



NUMBER XII ----- SATURDAY ----- 20th MARCH 1943.

-----EDITORIAL -----

Last Wednesday our first intimation that weather conditions were bad and a wind reaching hurricane force could be expected within twelve hours was given late on Wednesday morning. This gave us all ample time to take what precautions were possible before the main force of the storm hit us that night. By taking those precautions we prevented any major damage being caused. A few tents suffered but, as a whole, camps withstood the blow.

In future if an attack by the forces of nature is likely we will, in all probability, be warned. But what of an attack by the Jap? Will there be any warning then? Possibly, but more likely our only warning has already been given - on 7th December, 1941. We heeded the hurricane warning but have we heeded the warning of the Jap?

The Jap has given us more time to take precautions against him but, if he did come, his attack would have infinitely more force than a mere hurricane. What precautions can we take against him? There are many. Have we got ourselves physically fit? Are we alert and keen? Are we striving to acquire all the knowledge we can? The man who has the equipment and is not fit enough to carry it; who has a bayonet but is too slow to use it; who has a rifle but lacks the knowledge to fire it, is more a hindrance than a help. He has not taken the necessary "precautions" for his own safety and the safety of his comrades.

Acquire knowledge now and it will repay us a thousandfold when we meet the Jap wherever he may be.

When the danger of a hurricane was growing every minute everyone went to great trouble to tie down his tent in the teeming rain. Why? to save his own personal belongings - a few pounds worth.

Just because a far greater danger than any storm is more than a few hours off are we going to walk around in a fool's paradise, oblivious of everything, or are we going to grasp our opportunity by taking "precautions", by learning and more learning? To put it off until we are a few hours from the enemy would be courting disaster!

Is the man, who went to a lot of trouble to secure his tent and protect his clothes, going to consider it worth while to take precautions to save a leg, an arm or perhaps his own or his cobbler's life? Surely it is not a hard decision to make?

WEEKLY WHO'S ZOO:

CHAPMAN, William Edward. Lieutenant. Answers to "Cpappie" "Teddie" or Willie", or to any damn thing at all.

Born: On 9th April, 1909, the world was blessed at Plonkville-on-the-mud.

Ascendants: Long line of P... B.....'s (Australian for Englishmen).

Descendants: Nil (that is, none acknowledged).

Size of Hat: XXOS/FDF.

Size of Waist: 29" (uncorseted)

Size of Mous tache: 6" in the curl  
10" extended

Education: Primers at Dartmoor.

Pentonville High School (Play the game, you cads!!!)

Honours in Apache dancing and hot rythm.

Décorations: W.C. for gallantry in the Battle of Ile Lange (posterior, because he was last off in the landing.

Books: "Hair as a Facial Adornment" "Moustaches I Have Twirled" "Victorian Villain" and "My Sixty Years in Melodrama".

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L O S T.

Nine A&A Practice Balloons.

Last seen floating off in a North-Westerly direction. Finder please return to Bdr.G.... so that he or the B.C. can have another shot at them.

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# THE JAUNTINGS OF JASON

(First installment of a hair-raising series, in an unlimited number of parts - we hope. Please note that all characters are entirely fictitious? and do not refer to any living persons - much. Ed)

And a fair wind blew as the sun rose and they came nigh unto the shore. And they espied there a galleon, so small as to be but a toy, measuring scarcely 15 cubits. Yet it did sail, within in many people, and neither oar nor sail was seen. There came from the ship a sound as of barking dogs and they would have fled had not Jason, who had been silent the while, said "Stay brothers. have you not heard men tell? Surely this is naught but the wonderful kingdom of Naia, ruled over by the great and just King Johnjee"

And as he stepped onto the golden beach he saw among a group of men one, who by his trappings and pink nose must surely be the king. "Oh most majestic of all men I, Jason, wish to pay homage to your greatness and linger awhile on your bounteous shores". To which the great one replied in majestic tones "Howitt's the bloody name; d'ya wanta see the boss?" Thenceforth the wanderer was conducted into the almighty King's presence.

"O King," spake he, "I bring you greetings and a shipload of hungry sailors, and as men tell us that your generosity knows not an end, I do humbly crave your pardon and beg of you to suffer us awhile".

"Your wish is my command, O Jason," he replied. "You haven't by any chance got a cigarette? No? Have one of mine."

And there were great preparations for eating made by slaves so fierce that they were confined in a large cage made of wire. And he tarried awhile to rest his eyes on the opning and emptying of bins of strange delicacies. Then outspoke one of these, a small plump man and merry. "O great son of a dog, what shall I do with this?" "Thou canst use it for an opium, an thou wish, O thou illegitimate, peopled with lice" quoth he who would have been the leader.

Meanwhile there came to the door of this cage, a man of large belly with basins in either hand. In a voice both guttural and commanding he spake "Fill 'em up, don't be frightened".

He then betook himself to a table and, ere a few minutes had gone, the basins which had been filled with food enough for twenty men, were like unto the cheeks of a baby.

While Jason and his men sat and ate and wondered, many more came and were fed. Then there came roaring a small chariot, driven they supposed by the same magis as the metal galleon. And he wondered how such a speeding chariot could stop. His puzzle-dom was short-lived for a tree arrested its mad career. Then there emerged four men who betook themselves and sat in a small house which bore the mystic symbols "Officers' Mess". And the heroes were sorely puzzled by those who were not as other men. They bore no signs of toil and their raiment was clean. Quoth Jason "Tis the chosen ones of the King". But outspake the man of large belly, whose plates were once more filled, "Nay, Jason. 'tis not so; Them's the bloody officers." Jason bethought himself to scan them and found them pleasing; the wise king was indeed fortunate to have such followers. Having partaken of all the wondrous foods and drunken of many draughts of the juices of fruits served by one Gummer the son of King, but not, it was believed, of the KING, the heroes betook themselves and laid in the shade as did the men, and slept greatly.

(to be continued)

The Doc has given us food for thought lately. Developing along the lines of Darwin's Theory of Interdependence of Species, he told us we should not curse the mossies as they have a bebeneficial effect on the propagation of the human race, at least in those countries where they are prevalent. Taking New Caledonia as an instance, when the mossies come out the locals take to their mosquito nets night and day. Having nothing better to do they indulge in a little begetting and nine months after the mosquito season, the population increases proportionately.

He left before we could ask him about the results up North where the mossies know no season.

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SCHPIENDID.

"Shorry I'm lato, Shergeant. I've been beerfully frizzy down at the barracksh".

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[illegible]

Printed and published with all care but absolutely no sense  
of responsibility, by the Editor, Lieut. King and S/Sgt. Bennett  
at "The Ruins", Ile Nou, New Caledonia.

Owing to the small amount of time which the Editor has been able to devote and to the illness of the publisher, this week's edition has been printed and published almost entirely by the Office Boys - please excuse spelling mistakes.