



NUMBER XXIX ----- SATURDAY ----- 17th. July, 1943.

Everyone is wise until he speaks.

HERE WE GO

Well, we're on the move again - no more pictures every night - no more going to the Beer Garden every week - we shall miss a lot of luxuries which we have enjoyed up till now in this part of Necal. Even the R.S.M. will be hard hit - he won't be able to get any more "lettuce" - or will he???? (Rumour has it that he has been planning ahead, and has made suitable arrangements!!!) Well - we shall see what we shall see. And what about the functions in which the Navy has taken such an active part? You won't have to worry much longer, Mac, as to whether the Navy gets too much practice in Rugby and is able to beat our teams. And the R.H.Q. officers won't have to worry about the prospect of sore heads whenever a Royal Naval vessel shows up!!!

Still, we shall miss all these things. We have been very comfortable for eight months and have had every convenience we could wish for under the circumstances - there is no getting away from the fact that we shall have to do without a lot of much appreciated conveniences (and I'm not referring to our "seaside bungalow", though we shall miss that too!) when we go North.

The Regiment is starting out afresh and it is, perhaps, an even bigger break than when we left Pahautanui. We are embarking on what is to most of us an entirely new venture - that of a training depot. Life will be monotonous at times, and there will be plenty of "spit and polish", though not enough, we sincerely hope, to interfere with the main job of learning all we can about fighting the Jap and how to beat him at his own game. And it is a big job for a Coast Gunner suddenly to turn round and forget most of the things he has been taught about coast work and learn to be a Field Gunner.

But, and I think every man will agree with me, it is up to us, the members of the 53rd. Heavy Regiment, N.Z.A., to put our every effort forward in determining to be as efficient as it is possible to be at our various jobs, no matter what they may be, so that we can get into this war in a fighting role and help to stop all this tremendous spoilage of men and materials on the field of battle.

Our feelings can be summed up in the words "I want to go home". Yes, we all do - but not until the enemy has been thrashed on all fronts so thoroughly that he may never rise again to threaten the peace of this little world of ours.

It's up to us to help.

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Ed. It is intended to publish "Gun Flash" next week as usual, despite the changes taking place. As a result of the various moves it will probably be difficult to obtain sufficient material to fill the paper and contributors are urged to forward as much as they possibly can and as EARLY in the week as possible to enable us to continue with this issue. We also intend keeping the paper going once we are on our new site and will need plenty of material almost immediately

on our arrival there - there should be plenty of incidents concerning the move Northwards, on which something can be written.

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MARK I: (Doing crossword puzzle)
"Give me a four letter word ending with "IT" - you find it in the bottom of a bird cage."
MARK II: "GRIT".
MARK I: "Hand me the rubber, Baldy".

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F.C.PIECES:

"THE LOOKOUT'S LAMENT"

There is a place called X-ray King,
Where signallers don't know anything,
For 'open light' it's always been,
And then a ring "What do you mean?"

They think it fun to send us "weak",
We ramp and rave but dare not speak,
But time will be when from their light
We'll get the message "R.9 tonight".

But that will be a long time hence,
Because those Sigs are more than dense
But now mid words somewhat profane,
They're driving us 'doggone' insane.

Oh please be kind, give us a break,
And keep us sane for goodness sake,
And now it's time to say 'tatta',
So til tonight "VicAc, AcR".

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"ANDY'S GIFT"

(Ed. We're not sure whether this
refers to Andy of 151 or Andy of RHQ-
can you help us.)

Andy wished to purchase a birthday
gift for Madame Queen. He, accompan-
ied by Mrs. Kingfish, went to a ladies
drapery store, and bought a pair of
evening gloves for the light-oh-his-
love, while Mrs. Kingfish purchased a
pair of bloomers for herself. Somehow
the parcels got mixed at the store so
that the parcel containing the bloom-
ers was sent to Madame Queen with the
following letter.

Dear Honey,
This is a token to remind you that
I am keeping the bate of your birth-
day. I chose them because I thought
you needed them as you are not in the
habit of wearing them in the evening
shen you go out. If it had not been
for Mrs. Kingfish I would have bought
longer ones that buttoned, but she
said they are all wearing shorter ones
now. They are of a delicate shade and
the lady from whom I bought them
showed me a pair she had been wearing
for three weeks and they were hardly
soiled. How I wish I could put them
on for you Honey (I mean the first
time) but no doubt many a man's hand
will come in contact with them before
I have a chance to see them. I had
Ruby Taylor try them on and they look
very pretty. I didn't know the exact
size but I thought I would be more
capable of judging the right size than
anyone else. After you have put them
on once they will slip off and on
quite easily, but before you put them
away blow in them. Naturally they
will get a little damp from wearing
so put them away in tissue paper. Be
sure to wear them to the dance at Aunt
Lillian's. I am crazy to see them on
you.

