

John Dory is pleased to publish Unit Songs. Here is one of them. Other Units are invited to forward their songs for publication.

SONG OF THE TWENTY FOURTH  
(Tune - "Early in the morning")

Eight hundred sober men and free,  
We've come to see what we can see;  
Shoot each one his little shot  
To put Herr Hitler on the spot.

Chorus: We are the 24th Battalion;  
We've crossed the heaving ocean  
With the very firm conviction  
That we're going to win the war.

Lieut-Colonel Shuttleworth  
Leads the greatest show on earth  
Right wheel down any Berlin street  
With the gleam of brass and the tramp of feet.

At Major Mantell-Harding's call,  
We're into Jerry boots and all,  
And a pint of beer to the man who'll wrest  
A handful of medals off Goering's chest.

Said happy Mac, our Adjutant;  
"Let Mister Goebbels rave and rant;  
We're not white-livered and we're not thin skinned,  
And we're not afraid of the sound of wind.

We'll follow William Kennedy  
Through Germany and Italy  
Across the Alps, all over France,  
For one swift kick at Mussolini's pants.

And come what will, rain hail or snow,  
Wind her up and let her go.  
A bayonet bright and a pint of rum,  
We'll blow the Hun to Kingdom Come.

(Note. There is also an "un-official" version. For particulars apply to  
Capt H.H. McDonald.)

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NAVIGATION NOTES (P. D.)

Some very interesting discussions have gone on in some cabins where members have compasses, and on several occasions it was decided to advise the Captain of the ship that his course was not quite correct, but as the discussions took place at night, the "blackout" made it difficult to find this gentleman, so the matter was left in abeyance.

Judging by some of our amateur navigators, we seem to be heading directly for Little America.

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Beer or Bibles? - Last Sunday evening's problem.

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POLICE ARE SO PERMANENT

One of our permanent police celebrated his election to the Force last Saturday night - what a cell.

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