



NUMBER XXVII SATURDAY 3rd. July, 1943.

A further division of the human race into two classes:

Those who do things - and those who get the credit for them.
If you have any choice, choose the first class - there is
less competition.

COUNSEL CASTIGATES COLE!!! SURPRISING NEW TURN OF EVENTS IN CASE - CHAPMAN Vs COLE

Since we last went to press, astounding new evidence has been brought to light in the crowded courtroom which daily has been thronged with soldiers having to sit on the steps mending their shirts while this dramatic case unfolds. Damages claimed by Chapman are set at an all time low of 2.5 centimes. When interviewed, Mr. Chapman said it was not the pecuniary benefit in which he was interested but he wanted to teach this scurrilous rogue Cole a lesson and be able to walk among his friends at Nala without having to bow his head in shame. Things look black indeed for COAL.

We print below a portion of the opening address by Chapman's counsel. DUCKSBOTTOM represented CHAPMAN and WORMSWIDDLE defended COLE. The case is being heard by Judge HEIFERDUST.

"Your Honour and gentlemen. I am here today to defend the case of a gentleman of the highest honour whose character has been besmirched, dragged through the Nala mud, and whose very reputation as the greatest exponent of the pianoforte and the Classics is assailed. He has been affronted and insulted by the accusation made by the defendant in public, that he is a swing artist, and also that while inebriated he did play the Chicago Piano on a certain vessel of war. These are both vile and base accusations and wholly untrue. My client is a Maestro-----"

WORMSWIDDLE: "Did the learned Counsel say, 'Microbe'?"

JUDGE HEIFERDUST: "Order!" "Order!"

DUCKSBUM: "I say again, 'A Maestro'. A man who has won the W.C. for what he did on Ile Lange, and on the morning of the 151 shoot. My intention is to disprove this man Cole and you, gentlemen of the jury, will judge him, and see that my client receives full damages accordingly. My first witness will be the batman of Capt. Cole. He too, has suffered under the tyrant's lash. (The batman is sworn in, with the usual oaths)

DUCKSBUM (TO BATMAN): I want you to tell the Court in your own words what manner of man is Cole. Has he ever paid you? What does he give you in place of pay? Is he nit continually causing trouble, reading other men's mail, prying into secrets which perhaps in days to come he can use for blackmail? These are but few of the many questions which will show what a bounder the defendant is. He has ever been a trouble maker, a disrespecter of persons. If he receives fiendish pleasure in treating the under-dog in this manner, what delight to torment a man, such as my client, who is branded with the hall-mark of fame. His intention, you'll agree, in making this scurrilous attack on my client's prowess was - that Chapman would BUY his silence! BUY his silence!

At this stage the Court was adjourned.

Buy this paper next week and read the damning testimony of Cole's Batman!

(By our Special Reporter, at Nala-by-the-Sea.)

-O-

"THOSE B----- SIGS!!"

Owing to various threats, both violent and otherwise, we have been forced to bore you readers with the latest doings of the Sigs. Of course the little matter of "saving face" also enters into the situation. The Great Douglas is with us again, having more or less completed the Douglas Memorial Line, and having overcome great difficulties, the main obstacle being the great "mozzie". He even declares these latter have been seen making off with crowbars and shovels (QM please note but do NOT reveal source of information.)

We have it on good authority that at least one member of the line party has gone "trepéau". Here is the story. The night is very dark - the party out on a fault - one break is found and one member of the party left behind to effect repairs. The rest move on a short distance to repair another break. Soon the sound of loud wailing and gnashing of teeth filters through the Niaouli trees from the lone ranger. Enquiries as to the cause of the disturbance reveal the fact that the break has been mended (a really good job, in fact) BUT somehow the line has found its way THROUGH the ladder rungs. Well, Fitz, to say the least of it, we ARE surprised.

And now we present the latest details of "Mangrove Mac", sometimes known as "Warkworth Mac" or "Hawkeye Mac". Due to his crippled wing he has now taken over the duties of official observer for the Sigs, a post which, we might mention, carries considerable honour. He is willing to challenge anyone to a game of patience, and he will be sure to have plenty of backers in the Sigs lines. The Prophet Carter is still open for business and for a small consideration will give you the date we leave for home - or will he?????

The least said about Haylor the better. His main activities have been confined to travelling on target ships and dodging one of the "Gun Flash" Editors. Incidentally, our line party were having a lot of trouble boiling the billy, so now they take a cook with them for the job. Joe doesn't look any worse for the ordeal, anyway.

"Der Swede" is still getting a kick out of life - you should hear him when a fault comes in about 1800 hours - cheer up, Ted, we'll soon be dead!! "Wild Bill Hickock", our great Chinese and Yank impersonator, is still heard over the RHQ network at times giving illustrations of voice control, etc.

