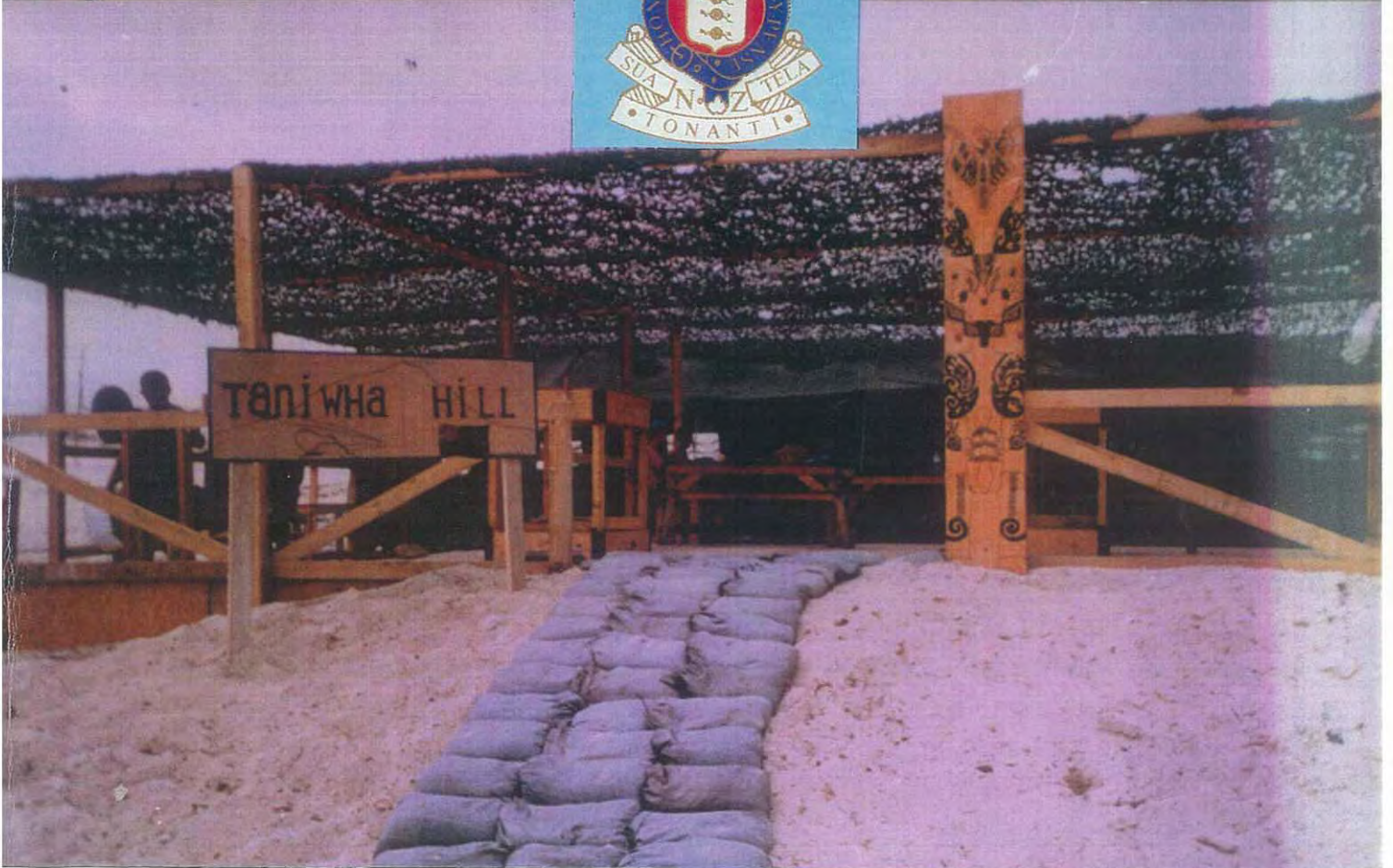
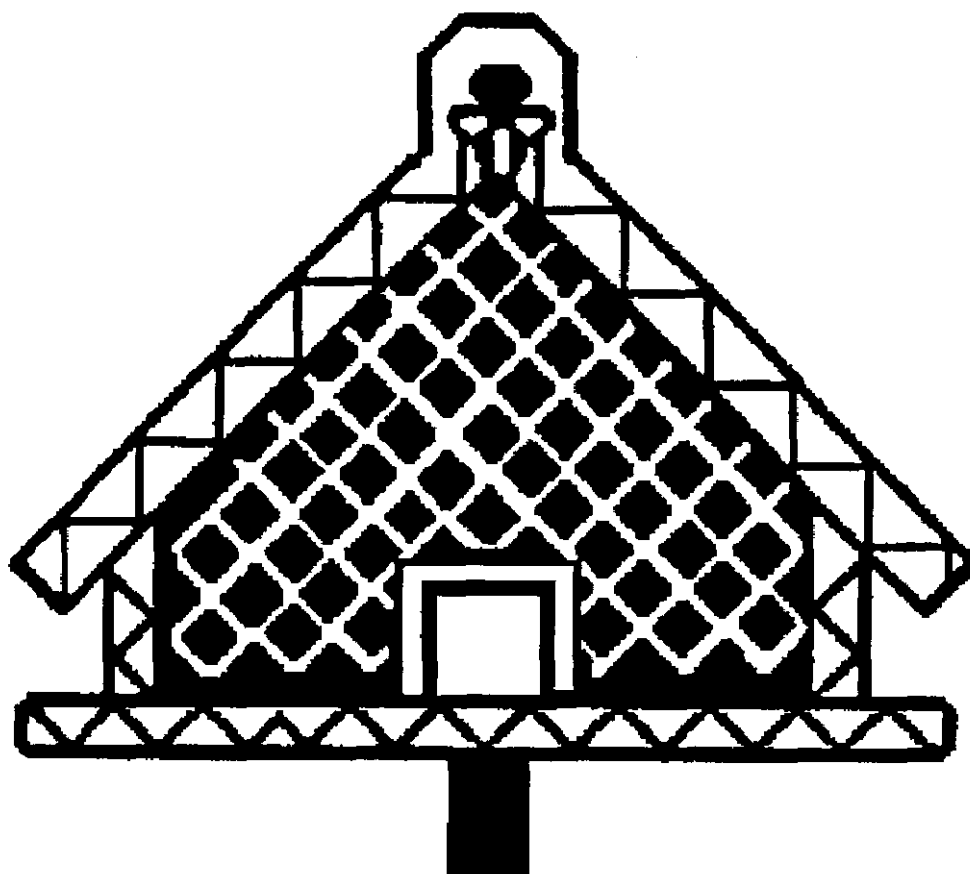