Your Ducky Wucky,
ANDY.

P.S. I think of the many times I will

be kissing the back of them this
year. Mrs. Kingfish and Ruby said
the latest is to wear them undone,
and hanging down so as to give the
wearer a careless look.

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204 PERSONALITIES:

1. It must be rather handy,
Tho it makes you sound a pansy,
If like Ashby-Palmer, your name
is parted with a line,
When lining up for pay,
Ho is Asby every day,
Tho on dangle parade he's Palmer
every time.
2. Norm Michel holds the floor,
In our Q.M. store,
A better Gunner you'd go far to find
He would give you his shirt,
If he made sure first,
You had signed on the dotted line.
3. If you are trailing a wench,
And you cannot speak French,
And you are seeking advice on the
matter,
Don't take any chances,
With amorous advances,
Take Tom Stokoe to interpret her
chatter.

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SUPREME COURT OF CACTUS GROVE.

WINTER SESSIONS

Blundell Vs. Christoff

The action arose from the defendant
Christoff borrowing from the Plain-
tiff, Blundell, one packet of Yankee
fags and giving as security for the
said loan one promissory note - which
contained no demand or due date.
Further, the plaintiff alleged that
the defendant had been guilty of
false pretence, slander and black-
mail, and that he, the defendant,
was a person unbecoming to society.
And of course, damages were sought -
a truly formidable claim.

Plaintiff was represented by Arthur
Smith, TBF, OS2U, PB2Y2, and the
defendant by Messrs. Cooper and
Lusby, Barristers, Painters and
Bookies. His Lordship, Judge Stokoe,
was ably supported by Associate
Gwynne Ellis, R.A.P.E., and the clerk
of the Court, Eustace Asby-Palmer,
proved that by being a farmer in
civil life, he had definitely chosen
the wrong vocation. The twelve good
men and bad, headed by foreman "Bill"
Hopkins, were excellent (we may
except one Bourgeois who had to be
continually awakened by the stentor-
ian notes of Court Crier Phillips.)

Space will not permit a detailed
account of the proceedings, which is
perhaps as well, since slander
charges would inevitably ensue. Suf-
ficient to say that many witnesses
were called, examined and cross-
screwed by both counsel. Perhaps,
of the witnesses, the notables were

"Bludger" Dansby-Scott, who had difficulty in explaining the origin of his Christian name, to which counsel Cooper took exception, Fred McDonald, who was eventually accepted as being ONLY from the bush, without further appellation. And pressman Eric Bygrave, who, although called by the defence, durthored the prosecution by his testimony.

Both Counsel pleaded well for their respective clients, and addressed an impassionate plea to the jury (who asked the usual inane questions) and Judge Stokoe's summing up was a remarkable and masterly piece of oratory partly associated with the case itself. The jury, after a short retirement (hurried along since supper was ready and waiting) brought in a verdict in favour of the plaintiff - finding the defendant guilty on the charge of false pretence, and with damages to boot. Judge Stokoe, in inimitable style, slated the defendant, and duly sentenced him to a long string of penances - after which the court was closed for the night.

Flashes from the Court Room.

Clerk of the Court, Asby-Palmer, swearing in members of jury and witnesses on the "bible" - a gun drill book (weight: ten pounds).

Judges Associate Ellis waking up as each witness was called and enquiring anxiously, "Is he charged with rape?"

Water-Sider McNabb showing signs of boiling when his mates at home were taped.

Pages could be written on the many passages of wit, but space will not allow. Enough to say that the case held the interest it aroused, and ab above all, justice (?) was upheld. Further mooted cases for the session are eagerly awaited.

(Editor, please, Messrs Cooper & Lusby, and Arthur Smith (TBF, OS2U, PB2Y2) desire to know if it is possible to advertise in your publication.)

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Many of us are now wondering what kind of war this is turning into, and small wonder, with farewells to "Coast" and chances of transfers to the R.N.Z.A.F.

After almost four years of living up to the motto "Once a Coastee, always a Coastee", and repeated rejection of applications for transfer to the "Blue Orchids" we now find the boot on the other foot - hence the surprise.

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"AVUNCULUS"

A Major of ours named Kennedy, was reputed for using his energy, By trying to spread More hairs on his head, With beer as his only remedy!

"RUMOUR"

I'll write this tale of rumour, You can make of it its worth, If you have a sense of humour, You may gain from it some mdrth.

Beginning life on a ----- seat, As a whispered cyptogram, By the time its just a short hour old, Its believed by every ham.

"The WAACS are here in thousands They are here as manning crews, To take over all the instruments," That's the way a rumour brews.

"We'll be home by sure for Easter, Will you take an even bet?" And here we are in mid July, And we haven't shifted yet.

