



NOTEWORTHY PECULIARITIES: Prefers shorts that cover his knees, pipes that are aged and awful, and other peoples cigarettes. Likes being roused at reveille so that he can lie and brood till breakfast time.

"THOSE BALD-HEADED OLD B-----S"

Asleep at a place called "Baldy's Rest",

Are two old men we all know best,
But in this time of strife and war,
God only knows what they're here for.

Notorious Baldy Mk.I is the first,
A man of few hairs -- but Hell, what
a thirst!!!!

It's naught but pity and sorrow we
feel,
For the bald headed fellow we all
know as Neil.

As RQMS he's a hell of a freak,
They gave him the job on account of
his beak,
With changes of clothing he's awfully
tight,
Even though ruined, he says, "That's
alright".

He owns the QM, or that's how he
feels,
Is always the first to praise up the
meals,
Though the shelves of the store are
chock full of food,
Ere he parts with a tin, he has to
be wooed.

At night in the tent his mates get
no rest,
For Baldy is chasing around in his
nest,
The mossies come in at a hell of a
rate,
And settle all over the old b-----'s
pate.

Neil's Pommy Sheila no doubt is a
thrill,
And even at forty (?) love's caused
him a spill,
And one of the things we would all
like to see,
Is Neil with his fat Pommy girl on
his knee.

We're b-----d for space
This is all we can do,
Next week in this place,
Meet Baldy Mk.III!!!!

-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-

THE JAUNTINGS OF JASON:

(Continued)

And it came to pass that after a
festive evening at the hands of King
Wickatidium, that Jason once more
awoke with a foul mouth and an even
more foul head on the following morn.
As before, he declined the rich
viands preferred by a slave, and tot-
tered to the presence of the Great
One. "Greetings, O Jason", quoth the
King in genial tones, "I have good
entertainment for thee this day".
"My thanks are most heartfelt, O
King", quoth our friend, "but I trust

thou hast not in mind the showing of
bewildering machines in mind for me
this day." "Not at all", said Wick-
atidium blandly, "I propose to en-
trust you to the care of the great
Centurion, Robertus Kennedius, who
will have my orders to see that thou
mayest wander where thou would'st".

And so Jason departed with the
great Robertus, whose quiet genial-
ity appealed to him greatly, and
wandered over the realm at will. In
due course they arrived at a shady,
secluded spot. "Let us tarry a while
under yon tree", said Robertus.

"Well spoken, O Defender of the
Opressed", Jason replied. Having
come nigh to the place they espied
several warriors taking their ease
and chatting quietly among them-
selves. "Let us disturb them not,
but go elsewhere", said Robertus
kindly. "I would fain have words
with them", Jason replied. "Thou
shalt do so in due season," was the
answer as they walked away unobserv-
ed, "at the moment those warriors
are engaged in the art of relaxa-
tion, and are resting from their
arduous duties under the heavy hand
of the Aresem, who doth drive them
mercilessly. An he should find them
in their present occupation, it would
go hard with them indeed. We should
but cause them uneasiness by our
presence."

Hardly had the words passed his
lips when they heard a loud voice
shouting, "Where's Andersonus?
Where's Andersonus?" No reply be-
ing heard the voice continued, in
the manner of a shriek, "Tomlinus!
At what art thou employed?" From
the loud spate of words which this
utterance brought forth, it became
apparent to Jason that the one ad-
dressed as Tomlinus was engaged in
the cutting of grass near the pal-
ace of the Aresem, and thought not
much of it.

At this moment the wanderer came
in sight of a warrior of great
height, had he but stood erect in-
stead of in the stooping manner in
which he then appeared, though it
became evident that this manner was
adopted by this potentate -- for such
he appeared -- on all occasions.

