



NUMBER X SATURDAY 6th. MARCH 1943.

--- EDITORIAL ---

It is the small things which count. The strength of a building depends on two things - the strength of the foundation, and the solidity of the small work that is put into the job. Never before has it been so important that the pieces of machinery have no flaws in them. Constantly we hear of disaster - because of faulty workmanship or of faulty material. The men of the army have to be faultless, flawless. That requirement, however, does not put aside the fact that soldiers are still human. Many things in a soldier can be overlooked - but one thing can never be overlooked - and that is a soldier without fortitude - one who can't stand up to the small things, and bear them cheerfully, with grit. Fortitude is the ability to stand up to some constant drain on our resources, whether those resources be mental or physical. In the heat of battle we seem inspired to bear, with courage, great hardships, hunger, thirst, shell-fire, and all the rest. That all calls for determination and grit; But there is something else that calls just as great a degree of courage and fortitude, and we have the opportunity now. Is anything a greater strain on our patience and courage, than the constant bombing attacks of the lowly mosquito? The answer is clear any day or night, at the present time. But, does that mean that we just welcome them, putting up no fight? No! We do all in our power to put an end to them, and literally get them from our life blood; but nothing is not to let them get us depressed and despondent. They have not much longer to go this season. Perhaps a little consolation; but the little things DO count.

WEEKLY WHO'S ZOO:

WICKSTREED, Barton. Born 1911, out of Temper by Grogg. Known to Wee Kingi, Mandy, and Rumpy, as "Wickey".

CHURCH: Ardent and devoted Buddhist. Known to worship at shrine of Bacchus - otherwise irreligious.

HABITS: Is an Aesthete - admires bottle shapes - and those of American Nurses, or any other femininity, in company with others.

Owing to a mixed smattering of Kipling and Indian games, acquired by his love of Poona, evolved a new diversion. Transformed a water tank into a palatial hostelry, titled it from a fusion of polo and literature - named, appropriately enough, "Chukka Din".

Reckless driving of Peeps. (While smoking a cigarette, drove from R.H.Q. to RAAF in 1 minute 14 seconds dead - a record.)

Taking a keen interest in welfare and working hours of N.Z. Nursing Division.

DERIVATION OF NAME: Old Anglo Saxon (from Goths, Visigoths, Jutes, Repesend, Mangel-Wurzel, Chou Mollie, and Rapo): WYKS DEAD: either a sardonic commentary of the times on his ancestors' habits, or due to the said ancestors' menial task of replacing snuffed candles, and replacing them with the lordly comment "WICK'S DEAD".

BOOKS: "From Rye to Red Label"; "Waggons I have been on"; "Me and the Brig."; "Moose calls at Morn"; "Geniuses I have dealt with". Compiled several pamphlets - "French without words"; "Intercourse sans Vergiage"; "Full Riggers That Have Sunk With Me".

FEATURES: Looks timid at first glance. True strength is shown when demonstrating that discipline must be maintained - then intimidating. (Vide: His reiterated statement: "My Sergeants are the same as I".)

CLUBS: Thistle; Royal Tiger; Terminus; Grand; Midland; G.P.H.; Occidental; (for others, see any Hotel Directory).

FAVOURITE SAYINGS: "B----- my eyeballs"; "By Gad"; "28 Days F.P. ---- March out".