

CHANGE OF PREMISES:

Messrs. Harrington and Hamilton, publishers of "Standing Orders", "Shank Fishing off Hais", and other Military Manuals, wish to notify their clients and friends that they have opened modern and more commodious premises at No. 1, Rue des Ordres Routines, on the site formerly occupied by Particulars Unlimited, at Hais.

A feature of their new establishment is the tasteful coral mat on which they will be pleased to accommodate their many clients. Free Jepp leaves Barrack Square daily. Escorts a specialty. Terms by arrangement.

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NOTE:

Would contributors to "Gun Flash" please forward all material for publication as early in the week as possible. Up to now, stuff has been arriving on Fridays and Saturdays and consequently there is a mad rush on Saturday afternoon to get the paper out, with the result that there is not time to check errors, etc.

It will be of considerable help if we can get most of the articles etc, in early so that we can make sure no misprints creep in and so that we have time to devote to the general layout of each issue.

Thank you.

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CHEMICAL WARFARE:

Gas is, perhaps, the only weapon which is its own armour. Paradoxical as this statement must sound, its reasonableness becomes apparent when it is considered that fear of reprisal makes either side loath to instigate chemical warfare.

The types of gases practical in modern warfare are so limited that, with the exception of Arsene and DIC, which are only combinations of the then-known gases, no new gas has been devised since 1918. New methods of diffusion and protection have certainly been developed, but they are also common knowledge. Suitable conditions such as weather, topography, and the important element of surprise, are so seldom encountered that the weapon's use is very circumscribed as a consequence.

In spite of these disadvantages gas is such a formidable weapon that its possibilities cannot be ignored. Sprung as a surprise on untrained troops, and the casualties and subsequent loss of efficiency might well turn the tide of a decisive battle. Even against trained troops and not as a surprise, the fire power of the unit may, or rather would, be decreased by as much as 30%. As a denying

factor, blister gas laid behind retreating troops would seriously handicap the pursuers.

It is, then, for these reasons, that millions are spent by the great nations on chemical warfare and its ramifications.

At the present time the position is one of a stalemate - neither side is willing to make the awful decision which will let loose on humanity one of the most horrible means of destruction. It is considered that the Japanese, with their national attitude of disregard for either ethics or humanity, may be the ones who do so. Hence it is of particular importance to the Allied Troops in the Pacific war zone to be prepared and thus protected.

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"SWINEBURNIANA"

(Thoughts on returning my Battle Dress.)

I'm glad I am now rid of thee,
For no you've grown too old,
A shudder at thy shapeless knee,
Your seat just leaves me cold.

Your waist of neatness shows no trace,
Go from my sight I beg,
Forgotten is the soft embrace,
Of thy sheepy clinging leg.

I could not spend the night with you,

With any pleasure now,
Our days together all are through,
We've taken our last bow.

What once gave pleasure unconfined,
Is now just so much dress,
I care not for thy future fate,
Our paths shall never cross.

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Suggested blurb for the U.S. Service Insurance Scheme !!

- 1. The old man's dead - thank God for that,
Hos insurance will buy me a brand new hat.
- 2. My husband's dead - I've been-coup bucks,
Now I can have my two marines,
You may think this doesn't rhyme,
But you don't know those marines of mine.

3. My soldier's dead - it was good while it lasted,
But I much prefer what was left by the b-----.

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- 4. What is a soldier's first duty?
A. To die for his country.
- Q. Ah, don't give me that cheap crap. It's to make his enemies die for theirs.

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Aunt Alice's Answers to Injurious Anxieties.

Dear Aunt Alice,

Although I am only 41 I have already had four French girl friends since my arrival in New Caledonia 4 leave days ago, but I've lost each one of them almost at once, & each one has smacked my right cheek as she left. My best friends tell me I haven't got B.O., and I and I use Lifebuoy, and they never laugh when I sit down to play, so what can it be that is wrong with me? I'm just a country boy struggling to learn the language but I've looked up a few words in the dictionary and stuck them together in nice flowery phrases. Perhaps you could tell me if there's anything wrong with them. I meant to say "Oh, Miss, how beautiful you are. I think our meeting is pregnant with possibilities. If only you were struck with me !!" and in French it went like this, "Oh, Mademoiselle Vous etes tres belle. Je pense que notre rencontre est oprise des chances. Que merveilleux si seulement vous serez enclente de moi !". And each time that was the end of our conversation. Dear Aunt Alice, have I said the wrong thing? - for now I see them going out with the Adjutant so it can't be my looks that upset them.

Yours in Cupid's toils,
"passion's Delicate Flower".

Answer:

Dear Pash,

Juxtapose 'enceinte' and 'opris' or one of them will take you at your word and you'll be leaving in New Caledonia sorthing "that is forever New Zealand" and 15/- a week maintenance is still 15/- less beer money even though it is expressed in francs. And you leave the Adjutant alone. You should not judge people on first impressions - he may conceal a heart of gold beneath that gluteal spread.

Aunt Alice.

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SUGGESTIONS FOR GOOD JOBS -
"APRES LA GUERRE".

