



NUMBER XIII -----SATURDAY-----27th MARCH 1945

-----EDITORIAL-----

In N.Z. no matter where one liked to look, in the trams, on the trains and on the buildings, one saw those posters "Walls have Ears", "Don't Talk" and a thousand others - as warnings to the would-be careless talker. But here in New Caledonia we see no posters and we are inclined to forget.

When we first arrived we were amazed at the numerous breaches of Security, but, as time has gradually passed, so have we slipped in our outlook towards this all important matter. Because others don't observe the rules of commonsense it is no reason for us to follow their example - two wrongs can never make a right.

Japan has, on this island, a potentially strong Fifth Column and Sgt Ring mainly in the mixed Javanese and Tonkinese population and it is for our own safety that we guard our speech when away from camp. Unfortunately the man who is careful in his letter-writing is not always so careful when he is in town on leave. There is the man who, to satisfy his own vanity, must talk, must say where he has been and what he's doing; and the man who will jeopardise his future safety for the sake of being polite and answering the apparently innocent question of the girl in the milk bar, or the man behind the counter. Always keep in mind that anything you say may have no importance as an isolated scrap of information but when pieced together with something else may be of vital importance. Remember, too, that the spy or fifth columnist is not always immaculately dressed - the monocled individual depicted by such actors as Conrad Veidt, on the contrary he will be as inconspicuous as possible - a shrewd, clever man in a highly paid and dangerous job. Although, by keeping quiet, we can seldom make his job more dangerous we can make it infinitely more difficult.

WEEKLY WHO'S ZOO:

GEE, Reginald Percival.

Born: 17th October, 1919

Origin: Slip foal out of "Old Gray Mare" sired by "Gee Up"

Have lipped and bottle fed - both retained.

Clubs: Blenheim Beardrinkers & Frothblowers Soc (Treas, Sec & leading member)

Civil Occupation: Retailer of over ripe eggs & cherry poaching.

Sports & Hobbies: Collector of photons (female), Siestaing, cake sampling (devours all), agitator of Waiemata. Admires the Body Beautiful - very keen on slumming Great enthusiast on Hula dancing - requires a little priming.

Author of following books:

"Fruit Cakes I Have Eaten",

"Tales of the Broken Beds",

"Hints on Avoiding Alarms",

"Marjorie May's 21st Birthday - Her Education Completed".

MILITARY DEFINITIONS SIMPLY EXPLAINED FOR BEGINNERS.

1. Inclination Officer:- Any Officer who has the inclination but no possibility of satisfying it. In NECAL it is, therefore, a fair description of all officers.
2. Battery Plotting Officer:- a junior officer who is ambitious and is always plotting to dispose of those senior officers whose shoes he aspires to fill - a dangerous person.
3. Gun Position Officer:- the officer who is usually sleeping at the gun position. He sometimes varies his programme by sleeping at his quarters.
4. Responsible Officer:- like the equator - purely imaginary - there is no such thing.
5. Local Recognition Signal:- Wave your hand cheerily and say "How are yer" to the G.O. This will always get a quick response.

(continued overleaf

6. Precautionary Stage:- the  
 ea. morning "Stand To" when  
 the Watch Officer and Sergeant  
 always have a medium of excretion  
 on the pluck - take all precaut-  
 ions to avoid attracting their  
 attention during this stage.
7. Period Before Relief:- the  
 last 100 yards between the  
 canteen and the latrine.

THE JAUNTINGS OF JASON.

## CHAPTER II

And ere one or two hours had passed there came from the huts sounds as of awakening men. All the leaders were shouting at once and in response came loud muttering and curses from within. Jason and his men betook themselves in the wake of the soldiers, who by this time were assembled and were walking in a body up a hill. There they came upon a wondrous machine unlike anything which they had hitherto seen. One Alex Filis Cancerus spoke in lengthy terms about the machine and Jason was filled with wonderment at the weapon, for such it was. He was pleased when King Johnjee told him that, in honour of his visit, they would cause this weapon and three others which were cunningly hidden on various parts of the hill, to fire.

Immediately three men rushed past shouting "R.A.P.". Jason was sorely puzzled but again Felis Cancerus came to his aid and explained. The men had been suddenly smitten with "skitters" a terrible tropical fever striking with the speed of an adder. It was indeed unfortunate for these men would be unable to partake in the performance and, strangely, the same three had been likewise stricken on two of her similar occasions.

