

--- EDITORIAL ---

Regimental efficiency should not be gauged from the grand march past in the big cities when the plaudits of the crowd make the soldier realise that he belongs to a fine unit, and where the applause and public eye make him soldier-conscious and consequently smart and alert and upright. Soldiers are made, not bern, and become great through conscious offert. Perhaps the three greatest generals the world has ever known were Alexander the Great, Caesar, and Napeleon - and all three, history proves, became great through hard work and carefull study.

We are not all called to be Napeleons, but we are all called to be good soldiers. The Editorials of this paper have, from time to time, stressed one or other point of the good soldier; the characteristic qualities that go to make up not only a good soldier, but one of the best. Remember some of those characteristics; cheerfulness; doing our bit; and the Editorial about bomb blitted London; New Caledonia, the link in the chain; preparedness; and burricane warning; silence for the walls have ears; and so on. Put all those qualities in one man and you are getting something of the real soldier = composed if you like of many pieces, but, like St. Paul's in London, though made up of small bits, the finished structure is both imposing and noble. But, it may be argued, I have not got all these qualities.

No = perhaps not. But neither did Gaesar nor Repoleen, nor the soledier in 1959. Virtue and good habits are acquired by a succession of good habits, not in one act. Anything world having costs something and the greater the cost, the greater the value. We may get some consolation from remembering that very few soldiers are born = most are made.

## WEEKLY WHO'S ZOO:

BROCKES, Gordon George - Sgt.
ORIGIN: Born (or should we say
manufactured:) in some foundry or
other, and has had 29 years in which
to become even dirtier.

POSITION: One of a select few who claim their duty is the maintenance of equipment, but, is, in reality, a type of high pressure himjacking, tempored with a ilttle refined rackmeteoring.

CIVILIAN OCCUPATION: As a member of the New Zealand Railways he kept om rolling? - just as in these times as a sort of 'tiffy', he keeps on

Firing: .

HOBBIES: A keen devotee of the lend lease theory of doing business-with emphasis on the 'lend'; Maeri P.T.; and sexy stories. Professes profound dislike of all things American, but does not mind berrowing their clothing and tobacco and does not mind looking at lower class paper backs, of US origin, by the hour.

- PUBLIC NOTICE-

Mr. M-----, of Naia-on-Sea, wishes to announce to the world at large that the reference in the last number of "Gun Flash" to his taking ever control of the Naia Transport Service, is quite correct, as is the rest of the para.

We are not quite clear as to the reason for Staff Iggy resigning from the position of 1/c Motor Transport, but we assume that with one peep out of action, and the likelihood of another being piled up any day, the job was becoming too small for him to cope with.

FAVOURTTE EXPRESSIONS: "Well, you soo, Sir - I have been very busy."
"Who has got may paypo?"

NOTEWORTHY PECULIARITIES: Prefers shorts that cover his knees, pipes that are aged and awful, and other peoples eigerettes. Likes being roused at reveille so that he can lie and brood till breakfast time.

"THOSE PALD-HEADED OLD B ....-S" Asleep at place called "Baldy's Rest", Are two old men we all know best, But in this time of strife and war, God only knows what they re here for.

Notorious Baldy Mk.I is the first, A man of few hairs . but Holl, who what a thirst!!!!

It's naught but pity and sorrow we feel,

For the bald headed fellow we all know as Neil.

. . . . . . . . . . As ROMS he's a hell of a freak, They gave him the job on account of his beak, With changes of clothing he's awfully tight,

Even though ruined, he says, "That's alright". He owns the QM, or that's how he

Is always the first to praise up the meals,

Though the shelves of the store are chock full of food, Ere ho parts with a tin, he has to be woodd.

. . . . . . . . . . . At night in the tent his mates got no rest, For Baldy is chasing around in his The mossies come in at a hell of a rate, And settle all over the old barrents

. . . 0 0 4 0 Neil's Pommy Sheila no doubt is a thrill, And even at forty (?) love's caused him a spill, And one of the things we would all like to see, Is Noil with his fat Pommy girl on his knee.

. . . . . . . . . . . . Weire ban---- d for space This is all we can do, Next week in this place, Meet Baldy Mk. IIIIII 

THE JAUNTINGS OF JASON: (Continued)

And it came to pass that after a festive evening at the hands of King Wickstidhum, that Jasen once more awoke with a foul mouth and an even more foul head on the following morn. As before, he declined the rich viands proferred by a slave, and tot-tered to the presence of the Great One, "Greetings, O Jason", quoth the King in genial tones, "I have good entertainment for thee this day".

"My thanks are most heartfelt, O

King", quoth our friend, "but I trust and, oven as he spake, came one by

thou hast not in mind the showing of bowildering machines in mind for me this day." "Not at all", said Wick-stidium blandly, "I propose to entrast you to the care of the great Centurion, Robertus Kennedius, who will have my orders to see that thou mayest wander where they would st".

