

L A M B E T .

BERCHTESGADEN, seat of learning
This we dedicate to thee.
Home of every Sappers yearning
Pride of 3 Div N.Z.E.

BERCHTESGADEN, where's your owner ?
Beer & blondes, from days of yore.
While your halls are filled with
Sappers,
Swapping yarns and dodging chores.

BERCHTESGADEN, mighty mansion,
Lofty towers and cellars brew.
What a flow of inspiration
Scribes must get from dreams
like you.

BERCHTESGADEN, haven, refuge.
For the fat & frail of stature,
Wo-one Jim and Pony G.
Can't dictate to Mother Nature.

BERCHTESGADEN, we will miss thee,
Cherished memories we will keep.
When for better lands we're
heading,
We'll give him back his country
seat.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

From today it is not required that
young officers address Spr.A.Bell
as 'Sir'.

"To be, or not to be? That is the
question. Whether 'tis better to
throw together the nails and tim-
bers of outsize in Bures or to
gird oneself in earnest for the
fray".

ITSZOFF

Not a stir in the camp;
not a stir in the trees;
the men were as busy as
they could be. No officer
visible on the horizon &
Berchtesgaden quietly doz-
ing.

With neither sign nor a
sound of heat the flies
buzzed loadly o'er the
seats. So little they rose
were quietly pleased, and
unmoved by the gentle
breeze.

The dauntly Alley of Tara-
tahi tent had placed these
seats so badly bent. Thru
theday on hinges they rose
and fell with fearful din
like a crack from Hell.

Blaster Veale of the brok-
en arm viewed this scene
with some alarm. Quoth he;
"My men, this'ere wont do,
follow me my faithful few!"
The party formed, and off
they go, to the fateful spot
they strode. Blaster bent
o'er the seat, down the hole
went petrol neat.

Blaster Veale then gazed a-
bout, slowly took his match-
es out. Lit a paper; let it
fall, down the darkness in
the maw.

Down sank the paper with
rustling sound. The flames
arose & burst around. Quoth
our Blaster staggering by,
"Cheers & Beers, here's mud
in your eye."

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