

EDITORIAL.
MOSQUITOES.

Just lately we have had more to do with mosquitoes than with Japs and as part of the "Know Your Enemy" campaign we thought perhaps there may be a few points about our latest enemy that may have been missed. We admit that this is rather unlikely but still perhaps you may find that getting to understand the mosquito and his habits a little helps to look at him in a kinder light - maybe!

The mosquito is an insect - and a lot of other things too, we know. That means he has six legs, a head, chest and body and a pair of wings like all other insects. He begins life as an egg laid by the female mosquito on the surface of some water. This water may be any size from one single drop to the sea itself. In a few days the egg hatches into a thing called a Larva and which you will see in pools about this place - little fish like things hanging down from the surface of the water and then washing off through the water to hang somewhere else. As the Larva hangs it breathes through an air tube in its tail and if a film of oil is spread over the water the Larva dies because it can't breathe but if this is not done it grows by stages which last a varying time into the adult mosquito. The fully grown adult then flies off looking for you or me and unfortunately for us our own local mosquito, who spent his early life down in the salt marshes, can fly anything up to fifteen miles or so if the climatic conditions are favourable. When he gets to R.M.Q. or 'Mosquito Hollow' or wherever his 'Target for Tonight' may be he shelters for the rest of the day in some dark corner such as a blanket and waits. Then tonight, just after we have squashed the tenth before going to sleep he flies out of that dark fold in the blankets, settles on a toe and begins to tuck in. (Here we must change 'his' sex as it is only the female who sucks our blood! - so that nasty word you used just now wasn't very far out after all.) Our female mosquito begins to feed by digging a sharp, hollow, needlelike thing through the skin, and then, bless her little heart, she spits down it. Her spit, contains a yeast like substance which itches like hell and brings your skin up in big red or white lumps and keeps you awake half the night. This irritating substance causes the blood to gather round the bite which for a 'messie' is a good thing because then the blood can be sucked up with the greatest of ease. Having obtained a tummy full of nice New Zealand blood and escaped your flipping hand she flies off back to her base in the salt marshes and eventually lays more eggs which in their turn grow into more messies and so on.

It is necessary for the female mosquito to get blood of some sort or her eggs don't form and as she is rather keen on having a family she is terribly keen therefore to get a feed of blood. And by the way she isn't interested in your blood group, A. B. or O or any other letters of the alphabet, it's all the same to her.

A SOLDIER IN HYMNS.

6 am	REVEILLE	"Christians Awake"
6.45 am	HOUSE PARADE	"Art thou weary, art thou languid."
7 am	BREAKFAST	"Mockly wait and Mummur Not".
8.45 am	MANOEUVRES.	"Fight the good fight."
9.30 am	COMPANY ORDERS.	"Oft in danger, Oft in wee."
10.30am	KIT INSPECTION	"All things bright and beautiful."
11.45am	SWEDISH DRILL.	"Here we suffer grief and pain."
1. pm	DINNER.	"Come ye thankful people, Come."
2.15pm	LECTURE	"Tell me the old, old Story."
3.45pm	RIFLE DRILL	"Go labour on."
4.30pm	DISMISS.	"Praise God from Whom all Blessings flow."
5 pm	TEA	"What means this eager, anxious throng."
6 pm	Free for the Night.	"Oh Lord, how happy we shall be."
6.30pm	OUT OF BOUNDS	"We do not know, we cannot tell."
7 pm	ROUTE MARCH.	"Onward, Christian Soldiers"
9.45pm	AIR RAID.	"Ye plow the fields and scatter."
0pm	LAST POST.	"All are safely gathered in."
1 pm	LIGHTS OUT.	"Peace, Perfect Peace."
1.30pm	NIGHT MANOEUVRES.	"The Day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended."
1.45pm	GUARD INSPECTION.	"Sleep on, beloved, sleep."

