

1914 Version - Supplied by an  
Officer of Service in two wars.

1940 Version - Of Local  
Manufacture.

Who was it said, its pay day now,  
Fall out, you chaps and make less row  
And don't forget to sign for your dough  
The Serjeant Major.

Who was the Aussie, run to earth  
In some blue or red light in Perth  
To whom our Mr C gave berth?  
The B G E.

Who was it after pay day said  
Don't blankety blank, don't go to bed  
Let's paint the town a crimson red  
My cobber.

Who was it, seeking to convince  
In argument, used army mince,  
Though he has not been heard of since,  
Angus Mac G.

Who was it led us on our way  
For drinks for which we could not pay  
And robbed us, I am grieved to say  
The Mademoiselle.

Who, after pay, made the remark  
"She's tight"- and met her after dark  
(Plurtonic'ly, I should remark)  
The Regimental Mouse.

Who was it found us out of bounds  
While after dark while on their rounds  
And ran us in, the dirty hounds  
The military police.

Who, thinking "spots" were all too few  
Caught measles, and displayed to view  
A full battalion, if not two -  
And did he grouse?

Who was it we came up before  
Feeling weary and headsore  
Who'd heard our well pitched yarn before  
The Officer Commanding.

Who was it we came up before  
One day when our right foot felt sore  
Who gives our toes their manicure?  
Wilson - chiroprapist.

Who was it we went up to see  
Who told us he could plainly see  
We were not worth a tinker's D  
And gave us 14 days C B  
The Colonel.

Who was it, Mr Tomlinson,  
When x x's tropic storm was on  
Went up aloft with nothing on -  
Was raindrop kissed?

And as we toil in grievous pain  
Who'll never dream of raising Cain  
Who'll never do the same again  
We won't.

That bundle small of lusciousness  
In brown fur coat - and yet undress -  
Made for a cuddle or caress -  
Our monk - deceased.

But when pay day comes round, you know,  
Who is it then will fear no foe  
And have another ding-dong go -  
I wonder!

Who is it who would never fail  
To bind your wounds (or drink your ale  
Ac/Ac alarm, take Cover, Dale. ....  
....This bunk has ceased!

"SERIAL WAVES" IS PROUD TO REPRODUCE THE FOLLOWING MESSAGE  
RECEIVED BY O C TROOPS FROM SHEIKH  
OUDUNT GORONG

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On the eve of your arrival at the country of my fourfathers, fore-mummies,  
four wives and five goats, yea, even many CAMELS, it is my Honour to beg you  
to pass the following message on to your trusty followers:- Tell them that  
SHEIKH OUDUNT GORONG has personally seen to it that supplies of amber liquids  
are plentiful. Tell them that my dancing girls have each drawn six veils  
from my Q M Store (For even as you suffered from import restrictions - so do  
We). Warn them not about the Wazza, for the Wazza, having been warned of  
their approach, has melted into the night. Come, then, with your followers,  
that you may all enjoy the hospitality of my land.

(Sgd.) Inka Pabul, Keeper of the Keys,  
for the SHEIKH, OUDUNT GORONG,  
ILLUSTRIOUS GUARDIAN of the MOST DESIRABLE.