"Wireless Operators and Caretakers Inc." is still quite a flourishing concern and can now "take it" pretty well, whatwith press news, etc.

"Frank" of QM fame has departed for pastures new (or is it 'old'?) and our Keith is now busy developing the QI complex to a high degree of efficiency. Ernie still manages to find time to have his face stood upon during Saturday afternoons and is reported to have cursed a certain traffic sign so often that it eventually collapsed - or did it? We've not heard much of the line Corporal lately - how's business, Vic, competition rather keen? Well, guess we have used up about all our space for this time, so that's the story chaps, and we hope it's a "good show". So till next time, good shooting, good luck, goodbye, and good gracious!!!
"DON FIVE."

-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-



"THE LINE PARTY"

FLAGRANT BREACH

RSM Caught!!!!

On their return from a most formal

inspection and Church Parade last Sunday morning, RHQ officers were horrified to observe the RSM's motor cycle parked at the entrance to a well known (or should one say 'notorious') establishment which is out of bounds to all troops for obvious reasons. It has been said that the culprit was summoned to the presence of the Adjutant on his return an hour or so later, from which interview he emerged in as most chastened frame of mind. Popular opinion, however, doubts if even the Adjutant's vitriolic tongue could rub the acid through the RSM's hide, and this is obviously the case as he is still in the habit of visiting the premises in question.

Questions arising out of the above are:

1. Where will the Sergeant's lettuce now come from? (see over)

2. Why has the RSM started a nightly tattle?
3. Who was the man who did not return to camp until 2330 hours on the night prior to the above?
4. How did the RSM know that the man mentioned in 3. above was out till this time when he was asleep at that hour? - and why his sudden concern about the matter?

Remember the old saying, RSM ????

"People in glass houses ---"

(Case proceeding)

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

SPLICE THE MAINBRACE AND ALL THAT

What-ho, you yachties!!! Cluster around and read all about the opening day at the Royal Naia Yacht Squadron, a function which will long be remembered in this part of Necal. In Commodore Griffin's inaugural speech, which was delivered from the 'skids', he outlined the aims and activities of the club - stressing beer, beer and more beer, with a spot of sailing chucked in. (Applause, and 'Good old Griff!'). Subscriptions immediately began to pour in, and Hon Sec was unable to cope with the rush.

The club's pride and joy, "Pearo Mitchell's 1½ metre (Mark IX) Slap Happy" was then carried down to the drink. All present held their breath. "My God", yelled Chief Bailer Huffadine, "she floats." The first run was made by skipper Macindoe (that well known yachtsman from Drunken Bay on the Waitemata) and the stiff southerly filled "Slap Hap's" sails as she sped round the course on her maiden voyage. "EE, give me a pop lad - it looks gradely easy", piped up Midshipman Dick (old Boy) Ankers. But disaster overtook his attempt and opening day (as well as "Slap Happy") was nearly ruined when he capsized in gybing round a buoy. However, he dived into the sail and was rescued by the life saving detachment (loud cheers from the shore).

Keen to try his luck was that Blond Viking Snow Pracy who said he could "paddle his own canoe", didn't need the instructions of the Commodore or the Skipper, and turned A over T also. More applause from the land lubbers and once again the salvage crew went into operation. Next came "Little Horse Huffadine", who, though full of confidence at the outset, just disappeared beneath the foam while running before the breeze. Howls of mirth from the "sideline" at this stage caused the Commodore and Skipper to become somewhat apoplectic and to declare the opening closed.

However, practice will bring its own reward and high hopes are held for the future of these young members. An open regatta will probably be held

when the next beer ration arrives and the committee has decided to hold a ladies night (they hope - they hope - they hope).

A cordial invitation is therefore extended to all local belles (or those virgin on it.)

SEA DOG.

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

20FORCASTS

Following a rebore, the edifice known as "Chrystall's Palace" has been moved to a new site and erected over the scene of the recent excavations. The Management extends to old and new clients a hearty welcome with the usual excellent service assured. You are advised to visit the establishment early as the present "de-odourised" condition is not expected to prevail.

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

"THOSE ACK-ACK BLUES"

This place is really Hell, Sir,
I'm telling you it's true,
Manning A.A. guns, Sir,
At a place called Cactus Grove.
We man them in the morning, Sir,
We man them late at night,
And when we get a shoot, Sir,
Won't our skipper get a fright.
We are there for the duration, Sir,
And we fire them once a year.
We've tons of bleeding ammo, Sir,
But not a pint of beer.
We have grand parade, Sir,
In the morning just at nine,
In the mess tent if it's wet, Sir,
On the bull ring if it's fine.
The sergeants call our names, Sir,
The Lord knows what it's for,
Perhaps it's a new game, Sir,
Just to make us guess some more.
We have rumours by the yard, Sir,
We'll be home by June for sure,
And if you don't believe me, Sir,
Ask the lads from 204.

