

Y. M . C . A. NOTES

With increased numbers in Camp, the Y.M.C.A. (so ably presided over by the genial and ever-obliging Les. Sutherland) is becoming quite lively again, and the piano is in action practically every evening with a rousing chorus joining in from time to time when the spirit moves the lads into paeans of song.

The latest innovation introduced by the versatile Les. (to wit, his catapult game) is attracting considerable interest from the officers downwards. The moving target affixed to the turntable of the gramophone is a brilliant idea, and is excellent practice for Gunners who wish to develop that necessary quickness of the eye.

Table Tennis has its sturdy adherents evening after evening, even by those who have had a heavy day on fatigues or out in the fields. More about our table tennis fiends anon.

The Library has been greatly enhanced of late with excellent reading matter in the form of novels by popular authors from Somerset Maugham to William J. Locke, in addition to light authors of Jerome K. Jerome and P.G. Wodehouse type (not excluding Ethel M. Dell and poor dear Maie Corelli.) Unfortunately the periodical and magazine literature (perhaps with the exception of the "Reader's Digest") is rather dog-eared and slightly out of date. Events move so swiftly these days! Recent periodicals would be very much appreciated. We even discovered recently a copy of that magazine which probably thrilled our grandparents - "Atlanta," the date being Christmas, 1890. Rather behind the times, what?

Of course the buffet is well patronised and N.C.O.'s and others can gorge themselves until either their money or the supply of cakes sell out. Camp life certainly stimulates the appetite and a welcome "snack" is always appreciated.

Some of our card fiends (habitually ensconced in the Y.M.C.A.) have moved to another Camp. Undoubtedly their places will be taken shortly by a new bunch of "card disciples." Wait and see.

Darts, too, fill in odd moments, and some of the boys can "dart" at anything - especially when their leave is stopped and they feel it necessary to "let off steam" in some reasonably violent manner. God bless 'em!

Ye ancient Y.M.C.A. tent (we hear rumours of a new building) has weathered some exceptionally strong gales during the past six months, but somehow still manages to remain aloft. It always pervades a homely glow and welcome beneath its straining canvas in even the vilest weather, although sundry drops of moisture DO sneak in on occasions.

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