

Dear Daffy! HIT OR MISS by Winchell

I am a W.S.A.C. and I have heard of your column. I am very interested because I have my own personal problems to put before you.

I am desperately short of elastic. Should I bother to keep up appearances?

But that is not the worst of my problems. I have left my American boy friends all alone with those tough No. 4's. I am afraid he will not remain true, and I love him so much.

What can I do?

Julia.

Dear Julia,

I can sympathize with you in your need of elastic, for appearances, for elastic and other things must be kept up at all costs. Our orderly room sergeant has told me that there is a lot of rot japs here. If I persuade the authorities to do without it, he will deliver it in person.

His How tragic is a separation such as yours! But I suggest that you ask your U.S. boy friend to transfer from New Zealand to the N. Island - he will be quite at home there.

Daffy

"EVER SEEN this trick," asked Capt Cutler, tossing a bottle of rum in the air - and missing it. The other four officers followed a brief shocked silence with magnificent profanity



INDEED with Battalion spirit. Sgt. Lawlor paraded his platoon (also the worse for wear) into one night. The resemblance to an Aldershot tattoo was most marvellous.

WE HEAR that H.Q. Company opened a case of "beer" to find three large rocks very neatly packed in straw. Stone giager, no doubt...

REMOURS that Jimmy Flynn is to become official scout of the Battalion and joined by Mount Carroll.

MARCHED OFF. Unpumped thousand gallons of apple juice. How let someone else try and sell the stuff.

THERE WAS an issue of five bottles of beer per man last weekend. You're telling me?

AS THE PATROL slipped silently into the night, the message was whispered from man to man "Whenever we stop, go to ground." Back came the reply, "Stop now, Brown's tired."

The most adroit manoeuvres yet seen on the island have been those by which several officers have avoided the task of organising an officers' concert.

COMPLAINTS have been received at the local Comandante Nacionalo concerning a revival of the Ku Klux Klan movement. However, investigations have revealed that these ghoulishly garbed bands are only the 29th on the march with respirators.

THE C.O., it seems, could not find G Company H.Q. the other night. All the snakes sounded the same.



A hail of stones greeted Telford, G Company runner, on a recent night stunt, when he approached B Company H.Q. Capt Nation was just making sure it wasn't enemy.

What did you do in the war Daffy?

Oh Soldier, Oh Soldier, where have you been?
I've been to the tropics to see the Japs.
Oh Soldier, Oh Soldier, what did you there?
Sat 'neath the palm trees for ever a year.

Oh Soldier, Oh Soldier, when did you fight?
Ants by the day, and mosquitoes by night.
Oh Soldier, Oh Soldier, what did you that for?
To help keep the Japs from New Zealand's front door.

Oh Soldier, Oh Soldier, what did you then?
Came back to N.Z. then the islands again.
Oh Soldier, Oh Soldier, what place was that?
New California, and once more we sat.

Oh Soldier, Oh Soldier, did you fight there?
Not one word was fired in anger, my dear.
Oh Soldier, Oh Soldier, why didn't you fight?
God only knows, though we hoped day and night.

