Our own impression of the shoot was quite favourable and although we have a lot of time for the 2nd Field, we are seriously thinking of spending our summer vacation "somewhere in Wellington."

"Donkin," the layer on "Spud's" gun did a very creditable job and I think the rest of the gun crew have him to thank for winning those cigarettes for them.

Well, 2nd Field, see you in the Spring.

"SLOPPY JOE."

A young sergeant asked the sergeant-major for advice in framing a charge for which there was no informative example in King's Regulations.

"What was the man doing exactly?" asked the sergeant-major.

"Flirting with a girl in the park."
"Well," said the sergeant-major, "charge him with impersonating an officer."

An old Chinaman, delivering laundry at a mining camp heard a noise and espied a huge brown bear sniffing his tracks in the newly fallen snow.

"Huh!" he gasped. "You like my tracks, I makee some more."

He: "I wonder if Hitler gets any sleep these nights?"

She: "He should. He's got 80,000,000 sheep to count!"



S/Sgt. Mexted at Home.

Chalked notice over camp wash-bucket in Palestine.
"Please do not use soap when washing, as water is required later for brewing tea."



K! it Inspection.

THE MIRACLE

New Army Sergeant-major: I say, you chaps, will you be so good as to form fours just once more. The last time you did it, it was a bit ragged. I feel an awful cad for troubling you like this. My humble apologies.



Ain't Nature Grand.

The Orderly Officer thought he would try to "catch" the young sentry, who was carrying out his guard duties.

O.O.: "What would you do if one of the enemy suddenly appeared from nowhere?"

Sentry: "Nowhere, sir?"

O.O.: "Yes, nowhere."

Sentry: "Hit him over the head with nothing, sir."



Army Issue.

"On the right, form squad" roared the sergeant. The raw recruits carried out some kind of manoeuvre, which left him speechless. He looked at them for a moment—two moments—Then his voice returned.

"All right," he said, in tones which no mere words can possibly describe. "Now take your partners for the Lancers."

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