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An old couplet runs, "Two men looked through the prison bars,  
One saw the mud; the other saw the stars."  
There is something apposite in that to us. Unless we give our-  
selves a mental shake, we shall soon sink into the apathetic  
misery of the first man. The stars are there. Nicotian trees  
have a drab sameness about them, but as the eye riding sun goes  
down a brief blaze of glory gives them a beauty all their own.  
Mosquitoes irritate, bring lumps, cause exasperated profanity;  
but they don't carry malaria in this country. Dysentery, what-  
ever the ribald remarks of others may be, is no joke: but here,  
there is neither "yellow jack" nor blackwater fever. Old Bill's  
remark about "oles" comes to mind. We do know of a "batter 'ole",  
but that is at the end of the job we have in hand and at the  
moment. In the meantime there are worse 'oles. Plenty worse.  
Before the job is completed we shall probably see some. "So  
what?" you say. Are we to pour out ecstatic praise of this  
delectable piece of Pacific isle we have been vouchsafed. Suit  
yourself. But don't forget, it has its points. Your feet don't  
crunch on the ice as you stand in the gun pit waiting for dawn  
to break: your fingers don't freeze as you plug in on your switch  
board, doing telephone duty at two in the mystic hour. It's hot  
enough, but there's a breeze at midday, and there's no need for  
lashings of clothes. Even with the help (strictly unofficial) of  
our allies, it's still more comfortable in bed with Mum. Even when  
the cock is in a good humour it's not quite the tea that Mum  
makes. Incidentally Mum has her off days, and you don't appreciate  
a back log until you've lost it. Well, Whatthe Hell as our friends  
say. Are you man or mouse?

Look on the bright side occasionally. You are  
in a foreign country, seeing things and people and having experiences  
that but for the war would never have come your way. You are see-  
ing a little of how the other half of the world lives. The corners  
are being knocked off and you are learning something of the other  
fellows' point of view. There are other ways besides your own.  
The view from your back porch is not the only one. There are mill-  
ions of other pebbles on the beach. After the first shock, if you  
are any sort of a man at all, it will do you good, if not well,

Remember:-

"It's easy enough to be pleasant,  
When life goes by like a song:  
But the man worth while,  
Is the man who can smile  
When everything goes dead wrong.  
When the whole blame world seems gone to pot,  
And business on the bum,  
A lifted chin,  
And a two-cent grin  
Help some my boy  
Help some!

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UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS (UNRECEIVED)

WHAT MEN OF IMPORTANCE THINK ABOUT 28th. HEAVY NEWS.

From the H on. the Prime Minister: Yesterday I read your Heavy  
News. Since then I have read no other. I have been too busy count-  
ing up the income tax collection to see if there is enough money  
in the treasury to increase the free smokes and beer issue from  
small men's size to X.O.S. size. Your loving Uncle, Pete.

From the Minister of Defence: Send me more copies of 28th. News.  
Glad to see all men of NZEF IP are happy in their work. Tell  
me if you are getting too much beer, ice-cream, leave or Prime  
N.Z. lamb. (signed) JONES.

From the Minister of Railways. You won't want me now that you  
have seen Joe. E. Brown. (signed) B---- Bob.

IT WASN'T CRICKET.

Great interest was displayed in a cricket match played recently at Hyde Park between Sigs. Section and R.H.Q. Some brilliant batting was witnessed particularly before the match commenced when all were having a trial bat and bowl. At this stage Sigm. Owen distinguished himself at fielding by gamely stopping one with his head. Both the ball and Taffy stopped but fortunately only the ball was slightly dented. Du Chateau talked himself into being captain of R.H.Q. on the strength of his Wellington experience and the Aucklanders after inspecting the wicket considered the decision wise. Bowrie was the skipper of the Sigs. but made the initial mistake of losing the toss, which had a depressing effect on the morale of his team. Major Morris considered himself much more useful as official scorer than as a player and certainly made a few runs for his team in that capacity. Lieut. Garnor volunteered to umpire but like most messages received from Sigs. Section, his signalling of decisions was rather difficult to interpret. One of the bright spots of the play was the batting of Dr. Lough whose stroke making was as erratic as his diagnosis. His cutting and slicing were excellent. All thought he had played the game as-pro. During R.H.Q.'s innings the ball was lost and Major Morris convened a Court of Enquiry on the spot but the ball was found by a Kanaka while the court was sitting and rather upset the findings. McPherson for Sigs. played like a good Scotchman and gave nothing away. Eventually Jarvis sent down a joke of a ball and Mc. couldn't see it. Exit Mc. The final scores were R.H.Q. 94, Sigs. 34.

