



NUMBER XXI ----- SATURDAY ----- 22nd. MAY 1943

--- EDITORIAL ---

Not many weeks ago an editorial in this paper dealt with the many advantages which we in the Noumea area enjoy over other units further North. Have we ever thought how lucky we all are in comparison with, not other 3 Div units, but those men who have been unfortunate enough to have been captured in the early stages of the war and who have been held as prisoners of war ever since.

Two years ago last Thursday parachute troops started their invasion of Crete; a few weeks earlier they had overrun Greece; and then with overwhelming superiority, in men and materials they attacked and finally forced the 2nd. NZ Div from their temporary island base. In those months of Greece and Crete the Germans captured many prisoners - a large proportion of whom were New Zealanders.

For two years now these men have suffered a life of extreme hardship, a life in which food has been scarce, mail limited, and much delayed, news of Allied successes must necessarily have been reduced to a minimum, and entertainment has been entirely of their own making.

Do we get good mail service, good food, daily news, and entertainments? I need not answer that question, for the average man has realised it all long ago. But there is the man who will always answer "But we don't get enough". I ask that man one question, "Will you change places?" No? Of course you won't. Then let us not grumble at our lot - we are among the fortunate ones.

WEEKLY WHO'S WHO:

MUNO L.T. To be found existing among the cream of 150. He is not a Lion Tamer, as his initials indicate, but a leader of Transport.

ORIGIN: By experience out of hardship. Truly a great combination which can only be withstood by super men or better.

RELIGION: Judging by the number of Church Parades attended during the last six months, still undeterminable.

OCCUPATIONS Pulling things to pieces to see why they won't go, after he has fixed them.

TOOLS OF THE TRADE: A Hammer -- and brute strength.

BOOKS: "Cars and Trucks I HAVE worn Out"; - Shortly to be published: "Cars and Trucks I AM Wearing Out".

VICES: Partakes of bottled beverages to a very meagre extent; swears when 'Doing the scene'; has been seen practising 'nudism' with a tin basin of water at his feet (when questioned, says he is having a wash).

PRIVATE LIFE: Full of episodes so numerous and low, that we are unable to select even one which is in any way fit for publication.

THE LITTLE RED NOTE BOOK

As the author of the "Battery Bible", of which you have learnt so much through the courtesy of the Editorial Staff of "Gun Flash", has sat rather hard of late on my neck, and has threatened most earnestly to appoint in my stead a more conservative publicity agent, it unfortunately leaves me no choice other than to discontinue these intimate little glimpses into what is undoubtedly the years best.

I do not believe in shielding from my readers anything which I feel should be publicly expressed and have always made it a policy to search diligently after the truth, and expose to the light of day any evidences of a questionable past in the lives of fable figures.

I therefore herewith tender my resignation as -----'s agent and ask all who are so deeply interested in "The Little Red Note Book", to contact direct the author of the book - I am sure he will be only too willing to reveal all.

"Mac"

(Ed. Better be careful, Mac. - he might reveal too much!!!)

"AVUNCULUS NOSTER"

The uncle of this Regiment,
Was a man of great renown,
A man who always smiled,
Who never even frowned.

Most though him grey and very aged,
But if his records they had paged,
They would have found to their surpris
That he is young as other guys.

'Twas POP who had him first,
And it was there his job was worst,
Just building camps and felling trees
and making sense of S.O.Ss.

But now our uncle - Bob's his name,
Is building honour, glory, fame,
For One Five Owe's his battery bold,
And he's a Major so I'm told.

and so the Lords we all do thank,
For giving him this brand new rank,
But to us he will always be,
Our Uncle - Our Bob Kennedy.

Our congratulations to Major
Kennedy and Capt. Bowie on their
recent promotions.

It is with deep regret that we
pass by this opportunity of placing
on record in a few ghastly lines of
verse, Capt. Bowie's promotion -
but who's ever heard of a word rhym-
ing with 'Bowie', anyway? - we
haven't!!

