



NUMBER VI ----- SATURDAY ----- 6th. FEBRUARY 1943.

--- EDITORIAL ---

Sometimes the soldier thinks that he is the only one who is suffering privations, the only one who is making sacrifices to win the war. There is a great deal of talk about the importance of the morale of the soldier. Quite true, too - the morale of the soldier is certainly a thing to be reckoned with. One of the best assets to soldierly morale is the regular arrival of mail from home. But there is another side to the picture. We are not the only ones making sacrifices. Those we have left back in New Zealand are making sacrifices equally as great - not always physical ones, but much more exacting ones - mental anxiety. In times of stress those who are actually in the difficult position have their minds relieved by action, but not so those who wait to hear the result. Censorship regulations necessarily bar us from writing home all that we should like, and consequently there is anxiety on the part of those at home in our regard. Their morale is as important as our own, and no less important is the bolstering up of that morale.

We have it in our power to help them. The way? Write cheerful and regular letters. The knowledge that we are writing regularly, even though the letters do not arrive regularly, will be the greatest factor in helping the home front. Write cheerful letters. We all have our likes and dislikes, our petty grudges, our inconveniences - but why not make a virtue of necessity. It is war; and, being an unnatural condition for civilised men, unnatural conditions are a necessary consequence - but why burden others with our load? Back home they look for our letters just as much as we look for theirs. Write often - write cheerfully - and in that way we are doing a job towards our home morale.

WEEKLY WHO'S ZOO:

MARSHALL, John Richard

Born: 2.4.14. Little known of sordid circumstances of birth. Thought to be son of commercial traveller selling ice in Alaska.

Church: None now - evicted from churches of all denominations owing to habit of imbibing ecclesiastical wine too freely.

Education: Thought to have had a private tutor.

Clubs: French Club - "Do Gaulles Gallentes".

Hobbies: Great student of French conversation. Keen promoter of goodwill between Allies (male and female). Making excuses to visit French homes. Entertaining socially at RHQ but more often at Owen Toro. Knowing every early morning launch time-table by heart.

Author of two books: "Love's Labour Lost" - a novel dealing with the danger of an inadequate grasp of French (language). "Fundamental

ARE YOU JADED OR DEPRESSED ?? ????????

If so, we can supply the answer - all you need is a fortnight at - BEAUTIFUL NAIA BY THE SEA

Shooting - fishing - swimming - and horse riding - excellent cuisine. Glorious views.

Apply to our booking agent, D.S. Humphrey at RHQ, or direct to the entertainment manager, J.H. Hamilton, at 151 Bty.

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We are happy to be able to assure our Americans that N.Z. has NOT been torpedoed and sunk -

The beer, by all accounts, has been side tracked to DIV HQ, but will arrive in due course. ---

WE HOPE !!!!!!!

"French Phrases" or "Snatches of French"; an invaluable book for the young lover, based on writer's personal experience. Gives every phrase from "Come and see my etchings" to Turn over, I want some sleep now, darling".

BY ONE OF THE BOYS: (204 Bty)

Now I who wield this humble pen,  
Do not a few notes make,  
And many amusing happenings,  
I log for honour's sake.  
Take for a start, the other night,  
When someone got one's hat,  
& smeared lamp black around the band,  
I mean - must laugh at that.

Then one of the lads a brainwave had,  
He'd clip off all his hair,  
The idea caught on & 'twas not long,  
We saw queer sights and rare,  
With Jacko, Jullie & battling Len,  
As bald as a barbers cat,  
And Mitch; bumpy as a Mills grenade,  
I mean - must laugh at that.

At tea the other night we sat,  
Our evening meal consuming,  
A great catastrophe occurred,  
Mess table suddenly swooning.  
The hapless lads on ground all laid,  
Their dinners in their laps,  
Shaking sliced peaches out of their  
I mean - must laugh at that. **Claps**

Now tent 17 is the rowdiest mob,  
The Lord placed on this earth,  
Their minor trifling arguments,  
Cause quite a lot of mirth.  
With Jock and Pistoff taking one side,  
And Johnson carrying his bat,  
The b-----s argue from morn to night  
I mean - must laugh at that.

