



NUMBER XI SATURDAY 13th. MARCH 1945.

.....EDITORIAL.....

"Laugh and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone."

In those two lines you have the best advice you can ever be given to form your philosophy of life. If you get a knock the world permits you a short burst of reasonable grief, and sympathises with you, and your friends stick around and help along, but continue your grief over-
long, or let it sour your mental attitude, and the world regards you as a whiner, a grizzler, and your friends get tired of you - you won't enjoy life with them - why should they have their pleasures soured because you "can't take it". And so they drift away and "You weep alone". Your thoughts run in a vicious circle from grievance to grief and back to grievance again. And, like the mythical bird you fly around in "ever decreasing concentric circles" until you are alone in a dead spot.

But look for the silver lining, turn on a grin even though ~~your~~ it hurts. It will soon stop hurting - and you'll find that you are a valued friend because you can laugh and enjoy life - you've got guts and a sense of honour - two essentials to a worth-while man.

Choose for yourself whether the world is to laugh with you or at you. But if it laughs at you, you've chosen a damp and dismal lonely road - it's only song a moan. Not very attractive, is it?

WEEKLY WHO'S ZOO:

McCARDIE Agnes Penelope, born 18th March, 1914 (War Baby). Last of a long string of old maids. Known to all as "The Nattering Lance Jack" or "Giggling Gertie".
Education: Sunshine Kindergarten, Mabel Johnston's School of Dancing - honours in plasticine & needlework
Civil Occupations: Strip teasing
farm hand.

Sports & Hobbies: Nattering, more nattering & swing music. Has very pronounced views on tobacco habit - has never been known to buy a cigar or match in his life.
Studying to be a soldier (unconfirmed). Great inventor, at present engaged in planning a billiard ball which will automatically apply "side" & take up correction for curvature and refraction.
Books: "Ballistics Beaten" or "So Much Hot Air", "Music made Messy" (with an introduction by the Boswell Sisters). "From Lance Jack to General in Six Easy Stages" - published (amusement tax free) for Boy Scouts & Girl Guides Assoc. A most amusing book.

GARBO?

It was necessary to place some of the Diggers in boarding houses and even in private homes. One smart guy was inspecting his lodgings and was being shown to his room by a very pretty girl. "Are you to be let with the room?" he asked. "No" she replied "I'm to be let alone".

HIRED.

Rejected for Military Service, a little man applied for a job as blacksmith's striker. After looking him over the smith picked up the largest hammer, hurled it through the window and said:-
"If you can do that, you're on"
The little man picked up the anvil, threw it after the hammer, saying "O.K. ...Are we working outside?"

ONE OF THE FAMILY.

Wife: "I consider sheep are the most stupid of living creatures, Joe"
Husband: (absent-mindedly, glancing up from newspaper) "Yes, my lamb".

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GARRISON BLUES:

I hate this ruddy harbour,
I detest this blasted port,
I think my nearest neighbour,
A lewd fellow of the basest sort.
The guns are silly children's toys,
The food is just hard tack,
The camp a home for wayward boys,
I've a black dog on my back.

The searchlights give the feeblest
beam,
No earthly use to the watch,
In fact we'd get a better gleam,
From a twopenny Woolworth's torch,
The M.T. rattles, bumps and roars,
Every nut seems slack,
Just a pile of rowdy junk,
I've a black dog on my back.

The phones are just too crazy,
Signals a damn side worse,
H.Q. is far too lazy,
The O.C. far too terse,
The beds provide me with less sleep,
Than an inquisition rack,
Although I've counted countless
sheep,
I've a black dog on my back.

The barrack rooms are beehives,
Full of useless drones,
The NCOs like fishwives,
Paggling over bones.
The quarters are like animal lairs,
But give everything its dues,
I may be jaundiced by my cares,
For I've got those Garrison Blues.

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GALLANT CAPTURE OF ALIEN INTRUDERS

At an unspecified place, on an un-
disclosed date and at a censored
time, the 3rd. Division showed pro-
mise of gallantry certainly equal
to and possibly surpassing the best
traditions of the 2nd. Division.

Watch Officer: "Hist! What is that?"
A light on the island. I smell
a rat!"

Lookout: "Garn! The ----- place is
teeming with rats. Go to sleep!"

Watch Officer: "We're at war. It
must be investigated."

