

The first Newsletter for 2022. Happy new year to all.

I am excited to tell you all about the new developments regarding the Newsletter. J.P. is back, between the two of us we will be editing it, JP will take care of the dutchies and I will take care of the souties.

I have also scrapped the new format as it is not compatible with Office. The other good news I have made contact with Keith Radford who live in Cape Town, he has a lot of pictures and stories about the border war. He has kindly given permission to use the pictures and will also contribute with a short article.

Dankie Bill, ek gaan probeer om in Afrikaans artikels te doen, ongelukkig verkry ek my materiaal vanaf Engelse webwerwe en Gesigboek so ek gaan rondspring tussen die twee tale. Lekker om terug te wees, ek wil net dankie vir Bill sê dat hy in my afwesigheid ingestaan het. Jy is 'n yster! Ek het opgelet in 'n vorige Nuusbrief oor die

kleredrag by vergaderings, ek besit ongelukkig net "industrial shoes", oftewel my Kerk, werk en dans skoene... Ek sal met liefde my boete by die SGM betaal!



Sick Parade

Moth Ivan and his wife Judy were both tested positive with Omicron. Moth Thys and Tanya have suspected Covid. Moth Marius Coetzee has severe arthritis in both knees and left hip, to see specialist 31 March.

Birthdays

- 11/01 Old Bill Pieter vd Byl
- 24/01 FOM JP Lambrechts
- 26/01 FOM Tanya Prinsloo



Training: part 3.

Founders Basic Ritual

Meetings are held with the Executive Officers sitting at a table (Top Table) in the front of the meeting room facing the Moths. All meetings are

conducted with an Opening and Closing Ritual, known as the "**Founder's Basic Ritual.**" Old Soldiers Never Die was adopted as the Moth Hymn and Verse 4 of a very moving poem by LAWRENCE BINYON, was adopted as the MOTH Prayer. The Prayer forms an integral part of every Moth meeting, and is further used at Moth Funerals and Memorial Services.

Unfortunately, its words are frequently distorted by some members of the Executives. The Prayer is as follows: -

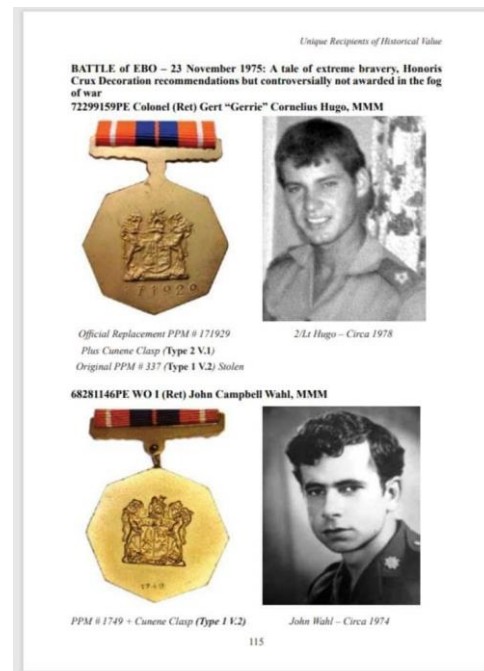
MOTH PRAYER
Let us remember the Hosts who laid down their lives for their Homeland -
Let us remember our Elder Brethren.

They shall not grow old as we that are left grow old,
Age shall not weary them nor the years condemn
At the going down of the sun and in the morning,
We will remember them.

MOTH HYMN
Old Soldiers never die,
never die, never die.
Old Soldiers never die,
They simply fade away,
they simply fade away.
The spirit of the Order is symbolized at every Moth meeting by the Tin Hat and Lighted Candle (known as the light of Remembrance) signifying

