

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