

THE 28th HEAVY NEWS.

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EDITORIAL.

"Three months Hard Labour."

In a 'sentence' the above heading sums up the story of the 28th Heavy A. A. Regt. since it embussed at Judgeford on Nov. 4. 42. Three months have passed by. The Regiment is now 'deep in the heart of New Caledonia' - just how deep it is everybody knows, especially those who dug pits for the guns and assorted holes for camp conveniences. We came, we saw, and we conquered all the difficulties that confront troops who set up camps in the bush. We survived weeks during which mail from N. Z. was 'posted missing'. We have demonstrated that, whereas mad dogs and Englishmen may merely go out in the noon-day sun, we of the 2nd NZEFIP go out on working parties during the hours sacred to the Natives for siesta. We have lost oceans of perspiration in order to erect mountains of sandbags, which bear comparison with the Pyramids and other blunders of the world. Hence the title: "Three months hard labour". Hence also the popularity of that unwritten song: "In X more months and Y more days I'll be out of the Cally News". (Note: X and Y are unknown quantities.) But they have been three harder months of labour for our brothers in the Middle East. We have moved a thousand miles north: they fought their way fifteen hundred miles west. Hard months also for all those countless folk who had a hand in the general offensive of the United Nations on all fronts, on land, sea and in the air. Even harder months for the folks at home to whom our letters (sometimes a long time getting there) were addressed. And now for the Fourth month? Perhaps it will be a harder month still. But we can take it.

BANKSIES BLOCKHOUSE.

We call it Banksies Blockhouse	'Tis neither square nor round nor
A thing of rugged majesty	oblong
Now I will tell you the story	It has no likeness on this
Of how this eyesore came to be.	earth
	Lets hope the time will never
With shovels of our Grand Dads	come
A hole to dig we went	For it to prove its worth.
Our picks were stone age relics	Its fronted up with sandbags
Very blunt and badly bent.	And cornered o'er with dirt
	Lets hope it holds together
We raved and cussed and sweated	Or someone will get hurt.
As we slaved in the noonday sun	
Through rock as hard as bloody flint	Now Bankshie was its creator
And clay like chewing gum.	He visualised the plan
	He organised its construction
At last the pit was finished	As only Bankshie can.
T'was deep and ten foot square	
From this the Blockhouse overflows	It has good ventilation
One look will Gray your hair.	Through a hole just one foot
	square
'Tis made of 3 inch timber	So no one justly can complain
Held firm with 2 inch nails	Of a scarcity of air.
With 12 X 3's as doorsteps	
And 6 X 9's as rails.	

Now when we leave this island
 We'll tack on it a plate
 Reading "You've seen the worlds seven wonders
 Now gaze upon the eighth.

At last it was erected
 And the landscape it did mar
 Someone said, is it finished
 And Bankshie murmured "YAH".

THE SERJEANTS' MESS.

As a gesture of gratitude to the Serjeants who thoughtfully assist them from wasting the best part of the day the men, headed by Signa. Owen the Rare bit from Wales, decided to erect a mess for the efficient senior N.C.O's and the R.S.M. So they set to in their Siesta hours and erected an establishment to be known as the Serjeants' and 'Wees' Mess. The crystal plate of the Regiment was brought into use and the gunners sacrificed their weekly issue of Chile Con Carne so that their Serjeants could indulge to the utmost. On the day of the opening the approaches were strewn with purple Nainjali flowers and by 1730 hours a Guard of Honour headed by Gnr Brown and Stevens and two Brigadiers flown specially from the Middle East stood smartly to attention under an arch decorated with a photo of Bamboo Lil, awaiting the coronial cutting of the blue ribbon. Their was a roar of applause from the gunners as the Serjeants marched down in slow time headed by the R.S.M. chanting mournfully " We don't want to leave you, but we, think we ought to go". On their arrival Gnr Taylor stopped smartly forward and with a few well chosen words presented the R.S.M. with a bottle of hair oil. The Serjeant Major made to reply; the tears rolled down his face and creaking with emotion, he replied, " Boys, I've had a wonderful time in the Q.M. Store but from now on I'll starve with the best of you". Tah

Then, One, Stop, Two, the Head Man drew his tin opener and with a cry of 'ONWARD, UBIQUE' he severed the ribbon and midst tumultous cheering from the gunners mess he entered followed by his disciples of discipline. Owing to the soup being served the Head Man's remarks were somewhat inaudible and as Sauerkraut and Vienna Sausage were the next the remainder of the remarks were unprintable. For some unknown reason the gunners counted up to ten, and the Head Man enquired of the R.S.M. the reason for this amazing mathematical outburst. He tactfully replied that they were counting the courses which the cooks had so lovingly prepared.

