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EDITORIAL: SEGURITY.

March 12 '43.

When this war is over much will be written about it. Theories will be advanced to prove how we won it and at what cost. Figures will be tabulated and analysed to show the comparative strength in men and materials on each side. One thing in particular will be atadied and quoted - casual-ties. It will be possible to determine what casualties occurred to civiliars, what casualties to soldiers, what casualties were due to sickness and how many men died in the field or died of wounds and so forth. There will, however, be one cause greater than all others to which casualities will have been due. At the same time it will be quite impossible to determine how great the number due to that cause will have been due. That cause will be lack of "Security"

Properly used by the enemy, one round from a Field Arty gun may

cause a number of casualties to our side, perhaps ten or more. Improperly used by one of ourselves a few words spoken, or written in a letter home, used by one of curselves a few words spoken, or written in a letter home, may cause hundreds of casualties. How many ships have been sunk and crews and equipment lost by careless words? No one will know. How many easualties have resulted from the non-arrival of that equipment? No one will ever know that either. But these are just the obvious and well quoted cases. Everybody in the Army knows semething that would be of value to the enemy, and which, if the enemy knew it, he could use to our disadvantage. We can rest assured that the enemy does endoavour by devious means to know as much about us and what we propose to do as he can. This then puts everyone in the Army in a position of trust. A position which requires that we take every care to avoid letting any outsider whatsoever know anything about our organisation, our equipment or our plans. Let us not betray that trust. Let us understand and observe the principles of "SECURITY".

SONG OF A SCONE.

A whistle blows in the early morn, Shortly after the break of dawn, Feet on the floor, hit the deck, Does he think we're a god-dammed wreckMy mind grovs old, and soft, and dank.

I never argue when I'm right, Because I glory in my might, Beneath the shadow of my rank,

REFRAIN: Don't do your scone, Or believe you me, On the mat you'll be.

Snooping round from tent to tent, Proving the theory of ape descent, Left foot inches twelve apart, Didn't you hear what I bloody well said? Yelling voice that makes you

Why in the hell are you still in bed? In the future lads there'll be check

parades Then you'll see of wet I'm made, Correct reply you'll make you see I've washed my ears so answer me.

A certain phrase is out of bounds, My ears can't stand its dulcet sounds, Alas for friends who've gone before, Believe you me I'm out of luck, When my echoes run amok.

I toot my whistle without thought For Routine Orders - and get caught.

I specialise in Mess Parade,

I put all others quite to shade,

Aint this old schamozzling great. Why not wear a moustathe straight?

One night upon my couch I lay, But gunners soon began to play, My bed went up and I went down My speech next morning won renown.

Farewell to words we'll hear no more Now to gunner and to rookie The humble scone becomes a cookie.

We regret that in the process of reproduction the theme of the sketches on page three remains rather obscure. For your enlightenment CORRIGENDA:

the caption reads "A Day in the Life of a Mosquito."

In the poem "New Caledonia Blues":
Verse 2 Line 4 - After "battle" - Insert "fronts".

Verse 4 Line 1 - After "married" - Insert "man". Verse 4 Line 4 - After "him" - delete "the",

Verse 5 Line 8 - After "blackest" insert "cloud".

Despite showery weather, the organisers of the Sports Meeting scheduled to take place at Boulouparis said "On with the show." so parties from RHQ, 203, and 208 made the trip and had a great day. Representatives from nine writs took part and the tarck had been well prepared by the . A. "Icka Toy. In pleasant contrast to the majority of Army events the entire meeting was well organised. Oradit for our ability to finish the contest in third position must go to the following performers: "Dutchy" Middleton winner of the long jump, deed-heat for first in the high jump and second in the hop, step and jump. Good jumping "Dutch". (Incidentally the foresight of the organizers in having a spare cross bar was appreciated by all and brought a round of applause from the awazed spectators.) Sgt. Fox was also at home in the pit to finish second in the long jump and third in the hop step. Less Little fought on gazely for third in the 880 yards while haplin was third in his heat of the 220 yds. Hansen, handling his Army 'recial like a second Opperman won a popular victory in the Orderly Room Clerk's bicycle race, and 2/bt. Milne threw his weight around in excellent tyle for second in the shot Put. But our supreme triumph lay with the sem's tug-o-war team which remained unaffected by the Drawn of All Black 'illiken and the. Battalion's Fadre as opposing anchors, and heaved their way to victory. (They also scored the R.S. M. a ride home in the Colon-less can deep the haves say the showed real form in des. and 220 yds; Wayman of Christelmron (Rest.) Winner of the 100 kinner (Batalion) winner of the foo kinner of the several events, all deserve mention. 203, and 208 made the trip and had a great day. Representatives from nine

THOUGHTS ON PARADISE ISLE.