THE DREAM OF A COMMON GUNNER.

I fell asleep and dreamt a dream  
Of camp as it had never been.  
Arriving at Noumea, I,  
A Rolls-Royce car did first espy.  
The chauffeur raised his cap at me  
And on his shoulder I could see  
A mighty crown with pip below,  
And 'neath his nose a well-  
trained mo.

Smartly together his heels did  
click,  
Down he knelt my boots to lick.  
"My Lord" he cried and meekly bowed  
A vision of man completely cowed;  
"No doubt you wonder what I'm about  
But R.O.'s rule saluting's out;  
And watching this amazing thing  
It dawned on me that I was King.

He said "Please seat yourself  
at leisure,  
The camp awaits your Lordship's  
pleasure."  
But many a camp before I'd seen,  
And so I said "Look here old bean,  
When we arrive at this camping  
place  
Will it abound with scenic grace?  
Will it be full of right good  
cheer,  
Laughter, girls and plenty of beer?

The re's e everything to suit you  
Sir,"  
My able chauffeur then did purr;  
"A butler gay, a Valet merry,  
A maid and private secretary;  
The latter just to answer "phone  
And tell folks that you're not at  
home;  
And every morning when you rise  
Whisky and soda greets your eyes."

"To add, my Lord, to your delight  
Pictures and dancing every night.  
Luscious meals three times a day  
Served by beauties in negligee.  
Burgundy wine and fat cigars  
Ice cream sodas and chocolate bars.  
A wide variety of sports,  
From tidalwinks to tennis courts."

"Lead on, MacDuff" I shouted loud  
Lead on, old fruit, I am no coward;  
Until my optics feast their sight  
Upon this haven, rich and bright.  
At last I've found my ideal war,  
The war I joined the Army for."  
And so with heartbeats all a  
flutter

I bade him, "Take the engine  
stutter."

"The engine's cold," my ~~MANAGER~~  
driver said,  
And walked up to the engine  
head

"One moment, Sir" I heard him say,  
"I'll crank it or bust it, I'm  
stanning by."

I watched, he wound, and then a  
bang

On local church spire, next I  
hang.

The spire it breaks, I'm falling  
fast.

I'm out of bed. The dream has  
~~passed.~~

Oh! What a dream. I gave a sigh.  
Must ants and bugs in dust I  
lie.

Mosquitoes dive from every side.  
Their stinging nettles pierce my hide  
Luscious meals. Don't make me laugh,  
Even "hill" on "come is reduced by  
half,

I sleep. I curse. Will the hills get me?  
For this, my friends, is Reality.



THE BLACK WIDOW

CAMP

For Gearsake! Where's that smoke tin.

THE BOOK OF NOWONDA

And it came to pass in the land of Wa Tom that there was war of a most bitter nature between the archives of the host, even the scribes, and the Alchemists and medicine men of Ar-ay-poo so that the one would call unto the other, and when he was answered, would give forth the vilest and foulest oaths in reply. Also, a scribe would go unto a medicine man and say "O medicine man-mine arm doth hurt when I do waggle it." Then the alchemist would reply "Whyfore then waggest thou thine arm, O scribe. Behold thou art cured." And the war did continue notwithstanding-Then the High Priest, a man of God, and an holy and devout man withal did call unto him "Nowonda-he of the mighty brain, and a scholar, and did say "Verily is the pen mightier than the sword; see therefore if thou canst make peace, and if thou art successful, next week, perchance, if thou writest of Hitler there will be peace for many years."

Thus trieth Nowonda to make peace between the archives and the alchemists.

Social Notes.

"Dog" Troop 203 have remarked upon the changed nomenclature from "Do" to "Dog," but they do not wonder.

"It's quite all right" I heard a gunner remark the other day "they feed us like swine, we are guarded like sheep, we work like horses, they treat us like dogs - Why, we even have a Veterinary Surgeon as a medical orderly!"

Other personnel in the Regt. who are this on top ~~to~~ ~~inspired~~ of learning, the technique apparently employed by Commander Reg. Anderson of transplanting the crown from the upper lip;

MUSIC BATH QUALMS - Sgt. Gosper was recently asked by a local friend as to what he intends to do with his piano-acordian when he goes to the war.

