

"For Those in Peril on The Sea"

A party of bold hearts the other Sunday took the launch "Guerrilla I" for a spin on the lake. This has been done many times and oft and would be no occasion for remark except that this time they could not get home.

The reason was that the good ship ran out of "juice" and, quite definitely, stopped. Perhaps the correct nautical expression is "lay to"; anyhow the vessel ceased to progress. Its stalwart crew were disconcerted to find that, such being the case, there wasn't very much they could do about it. They couldn't ring for a break-down van. They were a very long way from the shore and the winds and the wild fowl mocked their calls for help.

Time marched on in the usual manner. A council of war was called and a plan evolved. The hours of daylight, it was decided, offered no hope of succour. Only night could save them. In this respect it was pointed out they were betting on a pretty safe thing as night, it could reasonably be presumed, would eventually fall.

It did. The crew was galvanised to action. Soaking some waste in oil, they attached it to a boat-hook and set it alight. With this they sent out their distress signals.

To the Rescue.

Was their S.O.S. observed? It was. It was seen by the ever-vigilant Admiral Hollows, by this time alarmed by the fact that his flagship was an hour and three-quarters overdue. "Avast, you lubbers," he cried and, continuing to mouth similar nautical terms leaped aboard his cutter or pinnace and bravely facing the dark, watery wastes, set out on his errand of mercy. Over the still waters his voice was heard from afar, "Excelsior! Once aboard the lugger . . ." The winds swallowed the rest.

The rest is history. No lives were lost. The rescuer rescued the whole bunch and salvaged their ship. We view with disfavour the carping critic who suggested that possibly Capt. Hollows had drained the fuel tank himself so that he would have an opportunity to stage a brilliant rescue and so get himself written up in "Guerrilla" again. But however noble the brow there is always some puny creature who would wrest the laurels from it.

BATTALION PARADE

Every morning we're made, on Battalion parade,

To hear speeches, prepared and extempore,

We listen with awe to such military law,

As the S.O.T. quotes from his memory.

He expresses in tone, that doesn't condone,

Any slip or mistake from some rooky,

Just what he thinks of our failings and kinks,

In terms neither placid nor sooky;

The tirade completed, and sometimes repeated,

The officers take up position, Then round the bullring, with arms at a full-swing,

We trudge till we need a physician.



Davy McNaughton is usually called on,

To lead the meandering column, He treats with ignore, the military galore,

With expression so fixedly solemn.

The W.O.'s are kept on their toes, And move with a tolerant air, The Camp Sergeant-Major would willingly wager,

That he was the best soldier there (Oh, yeah!)

When we've circled the tarmac, till we're nearly bers'ac,

With relief do we hear that command,

"March off to your circuits, get into your work" it's,

A fluke if we've missed reprimand. Oh, Battalion parade, whether sunshine or shade,

Is a daily occurrence we dread, With those fixed eagle eyes, even bright sunny skies,

Shine on hearts that are heavy as lead.

TRUE TO FORM

C COY. IN THE NEWS AGAIN

It was Sunday morning. It was cold. It was C Coy's duty day, but no fatigues turned up. At about eight o'clock the B.O.S. went over to the Coy. lines to see what was the matter. He bowled into Sgt. Calder's hut and gazed down on the recumbent form beneath him. They say that Sgt. Calder looks very fetching while slumbering. However, that's another story.

The B.O.S. did no Prince Charming act, but brutally awakened the sleeping Calder. "Wassa marrer?" asked the latter returning to the cold, cold world. "Where are the fatigues?" said the B.O.S. "How the blank should I know. Haven't you got them?"

So Sgt. Calder had to draw his shivering limbs out into the early morning air, to insert himself into his pants and all the other garments that a self-respecting sergeant wears.

Then he and the B.O.S. went out to find the missing fatigues. They gazed down the lines. Silence. Stillness.

Who could they see? Not a soul. What could they hear? Nothing. It took only a few minutes to discover the awful truth.

The whole Company was fast asleep. Every man jack in C Coy. had slept in!

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Egypt has "recognised" Russia. We guess that just about puts the U.S.S.R. on the map.

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At a military funeral the other day we heard Reveille played. With these cold mornings it is so long since we heard Reveille that we did not recognise it.

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"Men like the Fuehrer are born not made." Another argument for birth control.

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