

SCREWY

I sit upon the upper deck
The sea is calm and bluey
And think "How hard to find a word
That rhymes with MAUNGANUI."

My awful past comes to my aid
(I once was called a roué)
I seize upon it with delight
It rhymes with MAUNGANUI.

The French for broolly helps me out
"Cherchez ma para-pluey"
Altho' I'm not sure how it's spelt
It rhymes with MAUNGANUI.

The Russians swear an AWFUL oath
I'll leave it blank, it's ---
You'll simply have to take my word
It rhymes with MAUNGANUI.

The Greeks they had a word for it
Translated it means "Pfui"
And Sophocles will bear me out
It rhymes with MAUNGANUI.

Australians, when they call their young
Invariably shout COOEY,
I'm getting rather short of words
That rhyme with MAUNGANUI.

And I'm quite sure you're getting boxed
And muttering "What HOOEY!"
So I will close this rondelade
and NOT with MAUNGANUI
But rather with my nom-de-plume
I'll sign myself

SAINT LOUIS.

---oOo---

SONG

OLE DAY

(E.D.)
At break of day up comes the sun,
And getting washed is lots of fun,
You make your bed and brush your hair
And then at last your breakfast's there
But Maunganui, ole Maunganui,
She jes' go rolling along.

There's porridge for the hearty male
And stewed fruit for the fair and frail
On what comes next you can't lay odds
It's on the knees of the galley's gods
But Maunganui, old Maunganui
She jes' goes rolling along.

At noon, spurred on by promptings inner,
You seek your ward to get your dinner.
There's beef or mutton, fruit or jelly,
If you get a second helping it fills
your stomach.
But Maunganui, etc.

Then evening comes, your have your tea,
The sun sinks in the western sea.
The lights go on, the radio blares,
And Christopher Robin says his prayers,
But Maunganui, etc.

At half past nine out goes the light,
The sisters kiss us all goodnight.
And gratefully you hit the hay
And thank God that's another day.
But Maunganui, etc.

"SLEEPLESS NIGHT"

(Bowen Road Hospital, Hong Kong, 1944)
Courting sleep in bed I lie
And with longing heave a sigh
For bottled whiskey, wine and beer
Instead of the metaphorical tear.

Instead of sitting on one's bed
Like a beast before it's fed;
Watching the man next door
Hasn't got a trifle more.
Instead of loathsome veg. and rice,
Weavils, maggots, trails of mice
Food that would disgrace a stable
Piled upon your bedside table -

A cosy chair, tobacco odour,
Glasses filled with whiskey-soda,
Pale dry sherry b'fore we dine
On tasty food and good red wine.
Silver, glass and napery white,
Candles shedding gentle light,
Friends we love on right and left,
Servants watchful, silent, deft.

Oh! To wake with throbbing head
Almost wishing to be dead;
With a most appalling shake-on -
Finding dreaded eggs and bacon.

"Misi Prius".

---oOo---

TASMAN LULLABY

"My breakfast lies over the ocean,
My dinner lies over the sea,
My tummy's in such a commotion -
Please don't mention supper to me."

- dedicated to Dispenser and
Pay Sergeant -

---oOo---

GOODNIGHT TO A WAAC

The OC WAAC was Mrs White,
And she was an OC all right.
She often gave us all a fright
But more perhaps with bark than bite.

With torch in hand just like a flame
She'd seek us out with deadly aim
And though our girl was very game
Back she'd go from where she came.

At half past nine she was her best
The boys could hardly get their rest.
"The whistle's gone" she always cried
"Kiss him goodnight and get inside."

Some like them white,
Some like them black,
But just give me my Burnham Waac!

- Sgt Smith - (Hangman 2) -

---oOo---

In an Army hospital, one nurse
warns another: "These are the dangerous
cases. They're almost well!"

(Liberty, NewYork - "World Digest")

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