

EDITORIAL

Here we are again, bouncing out of this year into another and what a year it has been. For those who left during the year and the end of this one, we bid you farewell and wish you lots of luck. For those that are staying — well you have lots of luck.

My thanks go to those who contributed articles, to our photographers Pte's Dyke and Baker who provided the miles of photographs to wade through. To Lieutenants Dave Rawson and Roy Manchip who assisted in the editing and proof reading and to the subbies who did much of the leg work. Especially Lts Mal Brough and Mark Elliott.

It is not possible to produce a selective magazine such as this without the generous support of our advertisers. I would ask you to support them whenever possible.

On behalf of the Editorial Staff, I wish you a safe and happy Festive Season and to you all go our best wishes for '84.

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A BARMAN'S LAMENT

*A barman's work is never done because of many things.
Halfway through the stocktake the "bloody" doorbell rings.
Happy Hours, Dining-In-Nights, or just the run of the mill,
There'll always be a fridge or two that you will have to fill.
Now Tony, Hughie, Ken and Phil, they really are nice blokes,
If it's not a nice cold beer they want, it'll be a packet of smokes.
Jock Letford?, well, he comes and goes but is bound to reappear,
When he's finished playing darts, he'll have a ginger beer.
Dear "old" Bob spent quite some time doing up the ladies toilet,
Amid the broken tiles and swearing, I warned him not to spoil it.
You count the "dough", you mop the floor, and serve the endless queue,
But the only thing that's only your mind, are the days you'll get in lieu.
Otto "Cranky" when he's drunk, is a jovial sort of chappy,
The Samboy Gold potato chips, tend to keep him happy.
Many a night you sit and wait, and not a soul shows up,
It's the living "innies" that keep you going, but you wish you could close up.
Half past ten eventually comes and it's been a rather long day,
But you'll be in again tomorrow, come-what-may.
The B.O.S. bursts through the door, complete with his red sash,
He's got better things to do than count a pile of cash.
We sign the books, off go the lights the fans and cardifair,
The doors are locked, and on the way out we straighten the odd chair.
And as he locks the cash box away in that sturdy little safe,
The only sound that he can hear is the barman on his way.*

PTE K.E. NEAYLON
SGTS MESS
(ADMIN COY)