



NUMBER XXII ----- SATURDAY ----- 29th. MAY 1943

--- EDITORIAL ---

I remember reading a book dealing with a man who for various reasons had very little opportunity of obtaining a good education. He got a smattering, but that is all. He left school, became an apprentice and progressed. As he got older he decided that there was a big gap in his life and though he would try to educate himself. It was when he went back and tried to start again that he found that beginning at halfway was impossible - one point led back to another and it was essential to get the background and go back to the beginning, studying with a mind which had lost its powers of concentration on such things. Finally he gave it up - the job was too big - and he went through life half educated, a handicap which to him meant mediocrity instead of brilliant success.

In recent weeks AEWS has come to the fore with some excellent study courses at a time when we have wonderful opportunities for such things. To sit round wasting time is wasting our brain; it is forming the bad habit of mental laziness. To do so is inviting ourselves to become men with no aim in life, men who think of nothing more than the picture showing tonight, and the next leave day and the prospects of an easy time. All very pleasant while the army pays, clothes and feeds us, but when we return to civilian life those particular tastes will be our own concern. The man who will do them best will be the one who takes a little trouble and helps to educate himself now.

That is only one reason; it is the most important undoubtedly, but there are many others. We are being given an opportunity now which the apprentice in the book found was one which never occurred in his life; it will be no different with us. AEWS are offering something which is worth our most serious consideration.

WEEKLY WHO'S ZOO:

**SHORTER,** Kenneth Stewart (Sabu).  
**ORIGIN:** Born in the middle of the night by Paul Robeson out of Black Beauty.  
**OCCUPATION:** On the roll as an Orderly Room Clerk - would be more to the point is it read: Sun Worshipper - Star (Movie) Gazer.  
**AGE:** Ten years older than he looks - the latter varying with his mood and the condition of his stomach.  
**STATUS:** Well and truly married, though he hotly denies any suggestion of henpecking in the Shorter establishment. Vows and declares that each and every one of his many heirs and heiresses look exactly like Robert Taylor and/or Hedy Lamarr.  
**HABITS:** Many and varied - and not very nice. Likes OP cigarettes and maintains that his interest in sexy stories is purely esthetic. →

ODDS AND SODS

Sgt. Bill W----- has at last attained his ambition to be an early riser - they tell me he rises at 6.15 a.m. regularly these days - he'd have to or he'd miss his early morning cup of tea.

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Are you troubled with rats or mice? If so, consult "Peg-Leg" Smith (same building as Kolklow's Kash and Karry Korner) and he will help you solve your problems. He has wide experience and knows every trick of the trade. We can assure you he is an expert on the subject.

**AMBITION:** 1. To go home. 2. To raise a still bigger family. 3. To meet up again with a particular girl friend.

**FAVOURITE EXPRESSIONS:** "What's on at the movies tonight?" "When is the mail arriving?" "Got a cigarette, Mac?"

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derist

well after the kernel ad toled me wot a basket rarely were e zes yer diminished march out an i sez thank yer veri much an goes ter walk owt wen colcoco wot likes to ere imself tork skreems owt rite tern an me opin sum day i will be a surgen madger does wot im told an owt we goes onl veri appi.

wen i got owtside me admirin publik wer there ter welcum me an wotty cums up an sez i put up a veri good case an it jist showd that british justice aint ditched proper like i didnt kwite unnerstand wot e ment but wotty am veri kleva an e musta bin rite altho runt1 oo wer there sed ballz we am jist a lotta stickers bit runt1 as i sed befor jist carnt elp makin mistakes altho wotty made a mistake wunce wich i carnt unnerstand wen ther otha blokes was cummin over ere wotty missed the boat e sed e thort it left from whyhe bit there wer a lotta kleva blokes wot made mistakes then ers a bloke wots cald dalyrmpimpel missed to an e sez they wuz supposed ter pick im up at ther grand otel cos e left a messige for the orderli ossifer that e would be there bit the army forgot so it luks ter me as if ther heads made ther mistake an forgot ter tel ther blokes eggsactli wher ter catch ther boat. well me derist i mist go an ide as it am neerli to oclock the boyz tell me ter say that they ope yer ave a nise soft bed as ther marines am veri tender on ther funni bone i dont git wot they meen bit they sez you am prak-icalli sertun ter unnerstan

yer to luvvin luvver  
tom

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# - 150DDITIES -

The following is a story straight from the horse's mouth - well, it came from Army HQ, anyway.