the perpetuation of Front-line Comradeship, which transcends Race, Rank and Social Status, within the meaning of the Moth. All Moths, when entering a Shellhole, whether a member or a visitor, are required to pay their respects to the VACANT CHAIR. He / She will march smartly up to the CHAIR, halt and carry out the Moth salute. They will then sign in and pay any dues. Friends will then be recognized and greeted. Visitors should seek out a member of the executive and introduce themselves. Normally a member will recognize a visitor and take him/her under their wing, introducing the visitor to the executive and the Old Bill. Many Shellholes have Swindles going, and most of the members are conned into buying tickets for these. ' At approximately five minutes before the meeting is due to start the Sergeant-Major will announce this. All present will prepare themselves for the Opening Ceremony – some Shellholes insist that the members fall in and are marched to their seats, while others allow their members to be seated. The meeting will then be opened in True Moth Tradition by the Old Bill or his proxy. Some Shellholes have altered the Basic Ritual to suit themselves but still remaining within the Ritual's guidelines, while others abide by the original version. During the meeting no liquor is to be consumed, smoking is not permitted in the Shellhole. Originally Moths were allowed the use of trench language however of late this practice is frowned upon by Shellholes who have female members. It is the Sergeant-Major's duty to seek out any perpetrators of any dastardly deeds and fine the luckless person. He will also ensure that the behaviour is in keeping with tradition and although **Moths are not allowed**

to be called ladies or gentlemen, they will conduct themselves as such. Members will not be allowed to disrupt the meeting, and an agenda will usually be followed. Since meetings should be enjoyable for the betterment of recruitment attraction, no subject under discussion should be allowed to dominate the meeting. Normally, in the event of something very important which needs to be discussed by the members, arrangements should be made to devote a meeting to the subject in question - possibly even holding an extra-ordinary meeting for this Purpose. All Shellholes have introduced Toasts, normally about five or so minutes into Harmony after the meeting has been concluded, and the accepted manner in which this is carried out is for the Sergeant-Major to ensure that ALL present have a drink in their LEFT hand. He will than call the gathering to Attention and hand over to the Old Bill who will nominate various Persons to propose Toasts to:-
 Our Land
 The MOTH
 Absent Comrades / friends (We will remember them)
 Our visitors
 It is interesting to note that some Shellholes have added in various other Toasts, eg;
 Men & women in uniform (Security Forces)
 Old Bills past and present.
Some Border Info:
 Photos by and info by Keith Radford. It is our aim to give the Newsletter more South African touch especially the Border Boys. If you have any thing you would like to share please do.



Decorated for his actions on 11 November 1975: WO2 P.S. Lubbe HC, 2 Field Regiment, SA Engineers Corps



Staff-Sergeant P.S. Lubbe was awarded the Honoris Crux for his actions and bravery during the battle of Quicombe on 11 November 1975, during Operation Savannah, when he used a heavily-laden ammunition vehicle three times in succession to recover wounded and bring them to safety while under heavy enemy fire.

www.warinangola.com/

Bills stirring column



The success of our Shellhole will depend on your commitment. It will only grow if you put in. We can't let a few do all the work. I know the shellhole and the brothers

a fine group of veterans. We have to get more proactive in the community, become involved with our community. MH does not only extend to the Shellhole, although I believe it comes first. When I look back at what we were and where we are now it has been an amazing journey. From a hired hall to our won place a place we can call home, a place we can be very proud of. We have the most unique Shellhole in the country, and we should be proud of our little Shellhole, now its time to use it more often. Saturday breakfasts weren't they awesome? Let's get that one back. Bingo nights they were so much fun, and it promoted TC. I challenge the you all to start Bingo again. My brothers when we go into pyjama mode as our Adj calls it, it spells trouble. So, my rant is let's get moving again I'm sure the covid rules can be met and adhered to. These are my thoughts alone I take full responsibility, if you would like to respond please do so via email janbill66@gmail.com. Your views will be considered for publication.

N NUWE REEKS VAN KORT WERWAG STORIES. NO.1

Aanmelding en vertrek vir verpligte Nasionale Diensplig:

Die geraas en geskreeu was tipies die van 'n troepetrein voor dit vertrek.

Oral het 'n mamma en 'n pappa met hul seuns gestaan en gesels en dit het gelyk asof hulle mekaar nooit weer gaan sien nie. Klaar vergeet dat hul die luigat deur die skool moes deurvloek om hom gedeeltelik geletterd te kon

kry. Hier en daar het 'n meisietjie gestaan met ogies wat gelyk het soos rooi reflectors van al die huil. Die sakdoekies en tissues was papnat en kon ook nie meer effektief die neusies vee nie, met die gevolg, dat hul die groot liefde in hul lewe, letterlik deur 'n waas van snot en trane moes aanskou.

Maar soos altyd, het 'n groepie manne met lang vuil hare - of so het dit ten minste vir die Korporaal gelyk - eenkant gestaan en aanmerkings maak oor die meisies.

"Kom manne, is julle by die regte plek? Daar is meer as een trein wat vertrek!" het hy in 'n harde stem laat hoor.