PATAKA



THE MAGAZINE OF THE RNZAOC

PATAKA '93



THE RNZAOC MAGAZINE

Editor:
Publishers:

WO2 G.D. Moore
Capt L.D. Murch
Ms M.L. Alsbrook

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COCKROACH CORNER

Cover Photograph

Taniwha Hill and Personnel from the first rotation of UNOSOM (NZ Supply Detachment)

(left to right: Pte TeHau, Cpl Rennie, Pte King, Lt Howard, Pte Kareko, Pte Tauranga, Pte Pullar)

FOREWORD

I was pleased to be asked to write this foreword to Pataka. So many things are changing. The Army is rebalancing and with that comes new Logistic Regiments, systems are changing and Regimental Colonels have been appointed.

I am personally delighted to be appointed the first Regimental Colonel for the Corps. But what is a Regimental Colonel? The Chief of General Staff's Directive 4/92 issued 15 Dec 92 spells it out. In summary, for the RNZAO C I am responsible for:

- * providing specialist advice when called for,
- * maintaining an overview of Corps personnel matters, and
- * providing a link between the Colonel Commandant and the Corps and to provide support to the Colonel Commandant. In this respect, I am delighted to working with the Colonel Commandant, Colonel John Campbell again.

Please understand that Regimental Colonels are not replacements for Corps Directors, we are very much advisory, carrying out this task in addition to normal duties and have no money or people to assist.