A cool room. Blinds nearly down, to keep out the sun. Motes dancing in a tray golden beam. The soft, deep glint of smooth polished oak. A carpet, quiet, remote, restful, almost invisible in its serene blending with the room, with the somnolence of a suburban afternoon. Comes dusk, the evening paper, a high heaped bowl of salad, crisp, fresh, green, gaily bedecked with the hard aggressive uncompromising white and friendly yellow of egg, and the rich, blushing, promising red of tomato. Nose, palate, respond to the irresistible tang of pickled onion. Rest, read. The fire glows red, great coals give of their stored heat. Springs of settee yield, yet support tired back, weary thighs, legs luxuriously outstretched. Melodious reminder from the clock, the most diffident of murmurs, "Your turn to take supper?". Tray with coffee, hot, strong, sweet. Coconut biscuits, and rich, juicy, solid fruit cake. A bath, Full, hot, soapy; long and deep. Time stands while grime, sweat, are found, banished. A bedroom. A double bed. Cool sheets turned invitingly down. Soft, plump pillows. And a firm plump woman. Charming, understanding, and willing. A woman whose gentle 'yes' is the sweetest sound a gunner ever heard, when he asks the question all soldiers are longing to ask: "Darling, may I have an uninterrupted night's sleep?"

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BALLAD OF THE SKELETON CREW (Cont'd)

Thus eight good men well loaded with stew,
 Not counting the other two)
 Survived for a day and a night on this feed;-
 While the bones into soup slowly brewed.
 Yet the time sure returned when the men grimly learned
 That one meal doesn't keep them forever,
 So they earmarked the next to be secretly axed
 And poor Alex was quite in a dither.
 They stalked him by night they watched him by day,
 While our 'Bomb-' was seen soon to totter,
 Miller a gunner quite clever said "Tis he now or never
 Or his carcass will yield scarce a trotter."
 So at midnight next day the next verse in my lay
 Records the sad exit of Billy;
 While the gunners sat there slowly stroking his hair
 And adorning his corpse with a lily.
 The gun crew they rested while he was digested,
 And George Hunter quite tearfully trembled.
 For the truth starkly leomed - he was certainly doomed
 To a fate which these others resembled.
 Ah! Flesh is flesh and meat is meat
 Whatever the world opines,
 For the tripe of a striper is richer and riper
 To a gunner who secretly dines.
 Yes, George was knifed (and departed this life)
 By the blade of one gunner named Carver,
 Eight mouths slowly watered as last striper was slaughtered,
 And Bill sadly doffed Balaclava!
 Ayo! Eight good men and true were we
 (A memory the other three)
 For food was all gone and our shanks growing long,
 While 'Parlette' pointed still - out to sea.
 The days turned to weeks while these gaunt, skinny freaks
 Ceased asking if Troop were food hoarders;
 Bill Junior came grim visaged yet sane
 And solemnly read Standing Orders.
 The truth at last dawned as Scott 'wooffed' and forewarned
 As to what was intended their fate.
 For in voice deep and low (scarce a twitch to his mo)
 He read "A SKELETON CREW OF EIGHT."
 Thus 'Vigilance' defined to our peace of mind
 We knew what at length was in store.
 The guns would be manned all over this land
 By the ghosts of all men now at war.



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 (Epilogue to this Poem will be published next Issue)



CHILI CON CARNE AND IRRITATED SPUDS.

"Hm. I would suggest you regulate your diet."

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THE BOOK OF NOMONDA.

And lo, there was trial and tribulation in those days, for the Children of Aitch Kew and other companies of the land of Wa Tom were smitten by a plague of insects which did well nigh devour them for their wickedness and for the oaths which were wont to come forth from their lips; from the highest even unto the lowliest they were not immune, and did not escape the plague, so that rather than become tranquil they did wax more profane.

Then one of their number did go unto one which is called Ar E-s En, a mighty man of valour and skilled in the arts of war, and did say, "Hearken unto me, O, Ar E-s En, for I say unto you that there will march into the ranks of Aitch Kew the Field Bakery." Then said Ar E-s En "Why sayest thou these things?" and the Prophet did say, "Verily I say unto you that these things are true, for are not the Captains of the host wearied by doing their seams?"

THUS SAITH NOMONDA.

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SOCIAL NOTES.

Rumour has it that King Solomon entertained thirty 'wives'. What we would like to know is where did he hide the 'summers' 270.

A certain Troop Commander cycled North the day the Nurses arrived. What did the early 'Boyd' catch this time?

A certain B.S.M. is sporting a Mo Soing as how us blokes is rationed with razor blades - its this schemozzle wot's got to stop. (Unless perhaps he has an illegitimate excuse)

A certain Major has now acquired a working knowledge of French..... Thinkoy - Vous ?

A D.F.C. winner in the New Years List is very busy with trips to Div H.Q. lately. He always seems to have engine trouble about two miles North of the border. Lt Costello is always willing to go to his assistance.

There is a Don R And he comes from Benhar- Where it is no one knows IT's a town we suppose, Or is it a small Maori Pak ?

