



NUMBER V ----- SATURDAY ----- 30th. JANUARY 1943

--- EDITORIAL ---

There is a saying that a chain is as strong as its weakest link, and many times during this present conflict the truth of that saying has been borne out. The Defence system of the Pacific has been likened to a protecting chain. Looking at it from New Zealand, there is, around our country, a chain of defence, the links of which are made by the outposts of the Americans, the French, and ourselves. We may have the feeling that these are the least important link in that chain. The last link of a chain has no less strain put on it than the first. So much depends for the safety of our native country on the holding of New Caledonia. It is the last rampart of the South Pacific. If it should go, then our homes are no longer safe. Realising the importance of our work here, we should be inspired to throw our every effort into making New Zealand safe from this distance.

True, we may not see action for some time, but that is all the more reason why we should be more vigilant, why we should give ourselves more whole-heartedly to our jobs, be it uninteresting to gaze out to sea, or be it boring constantly manning our guns. Our greatest enemy is not action, but rather the lack of it. If we can only make ourselves realise that by doing our jobs here to the best of our ability we are keeping all that is near and dear to us safe, then will come the consoling conclusion that we are making New Caledonia, not merely a strong link, but the strongest link in the chain of defences of our homeland.

WEEKLY WHO'S ZOO:

HAMILTON, John Harry: Capt.
 Born: July 1912, by George Wallace out of Anna Pavlova in a moment of Grand Guignol.
 Churches: Taj Mahal (once a muezzin, until he got amongst the Temple virgins - they changed their status, and so did he!)
 Schools: Weraroa, with post-graduate course at Papanoa and short intensive training at Porirua to fit him for the NZ Armed Forces.
 Clubs: C.T. Club, and Jubilee Institute.
 Civilian Occupation: Fitting frillies on fannies of flirtatious flossies (wholesale).
 Books: "The Finest Fannies Ever Fawned are Found in Finland", and "Turning Temple Tendrills To Torrid Tropic Trolls".
 Horoscope: Horrible.
 Military Career: Promising. (Seldom performing).

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

-- MISS-FIRES, ETC, ETC --

Last Friday night's "Hockey" at RHQ gave that well known playboy of the Pacific, featured in earlier issue, a further opportunity of increasing the already substantial lead he holds over others in his pursuit of female company. Little thought does this modern Lothario give to those other maidens strewn like wreckage in his tempestuous path as he claims victim after victim in his search for the sweeter and more delicate things that life has to offer.

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-
BREAKDOWN IN RELATIONS WHISPERED!

Rumours were current last week that an early move by FCP personnel to a new camp site was imminent. No official statement has yet been issued but neutral observers regard it as a great diplomatic victory of FCP NCOs over the RHQ Ambassador Colclough. However Big Shot Marshall denied any deterioration in friendly relations saying "Shortage of men is reason for move

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

"SIGS"

Buzz, Buzz, Buzz, tingle, tingle,
"Is that the barracks? Is Sgt. X
there?" - "No, this is the Orderly
Room" - "Oh, sorry - Are you there,
Blue?" - "I can't hear you". (rising
inflection) - Buzz again, etc. - "You
there?" - (exasperation) - "Oh ?? -
x----xxxx-----ZZZZ - buzz, buzz, buzz,
gurgle - silence !!) - "Is that the
switchboard?" - "No, this is the Ex-
change" - "Oh (pause - gulp) give me
CP" - "Oh, you mean OP" - "Oh, do I?"
- "Alright, why doesn't somebody tell
me those things?" - "You're through"
- "Bullo - (faint voice) - "Bullo".

This dialogue goes on for some time
in the same puerile strain and threat
ens to set up a new all time "high"
in inanity. In final desperation -
"Is that CP or alternatively OP?" -
"What?" - "Who is that?" - "No. 2 Gun
here" - collapse of party of the first
part. "Never mind, I'll put my head
out of the tent and shout or send a
postcard" - (distant voice) - "Fin-
ished? Finished? Finished? - They must
be finished".

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

THE LION'S DEN:

Though to the untrained eye, the
district of Naia may seem to be the
epitome of peace and security, behind
that air of tranquility, horrible
dangers lurk. This does not apply
solely to the sharks which sometimes
approach our shores, but also to the
threat that menaces the unsuspecting
gunner, or for that matter, anyone
who sets foot upon the threshold of
our Orderly Room.

Many a strong robust gunner, has
entered these sacred precincts - that
Holy of Holies - full of confidence
and vigour.

But what of his exit?

