

SNOOPER

SNOOPINGS BY



5.

THE JOB - cont. from page 3.col

WELL, here I am again everybody. The Editor says I gotta be pretty circumspect an' size up things before I open my mouth this time - on account of the paper going nome to all you misses and sweethearts. That's pretty limitin' you know to a bloke like me with a lot of inside information, 'cos there's some pretty funny things happen' in this place. ::: BAGPIPES, for in stance. We had a pipe band down here a few weeks back to play for a parade some of the boys was goin' in. The band was camped near us, worse luck, and used to come round practicin'. It was interestin' to watch the boys. Some was honest and said straight out they didn't go much on the pipes; another lot what didn't really like 'em, but didn't like to admit it, said the pipes was alright. And other blokes what claimed to be Scotch got quite troppo. Johnny Sutherland got all worked up as though somebody had got something outa the store without payin' - signin', I mean - for it. Surprisin' too, the blokes what said they had Scotch blood bubblin' in their veins when the pipes started squaking. In addition to the McKenzies and the McGregors there was Fred Kronast, Marrie Corrie, Jack Ryan, young Ewart, Willie Wolf, Charlie Storey, Tony Radisich and even our Basil. Fancy a joker with a name like Murgatroyd claimin' to be Scotch! There was some talk of startin' a Free Scotch Movement, but there was not enough of 'em. And anyway, all the blokes I've mentioned are too keen on Chinese Checkers - one of those free games started by "Fat Willie" Hart. ::: I was gonna tell you folk of the five reasons why most of the blokes here dont want a furlough home, but the Editor looks he's ready to go to press, an' I reckon if I'm not ready he'll be puttin' in one of Peter Wingfield's poems in my column. Can't have that. Peter's a good guy, but his poems are so gloomy they make even the mozzies depressed. Guess I'd better rush. Cheerio, folks. Boys are all O. K.

who had a bad attack of misogyny - a sailor we believe - has now thoroughly recovered and with justifiable pride gave us a brief "look" at a snappy photograph, but would not permit a glance at the address on the back. Ray Barnaby, slightly more generous, showed us two snaps (no wonder we cant find a girl friend) which made the "pin-up girl" look a jerk. It seems as though only the Corporal and Sapper deserves the fair. Some of theses lads go the monoplly way - take "Ced" Reid, for example - but no, we must not spill the beans. ::: OUT on the job we bumped into Fred Watts, our best dressed rep., who always looks natty. "When are we going home?" he asked. "Any year now!" we replied. If you know Fred, there is no need to repeat what he said; if you do not know him, you're missing something through the Censor clouting down on us. Sgt. Maurice Watson we saw in the distance. We were making for him when we heard "How are y' fellas?" from now other than young Bobbie Craif who was beaming with joy at the prospect of staying here another two years. Mic Pasco, our racing authority, was not so beaming. He was almost profane in the Rascoish way. ::: THEN we bumped into a group of the Wharf lads who gave us a great reception - they say Works are helping them build Con Depot. They are a pretty good bunch. We located OC of Wharf, Captain F.J. Clark, promised a "Home Issue" for Wharf in a few weeks and then had to flit. Our next contact was young E.D. Clark who promptly shouted: "Look out - here's that Dozerdust on the job, keep your mouths shut!" That ruined everything. However, we met Jim Taylor and his mate, Duncan Comrie. Jim was on top of a building, Duncan ("Doug" to strangers) glowered at from from round a corner. Jim says his mate has taken a new lease of life since the P.T. course. When we told Jim his horse (Tom Clarke had a part share) won the race in the last meeting he was not surprised. He has not the stake money (£5 This is for Mrs. Taylor's information). ::: IT is time we said something about the job. Here it is. The boys are working on a hospital theatre, 4,276 square feet, not just a jerry jumped dump, but a theatre containing all modern equipment for operations, settin' setting limbs, skin diseases, xray & all that will be required. Two hospital wards, each capable of taking 60 beds - one ward already has patients in. Administrative block will include pay office, postal, reception room, administrative offices for medical

Cont. col 2. Page 7.