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INTERNATIONAL SPORTS REVIEW:

(By our special cricket correspondent  
of a South Pacific Base - NOT New  
Guinea, NOT Fiji, NOT Samoa - Copy-  
right in all belligerent and neutral  
countries. Reserved to "Gun Flash").

On Saturday 23 Jan 43 your corres-  
pondent was one of the privileged to  
attend the cricket match between teams  
representing a certain 274 Bty and a  
certain 77rd. Hy Regt. R.H.Q.

This game, the second in the "Wick-  
steed-Manders Phantom Memorial Cup",  
was played on a neutral ground - the  
world famed "VD Oval" whose praises  
have been extolled in an earlier  
issue.

The Security Dept. has given your  
correspondent an almost free hand in  
reporting this highlight of the crick-  
et world, but no mention can be made  
of rank. We are also permitted to men-  
tion that the strength of each side  
was 11 men, but for obvious reasons  
the equipment used cannot be stated.

The Dept. for Prevention of Paper  
Waste has forbidden to publication of  
the scores of the following partici-  
pants on the grounds that it would en-  
tail unnecessary expenditure of paper  
on symbols that have no actual bearing  
on the scoring of either side:-

Gatley, Davidson, Gee, Healy, Tucker,  
Anderson (all 77rd. R.H.Q.)

Iusby, Bishop, Jackson, Graham,  
(All 274 Bty).

274 Bty won the toss and sent RHQ  
in. The game opened sensationally  
when Davidson, having declined a trial  
ball, returned to the pavilion after  
the opening ball of Cooper's over. Two  
balls later Gee followed him and after  
the sixth ball of Ellis' over Gatley  
also returned. At this stage RHQ had  
lost three wickets for none, and, al-  
though 3 runs were scored off Cooper's  
next over, there was to be only one  
more bye before Ellis dismissed Healy  
4/4 .... Cooper then set to work dis-  
missing McKenzie, Tucker and Anderson  
in quick succession...7/15. Meanwhile  
Smith was playing ducks and drakes  
with Ellis' bowling and Armstrong  
hit a 4 and 6 before falling to Cooper  
...8/25. Hopkins stayed with Smith  
until the latter fell to the first  
ball bowled by Iusby ..9/41. McGardle  
last man in, scored a off Iusby before  
falling to a full toss from the same  
bowler .... RHQ all out for 43.

274 opened in a spirit of confidence  
which was soon disrupted when Glen-  
garry fell to Davidson and Cooper and  
Iusby fell to Gee... 5/6. However, 2  
Ryburn and Smith stayed together until  
the former fell to Gee ... 4/21.  
Bishop followed quickly ... 5/21.  
Thus things were serious when Murphy  
joined Smith, and a sterling partner-  
ship by these two decided the game,  
Murphy scoring 11 before falling to  
Anderson .. 6/45. Jackson stayed  
with Smith until a good ball from Gee  
got him .. 7/55. and Smith himself,  
fell to Armstrong .. 8/58.. Graham  
stayed while three byes were scored  
.. 9/31. and Ellis and Bygrave then  
carried the score to 74 before a york-  
er from Gee bowled Ellis, Bygrave  
carrying his bat for 8.

The result, though unexpected, was  
popular and both sides look forward  
to a return match.

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WANTED TO BUY & URGENT:

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tion "WELCOME".

Apply in first instance to Orderly  
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Did you know ?

The American opesum is the great-  
est master of the art of "playing  
opesum". It lies like a corpse, and  
it may be pounded severely and flung  
away without exhibiting any sign of  
life.

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ROBOT OF DESTRUCTION: ("Readers' Digest".)