Let me quote the example of Gnr.
Blank, a magnificent specimen of NZ
manhood, bronzed from the top of his
footless stockings (two inches below
the knee - see Standing Orders) to
his weather beaten visage. With
clear conscience and snappy salute he
presents himself to the high priests
of this makeshift temple.

He opens his mouth to utter a pleas-
ant "Good Morning", when a cold voice
grates, "Your pay book, Gunner?". No
sooner has he handed over this batter-
ed relic than a second voice emanat-
ing from the bowels of an ancient
typewriter (Caxton Mk.I, 1423 A.D.)
demands his particulars for the 499th
time. To his stammered protest comes
the time honoured reply "The records
have been mislaid again".

But this is not all !!!

While he is weakly denying the own-
ership of any children to speak of,
yet another voice is heard to say,
"Did you shave this morning, Gnr. -

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

you will have to be careful you don't
tread on your beard and kick your-
self in the face". Before he can
frame a suitable rejoinder to this
attack, comes the query "Oh, Gunner
Blank, have you a cigarette?".

This is too much. With a last
despairing cry he reels, minus his
last packet of cigarettes, out into
the bright sunshine in the general
direction of the R.A.P.

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

"O.K., BABY"

The boys from overseas have hit

Whether they'll return we cannot
And the floggies are in tears,
But there is a thought that cheers
There may be souvenirs,
On the way!!

.....

And now they've had a fling at be

Some regard the future with dismay,
Those who played about the piers,
And are left to hug their fears,
Find that vamping cavaliers,
Doesn't pay !!

.....

The Soldier and the Sailor seldom
Long enough to honour and obey,
So be wise in time, my dears,
For you can't collect arrears,
When his troopship disappears,
Down the bay !!

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

The following is published for the
information of all concerned !!!

Regimental Orders by Lt.Col. Cotte,
Commanding, 53rd. Heavy Regt., NZA.

Orderly Officer: Lieut. Allan
Orderly Sergeant: Sgt. Petersen.

CENSORSHIP: The Regimental cens.
Major Tomlins, has noticed that gun-
ners are still referring to the Regtl.
Comdr. as "Snoop". This is entirely
incorrect and should be "Zoop".

WATER: Owing to numerous complai-
nt re chlorinated water, the C.O. has
decided to dispense with calcium
chloride as a water purifier. In
future, water will be purified as
follows:-

Mon & Wed: Water & Whiskey (1 to 1)
Tues & Thurs: Water & Rum (1 to 1)
Fri: Butterfly Brandy &/or Meths
(1 to 1)
Sat: Water will be distilled.
Sun: Milk to taste.

The above should cope with various
tastes. Gunners, however, are re-
quested, for the sake of general
efficiency and smooth running of bat-
teries, to fill their water bottles
on Saturdays and Sundays only.

OFFICIAL DAY: In future, official
day will commence at 1200 hrs. and
official night at 1201 hours.

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

"ESCAPE"

The Devil was roused from his slumber,
'Twas just at break of day,
The three who asked for admittance,
Near took his breath away.

There was Germany's Adolf Hitler,
And his Shavetail Italian Benito,
And the son of a gun of the Rising Sun
Back stabbing Hirohito.

Welcome, Welcome, thrice Welcome,
He greeted each infamous guest,
I guess you are here on vacation,
But I fear you will find little rest.

Hitler was placed on the coal pile,
Where 'Twas two hundred twelve in the shade,
"It os mild" said the Nazi Dictator,
"To the Hell now on earth I'm afraid".

Benito was given a wagon,
To haul all the asses from Hell,
But as he pitched in he said with a grin,
"A pleasure - I think this is swell".

said the Japanese rat Hirohito,
"Thank you please I think this is nice"
When told to count all the kernels,
In ten million bushels of rice.

The Devil perplexed and in quandary,
Why the three were so willing to work,
No job seemed too petty or menial,
No moment did anyone shirk.

Then he asked them all for a reason,
And each one was willing to tell,
Since the US had entered the conflict,
Earht was hotter than Hell.

(HDCP)

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

ARMY EDUCATION:

Since contributing an article on this subject, two issues ago, the writer has been advised of the forthcoming arrival in New Caledonia of an accredited organiser with an appointment from the NZ Government to formulate practical systems for the education of NZ troops stationed here. He is authorized to investigate facilities for such systems and, having done so, to proceed to paunch an intensive programme for their furtherance. He will be particularly interested in the proper organisation and publishing of an official organ for the 3rd. Division and any unit papers. The 3rd. Division newspaper has been mentioned by the Premier, Mr. P. Fraser, who promised fullest co-operation in its instigation and furtherance.

