

POETRY: (SO I'M 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
scores,
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. RATS,
A juicy 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 boss is placed in charge,
One notices chiefly throughout the day
The noticeable absence of Gags.

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 bear ration's due, they're sure
up the '2',
And lead us in single file,
While they push ahead and collect the
grog,
And exit smartly with a smile.

Now this is penned and so let it end,
But when this war we win,
Ehene me not if 'tis whispered not,
Sergeant, "CAN YOU SWIM?".
-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

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.)
-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

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.)
-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

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 Zoo"). 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".
-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

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-