ON THE SECRET LIST; It is rumoured around Camp that the I.C. has discovered something startling at La Foa. Reports so far indicate that Mata Hari has been eclipsed. We wish to assure all Troops that the I.C. is hot on the trail and is making rapid advances..

We have all at some time stopped to watch in amazement the doggedly persistent efforts of the tireless ant as he struggles manfully along with a large piece of leaf, the hind leg of a grasshopper, a dead spider, or some other burden quite ridiculously disproportionate to his own size. Few of us realize, however, that these little fellows are members of a community living in a state of civilization second only to our own, each individual carrying out his task according to a prearranged, carefully organized plan. Unlike the other creatures who blindly follow instinct, his plan of living varies according to the conditions obtaining, and may be altered or amended to meet unforeseen eventualities. Could we but explain his many storied home we would find a labyrinth of passages connecting living quarters, storerooms, workrooms, nurseries, latrines, and even a cemetery. In her chamber the female lives in ease and luxury, fed, washed and brushed by the devoted workers. In her virgin youth she boasted a pair of wings, but on returning from her sole nuptial flight, she shed them before burrowing into the ground, where, working to exhaustion, alone and without food, she laid her eggs and prepared the nest which was to be a home for her expected progeny and the foundation of a new colony. The half dozen males, also winged, who flew with her during her one brief glimpse of the sun, fell to the ground to die after their moment of ecstasy. In the nurseries we would see the eggs, nymphs and larvae, arranged, usually from the lower stories upwards, in order of their development, tended, washed and massaged by the workers and treated in some mysterious way to predetermine their sex according to the needs of the colony. The little wingless fellow whose activities we observe with amusement or concern according to the ownership of the booty he pilfers, in the sexless worker, toiling ceaselessly for the common weal, without reward, except for the pleasure he very plainly demonstrates as he feeds his fellows from the abdominal bag, in which, quite separate from his own digestive organs, he stores food for the purpose. Often, returning from a successful expedition with his communal bag distended to capacity, he is met and caressed in turn by several hungry workers, often not of his own colony or even his own species, but he gives liberally to each, until, with empty belly, he must perforce turn in his tracks and search again for spoil. Such an example of altruism and communal spirit might well be studied with profit by many of us, who, in our supreme egotism, claim superiority over all living things.

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WORKSHOP WISDOM (cont'd)

Now in the Cs. (a corporal, of course)  
 Is a lad whose speech would outpace a horse.  
 And in this last our O.C. too,  
 Who believes in keeping his shadow in view.  
 That being all there are in the Cs,  
 Let's skip a row and get down to the S's,  
 And as you may have already guessed,  
 We find none other than Lacey (the post).  
 His orders are many, tis sad he's canny,  
 Buy what of his pining for Bamboo Anne.  
 Our Geoff. was striving for Kmas. cheer  
 Found meagre response from one bottle of beer.  
 And the trips were many he made to his tent  
 To slyly partake of his eighty per cent  
 There's Reid and Rebb and Miss Robertson too  
 Who's trying to work as the fair sex do.  
 She hammers and thumps on her little typewriter,  
 And we must admit she is getting slighter.  
 In the S's we have one Swinburne Tex  
 At knitting he rivals the opposite sex;  
 And in the T's there's Topless George  
 Who stands with Taylor in front of the forge;  
 He's going to charge a reasonable fee  
 To all the b---s who bludge our tea.  
 There's more I could tell about one Trowack  
 Who helped to toss fair maid in the creek.  
 But here I must end my little verse before the stories  
 Get worse and worse.

NEWS, VIEWS AND ADVICE FROM 202 BIV.Song of the Plains (de Gaijoe)SURE TO RISE.

This is a tale of the great 202  
Of the 28th. Heavy Ack Ack  
And some of the members of this  
gallant crew  
In their jungle abode way outback.

Our Troop Commander whose name is  
Reveiro  
Is known to the fellows as Pop;  
He thought that his age had us  
beaten by years  
Till he found Barber Bell was on top.

And then there is Wilson  
The lad with the "specks"  
I'll whisper "His first name is Trevor  
He loves to play round with trucks  
that are wrecks  
And thinks himself frightfully clever.

The other one-pipper is called Archibald  
Agreat ladies' man it is said  
But it's not by that name they he's usually  
called  
But Blacy or Archie or Rod.

There's five b---Sergeants in our little troop  
But nobody really knows why.  
You never will please this select little group  
No matter how hard you may try.

Jack Bager's a sheik, a real ladies man,  
And it's rumoured that up at Pouembout  
A classy young female took one look and ran,  
But Bager's a good runner too.