And so Jason departed with the great Robertus, whose quiet genial-ity appealed to him greatly, and wandered over the realm at will. In

wandered ever the realm at will. In
due course they arrived at a shady,
secluded spot. "Let us tarpy a while
under yon tree", said Robertus,
"Well spoken, O Defender of the
Oprossed", Jaons replied. Having
come nigh to the place they espied
several warriers taking their ease
and chatting quietly among themselves. "Let us disturb them not,
but go elsewhere", said Robertus
kindly. "I would fain have words with them", Jason replied. "Thou shalt do so in due season," was the answer as they walked away unchestry-"at the moment those warriors ard ongaged in the art of relaxation, and are resting from their arduous duties under the heavy hand of the Aresem, who doth drive them mercilessly. An he should find them in their present occupation, towould go hard with them indeed. We should but cause them uneasiness by our presence."

Hardly had the words passed his lips when they heard a lind voicem shouting, "Where's Andersonus?" No reply being heard the voice continued, in the manner of a shridk, "Inlinius! At what art thou employed?" From the loud contact which this the loud spate of words which this utterance brought forth, it became apparent to Jason that the one addressed as Tomlinius was engaged in the cutting of grass near the pal-aco of the Arcsem, and thought not

much of it.

At this moment the wanderes came in sight of a warrior of great height, had he but stood erect instead of in the stooping manner in which he then appeared, though it became evident that this manner was adopted by this potentate - for such

he appeared - on all occasions.

"There is the Aresem in full tonguo", quoth Kennedius, smiling wryly, "an he became dumit he would verily fall upon his own sword. Let
us proceed further, that we may
view the scene in peace." Jasen was amazed when Kennedius escerted him to a small edifice in which he was shown how, by the turning of a small wheel, great streams of water were forced out of small holes motal disc. Robertus explained that it was under those cool stroams that the warriors were went to bathe the name of Stevius, son of Hortonus, to onjothe delights thereof. "Groetings, hertonus," quoth Avunculus Robertus, "Dost thou remove the dirt of the night's work ore thou restest?" Heron so", quoth the warrior in a tired voice, "though I comprehend not why the handling of white flour whould render me in this condition."

"Do the warriors, then, work at night also?" asked the traveller in surprise, "This man turneth good flowr into good loaves which he calleth bread", was the answer, "though how he turneth it into anything in his delapidated establishment has ever been a matter of wonder to me."

"Good morrow, Gillespines", "Hood morrow to theo, O Great Kennedius," quoth the stoutly built warrior, who was passing, "does everything proceed according to plan?" "An it doth it is none of my planning - whither goest thou at such speed?" "Verily the Aresem hath instructed me to cleanse the latrinii, and I speed elsewhere lest he give me further orders of a like nature."

"An it please thee, O Great One, the redoubtable Ernestus Mandius

"An it please thee, O Great One, the redoubtable Ernestus Mandius would have words with thee," said a legionnaire who had arrived at that moment, "Pray pardon my absence for a moment, O Jason", nurmured Avuncu." lus, and withdrew after inviting Jase on to wander at will amongst the legionaires.

legionaires.
But Jason had rather tired of his wanderings (still having rather a foul head from the previous night) and so he returned to rest on the sumptuous couch which had been set aside for his use during his stay at Araich Cue:

(To be continued).

THE DEAR DEPARTED: (150DDITIES)

Taking with him the envy and "groon eye" of all members at Sloop Hellow, our saviour and father confessor of the past six menths fares forth almost at once to savour once again the delights of civilisation, and of

course we all hepofully and most credulously believe that his journey in for the purpose of blazing the trail for the rest of us. Such is the stuff of which feels are made.

Everyone here wishes him a safe and pleasant journey and sinserely hope the Public Works Department have not completely speiled the delights of his favourite Taupo.

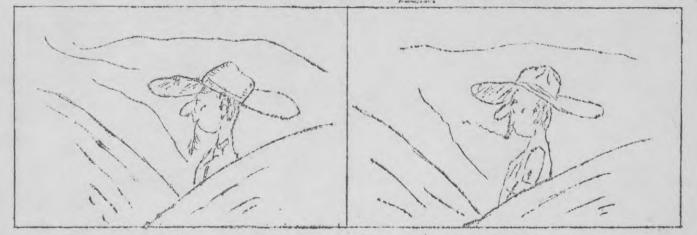
"Much better the devil we know, than the devil one does not know", and we all hope, of course, that the new broom doesn't sweep too clean.

