

# QUESTION OF THE HOUR???

## WHAT IS AN RSM'S JOB?????

This problem has exercised the minds of soldiers for several centuries - ever since RSMs were invented in fact. In an endeavour to save personnel from brain fever (if they have brains), baldness (if they have any hair), or wrinkles (if they don't know enough already), the Editorial Staff engaged a team of trained investigators to enquire into and report upon said matter.

After weeks of diligent search, research, and nosing about, they have furnished a report which is published for the information of all concerned.

1. It is the first duty of an RSM to be Regimental. He does this by wearing a Sam Browne when on leave.
2. He must be a Sergeant Major. As its name implies, this means that he is a Sgt. in a Major (or larger) degree than other Sgts. - you know - "Once a Sgt. always a ---".
3. He is supposedly possessed of tact and is thus able to smooth out any and all difficulties which may (and do) arise in Regimental affairs.
4. He should be in particular prominence on parades. The larger the parade the larger his prominence (and vocal exuberance).

## FURTHER FINDINGS OF THE COMMITTEE:::

As the above report seemed to us to be theoretical rather than practical the committee was asked to pursue its enquiries into what the present day RSM actually did do. The results of this quest for knowledge are as follows:-

1. One method of being Regimental was to lie in bed and brood until every member had warmed up the air a bit. He himself then helped in this latter respect by using highly inflammable language, directed at all and sundry - and the Orderly Sergeant.
2. In being a Major Sgt. the RSM of today invariably distinguished himself without apparent effort.
3. Tact. A quality which was found in not a single case to be part of the RSM's make-up. The invariable attitude is typified by the following: "I know you don't want to work, but you're going to, and I'm the one to see that you do."
4. On parades he is sometimes to be seen but usually (that is in most of the cases investigated) prefers to "carry on normal routine", which consists of doing nothing in particular, with short intervals of "doing block".

## THE JAUNTINGS OF JASON: (Continued)

Jupiter the life giver was scarce arisen when the noble Jason was summoned to the presence of the Chief,

Wickstidium, who greeted him cordially, "This day, wouldst care to visit the most splendid of my domains?" Jason returned his salutation and said verily he wouldst.

Wickstidium thereupon girded up his loins, paying great attention to the exactitude of their height, and led Jason and his Argonauts out to a chariot of steel and wood which whisked them off amidst much bowing and scraping.

The journey was yet young in length, though not in arduousness, when a familiar odour assailed Jason's nostrils. "Shades of Greece!" quoth he, "Tis that most delectable of smells, the excreta of goats." But the night Wickstidium did stop up his nose and muttered something about those stinking so-and-so's, from which Jason gathered that in this land the stench of the goat herd was not viewed with favour.

Thence, in the time it takes one Ernestus Merdus to quaff one flagon of mead, they came unto a fair amphitheatre which was named "Sleepy Hollow". However, from what followed, Jason gathered that the name was given purely in jest, for when the presence of the party was made known to the inhabitants of this vale, much scurrying to and fro and loud commands from the centurions brought forth many bitter and obscene mutterings from the many slaves who, with practised ease, did set about the ordering and cleaning up of their persons and habitations.

Jason was then confronted by a magnificent personage of commanding mien and shiny appearance, around whose eyes were rings which were not the rings of dissipation, but which were attached to his face by hooks and were evidently intended to give unto him a wise stare as of the hoot owl. Jason recognised in him the feasted rank of Sergeant Major, and was intrigued to learn that his name was MacKinnonius.

This day was obviously one of great portent, for the "Sleepy Ones" were in a state of great excitement and performed many lateral and circular movements. Jason was then led up a tortuous winding path to the summit of a high hill and thence into a small wooden hovel wherein were jammed many slaves, centurions and chiefs. Below him Jason perceived four long tubes over which were spread large nets to keep the many birds from fouling the brightness thereof. At a terse command from Wickstidium, weird numbers, and sayings poured from the lips of the amassed warriors in the manner of their humble counterparts of the Kingdom of Naia-by-the-Sea.

Thereupon there came a silence of great length while a reddish hue grew upon the cheeks of the men who were expectantly gazing seawards. A grind-