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The following is a copy of an
extract from the history of the
Royal Regiment of Artillery, 1815 -
1853 - it speaks for itself!!

UNIFORM: Blue with scarlet fac-
ings. Plume, white.

REGIMENTAL BADGES: The Royal Arms
and supporters, with a cannon. The
Mottos "Ubique" (Everywhere) over,
and "Quo fas et Gloria Ducunt"
(whither right and glory lead us)
under the gun.

RECRUITING POSTER - 1845

FINE YOUNG MEN of respectable
parents and good character have an
opportunity (if not married or ap-
prentices) of joining the ROYAL ART-
ILLERY, in which superior service
they may be made gentlemen and treat-
ed accordingly. They must measure
5 feet 8 inches in height and be
between eighteen and twenty two years
of age. Growing lads of not more
than seventeen may be admitted. They
will all receive the same liberal
bounty of £3.15.6.

On their arrival at Headquarters
they will be taught the arts of
riding, driving, drawing, fencing,
gunnery, and the mechanics, the mak-
ing and use of gunpowder, sky rock-
ets, and other fireworks, and by the
power of the lever to move a 42 par.
battering gun with the same facility
as a penny whistle. The cannon used

in the field are called FLYING
ARTILLERY from the astonishing rap-
idity of their movements. The
GUNNERS (for so Artillerymen are
called) wear a SPLNDID UNIFORM and
are well mounted on taking the field.
They are lodged in the finest barracks
in the world.

They have light work and good pay,
the best beef that Kent can afford,
and a comfortable place in the bar-
racks called "The Canteen" set apart
for them to see their friends in and
take a cheerful glass, also a splendid
library and reading room, a park and
pleasure grounds with a select number
of horses for their instruction and
amusement. After their education
is completed they will have an op-
portunity afforded them to travel to
Foreign Countries, where they may
drink their wine at twopence per
bottle by the new tariff. If well
conducted they will be promoted to
NON COMMISSIONED OFFICERS from whom
the Quarter Masters are selected, who
are the best paid in the Army, and
return to see their friends with money,
manners, and experience!!!

The rates of pay in the Royal Art-
illery, are as follows:-

Quartermasters 7/10 per day, Ser-
geant majors 4/2 $\frac{1}{2}$, Q.M.S. 3/8 $\frac{1}{2}$.
Sats. 2/6 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 3/0 $\frac{1}{2}$, Corporals 2/3 to
2/9. Bombardiers 2/1 to 2/7. Farriers
3/3 $\frac{3}{4}$ to 3/7 $\frac{1}{2}$. Collar makers 1/11 $\frac{1}{2}$ to
2/3 $\frac{1}{2}$. Gunners and drivers 1/4 $\frac{1}{2}$ to
1/10 $\frac{1}{2}$. Shoeing smiths 2/2 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 2/6 $\frac{1}{2}$.
Whealers 1/11 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 2/3 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Young men wishing to avail them-
selves of the advantages here offered
(with the consent of their friends
and good references) may apply to
the RECRUITING SERJEANT of the ROYAL
ARTILLERY, at the rendezvous,
AT THE OLD ANGEL INN, TAUNTON.

TAUNTON
8th. March, 1845.

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Ed. We seem to have just about
exhausted our supply of material for
the "Weekly Who's Zoo" - and are now
looking for something to take its
place - preferably something which
would run from week to week in the
same way as the "Who's Zoo".

Of course there may be a possibility
that you wish the "WHO'S ZOO" to con-
tinue, but there have been very few
contributions of late, and these would
have to be supplied regularly, and
really should refer more to those who
are fairly well-known throughout the
Regiment.

Anyway it's up to you, the various
members of the Regiment, to put for-
ward any suggestions to may have - so
don't be backward in coming forward
and send along any ideas which may
have occurred to you - and send them
along as soon as possible, as we're
stumped for a Who's Zoo for next week.

