

THE BOYS OF R.H.Q.

You should see them on parade,  
All lined up straight and true;  
Batmen, clerks and R.A.P.  
Drivers, storemen - you'll agree  
That soldiers they will never be  
The boys of R.H.Q.

Just why they joined the army  
When they should be in a zoo,  
The Colonel wonders every time  
He sees them straggling into line;  
My God ! Must I admit they're mine.  
The boys of R.H.Q.

The Major's given up the ghost  
Of straightening out this crew.  
Their drill is such an awful mess;  
Their motto is 'By God and guess'  
But still they're gunners (more or less).  
The boys of R.H.Q.

The R.S.M. once cherished hopes  
To discipline imbue.  
The only time, to his despair,  
He found he had his muster there  
Was when paraded for their beer.  
The boys of R.H.Q.



R.H.Q. ON PARADE.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

I hear the bells on Xmas Day  
But no ! it only is reveille.  
"Feet on the floor" the serg-  
cant yells  
And that sure ain't no Xmas  
Bells.

THE BOOK OF NOWONDA.

And it came to pass in those days that the hosts of the Ac-  
Ac Headquarters did hang up their shields and bucklers and did  
encamp; and certain of their young men did journey afar being  
mighty hunters of butterflies. It was rumoured, moreover, that  
there were in those parts barbarians spying out the land and  
behold the young men did come across one like unto a barbarian  
while hunting, and did straightway run to the Captain of the  
Host, saying, "Lord, we did see in a river bed one which did  
seem unto us like a barbarian." So all the young men and migh-  
ty men of valour, did take up their arms and did pursue the barb-  
arian with Tommy guns and chariots and caught him not and they  
returned unto their encampment sorrowing.

THUS SAITH NOWONDA.

WHERE'S OUR MAIL.

Maybe it's on the ocean  
Tosses by wind and hail.  
Maybe it's with old Davy Jones;  
Where's our ruddy mail.

We can do without tobacco  
We can do without our ale.  
In blinding tears we're asking  
Where's our ruddy mail.

Neath the blazing sun we labour  
And every 'Don R' hails,  
"Hey, cobber, can you tell us  
"Where's our ruddy mail".

(Reproduced from 86 Bty Ch.Ch.)

REFLECTION.

Gunner Jones ate what he found  
on his plate  
And never as people do now  
Did he note the degree of potato  
and pea

He ate it because it was chow.  
Undisturbed ? at dinner he sat  
Destroying an ant or a fly  
To think it was lacking in this  
or in that

Or a couple of vitamins shy.  
He cheerfully chewed every  
species of food  
Untroubled by worries or fear,  
Lest his health might be hurt  
by some fancy dessert  
Thus losing his chance of a beer.