

Everyone here is looking forward with sadistic anticipation to Saturday's Rugby game between 150 and RHQ. One or two of the 'boys' of RHQ have been watched carefully during their last few appearances and certain land mines have been skillfully prepared for their especial benefit. For the first time in my life I find myself envious of the physique of "Charles Atlas" and the ability of Mark Nicholls -- Boy! - would I make some bodies bounce!!

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Col. Stoopnagle's Fictionary defines "Ghostoffice" as a place where all dead letters are buried. Whenever I have been waiting any length of time for a letter from the wife, I wonder whether that most famous of American Radio nit wits has become confused with the Field Post Office!

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When we chanced upon a paragraph in a well known NZ newspaper which dealt with the subject of meals enjoyed by Jap prisoners, we could have written a beautiful article about quarter blokes in general and one or two in particular, but I just remembered in time what the Editor had to say on the subject of subversive statements - and decided that discretion was the better part of valour. So, in order to clear ourselves of any breath of suspicion, we give you a verbatim report from the article:-

"Japanese prisoners in N.Z. are well fed. The menu is exceedingly well balanced and might well have been prepared by an expert dietician with due regard to vitamin content, etc!" (Well, Ask yourself - as the saying goes.)

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Ed. We have had many enquiries as to the source of the extract from the History of the Royal Artillery, which we published recently. Well, we're not telling - but - er - have you any more like it, Brig??? - we could certainly use them.

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- 20FORCASTS -

Anyone interested in hunting for buried treasure, please see our Hayden - plan and details supplied free!!

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We have just heard a rumour to the effect that the successor to our late sanitary Bdr, Bdr. Balks, is throwing himself enthusiastically into his work - keep up the good work, Leh!!

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"SHORTY THE PRO"

The whistle blows, the centre kicks,
And down the field they stream,
Weaving, passing, heading,
The English Navy team.

Until half time the navy team,
Cut our team to shreds,
With weaving spells and nimble feet,
Those chequered white and reds.

A change took place the second half,
A bright new star began to soar,
A runty little wing arose,
And he hailed from 204.

His brawny big opponent,
Was a six foot two Jack Tar,
But Shorty ran between his legs,
As if he was not thar.

The Navy team were off again,
And they flicked this back a pass,
But he did not see our Shorty there,
Hid neath a blade of grass.

The ball came flying T'wards him,
The cry was "use your head",
But as his legs were just as high
He used his boot instead.

He hoofed it at the goal mouth,
The goalie, fumbling, fell,
And Shorty, quick to follow up,
Had a shot that rang the bell.

Then 204 streamed o'er the field,
And shouldered their hero high,
And all the assembled multitude,
Paid homage with their cry.

And again a chance he had,
To Shorty yelled the host,
And shorty's perfect play,
Placed it clean between the posts.

And when the game was over, /praise,
And our hero they'd showered with
He said "We could have licked 'em,
If the game went on for days."

Now oft when day is o'er,
And evening shadows fall,
You'll see the ghost of Shorty,
Rushing downfield with the ball.

With sure foot he'll trap it,
As near the line it rolls,
And deftly will he toe it,
While a ghostly crowd roars "Goal!"

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WHAT THEY SAID ABOUT THE COMMON SOLDIER.

MARLBOROUGH: 1650-1722.

"No soldier can fight unless he is properly fed on beef and beer."
(What about it, Neil?????)

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