

THE JAMTINGS 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, add 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 Prtoe 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

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