

WORRIED:

Things are going fine at R.H.Q. now. When gunners do a job it is referred to as being good. "Yes, that's good!" But we should get some big ones now, some real big, BIG ones. That will be a good one.

Also, there is an H.Q.O. who is greying on the top piece owing to certain statements made by one who thinks he is a second Walter Winchell. It is fervently hoped that he does not go bald.

U. S. SUBMARINE.

[illegible]

ARMY EDUCATION:

A propos the article in last week's "Gun Flash", it certainly seems a pity that, with so many interested in furthering their education, so little is being done to enable them to do anything about it. Actually, it is rather beyond the bounds of practicality for everyone to be able to get the particular type of instruction he desires - there are so many and varied fields of interest.

However, a certain degree of education is quite possible - the library is one of the most prolific sources of information, and can be considered essential where any number of men are congregated. The ideas of French lessons and swimming instruction are also to be commended.

Also, there is a scheme, which has been worked with considerable success on various occasions, and which is admirably suited to our needs. In this scheme, various groups are formed, small or large according to circumstances, and members endeavour to club with others who have similar interests, e.g. those interested in science, in its various and multitudinous aspects, could form one group, while those keen on sports could form another group, and those whose tastes run to literature, mechanics, farming, etc., could form yet further groups. Naturally, the total number of groups would have to be limited. It should be quite practicable, however, for members to belong to two or more groups, which, incidentally, should meet on different nights.

The scheme is worked thus: For each meeting night two or three members are selected, or could volunteer, beforehand, to deliver an address on subjects with which they are familiar. These talks can be made of any suitable duration. If any member has a particularly intimate knowledge of some subject of general interest, he could possibly hold the floor for the evening - but that would be for the members themselves to decide. A chairman is appointed for each group, and he is responsible for arranging meetings etc.

The foregoing is merely a suggestion -- there are many variations possible of this scheme. And, if any of you have any ideas on the subject we should be glad to hear from you and publish any further articles on the subject. It is evident that we shall have to make any moves in this matter ourselves, and it is to be hoped that members of the various units will evolve some workable scheme to suit their requirements.

☐ 1 ☐ 2 ☐ 3 ☐ 4 ☐ 5 ☐ 6 ☐ 7 ☐ 8 ☐ 9 ☐ 10

BANKS' S BLOCKHOUSE:

We call it Banker's blockhouse,
A thing of majesty,
Now I'll tell the story,
Of how this came to be.

With shovels of our grand dads,
A hole we went to dig,
Our picks were stone age relics,
Blunt and badly bent.

We raved and cussed and sweated,
As we slaved in noonday sun,
Through rock as hard as flint,
And clay like chewing gum.

At last the pit was finished,
 'Twas deep and ten feet square,
 From this the blockhouse o'erflows,
 One look will grey your hair.

'Tis made of three inch timber,
Held firm with two inch nails,
With twelve by threes as doorposts,
And six by nines as rails.

'Tis neither round nor oblong,
No likeness on this earth,
Let's hope the time ne'er comes,
For it to prove its worth.

It's fronted up with sand bags,
And cornered over with dirt,
Let's hope it holds together,
Or someone will get hurt.

Now Banksie, its creator,
Did visualise the plan,
He organised construction,
As only Banksie can.

It has good ventilation,
Through a hole just one foot square,
So none can well complain,
Of scarcity of air.

Now when we leave this island,
We'll tack thereto a plate,
"You've seen the seven wonders,
Now gaze upon the eighth."

At last it was erected,
And the landscape it did mar,
Someone said "T'is finished?",
And Bonksie murmured "Yah".

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