

THE CONFERENCE

I've penned you songs of gonophones, of other comforts too.
Of seats which we call holers, of latrines with a view.
But now the need to splash a line, of the Army's greatest sin.
When into our Camp Mcindah, came one-holers made of tin.

Their form was small and beautiful, they nestled close to
ground.
The sides were short, the open port, fashioned for buttocks
round.

Yet for all the grace & charm, appealment had no lust.
For all the side, the top, the seat, were covered deep in rust.

The sight of these new comforts, raised a stir among the high.
Officers came from far & near, their beauties to espy.
They stood about in circles, tongues wagged, long and loud.
Still they came, more, yet more, by now t'was quite a crowd.

Crowns there were, and pips a host, they glistened in the sun.
"Something new to talk about, Gad boys; this is fun".
Some frown then smile, some talk and shout, some through the
opening peck.
If it had not been for morning tea, They'd have stayed there
all the week.

The Big Chiefs huddled closer, a decision had been made.
Stepped forth a shyly figure, never let his glory fade.
So firmly and precisely, his face with blood was hot.
He turned about, then gently bent, and on the seat did squat.

The silent crowded circle, could scarce forbear to cheer.
As gallant spirit on the seat, did squirm to fit his rear.
To right, then left, now up, now down, he wriggled inch by inch.
Time stood still, Momentous pause. "Well gentlemen, she's a
cinch".

QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR

Where is all the packing case timber ?	Sappers with pipes Smoking all day
What type of aeroplane is it ?	Smoking in their beds.
Who hasn't paid their canteen account?	Surely if nature, Wished men to smoke.
No fires to be built near the tents ??	They'd be fitted With chimneys on heads.
Who won the shoot ?	