

WO II. Gordon Barry handed us the following.

" YEARS ago a country teacher friend boarded at a house where they had provided an old book on bees in place of the usual toilet paper. She told me that it was most embarrassing the way people would suddenly remark at the table, ' Read such an interesting thing about bees the other day ' - only to stop in confusion in remembering where it was read "

HEARD THIS ONE ?

THE " Cookhouse Jewellery Coy. Ltd." has now got well under way and has a very fine stiletto, a shell pin box, a plane ( futurisitic design ) and other odds and ends to its credit. Manager Steve Nash hopes " Kanaka Jewellers will not take offense at fine work of new Coy. Steve says the stiletto will be useful for opening bills on his return.

" DARKIE " Wilson has a story of an overheard railway bridge he almost carried away. Another " theiving Kiwi " !!

" RED RAG " Morrissey now celebrates his birthday monthly. Contact with American speed up system responsible, it is understood. Ask him how he came to earn the nickname.

THIS week's quiz: Who is the " Dark Boy ", the " Maori Boy " ? Prize, one tin of bully beef. See the Q.M.

THIS IS A " HOMER "

## ANCIENT HISTORY.

THIS is the story of Works Service " Advance Party " which reached New Caledonia just over twelve months ago. It consisted of thirty six intrepid men who feared no danger, as they entered into the land of dehydration, spam, chile con carne and milk powder. Elsewhere you will find their names; here I want to confine myself to their adventures.

THEY were a colourful party. There was a cherubic faced youth who was to be in charge of " sport "; there was a tall wisp of a man who swayed back and forth as he walked - he was the bulldozer expert. A sinister, heavily moustached upper lippered young man was camouflage experts. There was Petah, a poet, an odd old bird; there was " Little Alex ", an architect - not one of those vulgar fellows who qualify through the back door - who was to design special tropical buildings. Finally there was Tommy and Willie the cooks: they had never cooked before, but what need of trained cooks in a land of oranges, bananas and breadfruit.

ON a beautiful May morning this happy band set forth to a camp of hot and cold showers, long rows of trucks, huts and a babbling brook where great poems are made. Accounts of the voyage vary. While it was not idyllic, it certainly was not a time of that " bloody awfulness " in which Petah called for his " too solid flesh to melt " as it almost did some months " latak "

THE arrival was on a " stinking wet and windy afternoon " ! They immediately boarded a truck of questionable age that wheezed and bumped valiantly along in an effort

to dodge the " Dump Heap " which all too soon claimer.

THE first two nights were spent in a spot where thick sticky mud reached the boot tops and a biting welcome from many mosquitoes greeted our travel stained heroes. They would not entertain the notion that " their camp was like this tented, muddy and dismal hole ". They were going to a " camp ". Yes, they were.

IT was almost dark when they arrived. In fact, in their enthusiasm they had passed it. Had not been for the Major in charge of the party they may never have found it. Such a delightful spot. Not a building in sight for miles around; human foot had never trod there before.

SPACE does not permit the story of how the cherubic one had to make a wheelbarrow do for transport; how the architect and poet measured out sites with lengths of cable wire; how the camouflage expert dug latrines; how a Field Officer was marooned in the " poetic brook " ( and what he said ); how the confusion arose between meat safe parts & latrine parts, and what the two cooks did to the bullybeef and spam which is a secret even until this day.

THOSE intrepid heroes, lived on faith in the future they were making with pick and shovels; they prepared for another band on their way over to a " wonderful camp, with a beautiful stream at the foot of the hill !

WHAT of the poems and buildings and camouflage, and gardens ? Read the Ode to " Futility " by Petah.