Now Sam McIntyre with his silly moustache  
Gets hundreds of letters from Pat  
But I'M sure that she would'nt be nearly  
so rash  
If she knew what we know of the rat.

Our dear Jerry Warner oft causes much fun,  
His tent-mates all call him "maggie"  
If you once listen in to No. 4 Gun  
You'll soon hear a good reason why.

Our sports champ., Snow Baker has gone pretty  
bald,  
(But don't let that fool you one minute),  
As he's way down the track fore the starter  
has called  
He's a stone b---moral to win it.

Now Reggie, the Upton is last of the crowd,  
He's Sergeant of No. 3 Gun;  
What we know about him might not be allowed,  
So we'll just pass him by then, for fun.

One habit however all sergeants have got:  
In fact it's their special intrigue,  
If they enter your tent when you're stretched  
on your cot  
You can bet it's enother fatigue.

But what about gunners you say in alarm? No  
But the poor hard worked gunner can do us no harm,  
So there's nothing to write about-see?

Dedicated to this years  
crop of debutante NCOs  
who have been busy sawing  
stripes on their shirt  
sleeves:

George Simmons,  
Hess Geraghty, Doug,  
Murray, and Andy Kirby.  
To these we bid a sad  
farewell as they leave  
the ranks of happy gun-  
ners, and wish them bon  
voyage to the realms of  
Pips and Crowns.

Vic. McGarry, our  
new Bombadier and all suc-  
cess to his coming book  
"Risen from the Ranks"

Iev. Sherwood and  
Jock Goldcutt, height and  
range experts. May they  
rise to greater heights;  
that is not outside the  
range of possibilities.

These other NCOs  
who have had

their ranks made subs-  
tentive. They got  
their promotion this  
side of the ocean.  
Thus do even the best  
of men have greatest  
thrust upon them.

TO SWIM OR NOT TO SWIM?

That is the question  
when some loud mouthed  
sergeant roars, "All out  
for a swim". Our Battery  
combines the two sports  
of Dirt Track Racing (in  
army trucks) and all-in  
wrestling, in the water  
(in the nude) under the  
title of swim parades.

What a pity our swim-  
ming hole is not near-  
er our camps.

GO NORTH YOUNG MAN.

Small parties from our  
unit have been enjoying  
trips to a rest camp  
where such plagues as  
"stand to, brigadiere,  
false alarms" are as  
scarce as icebergs in  
the tropics. The trip  
lasts only four days  
and it will be six  
months before the next.

verses of you and of me?  
BUT WHO WANTS TO  
STAY HERE SIX MONTHS?

Some Definitions.

- The Major morning; : A pair of green ~~series~~ standing in the doorway of a tent an hour or so after ~~retire~~
- Evening : Someone's digest or other reading matter ~~up~~ up under a mosquito net.
- " 21/2 Day : A cloud of smoke issuing from a brown tent.
- Evening : A driver in the back seat of a ~~car~~ ~~engine~~.
- " I.C. : Two long legs and a receptacle for candy.
- An orderly room subaltern; : A rubber stamp, a pile of waste paper and a large hat.
- A troop Officer : A lot of silly questions on the telephone.
- A Sgt-major : A little flour, a little salt, a little sugar, a little milk and a little rising. A hot oven but don't forget the rising.
- An orderly room clerk : An empty desk and an ash tray full of cigarette butts.
- A driver : One of the larger shareholders in the American ~~Company~~.
- A cook : A tin opener and a bucket of water.
- The ~~...~~ : An I.P.P. tent and a conglomeration and a voice. "No I haven't got it. Anyway it will be a kit deficiency."
- The gunner : He's the bloke who owns the thing, incidentally he's the bloke who does all the work around the place. He reads with one eye on the book and one on the brown tent.

The Cook's Mess

They sweated and they laboured,  
 To build themselves a mess,  
 Wherein to write a letter,  
 Or play a game of chess.  
 To provide some little comfort  
 For their weary, broken frames,  
 And protect them from the elements,  
 The tropic sun and rains.

Now they wander round the forests  
 Looking vague, crazy, lost,  
 As motly crew of vagabonds  
 As ever I have crossed.  
 For in proper Army fashion,  
 Some self-centred hounds  
 Have gone and put the gunner's mess  
 Out of bloody bounds.

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 Pearce Murray and Sgt. Lord at their Office in Picouli ~~Charters~~

"What the ~~!!K???~~ #x3!! do you mean by not saluting!"

