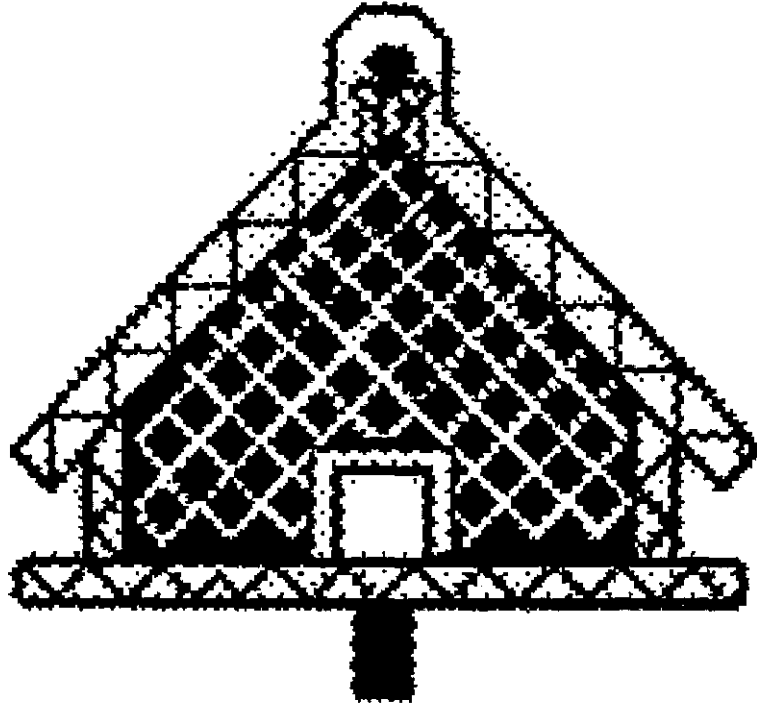


PATAKA



THE MAGAZINE OF THE RNZAOC

PATAKA '92



THE RNZAOC MAGAZINE

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Cockroach Corner

The deadline for material for the next issue of Pataka is 21 Jan 93. Address all correspondence to:

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UPPER HUTT**

Cover Photograph

The Royal New Zealand Army Ordnance Corps Esign and Escorts on the occasion of the Fortieth Anniversary of the Accession of Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth II

(left to right : SSgt D. Cossey, LT S. Stewart, WO1 D. Knebel, SSgt L. Cameron

FOREWORD

It is eight months since I wrote the foreword for the last issue of Pataka. Such is the speed of change these days that I could not imagine the major changes that have taken place since then, such as the move of the Ordnance Support Group (OSG) to Linton to become part of 21 Supply Company and the formation of a Logistics Battalion in 1 Brigade. You will understand therefore that I am reluctant to gaze into a crystal ball! Of one thing I am certain; whatever changes are in store the Corps will adapt swiftly and with minimum fuss.

As I look back on the last eight months I find much cause for pride in our Corps. Our professional standing is high as is our sporting prowess. In the latter category our highly successful intra-Corps competition was followed by a tremendous showing at the inter-Corps tournament. Throw in the visiting Australian RAAOC team and we had a memorable season. For me however, the highlight was 1st Base Supply Battalion's performance in winning the Military Marathon in September.

This year is special for RNZAOC in that we celebrate our 75th Anniversary as a Corps. I hope you will all be able to attend the Reunion Weekend in July 1992 for what promises to be a memorable occasion.

W.B. SQUIRES
Lieutenant Colonel

EDITORIAL

Christmas has been and gone and we are now into the New Year. With this the first edition of the PATAKA for 1992 I would like to pass on to all members of the Corps a very happy New Year. This is my second term as the Editor of your magazine and you would have been made aware of the changes in the format and front cover in the last edition. There is to be no change this time, however, a Letters to the Editor page and a Crossword have been included. All answers to be in the next issue.

Finally, it is essential that we all realize our responsibilities as "Recruiters" to RNZAOC. Due to our role we do not represent what is generally regarded as the more glamorous side of the Army life. As a service Corps our role is one of support and after all, who looks behind the stage unless the show stops. The only way we can make up this leeway is by ensuring that on an individual basis, through our performance, bearing and dress and willingness to show our pride in the Corps, we are recognised as individuals with whom it is worthwhile serving.

Extract from Pataka Newsletter Number 3 dated 1969

ST BARBARA'S dual role appointment is perhaps even more fitting in view of her unfortunate martyrdom. It seems she was a Princess who converted to Christianity thereby enraging her dad, the King. When she refused to abandon her new faith he had her beheaded! It is thus that our Patron Saint became the first HEAD OFF CORPS and, being unhappily divided at the moment of her martyrdom, she now honourably fills the dual appointments of the Patron Saint of Artillery and Ordnance.

G.D.
Editor

PERSONAL PROFILE COLONEL C.J.C. MARCHANT, ED COLONEL COMMANDANT

Charles John Clemow MARCHANT was born in Stratford on 30 May 1932 and educated at Wanganui Collegiate School. He later studied for Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Music degrees at Victoria University with an unfulfilled aim of becoming a music teacher.

Between 1958 and 1982, Colonel Marchant held a variety of positions with various companies and acquired considerable experience in corporate general management, finance and investment.

Since 1982 he has been operating independently as a Management and Investment Banking consultant.

Colonel Marchant maintains a close professional involvement through membership in the New Zealand Chamber of Commerce, the International Institute of Directors and the New Zealand Institute of Management. He is also Chairman of the Manakau Polytech Advisory Board and a Trustee of the St Peter's School, Auckland. In addition he is a member of the Cathedral Council of the Holy Trinity Cathedral, Auckland.

In 1952, Colonel Marchant became a member of the New Zealand Territorial Army and in 1954 he received a commission into the Royal New Zealand Artillery. Between 1952 and 1977 he held a variety of minor appointments including Troop Commander, Battery Captain, Brigade Staff Officer and Field Force Staff Officer. Major appointments held over this period included Assistant Director of Ordnance Services (ADOS) and Military Secretary (New Zealand Territorial Army). In 1969 he was awarded the Efficiency Decoration in recognition of his Territorial Service. On 1 April 1985 Colonel Marchant was appointed as the Colonel Commandant of the Royal New Zealand Army Ordnance Corps in the rank of Honourary

Colonel.

As Colonel Commandant, Colonel Marchant is able to assist the Corps and its members in the following ways:

- * Fostering Esprit-de-Corps;
- * Promoting community interest in the Corps;
- * Advising Headquarters, Senior Commanders and Unit Commanders concerning regimental matters;
- * Advising on the application of Corps Funds and other regimental matters such as customs, battle honours, colours and guidons, dress distinctions, memorials and histories;
- * Maintaining a close liaison with allied Corps of Commonwealth Armies;
- * Consultation or advice on any Corps Charities;
- * Liaison between the Corps and our Colonel-in-Chief, including the sending and receiving of customary messages;
- * Advising the RNZAOC Heads of Corps on matters within his purview; and
- * Chairing the bi-annual RNZAOC Corps Regimental Matters Conferences.

The Colonel Commandant has no power of command, and is not a normal part of the command or administration of the Corps. However, he is authorised to make direct representation on purely regimental matters to the commander of a com-

mand or formation in which the Corps is serving.

THE COLONEL COMMANDANTS OF THE RNZAOC

In 1921 the British Army Council had been considering the question of Colonel Commandant for the Administrative Corps and in April of that year it was agreed in principle the then RAOC should have one also. The appointment was to be 'a titular one and unpaid'. The duties were defined as - 'To occasionally visit the Corps HQ and the HQ of the RAOC at principle Ordnance depots'. The first appointment in the British Army was offered to Major General Sir John Stevens, who accepted it as a great honour on 12 August 1921.

In New Zealand, the RNZAOC also maintain the tradition of a Colonel Commandant and the officers who have held this appointment are:

Brigadier T.J. King, CBE	1 Jan 49 - 31 Mar 61
Lieutenant Colonel F. Reid, OBE	1 Apr 61 - 31 Mar 65
Lieutenant Colonel H. McK. Reid, OBE	1 Apr 65 - 31 Mar 69
Brigadier A.H. Andrews, OBE	1 Apr 69 - 30 Sep 77
Lieutenant Colonel J. Harvey, MBE	1 Oct 77 - 31 Mar 79
Lieutenant Colonel G.J. Atkinson, MBE	1 Apr 79 - 31 Mar 85
Lieutenant Colonel C.J.C. Marchant, ED	1 Apr 85 - Serving

A CORPS OF ACHIEVEMENT AND STATURE

by **C.J.C. MERCHANT, ED**
Colonel
Colonel Commandant

Ours is a Corps of achievement and stature. What authority do I have for that assertion? What perspectives do I bring to bear to give credence to that claim? They are several.

First of all I have been a member and keen observer of the Ordnance Corps since 1964. Thus, I have a span of almost thirty years from which to judge.

Secondly, I was a proud gunner for twelve years before joining the Ordnance Corps having been conscripted, reluctantly, in 1952. Accordingly, I have a background in another Corps from which to make comparisons.

Thirdly, I have seen the Corps as OC of the Stores Section attached to 1 General Troops Workshop, RNZEME. In that capacity I could see our Corps through the eyes of a unit vitally dependent upon it.

Fourthly, I could observe the Ordnance Corps as CC of 1 Ordnance Field Park which was a unit in 1 Infantry Brigade Group where there were sister service Corps units against which to make assessments. Moreover, there were teeth arms units allowing similar appreciations. A fresh prospective was permissible as Deputy Assistant Director of Ordnance Services on the staff of 1 Brigade from which viewpoint a closer examination in relation to other Service Corps units within the Brigade could be made. Then followed the appointment as Assistant Director of Ordnance Services on the staff of Field Force Command - now Land Force Command - from which higher headquarters further evaluation were possible.

Next a greater breadth came as Military Secretary - Territorial Force, which permitted further insights into all Corps.

Finally, the most powerful vantage point is as a citizen soldier over a span of forty years. Someone coming in from outside bringing a rich experience and several yardsticks from the bureaucracy, from commerce, from education and the Church.

My view is clear: the professional skill and competence of our Corps stands at the highest level. We have some surprisingly youthful people in high ranks and responsibilities. Our soldiers, non-commissioned, warranted and commissioned officers are, almost universally, people of quality and ability.

Whereas the teeth arms dominated, indeed, occupied all key appointments forty years ago (the Army Board was composed entirely of gunners in the early 1950's) we now find that an Ordnance Corps Officer has held the appointment of Chief Instructor at the School of Tactics - something which, simply, was not possible forty or even thirty years ago. The next Brigade Major of the Brigade is an Ordnance Officer. Another singular achievement. The present Assistant Chief - Policy, of the New Zealand Defence Force is a Brigadier with a lifetime of service as an Ordnance Officer. These significant appointments say nothing of the numerous other postings made to key positions outside the Corps at more junior and equally senior levels. Nor do they speak of the remarkable technological developments which members of the Corps have pioneered. Indeed, they do not tell of the capacity of those retiring from the Corps who can foot it with the best in the world of commerce.

From a span of several decades I have seen the Corps move from being bottom of the heap in the military to one of professionalism, achievement and undoubted stature. Surely, that must be encouraging in our Jubilee Year when there is so much pain and uncertainty.

Having being a proud gunner (I am still a member of the Artillery Officers' Mess) I am now an equally proud supplier, a member of a Corps which has grown to maturity. One which commands respect. One which speaks with authority. One second to none. There is no doubt in my mind whatsoever that ours is a Corps of achievement and stature. Its members have made it so.

Notwithstanding all that precedes what I now write, the Corps has problems. But these are problems seen in the Army as a whole. Some of them are serious. All can be put right. Should I be invited to do so, I will gladly write constructively on them - at least the crucial one - on some future occasion.

It has been an honour to share my service with you. I retire during our Jubilee weekend - on Corps Day - I wish each of you well. You have fine achievement to sustain and multiply.

RNZAOC MEMORABILIA

At the Corps Regimental Matter Conference it was decided that the SSM, RNZAOC School should become a travelling salesman in addition to those skills already required for the job.

In promoting Corps Memorabilia to those outside of Trentham, I am prepared to travel to your location (costed against your Cost Centre of course) to peddle my wares. So if you see an occasion on your units' social or work calendar where the sale of Corps Memorabilia could enhance the programme, just call me on (347) 7153.

DON'T GET CAUGHT WITH YOUR HEAD IN THE SAND

Items for Sale	
RNZAOC Plaque	\$26.00
RNZAOC Lapel Badge	\$ 4.00
RNZAOC Teaspoon	\$ 3.00
RNZAOC Letter Opener	\$ 3.00
RNZAOC Book Mark	\$ 3.00
RNZAOC Letter Opener	\$ 3.00
RNZAOC Tie	\$17.00
RNZAOC Ashtray	\$ 3.00
RNZAOC Pocket Emblems	\$ 3.00
RNZAOC Leather Cheque Book Cover	\$14.00
RNZAOC Leather Wallet	\$20.00
RNZAOC Leather Bill Clip and Credit Card Holder	\$18.00
RNZAOC Leather Drivers Licence Holder (with two windows)	\$ 6.00
RNZAOC Leather Licence and Credit Card Holder (with pockets)	\$ 9.00
RNZAOC Leather ID Card Holder	\$ 7.00
AT Schooners	\$11.00
AT Tankards	\$ 7.00
AT Glasses	\$ 6.00
AT Plaques	\$26.00

by **M.M. ROBINSON**
Warrant Officer Class 1
Conductor

I am often approached by members of our Corps and asked the question; 'What has happened to the Ordnance Corps, there doesn't seem to be any 'direction' any more?'

My initial reaction to this question is one of understanding and sympathy. Not because I agree with the soldier's comment but when one considers the number of changes which have occurred over the past five years I can understand the reason for his or her concern.

My initial reaction of understanding is then followed by a period of private mourning on behalf of the soldier because the poor fellow has either failed or been failed in the basic requirement of keeping oneself abreast and in-touch with the pace of change and more importantly the reason(s) for it.

On the work face the presence of the RNZAOC as a Corps is probably more evident today than it was five years ago. *True our numbers have dropped* and a few units have either been disbanded or replaced by those with an expanded Corps content, however, there is not a camp or formation without either a RNZAOC Officer(s) or RNZAOC soldier(s) on their establishment.

In ATG for example there are over 50 RNZAOC soldiers and three officers posted to seven different units. Although we are not part of a collective RNZAOC unit we are here because of our training and the expertise we have in our specialist fields, expertise which can only be held by RNZAOC soldiers.

Matters concerning 'Esprit de Corps' are more difficult to maintain now since the disbandment of the RNZAOC

Directorate and also because of our fragmented employment within the various camps.

However, I truly believe we as a Corps are better off in this area than many other branches of the Army. In the main this is due to the early establishment of our Corps charter and its subsequent administration by the Colonel Commandant and Senior Officers of the Corps.

Ask yourself this question; 'How many Corps do you know of that can boast of having achieved or participated in the following?':

- * A Corps school where nearly all instructors are qualified as Advanced Instructors.
- * A Corps school which has at the disposal of both its instructor staff and students such a modern inventory of instructional aids and equipment.
- * A Corps training system structured to meet both the static and operational needs of the Army.
- * A Corps which holds bi-annual Regimental Corps conferences.
- * A Corps whose Warrant Officers hold an Annual Corps Training Seminar.
- * A Corps which produces a Corps magazine to the same high standard as our Pataka.
- * A Corps which holds annual SNCO and Officer Corps Regimental formal dinners.
- * A Corps which has an established sports link with an allied Army.

- * A Corps which participates in both intra Corps and inter Corps rugby.
- * A Corps that gives recognition for excellence to its members via, 'the 20 year scroll', 'Te Awe Award', 'The Brian Nelson Jennings Memorial Trophy', 'RNZAOC Corps Training Top Student Award', '1 Base Sup Bn Sports Person of the Year', and the 'OSG OC Incentive Trophy'.
- * A Corps which is fortunate to have a history which allows for the 'Honourable and Ancient' appointment of Conductor.
- * A Corps which is about to celebrate its 75th Jubilee year.
- * A Corps which will shortly publish its full history.
- * A Corps with established traditions such as 'The Henry Tucker Club', 'The Wesseldine Room', 'The SWO's Knob', 'SNCOs' Silver', 'The Waiouru 105' and 'Depot Iron Man'.
- * A Corps which has participated in the 'Army Marathon' and won!

In all respects the RNZAOC is well and truly alive. Our expertise is sort after and our traditions envied. To those of you who feel the Corps has become lost within the 'Green Machine' and exists in name only I give you the following advice:

- * Adopt a positive and inquisitive attitude towards changes which occur to both the Army's role and organisation.
- * Be self motivated towards

gaining as much concerning the systems of supply within the Army and the part you play within it.

- * Communicate with your peers on Corps related matters and most importantly, be an active participant in Corps events.

SUA TELA TONANTII

EXERCISE LONG LOOK 1991

by **J.R. TOMBLESON**
Staff Sergeant

The plane landed, ... the plane took off, ... the plane landed, ... the plane took off and on and on it went. Yes, we were travelling 12000 miles to the United Kingdom. Finally, dare we believe it?, the plane landed once again, only this time in Britze Norton. Through customs and onto the buses provided. Welcome briefs and lunch at the transit camp then off to 16 Bn RAOC Bicester.

So here I was, half-way around the world propped up in the Sergeants' Mess with a pint of warm beer. Jet-lag still making my head spin and trying to find the 39 hours I had just lost. Typical pom hospitality, there was a function so I couldn't rest - had to fly the flag!

A hazy Monday in July and I am in the OC's office. Meet this man, meet that man, go here, go there and on it goes. Names, places, dates coming out of my ears. On about day five, things settled down slightly and I can see where I've been. Huge warehouses, about the size of five rugby pitches, containing Ordnance stores. Storage systems similar to but not quite as good as ours. 16 Bn Bicester is 35 miles around and there are a lot of warehouses and this is only one of the Ordnance Battalions in the United

Kingdom!

Having visited three or four of the Ordnance Depots, I found myself in Wales - adventure training, rock climbing, abseiling and mountain climbing. The Welsh Mountains (Snowdonia National Park) and our hills are about the same. Every year 16 Bn hold adventure training of some sort whether it be this or canoeing. Believe it or not, the soldiers are reluctant to do this training because it is the same every year.

Regimental training was next. Their equivalent of RFLs and BFTs. Also lectures on the Geneva Convention and a practical test on NBCor was it just CS gas? The final exercise had to be called off when the ambush failed. The fog was so thick you couldn't see more than ten metres, real Sherlock Holmes stuff - Dartmoor etc. Driving back was real dicey in this weather. The vehicles were in poor condition and the fog was getting thicker - just couldn't see.

So much for regimental training. Time for some leave. Lands End, John Groats, Buckingham Palace, Stonehenge, Isle of Wight and all places in between. Just could not get enough of that Pom hospitality. War museums, wax museums, air displays, trips on narrow boats through channels, half marathons and ten km races.

I was invited to attend the RAOC RSM's, CSM's, CQM's conference in Belgium. This was fully paid for so who could argue? Once we arrived, we were escorted around the battle sites of World War One including where the gas warfare originated. Unfortunately I couldn't get to Porton Downs but certainly tried. I did get to Sherwood Forest though.

Enough of this. The exercise is an excellent experience and the biggest thing I learnt was how far away New Zealand is from the rest of the world. Just joking! New Zealand soldiers are very professional and the way RNZAOC carry out their function is very superior - something we should be proud of.



*Roger in his flip flops
at Stone Henge*



*A typical warehouse in
Bicester*

IMPROVEMENTS IN TRAINING FOR JUNIOR OFFICERS IN THE NEW ZEALAND ARMY AND THE ROYAL NEW ZEALAND ARMY ORDNANCE CORPS

by **H.V. DUFFY, BA, M Inst Pet
Captain**

Introduction

It is well known that the performance of a peacetime Army on operations will depend largely on the level of training achieved. New Zealand having such an Army, it is of utmost importance that the training of all personnel be continually monitored to ensure the highest level of preparedness is maintained.

There are often rumblings of discontent amongst senior officers about the training of young officers, and how 'they don't turn them out like they used to'. It may well be that the training of officers in certain areas is deficient, and that the improvements have to be made. The aim of this essay is to propose how the training of junior officers in the New Zealand Army in general, and the RNZAOC in particular, can be improved.

Rather than evaluate all the training systems in place, it is perhaps more constructive to identify specific areas of concern and propose how improvements in training can be made. There are four areas which are of concern to the author. They are:

- * management,
- * communication skills,
- * all arms operational knowledge, and
- * leadership.

Each of the above will be dealt with individually, with respect to how improvements can be made at both Army and Corps level.

Management

With recent developments in the New Zealand Army, it can be argued that the need for sound management is becoming increasingly important. This is especially so for financial management with respect to accrual accounting and the devolution of responsibility.

After graduation, there is little formal management training for officers. The Junior Staff Officers course does include communication skills and accrual accounting, but is not a management course as such. In the RNZAOC however, there is a management course, which is conducted as a prerequisite for promotion to temporary captain. The course task list comprises of the following:

- * perform the functions of management.
- * develop civilian and military subordinates.
- * develop personal management skills.
- * manage change in an organisation.
- * communicate effectively.

On the financial side, the RNZAOC School also runs computer based packages on DSSD and accrual accounting. The Ordnance Corps is a forerunner in this area, as financial management closely relates to our role of procurement and supply.

Management training should not be restricted to the RNZAOC alone. It is the author's opinion that all junior officers would benefit greatly if they received some form of management training.

This training could take sev-

eral forms. First, the Junior Staff Officer Course could include a management module covering the functions of management as well as accrual accounting. This would ensure that all junior officers are introduced to the knowledge, skills and attitudes necessary to become effective managers.¹

Alternatively, the respective Corps could conduct a management course of their own, along similar lines to the RNZAOC course. The advantage of this is that the content of the course could be structured to best suit the needs of that Corps.

A third option is to introduce a university management paper that would be conducted extra-murally, similar to the Military History and International Relations papers. The main advantage of this proposal is that it gives the officers an external perspective of management matters which are not confined to the military. This is important if the military wishes to be kept 'up to date' with current civilian practices.

Irrespective of which option is preferred, the prime concern is that junior officers do receive formal management training. This is required so that they are suitably qualified to assume an appointment which requires managerial skills.

Communication skills

It is of concern throughout the Army that the written and oral communication skills of junior officers may be lapsing. This may be a direct result of the modern education system in which many colleges do not have English as a compulsory subject. Whilst standards may drop in the civilian world, they should not be allowed to fall in the military. The need for effective communication will always be vital ingredient in both a peacetime and operational Army.

The Army courses that are in place are very good for developing communication skills. The Junior Staff Officers Course for example, and most Corps promotional courses, require that students present high quality-written work and speak effectively. The problem appears to be at unit level when officers are away from the course environment. The onus then, is on unit commanders at all levels to ensure that written submissions are of the standard taught at Army Schools. At QA Squadron for example, the Officer Commanding requires that his subalterns be conversant with Wordstar 2000, conduct book reviews, and produce regular written submissions. This ensures that the communication skills of his officers are maintained at a high level.

With communication skills, the adage 'practise makes perfect' is very appropriate. It is proposed that Commanding Officers and unit commanders conduct continuation training at unit level, in order to improve the overall communication standard of junior officers.

All Arms Operational Knowledge

There is a perceived difficulty amongst junior officers with all arms operational knowledge. In the Infantry, for example, some officers are not conversant with supply and transport procedures. Similarly, in the Ordnance Corps, the junior officers do not get enough exposure to the employment of the manoeuvre arms. Although the Grade Three Staff and Tactics Course teaches students all arms operational concepts, it is the author's opinion that RNZAOC officers still do not have enough exposure to the combat arms. This may be detrimental to their careers in the long term, when competing for command and operational appointments.

By virtue of the function of the Ordnance Corps, a junior officers cannot expect to get the same 'combat arms' experience as his

Infantry counterpart. However, the following proposals will ensure that the all arms operational knowledge of Ordnance officers will be improved:

First, every effort should be made to ensure junior officers have a posting to an Ordnance operational unit. This is difficult to achieve with the disestablishment of the supply companies and the growth of 1st Base Supply Battalion. However, postings to 21 Field Supply Company, irrespective of duration, will ensure that officers exercise and interact with other Arms and Services.

Exposure to other Corps should be given a high priority. The QM and AQM appointments within the Infantry Battalions for example, are an excellent training ground for the development of junior Ordnance officers. It is in this type of appointment that the officers can appreciate the workings and inter-relationships of an Infantry Battalion.

At formation level, the conduct of TEWT and CPX weekends should continue to be incorporated into the training cycle. In recent years the frequency of such weekends has been reduced somewhat. It is hoped that this is not a trend of things to come. For the Service Corps officers, these weekends are the only means in which they can 'keep their hand in' prior to the Grade III Course.

Finally, RNZAOC officers would be encouraged to attend major exercises as often as practicable. Attendance on these exercises, in whatever capacity, is an excellent means to observe the interactions between various Corps as well as the employment of the combat arms.

Leadership

A great deal of the course syllabus at both OCS NZ and RMC, revolves around leadership. It is here that cadets receive both theo-

retical and formal training as well as opportunities to exercise command under controlled situations. For some graduates, this may be the last formal leadership training received. In Ordnance for example, there are very few postings in which junior officers can get hands on command experience. This can create a problem in the years to come when officers assume command appointments without previous leadership experience.

To prevent the above problem from occurring, junior officers should be given the opportunity to develop the leadership skills learnt whilst officer cadets. It is proposed that all junior officers serve a period of time at Waiouru to command basic training courses. Priority should be given to those who are not likely to command a troop or platoon in their first appointment (for example, Ordnance graduates.)

Positions on Outward Bound and training ships should continue to be made available. Although only short in duration, such activities are very challenging and rewarding for young officers.

Within the Ordnance Corps, the problem has been addressed by proposing that newly commissioned officers act as Platoon Commanders, at the RNZAOC School, for the Corps trainees.² This proposal has its merits for it not only gives opportunities for leadership to be exercised, it also introduces the junior officers to the Corps.

Conclusion

Due to the changing structure of the Army, there exists a need for junior officers to receive formal management training. This could be based on the current RNZAOC management course, or it could take the form of a university paper.

It has been identified that communication skills need improvement.