Incidentally, why all this modesty with tent walls ? Or is it just modesty.

Motto for the week.
They also serve who only stand to and wait.

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On Thursday 22nd. Jan. when the boys of R.H.Q. were fairly distraught with the mosquitoes, there came, as if as a thunder in the distance, a low, humming, rasping and ominous rumble. Faces paled, teeth chattered; a calm spread over the usually noisy and busy area. Had the mosquitoes sent for reinforcements? Was this noise the warning of their distant approach? Even the Q.M. Staff woke up and took some interest in their fellows and surroundings. The R.S.M. gave his garden one hurried sprinkling with his Yankee bucket, and fled to the shelter of his over-worked couch. The Padre through some sacks over his supply of Vin Rouge, and Cantoo Bert put his Balaclava on back to front. The sound grew louder, stopped and commenced again. It came nearer. It came from behind the Gun Stores. The Officers discussed the position with concern. They sent a Gunner to investigate. The alert was over! The boys cheered. The padre took the sacks off and cracked one - by himself. The R.S.M. shouted - but just for a parade, and the Q.M. Staff went back to sleep - it was nice to have seen them. And Gasper's Genophone Band went on practicing!

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TAIL WAIL. OR. WAIL TALE.

All have learned of, though not soon
 The greatly vaunted pet latrine
 Of the Legendry Major Morris:
 'Tis naught compared with that of Hrace.

S nirming vainly in uncase
 He sought to cover up his Kias;
 But vain was it - they turned and saw
 204 Ganner in the raw -
 The Lord ignored all his pleas.

This obolisk is sturdy crate
 (Bare well its weight of human freight)
 On this one peered out to sea
 When in throes of dysentery
 As sitting on a Throne of State.

The fomes(that's French) had little notice
 Or none at all of the emotion
 That at that time was going on
 Inside that flustered fellow's cone;
 Being French they ogled him - not ocean.

One lonely Ganner sitting there
 (With rare joy sniffing the sea air)
 Was lost in thought - when hove in sight
 Three forms - in feminine garb bedight:
 He wopt - and offered up a prayer.

The fellow left - told Quartermaster
 (The tale drew him like mustard plaster).
 When mirth subsided, he saw screen
 Elected round free-pook latrine
 Preventing further bad disaster.

Si vous vouliez un bon mot
 No use trying, it's no go!
 Mais si vous voulez entendre plus
 See later issue, we'll give it you.

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SPORTS REVIEW: CRICKET MATCH, BETWEEN 150 (PRICKLY) AND 204 (CACTUS).
 (The first Challenge Match for the WICKSTEED -- MANDERS PHANTOM MEMORIAL CUP).

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 A quite an enjoyable afternoon was spent recently by the cricketers of this Area when Cactus challenged Prickly to a half day game. The day dawned clear and blue, not a cloud to be seen in the overcast sky. The pitch equalled only by LORDS was in perfect condition. Apart from a dozen ant hills rising 2 feet above sea level, the bowlers had an uninterrupted view of the batsman. Prickly 80 versus Cactus 68 was a most disappointing result as our official scorer committed the unpardonable sin of falling asleep after the fourth over thereby losing the game for Cactus.

Cactus took the field arrayed as per Official Orders: Full web, respirator, side arms, helmet steel, and rifle slung.

Prickly batted with even more attention to our National Dress: Full web, side arms (50 rds. ammo.), Waterbottle filled (Butterfly Run). Respirator slung, Helmet steel, and Iron Rations in course of consumption.

By mutual consent, rifles were not carried while running between the wickets.

It was a great day for the Pricklys who earned the unstinted admiration of the Cactus for the magnificent manner in which they snatched victory from the throes of defeat which will assuredly be their lot next time.....

Oh mother, New Caledonia's a wonderful land, with its Pupas, vivid scenery and silvery sand;
 The song of the mossies is heard thru' the night, and bed bugs and ants chew away with delight.

Our Colonel says that we cannot go home; That still further North we are destined to roam,

But oh Mother dear we would far rather be at the New Occidental down Old Lambton by

NEWS, VIEWS AND ABUSE FROM 202 BTY.

THESE DAYS OF MIRACLES! -- True Story from TWO-O-TWO-LAND.

