

CITIZEN SOLDIER

He's in for the duration
 And prepared to do his bit,
 Though he finds it rather strange
 at first
 The raw recruit, John Cit.

He's a Sergeant-Major's nightmare,
 And the O.C.'s had a fit,
 But they'll be proud of him before
 he's through
 The raw recruit, John Cit.

He may grouch and he may grumble,
 But he's learning how to hit,
 And no foe shall wrest this country
 from
 The soldier-man, John Cit.

And if the Jap should come this way
 And strive our ranks to split,
 I'll bet he'll wish he'd never met
 The fighting-man, John Cit.

- "Zero."

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Members of the 21st. Anti-Tank Battery engaged recently in harvesting in the West Eyreton district, were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. R.J. Wolff at their home, "Totara," Horrolville, prior to their return to Rangiora Camp.

Assisted by Misses Dorothy Wolff and Rena Percy an enjoyable card evening following dinner was arranged. Those present included 2/Lieut. Rhodes and Gunners J. Brown, B.T. Bailey, G.E. Baxter, C. Bishop, A.L. McKay, D. Stroeter and R.W.O. Stuart.

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Chalked notice over camp bucket in Palestine.

Please do not use soap when washing, as water is required later for brewing tea.

The best way to waken a man is to tickle his bare foot, says a doctor. Oh, well, another little job won't do the Sergeant-Major any harm.

"Calling Up Grouse," reads a newspaper headline. How dare they make game of the Army!

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