

ROUTINE DISORDERS

"OSSIFERS"

The protecting Wood.

Under the spreading Greenwood tree.
There is the rustling of Leeves.

And there lies the last of the James.
Waiting for a tonic Beveridge.

Would almost make you Laff.....ey!
Wouldn't it?

Lieut. (Pocket Battleship) Morrison of B Company at present an inmate of a hospital is doing well, thank you and hopes to be about soon to deliver a few more broadsides.

Lieutenant D. Stewart has returned from furlough but he was not very far away at any time. Most of his time was spent saffling boats, until he now has an almost nautical roll and imagines his stick is a telescope. He paces the parade ground as if it were the quarter deck.

Welcome to Lieutenant Hammond. Very active. Almost as a plate of hot "Hammond eggs." "Eggsactly."

Captain Leeves wept for joy at the concert. Tears formed a pool at his feet and he almost had to bring in one of those spades he so often tells us is a spade to dig a drain.

"ENSEEOES"

We have heard tell of a certain athletic Sergeant who drives about in what he calls his Vacuum Car, picking up all the little bits of stuff.

A winner. Sergeant Geoff Gilchrist, the chap who left for his sister's wedding carrying his racing saddle.

Tough luck these hard times Sergeant George Cassells-Brown. To just fork out twelve lovely quid to have his boat transported to within cooee of our camp and then on the day it arrived to be transferred back to where it came from is excuse enough to drive anyone to hard drink.

No skites in our family. No, but Sgt. Arthur Lowe of C Company openly challenges all ranks and citizens of our nearby parish to table tennis matches and undertakes to lick them all. Arthur says he can talk Chinese too. Well, what do you know about that!

A well known member of the Sergeants' Mess known as the "Great Lover" could not just take it a day or so ago. The morning after an Air Force do, he came to breakfast, looked at it and walked out into the great open spaces.

P.B. PRIVATES

Who was the P.B. Private who on seeing the Q.M. Staff on parade asked, "Is that the Balloon barrage section?"

He was not such a P.B. Private who suddenly used some initiative and left the following message on his rifle for his instructor to see after the break. "Gone to the Y.M. for a cup of tea, back in ten minutes." (Modern warfare has taught us to use our own initiative according to the latest press reports—I mean 1942 manuals.—Ed.)

Sympathy, just sympathy, for the P.B. young and innocent Private who received a message to report to B.O. Room at 0600 hours, who arose an hour earlier to spend most of the time under a hot shower with a cake of well known soap which is guaranteed to remove something even the S.M. will not tell you about.

Just another routine disorder. Corrigendum: Von Sturmer, Pte. C.H.L. Orderly room O.C. of R.O.'s . . . Delete all reference to above re his wooing of local WAAPS.

He was a matey P.B. Private who answered the Orderly Room query as to his name, "It's Jock, sir," he said.

CHAPS! . . .

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