Lookout: "O.K. I'll ring the Boss!"
(Tingle, tingle. "Is that you,
Boss? What did you say, 'Who the hell
do you think it is?' Say, Boss, dis-
saint to time for riddles. There's a
light on the island - I know there's
dozens of islands - you want to know
which one - say, listen, do you
think this is a geography lesson -
the island in front - Oh, you want
the azimuth - who do you think I am?
Astrologer Mac? - Alright I'll send
the 'Queen Mary'. Keep your shirt
on.")

Whereupon the gallant Chapman W.C.
sprang from his rapt contemplation
of Stage III and arming himself to
his artificial dentures, called upon

seven of his faithful henchmen and
one mariner; and the intrepid party
set forth in the "Golden Bar" (not
to be confused with the "Yellow
Streak"), the "Queen Mary" trans-
porting them to the ship's side.
With a roar of mighty engines and a
surge of power the "Golden Bar"
clove the breakers to the island
covering the 3000 yards in slight-
ly under the hour.

"Follow me, mes infants", said
Chapman, who's learning French.
"Don't shoot until you see the
whites of their thighs", and pru-
dently slipping in the scuppers,
let his warriors beat him to the
shore. With flashing bayonets,
gleaming teeth, and knocking knees,
his braves dispersed rapidly into
the night and in their haste to
find safe hiding places fell over
three shrinking little French Civi-
lians. When our brave soldiers
saw that the civilians were only 3
and far more terrified than the
soldiers, they promptly let loose
most blood curdling oaths and ar-
rested them and their boat and re-
turned in triumph to their unit.
Interrogation in perfect Marseilles
dock-yard argot by the B.C. satis-
fied all hands that they were quite
harmless, but "it was a gallant
action" and will live long in the
annals of the Regiment.

Lieut. Chapman, W.C., interviewed
by our special correspondent, was
typically modest and laconic.

"Don't give any credit to me",
he said twirling his moustache,
"It was my men that did it all.
They were magnificent".

Truly the stuff of which heroes
are made.
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- SLAPS -

A heated discussion took place
recently as to which had the great-
est sting - a slap from a "Merry
French Widow" or a bite from a
"Black Widow Spider".

Judging from the personal ob-
servations of a certain officer,
who has had "second hand ???" ex-
perience of the former, and strictly
impersonal relations with the latter,
the conclusion arrived at was that
the former wins hands "Down", when
the hand's "up", And how!!!!

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MORE BLURB FOR US SERVICE INSURANCE
Weep for the fate of Private Bloggs,
Who was crushed in the mighty war
machine's cogs,
His friends got his insurance, the
lucky dogs,
And spent it all in beer, the -----
hogs.

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We've lost our Padre!! Must have
been the Colonel's Who's Zoo!!!

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CRICKET

THE RAINS CAME !!!

The match looked forward to game between 151 & RNQ was played last Wednesday. Unfortunately the weather didn't behave quite as it should have & although play was not stopped conditions were so bad that it could not be regarded as a fair test. With scores about even at quarter past four everyone went home soaked through. It is hoped a return match can be arranged at Naia in the not too distant future.

SLIP CATCHES. Mr Chapman batting in his overcoat. Sgt. Armstrong attired in a very attractive white ensemble catching a 151 player's bat at mid off. Bdr. MacIndoe trying to convince himself he was bowling well after taking three wickets in one over. Cnr. Hopkins going out first ball & Bdr. Sanders innings of 54. Mr. King walking home when the motor bike wouldn't go.

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Aunt Alice's Answers To Amorous Anxieties

Dear Aunt Alice,

I'M afraid you're going to be shocked at me - I've got three wives - of course two of them aren't really wives but they don't know it and they serve the same purpose - one in N.Z., two in Fiji (one when I was a gorilla in the Western area and the other when I was drunk in Suva) but now I've met the "grand passion" of my life and, oh, Aunt Alice, can she - er - I mean, does she - er - oooh! oooh! Well she's got everything - of course they all have, or I think so anyway in my own ignorant way, but somehow there's just that little something of difference that makes the world a pin. She's not much to look at, she's not exactly brown so much as creamy yellow with brown spots and crossed sashes of black, but those sashes seem fashioned for this purpose. I think I am undone, what should I do? I'd be in the air all the time if my tent had blinds.

Yours in the toils of des ire,
 Passionate Percy.

