

THE ALARM

From their sleep the Gainers wake
To hear the wail the gang doth 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 weave
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
is happy in his work and has no com-
plaints about the enthusiasm of the
"B" Troop Gainers.

To the guns with flouting feet they lap
Eager to face the yell w Jap,
One! Two! Three! Four! "Ready for Action"
Arms 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.
Ex L/BDR. Jack Rolfe, well known to all veterans
of the battle of Judgeford Gun Park, is
another now three striped. Old hands may still
address him as "Jack" but don't forget
-"Sgt. Rolfe" to you.
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.

Jerry Gibb, former one striped and
our youthful genius of the Predictor
has bloomed out into SGT. GIBB and
who knows but he carries the baton of
the future Field Marshal Gibb
in his kit bag.
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 CHIRICABLE Moustache
remains as previously.
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.
The work on the Guns goes suddenly dead
As the word of news comes
mysteriously in
"CAPITULATION" "ULTIMATUM TO GEMMELY"
"READ THOUSANDS OF PLANES TO DROP BOMBS
ON BERLIN"
"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

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