

# ROUTINE DISORDERS

## “OSSIFERS”



WE note that several new sentry-boxes are in course of construction. Does the Major propose to put one beside each hole in the fence?

Captain James, after a brief spell of furlough, is once more rotating rapidly up to his eyebrows. “Yes,” he remarked last week, “I’m like a one-armed paperhanger in a high wind with an itchy nose and a pair of broken braces.”

Mr. Macnell is looking very fit after his commando excursion. He certainly proved himself an expert on smelling out means of internal warmth and on parlour tricks.

We condole with Mr. Whyman, who, we understand, was a trifle seedy one recent Sunday morning. Why, man, surely you can take it!

On a recent Wednesday afternoon, Mr. Ingle joined a foot squad for P.T., but was smartly spun when ordered by the instructor to remove shoes and socks. “You look in a very bad way, indeed,” he said.

Diminutive Mr. Herdson, another new arrival, deceptively conceals a palpitating mass of surging dynamic energy beneath a sawn-off exterior. Also always ready to oblige. Have a word, son, with Mr. Herdson.

## “ENSEEOES”



YOU’LL always find that Rae is ready for a frae.

How discerning was the lady who, on presenting Sergeant Archibald with a box of cakes one Sunday evening, said, “We are always pleased to give anything to a worthy object.”

Sergeant Buchanan has apparently reverted to the bottle again. From Auckland, where he is ostensibly sitting exams., Bob sends a pair of sandals back to camp for a colleague, both of them right feet!

Many a crime bears its fruit in the shadow of Old Bayley.

I’ve tried very hard but I really can’t find anything good to say about Grant.

You’d never take Jim Larsen for any kind of parson

You ignorant P.B.P.’s may jeer and say Clem Bradley’s rather queer, but he’s always bright and from what I hear he might make a fairish auctioneer.

We wonder if a Medical Board is the same as any other board. Very thick and very wooden.

## P.B. PRIVATES



WE hear that P.B.P. Knowles has developed a keen interest in farming, and is most eager to spend his leave at Ngongotaha learning to milk cows and ride horses. Is the simple life the only attraction, we wonder?

P.B.P. Ramsbottom. Don’t look now, but a black sheep’s behind.

Is he a Pissey, is he, Lizzie?

Gunner Belcher: Tut, tut, such manners!

Sapper Chick. Refuses to be egged on.

P.B.P. Reid: Isn’t one of them enough?

We wonder if Neville White isn’t something of a dark horse.

Why be Moodie? Be Blythe and Revell!

A short time in the Army makes you Wylie.

Large batches of old hands left for pastures new last week, including some who had been here so long that they had become almost rooted. The oldest inhabitant competition re-opens again this week.

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