

---- SATURDAY -----..... 8th. MAY, 1943. NUMBER XIX

--- EDITORIAL

There were three flowers in a garden. They were daffedils 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, semetimes here, sometimes there. It is a long story, but eventually they came to real-ise that the place where they had had most happiness was in the garden whonce 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 Calodonia, not wuite so ideal as those enjoyed by the 33rd. Heavy Regiment. as those enjoyed by the 33rd. Heavy Regiment. Whereas we have electric light, they have keresene 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 seldiers, seldiers, and still more seldiers. There is one unit which has has to move camp six times in as many menths - to gain a better view ?? Not - to eveid the ravages of flood, the postilence of mesquitoes, 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. Whereas we have electric ularlyo

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 on ps, lot us realise that we are more happily placed at "The Ruins", and the batteries, then are the majority of the Kiwi Force in New Caledonia. Like the daffedils, if we roved about a bit a saw things, perhaps we would decide that, after all, our own garden is the best in spite of everything.

WEEKIY 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 ones

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

HOSSIES: Swimming - has even been known to include at length while waiting for transport home in the cord. 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 Wottost Mights".

- 150DDITIES -

There is a cortain moustache sported by a resident of "Sleepy Hollow" which always reminds us of the cat's whisk-ors. 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 is is safe to proceed without gotting stuck.

What worrios us is "Must sort of a hole is 'Action' going to stick his

hoad into?"

HOW'S IT DOWN UNDER???

So the playbet of the Pacific did-n't come out on top at the end of the Rugby match last Saturdayiii

Even the whistle could't save him!!

(Signod)

EVSPAUDER.

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