Great preparations were made and the heavy steel thunderbolts were laid out in readiness. Then cried Alex "No. 1 Stand By ..... Fire!" There was a thundering roar, a blinding flash and a smile on all the soldiers' lips for the faces of Jason's men were deathly white. Flashes and thunder came from the other guns, for this was the name of the weapons, and, ere seconds had passed, large splash- es appeared in the sea some two leagues away. And Jason saw that by this magic sould one of these thunderbolts hit a boat, then it would sail no more. He espied near where the splash- es had arisen, a boat travelling at great speed amidst a cloud of

smoke and knew that it was this  
the soldiers were striving to sink.  
Many more missiles were hurled,  
but only one splash indicated  
that the boat was nearly hit,  
whereupon Jason and his men clapped  
the ir hands with glee at  
the performance. Cried one man  
who would have been an officer  
"It wasn't my fault, I tell you"  
but Jason was unaffected by this  
modesty, for it was plain to all  
who had brought about this wonderful  
shot.

Wearily, for there was great exertion in the work, the soldiers retraced their way down to the huts and lay upon their beds. A shout of "The Beer's in" brought them out again with more speed than all the shoutings of the leaders. And the heroes followed running throng, for they would not miss one aspect of this strange existence. They saw men coming away from a small house and many more waiting to receive bottles of liquid which overflowed immediately upon the removal of a small cap therefrom. And Jason noticed that, ere the men had drunk one bottle of this "beer" as he thought would be the name, that there was great noise and much shouting. He would have listened to the loud talking of two tall men, lean and fair, had not another said "List them not, O Jason, they talk naught else but the faeces of bulls and we heed them little. Come, sit with us and drink awhile." So Jason tarried and drank, and liked, and drank this foaming draught. Presently, the noise and shouting became to him a blur and he felt that he would give anything to stay in this wonderful place.

THE LATEST IN WATER-COOLING  
FOR THE TROPICS.

The Orderly Room Staff of 151 with wistful memories of N.Z. fishshops have recently installed running water on their Orderly Room floor and from time to time happily paddle while they tap the keys. Come and see our Kiddies Paddling Pool- no mother need feel any anxiety - absolutely no danger - nurse-maids in waiting will be provided with cup of tea and anything else they may want or need. All the luxuries of the Lido with none of the expense.

NEWS FLASH ! ! !

Sgt. Westwood DID get his well-won bottle of beer.



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THE BOY COMMANDO  
(OR SGT GUSH DAY DREAMS)

It only seems like yesterday  
When I was back with mother  
And used to shout and romp and play  
With Alfie, my kid brother.

But now I am a soldier tough  
And I'm still young and want to go  
To push the Japs right in the rough  
And be a boy commando.

I'm tired of sitting here each week  
Cos doing nothing tires me so  
Oh let me just but earn my keep  
A reckless boy commando.

-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-

DISTRESSING CASE OF ISLAND  
HAPPINESS

The following telephone conversation is reproduced word for word. It is believed to have taken place between an RHQ Officer and an FCP Officer. A request for suppression of names has been granted by this paper so we must refer to them as Captain M and Lieut K.....

This is not funny, it's serious ..... Lieut K rings Capt M:-  
"Hallo, oh look, the truck is stuck half way up the hill"  
"Oh, I thought it might be"  
answered Capt M "It's a damn nuisance, we'll have to get a truck from one of the Batteries. Are you handy to a phone?"

Lieut K replied "No"  
"Oh hell" replied Capt M "neither am I really, oh well - er - I'll fix it" Hangs up.

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AUNT ALICE'S ANSWERS TO AMOROUS  
ANXIETIES.

Dear Aunt Alice,

You know that little anatomical worry I wrote to you about when I was marrying the half Chinese girl and you advised a circular bed and a lot of reconnaissance - well, I needn't have worried about it at all - they're not, er. er. they haven't.....well anyway, it isn't true, or wasn't in this case anyway. It was the other half that was Chinese, so we still don't know really. Perhaps some other scientists could do some research with people of the whole, half and quarter

blood, and we could get the true facts recorded on their identity discs with some system of horizontal, vertical and diagonal strokes. Not that it matters much, because they're good - oh anyway but still its nice to know.

I thought you'd be interested,  
Yours in the interests  
of science,  
Bull Verge.

- - - - -

Dear Bull,

You have made a worthy contribution to knowledge and have made me wonder about Orientals of the other sex. You don't know a good clean laundryman, do you?