Rebalancing is changing the way the Army works and introducing new challenges for the Corps. The creation of the Logistic Regiments is a logical step. It is important to remember that this offers a major opportunity to be seen directly alongside the other logistic corps and make your mark. I have no doubt that you can do this well.

The basis of our supply operation, DSSD, has been extended to include Consumer Units. As a direct result of the increase in common accounting systems, the training of unit Q staff is being relocated to the RNZAO C School at Trentham. In the future, DSSD is going to be replaced by the Project Fusion software. I have been involved very extensively in the product selection and while a decision has yet to be announced, I can assure you that we will find ourselves being delighted but stretched in exploiting the power of the commercial software that will come with the project.

We are fortunate to have a number of people overseas in unfortunate countries working with the United Nations. I am always pleased to hear the very favourable comments on how they are working and the way they bring credit to the Corps. It is always a reminder to others in the Army of the essentiality to operations of the tasks the Corps carries out.

It is a long time since I have been directly involved with the Corps. I look forward to meeting as many of you as possible in the next few months.

T.D. McBETH
Colonel
Regimental Colonel

EDITORIAL

July 1993

Edition 1/93

Christmas and New Year have been and gone for 1992 and we are now halfway through the year. As this is my last edition as your Editor, I would like to take this opportunity to thank all of you who have contributed to the magazine over the past two years. I retire from the army in September after 20 years service, and wish Bryce Good all the best as your new Editor. Remember the magazine is only as good as the contributions that you the Corps members submit. I am sure Bryce will carry on the standard that has been set, and finally I would like to wish all RNZAOC members well in their respective careers and for the future, (even APs and ATs).

SUA TELA TONANTI

After browsing through the Pataka Magazine archives I came across a letter from 36373 SSgt Nicholson, MBE, RNZAOC, 1 BOD dated 10 February 1969. His suggestion that the RNZAOC Newsletter be renamed to the "PATAKA", hence the name PATAKA Magazine. His referral was to the RNZAOC Newsletter No. 1 dated 4 October 1968, and also included the following paragraph:

"Purists may argue that a Pataka was primarily a building for storing food and perishables and as such belongs more properly to our friends in the RNZASC. However the word "storehouse" in Army language immediately brings to mind Ordnance. Then again in some future re-org of the defence forces, Ordnance may well take over all Army stores and supplies just as RAOC has in the UK - in which event the title will be even more appropriate".

This eventually took place on the 12th May 1979. Perhaps SSgt Nicholson could foresee into the future.

As I toured around the country with my entourage of Sgt Bryce Good, 2Lt Ruth Currie and 2Lt Shelley Murphy, it was pleasing to have the articles for the magazine ready for uplift.

Problems arose when a couple of Units did not have anything, and the usual excuse of: "we submitted an article last year and it was not published so you get nothing this year"; fell on deaf ears.

The last two years I have been your Editor all contributions received by the due date were published in the magazine.

The magazine acts as a way of conveying your Unit's activities and manning to all members of the Corps, so let's not let the Corps down and let us know who is out there and what everyone is doing.

G.D. MOORE
EDITOR

THE COLONELS COMMANDANT 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 that the 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 principal Ordnance depots. The first appointment in the British Army was offered to Major General Sir John Steevens, 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 - 12 Jul 92

Lieutenant Colonel A.J. Campbell
12 Jul 92 - Still serving

RESUME

COLONEL A.J. CAMPBELL, RNZAOC

PERSONAL DETAILS

NAME: Arthur "John" Campbell

ADDRESS: "Grasmere"
36 Grasmere Road
Henderson Valley
AUCKLAND

AGE: 53 years

PLACE OF BIRTH: Dunedin

MARITAL STATUS: Married - (wife) Elizabeth Ann
Two sons aged 29 and 24

EDUCATION: Kings High School

NEW ZEALAND ARMY SERVICE

TF: Completed 23rd Intake, CMT and Commissioned as 2Lt, 1 August 1958 with 1 Otago Southland Regiment. Promoted to Lt and commanded MMG Platoon.

RF: Joined RF 13 June 1960 as Pte, T/Sgt. Attended OCS Portsea July 60 - June 61 and commissioned as 2Lt. Served with New Zealand Regiment until May 1962 when transferred to RNZAOC to undergo ATO training.

