

GARRISON BLUES:

I hate this ruddy harbour,  
I detest this blasted port,  
I think my nearest neighbour,  
A lewd fellow of the basest sort.  
The guns are silly children's toys,  
The food is just hard tack,  
The camp a home for wayward boys,  
I've a black dog on my back.

The searchlights give the feeblest  
beam,  
No earthly use to the watch,  
In fact we'd get a better gleam,  
From a twopenny Woolworth's torch,  
The M.T. rattles, bumps and roars,  
Every nut seems slack,  
Just a pile of rowdy junk,  
I've a black dog on my back.

The phones are just too crazy,  
Signals a damn side worse,  
H.Q. is far too lazy,  
The O.C. far too terse,  
The beds provide me with less sleep,  
Than an inquisition rack,  
Although I've counted countless  
sheep,  
I've a black dog on my back.

The barrack rooms are beehives,  
Full of useless drones,  
The NCOs like fishwives,  
Paggling over bones.  
The quarters are like animal lairs,  
But give everything its dues,  
I may be jaundiced by my cares,  
For I've got those Garrison Blues.

GALLANT CAPTURE OF ALIEN INTRUDERS

At an unspecified place, on an un-  
disclosed date and at a censored  
time, the 3rd. Division showed pro-  
mise of gallantry certainly equal  
to and possibly surpassing the best  
traditions of the 2nd. Division.

Watch Officer: "Hist! What is that?"  
A light on the island. I smell  
a rat!"

Lookout: "Garn! The ----- place is  
teeming with rats. Go to sleep!"

Watch Officer: "We're at war. It  
must be investigated."

Lookout: "O.K. I'll ring the Boss!"  
(Tingle, tingle. "Is that you,  
Boss? What did you say, 'Who the hell  
do you think it is?' Say, Boss, dis-  
saint to time for riddles. There's a  
light on the island - I know there's  
dozens of islands - you want to know  
which one - say, listen, do you  
think this is a geography lesson -  
the island in front - Oh, you want  
the azimuth - who do you think I am?  
Astrologer Mac? - Alright I'll send  
the 'Queen Mary'. Keep your shirt  
on."

Whereupon thegallant Chapman W.C.  
sprang from his rapt contemplation  
of Stage III and arming himself to  
his artificial dentures, called upon

seven of his faithful henchmen and  
one mariner; and the intrepid party  
set forth in the "Golden Bar" (not  
to be confused with the "Yellow  
Streak"), the "Queen Mary" trans-  
porting them to the ship's side.  
With a roar of mighty engines and a  
surge of power the "Golden Bar"  
clove the breakers to the island  
covering the 3000 yards in slight-  
ly under the hour.

"Follow me, mes infants", said  
Chapman, who's learning French.  
"Don't shoot until you see the  
whites of their thighs", and pru-  
dently slipping in the scuppers,  
let his warriors beat him to the  
shore. With flashing bayonets,  
gleaming teeth, and knocking knees,  
his braves dispersed rapidly into  
the night and in their haste to  
find safe hiding places fell over  
three shrinking little French Civi-  
lians. When our brave soldiers  
saw that the civilians were only 3  
and far more terrified than the  
soldiers, they promptly let loose  
most blood curdling oaths and ar-  
rested them and their boat and re-  
turned in triumph to their unit.  
Interrogation in perfect Marseilles  
dock-yard argot by the B.C. satis-  
fied all hands that they were quite  
harmless, but "it was a gallant  
action" and will live long in the  
annals of the Regiment.

Lieut. Chapman, W.C., interviewed  
by our special correspondent, was  
typically modest and laconic.

"Don't give any credit to me",  
he said twirling his moustache,  
"It was my men that did it all.  
They were magnificent".

Truly the stuff of which heroes  
are made.

-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-  
- SLAPS -

A heated discussion took place  
recently as to which had the great-  
est sting - a slap from a "Merry  
French Widow" or a bite from a  
"Black Widow Spider".

Judging from the personal ob-  
servations of a certain officer,  
who has had "second hand ???" ex-  
perience of the former, and strictly  
impersonal relations with the latter,  
the conclusion arrived at was that  
the former wins hands "Down", when  
the hand's "up", And how!!!!

-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-  
MORE BLURB FOR US SERVICE INSURANCE  
Weep for the fate of Private Bloggs,  
Who was crushed in the mighty war  
machine's cogs,  
His friends got his insurance, the  
lucky dogs,  
And spent it all in beer, the -----  
hogs.

-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-  
We've lost our Padre!! Must have  
been the Colonel's Who's Zoo!!!