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

THE ORACLE ON THE HILL

Consult our well known Seer -
Hopalong McCarthy.

The Regiment is very fortunate in possessing a man of outstanding ability in this direction. Owing to an unfortunate (?) injury he is able to devote considerable time and energy to this fascinating subject.

For a small fee (3 beer coupons) he will give you the latest dope on courses in NZ, the new fishing grounds of the Sa-----ga, or how to get a re-board. We recommend haw powers to the RSM. He can, by the mere closing of his eyes, indicate which bushes missing in mess orderlies of fatigues are hiding behind (fee: 5 Kopecks.).

This miracle of the modern age can be seen in a trance at any time of the day in his high temple on the hill. Visitors are welcome (Bring your own beer!!).

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

RUGBY FOOTBALL:

Navy Vs 151 B

By playing its usual fast open game the Navy side eclipsed the Battery team by 9 points to 3, and though Saturday's game was not quite so good from a spectator's point of view as was the previous Wednesday's, this was probably due to the different type of opposition met with by the Navy fifteen. Points gained by both sides could have been greater, but faulty handling and a tendency to creep offside spoilt many brilliant movements which would normally have resulted in tries. This was probably through lack of training and must have been even more disappointing to the players themselves than to the spectators.

This is an ideal opportunity to stress a point which, though it probably has little or no bearing, nevertheless sticks out a mile, and, being no gentleman, I am going to stress it. The outstanding player on the days game was the Navy's 1st Five-Eighths, or 'Fly-Half', as he is called in British Rugby parlance, and this player, I understand once played for Grafton when he was stationed in Auckland. The man whom I saw coaching the Navy pack prior to the game, also, at one stage, played for the same club. Aucklanders draw your own conclusions!!

For quite some while many of us were trying to puzzle out just what 'Mont' Hewitt was doing on the field, but, after a lot of speculation, we finally deduced that he was playing in the scrum. But what we should all like to know is, Where was 'Mont' when that 'Fly-Half' got going??????

All of us here are most thankful that these Navy teams don't play together often enough to get a real combination going, as, if so, we'd never be able to hold up our heads after being trounced thoroughly as would be the case with more practice on their part. So take the Auckland trained men out of your team, next time, Navy, and give us a break!!!

And, in conclusion, here's hoping that it's not too long before we have the opportunity to play more games against the Navy.

RESULTS OF LAST WEEK'S FOOTBALL SWEEP
Winners: Gnr. Bell (12) Gnr. Goodall (9)
Other winning numbers: 3; 6; 11; 13;
37; 62; 27; 112; 137; 162; 187; 212;
237; 262; 287; 312; 337; 362; 387;
412; 437; 462; 487.

BIRTH COLUMN

Born at Mt. Teroka to Mrs. T. Armstrong, an F.C.P. Both well - no visitors until the new baby's concrete bottom dries. The father to this child is unknown and if anybody can give any information as to who it was likely to be, would they kindly communicate with Charlie McCarthy, the ShapHappy Sleuth, who has taken a keen interest in poor Mrs. Armstrong's sad case, and promises the electric chair to the unfortunate father if caught.

We'll deal with you, next week, Smithy!!!

FOOTBALL RESULTS:

The following is the result of the game played at Naia on Saturday, 3rd. July, 1943. The remaining match between 150B and 204 A will be played at a later date, it having been postponed "through the exigencies of the service".

151 A 11 151 B 0

Winners of this week's sweep:

Gnr. Tate (11)

Points scored to date:-

	P	W	D	L	Pts.
RHQ	7	4	2	1	10
150 A	7	4	1	2	9
151 A	7	4	1	2	9
150 B	6	3	2	1	8
204 A	6	3	2	1	8
BSD	7	3	0	4	6
151 B	7	2	-	5	4
204 B	7	-	-	7	-

QUARTERMASTER ALARMED

The recent births, announced in last week's issue, to the Two Baldies, has had the effect of alarming Baldie M.I. considerably. The trouble appears to be rather in the care and upkeep of the offspring than in the unwonted publicity which he has received on their account. Anyhow, he has now taken serious steps - in fact he has procured a supply of muzzle covers from the R.A.P. and has made up his mind that there will very definitely be no further additions to the population of Baldies' Rest as far as he is concerned.

(Better sure than sorry, eh, Neil?)

-000-

Printed and published with all care but absolutely no sense of responsibility, by the Editor, Lieut. King, and S/Sgt. Bennett, at:

"The Ruins", Nocal.

