

CREDIT FOR AEWS

As one of a body of 20 men who recently attended a Cabinet-making Course at the Seddon Memorial Technical College, I wish on behalf of those men to thank AEWS for the opportunity given us. Not only were we taught to make useful things, but more important, use of various tools.

The hours were 8.30 a.m. to 4.30 p.m., and during that time every man worked hard and conscientiously. All work was thoroughly examined by the instructor before classed as satisfactory. To 90 per cent. of the men the work was new, and yet included in finished work was the following: Tables, iron-boards, stools, dinner-waggons, boxes, clothes horse, tea-trays, etc.

In most camps to-day there is always some kind of carpentry or wood-work going on, and I say without hesitation that the AEWS opportunity has made these men better soldiers.

My proof is this, that the knowledge gained by these men will enable them to give advice and help to those boys who are doing their best without proper tools.

And, as the Army teaches, there is only one way to do a job, and that is the correct way.

CONFABS WITH CONSCRIPTION

I've talked to lads of every walk,
And lots of lads to me.
About the jobs that they once had,
And things they'd planned to be,
About the raise there would have been,

Had they not been conscripted.
About that case of solid love,
The Army had interrupted.

I've talked to lads who had no goal,
No mark wherewith to aim at,
Who thought that life and all therein,
Was meant to wax profane at.
I've talked to those who never had
A home with friends and dear ones,
Conversed with those who had de-grees,

And, too, some mighty queer ones,
I've heard on land, our Ministers,
Our Parliament, our houses,
Discussed in terms, both pro and con,
Heard Nazis labelled louses,
Each man, without exception,
Would give his all for Britain's
Cause,
And that's no misconception.

An early Current Affairs bulletin contained the suggestion that U.E.O.'s (no Audrey, those letters do NOT stand for Useless Excess Officers) should prepare a News Bulletin each day containing the main items taken from the daily newspapers and have "a few boddily-stencilled copies posted up where the men can conveniently read them."

Now there is the germ of an idea here. After all, the average gunner has not time to read the paper carefully each day, and probably never gets further than the racing news, the latest scandal or crime and a glance at the war news. In this way he (or she, this unit gets more like the Girl Guides every day) misses numerous gems, for, as every careful newspaper reader will testify, the really good bits are often hidden away in odd corners.

Consider the following bright spot of reading taken from the Star the other night, which you probably all overlooked:

**PRISONERS' ORGY
At Birthday Party
Hobart Gaol Inquiry**

Sydney, May 26.

Giving evidence at an inquiry in Hobart into the administration last year of Hobart Gaol, Frances Castles, a young woman and former prisoner, said that she used to go to the cell of a convict, George William Payne, and get into bed or behind the door. At 7.30 p.m. the warder would lock them in without knowing of her presence. She would get out in the morning to have morning tea with the Governor.

Very intriguing this, although one or two things are not very clear.

How did this "lady" get into the cell in the first place so that the warder could lock her in at 7.30 p.m., and how did she get out in the morning to have morning tea with the Governor?

Apparently the prisoners used to get in and out of the cells with the same ease, for the article goes on to describe how they met and held "bashes" reminiscent of the 67th, in the Governor's house!!

A "News" Idea

The bloke that wrote the "Prisoner's Song" didn't serve his sentence in the Hobart Gaol obviously.

We only hope the foregoing will show the importance of reading the newspaper thoroughly, and encourage U.E.O.'s to start bulletins featuring all the latest and best from the local dailies.

—67th S/L BTY.

THE END OF THE LINE

In line for Mess,
In line for Beer,
In line to use up half the year,
Make up your mind to stand all day,
The line will never break away,
We wait for pay,
We wait for mail,
We wait and think our food grows stale,
The moon rides up and the sun falls down,
The lines grow longer, trees turn brown,
Sweat out your leave,
Sweat out the breaks,
You'll never know what time it takes,
When there's a day you're not in line,
You may be nearing eighty-nine.

Herbalist---S. Geo. Pascoe



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