There's a coral reef that stretches ound the outskirts of the shore this island where we're stationed, it seems for evermore.

here are rugged hills a-towering ill they melt into the air; hey are full of nature's treasures, at the soldier doesn't care.

The miaouli trees are phantoms with their whitish cardboard bark, and we miss the peaceful twilight that should come before the dark.

There are untold hoards of insects To be seen on every hand, And a sense of dirt and squalour Seems to permeate the land.

There are herds of cattle grazing Where the grass is not too dry, And the horses too are creatures Which will take the farmer's eye.

There are many thousand natives, And the Frenchman lives here too, so to them we say "You keep it, The land belongs to you."

There are many much worse places In the world we have no doubt, But most of us have no desire To go and try them out.

THE HUMOURIST. (204)

men who wields this humble pen one's many a night awake, ing at the incidents logged for humour's sake. for a start, the other night

n someone took a hat,

and smeared lamp black around the band-Shaking peaches from their pants
you've got to laugh at that.

The dinners fell into their laps,

As gunners stretched out flat

You've got to laugh at that.

One of the lads a brainwave had, He'd shave off all his hair; It wasn't long before we found That many heads were bare, with Jacko, Julie and battling Len

And as we sat at tea one night With weapons, fork and spoon, The table had a sudden lapse And took a downward swoon.

Tent seventeen's the rowdiest mob That the Lord placed on this earth; Their little trifling arguments Are constant source for mirth. As bald as a barber's cat,
And Johnson holds his bat
And Mitch, with bumps like a Mills Grenade The b--- argue from mora till
You've got to laugh at that. aught -

You've got to laugh at that.

SOCIAL NOTES.

Reinforcements.

Marched in ex Hospital to Mr. & Mrs. V. H Du Chateau one brand new recruit. The new arrival has been given the substantive rank of gunner. Gnr.Du Chateau Sen. is automatically transferred to the x 2 list.

Sporting Notes.

Congratulation to our athletic representatives who so nobly upheld our Regt. name at the Bde. Sport Special mention to our R.S. me whose coaching was responsible for the winning of the tug of war contest. We sym-pathise with him in his great disappointment over there being no horizontal championship event, as we all have seen him training so assiduously the last few weeks for this contest. He was a sure winner.

From reports furnished by the fortunate tourists who have returned invigorated from the waters and beaches of 204,1t is evident that all the "country cousins" up here are anxious to participate in the hospitality and comfort of old King Cole's Paradise Rest

THE BOOK OF NOWONDAH.

And it came to pass in those days, that for the second time Nowondah

And it came to pass in those days, that for the second time Nowondah the scribe was smitten by the plague-even the Blitz-so that he was constrained to gird up his loins and run to the closet, and he did run
Now there had been during the day, certain men who did destroy the dung-house with fire and burn it to the ground, so that when Nowondah was come, he fell down and smote his breast saying "Woe is me, for I have no throne on which to sit" and the heavens did open and rain did pour forth.

But time was short, so Nowondah did rise and did go unto a nearby tent and did say, "Tell me, I pray thee, where is the closet?" and the other did say "Verily, he is in the orderly room." Then quoth Nowondah "I mean not that closet O fool - I woul enthrone myself". Then said the other "It is yonder by the creek - Thou art the fourscore and tenth that did ask this question today." but Nowondah did not hear these words, but departed hastily, heeding not, and he did journey until he did find it, and did enthrone himself, rejoicing.

Thus said Nowondah.

Thus said Nowondah.

SPORTS' RESULTS. QUINN. (10 3/5. QUINN. (23 4/5. PARKER (58 3/5. 100 yards. 220 yards. 440 yards. TILLY (2.19 BKINNER (5.1 WAYNAN (18.10. Miles. 中心中心的 10年1日日本 Tug of War.

