

A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE ----- NOUMEA IN THE 70's.

REGIMENTAL ORDERS

by COLONEL D.DENTON - COMMANDING 3333rd HEAVY REGIMENT, N.Z.A

PARADES:

As from the date of this order no parades will be held, as it is found that they interfere with recreation hours.

PARADE GROUND:

Tenders are called for the conversion of the parade ground into tennis courts, skating rink and goldfish pond, as it will no longer be necessary for parades.

ARTIFICIAL DENTURES:

Special "Vacuum Hold" sets of false teeth are now obtainable from Dental. Drinkers are advised that these teeth are obtainable free of charge to prevent loss during a visit to the Beer Garden

VICE REGAL VISITATION:

Lord and Lady Somple will be paying a visit to the Regiment next Wednesday. Streamers are to be hnd from all latrines which will be closed for the occasion.

SMOKE CONCERT:

The usual bi-weekly booze-up will not be held this week owing to the barge load of beer having foundered off Pat Wing. In connection with this disaster the Commanding Officer is pleased to announce that own own brewery and distillery will shortly be in full operation as soon as new parts arrive. The extensions in hand should preclude any possibility of another regrettable drought such as we have just been experiencing.

BOOTS:

Boots (and shoes) will in future be placed outside tents to be cleaned. owing to the great demand for black boot polish for tinting moustaches, the only shades now available are white and tan. Extra charges for two colour work.

ORDERLY ROOM:

The Orderly Room will not be reopened until the battery typewriter has been redeemed from pawn.

CHARGES:

Far too many men have been placed on charge recently and the C.O's. afternoon nap has consequently been interrupted. The only case dealt with in future will be: murder, arson, and theft of the beer ration.

(SGND) R.G.KING Gnr. NZA, ~~1st Lt.~~
Commanding, 3333rd. Hy Regt., NZA.

HE SAVED OTHERS ----- HIMSELF HE CANNOT SAVE !!!!

A common, a wort, a sore,
Were nought to him this man of gore,
A proper sadist in every sense,
Who valued life at eighteen pence.

A pimple to him on the ordinary bloke,
Was nothing less than a great big joke,
And when one said "Oh, Doc, I'm crook,"
The doc cured him with an awful look.

This doctor he went on his merry way,
He killed 'em and cured 'em every day,
But at last it seemd his turn had come,
And a nasty pimple grew on his -----.

He soaked it in water, he couldn't get ice,
If he tried it once he tried it thrice,
But nothing he did and nothing he said,
Could make this pimple come to a head.

And now as this paper does go to press,
The doctor he lies in great distress,
And all he knows plus a medical book,
Just can't help Doc - he's really crook!