RF POSTINGS

1962 - 63 Ammunition Technical Officer, SDOD

1963 - 65 Adjutant, 1 Composite Ordnance Company

1965 - 66 2IC Nguarawahia Camp/NDOD

1966 - 68 Camp Commandant Nguarawahia Camp and OC NDOD. Dual appointment as DADOS 1 NZ Bde.

1968 - 69 DADOS, CMD

1969 - 70 GSO2 Ops and Int, 1 ALSG Australian Force, South Vietnam

1970 Attended Australian Staff College, Queenscliff

1971 - 73 DDOS, HQ Home Command

1973 - 75 SO2 Ops, 11 Sup Bn, Brisbane, Australia

1975 - 76 Commanding Officer, 1 Base Sup Bn

1976 - 79 DOS, Army General Staff

TF Rejoined TF on resignation from RF. Held appointments as ADOS and until moving to Australia in 1983 held the appointment as Commanding Officer, 3 Field Ambulance.

Held appointment as Aide-de-Camp to Government General.

Total RF and TF Service 26 years. Active Service in South Vietnam - retain ATO qualification until retirement.

NEW ZEALAND HEALTH SERVICE

1979 - 82 On resigning from the Regular Force returned to home town of Dunedin and held the appointment as Chief Executive of Dunedin Hospital, Otago Area Health Board.

COMMERCE

1982 Joined Command Services Corporation as Group Personnel and Corporate Services Manager.

1983 Appointed Managing Director, Crothall Industries Limited.

1983 - 85 Managing Director, Command Services Corporation
Revenue \$200 million, Employees 6,000, Control Span eight companies in Australia and NZ.

1985 - 90 Group Managing Director, Australasia and Asia, ADT Limited.

ADT is one of the world's largest non financial services company and was Group Managing Director with main Board responsibilities for all ADT companies and activities in Australia, New Zealand and Asia. Included companies in china, Hong Kong, Thailand, Singapore, Australia and New Zealand.

The scope and dimensions of the position comprised fourteen principal operating subsidiary companies, two major international joint venture companies and a further six smaller subsidiary companies.

Turnover of the Group for 1989 exceeded \$530 million. Employees within the area of responsibility - 22,000.

The business activities of ADT covered:

- *Property Maintenance Services
- *Health, Education and Public Sector Services
- *Security Services
- *Food and Catering Services
- *Building Maintenance
- *Human Resource Services
- *Printing Services

Divestment

In mid 1989, ADT took a global strategic decision that its future core business focus would be in the US and UK/Europe areas. Tasked with the responsibility for the successful divestment of all of ADT's Australasian and Asian businesses. With these responsibilities successfully concluded, returned to live in New Zealand. This was always a long held objective.

PRESENT: In "active retirement"

Acting as Business Consultant for several major international and New Zealand Companies including:

- * Jardine Matheson
- * ADT Limited
- * ICTS
- * Tempo Services
- * Reliance Services

Acting a Business consultant for Area Health Boards in New Zealand. Shareholder and Director in several New Zealand Companies.

THE YO'S PATAKA REPORT

by SECOND LIEUTENANT S.J. MURPHY

TOUR MEMBERS:

