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NUMBER XIX SATURDAY 8th. MAY, 1943.

--- EDITORIAL ---

There were three flowers in a garden. They were daffodils and were most unhappy in their garden home and asked the fairy queen if they could go abroad and seek happiness in other fields. She let them go, and the three sisters went wandering all over the world, sometimes here, sometimes there. It is a long story, but eventually they came to realise that the place where they had had most happiness was in the garden whence they came, and, with tears in their eyes, they acknowledged that if they could only return to that garden they would never complain again.

There are many other camp sites in New Caledonia, not quite so ideal as those enjoyed by the 33rd. Heavy Regiment. Whereas we have electric light, they have kerosene lamps or candles - whereas we have flooring, they have gravel, sand or mud - whereas we have showers and sea-bathing, they have buckets, and the river. We have comparatively good views from our camps - they have little or nothing to see. We do see people from time to time, even if we are unable to talk the language - they see soldiers, soldiers, and still more soldiers. There is one unit which has had to move camp six times in as many months - to gain a better view ?? No! - to avoid the ravages of flood, the pestilence of mosquitoes, and the great inconvenience of mud. We have regular movies, even if we do not go to them often. They do not go because they do not have them regularly.

And so, while it is in the nature of the soldier to grumble, and while we admit there are many things to be desired in our own camps, let us realise that we are more happily placed at "The Ruins", and the batteries, than are the majority of the Kiwi Force in New Caledonia. Like the daffodils, if we moved about a bit and saw things, perhaps we would decide that, after all, our own garden is the best in spite of everything.

WEEKLY WHO'S ZOO:

DOHERTY, and contrary to popular belief, his initials stand for "Leo Brendon" and NOT for "Lion Beer".

ORIGIN: Found in an Irish peat bog, along with other curios, just after the outbreak of World War I - So he couldn't have started THAT one!

RELIGION: Worshipper of Grog, grog shops, and anyone who knows where they are to be found.

HOBBIES: Swimming - has even been known to indulge at length while waiting for transport home in the evening. Emulating his adored Sec. Comd. in every possible way. World famous exponent of the Sailor's Horn Pipe, but only performs before generous and easy going holders of surplus beer tickets.

BOOKS: "Grog and where to find it, at home and abroad"; "Windy Wellington's Wettest Nights".

- 150DDITLES -

There is a certain moustache sported by a resident of "Sleepy Hollow" which always reminds us of the cat's whiskers. It is common knowledge that the reason a cat has such long whiskers is so that by sticking its head into a hole it knows that if its whiskers clear the sides it is safe to proceed without getting stuck.

What worries us is "What sort of a hole is 'Action' going to stick his head into?"

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HOW'S IT DOWN UNDER???

So the playboy of the Pacific didn't come out on top at the end of the Rugby match last Saturday!! Even the whistle couldn't save him!!

(signed) **EVYSLANDER.**

AMBITION: To buy a large brewery and drink the entire output.

"THOSE BALD-HEADED OLD B-----S!"



Last week in this place you met Baldy Mk.I,
 And now we intend, in a moment of fun,
 To analise, criticise, libel and curse,
 One Baldy Mk.II, at bridge none is worse.

Now Baldy gets up at an ungodly hour
 And wanders about looking frightfully sour,
 We all wish him hence, we up at the "Rest",
 But Jack's S.O.L. heeds not our request.

Like Baldy Mk.I, Mk.II loves his nest,
 But Jackie's a shrowd one, and just lies at rest,
 And when those darned mossies his blood start to set,
 He ups with a swipe and misses the lot.

As our Master Gunner he'd targets to make,
 'Twas really amazing the things he would fake,
 But he gave up the job, as he found it too tough,
 And he said, "Mr. Humphrey, you do your stuff."

To Orderly Room staffs he's a hell of a nark,
 He investigates things which come from the Ark,
 With staves piassaba he has oodles of fun,
 He knows every gadget and piece on a gun.

At the pictures one night he saw Betty Grable,
 And after the show to move was not able,
 On rising next morning he let out a scream,
 Our Baldy had had an unorthodox dream.

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This is all we may write on these bald headed B's.,
 Though pages by dozens we could fill up with ease,
 The best place to view these two fossils rare,
 At "Baldy's Rest" you'll find the cantankerous old pair.