"Ja dankie my ou!" het een van hulle astant laat hoor.

"Waar is jou oproep instruksies?" een van hulle het dokumente tevoorskyn gebring en dit kalm aan die Korporaal in sy netjiese uniform oorhandig.

"Toe, jy is reg, klim solank op die trein en sit stil! Jy het niemand om te groet nie! Al julle ander manne ook! Klim op! Julle staan net hier rond om die plek deurmekaar te laat lyk!"

Dieselfde kêrel wat so astant was, het lui na die Korporaal gestaar asof hy niks gehoor het nie.

Die Korporaal was duidelik vies.

"Klim op! Lyk my jy is gedrug! Klim op sê ek jou!" hy wou seker maak die snotkop gaan na sy eenheid toe sodat hy hom reg kon gaan opvoed.

Die Stoom-lokomotief se fluit was twee, drie keer herhaal en die Kondukteur het hard op sy fluitjie geblaas.

Ouers het droewig met die hande gewaai terwyl van die meisies, eers soentjies geblaas en daarna het van hulle gesug van verligting, want nou was hulle toegelaat om op 'n groter skaal in die bondel te kon vry. 'n Jaar was 'n baie lang tyd.

Die manne in beheer het hul hande vol gehad om die klomp Nasionale Dienspligtiges te beheer. Van hulle het bottels drank uit hul tasse gehaal en luidkeels tekere gegaan. Die aankomende treine was met leë drank en koeldrank bottels gegooi. Selfs die trein se groen ronde kussings van leer was by vensters uitgegooi. Op een kruising moes die trein baie stadig beweeg en het die toekomstige trots van die weermag probeer om die trokke van die lokomotief af te haak. Die aankoms op Potchefstroom was chaoties. Sommige was nog redelik gesuip, ander het gebabbeleer en ander was grootoog bang vir die harde geskreeu van die Onder Offisiere. "Klim op die bus roof!" Dit was die realiteit van die army. Die manne het verward gestap na die Bedford lorries wat gewag het. "Kom rowers! Maak 'n draffie! Julle is nie nou by jul mamma's nie! Klim op!" Met aankoms by die basis moes registrasie gedoen word. "Sien jy verjaar vandag maar jy sal maar sonder jou ma se tiet moet klaarkom!" het een van die klerke 'n man geterg. "Kom jy wat so sifilieties lyk! Daar is nie tyd nie! Die son trek water en die bier word suur!" het hy 'n ander haastig nader laat staan. Die Korporaal het 'n gestry gehoor – dieselfde kerel wat so astant was in Pretoria op die stasie, was betrokke. "Is daar 'n probleem? Hmmm?" "Ja daar is" het die mannetjie weer arrogant laat hoor. "Ek is by die verkeerde plek en hierdie ou vloek nou op my!" "Wat bedoel hy?" wou hy by die registrasie klerk weet. "Hy moes Upington toe gaan Korporaal. Hy is 'n Infanteris en nou is hy hier." "Wat! Hoekom het jy hierheen gekom? Wat de donner gaan met jou aan man?"

“Maar ek wou nie op die trein klim nie toe het jy my forseer. Onthou jy dan nie?”
 Die Korporaal het ontplof! “Jy was op die stasie jou idioot! Jy moes nie daar gewees het nie! As jy met my praat dan spreek jy my aan as Korporaal! Het jy my? Staan regop as jy met my praat! Het jy my?”

“Ja.”
 “Nie ‘ja’ nie! Ja Korporaal!”
 “Ok! Korporaal!”
 “Nie OK nie! Ek bliksem jou nou! Ja Korporaal!”
 “Ja. Korporaal.”
 Die Korporaal het kortaf die klerk beveel om die Kaptein te verwittig van die probleem. Daarna was reëlings getref om hom oor te plaas na die Artillerie en het hy op Potchefstroom gebly.

Die aand in hul tent het die astante kêrel, sy naam was Ronnie, lekker saam met sy maats gelag. Hy het hulle op die stasie, voor hulle al vertrek het, vertel hy moes Upington toe maar dat hy nie lus was om te gaan nie, omdat hy eerder saam met sy pelle wou wees. Sy plan het gewerk.

BOMBING THE USA



Nobuo Fujita, a Japanese pilot, was the only person to ever bomb the contiguous US. After the war, he was invited back to the same town he bombed (Brookings, Oregon).