"There is the Aresem in full ton-
gue", quoth Kennedius, smiling wry-
ly, "an he became dumb he would ver-
ily fall upon his own sword. Let
us proceed further, that we may
view the scene in peace." Jason
was amazed when Kennedius escorted
him to a small edifice in which he
was shown how, by the turning of a
small wheel, great streams of water
were forced out of small holes in a
metal disc. Robertus explained
that it was under those cool streams
that the warriors were wont to batho
and, even as he spoke, came one by

THE LITTLE RED NOTE BOOK

Though it is against our policy to give weight on any subject, we feel that perhaps a slight injustice has been done to one of our readers, but, instead of printing a retraction, as seems to be his wish, we publish in toto his objections to our remarks of last week. We would point out, in order to save any future controversy, that all published extracts from the "Little Red Note Book" are but copies of the author's notes for which this correspondent takes no responsibility and all malcontents are advised to vent their spleen on the originator. We introduce to you, the gunner of the "Long under jaw";

"To the author and co-authors of the latest article concerning the "Little Red Note Book", I, the Gunner of the "Long under jaw", whose name was mentioned in your infamous aforementioned article, hereby beseeches, implores, and begs you never again to repeat those erroneous statements, wherein I am falsely accused of being constantly under observation and always on the dodge.

The reason for this appeal is obvious. Life for me is already a succession of narrow escapes and embarrassing encounters with the BSM, Sgts and Bdras, all of whom seem to delight in hiding in bushes and around corners, and then pouncing out shouting that well known phrase, "What are you doing, Gnr.?"

If these remarks, purporting me to be a dodger, continue to appear in print (and every second page of the "Little Red Note Book" contains slanderous statements concerning my work, my whereabouts at different times, and the cleanliness of my boots) then some of these NOOs may begin to think there is a certain degree of truth in them, which may cause them to make an even more strenuous onslaught on my efforts to emulate Brown Rabbit - "Lay low and say muffin". So mark it, chums".

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thi ole  
dovist delli

yer rimmer i told yer thinks were getin wusser well they is an in in ther blink wet is a ole in the worl an stinks somthin awful the ole think is a mistake this an wet append.  
manners took a wile ter kpeel out an owl this time colcees an bonnet an standin ther trimblin like then manners sez to colcees putt this man

on charge an i sez i aint goin ter pay nuthink an so manners turns ter colcees agin an sez putt im unda a west an thin i gits wild an sez iz yer terkin about me yer can speak ter me soo and net bennot now colcees an manners lookin an fairno an e can sez quiet an i sez i want be quiet an i want pay nuthink an i dont want a west but manners wont lissen ter me an told colcees ter march me out an they brings me up ere ter this p-ribeel. pllee wet is the pllee they calls blink.

well there a lot of nise blokes in an they is owl veri keen ter oip no as much as possibill they ave test me a bit about poka but since i aint got no moni now i gess they is wite when they sez it an a waist of time tryin ter teach me anymore there blokes in ere sez they think we nite ave sun nee chaps ere in ther bernin one bloke wet mistakek a peep for a taxi thinks e nite spend a few daze ere i ope e cums cos the blokes sez it an in places like thia that yer moots the nise peepul an i think ther an rite cos the bloke runti wet i thort was mi friend kerkis no a sillli basket and cums down ter me dor wet is like a kagean laffa at mi bit a bloke wet is lawled jorking and ooh an the modikal ordill an veri kind an sez i will veri likli go for a oliday ter a nise kamp at buwi where a bloke whees name wer permi allan as a best for a long time - yer lavvin luvver tom.

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"SEONEDERS"

We are inviting offers of assistance from all at Ile Nou to solve some of the current mysteries here at Nala.

1. Why did Staff Eggy sleep without his net on Sunday night?
2. Why has the same gentleman been in such a good mood since his trip to Bourail on Monday?
3. Who did the same "Nala Dandy" have in his truck the other night besides a small white pomeranian?
4. And again the Thames Valley Play-boy, who shortened his trousers, and how many fittings did she give him?
5. Can someone supply Mr. M----- with some other topics of conversation, than the 6th. and 7th lines of last weeks "Who's Zoo"?

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NOTICE:

This issue may NOT be sent overseas.

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