

The day that this damned war is over
Will be most eventful for me,
With my fingers to nose at the Colonel,
And Duigan, Sir John, G. O. C.

The officers here have a drink dear
With water lime juice and some gin,
The nobs on their levers are frightful
Their stomachs are now lined up with tin.

We are midway between the two poles dear
I can say the name of the place
But neptunes been on with his gang dear
The sun takes the peel off my face.

The Padres on board here are grand dear
There's Buck Mac and one Father Hen
We all like their blasts when they give them
And their offsidiers from the Y.M.

You all know our medical Colonel
With D.S.O., M.C. and Bar
The Bar we all know is between decks
You should read the rules—Pat Ardagh.

TET PROP



TO OUR FIGHTING PADRES.

We admired the moral courage and conviction of the padres who made bold to tell the men just where they stood with themselves. "Play the man" is a maxim which we would do well to remember—and it certainly would relieve the congestion in A deck after leave.

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Ever since they came aboard our padres have been a source of inspiration to us. Their manly qualities and spirit of service have won universal respect and admiration.

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The padres job is a tough one. It will help if we remember that they are here to help us and to strengthen our moral fibre—to keep us fit in every sense—and unless we are fit we cannot hope to be good soldiers.

WHERE CAN WE DRAW THE LINE?

What Ho—The tawny Neptune arrives,
'mid fanfare of trumpets. It was a hot day, but not hot enough to keep the boys from Mt. Olympus away—though no nymphs accompanied the Patriarch.

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Pa Neptune's rooters made a judicious selection from those present. Capt. Anderson, 19 Army Troop, was first to bite the dust. Sister Anderson and Sister Allen, in quaint native attire, graced the baptismal font.

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Amongst those present were:—Major Mantell-Harding, boyishly resistant, Colonel Sage, rampant, Mr. King, pugnacious, Mr. Beyer, docile, Mr. Carnachan, expectant, Mr. Laurie, underwares, the R.S.M., fighting, Pte. Joe Crossen, unconquerable.

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But the Gods disagreed—would not let him sleep there—

Sent tropical rain to dampen his lair—

*A rush to his quarters, a scamper, and then—
Though hot, he decided to stay in his den.*

FRONTIER STORY.

By SGT.-MAJOR "JOCK," 24 AUCK.

When serving in India with a British Regiment as a Serjeant I was chosen with a Corporal and 10 men to proceed to the frontier to guard and patrol an important Pass through which a tremendous amount of illicit drugs were coming into the country.

I had been there 3 months when suspicion fell on a goat herder. This man used to drive his herd through the camp to the bottom of the mountain because the grass was better near the river. I noticed the udders of the she goats were tied up with sacking and I asked him the reason—"So as to keep the young goats from sucking the nannies," he said, "allowing the herd to travel more quickly to and from the feeding grounds." I thought that reasonable, at first, and worried no more about it. The oftener he came through, the more insolent he became, and his sneers were becoming unbearable. After he had gone through I wondered how I could trap him, and suddenly thought that the young goats were too big for sucking. The following morning before daylight I went to the top of a hill which commanded a view of the