The torpedo against which naval engineers have found no satisfactory protection, is man's most intricate engine of destruction. It is the smallest warship afloat - 34 ft long. For it is a ship, complete with engine room, cargo, and mechanical crew. If so directed it will describe a complete semicircle before settling down to its course. Like a big battleship, it is given tests before it joins the fleet. A 3000 pound fish of steel with 600 pounds of H.E. in its warhead, it knives its way through the sea at nearly a mile a minute. Its wallow staggers the heaviest battleship.

The self propelling torpedo was born in 1864, when Captain Luppis of the Austrian Navy went to the famous Scottish engineer Robert Whitehead with a plan for an automatic, self-steering, underwater projectile. Whitehead, fascinated, went to work at once and two years later the first Whitehead torpedo slid into the water. It was a crude little machine, 10 feet long, travelling at 6 m.p.h., and carrying six pounds of dynamite. But so sound was Whitehead's work that his basic design has been changed only slightly.

The early torpedo was notoriously erratic in the water and menaced the mother ship as much as the target. Even in the last war, several U-boats were blown up by their own torpedoes. The modern torpedo is so accurate, it can run for miles without appreciable deviation from its set course and depth. Its mechanism comprises 1525 precision built parts. To make one requires some 20,000 man-hours, and it costs the navy about \$4,000.

Just before the torpedo is launched a torpedo-man, on instructions from the fire control officer who has computed the target's position, speed and range, sets direction and depth by adjusting a small spindle like a radio dial. It is no longer necessary to aim the torpedo direct at the target. It may be launched in any direction, and so set that it will turn to its proper course.

The principle member of the crew is a gyroscopic pilot, a bronze flywheel the size of a saucer, whirled at 18,000 revolutions per minute by a jet of compressed air. This gyro-compass controls a small engine which operates the directional rudder, instantly correcting any deviation from the torpedo's fixed course.

The underwater course of the torpedo is usually about 15 feet below the surface, and must be kept level. A sensitive hydrostat, measuring depth by external water pressure, controls a second small steering engine, which operates horizontal tail rudders. If

the torpedo runs closer to the surface than ordered, or deeper, these steer it back to its correct depth. All these mechanisms are fitted tidily within the torpedo's slim diameter of 21 inches.

The torpedo used to leave tell-tale wake of white bubbles from the compressed air which streamed from its exhaust pipe. This sometimes gave the victim time to dodge, and clearly marked the position of the submarine which fired it. The modern leaves almost no wake. The white hot mixture of air and steam is exhausted through a hollow bronze propeller shaft. The steam on striking the cold sea condenses into water - the hot air forms tiny slow rising bubbles which cannot be seen from a distance when the torpedo is well down.

The decision in the next phase of the war may well turn on our ability to defeat the torpedo in the Atlantic and to win with it in the South Pacific. The tin fish is still making history.

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"SPORTS" -- BOXING

The enthusiasm shown by all ranks over the recent pugilistic efforts of members of the Regt. is indeed gratifying. The recent contest staged at the Navy Velodrome between "Duke" Eddington, the "Tin & Rue Tornado", and "Full Count" Foeste, "who never a fight has lost" ???, resulted in a decision on points for "Full Count". The bout consisted of three 5-minute rounds and was fought at a furious pace. Although not belittling "Full Count's" prowess, we feel confident that if the "Duke" had undergone a longer period of training the decision might easily have been reversed.

Unfortunately, owing to unforeseen circumstances, the tournament scheduled for this Saturday evening has been cancelled. However, we are all eagerly looking forward to the return bout between "Full Count" and the "Duke", which is to be staged at the official opening of the "Beer Garden", next Saturday night.

With the "atmosphere" more to his liking, and from "inside" information received from his trainer (who, by the way, is none other than "Killer Koster the K.O. Kid"), we feel sure that the "Duke" will "swing" his way to victory for honour of the "Fighting 3rd".

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Excerpts from "Pensioner's Problems".

I cannot get sick pay. I have six children. Can you tell me why this is so?

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Mrs. Brown has no clothes for a year and has been regularly visited by the clergy. Can you do something?