MURISON (34° 4") Shot Put. Discus Throw. HOSKWAY (• MIDDLETON (18' 11") Long Jump. Hop, stop & Jump. MURISON (40' 12") * LIDDLETON NIX Bicycle Race. * HANSEN

Next time you come along the road from Nounce to Ous Tom (or as you gothe other way never to return - you hope) take another look at that black spot out on the rest where white spray indicates the presence of boiling surf. For there you see all that remains of "La France", the largest sailing ship even built. Some of you may have been aboard her when she visited Wellington some years ago. Today a great piece of iron hull wedged firmly in the coral is all that remains of a proud vessel. The story of her end is no glorious one and will certainly not be recorded as a sage of the sea. But it is interesting, and it may be said that the wreak of "La France" is a monument to incompetence and and that the wreck of "ha France" is a monument to incompetence and red tape. M. Calimbre, who at the time was operating the only salve aging and stevedoring fleet on the island, was at work in the extreme north aging and stevedoring risect on the island, was at work in the extreme morth north which he received an urgent bessage to go to the rescue of a sailing ship on the reef opposite La For. He set off with his tugs at full speed but you can imagine his surprise when he found the ship in an upright position, not a drep of water inside, but no Captain in sight. As a matter of fact he was found at the Hotel Banu in La Foa, (Yes - they sold liquor there once), but was gloriously drunk and not the least bit interested in salvaging operations. Indeed the pilot vowed that no attempt was made even to avoid the reef. M. Calimbre decided to continue on his way and see the agents in Noumea. But they had to wire the owner in Bordeaux. (It sounds like the Army, doesn't it.) Cable after cable was sent and at last, several weeks later word was forthcoming, "Balvage the Cargo", said the owner, but the ship had become a total wreek. So there is the grave of what was once a proud ship. The sea had claimed another victim and her remains will be embedded in the coral long after the 2nd NZEFIP say "Farewell to this fair isle".

A fair) " A fair) - was say.

NEW CALLDOVIAN BLUZS-

The night is dark, the rain falls fast, For many hours they sit and growl The island's drought has surely passed, They want a change from army meals and as I sit before the 'phones and every men tells how he feels; The single man wants lots of fun, tones

year,

They want to see their loved ones dear

And even though some sceptics jeer, Their tales remain the same. The married thinks oft of home,

on desert sands they wish to feast, They have no fear of man or beast, And so before this war has ceased They feel that they should have at lasst,

Some chance of winning fame.

They want a change from army meals He's keen to go and use his gun Of gunners who are stationed here; Heall see the Japa are made to run They want "vin rouge" & lots of beer For breakfast he could eat a hun; they're sure the war can't last a Hell est much worse before he's done.

You'll hear some fellows say.

Some want to right the Jaca right

And keep on saying why & now

Ne ought to be away up north,

There battle surge back and forth;

While others like the middle sast,

On beaches, large large back new

Con beaches, large large back new many

On beaches, lawns, imidet new mow

hay, And how he'll love to hear them "Please, Daddy, have a game".

When every cloud looks black above, He thinks of one at home - his love, He knows she has her troubles too, She needs a husband strong and true To come and hold her hand at night, Together they can make things right, as side by side they stand and fight, The blackest will soon look bright, And in his arms he'll hold her tight, And whisper her sweet name.

NEWS, VIEWS & ABUSE FROM 202.

WHAT'S IN A NAMES

Evidently there's quite a lot in a name. Especially a name painted up neatly over a tent or a camp road. At 202 BHQ every street and tent has a name. At B Troop most of the tento rejoice in names which illustrate the skill of our professional signimiter, Arthur GRAYSON and the wit of our gunners. For instance, there you find: "Mosquito Mansion", "Angels' Rest" "Duck In", "Chisel Inn", "Racketeers Retreat", "Sleepy Holler" and "Peacehaven". The home of the ration store manager is labelled "OUTA-KAI".

SERGEANTS OF "SLEEPY HOLLER".

