

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 uncovers. 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' ?????!!!!!!



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 Yala 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 ----- "Chacun a son gout"

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