

jist abowt ther plac

derist

well after the kernel ad toled me wot a basket rarely wefe e zes yer dimin- ished march out an i sez thaank yer veri much an goes ter walk owt wen colcoco wot likes to ere imself tork skreems owt rite tern an me opin sum day i will be a surgen madger does wot im told an owt we goes orl veri appi.

wen i got owtside me admirin publik wer there ter welcum me an wotty cums up an sez i put up a veri good case an it jist showd that british justice aint ditched proper like i didnt kwite unnerstand wot e ment but wotty am veri kleva an e musta bin rite altho runt1 oo wer there sed ballz we am jist a lotta stickers bit runt1 as i sed befor jist carnt elp makin mistakes altho wotty made a mistake wunce wich i carnt unnerstand wen ther otha blokes was cummin over ere wotty missed the boat e sed e thort it left from whyhe bit there wer a lotta kleva blokes wot made mistakes then ers a bloke wots cald dalyrdimpipel missed to an e sez they wuz supposed ter pick im up at ther grand otel cos e left a messige for the orderli ossifer that e would be there bit the army forgot so it luks ter me as if ther heads made ther mistake an forgot ter tel ther blokes eggsactli wher ter catch ther boat. well me derist i mist go an ide as it am neerli to oclock the boyz tell me ter say that they ope yer ave a nise soft bed as ther marines am veri tender on ther funni bone i dont git wot they meen bit they sez you am prak- icalli sertun ter unnerstan

yer to luvvin luvver tom

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- 150DDITIES -

The following is a story straight from the horse's mouth - well, it came from Army HQ, anyway.

Shortly after the outbreak of war, Mr. Jones, personnel manager of a large and well-known chain store wrote to the Army Dept. offering his services and sat down to wait patiently, but in vain, for an answer.

Not long afterwards a high "brass hat" called on Mr. Jones' firm and interviewed its president with the idea of obtaining a good personnel man for a War Dept. position. The president said "I'm sure you couldn't find a better man anywhere than our personnel manager, Mr. Jones, and should you need him, I shall be only too pleased to grant him leave of absence for the duration."

In due course Mr. Jones became Major Jones and finally Lt.Col.Jones.

Quite recently he was home on leave and one day received a letter from the Army Dept., an answer at last to the original letter of application,

saying that his services were not required by the Department.

It was signed by Lt.Col. Jones!!!

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LOST - or SOMETHING

Who lost the partial plate which one of our drivers found?

Who was it who, the morning after the tangi, was quite prepared to walk over everu weary square inch of Ile Nou?

Who was it who loked like something the dog dragged in, and couldn't say whether Artie Shaw's band was there or not?

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"SLEEPY HOLLOW"

Recently the fields and paddocks od Sleepy Hollow have been the scene of feverish activity. Hitherto little known members haven overnight, blossomed into champion exponents of the noble arts of self-defence and gaily skip, dance, and perform staminizing exercises to reach that goal of atheletes - fitness for battle.

Normally calm and peaceful faces have assumed a decidedly pugnacious aspect, with various persons proudly displaying a split lip here, or a black eye there. Groups of very determined looking men are seen everywhere, men carrying boxing gloves, men carrying wrestling gear, and often, men carrying men.

Business at the R.A.P. has reached a new high as nlokes totter in to have their faces patched, bones nebed or muscles pounded back into shape.

This horrible zest for exercise has spread even to the cookhouse, where one of the cooks, in a few short days has built up such a reputation for ferociousness that all his cooking is now praised, and even in some cases, eaten. Such phrases as "Who the blue-black so-and-so cooked this -----meat" - he should be made to eat the lot", have disappeared entirely, and in their place faint echoes of praise wander respectfully round the mess hall.

As this cook can (so 'tis rumoured) with a scientific twist of his fingers, dislocate a spinal column, this politeness, so foreign to cooks in general, can be easily understood.

What caused this sudden uprising of pugs and bruisers? Is it that food for fighters "Cilly Conk" causing the brute to come out in these usually timorous souls? Or can it be that having no other means of expending their energy (leave to town being stopped, and the Pink House being closed anyway) these muscle bround mountains of meat use it up in attempting to flatten, squash, ot otherwise alter the shape pf the faces and bodies of their equally ferocious opponents? (over)