MENTAL ABERRATIONS OF A PADRE

After Padre Wassis varied experionces with this and other Regts. overseas, we can probably expect something of this sort when he returns to his favourite pulpit back in 'EnZed', and goves out the events for the coming week. SUNDAY: Services will be held in the East And in the norming and in the West End in the afternoon. Babies will be baptized at both ends. MONDAY: As this is the egg day at the local hospital will everybody please lay an ogg on the Altar before leaving Church. TUESDAY: Our Mothera! meeting will be held. Ladies desiring to become mothers must wait on the Vicar in the vestry after the service. WEDNESDAY: Our wookly Tea Meeting will be held as usual. Ladies giving milk please come early. THURSDAY: We will hold a short musical concert. Mrs. Higgins will sing, "Lay me in my little bed", with the vicar. FRIDAY: The choir practice will begin with the singing of "A Little stream of water". As our choir master will be absent, will some kind lady please start "A Little Stream of Watters",

As I shall be out of town on Saturday next, the Rev. Good will carry on with my wife as usual.

War does strango things to some people !!!!



Pre - War ----- And then some !!!!

oug is is against our policy to mhound givo ween on any subject, we feel that porhops a slight injustice has been deno to one of our readors, but, in-stood of printing a reptraction, as seems to be his wish, we publish in tota his objections to our remarks of lant wook. We would point out, in order to save my future controversy, that all published extracts from the "Little Red Neto Book" are but copies of the author's notes for which this correspondent takes no responsibility and all malcontonts are advised to vent their spleen on the originator. We introduce to you, the gumer of the "long under jaw":
"To the author and co)cuthers of

the latest article concerning the "Little Red Note Book" I, the Gunner of the "Long under jew", whose name was mentioned in your intenous aforementioned article, hereby beseches, implemes, and begs you never again to repeat those emeneous statements, whorein I on falsely accused of being constantly under observation and al-

wegs on the dodge.

The reason for this appeal is obvious. Life for me is already a succession of narrow oscapes and oubarreseing encounters with the BSM, Sgts and Barses all of whom soom to dolight in hiding in bushes and around corners, and then pouncing out shout-

you coing, Gar, ........?"
If these remarks, purporting no to be a dedger, continue to appear in print (and avory second page of the "Little Red Note Book" contains clanderous statements concerning my work, my whoreabouts at different times, and the cleanliness of my boots) then some of these NOOn may begin to think there is a cortain degree of truth in thon, which may couse then to make on oven more stronuous enslaught on my offorts to smulate Brow Rabbit . "Lay low and say nuffin". So nark 1t, chuma" a

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yer rimemor A told yor thinks were gotin wusser well they is an in in ther Mink web is a ole in the worl on attake somthin orful the ole think is a misteak this am wet append. menners tooks a wile ter kpcl orf on ord this time colcops on bonnet on standin ther trimblin like then mumors sen to colepso putt this man

on charge on 1 son i cint goin tor pay muchink on so mannors towns tor colcool agin an ses putt in unda a post an thin i gits wild an ses in you toukin about no pop oan speek tor no see and not bonnot nor colcoso on mannova lookin as fairno as o can seg quiet an 1 ses 1 went be quiet an 1 went pay authink an 1 dent want a rest but namens went lissen for me en hold colooco tor merch no owt an they brings me up ere ter this proribel plice wet is the plice they calls klink.

well there a let of nise blokes in an they is orl veri keen ter old no as much as possibil they are tert no a bit about poka but sinse i aint got no mond now i goes they is wite when they see it am a waint of time tryin tor tooch me anymore there blokes in ero per they think we mite ave sun noo chaps ore in ther normin one bloke wet mistook a peep for a taxt thinks o mito spond a few dazo ero 1 opo o owns cos the blokes sez it am in places like this that you mosts the nise peopul on I think ther am rin oos the bloke runti wet a thort was ni frind korls no a silli baskot and ouns down tor no dor wot is like a kagoan lafts at mi bit a bloke wot is lowled jorkins and och an the modikal ordili an rori kind an sez 1 will veri likli go for a cliday ter a niso kamp at burt where a bloke whood ing that woll known phyono, What are name wer permit allan as a best for a long time . you lavvin lavvon tome

on One One One One One One Can Gos Con Cind on One " AGONEDERS "

We are inviting offers of assistsome of the current mysteries here at Wala .

Why did Staff Iggy sleep without his not on Sunday night?

2. Why has the same gontleman been in such a good mood since his trip to Bourail on Monday?

Who did the same "Naia Dandy" have in his truck the other night bouldes a small white pomeranian?

4. And again the Thomas Valley Play. boy, who shortened his trousers, and how many fittings ald she

give him?

5. Can someone supply Mr. Manager ' with some other topib of convers nation, then the 6th and 7th lines of last weeks "Who's ZOO"? NOTICE:

> This issue may NOT be sent oversease

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