My poor pash Perce,

You don't want advice, you want a stud groom. I think you'd better apply for Passionate Leave.

Yours with a bucket of cold water,

Aunt Alice.

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PRESUMED LOST

The continued absence of two well-known officers of field rank is causing a certain amount of concern in various quarters.

"On an hour of the day of the fourth
 Two well-known Majors went North
 There they met Anna,
 Were pleased with her manner
 And decided to stay there hence-
 forth"

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Extract From German Magazine
 Found in Libya:-

"ITALIAN WAR COMMUNIQUE!"

"On the Torbruk front a large force of Italians attacked a New Zealand cyclist, causing him to dismount. After heavy and prolonged fighting they were able to puncture his tyres. The front wheel was destroyed, while the loss of the rear wheel must also be considered probable. The handlebars are in our hands but possession of the frame is still being bitterly contested"

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"During the three months he was away from home he worried considerably over the welfare of his wife. On returning, however, he found her living with another man" Divorce Report.

For his lady he worried when he,
 Away from his dwelling had gone,
 But he found, on returning, that
she
 had succeeded in carrying on!"

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YOU'RE TELLING ME.

It was George's first visit to town. In fact it was the first time he had ever been away from the farm. Climbing out of the very ancient car in one of the main streets, our George became fascinated by the pavement. He scraped his large boots on the hard surface, and, turning to Pop said:-

"Well, I don't blame them building a town here. The ground is too darned hard to plough anyway"

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The conductor told a passenger that the next stop was where he got off. The passenger said, "Which end of the car shall I get off?" The conductor replied, "Either one, both ends stop!"

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THE LUCKY BOMBARDIER

With bated breath he scanned the news
"Smith B.F." 'twas true
At last he was to have his chance
To prove he was true blue.

He, wheezing, swelled his pidgeon chest
And, foot on chimney flue,
He conjured up in fancy
His deeds of derring do.

He led a charge along the Nile
And, back from desperate raids,
Spent nights of amorous frisking
In arms of docile maids.

He rode a camel round the sphinx
And on a sunlit beach
He offered wrong suggestions
To many a dusky peach.

When Tunis had been conquered
And he'd saved t' Egyptian crown
He strode along the rose-strewn paths
The lord of Cairo town.

On leave then home to England,
Having copped a "Blighty one",
Acclaimed by press-reporters
As "The Terror of the Hun"

Field Marshals thronged to greet him
And proudly shook his hand
His chest adorned with medals
By the highest in the land.

Duchesses fawned upon him
Seeking his caress
But the only one he favoured
Was a "Hotcha" Marchioness.

Just picture then his horror,
When all his dreams had fled,
To arrive here in Noumea
To "H. Defense Group Z".

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Every dog has his day
A saying wise and true,
So let's be fair
And now declare
To put the matter right
Every tom cat should have his
night.

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Printed and published with all care but absolutely no sense
of responsibility, by the Editor, Lieut. King and S/Sgt. Bennett,
at "The Ruins", Ile Nou, No w Caledonia.

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THE STORY OF BANKSIE'S BOAT

Sequel To The Blockhouse Of
Fame By Name Of Same One Banksie.

You've read of the wreck of the
Hesperus
Of the shooting of Dan McGrew
But none of these tales compare
With the story I'm telling you.

You've heard of Banksie's block-
house
Now I'll tell you of Banksie's
boat
The most unseaworthy spectacle
You ever saw afloat.

This huge titanic monster
Is nearly a score feet long
Gigantic ribs of bent bamboo
Thick and doubly strong.

'Tis natty, slim, with clean cut
lines
And streamlined stern and bow
It's composed of material of
every kind
Held together the lord knows how.

It's skin did come from the mess
tent wall
Plus a parcel wrapping from Mr
Gox
And it's super special bucket
seats
From a dehydrated cabbage box.

Its cowling is a ground sheet
Its keel a four by two
It's tied together with fishing
Lines
And painted a khaki hue.

As yet it has not seen the water
And the water's seen nothing as
queer
When the bottle is broken across
the bows
I'll bet it's devoid of beer.

Now the Yanks have seen this effort
And it's rumoured the plans they'd
buy
To create a fleet of these vessels
If only the b...s would fly.

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"I say, Mater, the Pater has
hung himself in the back garden"
"Good gracious; what will the
neighbours say".

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