5.2 2 CAR NEWS WEEKLY of 33rd. Heavy Regiment Est.1943 Z.E. I.P. OVERSEAS F.

----- SATURDAY --------- 15th. Februar NUMBER VII -----

---- EDITORIAL -----

"Foreign travel broadens the mind". How many of us are giving is a chance? We'd all somer be home with our folks - granted = but we can't be at the moment. So let's bite on the bullet and accept that, and, having accepted it, don't for Heaven's sake let our winds dwell of where we'd rather be than here. For in doing so we are wasting time i idle dreaming. Let each one of us yet from "the unforgiving minute sixty seconds worth of distance run".

At present we're getting foreigh travel - perhaps of a limited kin but it is foreign travel, and, that's more, it's all "on the house" -maybe it magn't in a de luxe cabin suite, but we got here, and there's lots to learn and see - native life and customs - French life and cus-toms. Don't lot us get the attitude of the Victorian British Diplomat "Speak English or don't bother to speak at all". How many are attempt to learn even a smattering of French? Are there any of us rude enough to laugh like street corner louts at people who speak with what appears to be a torrent of French? How many have bought books and found out the principal industries and products of Tew Caledonia, its places of inter-est. its population? How many of us have Pacific maps and follow the est, its population? How many of us have Pacific maps and follow the news bulleting intelligently? While we're marking time, are we wasting time? Let's get stuck into it and get full personal value in knowledge for our country's expenditure of money in sending and keeping us here. We'll be the botter mon for it.

WEEKLY W.	HOIS	200:
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WEEKLY WHO'S ZOO:	"THE FLESHPOT FUSILIER"	
NULVEY, Gregory John (known to his friends as "Pat", and to his gun-	Hy Ety for R.H.Q.)	
ners as (censored)). Born: 6.1.17. Origin: The place where the	So you've joined the gilded staff, my lad,	
oystans come from. It has a water tower too- otherwise not noteworthy.	And given up your guns, But you'll find at times you're	
Civilian Occupation: Robbing the widow and the fatherless -	foeling bad,	
grinding the faces of the poor	And life's not all beer and buns, Though minions answer to your ned.	
(Land & Income Tax Dept.)	Come running to your call,	
Sports & Hobbies: Raising the hirthrade of New Zealand. He also	And you're treated like a Deputy	
fishes.	Assistant God, You'll find that that's not all.	
Points of interest: Became a	Terrar Titre (140 e) and and	
mother on January 2nd. Books: "Building Without Spout-	You've left the unlettered, un-	
ing". "Twing, Robbing and drind-	You're away from the mud and moil,	
Going to Press shortly: "Fifty	Dirt and disconfort you've left behind.	
two methods of qualifying for con-	And the sweat of manual toil,	
finement laave". (Special pre- publication price for this volume	You're dressed in starched and	
in half-calf, illustrated and un-	As your gorgeous path you wend,	
expurgated - £2.2.0.	But beneath the rose there lurks	
	the barb,	
	Is Ernest really your friend?	

SAR TOD OF PERFISES:

Bessrs. "arrington and Hamilton, publishers of "Standing Orders" "Shark Fishing off Mais", and other their clients and friends that they anys opened modern and more commodious promises at No.1, Rue des Orde-res Routines, on the site formerly occupied by Particulars Unlimited, at main.

feature of their new establishment is the tasteful coral mat on which they will be pleased to accouedate their many clients. Free Jepp leaves Barrack Square daily. Forma by ar-Escorte a specialty. rangement.

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OTE:

Yould contributors to "du Plach" please forward all material for publication as early in the work as possible. Up to now, stuff has been arriving on Fridays and saturdays and consequently there is a mad rush on Saturday afternoon to get the paper out, with the result that there is not time to

check errors, etc. It will be of considerable help if we canget most of the articles etc, in early so that we can make sure no misprints creep in and so that we have this to devote to the Soneral Layout of each issue. Thank you.

CHEMICAL WARFARE:

Gus is, perhaps, the only weapon which is its out armour. Paradoxical as this statement must sound, its reasonableness becomes apparent when it is considered that fear of reprisel makes either side loath to instig. to chemical warfere.