To scan the last line,
 We were not able,
 But description therein,
 Is quite admirable.
 (That doesn't scan either - but, well - neither do they - so What?)

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BOXING NOTES

Staging a successful comeback last Wed. week at Camp Goettghe, after spending a few weeks at Naia recuperating from a fractured arm, "Duke" Eddington at 147 lbs. scored a decisive victory over Scholler, of the Navy who weighed in at 160 lbs. Although giving away nearly a stone, the 'Duke' carried the fight all the way and at the end of the second round his opponent's seconds throw in the towel. This was easily the best performance Eddington has put up so far, and the rest had evidently been very beneficial.

The 'Duke's' next fight against D'Antico of the Navy is a sadder story. After having been in hospital with dengue fever 5 days prior to the fight, Eddington certainly lacked condition, and on being told that he would have a comparatively easy bout, consented to fight. However, at the last moment we discovered, (through the medium of our own "Tom Heoney" who refereed the bout) that his was to be the main bout of the night and his opponent, who by the way was fighting under an assumed name, had fought 5 times in Madison Square Garden, and in the opinion of Heoney could hold his own with anyone in his class in the world.

One must certainly give credit to the fighting ability of D'Antico - he really rates as a fighter. Keeping up a furious rain of blows to the 'Duke's' body he let loose a terrific right to the heart which put the Duke down for the count of 9. This punch winded Eddington and, after keeping up the fight until after the finish of the second round he seconds decided to call it a go, as it was plain to see that he was in no condition to continue without being knocked about unnecessarily.

With men like Eddington and others who have competed in these weekly matches, we can look forward to some very willing bouts in the forthcoming championships and the name of the NZEF will really rate in the opinion of our Allies.

K.O.KID.

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QUESTION OF THE HOUR???

WHAT IS AN RSM'S JOB?????

This problem has exercised the minds of soldiers for several centuries - ever since RSMs were invented in fact. In an endeavour to save personnel from brain fever (if they have brains), baldness (if they have any hair), or wrinkles (if they don't know enough already), the Editorial Staff engaged a team of trained investigators to enquire into and report upon said matter.

After weeks of diligent search, research, and nosing about, they have furnished a report which is published for the information of all concerned.

1. It is the first duty of an RSM to be Regimental. He does this by wearing a Sam Browne when on leave.
2. He must be a Sergeant Major. As its name implies, this means that he is a Sgt. in a Major (or larger) degree than other Sgts. - you know - "Once a Sgt. always a ---".
3. He is supposedly possessed of tact and is thus able to smooth out any and all difficulties which may (and do) arise in Regimental affairs.
4. He should be in particular prominence on parades. The larger the parade the larger his prominence (and vocal exuberance).

FURTHER FINDINGS OF THE COMMITTEE:::

As the above report seemed to us to be theoretical rather than practical the committee was asked to pursue its enquiries into what the present day RSM actually did do. The results of this quest for knowledge are as follows:-

1. One method of being Regimental was to lie in bed and brood until every ~~member~~ had warmed up the air a bit. He himself then helped in this latter respect by using highly inflammable language, directed at all and sundry - and the Orderly Sergeant.
2. In being a Major Sgt. the RSM of today invariably distinguished himself without apparent effort.
3. Tact. A quality which was found in not a single case to be part of the RSM's make-up. The invariable attitude is typified by the following: "I know you don't want to work, but you're going to, and I'm the one to see that you do."
4. On parades he is sometimes to be seen but usually (that is in most of the cases investigated) prefers to "carry on normal routine", which consists of doing nothing in particular, with short intervals of "doing block".

Wickstidium, who greeted him cordially, "This day, wouldst care to visit the most splendid of my domains?" Jason returned his salutation and said verily he wouldst.

Wickstidium thereupon girded up his loins, paying great attention to the exactitude of their height, and led Jason and his Argonauts out to a chariot of steel and wood which whisked them off amidst much bowing and scraping.

The journey was yet young in length, though not in arduousness, when a familiar odour assailed Jason's nostrils. "Shades of Greece!" quoth he, "'Tis that most delectable of smells, the excreta of goats." But the night Wickstidium did stop up his nose and muttered something about those stinking so-and-so's, from which Jason gathered that in this land the stench of the goat herd was not viewed with favour.

