

NOTES BY THE WAY

(by "Dodo")

Now who were the bombardier and gunner who slept the heavy sleep of the just in Les's comfortable bed one summer evening recently?

Then there is the gunner who was doing semaphore in his sleep the other night. He fell out of bed and his hut mate nearly jumped through the hut roof.

The spate of jaunty little notices on Camp notice boards these days are like leaves in the autumn after a southerly buster. It is said that the power of the printed word is "stronger than the sword." On that basis the power of the written word or typewritten word must be at least as strong as the Camp Sgt.-Major's tongue.

"Good morning, good morning, this is the Camp Supply Depot speaking. . . Is that Angus & Sons? Please take this order: Fifty pigs trotters - no we don't require the pigs this time. Six dozen kidneys, and no speckled ones. Got that down? Now, that last invoice was absolutely incorrect - you failed to let us have twelve copies of same for filing. Righto! (rings off.) Ten minutes afterwards: "Hullo, hullo. Now about tomorrow's green peas - not split peas this time, thank you very much. . . Now about cabbages. It is time we had some again to vary the diet. Good. (rings off.)"

Ah, faint memories of that soulful (did someone say skinful) night. It seems like a beautiful dream - especially when passing that stately edifice so quaintly called "The Plough." Hark your mind back to the night of the "Army on the Air" show. The place: the dressing-rooms below stage at the Town Hall, Rangiora. Subject: Several large kegs of beer placed jauntily upon a sagging table. All around faces leering through the heavy tobacco-smoke, drinking-vessels held out tautly beneath the garish yellow lights. A few seconds later the musical gurgle from a dozen throats and wagging tongues in lusty action in every corner of the warm room. Almost a scene from the Arabian Nights. See the languid forms in their gawdy theatrical trappings. Ah, what a night. - and what a dawn - for some!

"Yes, sir, I'm a good girl."

"Who asked you?"

"Nobody,"

"Well, no wonder you're a good girl."

Sandy McPhairson has a little boy called Angus. On the street the street the lad had a piece of dry bread in his hand.

Asked what he was doing, he said he was waiting for some jam in the traffic.