The types of gases practical in modern warfare are so limited that, with the exception of Argene and DIG, which are only combinations of the then-known gases, no new gas has been devised since 1913. New nothods of diffusion and protection have certainly been developed, but they are also corrion knowledge. Suitable conditions such as weather, topo-graphy, and the important element of surprise, are so selder encountered that the weapon's use is very circunscribed as a consequence.

In spite of these disadvantages gas is such a formidable wespon that gas is such a formidable weepen and its possibilities cannot be ignored. Sprung as a surprise on untrained troops, and the casualties and sut-sequent loss of efficiency might well 0. What is a soldier's first duty? sequent loss of a decisive battle. A. To die for his country. Ab don't give no that cheap Even against trained troops and not as a surprise, the fire power of the unit may, or rather would, be decrease ed by as much as 30%. As a denying

factor, blister as laid bohing retracting theops would seriously handlosp the pursuers.

It is, then, for these reasons, that millions are spont by the great nations on chemical warfare and its remifications.

At the present time the position is one of a stalemate - heither side is willing to make the awful decision which will let loose on humanity one of the most horrible means of destruction. It is consid-ored that the Japanese, with their mational attitude of disregard for cither othics or humanity, may be the ores who do so. Hence it is ci particular importance to the Alliea Troops in the Pacific war sone to be prepared and thus protected. -0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-

"SWITTBURNIANA"

(Though's on returning my Battle Dress.)

I'm glad I am now rid of thee, For no you've grown too old, A chulder at the shapeless knee, Your seat just leaves me cold.

Your waist of neatness shows no trace.

Co from my sight I beg, Forgetten is the soft embrace, of thy shepely clinging log.

I could not spend the night with TOU .

With any pleasure now, Our days together all are through, Weeve taken our last bow.

What once gave pleasure unconfined, Is now just so much dross, I care not for thy future fate, Our paths shall never cross. -0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-

Suggested blurb for the U.S. Service Maurance Schene 1!

1. The old man's dead - thank God for that, Hos insurance will buy to a

brand new hat.

2. It imsband's dead - I've beaucoup bucks, Now I can have up two marines,

You may think this doesn't rhyne, But you don't know those marines of mine.

Co My soldier's deat - it was good While it lasted,

Q. Ah, don't give no that cheap crap. It's to make his enemies die for theirs.

-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-

Aant Alice's Answers to Mourous Anxieties.

Dear Auns Alice, Although I an only 41 I have al-ready had four French girl friends since my arrival in New Caledonia 4 leave day's ago, but I've lost such one of their almost at ones, ouch one has anacked my right check as she left. My best friends tell we I haven't got B.O., and I and I use Lifebuoy, and they never lough when I sit down to play, so what can it be that is wrong with me? It just a country boy strug ling to learn the language but I've looked up t few words in the dictionery and stuck them together in mice flowery phrases. Perhaps you could tell no if there's arothing wrong with them. I meant to say "Oh, Miss, how becatiful you are. I think our meeting is programt with possibilities. If only you were struck with no if" and in French it went like this "Ob Mademoinelle it went like this, "Oh, Madenoiselle Vous etes tres belle. Je pense que notre rencontre est opris des chances. Que merveilleux si seulement vous seres enclente de moi 1". And each time that way the end of our conversation. Dear Aunt Alice, have I said the wrong thing? - for now I see them going out with the Adjutant so it can't be my looks that upset then.

Yours in Cupid's toils, "Passion's Delicate Flower".

Answer:

Dear Pash,

Jux tapose fenceintet, and tepris or one of them will take you at your word and you'll be leaving in Now Caledonia sorthing "that is forever New Zealand" and 15/- a weel laine tenance is still 15/- less blar money even though it is expressed in France (rd are leave id in in france. And you leave the Adju-tant alone. You should not judge people on first impressions - be may conceal a heart of gold boneath that gluteal spread. Aunt Alico.

SUGGESTIONS FOR GOOD JODS -"APRES IL MUERRE".

1. Vacuum Cleaner Salesman.

News fleish from one of our conto porles:-

Miss Canan Hanna reported to Police the loss of S20.00 today. Ste seid the money was concealed in her stocking and the loss was discovered soon after the departure of a vacuum cleaner saleman who had been demonstating his line

---- Herb.