1. Vacuum Cleaner Salesman.

News flash from one of our corporations:-

Miss C----- H----- reported to Police the loss of \$20.00 today. She said the money was concealed in her stocking and the loss was discovered soon after the departure of a vacuum cleaner salesman who had been demonstrating his line

--- Herb.

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"FANTASTIA"

List' to my tale of a Padre new,
With a mind quite virgin, pure
and true,
Who joinred us back in old NZ,
and now our buddy heart and head.

At our black hearts he stood amaze
In such untrod jungle planned to
blaze,
Salvations' path for all to trot,
Whether we liked that way or not.

He bore in mind the surest way,
To win men's hearts, or so they say,
And nightly filled our stomachs
full,
With cakes and tea, and likewise
bull.

On Sundays though we all marched in
To let him preach to us of sin,
And tell us how we really ought,
To mend our ways, or we'd be caught.

But this sabbath attack, however
bold,
Upon our hearts just left us cold,
And all his plans to make us good,
He could put them with the "Xmas
Pud".

He beat time till his arms were numb
But with his hymns we were quite
dumb.

Each passing Sunday every verse,
Only made the silence worse.

Until one Sunday, in a hymn,
The silence it so angered him,
That fury he could not restrain,
And burst into this hot refrain.

"With dirty songs you shake the
walls,
So to say you can't is just plain
-----,
All the week I fill your -----,
So now, you -----s I'll have no
buts.

Sing, you sons of bitches, sing,
Make the ----welkin ring,
All I ask is just a song,
Help a ----- man along!

Cold horror swept his seething
brain,
And sanity he did regain,
To face our eyes he was not game,
but bowed his head in deepest shame

To his surprise we smiled on him,
Now we obey his slightest whim,
That Padre's game is surely made,
Who calls a shovel a ----- spade.

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So our beer wasn't waylaid, after
all. It was all a rumour.

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QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR:

(We are prepared to pay top rates for articles on the following thought-provoking topics.)

- I. Is a Quartermaster a born thief? Or is a thief a born Quartermaster? (Your father wasn't really Ali Baba was he, Humph? Were you really a safe blower in Civilian life - or only in the Income Tax Dept.?)
- II. Who called the Adjutant a -----? Who called the ----- an Adjutant? (Come on, Ernie, you know all the answers - what's the answer to that one?)
- III. Can a gentleman be "tres shiek", and still be "Tres chic"? (Shop !!!! --- Major Marshall!)
- IV. Should a batman tell? (Well, we're asking you.)
- V. Is it fair to call an officer a "Night Owl" just because he can "out-with" and "out woo" anything on the island? (One of you young chaps can answer that one.)

STANDING ORDERS FOR GUARDS AND/OR PICQUETS

I'll walk my post from end to end,
 And take no bull from foe or friend,
 And if mayhap someone should pass,
 I shove my bayonet, - er - at his throat !!

And if I see any son of a -----,
 I dive into the neatest ditch,
 These are the orders I received,
 From the ----- I relieved.

(This answer, if delivered smartly in a soldierly manner to any visiting and questioning General, is bound to achieve results.)

REMARKS THAT WILL GO DOWN IN HISTORY

- I. "You can't observe fall of shot at night with searchlights."
 (Capt. Adamson)
 (You're telling us ----- Not with your searchlights anyway !!!!)
-
- That's the story, chaps !!!

- THE WATCH NO. 5 --- AT NAIA BY THE SEA -

There's Freddie our officer of whom we're so proud,
 Though we've wished many times he was wrapped in his shroud
 And Jerry our Sergeant, so big and so strong,
 And makes life a misery, all the day long,
 And then there is Foxy, a sporting young bloke,
 Who of late gallops round on a broken down moke,
 There's Vic, yes there's Vic, our Lance Bombardier,
 As man on the breech, we claim he's no peer,
 A cobbler of all is one we call Ghandi,
 At getting E.D. by gun he's a dandy.
 There's Cookie who tries our Jerry to duck,
 So far no success, what b----- hard luck,
 And Les, "his missus" tries to make it go double,
 But has only heaped up for himself lots of trouble,
 There's also Bill Farris, a lad of some pluck,
 Who's taken to swimming, we wish him some luck,
 Next there is Ernie who's been to Fiji,
 The strange words he uses are a puzzle to me,
 Oh, we're proud of our "George", Chow Hound number one,
 Could eat half an ox and give ensorees for fun
 And then there is Frank, whose weakness is beer,
 But can't give his throttle much exercise here,
 Our Bert smokes a pipe much to our dismay,
 We're frightened some blighter will shoot him some day,
 Our Herb is a virgin of whom we can boast,
 And justly we think he's one in the host,
 I've purposely left our Paddy till last,
 As having no brains he steps molly blasts,
 And when on parade these lads to appear,
 One wonders just why in the Hell they are here.

Printed and published with all care but absolutely no sense of responsibility, by the Editor, Padre Ward, & S/Sgt. Bennett, at "The Ruins", Ile Nou, New Caledonia.