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BALLAD OF THE 'SKELETON CREW' A.D. 1999.

Oh! Bread is bread and jam is jam
 And wherever the two are found,
 Brave men staunch and true,
 Go out in the blue,
 Exploring and pottering round.
 There came to Omatom one Professor Strambon
 On the strength of a legend he'd heard-
 That in years long ago where soft trade winds blow
 The hearts of NZers had stirred.
 As he wandered afield in search of some yield
 To his strenuous endeavours bestowed
 He came to a tree where a sign he could see-
 'To gun pobby six fellow read'.
 The road led him up to the crest of a hill
 Whence a strange ghostly rattle came eerily
 So the Prof put a spurt on to form an opinion-
 Was he mad, or not quite ? (which is nearly).
 The sight he beheld was one which unnerved him:-
 A gun partly covered with growth.
 Though imbedded in rust 'twas discernable just
 Of what type it had been in its youth.
 But all thoughts of you gat (if it answered to that)
 Were smartly dispelled by the vision
 Of eight luminous forms long since eaten by worms
 Doing gun drill with perfect precision.

At night at at dawning let all heed this warning-
 Read literally all orders now
 They have fully decided (note the nations provided)
 To make us eight skeletons too.

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On the occasion of future alerts 203 Battery wish to suggest to the R.S.M. that Hyde Park might be better off if Plymouth Hoe tactics are adopted.



THE HOUSE THAT MAC BUILT.

There is one in this Regiment,
Who scorns the service I.P. tent,
And seeks to climb out of the rut
By living in a native hut.

Oh, not for him the canvas roof
He much prefers to stay aloof,
And like his Scottish ancestry
Abide in spacious dignity.

So with the help of 'maiders' dank,
An interpreter and tons of bark,
His vanity he did suffice
By building him this edifice.

Now in this haven he resides,
And entertains his guests besides,
With comfort to precise degree
Befitting his new Captaincy.

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THE BOOK OF NOWONDA.

And it came to pass in these days that there was one of their number in Ack Ack which was one of their Captains, who, wishing to emulate the fowls of the air did get himself a machine, and did spread the wings thereof over the host, so that they did marvel greatly, saying, "Verily, is our Captain like unto a demon for did he not cross the sea with us, and is not his driving like unto Jehu, the Son of Nimshi for he surely driveth furiously? And, lo, now he has conquered the air and does fly even as the birds." And whennike had shown them his prowess he did descend and did come amongst them saying, "Bring unto me the Best of Ack Ack, for I would harangue them." Then came the host, by divers routes and roads, and they did come from afar, toiling up the hills from the coaks even un to him which was went to look after the dung and offal, and they did climb the hill, sweating, to hear the word of the great one. And he spake saying:- "O, masters of a million fleas, O lowly portion of gags offal, base offspring of camels and oxen. Hearken, for it is I, your Major, which speaketh, I of Field Rank - Verily I am of rank even unto Heaven! (This is a free translation, the author probably meant 'I rank even as high as Heaven'- Note) I did spy from thence many roads which should not be. See that they are removed straightway."

And they departed sorrowing.

Recently a "News" Representative on a visit to BOURAIL had the pleasure of being shown round the Base Post Office by the Officer I/O Postal Unit, and was most surprised by the arrangements obtaining for the expeditious handling of mail. In the course of an interview the Officer gave some interesting details concerning the nature of the service the Unit provides.

During the month, 21 separate mails were despatched containing approx 146,000 letters, while 18 separate mails containing 148,000 letters were received. In the same period 326 bags of newspapers and packets 1143 bags containing 13,633 parcels were also distributed to Units.