Shortly after the outbreak of war, Mr. Jones, personnel manager of a large and well-known chain store wrote to the Army Dept. offering his services and sat down to wait patiently, but in vain, for an answer.

Not long afterwards a high "brass hat" called on Mr. Jones' firm and interviewed its president with the idea of obtaining a good personnel man for a War Dept. position. The president said "I'm sure you couldn't find a better man anywhere than our personnel manager, Mr. Jones, and should you need him, I shall be only too pleased to grant him leave of absence for the duration."

In due course Mr. Jones became Major Jones and finally Lt.Col.Jones.

Quite recently he was home on leave and one day received a letter from the Army Dept., an answer at last to the original letter of application,

saying that his services were not required by the Department.

It was signed by Lt.Col. Jones!!!

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# LOST - or SOMETHING

Who lost the partial plate which one of our drivers found?

Who was it who, the morning after the tangi, was quite prepared to walk over every weary square inch of Ile Nou?

Who was it who looked like something the dog dragged in, and couldn't say whether Artie Shaw's band was there or not?

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# "SLEEPY HOLLOW"

Recently the fields and paddocks od Sleepy Hollow have been the scene of feverish activity. Hitherto little known members haven overnight, blossomed into champion exponents of the noble arts of self-defence and gaily skip, dance, and perform staminizing exercises to reach that goal of atheletes - fitness for battle.

Normally calm and peaceful faces have assumed a decidedly pugnacious aspect, with various persons proudly displaying a split lip here, or a black eye there. Groups of very determined looking men are seen everywhere, men carrying boxing gloves, men carrying wrestling gear, and often, men carrying men.

Business at the R.A.P. has reached a new high as nlokes totter in to have their faces patched, bones nebbled or muscles pounded back into shape.

This horrible zest for exercise has spread even to the cookhouse, where one of the cooks, in a few short days has built up such a reputation for ferociousness that all his cooking is now praised, and even in some cases, eaten. Such phrases as "Who the blue-black so-and-so cooked this -----meat"- he should be made to eat the lot", have disappeared entirely, and in their place faint echoes of praise wander respectfully round the mess hall.

As this cook can (so 'tis rumoured) with a scientific twist of his fingers, dislocate a spinal column, this politeness, so foreign to cooks in general, can be easily understood.

What caused this sudden uprising of pugs and bruisers? Is it that food for fighters "Cilly Conk" causing the brute to come out in these usually timorous souls? Or can it be that having no other means of expending their energy (leave to town being stopped, and the Pink House being closed anyway) these muscle bround mountains of meat use it up in attempting to flatten, squash, ot otherwise alter the shape pf the faces and bodies of their equally ferocious opponents? (over)



Enough! Let us, as members of a battery honoured and respected throughout the length and breadth of this island for its talent for doing nothing with the least effort, unite as one man in a "Grand Anti-Activity Movement" and suppress these fool-hardy gents who are so recklessly destroying our reputation.

(SGMD) L.O.U.J.

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DID HE FALL????????? ---

OR WAS HE PUSHED ??????????

Our friend Baldy Mk.I seems to have acquired a decided propensity for falling in and out of windows - he managed both feats last week.

What is it, Baldy? - a superstition or something? - or is it just the normal thing to expect of one of "That pair of cantankerous old fossils"???????

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THE JAUNTINGS OF JASON: (Contd)

And many merry days passed while Jason dwelt in the pleasant surroundings of Sleepy Hollow until it came to pass that the warriors laid aside their amusements of the summer months and there began many palavers and much talk of a new game called "Football". It was a game played also by the feet with the distended bladder of a pig encased in a covering of hide, and like unto the shape of an eye. On the day of the first trials Jason was escorted to a large pasture at each end of which were erected two high poles joined by a thin spar. The warriors would then run between them throwing this leather ball one to the other - or it would be projected into the skies by a sharp blow of the foot and on landing would continue to jump of its own accord. Greatly puzzled was Jason by this strange game but from the struggles for its possession Jason came to believe that the object of this vigorous sport was to gain the ball and defend it from the attackers or to throw it to one favoured man.