Thence, in the time it takes one Ernestus Maddius to quaff one flagon of mead, they came unto a fair amphitheatre which was named "Sleepy Hollow". However, from what followed, Jason gathered that the name was given purely in jest, for when the presence of the party was made known to the inhabitants of this vale, much scurrying to and fro and loud commands from the centurions brought forth many bitter and obscene mutterings from the many slaves who, with practised ease, did set about the ordering and cleaning up of their persons and habitations.

Jason was then confronted by a magnificent personage of commanding mien and shiny appearance, around whose eyes were rings which were not the rings of dissipation, but which were attached to his face by hooks and were evidently intended to give unto him a wise stare as of the foot owl. Jason recognised in him the fabled rank of Sergeant Major, and was intrigued to learn that his name was MacKinnonius.

This day was obviously one of great portent, for the "Sleepy Ones" were in a state of great excitement and performed many lateral and circular movements. Jason was then led up a tortuous winding path to the summit of a high hill and thence into a small wooden hovel wherein were jammed many slaves, centurions and chiefs. Below him Jason perceived four long tubes over which were spread large nets to keep the many birds from fouling the brightness thereof. At a terse command from Wickstidium, weird numbers, and sayings poured from the lips of the amassed warriors in the manner of their humble counterparts of the Kingdom of Naia-by-the-Sea.

Thereupon there came a silence of great length while a reddish hue grew upon the cheeks of the men who were expectantly gazing seawards. A grind-

TREE JAHNTINGS OF JASON: (Continued)

Jupiter the life giver was scarce arisen when the noble Jason was summoned to the presence of the Chief,

ing you stole through the hush as if the Omnipotent One, Wickstidium, did wish to blunten his tooth. Then - a Flash! A roar from a tube! The warriors relaxed and all the tubes did follow the example of the first one whose leader had been consulting his oracle so long. Many splashes did appear an hour's sailing away, both from the land and the small vessel which was the object of the great one's wrath.

ON TIME THIS TIME, BRIG????



What at last the tubes did eject no more missiles a council of war was held: a great disappointment and embarrassment did show on the visages of those who had hoped to impress the Great One and Jason with their war-like prowess. Indeed to sorely tried were they that one of the Chiefs of fair and ruddy complexion was heard to remark dolefully, "B----- poor show". The tribulations of the Sleepy ones troubled Jason greatly and he gently interrupted the general hubbub of abuse and despair with the request that he be permitted to offer his condolences, and if the Father of all Living would give his gracious permission, he would fain stick around, and Bacchus being favourable, would endeavour to cheer and comfort the unfortunate dwellers in Sleepy Hollow with jest and jollity. (To be contd.)

Your correspondent has been "on the dodge" this week keeping out of the way of those in authority, and has consequently been neglecting his duty to the reading public, in so far as the Battery Bible is concerned. He has been little dubious as to how continued advertisement of the author's idiosyncrasies will be received, as the Suva set-up has been considerably increased of late and though the author was but a tourist in Fiji, nevertheless his followers are legion.

If, however, the Editor can guarantee your correspondent complete co-operation (and an armed body guard) then of course the series will continue. Though we believe in revealing all in the interests of Justice and Truth, still we do want to get home in one piece!

(Ed. We can certainly guarantee the co-operation - but as to the armed guard, well, you'd better have a chat to Sgt. Anderson, of Tonga, he knows all about guards and things.)

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MORE L50DDITIES

Our Canteen Manager has a penchant for the nicely turned ankle and the curve of a soft cheek, but could do very little about it here as his French is not quite fluent enough to put across a "sales talk" successfully.

As a result he became very moody and we feared for his sanity, but he has now evolved what is apparently a very effective substitute, for he no longer asks for leave.

A gallery of 'pin-up' girls of a type 'par excellence' now graces the wall alongside his cot, and we who have studied it wonder how 'action' gets to sleep at all. So wondered, too, his new 'chief', who apparently was not impressed by his junior's alertness.

Be strong, 'Action'. That kind of thing drives one silly!!

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"A DROP OF ABUSE"

There was a young man called MacKinnon,
Whose ways he considered most
"winmin",

His parade ground style,
Will make anyone smile,
As the boys think he ought to
try swimmin'.

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