

PITY THE POOR BASE WALLAH!

SNOOPIN' AROUND.

How sweet his way with N.C.O.'s  
 In case he tramples on their toes!  
 His poor brain reels and sometimes  
 slips,  
 From moving in a maze of 'pips'  
 How fearfully he dreads the frowns,  
 Of gentlemen decked out in crowns!  
 In spotless clothes and polished  
 boots,  
 From morn to night he throws salutes.  
 Each week he gets (no more than  
 twice)  
 His issue of vanilla ice,  
 And twice a week he's on his ear  
 From sinking a whole quart of beer.  
 Now canteen stocks arrive each day,  
 And quickly eat up all his pay,  
 With oily hair and well-pressed  
 slacks,  
 Each night he tries to ogle W.A.A.C.'s.  
 When tired of work he might receive,  
 A welcome little spot of leave;  
 His job is probably "White Collar" --  
 Pity the poor Base Wallah!  
 "Decjay."

"Lofty" says he will have to get  
 'cannon jaws if he is going to eat  
 any more of the armour-plated stones  
 the cooks made recently!

'Tis said that Major Keenan enjoyed  
 a hot bath recently. On another  
 occasion we were tipped about old  
 "Duffy" at the R.A.F. talking the  
 Major into bringing a cake down for  
 afternoon tea. Is the hot bath just  
 a little repayment for the half a  
 cake "Duffy" ate Maje? Take a tip,  
 don't ever go to him for a massage  
 else you'll never eat cake again!

George Clarkson may not be "troppo"  
 but he's something! Surely he knows  
 there aren't any tigers here and  
 yet he wanders about camp in a topee  
 telling us he's out tiger chasing.  
 And talking of topees George. I guess  
 it would take the grin off your face  
 if we printed the story of how you  
 acquired that hat --but we won't !!

LOST: \$5 bill. Sentimental value.

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FREE LANCING'S.

"THERE'll be some good tales told when we return to New Zealand, and I'll  
 pitch a few as tall as the rest. But, if anybody springs a difficult ques-  
 tion on me then I'll say --let's forget that, it's over now and I'd rather  
 not talk about it!" --"Bludge" Bailey.

WHY could it be that the R.S.M. was wearing his torch on his belt one after-  
 noon this week. With a shortage of liquor here he could hardly have expect-  
 ed a "blackout."

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