

ACK-ACK HYMN

(Suggested by a similar poem in a previous issue)

Dear boys, we have come to a wonderful place,
 Where there's petticoats, panties and plenty of lace,
 There's the funniest things hanging out on the line,
 And I'm firmly convinced that none of them's mine.
 When "Stand Easies" are given there's great consternation,
 They mean something else to the rest of the nation.
 There's only one place this could possibly be
 Where the tall Cliffs of G1 sweep down to the Sea.

Now these beautiful creatures are Waacs I am told,
 A few are so coy, with others so bold.
 There are long ones and short ones and others so slender,
 It's the boys overseas that they have to remember,
 And never before have we ever seen One out with a Gob or a bloody Marine.
 It's just not the thing, couldn't possibly be,
 Where the tall Cliffs of G1 sweep down to the Sea.

We's taught them G.L. and other devices,
 But there's little to teach them of life and its vices.
 But the thing the predictor just cannot explain
 Is how true to our local lads they'll remain.
 They say that their love-life is sadly neglected
 By the work on their hope chests there's something expected.
 They will always be faithful, our dear boys, to thee,
 Where the tall Cliffs of G1 sweep down to the Sea.

—G1.

DARNED GOOD TRICK

A drunk watched a man enter a revolving door. As the door swung round a pretty girl came out. "Darned good trick," he muttered, "but I don't see how that guy changed his clothes so fast."

Gleanings from the 93rd

We of the H8 Utopia are about to have a long-awaited dream and desire fulfilled. Yes, you've guessed what our dream is, and is it not the dream of all gunners, until it is built? Our new Rec. Hut is nearly finished, and we will be holding a grand opening very shortly.

That is what might have been written a few weeks ago, but now it is certainly no dream. Our Rec. Hut has been opened, and what a bumper opening, what a party. Memories in more ways than one. No longer will we lads and lassies be the curse of those untiring food vendors of the mess hut and the cookhouse girls.

You will have no excuse to pour your wrath upon us now Sue, those tubs at the back will rest in the sweet bliss of solitude (I don't think you will have to spend so much time in scrubbing those benches now). No longer will we Gunners, when the last dance approaches, suddenly merge into low cringing attitudes and slink guiltily with beating heart, around the back way to the barracks, saying to ourselves, "Well, we won't have to clean up anyway," and then the last dance finishes.

You look around, and what do you see? Two or three Waacs, generally of the Social Committee (oh, those staunch girls), one or two moony Gunners, and maybe a conscientious officer. They stare at each other for a few seconds, realise that they are the mugs, and then prepare to line up the mess for the morrow's breakfast.

Ah, but soon we can say, "that was long ago," and we look forward to the many happy and peaceful hours we are going to spend in utter contentment! Oh, Boy!

Social Highlights

News of the recent social functions in our little village, gathered by the camp's roving reporter:—

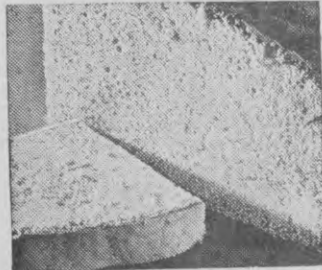
A while back we were visited by an AEWS concert party, who gave us an excellent evening's entertainment, and our hearty thanks go to them for the good work they are doing. We hope to see them again soon. The concert was attended by the leading socialites of the village. Some of those in attendance were—

Mr. and Mrs. Clark, Mr. and Mrs.

Craig, Mr. and Mrs. Rhodes and third party.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark made a delightful pair in the third row from the front, and as they were sitting very close to each other I could not catch a glimpse of their apparel, but I am sure it was of the latest design straight from the Q.M. Mr. and Mrs. Rhodes did not look the best, I don't know whether or not it was on account of the third party, but, you know how these things upset your appearance? Mr. and Mrs. Craig put on a lovely disappearance—I mean appearance. Mr. Craig being dressed in spats and cycle goggles. The evening closed with the usual appetising supper, put on by those good girls of the Social Club, and we again extend our hearty thanks for their good work. Last Saturday night a play was put on by several of the personnel. A play that threatens to rock the foundations of our social future. Its title was 'Cupid Rampant,' its theme, life as regards the State's outlook to marriage in, say, 1970. A very daring peep into the "marriages to come." It proved a great success, and may be put on again some time in the future. You ask any of the Gunners of our Battery!! The evening concluded with a small one-act sketch, with no vocal, acted by three enterprising youngsters. Nothing more will be said or will it suffice to merely quote "Quoth the Raven."

—ASPARAGUS SMITH (93rd Bty.)



ADAMS BRUCE
 Rich
 BLOCK CAKE