

A E W S

The ARMY AND DOTE

NUMBER X ----- SAMEDI ----- 13^{me} Novembre, 1943.

THE CASE OF THE MISSING ORDERLY ROOM PROCEEDS

-----oooooooooooooooooooooooo-----

Sheerluck Jones stood in the Mess leaning against a large packing case. "From our investigations, Sotson," he said, "we establish the following facts:

- A. That the Colonel's waste receptacle was mysteriously emptied during the night on several occasions.
- B. That the Sgt. Major lost some books just as mysteriously.
- C. That nothing of this nature happened during the week immediately preceding the crime.. ."

"But where does all this lead to, Mr. Jones?" asked the Major.

"I," said Mr. Jones, fixing a stony glare on his interrogator, "am about to solve the most baffling case on my career." Then, turning to the Adjutant, he went on, "Did you, Sir, miss anything from the Orderly Room prior to the night of the crime?"

"Yes, Mr. Jones, About 2 reams of brown paper disappeared about a fortnight before the crime."

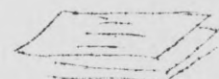
"I thought so. Tell me, what precautions did you take against the theft of the Orderly Room?"

"We took no special precautions, only that the foundations were firmly in the ground."

(Continued on page 2)



CENSORING OFFICERS



"This is damn good. It's a letter to your wife ! "

-o-

"An admirable precaution against theft, Adjutant," said Sheerluck, "but not, unfortunately, against the type of fiend with whom we are dealing."

The gathering became perplexed. "The criminal must have become ravenously hungry after a week's starvation, and I will now expose him," announced the great detective, just as an illusionist might announce a trick. "The motive was hunger."

"Fiend?" queried a subaltern. "Yes!" Jones swung round, "a fiend who will stop at nothing."

So saying, he released a catch on the packing case, which had now become the center of interest. His whole audience craned forward through the anxious silence attempting to penetrate the dark interior.

"Bit I don't see the connection," said Dr. Sotson.

A small deer walked unconcernedly out, contently chewing a piece of bamboo.

"Paper, my dear Sotson, Paper."

"There," said Jones, "is the criminal. He ATE the Orderly Room!!"

"Paper?"

-o-

"Yes, paper - the criminal rifled the Colonel's waste box, the Sgt. Major's tent, and finally the Orderly Room itself for paper."

A Thought

"But what on earth for?"

"To eat," said Jones simply. "You will remember that the various paper was stolen at least a week before the crime and that none had been taken during the week immediately preceding the crime."

Any coward can fight when he's sure of winning, but give me the man who pluck to fight when he's sure of losing. (George Eliot)

A T D WASHES

--oo@oo--

ANNUAL EVENT

--ooOoo--

It was Monday - the day typical of Necal - clear and hot - but little did we dream, when we climbed out of our cots at 0655, that it would hold anything different from the usual 'Gun Park' and fatigues.

We, the Gunners of ATD, were mistaken, as at morning parade we were told to gird our feet with sandshoes and mm ourselves with a towel. The mystery deepened until the S/M breathed the magic words "HOT SHOWERS". Those two words! We were prostrated with amazement, for this could truly be called an annual event, since it was only 3 days short of twelve months since we made our landing on Necal.

We duly and dutifully paraded at 1000 with towel and prescribed footwear, boarded a truck (I beg your pardon - "We embussed"), and proceeded to the rendezvous with our usual blind faith in the omnificence of our driver, which, alas!, was sadly misplaced. Rumour had it that we were to proceed to Bourail but we deviated from the main road some two miles from camp and waited patiently while the inevitable argument took place as to our destination. In due course we made a strategic withdrawal to the MT Park where a further conference took place. Time marched on, and finally we were deposited at the Depot pool, some five minutes amble from our own camp, there to await the arrival of the monster which was to deal with our contaminated bodies.

During the period of waiting, many of the prospective victims, whose faith in the ramifications of the multitudinous manifestations of the

Army had been somewhat blighted by prolonged and too close association with same, disported themselves in the pool. These pessimists were disappointed, however, when the invention crept in and at 1120 reported "READY FOR ACTION". Under the supervision of the No.1, a well known Capt., the order was "ACTION REAR", and 16 gunners were duly planted under the outside structure with a piece of soap on one hand, an expectent look on each face, and, I fear, a tremble in some of the limbs.

Then the "Silent Sgt." (Herb, by name) lent his mighty arm to the pump and commenced to sway gracefully from side to side. Lo and behold! Water gushed forth and each man received at least three cupfuls before it ceased. The No.1 then ordered "SOAP" and the New Zealander was at his best in the communal massaging of backs. In due course the 'Silent One' got pumping again and once more water gushed forth, this time at least a double ration, and all agreed that the temperature of the precious liquid was at least equal to that of the nearby pool!

