

DUST FROM A DIPLOMAT'S DESK

Memo for Administrative Officer:

"I'd rather your reports to me
End Q.E.E. not Q.E.D."

There are parts of the world where the bowels of one's
compassion tend to be dried up by compassion for one's bowels.

When a diplomat ceases to "Have the Honour to Be" he remains
merely "Your Obedient Servant".

Doubtless one must make allowances for those who make us our
allowances.

Extract from Obituary Notice:

"If his despatches had a fault it was that they
were too frequent and too long".

M.S.

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OUR BEWILDERED POSTS COLUMN

The Department's administrative machinery was rolling along
at top speed, with all functions dove-tailing perfectly, when
suddenly sand got in the wheels. The evidence is to be found in
the following letter from one of our offices abroad:

"We were very surprised to learn from your letter of
March 21 that you had not received our monthly report
for November, particularly since you were kind enough to
acknowledge receipt of the report by your letter of
February 15."

To E.W.T. Gill.

ENVOI TO AN ENVOY,
OR, HOME, HOME ON THE VELDT

Cry aloud a loud hosannah!
Twirl aloft an envoy's bannah!
Drink a toast in potent likker!
Evan's off to South Afrikker!

Make the willing welkin ring!
Rockcliffe Park to Mafeking!
A new ordeal has just been dealt:
Should Union feel like Union veldt?

Set each goose to take a gander
At this new-born Afrikander,
Who well-adorned with wondrous wife
Grown-up kids and home-town life
Struts forth now as High Commissioner
Ears agog to each petitioner.
The local duck no longer heeds
Basso whispers in the reeds.
The jeering trout comes up for air
Flaps its gills cause Gill's not there.
Every golfball breathes more easy;
Clouter Gill is ocean queasy.

He flits from every daily *crise*
Towards the gay Antipodes;
Personnel to Head of Post;
Utawa's tide to Capetown's coast;
No longer thinks of me or you -
His thoughts are now of darker hue.
Can he stem the racial war?
Predestined else an eternal Boer!

May life be long and life be merry,
From here on in to Charon's ferry,
Honors grow and stations vary,
Cash to spend and some to carry,
Banquets few, and speeches nary,
Nor hairy shirt nor hara-kiri.

Just mediate with proper leaven-
Four points east of Rene Plevan,
Four points west of Labor's Bevan,
Down the middle of any seven,
And Envoy Gill is bound for heaven!

Cry aloud a loud hosannah!
Twirl aloft an envoy's bannah!
Drink a toast in potent likker!
Evan's off to South Afrikker!

T.F.M.N.