

ATHLETIC SPORTS.

Despite showery weather, the organisers of the Sports Meeting scheduled to take place at Boulouparis said "On with the show." so parties from RHQ, 203, and 208 made the trip and had a great day. Representatives from nine units took part and the track had been well prepared by the M. Dick Coy. In pleasant contrast to the majority of Army events the entire meeting was well organised. Credit for our ability to finish the contest in third position must go to the following performers:- "Dutchy" Middleton - winner of the long jump, dead-heat for first in the high jump and second in the hop, step and jump. Good jumping "Dutch". (Incidentally the foresight of the organizers in having a spare cross bar was appreciated by all and brought a round of applause from the amazed spectators.) Sgt. Fox was also at home in the pit to finish second in the long jump and third in the hop step. Les. Little fought on gamely for third in the 880 yards while Laplin was third in his heat of the 220 yds. Hansen, handling his Army Special like a second Opperman won a popular victory in the Orderly Room Clerk's bicycle race, and 2/Lt. Milne threw his weight around in excellent style for second in the shot put. But our supreme triumph lay with the R.S.M.'s tug-o-war team which remained unaffected by the drawn of All Black Milliken and the ... Battalion's Padre as opposing anchors, and heaved their way to victory. (They also scored the R.S.M. a ride home in the Colonel's car.) However, all our competitors put up a good show and we can give credit to the boys from other units who showed real form in their events. Quinn of Hawkes Bay (... Regt.) winner of the 100 yds. and 220 yds; Wayman of Christchurch (... Regt.) winner of the 100 yds. Skinner (... Battalion) winner of the mile and Marison (...) who was placed in several events, all deserve mention.

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THOUGHTS ON PARADISE ISLE.

There's a coral reef that stretches
round the outskirts of the shore
of this island where we're stationed,
as it seems for evermore.

There are untold hoards of insects
To be seen on every hand,
And a sense of dirt and squalor
Seems to permeate the land.

There are rugged hills a-towering
till they melt into the air;
They are full of nature's treasures,
but the soldier doesn't care.

There are herds of cattle grazing
Where the grass is not too dry,
And the horses too are creatures
Which will take the farmer's eye.

The niaouli trees are phantoms
with their whitish cardboard bark,
and we miss the peaceful twilight
that should come before the dark.

There are many thousand natives,
And the Frenchman lives here too,
So to them we say "You keep it,
The land belongs to you."

There are many much worse places
In the world we have no doubt,
But most of us have no desire
To go and try them out.

THE HUMOURIST. (204)

A man who wields this humble pen
causes many a night awake,
thinking at the incidents
logged for humour's sake.
For a start, the other night
when someone took a hat,
and smeared lamp black around the band -
You've got to laugh at that.

And as we sat at tea one night
With weapons, fork and spoon,
The table had a sudden lapse
And took a downward swoon.
The dinners fell into their laps,
As gunners stretched out flat
Shaking peaches from their pants -
You've got to laugh at that.

One of the lads a brainwave had,
He'd shave off all his hair;
It wasn't long before we found
That many heads were bare,
With Jacko, Julie and battling Len
As bald as a barber's cat,
And Mitch, with bumps like a Mills Grenade
You've got to laugh at that.

Tent seventeen's the rowdiest mob
That the Lord placed on this earth;
Their little trifling arguments
Are constant source for mirth.
When Jock and Pistoff take one side,
And Johnson holds his bat
The b---s argue from noon till
night -
You've got to laugh at that.