"PANTASIA"

List' to my tale of a Padre new, With a mind quite virgin, pure and true, The joinred us back in old NZ, and now our buddy heart and head.

at our mind: hearts he stood anaze In such untrod jungle planned to

blaze, salvations! path for all br. trot, Whether we liked that way or not.

He bore in mind the surest way, To win men's hearts, or so they say, And nightly filled our stomachs full, With calles and tea, and likewise bull.

On Sundays though we all marched in To let him preach to us of .sin, And tell us how we really cught, To mend our ways, or weld be caught.

But this sabbath attack, however bold, Upon our hearts just left us cold, And all his plans to make us good, He could put then with the "Anas Pud".

Ho beat time till his arms were numb But with his hymne we were quite dunh. Each passing Sunday every verse,

Only made the silence worse.

Until one Sunday, in a hymn, The silence it so argened him, That fury he could not restrain, And burst into this hot refrain.

"With dirty songs you shake the walls

So to say you can't is just plain -----

All the week I fill your -----. buts.

Sing, you sons of bitches, sing, Make the ----welkin wing, All I ost is just a song, Help a man man clong"

Cold hormor swept his seathing br. 1.n.

And sanity he did regain; To face our cos he vis not same, but powed his head in deepest shame

To his surprise we smiled on him, Now he obey his slightest whim, That Faire's came is surely made, Who calls a shovel a ----- spade. wowowowowowowowowowowow

So our beer wasn't Waylaid, after all. It was all a munour.

QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR:

(We are prepared to pay tep rates for anticles on the following thought-provoking topics.)

- I. Is a Quartermaster a born thief? Or is a thief a born Quartermaster? (Your Nather wasn't really Ali Baba was he, Humph? Were you really a safe blower in Civilian life - or only in the Income Tax Dept.?)
- II. Who called the Adjutant a? Who called thean Adjutant? (Come on, Ernie, you know all the answers - what's the answer to that one?)
- III. Can a gentleman be "tres Shiek", and still be "Tres chic"? (Shop iiiii --- Major Marshalli)
- IV. should a batman tell? (Well, we're asking you.)
- V. Is it fair to call an officer a "Bight Owl" just because he can "out-with" and "out woo" anything on the island? (One of you young chaps can answer that one.)

STANDING ORDERS FOR GUARDS AND/OR PICQUETS

1'll walk my post from end to end, And take no bull from foe or friend, And if mayhap someone should pass, I shove my bayonet, - er - at his throat it

And if I see any son of a -----I dive into the neatest ditch, These are the orders I received, From the ----- I reliqued.

(This answer, if delivered smartly in a soldierly manner to any visiting and questioning General, is bound to achieve results.)

REMARKS MEAT WILL GO DOWN IN HISTORY

I. "You can't observe fall of shot at night with searchlights." (Capt. Adamson)

(You're telling us ----- Not with your searchlights anyway 1111)

That's the story, chaps !!!

- THE WATCH NO. 5 --- AT NAIA BY THE SEA -

There's Freddie our officer of whom we're so proud. Though we've Wished many times he was wrapped in his chrone. And Jerry our Sergeant, so big and so strong, And then there is Foxy, all the day long. And then there is Foxy, a sporting young bloke, Who of late galleps round on a broken down moke, There's Vic, yes there's Vic, our Lance Fombardier, As not on the breech, we clain he's no peer, A cobber of all is one we call Ghandi, At getting E.D. by gum he's a Gandy. There's Cockie who tries our Jerry to duck, So far no success, what b------ hard luck, Mult hes only heaped up for himself lots of trouble, But has only heaped up for himself lots of trouble, Mult hes blil Ferris, a lod of some pluck, Who's taken to swimming, we wish him some luck, Hext there is Ernis who's been to Wiji, The strange words he uses are a puzzle to me, Could eat half an ex and give enseres for fun And then there is Frank, whose weakness is beer, But can't give his throttle much exercise here, Our Bert snokes a pipe much to our dismay, We're frightened some blighter will shoet him some day, Our Herb is a virgin of whom we can boast, And justly we think he's one in the heat, I've jurposely left our Paddy till last, As having mo brains he steps many blasts, And when on parade these lade to appear, One wonders just why in the Hell they are here.

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