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THE JAWNTINGS OF JASON: (Contd.)

Again it would appear that the name was given in jest for the sports were to be held at Sleep Hollow. When Jason viewed the preparations he was greatly impressed. Indeed when he perceived among the large gathering of warriors, three women of pleasing appearance, clad in vestal white, he enquired if it would be possible for him to partake in the pursuit of them, for Dryads they must certainly be. "Not now, not now," he was told, and perforce had to bear himself in patience.

The rivalry between the warriors contending was great indeed, and no less was the rivalry between those who came for naught save to gaze and wonder at the prowess of others, but alas, their interest was of a different sort and they rushed madly to that place known as a tote, and Jason to assuage his curiosity brook himself there to see what attracted this mob as mice do verily meander around a particle of cheese. And there did Jason find one Shylockius Dixonius with several slaves and Jason tarried there and watched and saw Dixonius collecting many pieces of silver to the value of many lires and Jason would have none of it for the place was nought else but a Rialto, a place into which one put much and received little and Jason marvelled that Dixonius was not in that department known as Bacon with other warriors like McFadginus who was reputed to horde much and give little.

And Jason, leaving this den of iniquity and moneylending, went and watched the warriors who contested the events, not for the many pieces of silver but for the honour attached to such achievements - "Play the game, you cads, Play the game."

And not many days had passed ere Petoe the Great approached Jason. "Tis with deep regret that our acquaintance ends so soon, Jase, Old boy. I return ere the sun sets again to the land of my fathers, and the company of "Mc Missus" who at frequent intervals doth belay me with those implements known as rolling pins when I do come home "in my cups. Nay, Jason. My freedom is all but ended! So saying Petoe wept on the shoulder of the centurion Insidioni Hallatio and begged Insidioni, saying "O Great One, practised in the art of craps, lover of women, a quaffer of lager, cans't lend me five bucks, and a clean shirt?" And Insidioni, overcome with pity and remorse for this man, his erstwhile companion, said, "Petoe. All I have is thine". And straightway Petoe returned to the mansion of Insidium and there, requiring no further urging, satisfied his needs.

And hardly had the Great Petoe left

in his charriot, amidst shouts of, "Petoe is gone - Long live Kennedius" when Kennedius arrived, and stepping down didst say, "From now on I'm the big operation round here". And many were the threats and promises of chastisement which Kennedius gave should any slave not do his bidding and much was the apprehension among the warriors present.

And in his first month in office, Robertus Kennedius did issue a proclamation: "Thou all knowest Rome was not built in a day, but we warriors will build ourselves a village on yonder square in less time than I myself a renowned imbiber of ale canst polish off a flagon of ale. And henceforth thou shalt not have to dwell neath the shadows of surrounding hills down whose slopes water rushed like unto a water closet."

But when Kennedius had spoken there was little cheering for the warriors were sore afraid that McKinnius, a warrior whose wrath was easily stirred and who wore spectacles of horn, wouldst visit their sleeping quarters at more frequent intervals.

(To be continued)

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REGIMENTAL SPORTS

A large crowd of about 300 put on their summer best to drift along to see the Regimental sports on Easter Saturday. Khaki was the predominating colour on the lawn and several patrons wore the new style open back shirt. The refreshment stall, erected with great pleasure by BSM McKinnon on the assumption apparently, that something a little stronger than lemon drink would be sold, did good business and would have done better perhaps were it not for the drinking vessels (tins with beautifully serrated edges) and the iron hand of the QM.

The tote functioned very smoothly under the able direction of Capt. Dixon - it took everyone's money and strange to say gave 95% back.

Bdr. Sander, the winner of the Championship, proved himself the outstanding all-round athlete and thoroughly deserved his win. L/Bdr. Jackson, the runner up, showed himself as a runner above the average in winning both the 440 and the 880.