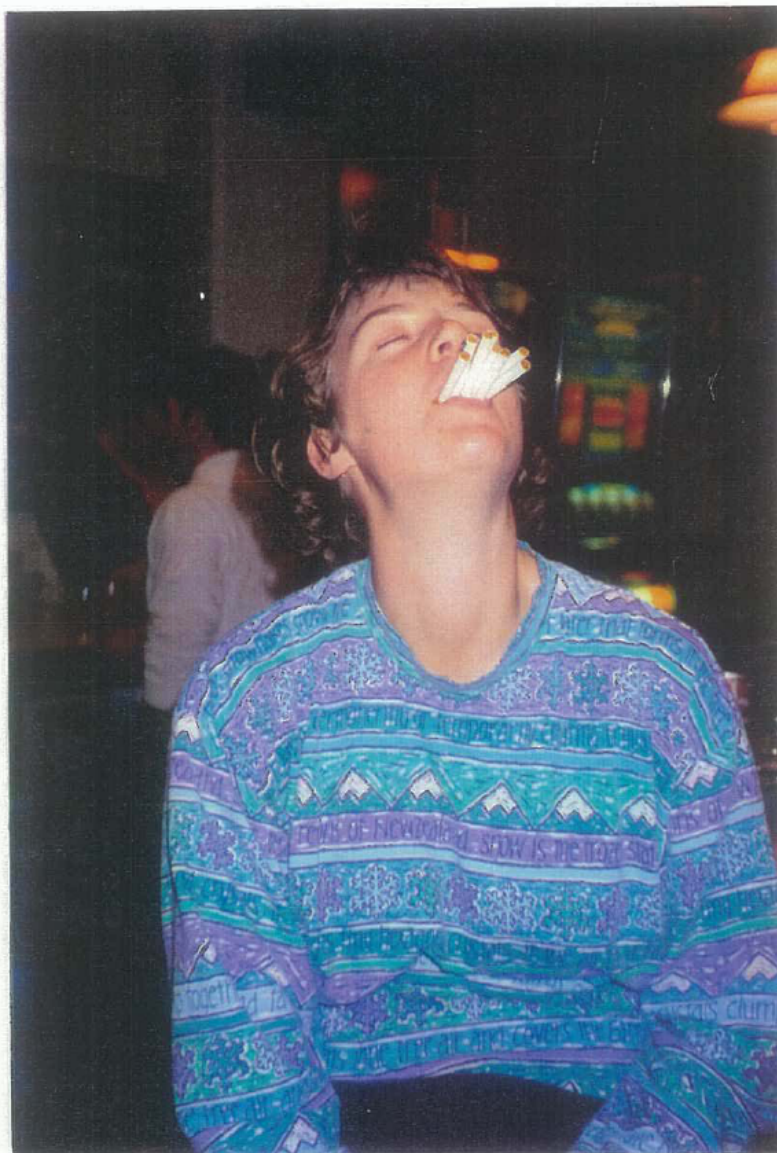
WO2 G.D. MOORE SGT B. . GOOD
2LT S.J. MURPHY 2LT R.L. CURRIE

In accordance with tradition, Young Officers (YO's) are dragged along (kicking and screaming) on the infamous Pataka Tour. This year 2Lt Ruth Currie and I were 'victims', who accompanied G.D., Bryce and friends on the Ordnance Adventure of '93.

From the YO's point of view the Pataka Tour is a great opportunity to meet a few of the faces within the Corps (as pleasant or as unpleasant as they may be). The expedition also gave us an insight into the unruly behaviour of Warrant Officers and SNCO's.

After an amusing performance of trying to pack the car (my suggestion of leaving the golf clubs behind was not well received), the Pataka Tour kicked off to a good start arriving safely in Linton. We set about on a mission to collect articles and harass people for articles. I am pleased to report that the art of delegation is alive and well in our Corps. When it comes to Pataka articles it takes a SNCO about 1 minute to delegate the task, and a JNCO a little longer to pass it on if he or she possibly can.

After a pleasant Wednesday evening in Palmerston North I had that arduous task of driving one snoring G.D. Moore to Waiouru, for those of you who have heard him snore, you will understand the PAIN we all went through. Food was the next priority for our Editor (funny that!), then we started the real work of collected articles.



With this task completed we were left with an unusually sunny Waiouru afternoon. Both G.D. and Bryce were suffering sweaty palms and the only cure for this is a round of golf (surprise, surprise!). I am pleased to report that Bryce and Ruth suffered defeat in the hands of the awesome tag-team of G.D. and myself.