The responsibility for this is at unit level, where it is proposed that commanders conduct continuation training to maintain a high standard

of communication skills.

There is a perceived difficulty amongst junior officers with all arms operational knowledge. In order to improve the combat arms knowledge of Ordnance officers, it is proposed that they get maximum exposure to these Corps by means of postings, exercises, CPXs and TEWTs.

There is also a concern that graduates to certain Corps are not getting effective leadership training. This can be addressed by ensuring that those officers not going immediately to a command appointment get priority on WTD basic intakes. It is also proposed that positions on Outward Bound and training ships continue to be made available.

This essay has looked at four specific areas where the training of junior officers in the New Zealand Army, and the RNZAOC in particular can be improved. It is hoped that if these proposals are implemented then a high level of preparedness will continue to be maintained.

¹ If this option was adopted, the need for the RNZAOC School to continue running the management course would have to be reviewed.

² Taken from a discussion paper by Capt H.B. Cockburn titled 'RNZAOC Training for the Future', p 9.

RNZAOC RUGBY

by **J.R. GOVAN**
Major

Committee

John Govan
Dave Knebel

Ian Rolfe

Dave Murch
Saen O'Brien

Kevin Reisterer

Tom Mathews
Mark Wilson
Brian Marsh
Tony Harding

Chairman
Organiser
Inter-Corps
Secretary/
Treasurer
Fund raiser
Organiser
Intra-Corps
Referees/
Fund raiser
ATG
Southern
Northern
Central

Summary of the 1991 Year

Intra-Corps Tournament.
Our annual rugby tournament has now well and truly cemented its place in the Corps calendar. During 1991 it provided a prop to Corps morale in more than one region; soldiers mentioned to me that things would be a lot worse if they didn't have Corps rugby to look forward to. Results of the Tournament were:

Central (8)	vs	Southern (15)
Wellington (47)	vs	Northern (9)
Northern (3)	vs	Central (22)
Wellington (28)	vs	Southern (28)

The "Team", 1991



Rugby Officials

Mark Wilson

Tama Hiroti

Ian Rolfe

Kevin Reisterer

Coach-
Selector
Asst Coach-
Selector
Manager
Chief Referee

Joint Winners of the Andrews Cup were Wellington and Southern. Winner of the Wallace Shield was Central.

RAAOC Tour. The Aussies came and went, beaten by a very good RNZAOC team. To give them their due they were a good bunch of blokes and they played a reasonable

standard of rugby. This tour came at the right time for us, as it gave our Corps team a good work out before the Inter-Corps Tournament. The Moorebank Logistic Team's thank you letter said it all, ``To say that the tour was a success would be an understatement, of the rugby tours I have been involved with, this one was far and away the best''. Tour results were:

- RAAOC (15) vs Southern (27)
- RAAOC (12) vs Corps Team (15)
- RAAOC (15) vs North/Cent (11)

Inter-Corps Tournament. The Corps team showed the benefits of a sound build up, they turned it on in Linton, producing a win and a draw (lost in extra time). I am told this was the best result any Corps team has ever produced, when included with a test win over the Aussies, it is certainly the best season ever for the Corps Team. This year's results bode well for the future as the team is young and enthusiastic and should from this year's experience.

Results were:

- RNZAOC (11) vs RNZE (11)
(extra time 11 - 17)
- RNZAOC (26) vs RNZCT (9)

The tournament Winners were RNZEME and the runners-up being RNZE.

Corps Rugby Calendar 1992

- Regional Trials and Team Selection
Aug/Sep
- Inter-Regional Tournament
????
- Inter-Services Tournament
????
- Intra-Corps Tournament
18 - 20 Sep
- Inter-Corps Tournament
25 - 28 Sep

AUSTRALIAN - NEW ZEALAND INTER-SERVICE RUGBY TOUR

On 22 Sep 92 Burnham Camp was host to a visiting Rugby Team from Australian Armed Forces. The team played three games with the final game as follows:

New Zealand (27) vs Australia (15)

Bit like the cricket, eh!

An after match function was held for the visitors in the old RNZAOC CRS and a good crowd turned up for an entertaining evening of horse races, music and the final of the Winfield Cup, which was viewed on a giant screen hired for the occasion.

The Aussies seemed to loosen up as the night wore on and copious quantities of beer were consumed. In fact at one stage the Barman Barry Gibb (who took a night off from touring with his brothers, the Bee Gee's, just to be there) had to send out for another couple of kegs, (we forgot G.D. was there).

There was the inevitable challenge at the table for skulls, and when the PMC counted the bodies under the table it was declared a draw. (Well done Wendy Miller for remaining upright through it all.)

From the function the two teams went into visit the churches and missionary centres of Christchurch. One 6'5" Aussie known as ``tank'' was so overcome with emotion at seeing such sights that he fainted outside one of the local massage parlours and could not be revived until the following day, when they noticed he was missing and went back to get him.

By all accounts the trip back to Picton was a sombre affair, with lots of stops to view the scenery. This was done in the kneeling position from behind hedges. Judging from the ``Oh Christs'' and ``Bloody Kiwis'' we can only assume they were overawed by the beauty of it all.

Congratulations must go to Southern team for a splendid effort in the rugby, with particular mention to John Cook who coached and led the team so well.

Special thanks also to WO2 Neville Lush and his Committee who put on the social and made it a memorable evening.

ARMY : THE RIDE OF A LIFE

by **B.T.W. DIAMOND**
Second Lieutenant

Operation Heart Attack Action saw the Army, Navy and police join forces to cycle almost the length of New Zealand, starting from Whangarei, raising money promoting the aim of the campaign to improve survival from acute heart attacks.

Army personnel from Linton, Trentham, Waiouru, including, two policeman left Whangarei on January 31, 1992, while a second Army team from Army Schools along with a Navy team left from Ngatea. All bound for Wellington. Covering the South Island was a unit from 2/1 RNZIR who cycled from Blenheim to the Bluff. The 1st Base Supply Battalion participants included:

LtCol Gardiner, Maj Moore, 2Lt Diamond, Cpl Smith, Cpl Lee, Cpl Dijksma, LCpl Dolden and Pte O'Connor.

The riders were decked out in Heart Foundation cycling pants and Army designed cycling tops. The tops themselves conveyed a special message to the public from the army 'New Zealand Army Part of our Community'. The support crew were provided with new Foundation T-Shirts. Further equipment was supplied by sponsors and of course the cycles belonged to the individual riders.

The ride, which finished on Feb 7 1992 at the city centre in Wellington, was approximately 800 km long. Cyclists were clocking up to 180 km per day. On down hill run cyclists were reaching up to 90 km/hr and on the flat with a tail wind they reached speeds of up to 40 km/hr.

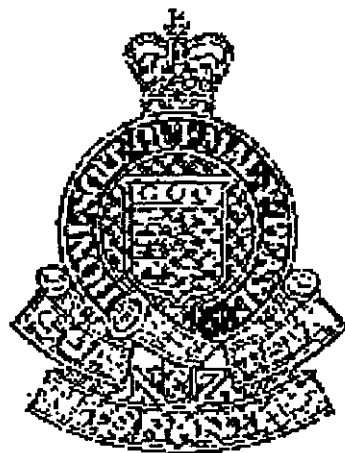
Through 'Operation Heart Attack Action' the New Zealand Heart Foundation hoped to raise up to \$1.5 million to buy 103 defibrillators for ambulances throughout the country. Heart At-

tack Action focused on educating the public about the warning signals of a Heart Attack.

Along with the cyclists the relay team was provided with full support crews. These people included cooks, mechanics, drivers, medics and photographers, without who this event would not have been possible.

Like many sporting events 'Operation Heart Attack Action' gave the cyclists and support crew the opportunity to come together and work for a common goal. Ordnance, Infantry, Artillery, Engineers, Navy and Police, male and female under the same roof. It is hoped that the Army be able to take part in a similar event next year and that once again the invitation be extended to the same multiple of Corps and services.

A special thanks goes out to the sponsors of this event. In particular 1 BSB would like to thank Upper Hutt Cycles, Quinns Post of Upper Hutt and L.D. Nathans of Upper Hutt for their contributions. Finally congratulations to all participants and a special thanks to the cyclists.



40th ANNIVERSARY OF THE ACCESSION OF QUEEN ELIZABETH II

by **Brett Allen**
Corporal

On 9 February 1992 a service was held at the Wellington Cathedral of St Paul to celebrate the 40th Anniversary of the Accession of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. The following personnel from 1st Base Supply Battalion, Trentham Camp, were selected to present the Queens Personal Flag to New Zealand:

- * Lt S.C. Stewart
Colour Party Flag Ensign
- * WO1 D.W. Knebel
Colour Party Sergeant Major
- * SSgt R.F. Cameron
Colour Party Escort
- * SSgt D.C. Cossey
Colour Party Escort
- * Cpl B.S. Allen
VIP Door Opener
- * Cpl W.W. Ruki
VIP Door Opener
- * Pte(W) K.M. Craig
RNZAOC Representatives Escort
- * Pte(W) L.A. Knap
RNZAOC Representatives Escort
- * Pte(W) K.A.N. Tuari
RNZAOC Representatives Escort

There were approximately 100 guests who attended the ceremony including the following Dignitaries:

HE Governor General;
Dame Catherine Tizard

Prime Minister & Wife;
Mr & Mrs J. Bolger

The British High Commissioner;
Mr D. Moss

The American Ambassador;
Mrs D. Newman

Primate and Archbishop of NZ ;
MR B.N. Davis, MA

Chief of Defence Forces;
Vice Admiral S.F. Teagle

Deputy Chief of General Staff;
Brigadier G.D. Birch

RNZAOC Representative;
Lt Col P.R. Cunninghame

Wellington Cathedral of St Paul is an amazing building. It is five storeys high within the main cathedral chamber, complete with it's own choir, souvenir shop and tearooms (or refectory as it is referred to) called Loaves and Fishes.

The Colour Party arrived at the Cathedral at about 0845 hours to conduct further practice and fine tune any problems that had arisen.

The door openers were in place outside the main door at 0930 hours until after HE Governor General had arrived at 1000 hours. Once the Governor General had arrived Trumpeters of the Royal New Zealand Air Force sounded out a fanfare. This was followed by the official welcoming of the main party and they were escorted to their seats.

With everyone seated, the Colour Party paraded the Queens Personal Flag for New Zealand up the main aisle to Sanctuary Steps. This is when the flag is marched up to the front of the Cathedral and handed over to the Dean in Residence. Where upon he lays the flag upon the Main Alter. The Colour Party then withdraw to their seating.

The main part of the ceremony was then conducted with the normal prayers and singing. Included in this was speech's from the

HE Governor General, The Archbishop of New Zealand and a short reading from the Bible read in Maori.

Once the main part of the service was over including passing of the money plate, to pay for smoko, the Colour Party assembled at Sanctuary Steps, in front of the alter to receive back the Queens Personal Flag.

The Flag was then handed over, and the Colour Party did an about turn so they were facing the congregation. Then every body sang NZ National Anthem and God Save the Queen.

Once this was over the Colour Party marched out of the Main Cathedral Chamber. This completed the service, and everybody was invited for tea and light refreshments at the Cathedral's Tea Rooms.

Overall the whole experience was quite an eye opener plus a privilege for our Corps to be selected to Present the Colours.

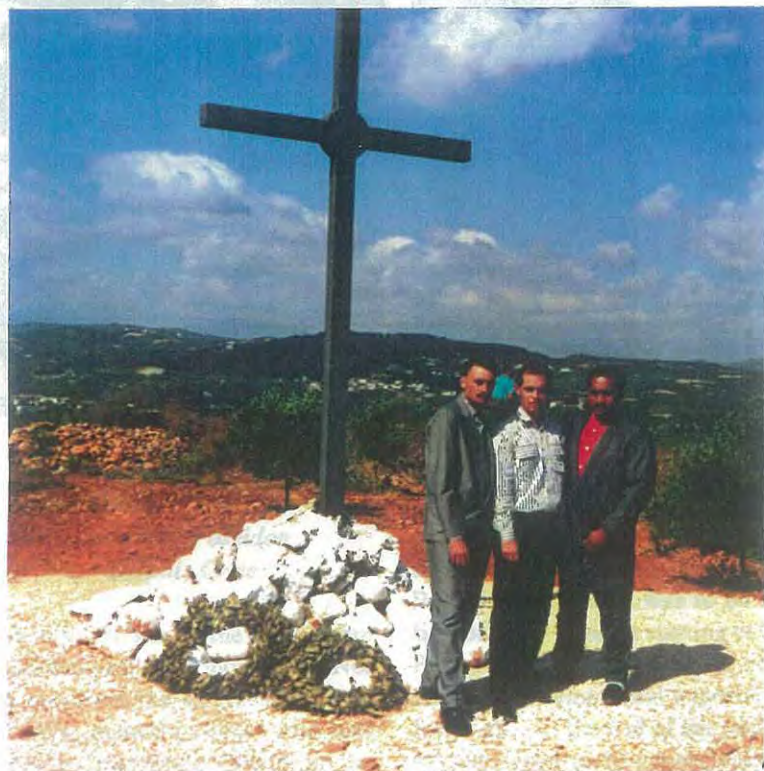
BATTLE OF CRETE CELEBRATIONS

by J.F. GAGE
Corporal

From the 8th to 31st May 1991 I was fortunate enough to be selected from among the hordes to travel overseas for the celebrations commemorating the Battle of Crete.

Unfortunately we had to spend the first week in Papakura Camp doing the pre-deployment training; that is, drill, drill and more drill. Gruelling work if you haven't seen a drill square since the Junior NCOs course. Managed to stumble through this phase with copious amounts of amber liquid to ease our drill weary bones at night.

The worst part of this phase would have to be the five hour trip to Waiouru to watch a twenty minute display on the Battle of Crete. Wouldn't have been so bad if we hadn't already had a two hour



Memorial Site at Maleme

lecture and watched a three hour video on the same subject the night before. Never mind they said, be flexible they said. I never realised at

this stage that by the end of the tour I would be so flexible that I could kiss the area three feet up from my ankles.

The 16th of May saw us boarding the plane at Whenuapai for the first leg of our journey. First stop was Brisbane, just enough time for a slash and smoke then off to Darwin where we stayed the night. The hierarchy flipped a coin to see who would be staying at the hotel and who would be staying at the RAAF barracks. Lucky me got the Travelodge Hotel. Yum, yum what a flash place. This Maori boy

up as even uglier women. How the guys that were posted there managed to sleep with these monsters I'll never know. You have to be one sick little puppy man.

Day Three and we were winging it for Dubai. Ugly rumours flying around the plane about a young guy giving a guard the fingers then getting shot for his troubles. Yet another warning from the front of the plane, don't look at the women as the men are likely to stab us. I just knew I was going to have a good time there. Got to our hotel, roof top swimming pool, views of

bun with a hunk of meat complete with bones that looked like it was once the breast of a cat. The chicken that was recognisable as such looked like it had been one of the scrawny sand scratchers out the back door of the restaurant. Lovely place to eat, I would recommend it to anyone.

Day Four had us finally landing in Athens. What a shambles. Greek military hierarchy running around everywhere like headless chooks. Everyone wanting to be chief with the indians huddled around in small groups looking confused and

d u m b -
founded.

I saw a truck backing up to the plane three times by three different people and it still never got loaded. We ended up unloading the plane by ourselves. Everything that is except for my bag, that was placed on the bus by

a Greek Colonel. Shock, horror, I thought I'd died.

The next three days were hectic. We visited the Temple to Poseidon then what was to be the first of many parades starting at the Phaleron War Cemetery. A very moving and emotional experience for us all. At the end of the parade we converged on the graves looking for lost relatives. It was hard to believe how many of those graves were unnamed. Row upon row of headstones reading 'KNOWN UNTO GOD'. The New Zealand



Temple to Poseidon
Delphi, Crete

lapped it up. Day Two saw us departing for Singapore. Man, I was made to live in this place I'm sure. Awesome place, awesome weather, lots and lots of beautiful women everywhere. (That's what the other guys told me anyway, I was busy taking in the scenery and reading the tourist brochures.)

Stayed at the Fernleft Centre then visited the infamous 'Strip' after a few cheap beers at the pool side bar. What an amazing place that was, lots of ugly men dressed

the city, the smog, the sand, more sand and yes, some more sand. Not to mention the endless lines of BMWs, mental patients with taxi licences and women (seen from the corner of the eye) dressed in black. My most memorable recollection of this place would have to be dinner at Kentucky Fried. Ordered a works burger and here's what I got. A dry

contingent gathered around the graves and said a few prayers and sang a couple of songs. From where I was standing I could see a woman crying behind us. When we finished I spoke to her. Her father was buried there and she was glad there was so many of us there to honour the dead. Fifty teary eyed soldiers left the cemetery that afternoon.

Our final parade in Athens was at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier then through the main street of Athens. The crowd was deafening and the New Zealand Army Band outshone all the others that played that night. The seventy-four veterans who accompanied us over were seated to the left of the dais when we did our march past. They honoured us with three cheers and a 'Mexican Wave'. Freaky old dudes.

Athens night life was different again to anything I have ever encountered before. Everybody sells booze, from the local dairy to the guy selling slick books in the kiosk. Alcoholics Paradise. Every corner has a sleazoid nose picker trying to drag you into his bar to meet his girlfriend that just happens to come from the same home town that we come from. Only trouble with that strategy being that I know everybody that comes from my hick town hole in the ground. The other thing that you have to watch out for is the women that 'work' at these bars. One of the guys got sucked in badly when two lovely ladies asked if they could sit and talk to him. He bought one beer that ended up costing him \$50.00 (NZ) because he had to pay for their drinks as well.

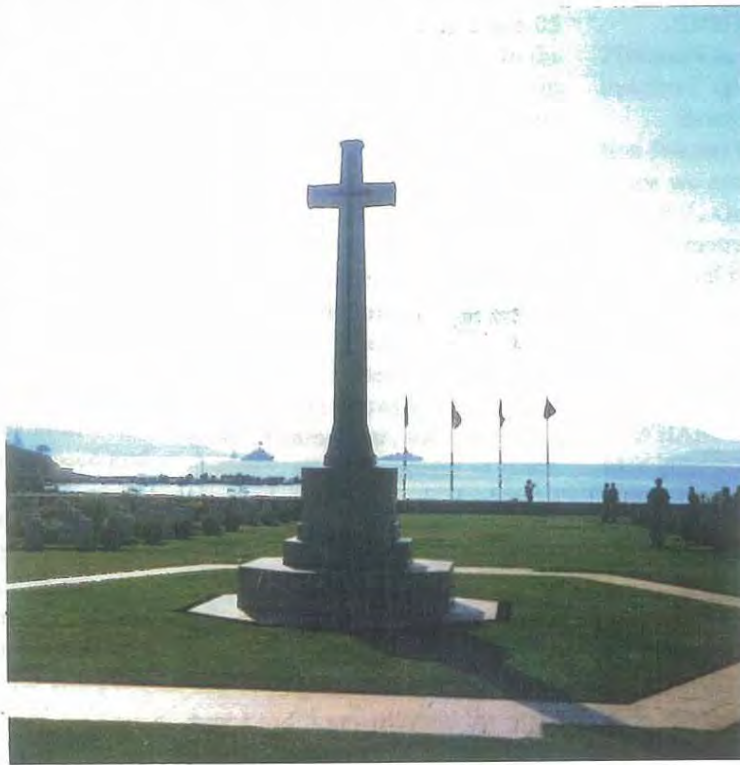
\$50.00 before you even get onto the subject of sexual favours is not manners, is it? Consequently any females that came up to us after that

the road. By the time that was finished we were pretty hemo, which probably explains how half of us ended up at the night club is SDs.

From Iraklion we departed for Chania and the NATO barracks at Namfi. Weren't we happy to find ourselves in this place. The first thing to throw us off was the latrines. The urinals were overflowing with a month's worth of urine and the boggers were knee deep in 'mud'. The mosquitos were playing rugby with the hepatitis viruses and they were winning. It became a game to see who could stay in there long enough to have a slash.

Two greek guys walked in and stayed for half an hour without flinching once. We were outside throwing up on the walls. Here we go being flexible again.

We paraded this time in Rethynom, Souda Bay then finally at Galatas. It was there in Galatas that the Maori Battalion charged up the hill with bayonets fixed to claim the town square. Those were the thoughts that ran through our minds as we marched behind the band, following the footsteps of our ancestors to the top of the hill and into the town square where the locals welcomed us with thunderous applause, and open arms. Old women weeping as we marched by remembering a certain Kiwi soldier that spent some time with them half a decade ago. It made me proud to be who I was, and glad to be there representing us all. That night we returned to Galatas to a place called Uncle Johns. This man took care of our every whim. Food and beer was



Memorial at Souda Bay war cemetery, Crete.

were politely told to clear off.

From Athens we ventured on to Crete. Our first stop at Iraklion had us doing the tour type things like visiting the Knossos then having a walk around the town square then through the market place. Everyone knew who we were, everyone wanted to meet us, head swelling stuff, man, awesome. That night we paraded through the town then gathered back at the square for a feast. Small bars set up everywhere giving away what I thought was ouzo. I grabbed a glass, knocked it back, then saw stars as my throat rebelled against being served rocket fuel. The abominable crap they had fed me was called Raki and there is no way to describe its taste. Anyway, fifteen glasses later and I was anyone. More free drinks were put on for us at a reception at one of the hotels up

overflowing the tables so we livened up his bar with song after song from home. Lucky for us we had more than one guitar player with us. We didn't want to leave and they didn't want us to go but we had yet another parade the next day so we left making promises to return before we left for home.

The final parade was to be a march past of all those that had participated in one way or another with the celebrations followed by a sound and light display on the water front at a place called the Eastern Moat. Fireworks and all that sort of stuff lit the night sky with the finale being a laser light show depicting the maps of New Zealand, Australia, Great Britain, Greece and Crete.

We left the island of Crete with mixed feelings. Sad to be leaving and yet eager to reach our own comfortable shores and the promise of a warm bed with the one you love and a pot of pork bones and puha boiling on the stove.

A SOUND EXPERIENCE

by P.A. WIJLENS
Sergeant

Dawn, 0500 hrs on the 05 Feb 92, wake up time, listen to the radio, weather forecast, ``light southerlies (47 knots) by 1200hrs today''. Hell hope the trip is still on, run around in circles, what to take? Damn should of packed the night before.

Departure time for the Mazurka 1300 hrs, look at watch, 0515 hrs plenty of time, ``WHEW'', better settle down and pack all the necessary gear like booze, fishing gear, and spare set of clothing, all in that order of priority.

Time to pack all this in the car, S--T, car where is it?, that's right in the garage, shove all the gear in, time to go and collect the bait, 10kg of squid. (fresh).

160kms down State Highway 1 to Plimmerton and the Mana Yacht Club where the Mazurka is berthed. Arrival time 1000 hrs, hell time flies, pack all the gear on board, departure time 1300 hrs, whoops a bit early, well this is one person who won't miss the boat.

Before cast off, all the rest of the members gear had to be stowed on board. the gear included a vast array of fishing paraphenalea, rods, reels, of all descriptions, and tackle boxes brimmed full of terminal tackle.

Day One

1300 hrs we power out from Plimmerton, pass Mana Island destination ``SOUNDS''.

Everybody full of anticipation (booze) for what would happen when we reached the ``STRIKE ZONE''. On the way we encountered 2 metre plus waves, howling winds, and persistent rain, but did that deter a rather intrepid angler? No!!!! A lure was tossed out the back in case a rogue fish decided lunch was on. Ten minutes out ``WHAM'' a solid hookup, 5 minutes later a nice 3.5kg Kahawai was in the bin.

Time to introduce the team:

- * Maj John Govan;
- * WO1 John Lee;
- * Mr Ron Lee;
- * WO1 Keith Thompson;
- * WO1 Brian Herbet;
- * WO2 Spotty McLean;
- * WO2 Don Caulder;



The "NETT" result !

- * Mr Lugs Hockings;
- * Mr Dally Wilson;
- * Sgt Paul Wijlens; and
- * Dennis, our skipper for the trip.

The MV Mazurka is a 48 foot steel hull boat, running on a single Rolls Royce diesel engine. Also on board a Satellite Navigation Equipment, Auto Pilot, and Depth Sounder. Approx. \$320,000.00 worth of boat.

Day Two

Time 0530 Revellie. All team members drag their bodies out of the slumber position and into the dobbie, breakfast eating, food depleting, bowel emptying mode. Now that that is over time for some serious fishing.

Power away from our evening mooring, out the back slips a lure ready for the elusive KINGI, 250 metres out, click the reel into gear. Two hours pass and no action, god I hate these days luxuriating in the early morning sun sitting back holding a can of ale, who could ask for more? ME. Where's that fish? it should be on the end of my line.

As luck would have it I could not have my cake and eat it too, sun no fish, oh well might as well go and fetch the nets in, and see what we have caught over the night set.

Net is choka with fish of all kinds, Snapper, Moki, Terikihi, and Blue Cod, filleters will be busy this morning.

We head away once more towards Stevens Passage and the back of Dur'vile Island for more fishing. Cod after Cod was pulled in. No time for me to fish as the task of filleting loomed to the fore and was attacked with gusto.

Approximately 50 kg of fish fillets were put away in the boat's freezer, not bad for a days fishing. Also during the day we decided to steam over to Ketu Bay for some Scallop gathering, which I must say was a resounding success.

My personal thanks to the

divers WO1 Lee and his brother Ron.

Day Three

Once again the day promised to be one of pure enjoyment, due to the fact of no wind and a distinct lack of cloud in the starry sky. Dawn 0530 hours, revellie, the same as for day one.

Morning routine over time to check the nets. The gods were smiling on us once more as the nets were full of fish. S--T this means more filleting, but oh what joy to be had slicing flesh from bone, bone from flesh etc.

That gruesome job done, line over the side, hell its taking a long time for the line to hit the bottom, for one of the members who shell for the time being, remain nameless as there was no terminal tackle attached to the main line.

A good variety of fish were landed including the hard to catch Leather Jacket (Cream Fish). 150 kg of fish fillets hit the boat's freezer. Time once more to set the nets.

On the way to Cape Lambert we suffered a mishap in that we seemed to be running around in circles, were we following the fish? Oh no we've broken a rudder, ``We're all going to drown abandon ship''. But no our ever faithful skipper knew what to do as he had a arc welder on board and soon fixed the problem.