Expeditionary force of E.F.M. telegrams may be lodged only at the New Caledonia Post Office, NOUMEA, for transmission to FRENCH N.Z. The charge is 60 cents per message which may contain up to three standard texts. While letters are being received at regular and frequent intervals parcels are subject to some delay, and your correspondent can assure readers that although this delay sometime appears excessive, it is unavoidable. A visit to the Base Post Office shows that the boliff previously held, that it is a storehouse for undelivered correspondence, is erroneous. The system of disposal is designed to prevent accumulation and the motto of the Postal Unit is "Get it in" "Get it out to Units". Parcels should be well packed and should not contain prohibited articles. Contents should be stated on the cover of parcels. The following are some of the reasons why specific items are prohibited from transmission to nz by post - Specimens of coral rock; If allowed, and all members of the Division posted 7-lbs weight, it would throw the system out of balance. Specimens of fruit, flowers and seeds; If allowed they would be subject to decay and possible introduction of pests into NZ. Sea Shells; unless contents were removed they would be subject to putrefaction and an examination of all parcels is not possible. Soiled and worn clothing; If allowed may lead to transmission of communicable disease.

WORKSHOPS WISDOM

In the trees of a million mosquitoes
Is where this story starts
To tell you a tale that should never fail
While we mend the broken parts.

'Tis a waste of good time to grizzle and whine,
But this we'll day by cripes,
Give credit from where credit's due
And not only to those with stripes.

So while I'm writing I'll just begin
With Sgt. Rhodes and his bright "Fall In"
(I'm sure he'll forgive this little pun,
As he knows the boys must have their fun.
When parade is ended and nothing's amiss,
Says Sgt. Brown "To your jobs dinnies".

Alphabetical order commands the day
As we have no "A's" we'll start with Bray
We see no reason to call him Donk
Especially now without hair on his conk.
He's down as one of our driving staff
Tradesmen are pleased on account of his laugh

Under this letter there's Baty too
Who unlike Donk & his partner Stow
Comes from the coast and not the Zoo
He thinks he's a tradesman as around he struts
But all he's good for is tightening nuts.
(To be continued)

SOCIAL NOTES

With deep regret we announce the loss of Wolf Cub Lawson. A scrap of paper announced that he will now come under the Sergeant Major's thumb. In short his Family's in trouble and he's in the Army. It is rumoured that the remaining two cubs will appeal against this hard verdict on compassionate grounds.

Thematutinal harmony dispensed by the quiet tent will be sadly impaired by the departure of Cub Lawson to that Stern Task Master The Army.

Crowds of determined Gunners frustrated in their 'affaires' with local shop keepers and etc. will shortly s.ake their thirst for knowledge of th Gaelic tongue at the Fountains to be set up at RHQ. We are asked to contradict a rumour that a certain Major refused to conduct French classes on the grounds that his knowledge was too advanced.

THE ALARM

From their sleep the Gainers wake
To hear the wail the gang deth make
With muttered curse, both loud and strong
Out on their feet they fall headlong,
Skirts on. "BLAST" MY HEADS IN THE SLEEVE"
Pants on the hasty fingers wave
Tight laced new boots are the next they don
And many with fear are doing their second

Mr. Winter, well known to the men
of 202 has altered his address, having
moved across the road from BHQ. TO the
so called "LOG CABIN" which does duty
for "B" Tp. HQs, thus demonstrating in
reverse the "From Log Cabin to Waste
House". It is understood that Mr. Winter
den is happy in his work and has no com-
plaints about the enthusiasm of the
"B" Troop Gainers.

To the guns with floating feet they lap
Eager to face the yell w Jap,
One! Two! Three! Four! "Ready for Action"
Same prepared by the powder faction
Instruments ready with hands alert,
'Mag On' from the L.M.G. so peck
What can we fear with crews at their post
Ready to fall without any boast.

For eight hours of turmoil long and dark,
To greet the dawn with the morning lark,
The Gainers stand like little heroes,
Waiting to down a score of Zeros
But daylight shows nothing but empty space,
Dagast is apparent in every face,
So once more back through the mud they slink
Saying henceforth all warnings stink.

LOST? STOLEN OR STRAYED

From "B"tp. "202 Bty. on or about FEB. 1
Lt. J. W. ... with baggage branded "Gains"
believed stolen by BHQ. and ... into
a ... job. ... rewarded on return-
ing same to ... part broken O...
... wanted urgently for "Stand T" in
... infested area at awkward hours

METEOROLOGICAL NOTES

A heavy shower of stripes fell on "B" Tp.
lately. For instance ex Gainer Bill Clavis
is now wearing three stripes and the
worried look of a G.P.O.A. He has the
privilege of calling out "A Watch! Feet on the
floor" and disturbing the rest of the
whole camp.

