



NUMBER II ----- Saturday ----- 9th. January, 1943.

- EDITORIAL -

There were two men drinking. They had both consumed half of their drinks. The one said "My glass is half empty". The other said "My glass is half full". The former was a pessimist, the latter an optimist. One may find various definitions of Optimism - one, and a good one, is "The view that good must ultimately prevail over evil" - another, "The inclination to take bright views". Both these definitions are good as they fulfil the requirements of a good definition. They say what is essential, and omit anything unessential. Pessimism and optimism are states of mind, and can be cultivated mental outlooks. Those who look at the war in its correct perspective, realise the truth of the definitions. The view that good must ultimately prevail over evil. If there be anyone or anything who will finally see that justice is meted out as it is earned, then the definition is perfect. Good must prevail over evil, or else there is no God, and only very few fanatics will deny the Supreme Being. We know that our cause is good, the extermination of tyranny, and the proving false of the axiom that "Right is Right".

Our cause and the war is just, and even though we personally are caused great inconvenience, the truth of optimism still remains.

Do any of us owe war? Does the leaving at home of those we love mean nothing to us? War costs us that which is far more precious than gold - it calls for personal sacrifice, not only on our part, but also on the part of those at home. Money cannot recompense us, but the Supreme Being will. We can and should cultivate the optimistic view of things, and be bigger and more noble minded than measuring our optimism by our own personal comfort.

Remember, the optimist said "My glass is half full",

- MISS - FIRES -

With reference to the Neda Stud Farm advertisement in our last issue, it is believed that "Michael" the rooster is temporarily indisposed - "shot his bolt" as the experts say.

What about some helpful advice, Charlie !!!!!

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Will all those who so promptly submitted large orders, as a result of our last week's Editorial, "On supplies of the "Regimental Spirit", please note that, in this case, "Spirit" doesn't mean something to spirit !!!

(Sorry, chaps.)

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an inspiring thesis on the win and place system.

Wider Horse Racing. Too late in which to be up to the N.Z.E.F.

WEEKLY WHO'S WHO:

HAILEY, D'Arcy Arthur (Bookie)  
Born: 20.3.17. Ex "Lord Chancellor" out of "Our Jan".  
Church: Mohommoden.  
Service: A.F.Vs. and Bilo Battery (Great friends with Charlie Williams and Buck Buchanan.)

Education: Ladies College (Old School tie - green with yellow and mauve stripes). Two years finishing School at "Bert's Billiard Parlour".

Clubs: Maison Demento. Pink House (honorary member only). Toorak (made life member after night out with Ratu's daughter).

Hobbies: Horse racing, Horse racing, Horse racing. Inveterate gambler. A great judge of horse flesh - even

Peddy's Pantry can't put it across him. Has written several good books:

"Horse. I have ridden" or jockeying for position. "Familiar Places",

## APPRECIATION:

It is good to see that Hospitality is not an extinct virtue, and circumstances for which we write thanks, the hospitality shown us by our American Allies, will remain for us a long standing debt. The Americans can appreciate what it means to have a good meal, and to have a bed to sleep in, on the first night of arrival, for they themselves went through the mill when they arrived in New Caledonia. The members of the 53rd. Heavy Regiment, too, know what the reception by the 244th. C.A. meant to them, for this regiment has been, in a sense, a pioneer camp construction regiment itself. It seems that our work has been to arrive at a place, to go through the hard work of erecting a camp, to become at first reasonably comfortable, later to make a camp worthy of the name, leaving its successors an excellent home - and so it goes on.

We wish, through our publication, "Our Flash" to place on record our gratitude and appreciation, to the Commanding Officer, Lt. Colonel Fowler, to his staff and all the ranks who went to so much trouble to give a home, in those early days, to the Advance Guard of the New Zealand Forces. Whatever maybe the shortcomings of New Zealanders, we trust we are not an ungrateful people.

Lengthy tributes could be written but they would not ring so true as the simple "Thank you", and so to the 244th. C.A. we all, through this paper, say with deep gratitude, a simple, but none the less genuine, "THANK YOU AMERICA".

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## A SYSTEM HAS COME AMONGST US !!!

Down 150 way this week, the big news is the "New Five Year Plan", or "7 days without sleep and then it's your turn for night duty". Whereas in the past the much harassed gunner did sleep on the eighth day in each week, WOII Herman-McKinnon has now decided that this is weak, decadent, democratic stuff, and it is time we had more men for fatigues. Sometimes we feel over here that we prefer the old capitalist system. It certainly had advantages, if one was possessed of low cunning.

