

**THE PASSING PARADE:**

They tell us that 150 Bty are suffering from an acute shortage of man power --- especially the left section. Take it easy, boys, the butterfly is bad.

Also it is said that 150 have the best trained guards in the Regiment, i.e. they have either been guards or are being guarded by guards who have been guarded. If they have as much experience on the guns as they do at guarding, they should be pretty hot, and No. 2 should be a lot safer.

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**ACKNOWLEDGEMENT:**

Thanks, Col. Fowler, for your encouraging remarks about "Gun Flash". Hope we continue to come up to expectations.

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**HOTEL DE GARDE MAISON:**

**GIVE YOU SHATTERED NERVES A CHANGE! SPEND A WEEK !! SPEND TWO WEEKS !!!! SPEND A MONTH !!!!! IN UNIQUE SURROUNDINGS.**

See our backing agents, Messrs. Petersen and Warrington - or phone number A.W.L. twice and get in touch with our chief executive, Monsieur Wickstead.

**BOOK EARLY - RESERVATIONS ARE HEAVY. Tariff Reasonable:** We will make special arrangements with our bankers, (Pay & Sons) to have your tariff (3/- per diem) debited to your account.

**AVAIL YOURSELF OF OUR SPECIAL SERVICE:** A porter outside your door every night.

**LONG WALKS ARRANGED:** \*guide always in attendance.

We guarantee a personal interest will be taken in every lodger by our manager Mr. Armstrong (late Gestapo man Dachau Concentration Camp).

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**WARNING TO ALL RANKS:**

If you don't behave, the powers that be will have your "whole" body in the "hole" in the wall. If you are ill "Le Docteur" only wants half. He has a skull already.

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Did you know that there was such a sandstorm at 150 Bty the other day that the local dog was burrowing a hole three hundred feet up in the air.

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**SIGNALIANA:**

**VE:** Base Signals calling a message for you:-

"Greetings and salutations Oh Ye men of the 33rd. Heavy Regiment, in the name of Victor Edward we greet you".

Was that the exchange ringing? - only R.H.Q. - we'll let them wait, as we have a job on hand - making our contribution to Regimental Spirit(s).

Oh yes, skip that radio sked, too! Perhaps on opening transmission, it would be right and proper to give a few "personalities".

Our Alec, of course, still walks in his sleep giving midnight phone calls the correct time. By the way, we also hear he is going into the nursing home business for the insolated (very much so !!!) Our "Lumber Merchants", Frank and Patrick, also find it rather hard to sleep these nights and are often heard making their way home in the comfortable hours of darkness.

And now we come to "Fin", who has come to the conclusion that skeds work much better when the transmitter is in the right frequency, especially on phone !!! Keith spends a lot of his time down at a certain cable box where the attraction is said to be an Alcatraz (dog) --- or is it ???

And as for the line gang, there is a persistent rumour that they have arranged for huts to be built along a certain line which terminates at a well known Stud Farm. Cheer up, Mac, maybe someday you will get a full night's sleep !!!

Our early morning wireless operators are busy at present working out a scale of charges for duties carried out by them in lieu of alarm clocks (certain Base personnel please note).

George, our mechanic, is becoming really expert at servicing radios with "anumeranail". Ever try an Arc, George!!!

And while on the subject of axes, Bill, one of our exchange operators, covered himself with glory (and sweat) recently in securing some "sky hooks" for our aerial system.

But wait - we have yet another Bill - easily distinguishable by his seven aside and very quiet manner. When he sits down to mess you wouldn't know he was there --- until he wanted the ????milk !!! And now we introduce Dinnie, our French scholar. Quite a good mimic, too - you'll be surprised the high personages he can imitate when the occasion demands.

And the transmission concludes with the Sergeant, who spends most of his time chasing typewriters, radio buggers, etc., and dashing between the wireless room and the orderly room (a sticky business in moist weather).

Well, that's the story, chaps, so till next time, VA, ET and good shooting.

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The world is as you make it,  
The skies are grey or blue,  
Just as your thoughts will paint it,  
It's not the world, it's YOU....  
The highest branch is not always the safest roost.