All nets set, time to settle down an have our quota of that amber liquid, which proved to be too much for one person the next morning, we needed a good burley trail anyway.

Day Four

Revellie 0530. Hell its getting hard to motivate one's self in raising the bod from the f--t sack, but fishing time is awasting.

Pull in the nets, fillet the fish, routine down pat now, hello what's this spinnay red thing caught up in the net, no it can't be, but it is,

now how do fillet a crayfish into 10 pieces? should of taken a course with Kentucky Fried Chicken.

Only logical way of being fair about sharing the monster from the shallows, was to draw a name from the hat method, much like a raffle. Lucky recipient WO1 Keith Thompson.

The day was fine, the sun shone like the devil, most ended up looking like the red monster from the deep, time for fishing. Lines were thrown over the side, and all were soon into the fantastic fishing that could only come from the ``SOUNDS''.

All to soon time to head for home. Dennis, the skipper, decided that we should put lines out the back for speeding torpedoes, (albacore tuna) and managed to hook into a couple of them, but only managed to land 1 before we lost them altogether. Tuna travel through the water at approximately 30-40 miles an hour.

Some of the notable points fished were:

- * Cape Jackson Lighthouse;
- * Alligator Head;
- * Cape Lambert;
- * Stevens Passage;
- * Port Hardy; and
- * Ketu Bay, Pelorus Sound for scallops.

Some of the members took along set nets which were set mainly at night for Butter Fish, Snapper, Moki, and of course the fish you never catch in the Sounds ``BLUE COD''. On one of the sets we even managed to catch a reasonable crayfish (approx. 6lb.).

All in all a very successful trip, all in cost less fishing gear, food, and booze, \$200.00 per person. The team decided to chip in an extra \$20.00 to cover food. Each member took home approximately 30kg of fish fillets and a small bag of scallops.

All up A real Sound Experience.

AFE 92 AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF ROBERT ASHFORD

by **ROBERT ASHFORD**

The following is a totally honest and accurate account of some of the goings on in the Rations Section during AFE 92. I've tried to be unbiased in this report and tried not to over-emphasise the importance or performance of any one person in particular. For this reason some of you may have heard my catchy phrase "I only write the truth", as I reached for my notebook at a convenient time.

This report was necessary because it was felt that the courage, honesty, high integrity, efficiency, commitment, and modesty shown by the Ration Section over AFE stood as an example to other sections in the unit. By moulding themselves to the exceptional standards created by the Ration Section, other sections might be able to work a bit harder and establish their own efforts in accordance with the Ration Section's high performance and thus be able to improve themselves by trying to be more like the Ration Section. Of course this would be no easy task.

To make it easier for non-Ration Section pers this report will be chronologically written and no really long words will be used.

It was not easy writing this. Too many people in the Ration Section did not want to stand out above the rest by confessing their noble deeds. But still I battled on and was able to note the selfless efforts of many a fine person. Still, I feel that many more courageous actions went unrecorded.

This aside, there is still enough to satisfy the thirst of non-Ration Section personnel as to what hard work really is, and to point out to everyone what a brilliantly fantastic bunch of uncomplaining resourceful people the Ration Section was in AFE 92.

And this is how it all happened:

The mighty arrive. We setup

the ration tents including some 14 by 14's for accommodation. Feed is ration packs.

The bidders are dug by those best for the job, and the washpoint is established. Some non-Rat pers decide we have to sleep in two-man tents so we uncomplainingly take down the 14 by 14's and set up our two-man tents. Feed is still ration packs.

After a two day hectic work schedule we at last manage to catch a few moments rest. We have our first uplift of fresh rations. From now on we are non-stop to the end of camp sorting our fresh rations so that everyone else can eat.

We have our first uplift of 5,000 ration packs from Waiouru. They are late and it means extra work but we just lap it up.

All morning we fill sandbags and help the other sections to fill theirs. Then we dig a deep gunpit and surround it with sandbags. In fact we never needed this gunpit and it goes to waste but we did enjoy digging it. Thanks to those pers who watched and gave us visual support while we toiled on for hours in the hot sun.

Sgt West has cornies and salt for breakfast. Actually I don't recall Sgt West eating anything but cornies. You always knew when Sgt West had had a feed, someone else's mess tins would be seen lying unwashed somewhere not necessarily anywhere near where we ate. SSgt Epiha too displays a strong fondness of salt by having it with his coffee.

We have our first DP Shelley, Moutira, Cpl King and myself go to the dentist and get free fillings. Cpl King enjoys his visit so much, he goes again the next morning. We have a BBQ for tea at approximately 2100. Even after all the hard work we are doing. Sgt West is still up at 0300 the next day working and up again with the rest of us in the morning.

No time for breakfast, no

time for lunch. To us the job comes first. 1825 hours Sgt West, who we all know is a lover of little furry creatures, tries to minimise collision danger for low flying birds by removing a potentially dangerous Donn 10 communication cord from across the road in Helwen with his 2228. Forward thinking that. 2000 hours the Bath Section arrive to help stack an expected arrival of 5,000 ration packs. The ration packs don't turn up and some pers in the Bath Section feel a bit inconvenienced. We have some very nice chicken for tea. In the morning we are told that Brigadier Bestic might turn up. Cpl Hay tells me that if I see the Brigadier I have to tell him that Cpl Hay is a really nice guy and should be a General. Don't think so Butch. We are rudely awakened at 0530 hours to unload 7,300 ration packs. None of us really mind though. General Stores and PC & A come to help. Good on them. This is completed by 0645 hours. 0945 hours Cpl King reads the receipts for the dry rations from the wrong sheet and wonders why things don't add up. I don't know why those silly computers can't print out easy to read big bold letters so that this sort of misunderstanding doesn't happen. Mind you, it never happened to anybody else. 0300 hours Sgt West has a disagreement with the water tank and a forklift. All is not lost however as Cpl Gage gets his water bottles filled.

0730 hours Cpl Burnett from the Ammunition Section arrives here at the Ration Section and asks for ammunition for Steyrs. I may be missing something here. 0845 hours Shelley uses an extra large piece of cloth in her pull-through. It gets jammed in the barrel. Cpl Hay gives it a big pull and pulls out the pull-through minus the cloth. Cpl King comes to the final rescue and removes the 4 by 20. 0930 hours an anonymous person falls head first into a rubbish bin while helping to push rollers. 1015 hours Shelley

writes a letter to her mum and dad. Hopefully she will write nice things about me like I have requested. 1020 hours SSgt Puru and Cpl King discover a murderer as she kills in cold blood a defenceless bug. We all know, however that she is doing it for the sake of hygiene and not because she is scared silly by the flying B52 bomber bugs. 1030 hours the radio goes off. After attempts to get it going again it takes an overly intelligent and extremely handsome person to figure out that the thing has been turned off. Yes it was me that fixed it. 1200 hours somebody spends considerable time to organise 50 breads to add to her break, only to discover she needed rolls. 1440 hours a heavy downpour. Sgt West gets quite wet retrieving gear from his swimming pool, whoops I mean from his tent. 1450 hours an anonymous person falls into the same rubbish bin again. 2055 hours still raining. In the line of duty Cpls Hay, Moutira, and myself have to visit the bogger in the rain. Personally I got a wet backside but I can't talk for the others.

Second Lieutenant Dench says congratulations to Sgt West and myself for a good job at the DP last night. I know I'm good but I suppose it was good for Sgt West to be told he did a fine job. Cpl King is in hospital because like all typical Ration Section people he has just tried too hard and hurt his back. 1630 hours I do it again. In front of witnesses I daringly carry out many difficult manoeuvres in a RT 25 in a heroic attempt to unblock a parking spot by removing some dangerously high stacked water containers before anyone is hurt or inconvenienced. Quickly, following this I race down at 15 km/hr to HQ and pick up a massive load and put it on a mog for an obviously distressed driver. His thanks follow me up the road but I modestly brush it off, it's just part of the job. Immediately after this my attention and much needed assistance is required by SSgt Puru. Another day, another hero. 1750 hours we arrive at FARP (Forward Air Refuelling Point) and

were treated to a sweet, sticky cup of tea. FARP pers were to be found sitting around in chairs doing relaxation exercises with their fingers and toes. However, as was explained by those concerned, they were simply resting after a hard work session. I think those guys must work really hard whenever I go down there, they've having to rest all the time.

Moutira was on fatigues this morning. At 0700 she was playing ``Let's see if we can rip all the pegs out of Cpl Hay's tent this morning''. Unfortunately she is still very in experienced and failed to extract many pegs. Better luck next time Vi. 1300 hours Sgt West and Cpl Hay play ``Let's stand on wobbly pallets and fall off the back of the truck''. They are much better at their game than Moutira is at hers. Andrea Martins has been honoured and asked to join the Rations Section. Naturally she jumps at the chance. Picket duty starts today at 1000. Today Shelley got to see a few planes and helicopters take off. Big buzz, I had much more fun on picket.

0735 I carefully nurse an injured mog to POL to be repaired by the always cheerful and never complaining Sgt Geerkins. He even offers me an alternative jet propelled way to get back to Rations. While I was there I checked the oil level in the mog and to Sgt Geerkin's surprise discovered it needed a little bit. Brushing off compliments from the POL staff I headed home.

1200 hours some important people from Vanuata are shown around by SSgt Epiha and SSgt Puru. They were so excited that they were speechless. 1330 hours Cpl King returned.

Draughts begin. Shelley drops her toothbrush down the bogger. Don't ask.

0740 hours SSgt Epiha confides in me about a dream he had had the night before. I had appeared to him in the ghostly form of Mr Wong, an infamous draughts player. We played three harrowing games and SSgt Epiha put up a re-

markable challenge but in the end Iwin all the games decisively. Good try SSgt Epiha but even in your dreams you can't beat me at draughts.

At this point I ended my note taking on the Rations Section. I had reached the stage where I was just so stunned by their good work that I just couldn't write anything that would truly reflect their high standards. Suffice to say that it was a pleasure to be part of such an awesome team. Till next year.

MILITARY SKILLS DAY

by J.C. LEE
Warrant Officer Class One

With some fear and trepidation by the military staff of 1st Base Supply Battalion. We collectively had been informed by an internal minute that all military staff would be attending a military skills day.

The rumour machine started closer to the date of 4 March as to what activities WO1 Lee had sorted out for us this time. We had a prior experience of a similar half day in October which was energy sapping so hence the general acceptance of an extremely physical day.

On the bus at 0745 hours, the day was brilliantly fine and the enthusiasm was a little reticent as no-one still had any idea as to what was in store apart from the fact that we would be finishing at the Kaitoke Regional Park. The two buses with 89 people went past Kaitoke, past Featherston and onto Cross Creek where we disembarked beside a sign that said ``Rimutaka Incline Walkway''. Some of the competitors had no previous experience of the walk and intimated it was a doddle so no problem. We were sorted out into six teams of approximately equal ability, rank and gender. Teams were let off at three minute intervals knitted up with basic web, PTR,

Trou DPM and Boots GP. All section commanders were to be the junior people in each section with all SNCOs and officers to keep a zipped lip so their performance could be analysed and assessed in a stress situation.

After starting an unexpected surprise was around the corner, a stretcher complete with 3 x sandbags to be taken by each team over the track. Teamwork was obviously a prime test and our section sorted themselves out quite quickly before moving down the track with our burden. For those who have not experienced the "incline" before, the track follows the route the railway used to take prior to the large tunnel under the Rimutaka's. There are historical points of view on the way such as the remains of a pedestal that supported a viaduct where a train and some of it's carriages was blown off by a wind gust because of its geographical situation, the original Cross Creek Station that has been restored by the Historical Places Trust and a pictorial at the summit depicting the history of the line and the various equipments that utilised the line. However, it tended to be a up, head down looking for money on the track as we forged ahead. An eerie part of the journey was travelling through four tunnels of which the longest was over 760 metres long. The downward slope was a welcome relief until we turned off the track to walk the last 2-3 kilometres along the river bank to SH2. The bank to get down was reasonably steep and the water was cool on the feet but the speed of

travel was drastically reduced negotiating river currents and boulders in marked contrast to the formed track we had been on previously. The ute was waiting at the bridge to take our sandbags off the stretcher which was a very welcome relief and with

thirty minute mark Team 1 was onto their weary legs and up to the second activity.

This activity was a rope traverse dropping from a bank about 10 metres high to the middle of the river, the rope was purposely slack so that everyone would get wet,

around a far marker and back across the river, waist deep, to a rope situated against the same bank to haul ourselves up the slope and onto the next activity. The arms were quite sore from the stretcher at this stage and the legs were not much better but it was a case of mind over matter, they (the DS) don't mind and you don't matter. The next activity was guaranteed to get you wet and the task was appropriately names "Fun in the Water".



*Why can't we just swim around the *#@!* thing?*

our stretcher that the team would learn to hate, we doubled 1.5 kms to the Kaitoke recreational area where our time was recorded. The six teams averaged about 4.5 hours for approximately 17-18 kms.

The DS then tasked us with a 30 minute wait where a ration pack to be shared with three team members was available for lunch. Most of the team developed quite an appetite so the spaghetti and various other concoctions were bubbling merrily in very short time. All too soon the one minute warning to move was given so right on the

The team has to take a track up to a point about 12 metres above a deep pool where a scramble net was strung across. The task was to enter the water in the best way possible and there were a few methods never seen before as most people just jumped or dived in, in their most individual fashion, swum to the scramble net, over the top with more adventurous releasing themselves from the top of the net, alas the recent Trailblazers series on TV, and back onto dry land. One of the more comical episodes was watching Lt Col Gardiner not coming to grips completely with the intricacies of the scramble net and causing Lt Sean Stewart to be on very close intimate relations with

himself for a short period whilst they untangled themselves after 95 kilos of weight in the form of WO1 Lee suddenly dropping from the top of the net with no prior warning. A sobering effort by everyone and the stretcher was still with us, it went over the net as well. Down the road again to the next activity which was labelled loosely as a rafting fiasco. The task was to take an empty watercan each, lower it over the bridge by toggle rope, build a raft from the cans and webbing worn, put a patient onto a stretcher and onto the raft, take it down the river to a steep bank where the water was deep, the temperature was cold and the access awkward to say the least. The team had to take the stretchered patient off the raft, up the slope and around an obstacle, back onto the raft and back up the current to recondition the stores back onto the bridge. Sounded good in theory but very difficult in practice. Did well until the bit where the stretchered patient was to be taken off the raft and up the slope to around the obstacle. There were no footholds for the team members to push the stretcher up so it required plenty of brute strength and little brains to manhandle LCpl Madgwick, the patient, around the obstacle and back to the bridge. A formidable obstacle that tested everyone, be it braving the cold or using the noggin to effect the

best way of attacking the problem. Onto the next and last obstacle draining our clothes as we went to the rubber roll, namely a large tractor tyre that had to be rolled through a marked course. When one of these is out of control, look out, they can do considerable harm not to men

saw this task completed. After emptying all the water out of the tyre, it was off to the finish point to record our final time. Our particular team took 7:32 hours with the fastest team in 7:26:31 and the 6th placed team in 7:59:55 hours.

Once the heart got down below 180 beats per minute we changed into dry gear, had a can of amber liquid or its alternative and relaxed, relating the day's activities. The DS gave a resume praising the efforts of all the teams and support staff and we retired onto the buses for the trip back home. There were a few tired heads hitting the sheets that night and people were walking a little stilted in the morning but no complaints about the previous day. Just to show that 1 BSB is fast losing its past image of a slow, passive unit to being progressive in devel-



Whys the CO laughing at the BSM like that?

tion the problem of lifting the tyre back out of the river as it fills up with water. After negotiating the knee deep mud at the start of the course, it was good teamwork that

oping skills in teamwork, leadership, increasing the morale and generally fostering *Esprit-de-Corps*. Be posted to 1 BSB and you will find that these activities are not one-offs but built into the training programme with a ``longest day'' being the next tasking around August.

SECTION 6'S MILITARY SKILLS DAY

by **BILL TWISS**
Corporal

On the 4th March all the non-bludging military personnel of 1 BSB were divided into 6 sections to part in a military skills day. Our section consisted of the following personnel:

- * Lt Gallagher ``Tony''
``Who are you?''
- * 2Lt Diamond ``Mam''
``Keep IT UP guys!''
- * WO1 Marshall ``Swampy''
``I'm too old for this!''
- * WO1 Knebel ``Dave''
``Experience over youth''
- * SSgt Cameron "Locky"
``Nearly there dudes!''
- * SSgt Madgewick ``Baz''
``I'm only IC Photos''
- * Cpl Lee ``Pierre''
``Does dog paddle count?''
- * Cpl Bird ``John''
``I can't reach''
- * Cpl Brown ``JB''
``Pick up the pace!''
- * Cpl Twiss ``Bill''
``Damn stretcher weighs more than me!''
- * LCpl Kareko ``Bojo''
``Where are we on the map?''

Task One of the day was a short 17km jolly from Cross Creek to the Kaitoke Water Works via the old Rimutaka Railway Incline Track. Apart from this there were four more small factors to be taken into consideration, 3 x 25kg sandbags and 1 x stretcher.

Sections set off at three minute intervals with Section Six in the lead and Section One following 15 minutes later. About five minutes down the track our resident Engineer WO1 Swampy Marshall starting warming to the task and began singing a biblical song about engineers but quickly quietened down when left to carry the stretcher by himself.

A further ten minutes down

the track saw Section Five pass us puffing and blowing just like the old Fell Engines that used to traverse the track 50 years before.

Our team had an average age of 29 years and took a little while to warm up (like all the way up the hill) but on the way down Cpl ``pick up the pace'' JB Brown set the pace. We set sail in pursuit of the young bucks (most of them dragging little brown furry things behind them at this stage) and we regained the lead at the turn off to the river and aimed to re-open our three minute lead at the finish of the stretcher carry.

We arrived at the Kaitoke Water Works 4.5 hours after we departed Cross Creek and were ravenously hungry. Lunch, as it were turned out to be three ration packs per section, was demolished as if it were a three course meal at the Ritz.

a ponga tree lower the patient and stretcher back into the water and swim the course in reverse. This task was quite easy once the ice was broken off the water and needless to say the water was cold enough to freeze the bollocks off a brass monkey.

After a few more entries and exits into the water including a 8 metre jump we completed the various tasks set and crossed the finish line for a few cold ones.

The quote of the day came from WO1 Dave Knebel after downing his third can stated ``Well that's the third highlight of the day for me!'. I think that probably sums up the day for one and all. While being physically hard it was enjoyable.

Once again experience overcame youth and enthusiasm as our



Task Two required us to construct a craft out of water jerry cans to ferry a patient on a stretcher, move the craft through the water via two markers, up a rock face around

section ended up 1 minute and 12 seconds ahead of the next (but who's counting).

SUA TELA TONANTI

OPERATION RACE TO WIN PART TWO

by **D.W. KNEBEL**
Warrant Officer Class One

Introduction

Four months on and the Military Marathon is now clouded in the mists of memory of the participants. Part one of Operation Race to Win (July 1991 edition of Pataka Magazine) outlined the background and rules for operation

was carried out with an 18 kg pack (minimum), rifle and boots. During this period textile repair section made many and varied modifications to the Alice Packs to be carried by the runners. All training runs were supported by a very dedicated bunch led by SSgt Jo Harris and Ssgt Greg Makutu who organised drinks, transport and on some days food. Training runs were conducted Monday, Wednesday and Friday

crew of six. The introduction of longer training runs caused many injuries to the squad, fortunately most were of a minor nature (blisters, lost toe nails etc) though some were more serious and led to some runners withdrawing from the squad. These people still dedicated to the cause immediately swelled the ranks of the support crew.

During the month of July we covered 198 km in training, the



race to win. In part 2 I will outline the training and events leading up to Oct 13 (D Day).

Training General

The majority of training was carried out in the Whitemans Valley behind Trentham Camp. This quiet rural area was selected because it offered a slightly undulating 12 km circuit that was reasonably devoid of traffic and the associated hoons trying to run down the runners. From the end of June all training

each week with the shortest distance run after 30 June being 12 kms and longest being 36 kms.

July 1991

The training squad at the beginning of July consisted of twenty-one runners and a support

The 'Complete' team at the finish line.

highlight of which was 15 km run from Fort Dorset to the West Plaza Hotel via Evans and Oriental Bay. The run was covered live by Nick Tansley from the local ZM FM Radio Station which not only gave Cystic Fibrosis some well deserved awareness publicity but also gave the Army, RNZAOC and 1st Base Supply Battalion some high profile public relations as well. The run was covered in a time of 1 hour 15 minutes which was a reasonable time considering the size of the squad and the peak hour traffic.

August 1991

The August weather made training doubly hard and saw most squad members looking for that something to give them an edge. A new diet was introduced that consisted of anything remotely looking like food being devoured with much relish. At this time we started to formulate a plan that would allow the squad to run to maximum efficiency for as far as possible. The squad would now run 3 km brackets then walk long enough to take on fluid and food if required. The trick was to decide how long each 3 km bracket should take without exhausting the less fit runners, but at the same time not be too slow.

August saw us cover 245 training kms and the general fitness improve to a level where 21 km in 2 hr 25 min became a quiet jaunt down the valley. The increased kms started to take its toll on the boots with some runners cutting out a pair inside two weeks. Injuries were still occurring on a too regular basis and the squad was reduced still further.

September 1991

Six weeks to D Day and the time is flying by. We are beginning to wonder if we are putting in enough training. By the end of september we had covered 315 km for the month (plenty), we are starting to get sick of running the same old track. Jazz Singh could be seen during most runs vomiting on the side of the road, he blamed the track, we now know it was the carbo loading he was doing in the Cpls Club. Course and leave commitments had reduced the numbers training in the early part of this month and with time slipping by it was decided to select the eight man team to contest the event. The final team consisted of:

- * Lt Col Lou Gardiner
- * WO1 John Weeds

- * WO1 Munroe Pere
- * WO1 Dave Knebel
- * Ssgt Rick Chilman
- * LCpl Jazz Singh
- * Lcpl John Lynch
- * LCpl Carey Johns

LCpl Clem Henry and Pte Tim Kareko were the reserves and still continued to train with the team, they consequently competed in the event as individual runners. At this time it was decided to finalise the running tactics, 3 km brackets in 20 mins including the walk for fluid/food, for as far as possible and guts out the rest to the finish. This tactic was based around our pace man Munroe Pere who consistently pounded out 20 min splits give or take a second. Each runner then selected the position in the squad he wished to run, he then became responsible for monitoring the condition of the runner next to him. We knew by this stage that team work was the key to success. The highlight of the training for september was the Lower Hutt Half Marathon which was completed in a time of 2 hrs 18 mins. A pleasing result which lowered our previous best time by 23 mins.

October 1991

Three training runs to go, 50 km, hardly worth worrying about. Two of these runs were significant, 4 October, 12 km, the last time

down whitemans valley. Normal time for this run was 1 hr 20 min, this time, 1 hr 14 min and feeling great. 7 October 14 km, Fort Dorset to Parliament accompanied by Mr Bruce Kerr the Wellington Branch President for Cystic Fibrosis. This run proved excellent public relations for both Cystic Fibrosis and 1st Base Supply Battalion.

D Minus 4

090600M Sep 91 saw the team and supporters farewelled from Trentham by the military personnel and many of the civilian staff of 1 Base Supply Battalion. It was also pleasing to see many RNZAOC personnel from other Wellington units in attendance. For the first

time the runners realised the RNZAOC was being represented and not just 1 Base Supply Battalion. 11 hours on an army bus is not great preparation for an event like this so the opportunity of a break in Waiouru was greatly received. Many thanks must go to the RNZAOC people in Waiouru for the support and for the donations for Cystic Fibrosis.



The contingent arrived in Papakura just in time for a late meal, accommodation was allocated and the support crew went night clubbing.

D Minus 3

0700hrs everyone boarded the bus for a tour of the marathon course under the guidance of Capt Gray the organiser of Operation

Race to Win. The main points of interest were the location of the start and finish, drink stations and the critical 3km marks so the team could judge the split times. The course itself was flat with one slight rise that would have to be crossed five times, the undulating nature of our training course would pay off on this section of the course. During the afternoon the team run a short 8km to ensure the body stayed loose, the rest of the day was spent resting.

D Minus 2

area, and then rest. Concurrent activity for the support crew consisted of playing touch rugby on the regimental grass out side 16 Fd Regt HQ with an empty water bottle to which the RSM took an avid interest and could be heard (was it cheering the teams) on all over camp. The rest of the day was spent preparing stores for the event.

D Minus 1

The day was spent by all shopping, visiting relatives and relaxing until 1430hrs when the run-

affected the team, that is, illness, injury and gear failure. We carried spare straps and web for the packs, so repairs could be done on the move. If illness or injury occurred during the run the IA in all cases was not to panic and to react to the situation as a team. All runners had a rub down from the team medic and an early night.

D Day 13 October 1991

0430hrs all team members wished Munroe a happy 40th birthday and went for an early breakfast



0900hrs all team runners reported for a race briefing by Capt Gray and a presentation on marathon running by Allison Roe. This was the first opportunity we had to see the opposition and were impressed by the youth and air of confidence shown by the teams from 161 Bty. The Bty teams had an average age of approximately 22 years whilst the 1 Base Sup Bn teams average age was 32 years. After the briefing the team had the final training run, 3km around the Ardmore

ners and support crew met to discuss final preparations for the run. A meeting of the runners followed to work on the mental preparation and to discuss team tactics for the event. We knew we had done enough kms in training (919kms) to complete the distance but thought we weren't a serious threat to the world record.

It was decided that to finish the event as complete team was the priority and whilst we didn't want to be last any 161 Bty teams we beat would be a bonus. A lot of time was spent discussing things that could

of Cornflakes, Sausages, Chips, Baked Beans and Toast. At 0500hrs after drawing kit and boarding the team bus we headed for the start point. There wasn't much talk on the bus as we were all going thru our own mental preparation, last minute thoughts and in some cases self doubts.

On arrival at the start point each team had their equipment officially weighed and team photograph taken under the starting banner. This was followed by the teams going through their warm up sched-

ules, with 1 Base Sup Bn's warm up consisting of rubbing plenty of Silicone Barrier Cream on the upper thighs and a solid half hour of conserving energy for the main event. Ten minutes before kick off we went and wished all the runners from the 161 Bty teams the best of luck for the event and with handshakes all round the scene was set.

