

Who's the Gunner who needed assistance from four mates and a taxi-driver to put him to bed on a recent Saturday night? Ask the fellow with the black eye!

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Come on Gunner H. give out and tell the awful truth about your forehead. Could it have happened at the Plough? We wonder. . .

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Congratulations to popular "Snow" of the Officers Mess on recent Wedding Bells.

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A certain Gunner was caught making petty excuses to the girl of his dreams on the Y.M.C.A. telephone. What about it, fellow?

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Then there were the two lance-bombadiers, both of whom had taken a certain lassie home after a local dance (at different times, of course). When they phoned the young lady recently they thought they had used the wrong number. She didn't know either of them - so she said!

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Who uses the Y.M.C.A. telephone most frequently? Is it Sergeant-Major M. ---, by any chance?

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With the warm summer sunshine now appearing more frequently the "rage" for shorts has taken Rangiora Camp by storm. The landscape is dotted with sundry legs - thin legs, fat legs, crooked legs, tanned legs, fungus-covered legs - in fact legs of all shapes and sizes. There are still a few conservatives who have not yet adopted the current fashion, and who apparently prefer to "stew" in full dress.

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Who's an authority on diesel engines? Ask Jack ---. Who discussed their merits and demerits for a solid hour on the leave train one fine Saturday? Yes Jack. And ship's refrigerators. A highly technical subject.

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Extract from a disgruntled Gunner's letter passed on to us by the censor:- "Dear Pa, - If you want me to come back to the farm, when the Army says it don't need me any more - here's what you'd better do. Buy two of the meanest horses you can find. Name one of them 'Bombadier' and the other 'Sergeant'. I'll be glad to spend the rest of my days just telling 'em why I made a mistake when I didn't join the Navy instead of falling for this Artillery stuff. - Bert Higgs."

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No matter what may be your duty in this war effort, do it with the true spirit of serfice - always putting your heart into your work that you may do it with interest and with a lofty purpose. We are all cogs that must mesh properly. One defective cog will jam the works. . .