

## 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 "unofficial" version.  
For particulars apply to Capt. H. H. McDonald.)

## SPOTS OF INTEREST ON BOARD.

### *The Broadcasting Unit*

By DOUG LAURENSEN.

Situated in a particularly choice position, outside the Ship's Orderly Room where the eagle eye of authority can watch us night and day, stands that model of modern architecture, "The Broadcasting Unit."

If we have done nothing else on board, we of the broadcasting service feel that we have done a certain amount by giving the troops

plenty to talk about. Occasionally, when we are writing or quietly working inside our recording unit, we hear odd comments floating in from the troops outside.

One corporal is convinced that we have nothing to do with broadcasting or recording. He once saw a piecart in Auckland which was similar in appearance, so—we are without doubt a perambulating piecart to tickle the jaded appetites of the boys overseas.

Another has the idea that the broadcasting side of our work is pure bluff. He is certain that ours is a luxurious caravan, and that

### OUR CONCEPTION OF BOMBAY



"Cushions for Sale! Cushions for Sale!"

we ourselves are merely glorified tourists with a tremendous political pull.

But to get down to brass tacks, it might be as well to take this chance of letting everyone on board know something of what we hope to do.

First of all, our name is somewhat misleading in that we will not be broadcasting in the accepted sense of the term. Primarily we are a recording unit, designed for the express purpose of making permanent recordings of every possible phase of life on board this Transport, and, what is more important, overseas.

On our arrival at our destination—??? (and if any of you know where that will be we wish you would tell us), we will be attached to base. From there we hope to be permitted to attach ourselves for several