This encouragement and expert super-veillance should induce the editors, publishers and contributors of this journal to redouble their efforts to

make it a success. I have no doubt that when the organiser sees the interest shown, he will have no hesitation in removing the difficulties so far encountered. Official recognition would certainly mean an adequate supply of paper and a more practical means of printing.

Because of this brighter outlook then, it is urged that the utmost support be given this journalistic project and the future of our own paper will be assured. (150 Pty).

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



"What about that leave to N.Z.?"

THE BULL OF BASHAN !!!!

To show how even honest men, giving each his own account of the same unusual incident, will differ, we read that recently a small calf tore a hole in a HQ tent at 151 and gazed inside with real and absorbed interest. We have collected the varying descriptions of the animal which, added together gives us this mammoth:

"This mighty bull did not know his own strength - he had horns with a foot spread, a head 50 cubits long, 40 cubits wide, a body big enough to give at least two good meals to the whole US Army, a tail so long, that hollowed out for a speaking tube, would solve the problem of the Harb. Defence line, and sufficient obvious virility to restock the vast pampas Argentina (or, in the local aboriginal vernacular - "They were as big as ladies' handbags !!).

We feel sure that Mr. "Believe it not" Ripley has never heard of this animal, nor could Frank Buck have "Brought it back alive".

There're Scots who hail fr' Aberdeen,
And Scots from Lancashire,
There's one who hails from 204,
Named Mr. McIntyre.

The Sergeants call him Mister,
Or ----- behind his back,
But to his face or otherwise,
The boys prefer just Mac.

In civil life a teacher,
I envy all his class,
For when examinations come,
He'd give them all a pass.

He'd help the kids steal apples,
Help to eat the stolen loot,
And when the football season came,
He'd be there to land a boot.

In the Army He's a Logistic,
The Q.M. Stores his charge,
A live wire for his right hand man,
Horace, by rank Staff Ser.

His 2 i/c's a gunner,
One Norm Michel to wit,
He's just there to do the work,
While staff sits by to knit.

Now Mac is very popular,
A good joke he enjoys,
And when he gets his beer,
He drinks it with the boys.

When to Mum you write a letter,
You don't want cut to shreds,
Give it to Mac to censor,
You needn't worry your heads.

So when we do see action,
And at the Japs have a crack,
I hope there's one chap round,
Good old genial Mac.

Heard at R.H.Q. Recently.

A young subaltern, preparatory to
taking a jaunt in the local "Peep",
was dusting the seat of the aforesaid
vehicle with a piece of paper, when a
gentle breeze from over the hills
whisked the aforementioned piece of
paper from his hands and in through
the C.O.'s window.

Being rather perturbed by this un-
toward incident, our friend trotted
round to the Adjutant and asked him
if he could retrieve the piece of
paper for him (must have been some-
thing good written on it). The Adj.
wandered off, to return shortly with
the laconic remark - "Too late - he's
signed it !!!".

Cnr. Smith, whose main desire is to
remain intoxicated, and his worthy
contemporary Cnr. Nickles, have been
labouring for several days to outdo
Mr. Kaiser's shipbuilding records and
have at last announced the completion
of their raft. Its sea worthiness
is so obvious that the B.S. has been
seen keeping a very anxious eye on it

The recent advent of a (censored)
balloon on to our parade ground has
caused our B.C. much discomfort. He
has been noticed viewing its large
proportions with a jealous eye.

Apart from the fact that the breech
on No.1 gun blew open at each shot,
our recent shoot was a huge success.

SCOOP !!! - WONDER BOY MCCARDLE
FORESEES END OF WAR

"Gun Flash" obtains first hand in-
formation on startling discovery by
ex-farmer McCardle. Details of this
latest discovery are closely guarded
secret by privileged few at F.C.P.,
but high official when interviewed
hinted at "death rays" and generation
of electricity by means of "super-
natural".

Mac was returning to camp the other
night from leave, with a bottle he
had swiped from a ----- . The road was
very rough and he fell several times,
dropping the bottle each time, but
always picking it up again. On
reaching camp Mac steadied himself as
well as he could and said to Jimmy
Campbell, "See, I've got eleven
bottle of ---- with me".

"Eleven", cried Jimmy, "I can only
see one".

"Nonsense", said Mac, "I fell down
eleven times, and I'll swear I picke
up a bottle each time".

(204 Bty)

WHERE'S

OUR

BEER ????