Once there, Fujita offered his family's katana to the mayor, as a token of remorse and humility.

Hours before sunrise off the coast of Oregon in September of 1942, there was movement on a submarine. It was nine months after the attack on Pearl Harbor and a team of Japanese sailors were quickly assembling a seaplane on the deck.

Next to them was a catapult for takeoff and a crane to pick the wheel-less plane from the sea after the mission - they were going to bomb the coast as retaliation for what was known as the ‘Doolittle raids’ which had struck Tokyo months prior.

30 year-old fighter pilot Nobuo Fujita had wanted to bomb LA or San Francisco - but had been told by his superiors to target Brookings, Oregon.

Fujita would ignite the forest, engulfing a chain of towns, drawing valuable resources away from battle and inciting fear throughout the West Coast.

But Oregon conditions wouldn't allow it. It was wet and the bombs fizzled in the damp woods.

The crew packed away the plane and headed back West.

20 years later, a group of Brookings businessmen invited Fujita back for the towns' Memorial Day celebrations.

When Fujita arrived, he gifted his families prized 400-year-old samurai sword to the town.

Brookings and Fujita forged a bond that lasted the next 3 decades. The town made him an honorary citizen in 1997. He passed away just days later at 85 years old.

A tree had been planted in the place where Fujita dropped the bombs, his daughter spread his

ashes at the location. She said she felt his soul would be flying over the forest forever.

Source:

<https://www.opb.org/artsandlife/series/history/nobuo-fujita-brookings-oregon-world-war-2/>

LESSER KNOWN HEROES

In memory of



Elizabeth "Lizzie" Robinson. Medal of the Order of the British Empire. Munition Worker. Born Govan 1896. Munitions worker at National Projectile Factory Cardonald, Glasgow.

"Standing before 60,000 spectators at Ibrox Park, Lizzie Robinson looked swamped in her khaki overalls, as the king pinned a medal to her. In 18 months, she had not missed a shift at the Cardonald munitions factory. Seven days a week from 6am until 5.30pm and on night shifts every two weeks. She was the first woman to be awarded the Medal of the Order of the British Empire on 18th September 1917 an honour created for devotion to duty "

"The need for huge amounts of munitions became apparent from the start of the war. In winter 1914-15, ministers began a "shell and gun crusade" to increase output. In 1915, the Ministry of Munitions ordered new factories

to be built, including three in Glasgow: Mossend, Mile End and Cardonald. Women were employed to manufacture 18lb mobile field artillery guns, and the shells they fired."

In memory of



Staff Nurse Annie Winifred Munro. South African Military Nursing Service.

Died: Friday 6 April 1917. Aged 26. Pneumonia.

Daughter of William and Ellen Munro, of St. Patrick's Rd., Scottsville, Pietermaritzburg, Natal.

Born 1892.

1915. Annie had previously served in the German South West African Campaign, transferring to the hospital ship "Ebani" on 26th November 1915. 1915. Gallipoli.

Died of pneumonia in Scotland. " on arriving in England she was sent to France, where she contracted pneumonia which obliged her to return to England. After having partly recovered from the effects of pneumonia, she desired to visit Scotland, the home of her father, but was unable to travel farther North than Glasgow. There she was taken under the care of those who had known her father; and although she received all the attention that medical skill could give her, complications set in which it was impossible to

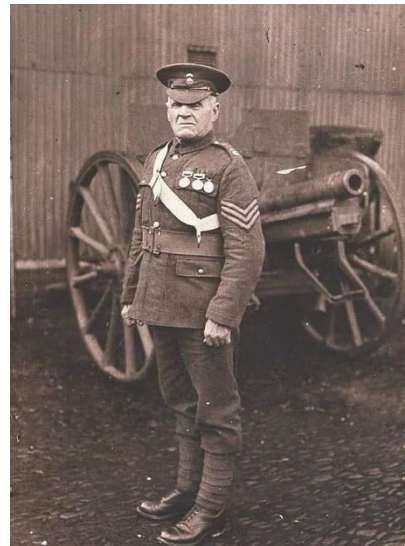
combat. She died on 6th April, 1917, at the age of 25 years, and was buried with Military Honours in the Western Necropolis, Glasgow."