At 0715hrs with the individual runners dressed in normal kit leading off the marathon got under way. The weather for Auckland was magnificent, no cloud or rain and temperatures around 17°C. The A team from 161 Bty and 1 Base Sup Bn were given the honour (or was it age before beauty) of leading off the military marathon runners.

During the first 3km the team had to make a conscious effort to ensure we weren't caught up in the adrenalin rush and keep our pace to the game plan. Much to the teams relief the first 3km took 20 minutes (right on time) we were in 4th place and every one was feeling good. By 6km we were running last but the rhythm and communication was good, and everyone took on plenty of fluid as we knew that dehydration was the biggest enemy.

At the 7km mark we passed the fourth Bty team and with encouragement between both teams we realised the event was much more than Gunners vs. Ordnance. All around the waterfront the encouragement given by the military and civilian supporters was fantastic and certainly lifted the efforts of all the competitors.

The 1 Base Sup Bn support crew were amused to hear civilian supporters referring to "the old team from Wellington" when referring to the 1 Base Sup Bn team. By 14km we had passed the 3rd Bty team and were still feeling good thanks to the efforts of our support crew who ensured there was plenty of fluids and food (bananas, moros etc) on hand at each refreshment station.

At 21km we passed the 2nd place Bty team and completed the distance in 2hrs 20min, right on

time. At about the 24km point the word came forward that a shoulder strap had broken, no panic, the pace was cut back the strap replaced then back on the pace. It was not until the 32km point when we had closed up on the top 161 Bty team that the difficulty of the event began to tell and the runners began to hurt.

When the Bty team noticed how far we had closed the gap they increased their pace and soon opened up a 10 minute gap between the two teams. With 1km to go one of the runners from the Bty team collapsed and was unable to finish the event which meant they were disqualified.

Had they known that several of our runners were also in a slightly distressed state they may not have bolted so quickly and held it together. With tremendous support from all our supporters over the last 7km we did manage to hold it together and became the first complete team to complete the Military Marathon in Australasia and probably the Southern Hemisphere in a time of 5 hours 18 minutes 46 seconds.

Special mention should go to Clem Henry and Tim Kareko who both completed the course in full kit as individual runners with a minimum of training. Both soldiers showed tremendous determination and strength to complete this event.

In conclusion Operation Race to Win was an outstanding success for all those involved. The real winners were Cystic Fibrosis with the public awareness this event generated and the \$20,000 raised, also, the New Zealand Army was seen to be an active part of our community.

The RNZA and the RNZAOC have both raised their profiles as active contributing corps within the NZ Army. All those participants who completed the event have won an outstanding personal victory by overcoming the physical and mental challenge to complete the Military Marathon.

I would be remiss if at this point I did not on behalf of the Mili-

tary Marathon Team thank our support crew who spent many hours of their time doing all those tasks that allowed us the hours to make this event the success it was for the RNZAOC. The RNZAOC Personnel of the Northern Region for the hospitality and support during our stay in Papakura, the people who did our jobs while we spent many hours training and all those units that sent faxes and messages of encouragement for the event.

A DIFFERENT SORT OF CAMP

by B.P. NAPIER
Lance Corporal

Being told that you are going to a camp for kids that have had or still are suffering from various illnesses, some being terminal, can come as quite a shock to a person. But as we know a soldier's job is not to question why, but to do and die, so I packed my bags and left.

The camp was called Camp Quality and is designed for kids who have suffered from cancer or leukaemia at some stage, or had a family member affected.

There were fifty kids in total, each with a companion and a number of staff. All were there for the kids to have as much fun as possible.

There were also seven Army personnel involved. Our main aim was to provide accommodation for all personnel involved with the camp, and to cater for everyone. Personnel involved were, Sgt Galas, Cpl Hairs, LCpl Nipper, LCpl Wood, LCpl Whitlow, LCpl Garden and Dvr Hills. We also tried to run an Army style base camp for the two days that the kids were in Waitomo and had a few little activities for the kids that they did not

know about.

Having arrived at Waitomo on Saturday 4th January 1992, we began the daunting task of setting up camp before the kids and staff arrived. Sunday 5th was our main set up day and LCpl Whitelaw and myself travelled to Papakura Camp to uplift the Karcher Kitchen that was to be used for all of our meals. The rest stayed back and put up the accommodation and so on until finally on Tuesday 7th we had a camp that actually resembled an Army styled base camp. We then began to prepare for when the kid would arrive on Wednesday 8th, this included, a photo stand, a jungle lane, two unimog 1700Ls for rides and a small night navigation trail.

Wednesday the 8th saw the kids arrive, they had travelled down from Ngaruawahia where they had spent the previous three days attending various activities arranged for them by local organisations.

We started our two day military camp by ambushing the arriving buses, which went down extremely well. The next two days the kids were kept on the go by all of us and also by some locals. Apart from the activities that were arranged by us, the locals had also been busy and had arranged, bush walks, abseiling from limestone cliffs to a cave entrance, visits to the world famous glow worm grotto and Waitomo Museum of Caves.

The two days that were spent with the kids went by extremely fast and before we knew it, it was time to say goodbye. This proved to be very emotional for all concerned.

The camp as a whole went off very well and proved to be very educational and fulfilling, for all of the military personnel involved. I would also like to highly recommend to whoever gets an opportunity, to attend this type of camp not to let it slip away.

1 BSB REGIMENTAL TRAINING A PLATOON SERGEANTS VIEW

During the period 22-31 Nov 92, personnel of the 1st Base Supply Battalion (1BSB) conducted Exercise Urban Enumerator (Conventional and Brick training warfare).

The aim of the exercise, was to practice the junior ranks of 1BSB basic soldiering skills, however I think it is fair to say that everyone else involved in the exercise had learnt something and were required to put their own individual skills to practice.

The exercise was conducted in four (4) phases:

- * Advance Party departs to the Training Area,
- * Main Body deploys/arrives (the Gathering),
- * Deployment to the Exercise Area Proper (the Awakening),
- * Post Exercise administration (The Quickening).

The Advance Party

The Advance Party left a day earlier from the Main Body to set up Base Camp, that is, your Platoons will sleep here, we'll be in here (the Coy HQ in the best place avail) and, BQ over there with the shower unit out there. No problems, all done.

Main Body (The Gathering)

The arrival of the main body into the training area was by no means conventional, as in the packs arrived by means of vehicles where as the soldiers arrived by foot (12 kms later). No problems, a few sore feet but still keen to go. The next 4 days consisted of lessons/lectures and a couple of night exercises (The Night Nav and the Platoon Harbour). This proved to be very effective to the cohesion of members

within the section and ultimately sections within the platoon. By the way, don't forget SSgt Makutu (Night Nav). With the training over, it was quite noticeable that the sections were working well together with capable and commendable leadership at the helm of each of the sections. Yes, I think we're ready!

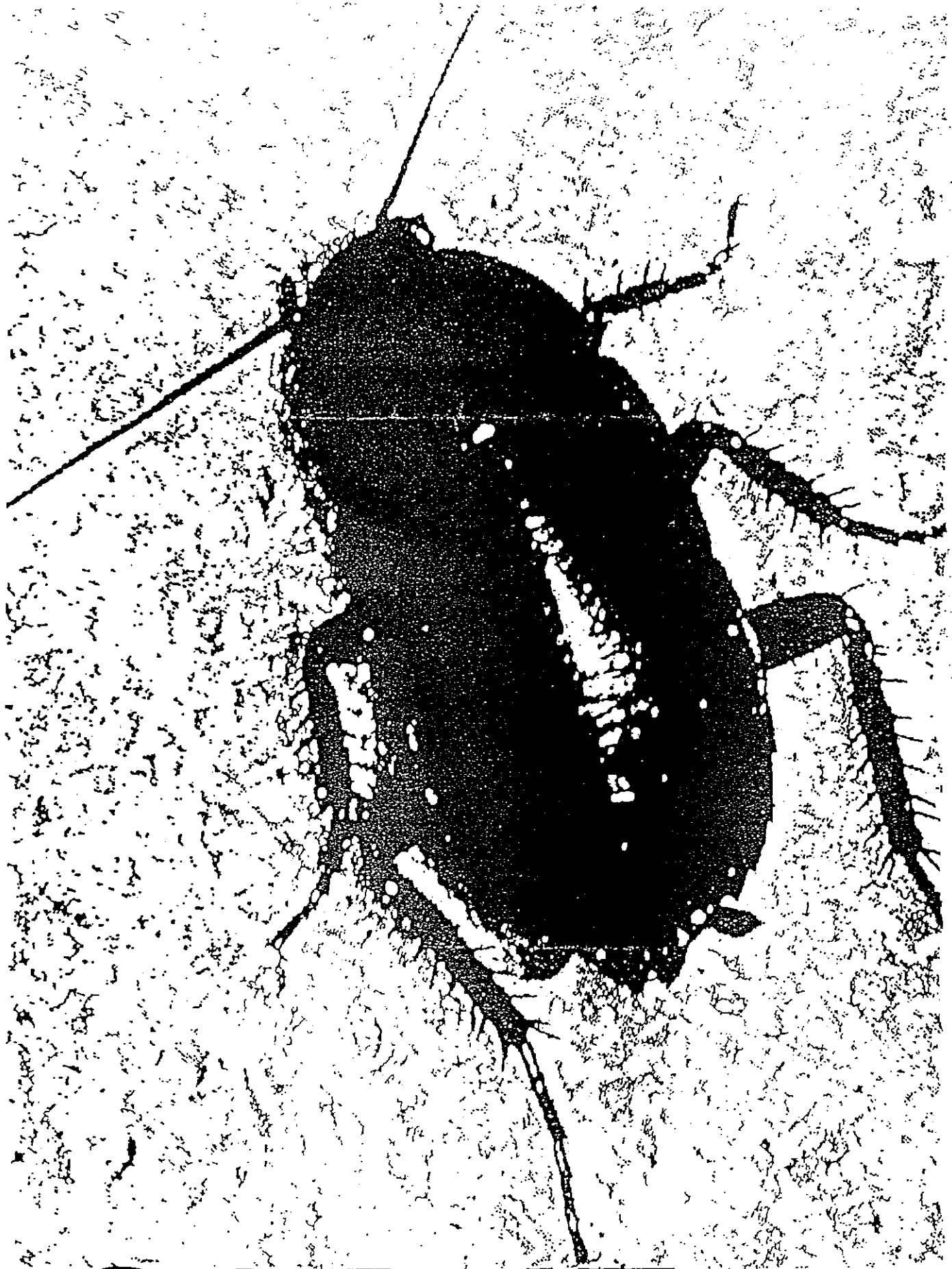
Exercise Proper (The Awakening)

Ah... yes, the awakening! What a way to stuff up, of what could have been a bloody good day. Departure of the training area saw us leaving around something? o'clock ... it was early anyhow. During this phase, the following tasks were allotted.

- * Permanent and Snap VCPs.
- * P.W. Handling.
- * Patrolling, urban and conventional.
- * Sentry duties.
- * Reaction to terrorist threats.

The following days, allowed the sections to put into practice what they had been taught, with enthusiasm, commitment, professionalism and top leadership from the Section 2ICs and Commanders. Some days were long and arduous, that is, ending at 2200 hours and restarting at 0100 hours the next day, however overall, all tasks were meet and completed with minimal hazard. Did I say minimal....

There was this one (1) tiny, wee, minute, non-recordable instance on the richter scale, where the enemy stole one of our vehicles, and let down the tyres on the others. But wait that wasn't all, whilst a couple of people had been assigned to replace the tyres, the remainder of the platoon was out in extended line searching for the cell



CORNER

**NZAMA
DIRECTORATE OF
SUPPLY**

Headquarters

* **Lt Col Boyd `Mayor of Waiheke Island' Squires.** Director of Supply and Procurement Family appears to own the Island. Smiles a lot but don't be fooled.

* **Carol `Big Boss Man' Smith.** Administration Clerk Runs the office with an iron fist.

Maintenance Procurement

* **Major John `Casper' Govan.** SO2 Proc Can never be found when you want him. IC of Procurement Cell.

* **Captain Harry `Let's have a Happy Hour' Cockburn** SO2 Proc Any excuse for a drink will suffice, currently in Washington due back in July 1992. 2IC of Procurement Cell.

* **WO2 Kevin `I'm going for a smoke' Riesterer** Repair Parts WO If not outside smoking, check the WOs' and Sgts' Mess. Responsible for overall control of procurement of spare parts from overseas.

* **Amanda `Overworked' Lash** Finance Clerk Generally found buried under invoices. Responsible for maintaining finance within the Directorate.

Projects/Ammunition/Vehicles

* **Tugs `LMVD' Poka** Vehicle and Ammunition Procurement Often annoyed

by the higher-ups wanting new cars and Ammo Techs wanting things to go bang.

* **Sharon `Shags' Clark** Projects Procurement Often found annoying WO2 Riesterer for work and smokes. Responsible for maintaining finance and procurement for CEP equipment.

Publications

* **Maria `Computerless' Anderson** Publications Officer Often found using Tug's computer. Oversees publications procurement.

* **Leanne `Husky' Shouksmith** Publications Procurement Instead of children, Leanne has nine dogs. Also our resident Medical Officer. Responsible for purchasing publications.

General Cell

* **Margaret `Fix or Repair Daily' Mitchell** SO Maintenance Despite problems with the FORD Fairmont, she still manages to make it to work. Mainly procures local purchase items. Oversees General Cell.

* **Cpl Dave `Thomo' Thompson** Clerk Purchase General 1 `Where's my pen' is a familiar cry. Considers himself to be a whip on WS2000. Responsible for vendor purchases.

* **Cpl Jack `Holden together' Jury** Clerk Purchase General 2 Know's the best places to get car parts, another whip on the computer. Responsible for vendor purchases.

* **Greg `MILSTRIP' Robins** Clerk Purchase FMS 1 Responsible for the procurement of stores primarily from US Forces and occasionally from US vendor.

* **George `Spillage' Kana** Clerk Purchase FMS 2 Due to an old netball injury from our previous Corps day, George has a slight limp which is most noticeable when walking down the stairs with a coffee. Responsible for US purchases.

Clothing Cell

* **Bev `Super Gran' Davis** SO Clothing Unsure of the reason for the name, perhaps family members are kept busy! Controller of clothing cell purchasers.

* **Carol `Nicotinell' Fulton** Clerk Navy She's still smoking Responsible for procuring Navy clothing requirements.

* **Kevin `Where's the leave apps' Broad** Clerk Air Best known for his four day weeks during cricket and rugby seasons. Responsible for procuring Air Force clothing requirements.

* **Bill `Grunter' Lockey** Clerk Army The name is self-explanatory. Often seen running at lunch-time, perhaps he is trying to make it to the Tavern. Responsible for procuring Army clothing requirements.

* **Lance `Somebody make a decision' Dockery** Control Inspector Tentage Frustrated by the lack of

decisiveness within the AMA, works part time as a baker. Contracts Inspector for textiles.

- * **Clive 'Where are you' Robinson** Control Inspector Clothing Easiest to contact via mobile phone as he is known to disappear for days at a time. Advisory Officer for clothing.

Supply Policy Cell

Who are we? What are we? Where are we? Those are the questions no doubt some of you are wondering, let me answer this in reverse;

First of all we are located within the Directorate of Supply (Army), Army Materiel Agency, Trentham, the cell has been up and running since July 1991, what do we do?, well that's a trade secret, but to mention a few projects (to prove that we do work) that is, re-writing Ration Pack Specifications, review of Stockholding Policies, Disposal of Army Surplus Inventory Stocks, Scale changes to DM 64, rewrite to DCO(A) Vol 1, Army Inventory Management just to name a few, who are we?, well as I said before we work for the DOS Director of Supply (Army) and within our action packed, intelligent, charming, witty, good looking bunch of guys, the following can be found:

- * **Major N.A. Hitchings (the Boss)** SO2 Supply Policy. Yes folks he's back, been in civie street for a few years and got sick of growing apples so now he sits and stares at all the paper work, can be heard muttering ``Boy, things have changed, you go away for a few years and look what happens!'' - Some call it progress, Where is Comp Ord Coy again???
- * **Lieutenant A.M. Gallagher (Tony No. 2)** SO3 Supply

Policy. The young gun, just came back from England after attending a food tech course, (some have all the luck) so his main tasks are dealing with foodstuffs, so any complaints about the Ration Packs you know who to contact. We think he's in luv, as the phone is always running hot, well one only lives once.

- * **Warrant Officer Class Two J.W. Thompson (Tommo)** WO Supply Policy. The clayton's CSM for the AMA, (due to the fact that we have no CSM in the AMA, so Tommo has somehow taken over the duties in part). When Tommo is not looking after the Rec Block (our social club rooms) duties etc, he sometimes found at work producing Supply Policy papers and the like.

- * **Warrant Officer Class Two M.J. Roberts (Robbie)**. WO Supply Management Just another over worked, underpaid and under-ranked Warrant Officer, (hey! I'm writing this, so I can say what I like). My duties are Management of the Army inventory for class 2,4,6,7,8, & 9 stores, plus certain other ongoing projects, other than that in my spare time I'm trying to finish ``Search for the King'' so please can anyone help?

- * **Staff Sergeant J.G. McBride (John)** Clerk Supply Management. John is our main man for all types of Clothing and PSI, plus he's a whiz on DSSD, so he's here to stay (bit of a yuppie our John with his 3 cars and a boat, plus he's married, way to go).

- * **Mr A.J. Bly (Tony)** Clerk Supply Policy. Our one and only civie in the cell, still comes to work with a smile on his face and only been married less than a year, life is bliss. Tony is the whiz on Budget forecasts and the like, seeing that this is all high powered stuff, Tony works mainly to the DOS but works (sits) within our cell (must be the good company).

Well that's life in the fast lane, the only other thing I would like to mention would be the posting out of the X SO2 Supply Policy, Major G. Cain (now Lt Col Cain) who was posted to the good old USA (Washington) in December 1991, good luck Sir and thanks from all of us.

Finagle's 4th law

No matter what occurs. There is always someone who believes it happened according to his pet theory.

CATO'S KINGDOM

Well G'day from CATO's Kingdom, not to be confused with ``Play School''.

Firstly I hope all those out there who wanted to be Ammunition Technicians and never made it have a happy career anyway. Because, if you were an AT you would certainly be seeing more of the world than most in the Army, but more about that later.

Rumblings from within

There have been a number of movements within CATO Branch in the last 12 months, take it how you want to, the biggest being the moving of CATO Branch Lock, Stock and Barrel into the AMA, many

thanks must go to the one person who held the door open (once).

There has also been a number of postings in, out and about within this section as follows:

- * Maj Ian Juno Discharged after 20 years.... Weep, weep, Scollays have now gone broke with the drop in Computer Program sales.
- * Maj Richard Smith Incumbent CATO still finding his way, heard muttering something about high explosive shoes and armour piercing berets Don't worry Sir we have heard it all before.
- * SSgt Ian Evans Posted to Hobsonville, 1 Log Bn ... via Cambodia. Taking the long way to get to his post, but hey folks, a trip is a trip.
- * Sgt Graham Walker Posted from Glen Tunnel ... it looks like OSG's loss is AMA's gain when it comes to RFL scores, hard to beat Plus 23. Not that this helps much when you amend books.
- * Vicki Lock gave birth to a healthy baby girl, now deciding if the easy life of being a housewife and mother is worth giving up and taking up in APCA where she left off.
- * Bill Emmens On loan from 1 BSB filling in for Vicki, waiting to see if he will be issued to APCA. Busy working on his stock car, and still working and working. Don't worry Bill if you don't race it will be clean enough for the Christmas Parade.

Despite all this movement there have been the loyal few who have stayed put, done the job and held the trade flag high:

* WO1 Dave Theyers Longest serving military member ... mind you anyone who is posted into a slot for longer than 18 months can be called a ``Lifer''. Dave has been seen wearing many hats over the last 12 months, including CATO, must be the complexion.

* WO2 Pete Roche Hedge Hog Hunter ... primary job to hunt down the elusive yellow hog and put it in its rightful place. Task almost complete, one or two spiny areas left to correct.

* Bert Lethbridge Longest member ... the AO's job is never done, his diplomatic attributes are always to be fore, complaint department is always manned in his normal cheerful manner.

Visits Abroad

As mentioned previously a number of ATs have been or are currently overseas, something quite uncommon for ORs at present, within the last twelve months.

Sgt Joe Evans was lucky enough to work up a tan in the Solomons for six weeks, came home and was told he is off to Cambodia to finish it off.

SSgt Ian Evans was on his way to Pakistan, had his bags packed but at the last minute the Government stopped the trip. Unpacked his bags only to be told he was on his way to Cambodia.

Rumour has it that there are more trips in the pipeline so keep your eyes open and look for the smiling AT, because he is the one going next.

Epilogue

IF YOU CAN'T BE AN AMMUNITION TECHNICIAN TRY TO HAVE A HAPPY CAREER ANYWAY.

A WARRANT OFFICER'S PRAYER

Dear Lord help me to become the kind of Warrant Officer my Commanding Officer would like to have me be.

Give me the mysterious something that will enable me at all times to explain policies, rules, regulations and procedures to my men, even when they have never been explained to me.

Help me to reach and train the uninterested and dimwitted without ever losing my patience or my temper.

Give me that love for my fellow man which passeth all understanding, so that I may lead the recalcitrant, obstinent, no-good soldier into the path of righteousness by my own example and my soft persuading remonstrance, instead of busting him on the nose.

Instill into my inner being tranquility and peace of mind, that no longer will I wake from my restless sleep in the middle of the night, crying out `What has the Colonel got that I haven't got and how did he get it'.

Teach me to smile if it kills me. Make me a better leader of men by helping develop larger and greater qualities of understanding, tolerance, sympathy, wisdom, perspective, equanimity, mind-reading and second sight.

And when, dead Lord, thou hast helped me to achieve the high pinnacle my Commanding Officer has prescribed for me, and when I shall have become the paragon of all supervisory virtues in this mortal world.....
Dear Lord, move over!

THE ANNUAL RNZAOC SCHOOL PHOTO

You know what they say, a new broom always sweeps clean. Well, when the new boss, Major Watmuff, arrived all bright and bubbly straight out of Staff College what did he want? A school staff photo. But sir, said I, they're never here! He fixed me with a steely gaze, raised one educated eyebrow and exclaimed, ``Nonsense! A staff photo I want, a staff photo I shall have!'' Okay Boss, but before we take a photo, lets figure out who actually does work for you. I think there's:

SI(S) - Capt Steel (Billy Bunter)

Either away after a job, or over knocking a silly little ball round a paddock with 18 holes in it.

SI(A) - Lt Boustridge (BO)

Could have been having a haircut, but more likely getting new tyres for the beast or nets for the boat.

SSM - WO1 Thompson (Sir)

Official `Big Guy' chauffeur. Either away on Corps Duties/SSM Duties/AO Duties/TPT Offr Duties/RSM Duties or fishing down South.

TDO - WO2 Vince (Billy)

Day starts about 0900hrs after 5-7 cups of coffee. Daydreams about life in ``47 Pet ``. Still not quite sure what he does all day, or where he does it.

S1 - WO2 Rolfe (The Master)

The most awesomely knowledgeable man in the Corps. Just ask SSgt Fearon. Spends his life asleep under bar leaners or awake watch-

ing TV at 3.00 am. Named School Driver of the Year.

S2 - SSgt Fearon (Frog)

Has spent the last year organising/running/coaching/playing waterpolo. Must be more coordinated in water ... swims almost as fast as he talks.

S3 - SSgt Siggilekow (Siggy)

Mr Regaine is now an intrepid sailor - didn't know they had computers on sailing ships ... dreams of becoming Arnold reincarnated.

S4 - SSgt Gallahar (Bugsy)

Official Mail Clerk. Gets upset when she receives no mail from beloved other half, (see A2), who is on a World Tour. Tends to get violent when she forgets her cornflakes.

S5 - Sgt Williams (Shane)

Away organising PT or driver training. Seems to have got a lot more grey hairs after his Driving Instructors Course. Could have been out looking for 3 dozen truant beer cans.

S6 - Sgt Thomas (Thomo)

Publications Technician of the School - a step up from mere Pet Op. Can be found gazing out of the window dreaming of ``Old England''.

S7 - Cpl Alexander (the Tongue)

A quiet, modest NCO who wouldn't dream of greasing up to the CI or listening at his door, or would he, Alex?

A1 - WO2 Lawrence (Blue)

Either at PT or shifting

houses. The School computer whizz kid ... the computer plays games with him. Owner of the peoples bike.

A2 - Sgt Evans (Joe)

Currently on a Round-the-World-Tour on the Army. Only home long enough to claim JVF. When not away on World trips, he spends a lot of time at BD Troop, learning how to become a sapper.

A3 - Cpl True (Bobo)

Mr Course. Hasn't done a weeks honest work at the School yet. Can quote the P46 verbatim. Seems to have a strange fetish in the Training Aid store ...

SQMS - Sgt Joe (Eddie)

Either preparing for PT, doing PT or recovering from PT. Spends the rest of his day with the SSM explaining why the work isn't finished.

Ord Rm Cpl - LCpl Frost (Frosty)

Only comes to work to submit leave apps. When not at work asking (see S7 on how to ask) for time off, is at Insurance agents discussing insurance claims. Has a passion for writing off cars!

Well Boss, thats who you have working for you, but as you can see there's not much chance of getting them to all be at work on the same day.

We only run one course at a time so there isn't much need for all of them to actually turn up for close to half the year.

If it's not me fishing, Gerry playing League, Frog trying to drown his horse at polo, Billy at the mess in a mess or Siggy gazing at a screen and trying to figure what DSSD actually is, then it is you sneaking away to look at Elle McPherson at fashion shows.

THE RNZAOC SCHOOL - STAFF PHOTOGRAPH



*CI - Major Watmuff (Big Guy)
One of the few days that the Big Cheese was seen out of his office*

QUOTABLE QUOTES

The following are a few 'Quotable Quotes' which have come to the TDO's attention during internal validations carried out on courses conducted at the RNZAOC School. (The 'Quotes' have been copied exactly as they were written by students)

Excellent Lesson, a lot learnt good through Instruction, but to obtain Job standard will take Hands on practise.