The days of miracles are not past. For example on Sunday Jan. 10th there was a
some mild surprise in B Troop, 202 Bty. when two poached eggs per man was on the
breakfast menu. But that was no miracle, No Sir! That was merely nice work on the
part of the Q.M. Happy Jack - Bdr. Cook Andy KIRBY combination. Two poached eggs but
no bread! Bread was off. (Also due to NICE work on the part of the above combinatio
Still our 202 Gunners are used to meals without bread. They merely tightened their
belts and proceeded to Church Parade. And lo, it came to pass that the Padre led
them in the words "Give us this day our" and so to lunch. Now here comes
the miracle (New Caledonia version): They beheld leaves and fishes (Yes sir, canned
salmon) Their daily bread had been given.

N.B. For the convenience of other Q.M's and Bdr. Cooks this story can be
republished when they need a soft answer to turn away wrath.

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NURSERY RHYMES FOR 1943

Woo Hughie Chamberlain goes round the camp
Up the lines and down the lines - Isn't he a scamp?
Shouting out to wake the dead - You ought to hear him shout -
He shouts at 4.15 a.m. - "B Watch men - all out!"
.....

at Stand-to of course
to may rear himself hearso.
to's a Gun No.1 - and he never gets cross
sometimes called "Smithy"-
from his hair to his toes.
you can tell he's from England
there over he goes!

"Serge Jim Vivian
Have you any mail?"
"Yes Gunner, Yes Gunner
Three letters from Bourail.
One for a Sergeant
And one for a Cook
And none for a hundred men
So let 'em all go crook!!!"
.....

Bridger Bill went up the hill
With his Gun Team No. 1.
His Gunners of renown never let him down.
- So he'll have to stay their with his Gun!!
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GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN
202 Unofficial Casualty List.

The following is the strictly unofficial Casualty List of 202 Battery from
the start of the New Caledonian Campaign until Jan. 11th. :-

KILLED STONE DEAD:

- ORLOUGH, S.D. (Seven Days) Bumped off at Judgeford after nearly 3 months of
great expectations.
- BAVE Chris. Lost overboard on voyage to New Caledonia.
- DEEP I.N. Killed through falling out of bed in darkness at 4 a.m. when
Stand-to was called.
- MISSING (Believed done in by Div. HQ):-
- GER D.B. Missing since Jan. 1 - presumed as dead as a majoral.
- TA Y.T. Also missing since Jan. 1 - how came?
- OKES U.S. Missing since Dec. 10 - Believed Prisoner of War in Officers
Mess.
- TTER L.B.S. Missing since arrival in Noumea - believed A.W.L.
- IL N.Z. Missing since Xmas.

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OP PRESS: Received at late hour - Cryptogram Service. It is expected that this
giment will shortly be leaving New Caledonia for Burma. Bob Semple has obtained
contract for tar sealing the Burma Road and wants some good navvies for the job,
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THE SUPER-MAN.

There was a ship that sailed the sea
 The smallest ship you ever did see.
 It crept down the coast undercover of night
 And put the whole camp in a 'hell' of a fright;
 And in case this small ship should do us some harm
 The Head Man declared a state of alarm.
 And all the gunners were heard to enquire,
 "Is it typhoon, tornado, earthquake or fire?"

But it was only a ship that sailed the sea,
 The smallest ship you ever did see;
 Yet rumours came from far and near,
 "A million Japs have landed here."
 But this in turn was soon denied,
 For "Who ever said this has surely lied,"
 Said sergoant, looking white as a ghost,
 "The Japanese fleet is off the coast!"

But it was only a ship that sailed the sea,
 The smallest ship you ever did see;
 The Yankee airmen were ready to bomb
 When our brave Colonel came along.
 "Got ready to fire, my mon " he said,
 "WE'll pump yon ship till it's full of load."
 And taking the phone which was close by his side
 To the Airfield Commander he lustily cried.
 "Don't send your airforce into the sky,
 "I'LL sink it or shift it. I'm standing by."

(But when mornings light broke,
 Just between you and me,
 That tiny ship was still on the sea.)

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IT'S NOT CRICKET. The Dog Troop batman admit the loss of the Newton to the B.H.Q. team, (as was announced in a previous issue of this magazine) but wish to point out that they still have their versatile batman-Bealer, and furthermore, now that they have the divine (ins.) Weight on their side, the issue is no longer in doubt.

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Do you want pills or plaster, beer or baccy, or just a spot of conversation. All are available any hour of the day or night at the little State Home in the West, which will stand up to any Waddler and is guaranteed not to Burn.

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"NOT BEEN MANY ACCIDENTS LATELY, TIM?"

