

OH YEAH!

If your children ask what war was like in 1914-18; and what you in particular did, don't be so darned modest and say, "Just a bit of fighting." Take a leaf out of the book of Private Eyre; this is from his Somme Harvest:-

"We are chucking bombs frantically. Men are going down. Huns appear scrambling over the obstacle and jumping in among us. Now it becomes a hand-to-hand melee. Faces and huge grey uniforms appear before me through the eddies of smoke. I strike out and lunge. Off goes my steel helmet, I reel, I stumble and fall amongst a heap of writhing figures. For an awful instant that seems a life-time, I look up with wide, terrified eyes at a gigantic, steel-helmeted, red-faced Hun lunging at me with a bayonet. The thought flashes through my numbed brain: 'This is the end,' and I await the stroke that will send me to oblivion, when there is a flurry, a figure hurls itself like a battering-ram at the Hun. A terrible yell goes up and my assailant disappears, crashing down among the sand-bags. There's a wild scramble all round. I jump up, grab my rifle and lay about me blindly, madly. Men fall, rise, come at me, melt away. . . ."

And one man again is a match for a whole army of Fritzos. At least so they say in books.

FLU

Ache in the back, pain in the head, choke in the throat, yearning for bed - that's flu.

River of heat, shiver of cold, feeling of being 300 years old, willing to do whatever you're told - that's flu.

Mirvellous weakness comes in a day, potentant wonder how long will it stay? - that's flu.

Season of fever, season of freeze, quivering weakness down to the knees, if ever there was a dreadful disease - that's flu.

CHURCH PARADE

The congregation of St. John's Church, Rangiora was greatly enlarged on Sunday morning, March 28 by the presence of the personnel of Rangiora Camp. Captain C.F. Crosbie read a few excerpts from the Scriptures, and 2/Lieut. J.K. Moore also took part in the service. The march through the town from Bells was well conducted (we understand) and the local townspeople soon gathered on the route to watch the boys striding towards the Church. Who was the wag who put several brass buttons in the plate? Helped to fill up, eh?

Now did we really see Sgt. Major M----- at the pictures on Saturday night with a fair blonde? And who was his companion with a smiling brunette? Of course, we may have been wrong.

STOP PRESS NEWS: Clary's cats are progressing favourably. Donations may be left at the Supply Depot any time.