

## EDITORIAL: SECURITY.

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 studied and quoted - casualties. It will be possible to determine what casualties occurred to civilians, 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 casualties 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, 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 casualties 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 something 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 endeavour 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".

ooo

## SONG OF A SCONE.

A whistle blows in the early morn,	I never argue when I'm right,
Shortly after the break of dawn,	Because I glory in my might,
Feet on the floor, hit the deck,	Beneath the shadow of my rank,
Does he think we're a god-damned wreck	My mind grows old, and soft, and dank.

<u>REFRAIN:</u> Don't do your scone,	I specialise in Mess Parade,
Or believe you me,	I put all others quite to shade,
On the mat you'll be.	I toot my whistle without thought
	For Routine Orders - and get caught.

Snooping round from tent to tent,	Left foot inches twelve apart,
Proving the theory of ape descent,	Yelling voice that makes you
Didn't you hear what I bloody well said?	start,
Why in the hell are you still in bed?	Aint this old schamozzling great.

In the future lads there'll be check	Why not wear a moustache straight?
parades	

Then you'll see of wet I'm made,	One night upon my couch I lay,
Correct reply you'll make you see	But gunners soon began to play,
I've washed my ears so answer me.	My bed went up and I went down
	My speech next morning won renown.

A certain phrase is out of bounds,	Alas for friends who've gone before,
My ears can't stand its dulcet sounds,	Farewell to words we'll hear no more.
Believe you me I'm out of luck,	Now to gunner and to rookie
When my echoes run amok.	The humble scone becomes a cookie.

CORRIGENDA:

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