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## CROONER:

204's crooning bombardier is to be heard every morning about fivish giving vent to some of the Bingish sounds. However, he is slipping lately as I notice he "balks" over some of the high notes.

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## FURTHER NIGHTMARES !!!!!!!

It would appear that "Baldy Mk.II" has exterminated most of the flying cockroaches against which he so valiantly battled in our last issue - to date, we are pleased to report, there has been no further attack.

But the "rats" still persist in their efforts to disturb the peaceful atmosphere of the camp. From reports, they appear to be of every conceivable colour - blue, red, purple, green, yellow, etc. - and have the most extraordinary features, to wit, weirdly contorted bodies, with huge eyes, and tails like the tentacles of an "Octopus". It is thought that one of these creatures caused our "Q" to utter various unintelligible cries and mutterings, on a certain recent Friday morning, and then to dash out of his tent and hide himself in the bushes at the back thereof - it was quite some time before he could be persuaded to go back to bed to sleep off -----(Hush!!!).

Another variety of "rats" also seems to be giving a certain amount of worry - and, strangely enough, this species looks like nothing more nor less than a "rat". Everyone in HQ was rudely awakened late the other night when the RSM's rat trap went off with a resounding crash, and, in so doing, neatly pinned down a rodent by the neck. I am sorry to say that this event has given rise to what promises to be a life-long feud between Gnr. Watt and the R.S.M., Gnr. Watt claiming that the particular rat caught was his, and that the RSM had no right whatsoever to catch said rat in said trap.

As we go to press, the argument rages fiercely, and we shall have to make a further report in our next issue.

"Who said 'rats' ?????!!!!!!



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## TENDERS CALLED FOR:

Gnr. Davidson, 150 Battery, calls for tenders for the removal and total destruction of one "squeeze box".

(Gnr. Dalgey's tender, which will undoubtedly be the lowest, will not necessarily be accepted.)

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A senior NCO at 150 was heard to remark that so washed he had had half the fun that Michael has enjoyed. It is not every man who has a taste for ducks ----- "Cuckoo" a son gaut

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# POETRY: (SO IT'S TOLD)

The following ode is the work of one of 204's aspirants to the Roll of Honour on the Latrine Scroll.

I dedicate this ode to the Sergeants

bold,  
To the twerps who boss us around,  
Who wave their wands and do their  
tricks,  
If we're late when the whistle  
blows.

On mess parade there's a rule they've  
made,

To line us up in time,  
If a minute late, then Sgt. RATH,  
A juicer fatigue will find

When the Queue's all thru' and we've  
eaten our stew,

All scotched around on the grass,  
With stately gait they amble up late,  
And into their mess tent pass.

At seven sharp one twangs his harp,  
The parade ground for us to adorn,  
The pomp and ceremony of the scene,  
Benefits not this land of thorn.

With countenance grim, set angle of  
chin,

Chest expanded like fourpenny  
rabbits,  
They abuse us lest we turn a hair,  
And call it unsoldierly habits.

They detail us work and lest we shirk,  
A bomb is placed in charge,  
One notices chiefly throughout the day  
The noticeable absence of sars.

After midday break when the roll they  
take,

And best to the jobs we're sent,  
It's easy for them to send us to toil,  
While they crawl back to their tents

When beer ration's due, they're sure  
up the '21',

And lead us in single file,  
While they push ahead and collect the  
prod,  
And exit smartly with a smile.

Now this is permed and so let it end,  
But when this war we win,  
Please me not if 'tis whispered not,  
Sergeant, "CAN YOU SWIM?"

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## CONSTRUCTION: AT 150:

A considerable stir has been caused at 150 by the arrival of a construction gang to erect the new seven-storey Gunner's Mess Building. It is proposed to rush the work to completion, provided Mr. Hall can get us the timber. This magnificent edifice will be erected by the vast numbers of men now available for fatigues.

Right section can guaranteed at least three men plus Gnr. McIntyre.

(Ed. This will be a memorial to the "New Five Year Plan", we presume.)

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## SPORTING NOTE:

Last Wednesday afternoon, R.H.Q. sent a cricket team over to 150 Bty. with the idea of showing them how to play that noble and ancient form of recreation. This they naturally did, winning the game by quite substantial margin, thanks largely to Gnr. Gee's efforts with a piece of wood, commonly known as a "bat".