And it came to pass that the many tribes sent their warriors to Sleepy Hollow to participate in these games. The opposing parties gathered on the field and a judge having emitted a shrill whistle the game started. The judge produced this shrill whistle many more times during the course of the game and each time the game would stop and much talk and arguing would ensue.

It seemed to Jason that some warriors were more desirous of possessing the coveted ball than others for they were constantly chasing it, though more often than not it would elude them, and many and fierce were the melees when the ball did come to rest. The tribesmen gathered around

did cheer mightily for their chosen ones and hurl many and varied epithets at those who opposed them. Soon the contestants grew tired and hot from the chase, but this would appear to be to deceive the onlookers, for suddenly one of the warriors, having secured the ball and escaped the grasp of other players, did run at great speed until he found sanctuary behind the tall poles at one end of the field.

At this some of the onlookers were most jubilant while others were down-cast and the successful warrior was showered with varied remarks and applause.

And so the contest progressed while the warriors partook of much fighting and rolling on the ground. Many times he who whistled would make them help each other in trampling the leather ball under their feet by forming a wedge and bending their backs until their heads would lock one with the other. Jason thought that the ball might have been very hot, for often warriors would quickly pass it to other warriors or would kick it high into the air to cool it off.

After the play had progressed for some time longer, the whistle was heard and everyone stopped to talk and rest and argue amongst themselves. Great was the abuse hurled back and forth from one player to the other so that it appeared to Jason that the game would be even more hotly contested than hitherto when the play was resumed. And indeed this was so for the ball was thrown and kicked about with renewed energy until at last, when all the players appeared exhausted, the judge blew a long blast on his whistle and the game ended, much to the relief of all the players who voiced their approval by giving three loud shouts.

A soothsayer then moved about amongst the various warriors and tended their wounds with a lotion which caused much loud talk and many curses to be called down upon the head of this slave. But the apothecary, however, bore all this in good part.

Marvelling at the stoicism and spirit of men who would take part in so war-like a sport, Jason joined Avunculus Robertus and they, in the company of several others, moved off to find solace in a comfortable couch and a cool drink.

(to be continued)

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FOOTBALL FOR SATURDAY 5 JUNE.

BSD	Vs.	150 B - 1345
204 B	Vs	150 B - 1345
RHQ	Vs	150 A - 1515
151 A	Vs	204 A - 1400

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We know ---- Do you ???  
(If you don't, come up to Baldy's  
Rest some Sunday morning!)

#### FOOTBALL???

Who was the player who so valiantly tried to catch the Navy's first five eights, but failed so miserably? When he fell on his face, after trying to circumvent the advances of his 'vis-a-vis', did he really stumble and trip? - or was he merely trying to **create the impression** that he had given it a go anyway so that no one on the side line could blame him for just missing??

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#### - 150DDITIES -

Many and varied were the remarks passed on Saturday about fifteen pairs of jungle boots worn by RHQ's Rugby side, for the big struggle against 204. Many of the spectators were more than a little disappointed, having hoped that those not fortunate enough to be able to obtain supplies of the issue equipment would beat the pants off the 'elite' men, even with the disadvantage of having to play in all sorts, shapes and varieties of footwear.

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We wonder who is can be who uses

the road to F.C.P. frequently enough to run it into a state of disrepair which make s it necessary to work night and day, even when visiting footballers have to be transported and entertained. The point which amazes us most is why 150 haven't been asked to assist in the good work with either men or transport - though, actually we really expected to be told to do the whole job ourselves.

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#### FOOTBALL RESULTS:

The following are the results of the games played on Saturday, 29th May, 1943.

RHQ	8	151 B	3
150 B	11	BSD	0
151 A	9	204 A	0
150 A	6	204 B	0

The games this week were evenly contested on the whole and for the most part scores were not quite a true indication of the trend of play. They were good games from the spectators point of view, being fast and hotly contested, with several bursts of play of a quite good standard. The ground, having been subjected to a little rain during the week, and consequently being softer than last week, seemed to give the players more confidence in themselves, and the general standard of play showed a decided improvement.

Points scored to date:-

	P	W	D	L	Pts.
RHQ	3	2	1	-	5
150 B	3	2	1	-	5
151 A	3	2	1	-	5
150 A	3	2	-	1	4
204 A	3	1	1	1	3
151 B	3	1	-	2	2
BSD	3	-	-	3	-
204 B	3	-	-	3	-

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