Not 2 bad but it did take a bit of know for it to sink in.

Good (instructor) but could show more enthusiasm when I pinch myself to wake up.

All round, very good standard of presentations & knowledge were learnt by myself. Thanks.

I thought there was not along time to do what we did in a day.

I reckon that everyone felt really easy toward asking questions all whenever they were in doubt.

It's fortynate fourtunate lucky that the TDO (WO2 Billy Vince) thinks & torks talks along tha the same lines as our students seem to rite write, witch which means means he dozen't doesn't have two too meny many problems problems decifering wurking out knowing what is meant meant.

The more memorable quotes will be in the next issue of Pataka

CONDUCTORS CORNER

Hidden below are nineteen surnames of past and present Conductors of the RNZAOC. List and circle the names and submit the answers to the Editor for a slab of beer.

Y	H	P	R	U	M	N	R	U	B	K	C	A	L	B
H	E	E	I	T	S	I	R	H	C	R	B	O	J	O
A	W	E	D	R	A	D	D	O	G	I	U	S	N	W
H	S	N	O	A	S	I	M	E	N	S	O	N	O	S
C	O	O	P	L	U	M	M	E	R	T	L	A	T	M
N	N	S	J	L	I	O	J	N	I	O	O	E	W	I
I	E	N	I	D	U	B	A	I	C	N	W	H	E	T
F	W	I	M	P	L	C	C	A	Q	A	E	R	N	H
D	T	B	L	A	C	K	K	H	R	E	L	A	E	S
L	M	O	O	R	E	O	S	T	S	T	E	V	E	N
O	E	R	U	K	W	O	O	D	M	C	P	H	E	E
G	Q	G	R	U	B	D	N	R	O	C	H	E	Y	Y
Q	U	I	N	N	D	N	O	T	W	E	N	R	A	T
S	I	S	E	N	O	S	D	R	A	H	C	I	R	P
A	T	T	H	U	M	P	H	R	E	Y	S	P	G	O

1BSB CONTROL AND ACCOUNTS

Tena Tatou Katoa

Greetings from all the staff of Control and Accounts (C&A), 1st Base Supply Battalion. After arriving here from the ``Oasis'' in January 1991, I received somewhat of a shock to find out that the ratio of civilians to military and females to males staff in C&A, rather unusual and different to what I had been used to in the past. However, being very flexible and a tradesman to boot, it was easy to improvise, adapt and overcome (very gung-ho stuff).

Being employed by workshops for the majority of one's career does not lend itself to preparing you for the heaps of civies, women and other Ordnance soldiers who work here, but with a lot of help from Dave Knebel, Ed Mason and the other 300 or so other personnel in the unit. I was able to spin it with the best of them. Now just when I was getting the hang of things around here, yeah, they decide to have a bloody re-org, wouldn't you know it. However, once the changes were implemented it sort of took me back to 1974, to the then 1 Base Ordnance Depot (1 BOD) when I was fresh out of Cadets. The only differences being was that we now use computers and we've changed a few names, even some of the staff were here then. The re-org was designed to divide C&A into two commodity groups these being A and B. Each commodity group would have a number of cells who would action all provisioning and issues requirements for designated natures of stores, i.e., Vehicles, Electronics etc with the cells being supervised by a senior person (003/Sgt). The command and organisation for the re-org was:

Command

- * Inventory Manager (IM)

- * Assistant Inventory Manager (AIM)
- * Commodity Group Platoon Commander (Pl Comd Com Gp)
- * IC Commodity Group A
- * IC Commodity Group B
- * Cell ICs

Commodity Group A

- * Communications/ Electronics (Comms/Elect)
- * Weapon/Tools (Wpn/Tools)
- * Hardware/Clothing (Hdw/Clo)
- * Vehicles (Vehs)

Commodity Group B

- * General/Rations (Gen/Rats)
- * Forms/Publications (Forms/Pubs)
- * Petty Cash/Tenders
- * Medical/Dental (Med/Dent)

With the formation of cells, the provisioners and ledger clerks were to combine and hopefully cross train, with a cell IC to supervise and administer personnel. During the initial trial period minor problems were solved and after a couple of adjustments had been made, things seemed to be running pretty smoothly. The past year has seen changes to personnel, marital and rank status.

To update my fellow APs and other brothers and sisters in Arms, here is a brief insight into what has been going down and the who's who of C&A:

In

- Maj R.M.S. Johnston from BPO to IM
- 2Lt(W) J.M. Gutry WTD
- Cpl W.W. Ruki Trg Cell 1 BSB
- LCpl(W) P.G. Hopa 12 FSC
- Pte(W) L.A. Knap Bulk Section.
- Pte(W) D. Purnell nee Pte Savage
- Mrs P.L. Macfarlane Maternity leave/holiday
- Mr R.D. Cowan AMA Forms/Pubs
- Miss K. Howard ex-temporary

Out

- Maj R.D.E. Edwards (Sir) to SSO
- WO1 E.K. Mason (Ed) released
- Mar 92
- Cpl I.R. Rolfe (Rolfie) ISS
- LCpl R.J. Lawrence (Roscoe) Trg Cell
- Pte S.A. Burton (Boppa) ISS
- Pte B.D.T. Kinita (Brian) Bulk Sect
- Pte D. Savage (Dot) to Pte Purnell
- Mrs G. Warren (Gale) to WRSU
- Miss C.J. Rosevear (Cathy) CIT

Current Manning, Nickname and phone extension

Command

- IM Maj Johnston (Sir) 7301
- AIM Mr P.C. Jones (Peter) 7360
- Com Gp Pl Comd (Mam) 7364
- Com Gp A IC WO2 Heemi 7312
- Com Gp B IC SSgt Harris (Joe) 7370

Vehicle Cells

- IC Mrs Jones (Auntie Shir) 7366
- LCpl Ferguson (Fergi) 7368
- Pte Knap (Snap, Crackle, Pop) 7368
- Mrs Marshall (Dianne) 7368
- Miss Wallworth (Niele) 7365

Comms/Elect Cell

- IC Mrs English (Jean) 7374
- Mrs Tau (Toshi) 7371
- Cpl Ruki (Ruks) 7371
- Miss Howard (Kate) 7374

Weapon/Tools Cell

- IC Mrs Owens (Alice) 7367
- LCpl Hopa (Frew) 7381
- Mrs Gray (Gaylene) 7381

Hardware/Clothing Cell

- IC Mrs Ruka (Mum) 7328
- LCpl Jamieson (Jam) 7376
- Pte Purnell (Dotty) 7376
- Mrs Nuku (Sue) 7376

Medical/Dental Cell

- IC Sgt Pullen (Andy) 7373
- Mr Jackson (Bob) 7369

Tenders/Petty Cash

- LCpl Kareko (Bozo) 7364

Forms/Pubs Cell

IC Mr Cowan (Robin) 7711
 LCpl Bocoock (Bo) 7711

Ration Pack/General Cell

IC Cpl Haami (Grant) 7377
 LCpl Clews (Know) 7362
 Mrs Macfarlane (Fip) 7384
 Mrs O'Styke (Dianne) 7382

Congratulations to

LCpl Kareko married to Trish in February 1992.
 Pte Purnell married to Speedy in January 1992
 LCpl Bocoock promoted February 1992
 Cpl Lawrence promoted December 1991

I now believe that this unit has finally got it right with promotions. What with the stringent screening of personnel and the tighter economical times, the old cliches of "six months in BSB and you'll get promoted", or "did you hear about Bagga he's got his first, but he has only been in five minutes" are truly dead and gone. The NCOs and soldiers of this unit display a far higher degree of self discipline and unit morale than I have ever seen in this unit before. I believe its partly due to the above comments on promotions and the influence and quality of the senior ranks we have in this unit at the present time. In closing, if you're around this area in the future, call in and say hi or have a cuppa. Finally, I wish Joe Gutry all the best on her ANZAC Exchange trip she goes in February 1992, and condolences to Houki (she's only away for a couple of months).

Sua Tela Tonanti

PS

TO THE APS - DEATH OR GLORY
 TO THE ATS - DISHONOUR BEFORE DEATH
 TO THE REST - JUST PLAIN DEATH

**BATTALION
 QUARTERMASTER
 STORE**

- * Major Moore The Major Have we got any.....?
- * WO2 Moore The Boss Where's the biscuits, Tai?
- * Mr Rangi Danger Mouse But Dave
- * Cpl Smith Penfold But Sonny
- * LCpl Taimai Cookie Monster Packet of biscuits for....
- * Pte Sixtus Crush Can I smash this up?
- * LSV Sam Dog Nice Place to have a turd.

1991 was an interesting year for the BQMS as it saw the loss of WO1 Driver, retired to live a life of teaching special needs children, a small change of job considering he doesn't wear a uniform any more but the job's still the same.

LCpl Cooper also departed, on posting, to Waiouru due to compassionate reasons, he sincerely wanted a new card partner.

Pte Groves (Bart) left to join an Infantry Battalion and to experience the free overseas trips. He has also acquired the new name of Grover the Rover due to he drives someone? Something?

Major Edwards, need I say any more, from BPO to SSO and there goes the Wednesday Golf Regimental/Sports training.

Question: What does the O stand for if the S S means So Long Suckers?

To all those fellas that have left take care, Arohanui and stay on the other side of the counter.

The new line up for the BQMS team is as follows:

Major Moore

Leads the pack as team captain oops leader as loose forward covering our backs by supporting and enforcing BQMS requirements. Vital sta-

tistics: Dobbled twice and paid.

WO2 Moore

Vice Captain often used as a referee when not wearing his AOs cap. Taking up the position of full back he has guaranteed good cover for all the players and also the players can't see the boot coming when mishaps occur. Vital statistics: prefers macaroon biscuits.

Mr Rangi

Half back and that's not in reference to his height, feeds the team with all the tasks and usually tackles the larger opposition with high tackles to the knee caps. Vital statistics: Paid the most dobs.

Cpl Smith

Wing man, usually left out in the open to catch high balls and fast balls but most often found in a file box. Vital statistics: Will travel by motor vehicle when travelling the North Island next time.

LCpl Taimai

2nd Rower, usually found pushing stores around on a forklift. Known to get a rush, (excited: explanation of the expression "Rush" for SVP) from fast balls. Has a typical infantry attitude. Vital Statistics: Prefers any cookies.

Pte Sixtus

Front rower and the rest of the back line, usually picking up the fumbles. Covers the second row in the afternoons and the wing man in the mornings. Vital statistics: Requires four arms.

LSV Sam

Mascot, Muttley, usually found running around the compound, only member of the team to have a price on his head. Vital statistics: Guaranteed to make a mess where Tai is not.

When volunteering to write this column I was asked to point out some of the differences between the Infantry Q Store and 1 BSB Q Store.

- * 1 BSBs Q is smaller.
- * Quality of biscuits is nicer.
- * 1 BSBs Q manpower is less for a Battalion.
- * Good variety of biscuits.
- * Complaints against Q stores are even.
- * A chocolate cake would be a nice change.

In closing BQMS wish the unit a good year and remember:

``Sometime, sooner or later everyone comes to us''

DIRECT SUPPORT SECTION

by **G.S. MAKUTU**
Staff Sergeant

The DSS like very other section within the Battalion is a vital part of the Ordnance Corps. The DSS staff must be highly intelligent, have personalities which are above the normal accepted standard, have photogenic features, be impeccably dressed, top physical condition (SAS standard), and a very high rapport with the customers.

This section is currently being fulfilled by a very capable crew as follows:

- * SSgt G.S. Makutu (awaiting posting to Waiouru)
- * LCpl(W) M.B. Leonard
- * LCpl P.I. Dolden

- * Pte P.Q. Griffiths
- * Mr B. Sarney (Tailor Supervisor)
- * Mrs M. Sam

In my opinion I believe that to replace anybody within the section would require intense thought as statistics (conducted by myself) have shown that only 1 out of 1000 people fit the requirements. After careful study and a structured elimination process it seems that Sgt Hape would be ideal and when questioned on the matter his reply was ``I can't wait to see you go'' or words to that effect.

From all the staff of the DSS we wish everyone a very safe and happy year.

RETURNED STORES AND DISPOSAL SECTION

by **P.A. TIOKE**
Private

I was chosen by our great leader to write a few words about RSDS so I decided to sum up the staff:

- * Pte N. Pohoiwi - alias Pte or PO or HO or IWI. Nellie a coastie, she works like one and talks like one.
- * Pte A.J. Henry - alias Alison or Baldrick. Never comes out to the stores, she spends her spare time chasing Fletch.
- * Pte P.A. Toike - alias Tee. This space is too small to mention the great things about him. Watch out for his up coming book THE LIFE OF A SUPPLIER.
- * Pte J.J. King - alias JJ.

Brother like no other, the most senior Private in RSDS.

* LCpl J.C. Donachie - alias Jim. All smiles and quite cheerful, and talks about subjects you don't know about.

* LCpl D.M. Madgwick - alias Donna. Always stands up for justice, truth and the New Zealand way.

* Mr G.S. Shearing - alias Graham. Great forklift warrior from wayback. He's even given his forklift a name, LOW FLYING MACHINE.

* Mr D.P. McMahon - alias Dan. Haven't seen much of him because he's on leave. Great worker.

* Mr B.D. Edwards - alias Bruce. My fellow co-worker, usually starts off with me then ends up doing something else.

* Mr M.K. Robbie - alias Mike. One of the originals, Mike's been around 1 BSB, one of the founders.

* Mr G.K. Fletcher - alias Fletch. The greatest dart player in the world who always seems to spoil my game by winning it.

* WO2 W.F. Davis - alias any name you can think of Boss or Worm. Emperor Davis who usually sits on his throne and stresses out, great to talk to, pity he's deaf.

Well that's the people of RSDS if you wish to meet them just pop along to your local Department of Social Welfare and say Hello.

TEXTILE RATS

1st Base Supply Battalion

SSgt Rick Chilman
Cpl Mary Roberts
Cpl Colin De Thierry
LCpl Shane Wills
Pte Tom Hoeft
Pte John Johnson
Pte Bryce Knight
Pte Justin Ross

Southern Regional Support Unit

Cpl M.J. Wilson
LCpl Rory Brown

Events

The Textile Repair Sections have been keeping extremely busy over the last year both in and out of the workshops. Below is a list of events which deserve recognition.

- * **January 1991.** Cpl M.J. Wilson receiving ``The Golden Shares'' Award from the Hutt Valley Polytech for being the most outstanding apprentice of his year.
- * **July 1991.** ``Textile Rats'' came first in the Trentham Camp ``Military Iron Man'' competition which had events such as:
 - * Cross Country Bike Ride
 - * Mud Run
 - * Weapon strip/rope climb
 - * Press ups/sit ups/pull ups
 - * RFL Sprint
- * **October 1991.** SSgt R.M. Chilman was a member of the Military Marathon

Team.

- * **October 1991 - April 1992.** Cpl Colin De Thierry President Mess Committee, Trentham Corporals' Club
- * **October 1991 - December 1992.** Textile Repair Section (SSgt Chilman) - design and manufacture of the highly successful ``surgical tent liner'' which was used extensively on the 1992 AFE which Pte Johnson and LCpl Wills also took part in.

* **January 1992.** Textile Repair Section - Design and manufacture of the new ``body bags'' for Police as well as Defence.

* **February 1992.** ``Textile Rats'' enter two teams in the Annual Trentham Camp Triathlon and received the final placings of 3rd and 8th.

* **January 1992.** Results of Trade Certificate came out Colin, Tom and Johno all got above 80%.

Textile Rats



T.R.S.
TEXTILE REPAIR
SECTION

DETAIL SECTION

by **K.A.G. PURNELL**
Private

In Brief

Operating within the warehouse complex of 1st Base Supply Battalion, is the Detail Section, this store holds approximately 30,000 line items.

The priority within this section is to action all issues within 3 hours, and this section actions approximately 400 issues per week. Detail achieves this task with an established strength of eleven military and seven civilians. But it is very seldom that the full complement is at work due to course, leave etc.

Layout

For Detail to achieve maximum usage of space and personnel, it has been divided into various bays. Each bay has its own criteria for holding certain stores.

- * **E and F Bays, Mini Bulk (H-Bay), Paint Store.** Row one E-Bay contains small items and progresses to larger stores in F-Bay. Mini Bulk (H-Bay) items are too large for F Bay but are too small in size and quantity for holding in Bulk. Paint and aerosol cans are stored in a dangerous goods container which is located just outside the Detail Section.
- * **Forms and Publications.** This is a fairly new addition to the Detail Section. Forms and Publications held here are tri-service and every Defence unit, Embassy and High Commission staffed by New Zealanders are dependents of this store.
- * **Expendable Stores (G-Bay).** G-Bay previously held expendable stores, a

few expendable items remain, but are slowly being issued out. Also found in this location is the Forms and Pubs bulk holding area.

- * **Attractive Stores (I-Bay).** Stores identified as attractive are located in I-Bay access is through the security doors and is limited to authorised personnel only.
- * **Main Office Area (G-Bay).** Within this area, the following personnel are found: Detail Section IC and the Forms and Pubs Clerk. Within the main office area, two line terminals are located, for access to all personnel. G-Bay also holds Detail Sections issues and receipts bench.

Summary

Detail Section achievements have been many and varied, they include:

- * relocation of stores to accommodate Workshop Support Section,
- * relocation of Forms and Pubs into Detail Section,
- * preparing H-Bay for mini bulk and carrying it through till it is now fully operational, and
- * bar coding of all stores.

Detail Section has undergone major alterations and projects within the last two years. It has seen changes in real-estate, responsibilities and types of stores held. Through all these changes, Detail has still managed to carry out its function to a high standard and will continue to produce the goods in the future!!

Roll Call - Detail Style

For those interested, there are two kinds of people. Those who work in Detail and then there are the normal .. ``predictable .. Average .. and some might go as far to say, civilised'' personnel who work everywhere else. If you are S.O.F.T. (Something Other From That ... of what we are), then relax, put your feet up and take note.

- * **SSgt Cameron (Locky).** To backstab the boss, all you have to say is, the man plays his sports, tries to sing in tune and keeps a close eye on his section.
- * **Mrs Holsted (Teuila).** For every burden there is a mother, we have ours. It is written: A woman's scorn is hell on earth. Foul language - strike one, misbehaviour - strike two, racial disharmony - strike three, struck out and sent to mother.
- * **Cpl Read (Terry).** Terry, the ideal definition of what he is, and we the minority are yet to be .. a supervisor .. One of which occupies one space, instructing pers working in another space to come to him, with the end result of more taskings.
- * **LCpl Kukutai (KK).** Well, first impressions always - well usually tells the story. Mr ``Field Unit'' Kukutai, starts in our section with a bang. No-one knows if 1. BSB was ready for him as he charged forth upon new things, pity ..., he found the Orderly Room sooner than he thought ... (left, right, left).
- * **Mr France (Jim).** No-one knows what kind of man can

- work in a cage all day, with only his publications to keep him company. He is our history man, Forms and Publications is where the man lives, breeds and multiplies.
- * **Mr Danny Hemana (Junior).** Junior, newly introduced to the cage, he is found to be obedient, friendly and often hidden amongst the shelves and books where he lives. But don't be fooled, as he is an up and coming Forms and Pubs man, he packs a bite.
- * **Miss Virginia Nelson (Virginia).** Virginia and mother get on well, pick on one, you pick on both of them. Typical wahines, shoulder to shoulder against the world. Virginia, has been around, ask anyone because as soon as you pop the question, she will answer your questions fully, openly and very loudly as this is what she does everyday until she goes home at 4 p.m.
- * **Cpl Webb (Gerry).** Granddad or Steptoe, a man of a thousand gripes. Gerry's worst nightmare is waking up one morning, finding our section standing over him holding what's left of his hair, with what the man has left, he holds onto, but each day we slowly deduct more strands.
- * **Mr Walters (Ross).** Learning the ropes in this section after serving time on the outer limits, he is finding his noose fits well. He can now stand in amongst our crowd, tobacco and papers in one hand, lighter most definitely in the other and look on towards the door for new things.
- * **Mr Rasmussen (Ras).** The man always has an ear out for the races, far away from the crowd he lives in solitude, awaiting the odd visitation privileges allowed between 8 a.m. and 4.30 p.m. For him, he walks in everyday to lock himself away from us. For the man lives with the items we cannot touch in Security Bay.
- * **Miss McCrudden (Joyce).** Joyce, quiet and mysterious. She works somewhere within the section, location at times, unknown but she does make appearances.
- * **Pte Kareko (Tim).** Everywhere you go, you either got one or the other that sneaks up on you, 'The Kareko Boys'. Following in the footsteps of his brother, this up and coming soldier believes in the basic necessities of life. Physical fitness (another future APTI), rugby (a tradition carried on throughout the Kareko Clan) and the telephone. This marvellous invention keeps this soldier occupied throughout most of his working day, we are adapting well to his routine, Detail, Pte Kareko's answering service speaking.
- * **Pte(W) O'Connor (Chris).** Warning for those who believe, injury is something to be avoided. Chris is dangerous to your health and should only be taken in small doses. On approaching this Private, she may look calm, organised and quiet on most occasions but don't be fooled. In reality, she is a female terrorist, for her, your day can only be one of pain. Bewarned, never work with her.
- * **Pte Andrews (Vern).** Vern, for him the day is spent trying to avoid the obvious family resemblance he has in our section, stepping in and out of arguments, denials and misrepresented facts. But the question still remains, if Gerry is indeed Steptoe. The son is who? Vern?
- * **Pte(W) Moke (Oonagh).** She stands about as high as one of our trolley-bins with the lid open, comparisons of this nature are made easy by the fact, she was standing in one at the time. But Oohagh does work here, just stand in one place for a while and you will hear her.
- * **Pte McKenzie (Mac).** First you sign on the dotted line, then you come to 1 BSB Detail Section. After the initial shock the new privates settle in well, becoming well indulged in sporting activities, and recreational past-times. Committed in all they do. Mac one afternoon became a bit too involved in the International Cricket as he started whacking the boxes around for six or was it seven boxes he broke; that innings.
- * **Pte Cook (Cookie).** When they issued these new Privates to us, the quantity of pers willing to join us was substantial as we Detail, not only got Mac, we got Cookie as well. Not only can this one talk but he can shower any farmland paddock with his ambitions.

Goodbyes

All too soon, we do sometimes forget those who have just left our glorified status and returned to the real world. For those pers who are now occupying inferior positions we have generously chosen to

include you too.

- * **SSgt Tombleson (Roger).** IC of Detail till internally posted. Favourite tasking for his Ors was racking, his creative juices flowing, he would raise his finger towards a location, raising a slight smile as he indicated what was to be done. Disassemble, reassemble, nuts didn't mean anything to him, it was the bolts which put everything in its place.
- * **Mr McMahan (Dan).** Dan - the Man - crossword fanatic - drinker extraordinaire, and an all-round grumpy sort of guy. A figure of authority and experience, and to experience his authority you needed to be there to know what I mean.
- * **Pte(W) Newbitt (Rinnie).** The Private of which for the time in question, spent many enjoyable hours increasing the stress factor within our section. Detail Section to her was a courthouse, judge, jury and executioner, her tactics always caught the defendant by surprise, if Rinnie started on an argument, you knew she would finish it. Your crime-questionable, guilty - most certainly.
- * **Pte Purnell (Speed) Author of Item.** For every section we have a ghost, this ghost recently got married but is still not sure what his wife's new surname is. This man also has difficulty keeping the ring on his finger; but then most ghosts do.

ROLL CALL COMPLETE -
DETAIL SECTION - REST
EASY - STRENGTH 18.

STOCK VEHICLE SECTION (SVS)

Hi and welcome to the real world of Stock Vehicle Section (SVS). A small but important cog in the 1 BSB wheel. SVS is manned by five (5) highly efficient intelligent, hard working, clean living Kiwi jokers and two (2) soldiers, who are slowly being retrained into our ways. We are:

- * B.G. Robinson (been around for years) Section IC
- * B.D. Hawke (Bob) Section 2IC
- * I.T. Te Whaiti (Lofty)
- * T. McDonald (Haggis Basher)
- * K. James (Fossil)
- * C. Wilson (How's yuh head?) Sgt VM
- * P. Lee (Fronchy) Cpl Supplier

SVS is responsible to AGS, through NZAMA, for the control, service and maintenance of the War Reserve and Repair and Maintenance Pool Vehicles and Containers. Vehicles include forklifts, trailers, trailer mounted equipment such as: generators, compressors, water purification unit, Karcher kitchens and ``tracks''. (M113 type vehicles and Scorpions.) A demanding task, however it does have its lighter side, for example, we provide, for groups touring 1 BSB, ``Cabbies'', that is, a chance to ride in a military vehicle. We get a buzz seeing some people emerging from the rear of an Armoured Personnel Carrier, weaving, staggering, hanging on to walls then saying ``.....! That was fun.''

The job in SVS is different from the normal stores routine experienced by the rest of 1 BSB. We see the job carried out from start to finish, from the receipt of the wreck right through to the issue of a class product, to some uncaring unit. But that's the way it goes.

Anyway briefly that's us.

HAPE'S HAPPY PACKERS

by. DERF

Greetings to all from Hape's Happy Packers. Below is a list of our industrious and motivated band.

- * **Sgt Tau (Happy) Hape.** Claim to Fame: Has given up head butting car windscreens. Hobbies: taking long courses, league, walking (but not route marches). Hates: parades, orderly duty, PT and smiling.
- * **2IC John (the old 2 B). Bowes.** Claim to Fame: his bark is definitely worse than his bite. Hobbies: his computer, trying to get a smile from the boss. Hates: priority ones and twos and AFEs.
- * **Glen (Dribble) Sullivan.** Claim to Fame: Helicopter. Hobbies: his computer, chess, chasing woman, basketball and shooting mortars. Hates: moving targets and echoes.
- * **Pte(W) Janet (Ha) Hauiti.** Claim to Fame: comes from Ruatoria and is always looking for a match. Hobbies: Alex, darts, and being nice. Hates: parades, camp piquet and orderly runner.
- * **Alex (Danger Man) Rennie.** Claim to Fame: walking full sized dolls home at 0100 hours. Hobbies: Ha, creating hangovers and relaxing. Hates: sweating and empty kags.