The QM's started packing up, He's filled boxes by the score, But the rumour monger has not guessed Its condemned goods ex store.

"A certain Big-Wig's over here." "In action soon", 'tis said. That Big-Wig knows no more than us, So you needn't lose your head.

And so on and on they travel, Gaining credulence as they speed, Till they are believed by one and all, A mighty Oak built from a seed.

So at the seat of evell stop then, Build latrines with separate stalls, With only room for one to sit, Enclosed in sound proof walls.

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"B-----You. I'll play for City"

All good things must come to an end and it looks as though the football for 1943 is no exception. The R.A.P. orderlies can now sink into their customary coma and watch the supplies of iodine, adhesive plaster, etc., accumulate on the shelves. Perhaps, now, batteries may be able to operate at full strength, and route matches should be well attended.

For 3 months now, legalised mayhem has been committed in the name of New Zealand's national sport. Certain bitter spirits have had their chance to speak their minds on one or two player's ancestry and to dish out well meaning advice on how they could best be disposed of. The bitterness has not confined itself to personalities but even developed into a class war between the "Workers" and the "Autocracy". We all know how encouraging it is to play to the plaudits of a brass-lunged cheering crowd, particularly one led by Irishmen who are noted for their close resemblance to raucous asses, so imagine being a member of the R.H.Q. team who definitely lacked support. They, of course will say that that is a back-handed compliment to their sterling play under odds, but I suspect they

had other incentives, four in number.

From the standard and effectiveness of play is not a far cry, The play cannot be better described better than as "willing". Where skill was lacking, enthusiasm was not. While skill did show signs of improvement, the enthusiasm was always notable. The old, well-known, pep-talk of Knute Rockne - "Get out there and fight" - was, if anything, interpreted too literally. Not that I am implying that the general play was thinly disguised fisticuffs, but it is significant that the present leading teams are composed of husky, rugged men, whereas the team which progressively deteriorated most, 150 B, was more 'Killed' and 'skilled', if you get me.

Putting aside all sarcasm and cynicism, we must congratulate the three teams who are at present level for the winning honours. 150A and 151A on their consistent improvement, and RHQ on the standard they have maintained throughout the season. A team which deserves great credit for their extraordinary improvement is BSD, who have recently shown excellent form. They were very unlucky not to have had just that little extra to beat RHQ on the occasion when they met and drew. 150B has gone sadly to the pack after giving a very good account of itself at first. A case of a hot favourite making a disappointing showing. 204B just didn't have the stuff, but were always triers.

A special hand to the Navy who supplied us with some sparkling Rugby, refreshing and educative. The sports committee and Capt. Dixon did a good job and are deserving of our thanks.

So it is with the fondest memories of good tussles, rugged fields, the plunk of the leather and the damned good chances to make a noise, that we say "goodbye" to football on Ile Nou and at Naia, and let us hope that we have not seen the last of the good old game for the season.

(Ed. We understand that the Rugby in the Regiment is to be reorganised once we are settled in our new home, and we have high hopes of enjoying a good deal more football before the season closes.)

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"In the war against reality, man has but one weapon - Imagination."

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

"The Ruins", Necal.

"F. C. (in) PIECES"

It took us months to build it,
We wore out picks galore,
The Jap would never hit it,
Its depth five feet or more.

At last the digging ended,
The Captain he got us the word,
And down the hole we descended,
To build our new home if we could.

With men like Hogg and Schischka,
And Houllis and "Charles" for support,
The sides went up in no time,
With monstrous labour and thought.

Geo wanted to put the roof on,
An absurd request to make,
For I'll swear they don't make dunnage,
To take that monster's weight.

At last the ache of comfort,
A home for the rest of the war,
It stood there in its glory,
A couple of weeks - no more.

For the order came - We're moving,
And in one ghastly hour,
That building crumbled in dust,
Neath a crowbars' frightening power.

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15 ODDITIES

First with the jungle boots - first with the jerseys - no one can say they are not consistent.

When I hear people casting a slur upon the fair name of R.H.Q., I am often prompted to interject and, though rarely on their behalf, am, nevertheless, always first to accede to them that much. Their consistency is nothing short of miraculous - they NEVER miss.

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A certain young lady was heard to remark the other day - "Ze American com, ze New Zealandais, go", punctuating her words with heart rending sobs.

This was greeted with high glee as we all know the one she is going to miss, having seen that motor bike parked outside a certain institution on more than one occasion.

Her boy friend, running true to form, could not have looked after her from a financial point of view as she makes a point of wandering round to "Sleepy Hollow" every pay day - but all she gets for her trouble is a most lurid reminder that her 'Daddy' lives at "The Ruins", and to hop it back there and put the nips in.

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