- Results:-
100 yds: Lusby; Schroder; Hopkins.
220 yds: Sander; Russel; Glangarry.
440 yds: Jackson; Gow; Fish.
880 yds: Jackson; Collins; Nickles.
1 mile: (Hewitson) Trotter
(Collins)

- Put the shot: Schroder; Manson/
High Jump: (Sander) Allen
(Greenfield)

- Broad Jump: Muscroft-Taylor; Parkinson.
Hop, step & Jump: Sander; Parkinson.
Relay: 204 HAA Bty; 150 Hy Bty.
Tug-o-War: 150 Hy Bty

(Contd)

Inter-Battery Championship:
 151 Hy Bty 35 points
 204 H.A. Bty 33 "
 150 Hy Bty 29 "

JOTTINGS:

There is no truth in the rumour that Hewitson, who had not a single ticket on him when he won the mile, ran a jockey's race for the tote. (The tote had nothing to do with it but we do thank him.)

Also the fact that Lt. King, who had a considerable amount to do with the tote has been able to join the Officers club and pay the entrance fee is merely a coincidence.

Sgen. Slater doin a Hop skip and Jump instead of Hop step and jump - it's not a b---y folk dance, Sigs!!

Would the member of 151 Bty who just popped the shot into his haversack by mistake, just pop it right back to Lt. King.

S/M Hewitt practically no jumping himself out of the Hop, step and jump.

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FOOTBALL RESULTS:

The following are the results of the matches played on Saturday, 22 May 43.

151 A	21	BSD	3
150 B	6	150 A	0
204 A	18	151 B	3
RHQ	16	204 B	3

The play on the whole was a slight improvement on that of last week. But it is still obvious that there is plenty of room for practice and training on the part of all players. We should see some good football before the season is out.

Points scored to date:

	P	W	D	L	Points
RHQ	3	1	1	-	3
150 B	3	1	1	-	3
151 A	3	1	1	-	3
204 A	3	1	1	-	3
150 A	3	1	-	1	2
151 B	3	1	-	1	2
BSD	3	-	-	2	-
204 B	3	-	-	2	-

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EXTRACTS FROM "OLD LAW'S ALMANAC".

May 23rd.
 If you dream of nuts, this indicates mental instability - if vice versa - that's probably no dream.
 May 24th.
 Beware the attentions of a blond. Remember every peach has a heart of stone.

May 25th.
 A good day for moral and spiritual uplift, providing the canteen isn't "dry".

May 26th.
 A friend will need advice of a delicate nature. However, even your best friends won't tell you - so why tell him.

May 27th.
 Avoid men with beards - they are probably "cousins" in disguise.
 May 28th.

Pale people should avoid pink pills at all costs.

May 29th.
 Avoid oysters on shell, whiskey, beef steaks, ham and lettuce, today as the stars indicate gastronomic inclemency.

(All rights reserved)
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ANNOUNCEMENT !!!!!

Follow the crowds -----
 To the bright Lights of-----

"KOLKLOW'S KASH & KARRY KORNER"

Ample stocks on hand of everything that opens and shuts.

Doors open 12 till 2 daily - till stocks are exhausted.

This weeks specialty -----

Raincoats - Sou'westers - rubber boots.

Come early and avoid the rush.

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 - 150DDITY -

This week 150 have again proved that: "It's the early truck that catches the dunnage".

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 R.I.P.

On being closely questioned, Nurse Jenks stated that "Doc" Rolleston was definitely NOT negotiating for a noen sign outside the R.I.P. (sorry - we mean R.A.P.) on account of the din-out regulations.

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 "Those Bald-Headed old B-----s" seem to have gained a new lease on life from the article we printed a couple is issues back - Mk.II cleared the tent out the other night (in fact does so every night) with no apparent effort at all!!!!

Printed and published with all care but absolutely no sense of responsibility by the Editor, Licut. King, and S/Sgt., Bennett, at:

"The Ruins", Nocal.