Jerry Gibb, former one stripe and
our youthful genius of the Predicto-
r has bloomed out into SGT. GIBB and
who knows but he carries the baton of
the future Field Marshal Gibb
in his kit bag.

Ex L/BDR. Jack Rolfe, well known to all veterans
of the battle of Judgeford Gun Park, is
another now three stripe. Old hands may still
address him as "Jack" but don't forget
-"Sgt. Rolfe" to you.

and there is now SGT. Doug. Calver
of the "B" Watch giving his Pred-
-ictor crew "Detachment's Rear" in
place of the late L/BDR. D.C.
So far his CURLY-CABLE Moustache
remains as previously.

Bert Otto - You remember him as a boisterous
BDR. in 1942 - is now a dignified SGT.
Incidentally Bert. - that is SGT. O.T.O. is O.C.
of the famous No. 3 Gun Detachment.

But you should see our this
years crop of Debutante NCOs who have
busy sewing single stripes on their
sleeves (see next issue)

ITS THE "OIL"

There's a breathless hush in the Mess
tonight
The latest news of the War has come
Turkey's decided to enter the fight
and the Russians against the Japs
have begun
But it's not from the hall of the BBC.
Or the National Networks of Uncle Sam
IT'S the voice of rumour - insidiously
by courtesy of the Cryptogram.

Cause it had to be sent by Cryptogram.
and now as we are gathered for our
breakfast feast
The Prince - the Wapper - the OIL has
its turn
We're off within two weeks - to the
Middle East
But first to M.E. we're going to return
He had it this morning from the Water-
man.

The work on the Guns goes suddenly dead
As the word of news comes
mysteriously in
"CAPITULATION" "ULTIMATUM TO GEMMY"
"READ THOUSANDS OF PLANES TO DROP BOMBS
ON BERLIN"

The REAL end of the war must be surely
in sight
We had it Official--by late CRYPTOGRAM.

Had the've have only given twenty four
hours!
"Or else we begin the final Grand Slam."
This message - it has been sent with
flowers

Keen sports followers had a good afternoon's entertainment when the 203 C and D Troop boys battled it out on that ruinous and world renowned pitch at Hyde Park. The pitch was a real ball of fire and many a batsman cast a nervous eye at the mountains of dirt and sand placed in ruts with exquisite care by the R. S. M., while bowlers with ominous twinkles in their eyes were 'rarin' to do their stuff. C Troop, captained by Jack Duffy, on winning the toss didn't think twice about sending "DOG" Troop to the wickets, while the opposing skipper 2/Lt. Donald sarcastically remarked, "You know the wicket might out up, rough". The opposing batsmen suffering no doubt from lack of practice and too much dinner, proved that they were just as good at walking away from the wicket as to it, thanks to the good bowling by Thrush, who in this case was a really bad sort of bird, resulting in a couple of eggs and a total of sixteen runs for four wickets. At this stage the play was interrupted by a heavy downpour in the form of Major Beechey, who, taking the ball like a veteran astounded the boys by hitting the stumps, two out of three times. (It may be indiscreet to mention that there was no batsman at the other end). The downpour proved to last shorter than expected and "Dog" Troop resumed their innings. The mighty bat that the skipper wielded showed that "Donalds" are not always "ducks" as he ran up a score of 43 and the total to 73. "Charlie" Troop fared worse than their opponents, their procession to and from the wicket putting "Dog" to shame, though the "Blight" that chased them out apparently felt no sympathy and there were no "Alms for Arms", who dismissed a renowned opponent in Jack Duffy-- "These bowlers were assisted to a certain extent by the good work of Badland (it certainly was for the batsmen) and Boyd". Not one of "C" Troop's batsmen was able to cope with the bowling and found themselves in a precarious position with 8 for 23. D Troop were in high spirits when a "Dog Roger" arrived in a cloud of smoke or dust (We could not be sure whether the man was carrying the bike or the bike the man). However when the dust finally settled we saw the biblical twins (the disentangled man Kain and the bike Able (but only just). He brought news of a general alarm and in this case as our Donald was neither a Duck or a Drake play had to be adjourned. Printed and published without care or responsibility by the Editors Paddy Murray and Sgt. Lord at their Office Niccoli Chambers.