A final order "CEASE FIRING, LIMBER UP" was given and 16 dutiful gunners were replaced on the stands of the worthy by a further supply of victims.

This organisation, known in civilised countries as the Army, intent on making our pleasure, and theirs, complete, duly collected the washed, cleaned, and albeit wiser, gunners and deposited them at their various quarters.

All agree that the elections should have been postponed a couple of months for "REGULAR HOT SHOWERS FOR OUR BOYS IN THE PACIFIC" would surely have been a fitting climax to any election campaign!!

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-



BLOODLESS REVOLUTION PROCURES SUPPORT FOR DE GAULLE

On the eve of the day set for the demonstration of de Gaullist sympathies Governor Denis sent a patrol from the gunboat with fixed bayonets into Noumea. Stones were thrown at it and it was hooted; the patrols broke rank and chased excited young Noumeans down the streets.

Next day bush settlers arrived for all points of the island. Sailors manned machine guns on arterial routes to prevent their entry to the town, but they gained entry for all that. Business premises and stores failed to open and a dense crowd formed in Coconut Square, round the Town Hall. Banners and Free French flags were prominent, the latter being hoisted at the Town Hall, at the Signal Station and on Semaphore Hill.

At Government House the crowd demanded the resignation of Governor Denis in favour of Henri Sautot, who then was aboard a Norwegian cargo vessel in the harbour with the Australian cruiser Adelaide rounding Ile Nou. Denis the previous evening declared with forecfulness that never would he abdicate and if Sautot landed he would have him arrested, together with the de Gaulle committee. Nevertheless the Free French leaders force his hand and Denis tearfully agreed.

Sautot was then invited to come ashore by the de Gaullist leaders to become New Caledonia's Governor. For once in their lives Caledonians forgot their 11 o'clock lunch and welcome Sautot ashore under the guns of the "Dumont d'Urville". The milling throng greeted him with flowers and he headed the procession to Government House. In the dramatic interview that followed Denis called Sautot a traitor and again threatened his arrest. Finally Sautot came out on to the balcony and told the people that in spite of the influence of

Vichy agitators and their attempts at a coup d'etat, New Caledonia ranged itself alongside the British Empire and de Gaulle as the population demanded. The crowd dispersed, satisfied, and Sautot took over the Governorship of New Caledonia at the instigation of de Gaulle.

Later in the day, however, Denis again said he refused to resign and despatched notes to public service officials demanding that they obey only his orders. The people, hearing this, returned in a body and demanded the immediate departure of Denis. Denis left by a rear entrance but was shortly captured and made a prisoner of the Troop Commander and put into "preventive" custody at La Foa, well away from Noumea. Summoned by the Governor, the officials agreed to continue their duties and Government House was put under guard by a few young civil volunteers armed with deer-hunting rifles.

Although sailors aboard the "Dumont d'Urville" declared their sympathies for the Free French, they were confined to their ship, while the commander schemed for Denis' restoration. The settlers insulted him, but he refused to sail. The Adelaide was cruising in the harbour to take care of possible fighting. At the same time a plot was hatched by the metropolitan officers at the barracks to secretly counter-revolt, first disarming the Caledonian-born garrison. This leaked out and immediately the settlers swarmed back into the town and the plan failed.

Finally the "Dumont d'Urville" capitulated and departed and military and civil officers with Vichy sympathies sailed for Saigon. In December an Administrative Council replaced the General Council, suppressed in November with the Privy Council. Hostile civil service heads were also dealt with.

CROSSING THE LINE

--oo00000oo--

NEPTUNE GATHERS HIS SATELLITES

----oooo0000000000oooo----

"The occasion is a fitting one. What better excuse do you want?" And his satellites agreed. "Right", said Neptune, "Meet me at the Palm and Thatch, and we'll imbibe. Let's eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow the tax collector will catch up on you if you're not wary."

The satellites heeded the words of wisdom, duly placed feet on brass rail, and partook of schooners and things. It was not long ere the subject turned to the mating season and the mermaids, and that brought to the mind of one the question of how another member of the gathering had acquired a certain mer, now no longer a maid. "Well, it was this-a-way", answered the one addressed and retired outside. "I hid behind a rock" came a voice from outside, "and ..." there followed a rending of seaweed and where once darkness reigned in the corner of the blue-room, a huge hole appeared and a form landed gracefully (?) on the coral - "I had the nips in before she could say nay, just as swiftly as that - see?"

"Must practice that," spoke a doughty Neptunite, and with movement cumbersome crashed through the already gaping hole, widening it in his career and sinking heavily to the coral with less grace than his predecessor.