"She is noted as having died from "Phthisis" (pulmonary tuberculosis or a similar progressive wasting disease) on the 6th of April 1917, although her record card shows her as being "very ill, progress unsatisfactory" on 7th April 1917. It is very likely that the date is incorrect as death is accepted as having occurred on 6th. April 1917."

GLASGOW WESTERN NECROPOLIS.

B. 1881A.

TOUGH AS NAILS



Some speak of themselves as being "salty". But few will ever be as salty as Sergeant Evan Jones of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

He was born Patrick Cosgrove in 1859 in the small parish of Bedwellty, Wales. At the age of 18, he enlisted in the British Army under the name "Evan Jones", perhaps to escape the wrath of an angry father of a pretty daughter.

2 years later, he found himself in Natal with the "B" Company, 24th Foot in a little mission station called Rourke's Drift. What would happen to him and 150 comrades on 22 January

1879 would be forever remembered in military history. Through sheer grit and discipline, the malnourished, sick and understrength garrison of soldiers fended off a force of almost 4,000 Zulu warriors armed with spears and captured British rifles.

The action is remembered as one of the greatest last stands in military history, and the 20-year-old Evan Jones' name was forever immortalized for having been one of the warriors at Rourke's Drift.

Like many of his comrades at Rourke's Drift, Jones remained in the British Army and served in India. Many of his comrades, including those several of the 11 who had been awarded the Victoria Cross met untimely demises serving there. Disease and hard living took their toll on these veterans. Through it all, Jones stayed alive, fighting through another campaign against Burmese rebels in 1887 until 1889.

By the outbreak of the Great War in 1914, Jones was one of the very few original Rourke's Drift survivors. He was still in the army serving with the Royal Welsh Fusiliers and deployed Western Front. Likely due to his advanced age, he was a regimental drummer as indicated by the white sash in this 1918 photograph. Like many other bandsmen in infantry regiments, he would be pressed into service regularly at the front lines to serve a stretcher bearer and orderly.

Jones was discharged in 1920 after 43 years of service. He spent his last years with his wife Alice and 4 adopted children, before his passing away in 1930.



Military etiquette

Officer: Soldier, do you have change for a dollar?

Soldier: Sure, buddy.

Officer: That's no way to address an officer! Now let's try it again. Do you have change for a dollar?

Soldier: No, SIR!



Due to the inclement weather conditions, you are reminded to please take extra care ..."

You Are Invited To
Memorable Order Tin Hats 95th Anniversary

GALA DINNER

M.O.T.H.

Founded
7th May 1927 7th May 2022

Dress code: (#1's)

Cocktail hour 18h00 - Masons Hall - Mosset Bay
RSVP - blatzeaway.adj@gmail.com by 23 April 2022

**PLEASE SUPPORT THIS
EVENT ITS OUR TIME TO
"SHINE"**



Some fun:

Daddy is Going to War - True Story

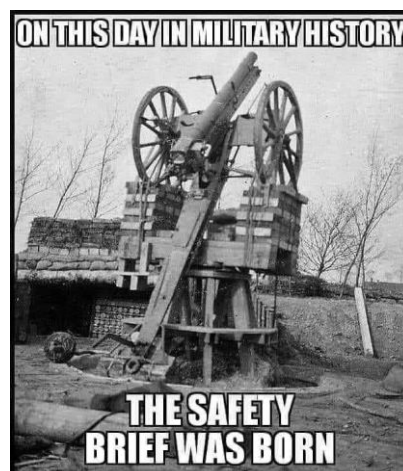
During the Persian Gulf War, I was assigned to go to Saudi Arabia. As I was saying good-bye to my family, my three-year-old son, Christopher, was holding on to my leg and pleading with me not to leave. "No, Daddy, please don't go!" he kept repeating. We were beginning to make a scene when my wife, desperate to calm him, said, "Let Daddy go and I'll take you to get a pizza."

Immediately, Christopher loosened his death grip, stepped back and in a calm voice said, "Bye, Daddy."

Communication Breakdown...

The reason the Army, Navy, Air Force, and Marines squabble among themselves is that they don't speak the same language. For example, take a simple phrase like, "Secure the building."

- The Army will put guards around the place.
- The Navy will turn out the lights and lock the doors.
- The Air Force will take out a 5-year lease with an option to buy.
- The Marines will kill everybody inside and make it a command post.



Fluit fluit my storie is uit, julle kan self uitfigure wie wat bygedra het tot hierdie uitgawe. Tot weersiens...