

Recently a "News" Representative on a visit to BOURAIL had the pleasure of being shown round the Base Post Office by the Officer I/O Postal Unit, and was most surprised by the arrangements obtaining for the expeditious handling of mail. In the course of an interview the Officer gave some interesting details concerning the nature of the service the Unit provides.

During the month, 21 separate mails were despatched containing approx 146,000 letters, while 18 separate mails containing 148,000 letters were received. In the same period 326 bags of newspapers and packets 1143 bags containing 13,633 parcels were also distributed to Units.

Expeditionary force of E.F.M. telegrams may be lodged only at the New Caledonia Post Office, NOUMEA, for transmission to FRANCE N.Z. The charge is 60 cents per message which may contain up to three standard texts. While letters are being received at regular and frequent intervals parcels are subject to some delay, and your correspondent can assure readers that although this delay sometime appears excessive, it is unavoidable. A visit to the Base Post Office shows that the boliff previously held, that it is a storehouse for undelivered correspondence, is erroneous. The system of disposal is designed to prevent accumulation and the motto of the Postal Unit is "Get it in" "Get it out to Units". Parcels should be well packed and should not contain prohibited articles. Contents should be stated on the cover of parcels. The following are some of the reasons why specific items are prohibited from transmission to NZ by post - Specimens of coral rock; If allowed, and all members of the Division posted 7-lbs weight, it would throw the system out of balance. Specimens of fruit, flowers and seeds; If allowed they would be subject to decay and possible introduction of pests into NZ. Sea Shells; unless contents were removed they would be subject to putrefaction and an examination of all parcels is not possible. Soiled and worn clothing; If allowed may lead to transmission of communicable disease.

WORKSHOPS WISDOM

In the trees of a million mosquitoes
Is where this story starts
To tell you a tale that should never fail
While we mend the broken parts.

'Tis a waste of good time to grizzle and whine,
But this we'll day by day cope,
Give credit from where credit's due
And not only to those with stripes.

So while I'm writing I'll just begin
With Sgt. Rhodes and his bright "Fall In"
(I'm sure he'll forgive this little pun,
As he knows the boys must have their fun.
When parade is ended and nothing's amiss,
Says Sgt. Brown "To your jobs dummies".

Alphabetical order commands the day
As we have no "A's" we'll start with Bray
We see no reason to call him Donk
Especially now without hair on his conk.
He's down as one of our driving staff
Tradesmen are pleased on account of his laugh

Under this letter there's Baty too
Who unlike Donk & his partner Stow
Comes from the coast and not the Zoo
He thinks he's a tradesman as around he struts
But all he's good for is tightening nuts.
(To be continued)

SOCIAL NOTES

With deep regret we announce the loss of Wolf Cub Lawson. A scrap of paper announced that he will now come under the Sergeant Major's thumb. In short his Family's in trouble and he's in the Army. It is rumoured that the remaining two cubs will appeal against this hard verdict on compassionate grounds.

Thematutinal harmony dispensed by the quiet tent will be sadly impaired by the departure of Cub Lawson to that Stern Task Master The Army.

Crowds of determined Gunners frustrated in their 'affaires' with local shop keepers and etc. will shortly s.ake their thirst for knowledge of th Gaelic tongue at the Fountains to be set up at RHQ. We are asked to contradict a rumour that a certain Major refused to conduct French classes on the grounds that his knowledge was too advanced.