CENTRAL RECEIPTS SECTION

* **Darrin (druggist) Cassidy.**
 Claim to Fame: The biggest scar in the section. Hobbies: martial arts, herbal remedies, all nighters and weird jokes. Hates: being idle, all nighters, idle people and Aussies.

* **Danny (Stirrer) Matheson.**
 Claim to Fame: Honesty! Hobbies: Stirring, firing mortars and rugby. Hates: Idle people, no work, and black coffee.

* **Tony (Flash) Woodhouse.**
 Claim to Fame: Just arrived. Hobbies: his animals and cribbage. Hates: Being idle and black coffee.

Test your knowledge of the CRS Personnel!!

Simply match the names with the description entries.

Return to CRS with your name and extension. One Winner only! Results will be published at a later date.

Prize: Whatever you are given.

Closing date: Whenever.

PERSONS FROM CRS ARE NOT PERMITTED TO ENTER

Hatched:

Definitely NO! (that's on good authority.)

Matched:

Ha and Alex.

Despatched:

Laurie (lofty) Kirkwood to the Doom and Gloomers (PIP).

Most of you probably wonder what we in Packing do. Well here's some figures for you.

- * IVs packed since 1st July 1991 = 22,106
- * Consignment sent since 1st July 1991 = 5,192
- * Beer packed since 1st July 1991 = 6,996 litres

So you can now wonder how we get a 24 hour turn around of stores, and why we're happy.

GROUP A:

Stretch
 Sarah
 Lugs
 Sam
 Hienz
 Pat
 Chris
 Keith
 Aaron
 Trevor

Roy
 Wayne
 Lorry
 Whare
 Mecklejohn
 Carol
 Ian
 Barry
 Carey

GROUP B:

The Puku
 Bleeding Heart
 Stomach with Legs
 Going back to Mum
 The sexual Deviant
 The blonde ghost
 Gilly Willy Willyard
 Garth the Destroyer
 And his Magical Ute
 The Billy Goat
 The She Devil
 Bienz Mienz
 Tall Ugly and Modest
 The moaning Scotsman

Blinky Cricky
 A mans man
 Rock Ape
 Ah mate
 Who

The matching list will be published in 6 months. *Thats if we can be bothered!!*

RATION PACK PRODUCTION SECTION

by **G.P. SMITH**
Staff Sergeant

RPPS, What is that?, Who is that?, What do they do? Well here is a brief but concise explanation.

RPPS (Ration Pack Production Section).

Manning

- * SSgt G.P. Smith, IC
- * LCpl J.W. (Rock) Hesketh
- * Pte J. (Ace) Wise
- * Pte N. (Nicki) Fulcher
- * Mr G. (Geoff) Polglase

Eight Ration Packers

The ``A'' Team:

- * Mrs F. Crichton
- * Mrs S. Bird
- * Mrs K. Davis
- * Mrs N. Pere
- * Mrs M. McNaughton
- * Mrs D. Vince
- * Miss Leonie Sam
- * Miss Lamere Sam

Between the lot of us, this small section undertakes the building of Operational Ration Packs (ORPs). These packs support the whole NZDF, plus NZ Police, DOC, and NZ Fire Service to name a few. We then store the completed packs, and issue them to our customers.

The writer took on this section wondering what the hell he had let himself in for? Having since successfully overseen the building of approximately 90,000 packs I am thoroughly enjoying the challenge. The job is very labour intensive and hands on. Remembering our sole task is to ``support the production line''.

The packers are on contract to produce a minimum of 1500 packs per 6 hours shift. At the beginning of the build the daily average was 1875 packs, at the time of writing it is 2230. The maximum daily build ever of 2510 packs was achieved on 26 Feb 92. By the end of 1992 this section will have built 133,700 ration packs.

We are a small group but make the most of our lot. So the next time you are in the field breathing in fumes, from your hexy cooker. Spare a thought for where your meal originated from.

THE PIP SECTION

Greetings from the team at PIP. Contrary to the rumour that PIP stands for ``Permanently in the PooH'', we as a team, are far from that misconception. PIP stands for Preservation, Identification and Packaging. The job that guarantees you a HIGH in one form or another. We are not into solvent abuse however, we are known for having the odd snort of Naphthalene when the cold symptoms appear. There's nothing like it for clearing the head and getting rid of unwanted visitors.

Our team consists of, Messrs Keith Rogers, Laurie Kirkwood, and Pat O'Connor or to those close enough to the source; Pop, Bud and his son. You try and work it out.

Since the PIP's inception in 1988 the PIP Section's goals and objectives have, we believe, been achieved and done so with a great deal of pride by each member of our team. We also take solace in having the confidence and support of our fellow workmates and management.

Our aim is simple, our motto clear: Perfection in Packaging.

As a team I am proud of our achievements, this doesn't automatically mean we get it right all the

time and with this in mind we have a challenge to do the job better, no matter how long it takes.

There's nothing we shall not endeavour to preserve or pack, from nuts and bolts to the boss's car if he should want us too. (Can't see it mind you.)

We would like to thank you for taking the time to read our article and should our path cross in the future be assured that you will not leave our section with the PIP, plus you'll definitely be a lot higher than when you arrived.

As part of our team motivation and productivity therapy, we avail ourselves to the various audio symphonies which one finds by the turn of a dial. To this end we have rated the following radio stations in order of your acquired stress levels for the day. Play the game:

Radio Station Rating given the Time of Day

- * ZMFM If you don't mind the same song 100 times a day 8 to 9 a.m.
- * 2ZB If you are into DOOM and GLOOM ring Sharon Crosbie on 4721035 9 to 12 noon
- * WINDY FM If you're into listening to announcers who has swallowed the mike. 1 to 3 p.m.
- * MORE FM If you are into radio announcers who don't know their own name. For example, Swampy Marsh: Sounds like something out of a bog. 6 to 8 a.m.
- * NATIONAL If you're into culture or deranged PROGRAMME 2YA and from another planet. 3 to 4 p.m.
- * RADIO PACIFIC If you don't mind being told where to go by Pam Corkery Anytime

MEDICAL AND DENTAL STORES 1 BSB

by **N.T.A. MERRIMAN**
Staff Sergeant

Who? The answer is the one & only Med Dent Store in 1 BSB, although we are classed as just another section in 1 Base Supply Battalion, our role is a very specialised one. The main role of Med Dent is to provide all Medical and Dental stores to the Tri Services.

This in itself is a very difficult task due to the different lingo between services, for example if the Medics ask for surf boards we know to issue them Sanitary Pads, to the Navy this means whats left after the next budget and to the Airforce this is something they use on their Sports day.

Before we get into facts and figures lets first introduce you to our highly competent staff;

- * **WO1 John Coleman.** Mr Telecom Executive, always on his portable phone, but constantly loses it & has to find it by ringing himself.
- * **Mrs Jane Dawson.** Our part time Pharmacist who is paid so well by the Army that she only needs to work a 3 day week.
- * **SSgt Noel Merriman.** The first Ordnance dude to enter the land of drills and pills, when in doubt gets somebody else to sign for it.
- * **Mr Gordan Cowie.** Number 1, self appointed. Alias `` The Hermit ``.
- * **Cpl Steve Rogers.....** Banished to the office, he ran out of fingers and toes to count with.
- * **Mr Tony Bielawski.** C First

Aid kits when not writing out notes, alias ``Briggers''. Also known as a ready reference walking Medical Encyclopedia and Turf Digest.

- * **ASA Sian Vaughan-Williams.** Our Navy import who is doing a great job as a mushroom, as finds our lingo strange she tries to convert all the staff to speak Navy Lingo, i.e to the Navy the toilet is called heads if so then what's tails?
- * **PTE John Hape.** Another Ordnance import, ex ISS but if his issues are anything to go by you wouldn't think so, this may change now that he's a proud dad.
- * **Mr Stan Pirini.** Our temporary Storeman, when he's at work or not boosting his investments with Telecom.

Due to the nature of the stock in Med Dent, the work load is always unpredictable. However the output from Med Dent accounts for 35% of all 1 BSB's monthly issues. The thing to remember is we don't just specialize in packing and issuing alone, we also have to advise on many differing technical matters.

So from all the happy gnomes of Med Dent see you all in the next issue and all the best for the year.

WORKSHOP SUPPORT SECTION

by **M. WILLSON**
Private

On the 28th of June 1991 the RNZAOC Stores Platoon of 1st Base Workshops ceased to exist and

staff and facilities moved into F Bay next to Detail. Renamed the Workshop Support Section our role remained the same however, we utilised the stores held by 1st Base Supply Battalion.

All our stock was outscaled to 1 BSB, including the Scorpion Project stock. This project alone seemed to be bigger than Ben Hur at times but the indomitable spirit prevailed and the light at the end of the tunnel was within sight.

A brand new office was built in F Bay and staffed by our total of nine personnel, four of which are soldiers (W) causing language and sexist male opinions to be toned down and nuddy bum pictures to be removed. (The females complained but we stuck to our guns, who were those blokes anyhow?)

The staff are as follows:

- * **SSgt Saen O'Brien.** OB Leader of Godz Chosen Favourite sayings: ``I'll burst into print'' ``Willy get into my office''
- * **Cpl John Brown.** JB Cooler than the FONZ in his new car, finally sold the Leyland. Favourite saying: ``What the ___!!''
- * **Cpl Bill Twiss.** Bill Recently married (MUG) and trying to get to Waiouru. Could be OCCIFER material. Favourite saying: ``Yeah I'm onto it!''
- * **Pte Natalie Black.** NAT Just turned 21 made friends with a male stripper, father still p/off. Favourite saying: ``Got no work Willy!''
- * **Pte David Hill.** BAGS Has his own store, trade certificate and is now a journeyman. Favourite saying: ``Hey, skinny man!''

* **Pte Shane Baird.** Babyface
Thinks he's flasher than
Michael Jackson and as
good as Angus Young from
AC/DC on the guitar, but
not as intelligent. Favourite
saying. ``when's my pay
being sorted out?''

* **Pte Josephine Leef.** JO Just
moved into her own flat and
loves it. Presently
fraternising with a LCpl!!!
Favourite saying. ``Let's
have another argument
Willy''

* **Pte Susie Hoete.** HO Gave
birth to a baby girl at 0757
hours on 24 Feb 92. Just in
time for work. Favourite
saying. ``Oh!''

* **Pte Pauline Orpet.** Pauline
New inclusion in the store,
getting a trade change from
supplier. Marrying a
mechanic in March.
Favourite saying. ``When
Pete (Hubby) comes in, his
lunch is here.''

* **Pte Mark Willson.** Thinks
that I am going to release
(Many names too rude) his
document without altering
it! Recently purchased a new
car and gave it heaps and is
soon to make a voluntary
donation to the MOT.
Favourite sayings: ``What
have I done now Staff?''
``It wasn't me JB!''
``That's not fair Bill!'' ``I
am working Nat!'' ``Are
you referring to me Dave?''
``Don't hassle me Jo!''
Willy is a much maligned
individual who is seriously
considering returning to his
priesthood studies.

June 1991 saw the Auto
Parts Reunion held in the Big Mac
Centre, celebrating 25 years of
quality service. This enterprise was

a great success and thoroughly en-
joyed by all who attended. In Octo-
ber 1991, WSS decided to enter a
tradesman's team in the Round the
Mountain Relay. The team con-
sisted of the following 1 BSB per-
sonnel:

- *WO2 Shattock Mascot Supplier
(Ex AP)
- *SSgt O'Brien Captain AP
- *Cpl Twiss AP
- *LCpl Dolden Tailor
- *Pte Hill AP
- *Pte Willson Trainer AP
- *Pte Baird AP
- *Pte Wills TRS
- *Pte Hoeft TRS

It was a great weekend en-
joyed by one and all, with plenty of
socialising. By the end of the relay
our van attracted a lot of water
bombs for reasons unknown.

In conclusion the WSS is
coping well with the workload from
the Workshop. Although teething
problems occurred in the begin-
ning, procedures have been modi-
fied and streamlined to the mutual
benefit of both units.

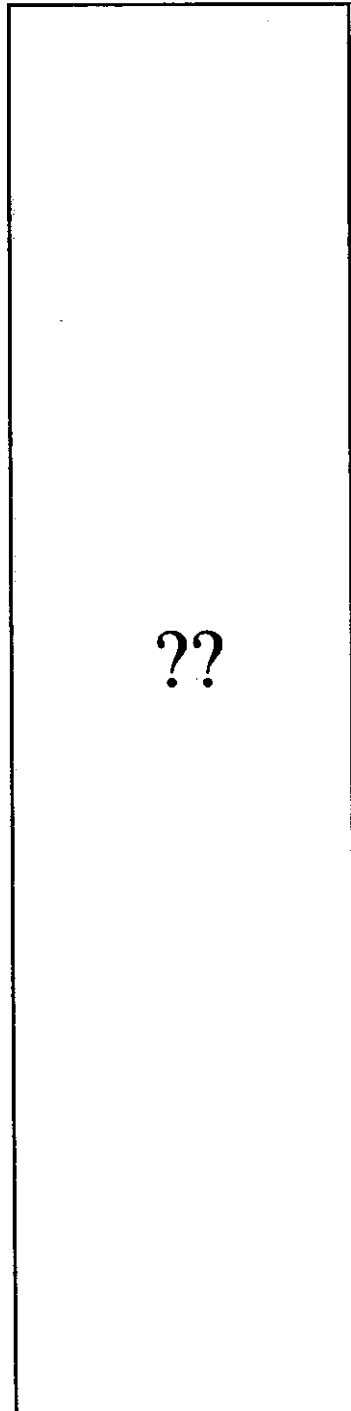
Future goals for the WSS are
as follows:

- * Completion of the Scorpion
outscale by March 1992.
- * Maintenance of a
professional service to the
Workshop.
- * Participation in the Round
the Mountain Relay in 1992.
- * For the apprentices to top the
RNZAOC Phase Two
course.
- * For a 100% pass rate in all
trade examinations.

**DEATH BEFORE
DISCREPANCY**

PS I'm a rugby player not a writer

**RNZAOC SCHOOL;
PHOTOGRAPH
PART TWO**
(The "Staff")



Another Attempt

Jee's Boss, there's still only one
course on so most of them have
disappeared again!!!

SOUTHERN AREA WORKSHOP STORES SECTION

How's it trendsetters? Hi and Giddy from the southern most Ordnance Section. How's it treating the rest of yas, down in the Mainland it's great.

Since our last correspondence most of us down here have had our meagre pocket money cut even further. We have all planned major purchases Dutchie and Bev are planning on buying a house each and Baz a rear wheel for his bike.

In the past few month's we've lost a number of our staunch Mainlanders.

- * **Sgt Willy Wilson.** Left the stores section to follow a career in giving things away at BSC DSS.
- * **Cpl Simo Simpson.** All three have.
- * **LCpl Louie Lewis.** Sold up and been.
- * **Pte Jase Woods.** Posted to FSG Workshops?

The Team

- * **SSgt Barrie ``Baz'' Law (The Boss).** Founding member of the Horse Shoe Club. Social Club PMC and chief function setter.
- * **LCpl Evert ``Dutchie'' Van Barneveld (The Civvy Trade Man).** Treasurer of the Horse Shoe Club.. Main function in life-drinks seller.
- * **Pte Bevan ``Bev'' Gerling (The Bum Boy).** Has no plans on joining the Horse Shoe Club.. Picks the right horses but they finish at the wrong end.
- * **Civvy Don ``Bearded Clam'' Ferguson (The**

Other Civvy Trade Man).
Hairiest person alive. Runs a lot (for fun?!!)

Activities to Date

- * **RNZEME Corps Day.** According to a visiting sober person was an enjoyable day. Had Bev compete in a Workshop Ironman (stout, onions, lemons, raw eggs etc).
- * **Biathlon.** Don and Dutchie, combined age = 73 finished 20th out of 90 in the Men's Team Event.
- * **Exams.** Second Qual Jase 62%. Trade Cert Baz 68%. Trade Cert Bev 59%

End of Year Tour

As a fitting farewell to Christchurch and the Mainland the store decided on an Alcohol and Food Appreciation tour of a thing called ``the Square Mile'' 32 pubs in eleven hours - sounds easy hey!

The following people deserve a mention in despatches:

- * **Willy.** Perfect impression of an IHC person while being watched by a group of IHC.
- * **Ja.** Asleep after 14 pubs.
- * **Willy.** Chatting up some ``working girls''.
- * **Bev/Louis/Willy.** Tried stealing a bride to be - that was already tied up.

All had fun and the only casualties were our heads and wallets. With the decrease in manning we have discovered only one problem that we wish rectified, that is, at Happy Hours your round comes around too frequently.

The S.A.W wish Simo and Mel the best following their engagement and expect invites when the time comes - Okay!

GLENTUNNEL AMMUNITION AREA (BURNHAM SUPPLY UNIT)

by **D. VERNEY**
Lance Corporal

For those of you trapped for the remainder of your lives (I mean the rest of your lives as most of you will go back as civies) in Spoonie Land (BSB) and for those of you who think life doesn't exist outside the main gate of Trentham Camp read on and find out that in fact there is life after BSB.

This little article is to inform people out there about the picturesque place, the place of Worship to so many who visit that haven't a hope in Hell of ever becoming an AT.

Glentunnel Ammunition Depot is located 5 km south of its namesake village, and about half-way between Darefield and the Rakaia River Gorge on the Mt Hutt Highway SH 72. Glentunnel has no pubs, one shop, one garage, 2 rugby teams (U11, Snr B) and approximately 50,000 sheep (some nice ones).

For those History Buffs the Depot was built in 1943 with 16 ESHs, a non-explosive store, a laboratory and an accommodation block for 20 men. This was all built at a cost of 65,290 pounds. The Depot was sold in 1968 to Canterbury Poultry Processes Ltd which turned the abandoned Depot into a Turkey Farm. The Army brought back the land and buildings in 1989 (as a substantial profit to the Turkey Farm I bet) and is now completed but awaits commissioning.

Update

Since the last edition of Pataka there have been some minor changes in the manning of the Depot, these are as follows:

Exit

* **Capt Simon Tregear.** To Waiouru as QM Central Q.

* **WO1 Lindsay Davidson.** To MLO NBDC Wellington.

Insight

And to end this stunning article just a little insight inside into the people that work (ha ha do they know the meaning of the word) in the most productive and efficient Ammunition Depot in this man's Army.

the ATO he is the only one that knows where he is and what he is doing.

* **LCpl Dave Verney** The man that still hasn't realised that the depot is just too small to ghost but shows great heart because of the fact that he is



* **Sgt Graham Walker.** To CATO Branch (much to his displeasure).

The Depot Twin Cab Hilux outside our "new" office.

Enter

* **Lt Craig Houkamau.** From ATO Waiouru (TOD only) prior to taking over as SI(A) at RNZAOC School.

* **Lieutenant Craig Houkamau.** The new kid on the block, still coming to grips that he is no longer ATO ATG, will probably spend the remainder of his TOD coming to grips with how things are done down South, consequently most of the time only he knows what he's doing and where he is.

* **Lt Wayne Boustridge.** From SI(A) to Glentunnel July 1992.

always trying. Always pointing out to Smithy that while the ATO and the CAT are away we can ghost. Still complaining about his JVF and where his 2nd Hook is (who cares). Keeps his desk looking like a brothel so others think he has a lot of work to do.

Hatches/Matches

Only one in this category unless you count Smithy's constant harassment of the sheep in the Depot. LCpl Davy Verney finally made his daughter legal by tying the knot with Melanie.

* **WO2 Dave Lyes.** Is the Boss, knows that no-one really listens to the ATO. Spends more time in Burnham Camp than the CO SRSU. We are all wondering when he is going to put in his housing application. Like

* **Pte Aaron Smith.** Always bitching about how much work he does and how little recognition he gets (though *#!#). Constantly bitches about the fact that he lost so much money on his DIC Charge (tough *#!#). Doesn't get to work until 0930 hours then stuffs around for 1/2 hours and

says he's done enough for a cuppa and a couple of smokes (tough *#!#). Always bitches about the fact that he is Band Four and still a Private (tough *#!#). Can always be found wandering aimlessly around the Depot affectionately looking for the sheep with the most dags. He

has found life in the Army all too hard so has decided to sew his oats in Europe, (Leaves the Army in April, 1993).



One of the refurbished buildings, complete with ramps, sealed road, and lightning conductors.



One of the refurbished brick buildings.

Facilities

The facilities at Glentunnel consist of the accommodation for the two families living on site, the staff accommodation which sleeps ten personnel with gunpowder drying room attached (ex Fairlie). The staff at Glentunnel provide a 24 hours service to those units and organisations that request assistance.

21 FIELD SUPPLY COMPANY AFE 92

by C.A. NGATAI
Captain

An Annual Camp with my fair share of ``Orderly Room Procedures''. But all in all quite a good AFE. It seems to be improving all the time since ``Exercise Golden Fleece''. Now they tell us that next year's AFE is another Golden Fleece. I just hope its a vast improvement on the first Golden Fleece. Back to AFE 92.

Say one arrival at Landguards Bluff. Home for the next 15 days or so, it was good to see that we were not required to put up tents for rations etc. All us Pet Ops!! were able to move to our own location.

Arrived at an appropriate time, civvy tanker got stuck on the corner that exists our location to the beach front. So we had to off load the tanker where it was into our bunds! The road was open to the public going to the South Beach, and being the weekend, it was well patronised. More than a few tried to get past the tanker to and from the back, so in the end the Engineers cut a track around the tanker for the Beach Goers.

Fuel off loaded, civvy tanker towed out of hole, documentation squared away, tanker on its way road repaired by engineers.

Say two, first bulk issue of fuels to our front line UBRE's. That in its self is another story. Least to say that not all went according to plan!!

Weather was on our side?!! Couple of days of rain was it? Sun shone strongly, wind blew gustily, sand getting into everything and everyone.

Bad news for the boys on the MT Gas BFL they copped all the dust when it blew heartily.

Workload was just right, not too much and not too little, even though the kerbsides were open 24 hours. There were not too many

after midnight refuelling if there was any at all.

Last year's AFE we filled heaps of jerrycans, as we did so this year. The only difference was this year we also washed jerrycans. Next year heaps of jerrycans to be filled could be on the cards.

Members of 47 Pet another grand bunch of guys to work with. The guys with no Pet Op experience, learnt fast, and did extremely good on the site.

I'm sure they will be back next year? Bit of a bad buzz that one of our guys put his knee out playing touch and had to spend the last few days hobbling around on crutches. But the booze up the Saturday night his knee was no problem at all!!!

Pay Problems!!

Why can't TF pers get their pay auto-credit to their PSIS accounts. Bit of a hassle one has to open another account with a bank acceptable to the Army. Where as the PSIS charges no fees etc when one uses their own money. What other bank offers the same terms, I wonder? This year the advance that TF pers got was not in cash but credited to their Bank Accounts, was OK if one had a current account and one was able to get to their appropriate bank (not a problem at 47 Pet). Luckily we were based at Landguards Bluff and had access to a major city - Wanganui. I wonder what the format is for next year's AFE and if we will be told before AFE.

21 FIELD SUPPLY COMPANY LAUNDRY SECTION

by M. PIERSON

Dealing with the laundry is always a challenging and demanding job. Catering for four thousand

military and civilian personnel doesn't make things any easier. The location of the laundry section was in an excellent situation, plentiful water and central to everyone.

Although we were situated in excellent location we were to be attached to 12 Field Supply Company, not that we were not, but we were nowhere within the unit. I didn't find it too difficult, but communication always plays a major role on everything. The communication may have been slow and sometimes didn't get passed on, things will have to be done to make sure our jobs are correct out sufficiently in a professional manner.

Transport wasn't a problem thanks to the shower section of 12 Field Supply Company it worked out really well. I would like to thank my associates and counterparts for all the hard work. No job too big, no task too hard to handle for the laundry section from 21 Field Supply Company.

I feel we should spend more and more time together, both of our field supply companies to strengthen our relationship between our jobs and our Corps. My thanks also goes out to 12 Field Supply Company for serving with a great team.

EX VITAL LINK RATIONS SECTION TOD

by WENDY MILLER
Lance Corporal

During AFE 92 I was employed in the Rations Section 21 Fd Sup Coy. We were located at Languard Bluff on the coastline south of Wanganui. The Rations Section had a staff of 4 RF and 4 TF personnel, most of whom had had little to do with field rationing before. It was our job to see that the 4,000 people on the exercise got fed, no easy task considering the amount of food 4,000 people eat.

All the fresh rations were ordered through civilian contractors in the Wanganui area, and brought into Languard Bluff daily by the truckload. As we only had the facilities and staff to handle one days rations at a time our contractors were forced to work weekends and public holidays, which didn't always go down too well, especially when orders had to be altered at the last minute. The butcher actually recommend that AFE 93 be held in the South Island so his stomach ulcer had time to heal.

Once all the food had been delivered, we broke it down into two main lots, one to feed the three kitchen in the Wanganui area, and one which was transported up to 12 Fd Sup Coy in Waiouru, to feed 1 Bde. This took about 10 hours on a good day, or up to 16 hours on a day when things were not quite going to plan. Needless to say, we worked 16 hours most days. In addition to this we also worked piquets for the unit and the camp so at times not a lot of sleep was had.

All in all Ex Vital Link was enjoyed by all with morale remaining high in the Rations Section, thanks to the contractors for performing miracles and 12 Fd Sup Coy for bearing with us when things go tough. My only recommendation for AFE 93 is that a crystal ball be added to the stores list.

CENTRAL SUPPLY RATIONS AND POL SECTION

by **C.M. PAENUI**
Lance Corporal

I've been in the Rations and POL Section for the last couple of years. When I first arrived in Linton we were situated in an old building past the Manawatu prison. The Supply Manager was SSgt Mick Kennedy. As time went on the Manager changed and so did the build-

ing. SSgt Ross Fearon was the new Supply Manager and we were moved into camp in a new building situated by the Petrol Point.

Today we are in the same building but again have a new boss. Senior Supplier SSgt Paul Rutledge (Ruts). He is in command of personnel 2 military and 3 civilian. As Senior Supplier he has overall control over everything that happens in our section. Like all bosses he does the normal mumbo jumbo that goes with the territory as well as help us in our day to day chores.

