

THIS GRAND PACIFIC PLAYGROUND

We had only been to Fiji,
Yes now it sounded tame,
So we couldn't blame them smiling,
For we could have done the same.

We'd received our marching orders,
And were shipped away to sea,
To this Grand Pacific Playground,
Is it Grand? You're telling me!

Some stopped in dear old Suva,
And sweated in the heat,
With mosquitoes as companions,
And the rain to cool their feet.

There were others at Wamaka,
And its mud a ruddy red,
And the sun a real scorcher,
Burning right into your head.

And we lived and watched and waited,
And prayed for dear friend Jap,
To give this life some meaning,
We were crying for a scrap.

Thus we waited, waited, waited,
But our waiting was in vain,
So home to old New Zealand,
For a breather back we came.

Now that memory seems hazy,
A short but lovely dream,
And again we're watching, waiting
In a slightly different scene.

No we haven't fought the Nazi,
At Olympus or in Crete,
Not braved the Libyan desert,
With its blinding burning heat.

No we're just Pacific Playboys,
Pineapple fusiliers,
If its patience earns our title,
Why we'll hold it through the years,

So don't let this island get you,
There are thousands by your side,
Who are sharing all your troubles,
And they'll know just how you tried.

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FORMIDABLE BATTERY PRACTICES SEAWARDS 2 IMPRESSIVE DISPLAY OF MIGHT

We present through the courtesy
of our sponsors, the makers of
"Penelope's Pink Pills", a graphic
bang to bang account of last week's
battery shooting. Remember that
"Penelope's" are a sure cure for
Piles, Pink toothbrush, paranoia,
palsy, pulmonary or pubic disorders,
and diseases of the palate. Take
"Penelope's" for Perfect Preserva-
tion.

Wednesday Jun 16 dawned bright and
clear. 150 battery were out of
bunks early. They were to fire prac-
tice shots seawards at 8 o'clock.

At 7.30 all is ready, final check
of huge guns is made by experienced
trained crews. They report every-
thing in order. Other gun crews march
in

past to man guns of left section -
they're on their toes for recently
Battery Commander Kennedy and F.C.
Major John R. Marshall watch closely.
The men know that one slip will be
picked up by B.C. Kennedy, under whose
cold steel blue eyes they have learned
discipline and have been taught to
obey without question. Left Section
guns are checked and all is ready.
Keen eyed Allied and New Zealand ob-
servers watch ready to report the
smallest mistake to their respective
HQ. Their presence does not deter
high ranking NZ Regimental officers
who wait calmly for a ppearance of
target boat. But mishaps have occurred
to the target and young range officer
Humphrey and King work feverishly at
Ship Base. While King sweats knee
deep in water undoing bolts of target
Humphrey makes daring "dive" under
sub's propeller to free towrope.

Finally target appears and back at
battery everyone springs to the alert.
Young B.C. Winstone walks calmly into
the crudely constructed O.P. He
gives final corrections for weather
conditions and movement of target.
A moment later Director of Practice
Lt. Col. B. Wicksteed, NZEF, gives
order "Engage" and Winstone galvan-
ises Battery into action. The guns
elevate, a sharp staccato order "Fire"
is given and they belch flame and
smoke sending 200 pounds of red hot
steel hurtling through the air. A
plume of water engulfs the target -
a hit! The guns come down - they are
reloaded - the barrels point skyward
again - they fire - and again - and
again - until all rounds allowed for
practice are expended - and the white
hot barrels are lowered and stilled.

B.C. Winstone retires from O.P. -
a job well-done and other take his
place. As practice goes on, even
supercritical observers admit mis-
takes are few and results good.
After shoot Director of Practice,
Lt. Col. B. Wicksteed, NZEF, proudly
remarks - "150 Battery is still tops",
while B.C. Kennedy announces issue of
further beer coupons.

Remember that this account has come
to you through the courtesy of the
makers of "Penelope's Pink Pills".

"PENELOPE'S FOR PRESERVATION"

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FURTHER OBSCURITIES

Following the excellent example of
Capt. Dixon in lessons on what can be
done with the English language in the
way of abbreviations, obscurations,
etc., Capt. Manders has coined a new
word in "CO-ORDINISATION". This word
must not be confused with the shorter
simpler and less obscure "CO-ORDINA-
TION", which infers a sort of blending
together (e.g. whisky and soda) but
rather a complicated and skilled ac-
tion, such as the bringing together
(over)