The scores were:

R.H.Q.	90
150 Bty	49

(Ed.: We really wanted a description of the game from one of the players in the victorious team, one Gnr. Gatley - he, however, referred us to Sgt. Armstrong, who referred us to Gnr. Gatley, who referred us to --- etc. etc. - so the above will have to do.)

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## Letter to the Editor:

Sir,

In an effort to raise the tone of your paper, it is suggested that the thoughts of the dear boys should be turned into loftier channels than the turgid cesspools in which your first number appeared to frolic with such zestful abandon.

For the sake of example, your article "Who's Zoo" (incorrectly spelt by a careless compositor as "Who's the"). Could this column not become an interesting and instructive natural history column by confining itself to the higher mammals rather than by delving into the lower forms of bipedalia.

"Mother of Six".

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We have had so many messages of congratulation on our first issue of "Gun Flash" that we feel just a little afraid that other numbers might not come up to scratch. Nevertheless, we can but do our best and hope that you will enjoy subsequent issues as much as if not more than the first.

We realise, of course, that we cannot hope to please all of you all of the time - but if we can please all of you some of the time and some of you all of the time, then we shall feel amply rewarded for our labours.

Regards the above, we are not getting nearly enough contributions from the various batteries, etc. and unless the quantity increases considerably we fear that we shall not be able to keep up the good work - so send it along - what about the Workshops and Signal Sections - we have had nothing from you so far - every-

ing is welcome. Articles, Notes, drawings, etc. and sketches too, are all wanted. If you can think up anything for our "Miss-Fires" or "Who's Who" columns, send it along for us to have a look at.

Also, if you can suggest any improvements, or have any constructional criticisms to make, don't be backward in coming forward - we shall always welcome new ideas.

You can all see the type of stuff we want, so what about it !!!

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THE BRIDGE'S BIRTH:

It was ordered by the Brigadier,  
"Erect a bridge for me",  
With blood and toil and sweat and tears,  
The bridge it came to be.

The SM's brow was furrowed dark,  
The S's speech was low,  
And darkly gazed he at the bridge,  
As trucks o'er it did go.

He gazed upon 'is handiwork,  
And saw that it was good,  
And back he came to his fair home,  
To give his belly food.

The bridge it was a mighty bridge,  
Like unto Sydney's pride,  
And o'er its planks that very night,  
Five trucks did safely glide.

The sixth it was a dainty "peep",  
A light and airy thing,  
But 'twas that peep that to the dust,  
The bridge did crashing bring.

The S's speech was lower still,  
He bore his head in shame,  
For in his records do we see,  
"Bridge-utter" by his name.

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TODAY'S DEFINITION:

Expired Ammunition: Live ammunition which has been fired or otherwise disposed of.

NOTE. This term refers to deceased ammunition and is to be used in all official correspondence. (Ref. "Kinders's Konsense Dictionary".)

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The 151 shoot was a most-disappointing affair from a correspondent's point of view. In any event of this kind a reporter can usually count on a number of unrehearsed incidents to provide amusing material. On this occasion, however, everything went off as per C...T. which is a notoriously dull volume to the average subscriber. I mean to say, why could not a senior officer have been knocked down the hill instead of a mere orderly room clerk - for the sole benefit of the reporters, of course; no one would really like to see such a personage hurtling through the air with cap and binoculars flying in all directions - or would they? Or, alternatively why could the blast not have removed the nether garments of some interested spectator.

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NAIA STUD MIRM:

Dispersal sale of bloodstock:

The removal, by a noted fancier of all his wet mares with foals at foot has left considerable vacancies in the breeding schedule of "Michael". Fanciers will be well advised to communicate early with the management and arrange suitable appointments as Michael is now available for other spheres of influence and such a well known sire is sure to be popularly sought.

THE PROMISED NEW DEPARTMENT:

Standing for the season at Naia:

The fine upstanding white Tonkin sire "Le Chat Libertain Blanc" by "vinile" out of "Order", holder of the Prix de Lapin Noir and sire of "Betard Noir" and "Batarde Blanche" and other good climbing stock.

Grazing fees: Amusement Tax only

A distinguished personage has seen and approved the performance of the above.

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WANTED:

Wives and/or concubines, Vacancies exist at Naia for any number up to 10. Apply: MICHAEL.

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---- That's the lot - See you next week ----

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

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