The Second in Command is SSgt Shayne Gray. He is our Chief Clerk. Like Ruts he too deals with the problems and mishaps concerned with the day to day running of Supply Platoon. They both receipt, check, deal with our contractors and help out generally so as to make our jobs a lot easier.

Next is me. I'm LCpl Christina Paenui. Everyone calls me Chrissie. I'm the Claims and POL Clerk. I do exactly what my title states. Payments as well as orders, receipting and issuing of stores. We use to have the POL point in our charge but as BP Oil have computerised it we no longer hold the account. I still have the oils and lubes though so I do get a bit of change.

I'm also a softball fanatic, which see's me away quite a bit through softball season. Not so good for the guys but I enjoy it while I'm away.

In our section Paul James is our Ledger Clerk. He does the costing, issuing, checking and receipting of rations. Paul also likes tetris, if you don't know what it is, it's a computer game. At the moment he is King of the Game.

We have two more in our section Keith Mephram and Barry Selby. They are the Storeman. Keith is Head Storeman. Both him and Barry deliver, check, receipt, stack and do whatever for the smooth running of the Ration Store. Barry used to control or patrol (is that the word) the Petrol Point. When it was computerised Barry

was out of a job hence him being in the store.

Well, this is our section that provides the best service for our fellow soldiers. Call in any time, only through working hours of course.

WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING IN CENTRAL DSS

by **R.T. CLARKE**
Sergeant

Bugger all. Naa just kidding, we've been run off our feet, and that was even before we re-started PT sessions.

Current Manning

- * Sgt R.T. Clark. Das Boss and all around good guy.
- * LCpl W.K. Miller. Held surplus and saving to move out of barracks.
- * Mrs D St Just. Tailoress and receiver of cookie bribes.
- * Mr R.J. Lochrie. Storeman and right hand man.

I dunno how long it has been since the last contribution to PATAKA. Certainly more than two years. So I s'pose it's fitting to run through the last two years with you, I would go back further but I dunno what happened then.

- * December 1989. DSS was cast adrift from 5 Comp Sup Coy like an unwanted dishrag. We then landed in the lap of CRSU. About the same time, I arrived and Lance King departed to Barrackmaster.
- * December 1989 to June 1990. Assisted the clean up

team of 5 Comp Sup Coy in getting rid of their element of CUC 478 prior to us taking it over on DSSD implementation.

* **February 1990.** Request approval for new detail shelving, value \$13,000.

* **June 1990.** DSSD comes on line. What joy, who knows how to drive this thing and where do you get the ADP issued? Well at least we got our own account.

* **August 1990.** Lousy reason to do it, but the whole Corps actually supported us in providing sufficient black armbands for an infantry battalion after the Mt Ruapehu tragedy. Many thanks to the others DSS's and 1 Base Sup Bn for your rapid responses to the call.

* **September 1990.** We were advised that the ROSB/POSB are to be conducted in Linton until further notice (which as we all know means forever) and that the issues would be done direct from the DSS. Upscale the stocks.

* **October 1990.** SME extend the office space due to all the extra hardware that has to be held now that we are self-accounting.

* **February 1991.** DSS was burgled. \$14,000.00 of stock was taken, which is part of the \$100,000.00 worth of theft from Linton within 12 months. Another security review and the Camp RSM are a bit pissed off with the duty pers again.

* **July 1991.** New shelving is

approved and purchased. Lucky we didn't have to budget for that one again. It isn't put up though 'cause there's been rumours of a possible move.

* **September 1991.** DSS is given 4 days notice to move buildings, locks to remain, stocks to go, barrels are still coming from somewhere. The move is somehow completed in time, with many thanks going to the units who assisted us. Now to locate the stock, and put up all that shelving.

* **September 1991.** Four ex soldiers are arrested by the civil police and charged with the burglary of the DSS. All involved in drugs. Sentences range from six months Periodic Detention to fifteen months in jail. Serves the jerks right, but the lesson was learnt. CO CRSU now looking at installing an alarm system in the new building.

* **October 1991.** Reopen the DSS after being closed for three weeks to try and find all the stock and stick it all in the right place. An effort is made to work around the carpenters who are still working on the building.

* **October 1991.** CRSU Q takes over the role of providing the clothing for the ROSB/POSB candidates. Downscale the stocks.

* **November 1991.** New aluminium windows are fitted and the exterior of the new building is reclad 'cause it looks about 600

years old. Now it only looks 27. Painting to start after Christmas.

* **December 1991.** Work starts on the resealing of the frontage and the upgrading of the loading entrance. Finished after Christmas. That will hopefully be the last truck that gets stuck in the mud.

* **December 1991.** We officially take over another 400 troops to clothe. Now the dependency for this DSS totals some 3,000 RF, TF and civilians. That makes this the largest permanent dependency among DSSs.

During this time we have also been involved in the return of some stocks to master depots in line with the 3-month stockholding policy. Total value returned was approximately \$300,000.00. Not too many problems came to light with that one but if anyone can do with 150 V-Neck sweaters (original style), let me know.

The move of the RRF to Linton meant we had to move locations. We are now located in the Old AGI/Chapel/Fish Shop across the road from the New Gym/Old Fire Station location, depending on how long its been since you have been to Linton. The new building is good. It has windows, grills, a ceiling, wooden walls, smoko area, insulation, a good location in camp, and best of all there isn't even one bird shitting on the floor. The only thing that's missing is a bulk store but we should be able to cover that for a couple of years.

Thatha that's all folks. If you've not working in a DSS, try and have a good life anyway. Probably see some of you at the reunion, if not we'll catch you all next year, same place, same mag.

STORES SECTION FSG WORKSHOP

The Unit

FMG Workshop has always been happy with the somewhat laid back image of the FMG. Exercises have involved a change in location, but generally no inconvenience caused by the loss of luxuries that is expected in the ``real Army''.

The latest reorganisation is having a dramatic effect on our unit. Foreigners from down south have appeared and more are expected. The Cook Strait ferries have been laden with weird and wonderful war equipment bound for the new workshop. We christened the mini-tanker on EME Corps day, thanks guys.

The Workshop bosses have been giving up some stirring speeches on what is required to be part of the RRF, two minutes notice to move and six week exercises etc, etc (yawn).

The People

* **SSgt Craig Ballard.** The addition of young Samantha to the Ballard household has meant SLEDGE (Craig's Rotty) has had to take a back seat in the family car. Craig has just completed his Wombles course and is looking forward to his move down to Wellington and taking over the job as careers manager for the Corps.

* **Ssgt Keith Pittams (Conan).** Keeping fit playing squash and clocking up countless miles on the bike between Palmy and camp. A recent trip to Auckland means the size of Keith's family has reached its maximum (second time lucky).

* **Cpl Steve Tait.** A diligent worker. Spends the

weekends running and drinking his home brew.

* **Pte Andi Burrell.** An outstanding AP apprentice. Still spends the weekends driving to and from Trentham, except when trees ``jump'' in front of his car. Well known by MPs in every camp.

* **Mr Dave Hardway.** Due to the reorg was sent his ``Termination of Employment'' then redeployed to DSS. Appears to have completed his collection of military vehicles and is starting on uniforms.

The Camp

The recent camp improvements are proving to be very popular. Hundreds of soldiers from all over the country have been moving into the area recently. The new swimming pool is always full of fitness fanatics and budding canoe paddlers. The supermarket in the housing area shopping mall is providing a great service. They keep the beer-fridge stocked up and it gets very busy on sunny Sunday afternoons.

MAKOMAKO ON THE HILL

It is about time Makomako submitted a Pataka contribution so here it is. Its been a busy year for us with two troops Sgt Shorty Short and Cpl Stu Beckman posted to the RRF in December. The establishments have remained the same but the roles have doubled, that is, they are posted to 21 Field Supply Company but loaned back to CRSU.

Makomako has undergone several changes which someone

who hasn't visited the place within the last two years will see. Firstly, there is a humungus gun defending the depot. For the Ats and ex gunners its a 5.5 in loaned from the Army Museum. It helps to remind us we are still in the Army. Secondly, quite a bit of time and money has gone into the grounds around the office namely refencing and there is now a new barbecue area. For those who like the outdoors there is now a four bed accommodation hut at our chateau hideaway.

A bit of work has gone on around the houses trying to tidy them up but Stu is still endeavouring to get some grass seed for his. I don't think he really minds though as it normally takes about two hours to mow his mountainside around the house.

Unfortunately the only thing that hasn't changed is the very occasional small gust of wind and the light shower which doesn't help the overall atmosphere of a summer retreat.

The house previously used by WO2 Wayne Bray has now been vacated as he has gone into high country farming. Wouldn't you believe it but about six weeks after it was empty in came the carpenters and now its got wall to wall carpet in all rooms. Attempts by Stu and Shorty to move in have fallen on deaf ears besides Shorty's been here for about four years and is now applying for election as the Mayor of Makomako. He's been here so long he knows each item of ammunition by name. It's not so bad though is it Shorty, at least you've finally got that big flaming ``thing'' on your arm and the pay to go with it.

Those light showers I have been talking about have played havoc with the banks (traverses for the Ats) around the ESH (ammo thingy's for suppliers and the rest) and about 8 ESH are semi earth covered igloos. Well at least it will save money if CATO decides that igloos are the way to go. We've had surveyors, geologists, SERCO, the SO Works, and WO Works looking at those slips but they are still there.

What happened to the good old banjo and a bit of sweat and tears you guys.

It's surprising how many swear words it takes to get the DSSD terminal going. What I mean by that is Robbie Turner is the issues ``main'' man and is responsible for the ledgers. Robbie is self taught on the computer and as he has gained experience so to has his vocabulary of English swear words. I always thought it only reacted to touch and not the word. Well, Robbie doing a good job and there's a lot to be said for civilians especially the ex AT WO2 type when it comes to working in ammunition areas.

ESH 15 (the ammo repack store and killing shed) is Robbie's domain and you should see the gear he's got tucked away in there. It makes me cry at the way it used to be like in my day. All we had was a converted shaving brush for applying the stencil paint and if you were lucky the occasional specialist tool such as a knife non ferrous. He's got a vacuum sealing machine, a label printer, three stencil machines and a set of electronic measuring scales. Isn't life sweet Robbie? To be fair last year Robbie prepared and issued at least 700 issues by himself and without any error.

This may sound like a pat on the back AND IT IS as so far we have carried out three Defence stocktakes with a value of around \$20,000,000 (count those zero's) without any error rate. Now that is something to be proud of.

This year is going to be busy for Makomako as 21 FSC have planned so many exercises for the OSG elements that I think I'll have to go back into overalls and start playing with Robbie's electrical things in ESH 15. It's rough when you only have two people in the depot to run the place. Consider this' an EOD task requires two people and at least one person has to remain at Makomako for security reasons. Oh well, we'll get by. There's a big task coming up shortly for any of you suppliers who want a glance at the best depot in the coun-

try (eat your heart out Mr Robinson) and for those who feel lucky. Its refusing 7500 High Explosive Hand grenades. Honestly it's got a reasonable degree of danger so it you speak to either Wayne, Shorty or Stu in the future and they don't answer, its because 6 ½ oz of HE has gone off about 1 metre from their ears.

If those younger RNZAOC soldiers don't know where we are we are at the base of the Pahiatua track on the Pahiatua side on the end of Eisings Road. You are quite welcome to visit. Remember though to call into the office first so we can deactivate the automatic firing button on the gun which is loaded and aimed directly at the car park should we get unwelcome visitors. Remember though, be patient, if no-ones there when you arrive, Wayne will be in the paddock tending his cows, Shorty will probably be trail riding, Stu will be out rabbit shooting and you may hear swearing coming from the computer room, that will probably be Robbie. Robbie will be the one with the CLEAN overalls and gumboots.

Until next time all the best, Sua Tela Tonanti and we'll see you at the Corps Reunion.

CLERKS DO NOT EAT REGULARLY

Always remember that Clerks do not eat regularly. They appreciate being given urgent tasks at lunchtime. This work should be accompanied by the phrase ``I'm just off for a quick pint - I'll have that as soon as I get back''.

Clerks do not lead happy home lives. You will be extremely popular if you can delay your more work until the evening, when Clerks are due to leave, thus ensuring they do not spend long boring hours with family or friends. Clerks will particularly enjoy typing papers on morale or man-management

at this time.

If your Clerk is obviously employed on an urgent task, he will appreciate you breaking this attention with unimportant questions like: ``Why is there no paper in the toilet?'' or ``Have you seen my pencil?''

On entering the office, if a clerk is engaged in conversation with a second person, ignore the second person and speak directly to the Clerk. If he appears not to hear you or his attention is wavering, speak louder until you have his complete attention. An expert will develop this until he can stand 20 metres from the Clerk and still shout down every conversation in the room.

This can be further enhanced if your Clerk is on the telephone. He will enjoy the mental stimulation of trying to listen to the caller while you shout in his free ear.

To ensure your work is dealt with promptly and not overlooked, always place it in the centre of the Clerk's desk. This is very important if they are working on other papers at the time.

When preparing drafts for typing, ensure they are done in faint pencil. Deletions, additions, arrows, balloons, and writing in the margin will also aid the types. Under no circumstances write clearly.

Typing will further improve if you appear at the typist's desk every two minutes to ask how the work is going.

Clerks have computer-like memories, and like to keep in training. It is therefore sufficient to say ``There was a letter three or perhaps six months ago, I'm not sure of the subject but I think I mentioned it, let me have it straight away''.

Clerks are not human. Never say please or display gratitude.

I'LL BE WITH YOU IN CHERRY BLOSSOM TIME

`Have you cleaned those boots this morning, laddie?'

`No, sir.'

`No, sir?'

`Yes, sir.'

`Oh it's yes, sir now is it?'

`No, sir.'

`Well why haven't you cleaned them?'

`I didn't get time, sir.'

`Didn't get time?'

`No, sir.'

`When you switch on your TV does Lana Cocroft appear?'

`Yes, sir.'

`So Lana Cocroft appears and you didn't have time?'

`Yes, sir.'

`Correct me if I'm wrong, but have men landed on the moon?'

`Yes, sir.'

`So men have landed on the moon and you haven't cleaned your boots?'

`Yes, sir.'

`Yes, sir?'

`I mean no, sir.'

`Are you au fait with lyrics?'

`Lyrics sir?'

`Yes, lyrics, sir.'

`Some, sir.'

`Seems to me I've heard that song before.'

`Pardon, sir.'

`It's a lyric, laddie, that sums up your position. Could have been written just for you that song could. If the writer had known about you, he would have probably offered the song to you and not Frank Sinatra.'

`Sorry, sir, I'm not with you.'

`Well be with me at 1000 hours this morning for company orders, and we'll try to complete your education.'

`Yes, sir.'

'You could have saved yourself and the Company Commander a lot of time if you'd said that in the first place, son!'

PAPAKURA LOGISTICS BRANCH

Hey!!, we're back (You just can't hold a good thing down can you??) Yes, contrary to popular belief we're still here. The 'Papakura Supply Unit' as we were once known is still alive and kicking. (Well stumbling...) Now we are called the Logistics Branch, and a name change isn't the only thing we've had to contend with lately.

We've had cuts to establishments, a up and coming move to Mt Wellington, farewells, welcome ins, babies born, a baby about to be born, close down of sections, a dreaded 717, and you name it we've had it. (Just as well people the people left in the unit can 'handle the jandal' and manage to keep the show on the road....)

Our establishment has been pulled through a paper-shredder and now is only half of what we stood at last year. We lost all bar one of our civilian staff (the tailoress), as they were all made redundant due to the pending move to Mt Wellington. That has left us with an establishment which stands (well shakes..) something like this:

Headquarters

- * SO3 Log: Capt Pont - the WOMAN at the top
- * Unit IC/Contracts Officer: Mr A.J. Walker - the kina man

Finance

- * Purchasing Officer: WO2 Kiddie - I'll just be at DSS
- * LP Clerk: Cpl Phillips - I'll definitely start doing PT next week.
- * Stat/Exp Clerk: Cpl(W) Gray - I'm NOT fat, I'm hapu ok!

- * Ration Clerk: Sgt Newton - Sorry you can't get hold of me I'm not on the phone.

DSS

- * Sect Comd: WO2 Sanders - NO! We're not open, read the timings, you fool.
- * Supplier: Cpl Murray - You're not THAT fat Kelly...
- * Tailoress: Mrs Horne - I'd like a new machine...
- * Seamstress: Mrs Greenfield - Need any milk today?

Basically that is how our establishment looks. I've neglected to tell you that we also now have the Camp Q store on our establishment ... but that's another story

What about the Rats and POL Section?

Yes, I know that's what you were thinking.... Well folks, we came in one day and it had just vanished into thin air.. The Rats and POL Section have gone completely by the wayside. The Catering Troop has taken over the role of the food side of things, (with Sgt Newton TOD to them for a short period), and the Transport Troop has taken over the fuel area with the new zip zap BP Fuelcards to contend with. The POL station in Papakura Camp is now bone dry... All field rationing and refuelling are still maintained by our counterparts 12 Field Supply Company.

And the Ammunition Section....

Well... at least this is still on our establishment, except we currently have no ATs here! WO1

Searle (the man with the ears) is no longer a military man. He has done his 20 years service and now is one of those civilian people. However, a few months down the track will see SSgt Evans having the good fortune of filling Mr Searle's boots.

Postings In

Well, all of you whose posting preferences were turned down (about 253 of you...), never mind, try again next year... We really only had two slots filled, one civilian and the other military. We had over 300 applicants and picked the winners out of a hat, and they were:

- * Raffle No. 132 : AO Contracts Officer - Mr A.J. Walker
- * Raffle No. 177 : Local Purchase Officer - WO2 Kiddie

Postings Out

- * WO2 Lydiate : From LP Officer PSU to OLWO at 1 Bde HQ
- * Sgt Pugh : From Rat Clerk PSU to CQMS 12 FSC
- * LCpl Greenfield : From Rat Clerk PSU to PC and A 12 FSC

Farewells

As we said earlier, we lost most of our civilians due to cut-backs. The good thing about it was that it coincided with the Christmas Festivities and we had a good reason for a few 'quiet ales' ... We also had the daunting task of farewellling WO1 Searle. (Although it was a bl***dy good drink up...) It is a bit hard to believe he has actually gone as he is still in his Army house (and getting an extension it), makes a visit to us at least once a week, still has his mail sent to us, people still

ring up for him, and he even still attends our Happy Hours!! There is just no getting rid of some people.

Births

Congratulations to Cpl Murray and Cathy on the birth of their new son, Rahiri.

(And you know what?? Right after the birth Aubs was seen in the Cpls' Club. Typical men)

General

This is where we tell you all about the unit as a whole. What we've done, what we're doing and where we're heading.

It's common knowledge now that Papakura Army Camp is in the middle of a close down with units being relocated to Mt Wellington, Hobsonville and various other camps. As the Logistics Branch our current location is still Papakura, with a pending move to Mt Wellington in the next few months.

Work wise, with the establishment cuts things have been a little hectic. We no longer have the manpower to run a Rations and POL Section, or an R and I Section. These tasks have now been undertaken by personnel of other trades in other Corps. Basically, we are left with DSS and the Purchasing Cell.

DSS

The DSS is still at Papakura Camp, with pressure to get it moved to Mt Wellington as soon as possible. The area allotted at Mt Wellington for DSS is minimal and has been a major headache for all concerned. However, maximising storage space, returning A LOT of stocks to 1 BSB and careful planning will hopefully see the area running efficiently. We will retain our tailoress and seamstress and they will be located in the same space as the DSS.

Purchasing Cell

The next few months will see this cell disperse to Mt Wellington

also. Its current allotted position is in an open plan office area with NRSU Orderly Room and the Pay Office..

Here's a general outline on the goings on within the cell and the changes which have occurred due to the restructuring.

* **General Stores/Petty Cash.** We are still purchasing general stores for the Northern Region (that is, from right up North down to Whakatane/Gisborne..) All payment for these stores via the AP system is now done by Accounts as of last November. The reason for this, once again has been the reduction in manpower. We have one LP Clerk who handles this along with the issuing of Petty Cash to units.

* **Stationery.** Until November last year Papakura Camp had a Stationery Store which was run by a civilian. With the redundancies, the Logistics Branch took over this role. The Stationery Store is now closed, and the purchasing of stationery has been streamlined. It is done via the Logistics Branch on a monthly basis from a sole contractor, who packs and distributes according to units' requirements.

* **Expendables.** This is currently under review. Once the Logistics Branch moves to Mt Wellington they have been given no area to hold units' requirements for expendables!! At present a bi-monthly purchase of expendables is brought into our store at Papakura, and is physically unloaded, broken down into units' requirements and issued. The Dues In, receipts and

issues are all placed onto DSSD and payment made through AP by accounts. With no store area allocated at Mt Wellington, streamlining the expendables has become a priority project.

* **Tenders/Projects.** Apart from supervising the goings on within the cell, the LP Officer has been kept busy with the many projects under way (that is, close down of the Stationery Store, Restructuring of the Finance Cell etc). With the cell always busy, there are times when he is even raising orders.

The changes resulting from the close down of Papakura Camp have meant a lot of structuring within the unit, a good look taken at the financial procedures, and the supply and functioning of DSS.

Activities Throughout the Year

Band 4. Yes... the last Band 4 as it was once known. All the Corporals of this unit (all three of them) attended and qualified on the course held in Trentham. They even managed to stay out of trouble. (I don't believe that....)

The personnel in our unit are now all trained to their capacity according to rank. There are no LCpls or Ptes within our unit. (So there is no-one to 'dob in' for those duties and funny parade things which rear their heads every now and then. They have been shared out amongst the three Corporals at present, but with Cpl Phillips placing his 717, and Cpl(W) Gray about to have baby... it looks like Cpl Murray has won the lotto as far as regimental duties are concerned...)

Annual Range Shoot. This year the ammunition was ordered (unlike last year when someone forgot...) and the range shoot went ahead. It saw all of Logistics Branch qualify bar one person... After sev-

eral attempts and running the place out of ammo, Cpl 'bungeye' managed to come second at the wrong end of the scale... No names given except that it was one of those female types.

Corps Day. Last year's Corps Day was a beauty... We combined with 12 FSC and their TF personnel and headed out to WO1 Searle's farm. The day was decidedly suspect (but so were half the people...) but the weather held out. The day was a family day and the main activity was 'Laser Strike'. This area was set up in the vast wilderness (the gulley) where everyone got muddy and filthy and splattered each other with paint balls... For those whom this didn't appeal to, drinks were flowing and the music relaxing. A shower was available for the paint splattered victims, and a BBQ lunch and dinner put on.

The night fell and a barn dance proceeded (yes, in the barn and complete with tractor and straw...) accommodation was available overnight, which didn't stop certain 12 FSC people from crashing in the hay...

The following morning, and breakfast was supplied. A bus was laid on and various trips were made back to Papakura during Corps Day/night and the following morning. All and all the Corps Day celebrations went down really well. A special thanks goes out to Mr Searle

for letting everyone make a mess of his place - which he is consequently selling now... (totally unrelated to course...)

WO1 Searle's Farewell. The day finally arrived ...YAY!! We were farewelling Mr Searle (you can call me Pete now....) January 1992... People migrated from all over the country to see the man enter into his civilian life and leave behind the joys (ha ha) of the Army. It was held out at Ardmore, SCE,

available thanks to the Searle's generosity, and after a few people had a few too many drinks we even had some live entertainment.

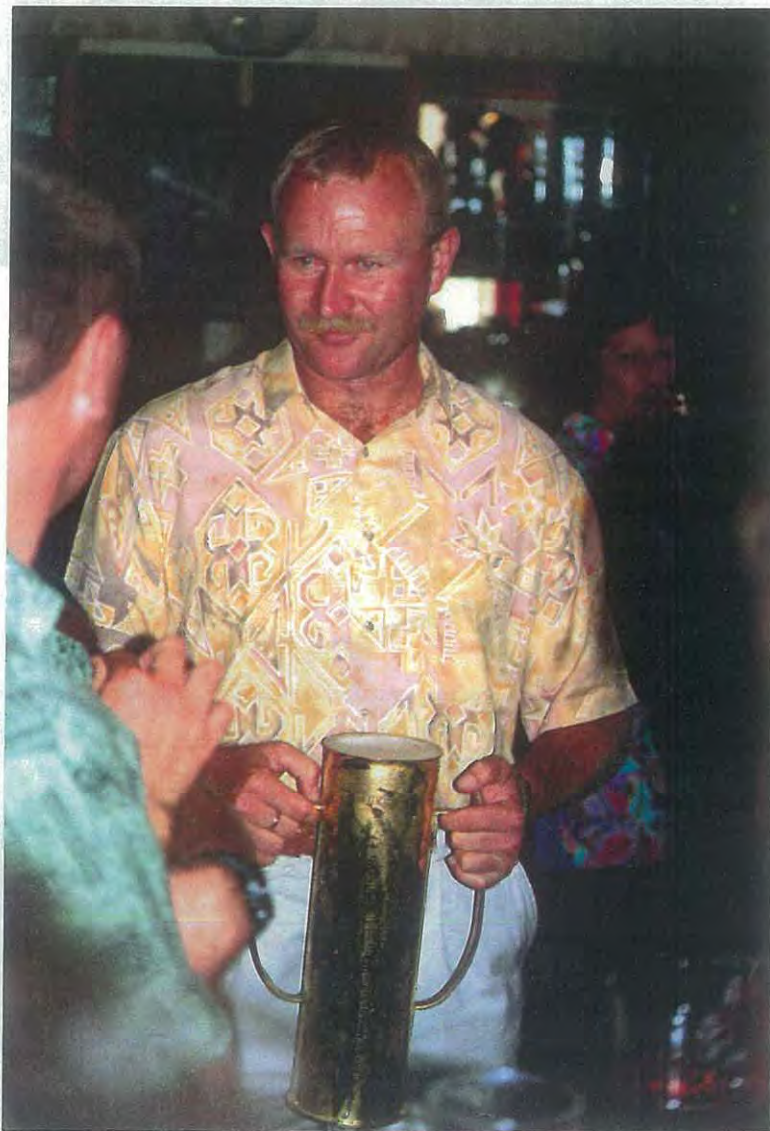
We learnt a few home truths about what this 'man with the ears had done with his years'. Including the fact that he holds the title for the fastest posting in the history of Linton Camp, if not the Army... a total of 45 minutes thanks to an unhappy Camp RSM....