"SLEEPY HOLLER" is the sign hanging outside a tent at 202 B Troop. Please stop and puzzle out the sense of humour of the five sergeants who invented the tent name. One of them is Sgt.Bill Clavis, one of our G.P.O.A's who "hollers out" an early morning ditty of "Feet on the Floor", "Rise and Shine a Watch". That is bad enough for our sleept gunners; but should some of them turn over and go to sleep again, they are sure to be awakened by the cry of "Feet on the Floor B Troop", or the despairing enquiry of "Anyone for Sick Parade"? The other five occupants of "Sleepy Holler" all too frequently land the job of "Hollering" this out. They are Sgts. Jim Vivian, Bill Bridger, Jack Rolfe, Jerry Gibb. The first three are immensely popular with their various gun crews, while the last mentioned is an instrumentalist of note. ioned is an instrumentalist of note.

PERSONALITIES OF "PEACE HAVEN"

They call their tent "Peage Haven", but sometimes it is not so peaceful. Who lives there? Why, such a bevy of doves of peace as Sgts. Hughie Chamberlin, Les. Smith, Dave Liddell, Bert Otto and Doug. Calvert. Of these the bonniest baby is our 14 stone Sgt. Hughic. He isnornamental as a G.P. O.A. and one of these days may also be useful - although some gunners doubt it. Especially do they wish him ill when he yells out "B Watch, Feet on the Floor". Les. Smith and Dave Liddell have half shares in our No. 4 gun; Bert Otto is licensee of No. 3 Gun and Doug. Calvert runs a kind of "fruit machine" known as the "FREE-DICTOR".

PERSONALITIES OF BHQ.

S.M. DAN JONES IS STILL GOING strong at B.H.Q. "Dan" wasa conspicuous figure during skirmishes at Judgeford, and during the landing in and conquest of NEW CALLY. A good 'ellow "Dan". Really too good to be Sg t-Major.

MORGE SUTTON runsa bargain basement at BHQ where you can get (or try to get) grease-trap engineer. mything from a needle to an anchor. Thorge specialises in gents new and sec- The famous "Lady with a Lamp" has and hand suits, boots and shooting irons. Try Sutton's lease and lend, no deposit plan when your pants wear out.

IKE REID is one of the best known citizens of BHQ. Ike's duties include those of supervis-ing the sanitation of the tent city. Hence the signs reading "
"IKE'S DYKES" and "IKE'S TWINS". IKE filled a similar role with distinction at Judgeford and with the aid of daily fatigue men was

nothing on BDR. VIC. NEWMAN, whose RAP tent at BHQ is the scene of daily kill or cure miraches. Vic. is the mildest-mannered man who ever prescribed Aspros, painted a throat or authorised Excused Duty.

CRICKET.

Recently Hyde Park was the scene of another titanic struggle when teams from 203 and 208 BHQ tried conclusions. The result was a substantial win for 203. The first innings scores being: 203.95, 208. 41. Special mention must be made of the outstanding effort of 8/Sgt. Vangioni who retired with 49 against his name.

TOWN TAIK FROM 203.

WHO'S VHO - PROMINENT PERSONALITIES IN DOG. TROOP.

PLAYIN NATHATIEL. Lieutenent.

Leading Thuskie young gumners by but unexpectedly. Said to know normally that sever about anti-aircraft but the performing of the particularly well read the performing of the counter of 25 hour day, also is organ-but shows promise.

Tounder of 25 hour day, also is organ-but shows promise.

Tounder of "panies" for C.R.A. Lives in Micknams. "Enow", his soul being plate of superb luxury. Has personal white is the driven. Also called between Possesses "natty" moustache. "Frof" on account of well cultivated convent. Comes from Ous Tom command of "gringe" language.

Religeon. Attends church when he can be found.

Extraordinary big words

Tour of the "huskis" of the "Dog" Troop. Scares

mights. A staunch testotaller. Fondly but is understood by very for of the imagines he can play Bridge. Definitely Lisons and sergeants. However still not a good creek jumper. Often tries gots "hypotenuse" raxed with "hippomotor cycle riding unsuccessfully. Highly qualified at hip-holding. all an ultra-ultra Pakka Sahib.

LASE MOTE. 1. The bille changed for Sociativ reasons. 2. Local winters are chose-in the

TRION MIG C. dunner.

Prohably one of the eleverest men in the troop, can count up to ten. In civil life helped

potames". Olaims his initials stand for "ElyCulbortson", Opposing players state they stand for "Easily Caught", At gender age of 10 years learnt correct way to trump his partner's

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"NOT COUNT TO ENAN THIS. IT'S A LITTER TO MY WIFE.