

"FORWARD AREA FROLIC." Cont'd.



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ROCK OUT
THE
BARREL

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Meanwhile, "Slap-happy" Wood decided a stroll into the jungle would be invigorating. If it wasn't, it was at least profitable. He espied two fellow-tiplers on the way to nowhere in particular, shoved one in the mud, and returned with a bottle which he swiped from his "victim". So it can be seen that plundering also came into the night's fun! None other than our mournful friend, "Guzzler" Gillespie was sitting outside on a tree stump engaged in a little moon-gazing. We didn't explain to him that there wasn't really a moon there at all!!

"Boogie Woogie" Keenan, a chap who never was very thrilled with his musical nickname, began hurling bottles at some of the boys who were gently crooning B-O-O-GIE in his direction. This was done on the off-chance that a bottle would come their way - a full one. During this episode "Slap-happy" Wood had been enjoying a ride in a tram - gave the clothes line in the tent a sharp tug, and asked the 'conductor' to let him off at "Tojo's Terrace Theatre."

"Honk" checked the time from his imaginary, and invisible perspex watch, and suggested it was time something was cookin' in the way of a snack. Bread, onions, and cheese were produced from (censored) adding flavour to an already spicy evening. It was a most disappointed crowd which heard "Hurricane" Hogan's bitter announcement - "There ain't no onions left!"

I gave "Barty" a light as he was having a little trouble lighting a smoke with his torch! The ever popular "Strip Polka" was given a great hearing and at the part which goes "But she stopped, and only just in time," remarks like "What a pity!" and other quotes which are not printable were made by these he-men of the back-blocks. During this none too musical interlude an officer was offered a drink. He took it, gulped, and passed the bottle back. One wit had filled it with water!

Maje Conder, the Guest of Honour, dropped in, sunk a few 'quick 'uns', put across a rumpy yarn, and evacuated before considering it his duty to maintain a little harmony, and organise a more orthodox tent layout. By the way. His yarn is not for printing - sorry!

The two Hamiltons, both of whom had been on our entertainment list, parted with a fond "Fare-thee-well Anabel. It was suggested that they use "Honkie and Georgie Were Lovers" as a theme song. The night was too black for a liquor party.

After all one has to stumble his way back to his own tent after it and it seemed coral and roots had been deliberately placed along the jungle tracks to hamper a man's progress. And the lagoon is goo handy. Why a man may take a midnight swim and not know anything about it!!

That's all for now boys. If I have exaggerated the whole show I know you'll overlook it. If I have under, or over estimated your ability as a hard drinking, hard talking, two-fisted type of New Zealander, let's blame my old complaint --

"JUNCO!"

GUZZLE
GUZZLE