As 1730 approached, the satellites took a sounding and a shot at the sun and asked Neptune if the equator was not high. He agreed it was and knew his time had come for Neptune had not crossed the line before. "My satellites" he addressed them, "come with me to the deep waters and meet me on my ~~throne~~ throne." Upon which they surrounded him, escorted him to the water's edge and helped him to his rightful place as king of the Waves. He beckoned his satellites to him for consultation and one by one they emulated the dashing young man on the flying trapeze and descended by their master. When even the lowliest

HOW A.T.D. MET THE 'BRIG'

(Excerpts - with apologies to Macauley - and Horatius.)

But the Colonel's face was happy, and the Colonel's smile was broad, For the Depot was all mustered, and the Sergeants reared and roared, For to the camp the 'Brig' was coming, to inspect this fine parade, Of EnZeders in their Sunday best, before they sang, and prayed.

Meanwhile the 'Big Parade', right glorious to behold, Stood sweating there in the morning sun, Rank behind rank, the best in the land, New Zealand's Artillery bold. A dozen bagpipes skirled, a deal of Scottish glee, As the procession of inspection, in slow and solemn file, Strolled slowly through the sweating ranks, Last Sunday morning - at A.T.D.

Then to their Church the soldiers filed, our under God's clear sky, And had their thoughts, and sang their praise, of Him, who rules on High, And to their pals, and loved ones, all sent a silent prayer, Messages of love and comfort, from every soldier there.

So they prayed, then rising, formed up in order again, And with their Leader, leading, swung off to a Highland strain. The boys marched past the Dais, where stood the dauntless 'Heads', And having paid respect to them, marched on, -- and to their beds.

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-
A certain member of the NZDC (who incidently, owing to a bad mistake by a medical orderly) was vaccinated with an HMV gramophone needle (Lour Tone) astonished us by actually remaining silent between 11:00 - 11:02 hrs 11 Nov 43! Wonders never cease. -o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-
of his followers had partaken of the baptism they emerged in the deepening light of a torrid sunset and each went his way with the King's blessing;

IN SPORTIVE MOOD

---oo0000oo---

SATURDAY'S NIGHT CARNIVAL

---oooo000000oooo---

The night swimming carnival to be held in the ATD Swimming Pool is attracting considerable interest and entries promise to be good. Intending competitors should hand their names to their Bty representatives before 0800 hrs Monday, 15 Nov 43. Members of the 29MT Coy have been invited to participate and a special challenge has been issued by this unit for a water polo match. Acceptance has been made and a battle royal is expected. A totalisator will be open on the relay event.

Particulars of the meeting are posted on all notice boards in the ATD area.

BASE UNITS CHAMPIONSHIPS

---ooo000000000ooo---

Three further events have been added to the programme of the Base Units Athletic Championships Meeting to be held on 27 Nov 43. They are:

- 120 yds Hurdles
- 12 in. upright chop
- 440 yds walk

Entries for these events will close at the same time as for the other events already announced - next Thursday at 1200 hrs.

Contestants in the Boxing and Wrestling tournament in the evening will be considered in the selection of a team which is being organised to meet the American champions of the Island. The tournament will be held early in December at Noumea, and will virtually be an Allied Forces championship meeting.

To enable ATD competitors to have a workout a Nemeara tournament will be staged at ATD on Thursday night next. Contenders from the 29MT Coy will take part and Don Cleverly and Tony Filcher will attend in order to pick form for matching on the 27th. Entries for Thursday close at 1200 on Monday and weight and ring experience should be submitted.

COMING ATTRACTIONS AT ATD

---oooo000000oooo---

Monday, 15 Nov 43:

- 1800 hrs: Wool class.
- 1845 hrs: Art class in Bourail, Tpt leaves Depot HQ at 1800 hrs.

Tuesday, 16 Nov 43:

- 1800 hrs: French Class.
- 1900 hrs: Photography for the amateur. A series of talks on how and why a camera works and how the amateur can get the best results, etc. Will be held in "B" Bty O/Rs mess room.

Wednesday, 17 Nov 43:

- 1900 hrs: Pictures.

Thursday, 18 Nov 43:

ATD Boxing tournament in the amphitheatre.

Friday, 19 Nov 43:

- 1900 hrs: Pictures.

Saturday, 20 Nov 43:

- 1900 hrs.:Swimming carnival at ATD.

On Dec 1st, 2nd, and 3rd. the Shell Coy film unit will be showing pictures at A.T.D.

---o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o---

AU REVOIR

With Lt.Col. Wicksteed to the forward battle zone go the best wishes of all in ATD, particularly those who knew him so well in Fiji and on Ile Nou. There's a little yellow blighter up yonder in Tokyo who's playing hell with our conjugal rights. If you see him before we do, plant a foot where it'll do most good. Thanks in anticipation.

Best of luck, and good hunting, Sir, and DON't bring 'em back alive.

---oo0000oo---

---o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o---

"The Arty Antidote", illegitimate brainchild of "Troppo", is printed and published at A.T.D. by the Mosquite Creek Publishing Corporation, Unlimited.