Yours in anticipation,  
Aunt Alice.

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BIG-TIME FOOTBALL AT NAIA.

On Wednesday, 24th March a Homeric struggle was waged between No.1 Watch and others v The Rest and others. A good time was had by all with intervals of Rugby here and there, No 1 Watch and others defeating The Rest and others by 9 - 6. The winning team scored a try by Sgt Crabb and two good goals from penalty kicks by L/Bdr Nicklin, the losers scoring two tries prominent players.

The winners played a hard game and were probably lucky to win as The Rest were combining well and had the pressure on in the closing stages of the game and another few minutes would possibly have changed the result.

It was a good game played in excellent spirit throughout.

Good performances were:-

Winners:- Backs, Sgt Crabb, Sgt Danks, L/Bdr Nicklin, Gnr Roberts  
Forwards, Bdr Campbell, Gnr Hutt.

Losers:- Backs, Sgt Rowling, L/Sgt Crabb, Bdr Sander, Bdr Bradley  
Forwards, L/Sgt Fox, Bdr Fish, Bdr Topping, L/Bdr Sheppard, Gnr Huttadine.

A lot of the back movements of The Rest showed promise but were hampered by slippery ground and a lack of co-ordination in the early stages, but the game clearly showed that the Battery has some real Rugby talent amongst its members, and 151 throws down the gauntlet to any unit that cares to take it up. A

feature of the game was the broadcast and running commentary on an all-duty station hook-up by the Naia Broadcasting Corporation Unlimited - its sporting commentator being the well-known, golden-voiced "Hard Skull" Walker, now restored to health and strength again after his recent roll in the heather with a sportive Quad - that's one thing he didn't give a rolling commentary on.

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THE CAT CREEPS.

Latest bulletins from Ajax Camp hospital indicate that Mr Winstone, who has been suffering from "Cat Fever", is now much improved. An unconfirmed report states that the patient eagerly looks forward to his saucer of milk every morning and purrs quite audibly when stroked under the chin.

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QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR

Lieut King (on towing vessel form 151 shoot) "Who threw that brick?"  
Gnr Cotton, alias "Zeop" (on being transferred from RHQ to 151) "Did I fall or was I pus hed?"  
RQM (opening his first lecture to officers) "Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking ----"  
RMO (opening his lecture on "evacuation of casualties") "Evacuation is a most moving topic".  
OME (Opening out on "Maintenance of M.T.") "Now maintenance is something I know a lot about"

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FASCIST RETREAT!!

The reaction of Dutch filmgoers frequently causes withdrawal of Axis pictures. Netherlands used to go to one such Italian film just for a particular scene in which Fascist ski troops toiled up a mountain side. As they reached the top the audience would shout "Look out: here come the British" At this point the Italians hurtled down the mountain at breakneck speed.

WHO KNOWS?

This week's sports afternoon at RHQ was taken up by a road race. The most annoying part of it all was that it is believed that the idea originated with 150 Bty which supplied no starters. 204 Bty withdrew at the last minute, so the field was made up entirely of RHQ boys who never give in. "What do you say, fellows?" Well the race was run over a three-mile course. Bdr Hart was First past the post with Gnr Tuckerman about 30 seconds behind-2nd. and Lt King 30 seconds behind Tuckerman, 3rd. They all finished. Next time, maybe, the founders of these Ideas will line up at the starting barrier as it is believed the boys have their ideas about it all.

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THE PREGNANT PHRASE.

A refugee professor entered a restaurant and, speaking English with the acquired precision which so often shames the native-born, ordered "Figs and cream" The waitress brought a dish of figs covered with cream. "I ordered figs AND cream" the professor protested. "There they are" she retorted. "But this is figs WITH cream" he persisted. "But I don't see.." she began, bewildered. "Madam" said the professor, icily, "would you say a woman and child were the same as a woman with child?"

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A woman who had just completed a First Aid course saw a man lying prone in the street and was shocked that the passers-by callously paid no attention to him. So she rushed up and began giving him artificial respiration. The man raised his head and said "Lady, I don't know what YOU'RE trying to do, but I'm trying to get a wire down this manhole"

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Wife (to husband inquiring why they never have any money): "It's the neighbours, dear. They're always doing something we can't afford"

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Printed and published with all care but absolutely no sense of responsibility, by the Editor, Lieut King and S/Sgt Bennett, at "The Ruins", Ile Nou, New Caledonia.

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