As an Ammo Tech there was a tradition that WO1 Searle had al- luded for his en- tire career: 'The drinking of the 105'.. but thanks to a certain Waiouru guest this tradition was well and truly carried out. Photos of a blurry eyed Mr Searle are proof of it...

The night went off really well (as did the early hours of the morning...) and a special thank you to all those people who had travelled so far and helped make the day a success... and make a mess out of Mr Searle.

That just about highlights the unit as a whole, besides... I guess we are out of time, the big hand is on the twelve and the little one is on the four, so I guess it's time to cut a track home.

(What!! We're not meant to leave until half four!!!! Well how come its now one minute past and I'm the only one here???) So until the next Pataka Edition, or a course, or a visit, we'll sight you later... The Logistics Branch Personnel...



Pete Searle's farewell with the inevitable '105' vessel

and it was a stinking hot day. Luckily refreshments were well and truly available.

Lunch and dindins was



No know about doing our job in the field.
Corps day 1991 - 12 Field & PSU
(Plus hangers on!)



perade for the unit at the Bluntly
The Last Ever!
Senior Suppliers Band Four

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF 12 FIELD SUPPLY COMPANY

by J.F. GAGE
Corporal

Landed with the onerous task of compressing one year in the life of 12 Field Supply Company into a readable work of art has proven to be close to impossible. But with the aid of poetic license and the ability to lie through my teeth while drinking vast amounts of milo has helped considerably toward the end result.

12 Field Supply Company along with many other units in the Army has gone through a period of adjustment. With pers being posted in and out, it has left the unit looking very stark and bare.

Posting In/Out

- * Maj M.R. Taylor Out LF Comd
- * Maj R.H. Biel In
- * Capt S.A. Wagner In
- * Sgt R. Lloyd Out Log Bn Store
- * Sgt A. Pugh In CQMS
- * SSgt B. Evans In
- * Cpl B. Burnett In Loan back to Waiouru
- * LCpl Hughes In
- * LCpl P. Hopa Out 1 BSB
- * LCpl G. Kukutai Out 1 BSB
- * LCpl M. Poll Out 1 BSB
- * Pte C. Meiklejohn Out 1 BSB

Nominal Roll as at Feb 1992

- * Maj Biel Officer Commanding
- * Capt Wagner 2IC
- * Lt Calkin Trg Offr
- * SSgt Epiha CSM
- * SSgt Evans Ammo Tech
- * SSgt Hiroti Trg Sgt
- * Sgt Cooper PC & A
- * Sgt Geerkins Tpt NCO
- * Sgt Pugh CQMS
- * Cpl Burnett Ammo Tech
- * Cpl Gage Trg NCO

- * Sgt Hay Cadre NCO
- * Cpl Marsh Tpt
- * Cpl Te Amo CClk
- * LCpl Greenfield PC & A
- * LCpl Hughes Ammo Tech

Now that all the introductions are well and truly out of the way it leaves it to me now to get on with the hard bit and fill you in on all the goings on up this way.

January 1991.

2Lt Calkin joined the unit as the 21C. January saw us start the year off conducting the 87th TF Specialist Training. Conducted in Kaiwaka, a small dive north of Auckland, we spent our time faithfully teaching the Territorials everything that they are required to know about doing our job in the field.

Contrary to popular belief, the whole course was not spent bedridden with botulism, nor was it only spent eating rotting fish left negligently to dry on the fence posts. Overall it was a very instructive course which was enjoyed by everyone.

February 1991.

AWQ time for the unit RF/TF pers. Cpl Hay away in Burnham playing Pet Op with the OSG for Exercise Ivanhoe. Apparently he was one of the few people that was not found half naked beside a road.

April 1991.

LCpl Kukutai returned from his 5 month holiday down the 'Ice'. He managed to return in one piece but left quite a bit of his natural native colouring behind.

ANZAC Day - Dawn parade for the unit at the Huntly Cemetery then afterwards back to the Huntly RSA for 'breakfast'. Butcher made everyone's day by

being lucky enough to win a two litre bottle of whiskey - which I graciously helped him devour. Charter parade and ANZAC Day parade at the Ngaruawahia War Memorial Hall which was followed by a few drinks at the Ngaruawahia RAS catching up on old friends and making new ones. Ask the two young St Johns girlies about making friends that night - they made plenty.

May 1991.

The unit played AFE with 1 Brigade at Helwan and Sgt Geerkins was posted in to play with the Big Boys from the North. Tone made his presence felt by inundating the Chief with all manner of claims trying his damndest to squeeze every little iota of money out of her. Certainly made interesting watching.

May was also a very good month for me. I was sent to Crete for their 50th Anniversary Celebrations. I had a harrowing time of it, sweltering in the sun with my SDs on. The rumours I heard that all Greek women have hairy armpits, hairy chests and guzzle ouzo is totally untrue. They drink Raki not ouzo.

June 1991.

Major Taylor and Major Helm changed hats with the former taking over as OC and the latter off to Staff College in Whenuapai.

July 1991.

Rumours that Papakura Camp was to be closed were finally confirmed by the CGS. Lots of long faced Larrys wandering around the camp with their lips mopping the floor.

The unit is to be relocated somewhere in the heart of South Auckland which has everyone running for their lava lavas and jandals and getting impromptu

lessons on how to talk with an island accent 'So de qussens doan dry to chop your ed off wit da machete'.

Corps Day was spent playing warry people shooting paint pellets at each other on Pete Searles' farm somewhere in the boonies at Pukekohe.

August 1991.

The unit conducted a Training Regimental Formal Dinner which was attended by Colonel Marchant. The RF were instructed to give stirring speeches to the TF on etiquette at a Formal Dinner. I'm sure they all would have learned a great deal from Pugsy that night - if only someone could translate what it was he said.

LCpl Poll and myself unfortunately were unable to attend the above as we were playing silly buggers on the Section Commanders Course. Not a bad course but it did have its moments which explains why the dob jar at the end of the course was as overflowing as it was.

September 1991.

Time again to throw on the rugby boots and get drunk with the Northern representatives for Corps Rugby. Oh! What a joyous occasion. Northern once again showing their merits as the best party people in the Corps.

October 1991.

Rugby again, this time against the Aussies. We nearly had them but it was back to drinking them under the table since we couldn't beat them at rugby.

Wasted them at drinking so we decided to pummel them with paint pellets as well.

November 1991.

Getting ready for the big move to the dark side of town we sat back and waited. Still more rumours about which building we were to be going to be moving in to.

December 1991.

Finally the big move to our new work place. Mount Wellington Barracks, the old Fisher and Paykel building which funnily enough is still occupied by

Lcpl Hopa, LCpl Kukutai, LCpl Poll and Pte Meiklejohn.

Well, although this is nowhere near the complete picture of what the company has been up to in the past year it should give you a vague idea.

In between all the fun and games we have managed to find time to work our little tails off, set ourselves up in our new work area, suss out a new track for SSgt Hiroti to murder us on, say tata to



some of F & P's old workers is conveniently placed just across the road from McDonalds. Dangerous place to put an army camp or what.

December was also a time of sadness for the unit with the departure of our four juniors;

everyone posted out and say hello to some new ones coming in leaving ourselves just enough energy to gear up for AFE. So until next year.

Sua Tela Tonanti.

THE CADRE NCO - 12 FIELD SUPPLY COMPANY

Thin Greying Hair. His present posting cannot be held responsible for this occurrence, as his previous posting was probably as an instructor at the Army Schools (thin greying hair is a trademark of Driving and Maintenance instructors at the School of Armour) or worse he has just completed a promotion course at the School of Regimental Training.

Creased Brow. Caused by barely concealed frustration.

Pale Limpid Skin. He has been stuck in his office doing everything since he arrived. The sun is something he sees or hears about on the weather forecast at 6.30 p.m.

Slack Lips. Caused by constant arguing and bickering with his alleged superiors.

Immaculately Ironed Uniform. In spite of everything he still has pride in himself, he is after all a professional soldier.

Thousand Mile Stare. A look of complete incredulity that the people he works with could actually be in the same army that he is.

Frayed Edges on Stripes. During the odd idle moment that he has, he surreptitiously picks away at the threads, with a view to ripping his rank off entirely, because he knows private soldiers cannot be posted as Cadre NCOs.

The Company/Squadron/Battery Operational Order. That he wrote during the weekend, and which contains enough detail that if he was a student on the RF Grade 3 Tactics Course, he would pass with honours (provided he was an RF Captain). The above was written because:

- * The OC says he's busy all week and doesn't want to work weekends.
- * The OC forgot to write one.
- * The OC doesn't know how

to write one.

- * The OC left his draft Op Order on your desk, which after a cursory glance, he threw away in disgust.

Your Notes/Lesson Plan for the Next Training Night. The theme being ``Is there really a place for you in the Army'', the lesson you're taking - Discharge Procedure.

Pen Chained and Bolted to Desk. As all his pens and pencils seem to disappear as if by magic every training night and when Cpl Marsh shows up.

Creaky Old Desk. The OC has the new one, although he only uses it for two hours every month.

Ringling Telephone. Could be a call from any of the following:

- * The Task Force Commander, his Commanding Officer, the Brigade Major, all of whom know who really runs the unit, and are calling to see how things are going - reply largely unprintable.

- * The wife/girlfriend enquiring as to whether or not he'll be home either:

that evening,

that week, or

for Christmas.

- * A soldier wanting to know what's happening that weekend because he:

lost the general instruction you sent him, or

never received one because he has changed his address and never told you, as he thinks you have psychic powers, and would know he's moved,

The Day's Paper. Open At:

- * **Criminal proceedings.** That he reads avidly every morning in the hope that one of the unit's soldiers has been convicted of something reprehensible enough for him/her to be discharged forthwith.

- * **Cryptic Crossword.** Which prior to his present posting he never attempted but now regarded as good training to enable him to decipher the OC's draft operational orders.

The Rubbish Plan. Containing:

- * 90% of the contents of the ``In'' tray.

- * Letters from various nonentities seeking information on how to apply to join the TF.

- * The OC's draft operational order.

The In Tray. Containing

- * A minute from the RSM informing him that he is the duty barman over Easter and Labour weekend and DNCO over Christmas.

- * Another minute from the RSM informing him that he is now the Mess Treasurer as the previous incumbent couldn't count - and the Auditors arrive next week.

- * A typed minute from the Chief Clerk informing him that the typist has more important things to do than type minutes.

- * A minute from the area PT instructor informing him that the weeks PT programme will revolve around aerobic activities -

after two packets of cigarettes a day, he considers breathing an aerobic activity.

* Approximately twenty signals of which arrived in the morning mail and required replies last week. A typical signal could request information regarding the following:

The number of toilet rolls he expects the unit to require during the training year 2001.

* Also amid the pile of signals is bound to be at least one marked ``immediate'' requiring a ``priority'' reply, the signal of course doesn't inform him at all what's required by asking a simple question but graciously refers him to a minimum of five references whose amalgam of letters and numbers mean even less to him than Egyptian hieroglyphics, and whose file references bear absolutely no resemblance to the filing system currently in use in his office.

* A letter from a soldier informing him that he now cannot now attend Basic `X' after he (cadre NCO) has spent half a day on the telephone calling in favours from his mates in LF Comd and HQ 1 Bde to get the miserable sod on in the first place, and had promised people he didn't know to get this or arrange that for them, any of which is discovered would result in his immediate court-martial and ignominious dismissal from the Service.

* A letter from a soldier wishing to know when he's going to be paid for the two

hours training he did on a Wednesday night two years ago.

The Out Tray. Containing:

* Three anonymous identical letters addressed to the Quigley Commission, Minister of Defence, Treasury, suggesting that as a cost saving measure the unit be disbanded.

* A letter addressed to the Chief of General Staff requesting immediate promotion to the rank of WO2 or Maj, as he does their jobs anyway, so why can't he be one.

* Between 50 and 80 handwritten general instructions, normally he would use the repro machine but he can't because a subaltern blew it up while reproducing 500 invitations to his 21st birthday.

* About 20 free travel warrants so that the troops can spend their holidays in the Bay of Islands, he, of course, lives in the Barracks at the opposite end of town from where he works and doesn't get to go anywhere.

The Desk. On which is:

* A framed photo of the wife and kids (he thinks).

* Two packets of cigarettes, with a note reminding him to stock up for lunchtime.

* Various scraps of unsigned paper with illegible scrawls that people have dumped on his desk - all of which ask him to do or arrange something for them.

* A note from the OC asking you what you thought of his draft Op Order.

AMMO SECTION
AFE 92

For those of you who knew not about this highly professional, hard working section; yes we did exist. The only signs of our existence being the ever decreasing pile of TV dinner trays after each meal, and of course appearances on the DPs. So just who made up this team of cracker stackers?

* IC Of course was Cpl Sputnik Burnett which in no way resembles the way he looks or acts.

* 2IC LCpl ``H'' cool dude all round nice guy who in no way resembles the guy who is writing this.

* 3IC LCpl ``Pete'' Clark who in no way resembles the IRD official walking about our AO.

* 4IC LCpl ``Dunny'' which is no way resembles the dude that left small caches throughout our AO.

* 5IC Pte now LCpl Im too sexy for my body Larry Lorenzen.

This is the tale of the guys who, from a galaxy far away in a world of their own provided one of the primary logistic supplies called ammunition.

AFE this year as with every other year ground into motion like a well oiled, well tuned racing car. Who said sarcasm is the lowest form of humour? Anyway this year as with every year the lads and I helped rations put up their large cumbersome tents while as usual the ammunition stores lay in disarray, a forgotten heap of cannibalised tentage left over from the rations feeding frenzy. Eventually (15 hours later) someone remembered oh yes ammo is a combat supply, shall we send them away to set up?

Mist softly fell as we four watched the 2228 depart from our forest hideaway, having dropped us off. Cpl ``B'' codename rat arrived three hours thereafter. One question where was our ammo? Next day we blissfully woke to the sound of a screaming Unimog as Cpl ``B' sped away for a dawn breaker ``O group''. My trusty alarm clock having been blamed for his late departure. The ammo due to arrive at midday we eagerly waited, the fully serviceable trouble free Lees forklifts ready to go. Having requested a 34 1700 unimog convoy to be available to more the Army's most expensive expendable item, we were most surprised at Transport's efforts, three hours late with a mere 5 1700s with trailers. Twelve hours and 150 tonnes of ammo later we finished. The next day would see the coming of what was later called the Battle of the Tarps. The bloody tarps won.

From then on we settled into our daily routine of 0630 - 0730 breakfast, 0730 - 0400 issues. The busiest time of the day for us was about 10 minutes before the Dps were due to leave. The best one we received was our tireless platoon commandeer doubled up to us with 18 demands in her hot little hands saying this was to be ready to go at 1600 hours not so bad you say. It was 1550, what can you do I ask you. Survival is the name of the game and survive we did.

Sayings To Come Out of AFE 92

- * Tarps, tarps not the tarps again please.
- * I thought you bought the beer. What not even a hip flask.
- * ``H'' did you shave this morning?
- * No bonet key, no road kit, and they expect me to keep this thing serviceable, yeh sure.
- * Shit the 2IC coming to stay.
- * My hair needs a moisturising pack.
- * Who wants to do the next DP?
- * Do you want to do the next DP?
- * You will do the next DP!
- * Gee thanks boss.
- * That's not how you strip a Steyr sort it out.
- * Who's eating all my jelly beans.
- * That's a sad effort at growing a mow.
- * Well take a shower tomorrow.
- * Why are females never employed in ammo points.
- * Larry how can you be an omah?
- * Not again Gary bloody hell.
- * Who was the dork that over issued this unit 500%, oh shit it's me.
- * Go to Log Bn and get this signal authorised.
- * No we haven't got any bloody boxes.
- * When will Bruch and H take a shower.

Interesting Experiences

- * Using the log bogger early on a rainy morning.
- * Laying out 2 km of land line/rolling it back in.
- * Trying to find 175 mortar boxes.

- * Trying to motivate Gary first thing in the morning.
- * Watching SSgt Ephias' face as Cpl B explains how he damaged the unimog.
- * Watching Gary's face as the lads are told they are to be moved to Coy HQ.
- * Larry doing his hair.
- * Trying to find misplaced uniforms.

In conclusion this year's AFE has been a learning experience for one and all. We at the Ammo Point did our best to keep things flowing smoothly on the whole I think we succeeded.

Final note: where are the mortar boxes?

WELCOME FROM THE FOSSIL FACTORY ARMY MUSEUM

Strength three Ordnance personnel on staff:

- * SSgt Thorby (Maurice) Medals Curator. Maurice spends his time processing medals to display in the medal repository on behalf of the donors. He also advises on medals and acts as a warden.
- * Cpl Vartha (Steve) Assistant Registrar. Steve is responsible for identifying and registering all artifacts donated to the museum. He is ably assisted by Mrs Raewyn Redman. Steve is also called upon for Helo refuel duties (indispensable to Corps it seems).

* **Cpl Bidois (Roger) Curator of Accoutrements Museum Manufacturing.** Roger is responsible for the conservation of leather and textile artifacts and manufacturing canopies and reupholstering all vehicles belonging to the Museum. He also oversees the manufacturing business which produces a line of military style canvas products and assists with warden's duties from time to time.

Previous Events

Museum staff have recently toured the Northern Battle sites to further their knowledge of the New Zealand Wars of the 1840s. The museum staff also completed a Kiwi Host Course which assists them with protocol with handling the public.

Forthcoming Events

The staff of the museum are to participate in a tramp over Mount Tongariro over the period 9-12 March 1992. The aim of this tramp is to introduce all members of the museum, civilian and military, to the Tongariro National Park for tramping information to the public.

Also planning a trip to all the Taranaki Battle sites.

As a real morale booster, two members of the museum staff will travel to the Canberra Museum in Australia each year. This will broaden their knowledge in curatorial skills.

A TYPICAL DAY AT WORK

by **THE IRON PAW**
N.J. KEARNS

Introductions

First I will introduce the boys to

you.

* **SSgt DENCH (Mike) The Boss.** He seems more interested in swimming. Social Club Council Kindy - with all that he hasn't any time for work.

* **Cpl KEARNS (The Iron Paw).** The man that really runs the place. Seems to spend all his spare time in Wanganui. Brought himself a 22 Magnum to blow away and gut bunnies in one go. He also goes trout fishing with a surfcasting rod, but has trouble keeping the hooks in the fishes' mouths.

* **Cpl HOHUA (Ho).** Also sometimes known as Casper. He thinks if he works out enough one day he will look like Arnold Schwarzenegger. Yer right Ho.

* **Cpl SAVILL (Sav).** Also known as the Mad Perker. If you want me page me.

* **Pte HEPI (Heps).** But I was only doing 90 km/h in a 30 km/h area. What was I doing wrong? I like my new walking licence.

* **Pte BENNETT (Benny).** Our resident Jesus freak.

The boys have got a great track record with vehicles:

* **MIKE** Blown differential. bugged door and lost his bike.

* **THE IRON PAW** Had the side of his car smashed in by a woman driver.

* **HO** Smashed up the rear end of his car. Then not satisfied with that smashed up the stores section civil trade van front and rear.

* **SAV** To numerous to mention.

* **HEPS** Now the proud owner of a walking licence.

* **BENNY** Has just brought himself a car so he can follow our lead and smash it up like the rest of us.

The Store Section of the workshop is the HUB of the whole place. Without the store section the workshop would cease to exist. Even though the EME type people (PARTS FITTERS) give us shit they know that they are just a sub-trade to the AUTO-PARTS STOREMEN.

The day starts at 0710:

* 0710 to 0930 Get abused by the parts fitters.

* 0930 to 0945 Smoko.

* 0945 to 1150 Get more abuse.

* 1150 to 1230 Lunch.

* 1230 to 1530 Get even more abuse.

* 1530 Time to knock off for the day. Go home to more abuse.

Some days we have P.T. (PHYSICAL TORTURE). I think that the PTIs that take us were kicked out of the German SS for cruelty. But we can hack it.

Projects we are working on:

* M113 outscale to 1 ARMD WKSP and 1 BSB.

* CVR(T) (Scorpion to all you blanket counters) outscale to the above places.

* AN/PRC 25 Set inscale.

- * Carl Gustav (Bazooka to all you non trade pers) inscale.

Postings In

- * Bill Twiss?

Postings Out

- * Neil Kearns - Trentham??
- * Grant Hohua - Trentham???

So that's a day in the life of a soldier in Wai Wksp

STORE SECTION - THE ELITE

1 ARMoured GROUP WORKSHOP STORES SECTION

Greetings from the busy tussock and woods of Waiberia. Well, the Black Hatter team from the Armoured Group have had a very hectic year since the last Pataka. Between work, courses, TODs, sport and the field (where the real man's army is for all you base wallars) the Stores Section has found it hard to keep up with the great workload put out by the workshop.

The team has stayed the same here with no postings in or out. The boss, Brian Gillies, is having to play less golf than he'd like these days due to work commitments (of course) and also, in December, arriving back from a TOD to the ice for three months, which he enjoyed thoroughly, despite his week long initiation into the American Navy Chief Petty Officers ranks. Alas the boss is back into it again and looking forward to making the Army Golf team again this year.

The 2IC Cpl Mintys Mannix is still recovering from his ``swim in the deep end'' when he took over the reins of Stores Section boss and took on the three very obliging apprentices during the absence of Bri. He handled the job very well without too many problems. Mintys had

a good year of sport, deciding to take on league. He soon made the Waiouru Bobcat Premiers which too out the Manawatu Premier Competition, which then promoted them to the Lion Red Nationals.

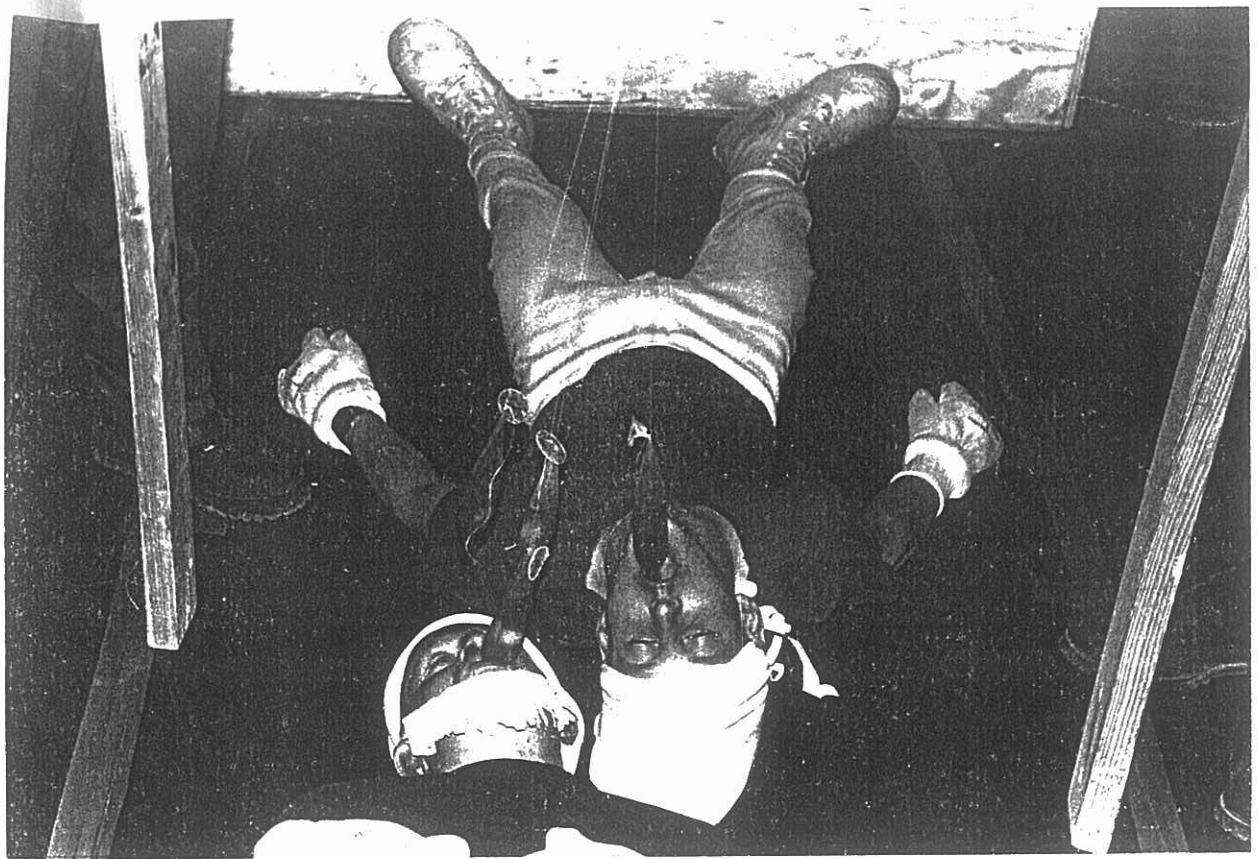
Next in charge is LCpl Buddha Cotton. He is a current member of the Ready Reaction Force Fitters team (so he claims). Between working for his Fitters Section and flying around the training area on his motor bike, he sat his Trade Certificate Exam in November. After doing so well on his courses and exam he was unfortunate to iss out on his overall mark. (A slight oversight on his part costing him his qualification.)

Next in no particular order is Pte Fly Lewis, the first of the sharp end boys (more field talk for the base wallars). He is a keen kayaker whose interests include his girlfriend, Lisa and not to mention his girlfriend (Horny Toad). Between Lisa, kayaking and his girlfriend, the Fly sat his second qualifying exam, which he passed well, moving him on to Trade Cert this year. Well done the Fly.

Finally the boy of the place and the second of the sharp end is Pte Mac McKenzie. After taking out the inaugural ugly competition held at the start of 1991 he managed to hold off some stern challengers to remain the ugliest apprentice. Last year Mac sat first and second qualifying exams which he managed a pass in both quite successfully, also moving him on to Trade Cert this year. Well done the ugly one.

Well that;s all I have from the Black Hatters in Waiouru. I can't really continue much more without having to talk about work, which I don't really want to do, so until next time remember:

KEEP SMILING



OUR ILLUSTRIOUS LEADER DURING HIS INITIATION



AT THE END OF THE INITIATION RECEIVING THE PLAQUE