From Waiouru the tour headed North to Auckland. was unable to participate in this leg of the journey, but a reliable source informs me of a few tales that require telling. All of the Auckland units should give themselves a thorough back-patting, as 99 per cent of the articles were prepared and waiting. I hope by now that the Auckland shops and the 'Queen St religious fanatics' have recov-

ered from their encounters with the Pataka Tour, and any stories that you may hear about an unplanned 'emergency stop' will have to be confirmed through G.D., Bryce or Ruth

A weekend was spent recovering in Trentham and then we set off on the final leg of our adventure - Burnham. We gained some excess baggage along the way in the form of; Len (the half-pint Aussie) and Waka and Andy, all on liaison visits. A few of us were more than a bit nervous about stepping onto South Island soil, but as it turned out most of the population have had their other heads removed, they have loaned them to the North Islanders (*inserted by a discerning publisher!!*).

With all of the articles collected and secured in the briefcase the only remaining task was to attend the Happy Hour at BSC. From there it was the obligatory trip to the Rolleston Public House, where the Karaoke machine was in full swing. Unfortunately (for the patrons) the Pataka Tour was 'dobbled' by the locals and we had to attempt a song or two. By the way, if you ever get the opportunity to hear G.D. sing Elvira do not miss it!

Finally we were homeward bound from an extremely arduous three weeks, all weary eyed and some with blood-streams containing extremely dangerous levels of alcohol! To conclude I would like to thank everyone who hosted us, and we look forward to catching up again in the future.

A FEW OF THE MORE FAMOUS 'DOBS':

- G.D. : For have serious problems with his digestive system after a good meal of Chilli Squid
- Bryce: For having the same problem after eating the cold remains for breakfast
- G.D.: Whilst travelling in the van; turning on the heater then winding down the window and exclaiming "It's a bloody hot night!"
- Ruth: Announcing our arrival at 1 RNZIR by nudging the building with the car.
- G.D.: On parking the car, after a night out "go on, the garage will fit in the car!"
- Shelly: After a night at the local "but honest guys, I dont even smoke!!"
- Shelly: After the same night "Who were those Austruikingfalians anyway?"



*Barry, Larry, GD, and Waka
When the boys are away they must play, or sing Father Abraham in this case*

A RELIC FROM THE PAST

What a find! During one of Burnham Supply Centre's numerous store changes "The Bedspread" was found.

The passage to its discovery, however makes nearly as interesting reading as the history of the Bedspread itself, and show how vulnerable historical material is to mismanagement.

While working in one of the store reorganisations, a certain unnamed person, reached for a rags old from a shelf in order to clean down a board. Noticing writing on the rag, that unnamed person unfolded the "rag" to find that not only was there writing on it, but much of this writing had been embroidered over - the writing was, in fact signatures. The "rag" was put aside and duly sent to the laundry for cleaning. Upon its return the unnamed person revealed his/her find to all present in the Smoko Room.

Amongst those gathered were a few with an eye to the significance of its historical value. A visit to the local library unearthed the book "Marching Past - a history of Burnham Camp", in which reference was found to "A Bedspread". The following is an excerpt from that book:

"To raise money for church funds, Mrs Nicol hit on a novel idea. In 1935, whenever an Officers' course came into the camp, she made them all sign their names on a linen bedspread and charged them half-a-crown (25 cents) for the privilege. She then diligently embroidered over their signatures, to preserve them, and kept the bed spread in a draw in the church. What a revelation that bedspread is today!

There, preserved for posterity, are the embroidered signatures of the Minister of Defence, (Mr John G. Cobbe), the Under-Secretary for Defence (Mr H. Turner), the General Officer Commanding NZ Military Forces (Major-General W.L.H. Sinclair-Burgess) and the Officer Commanding Southern Military Command (Colonel S.C.P. Nicholls).

Under the heading "Ordnance Staff : Burnham 1935" one can see the signature of Lieutenant D. Nicol and many of his staff.

In addition, Officers who attended the Command Mounted rifles Course in August 1935, the Command Infantry course of September 1935, the Command Artillery course of October 1935 and the NZ Permanent Forces course in December 1935 also signed the bedspread.

Among those who passed through the Camp at the time were several who later became Camp Commandants - Major M.A. Stedman, Lieutenant R.J. Eyre and Lieutenant F.L.H. Davis. Also featured are Captain S.M. Satterthwaite, Captain A.J. More, Sergeant A.J. Steele, Warrant Officer Second Class W.P. (Phill) Morgan and Sergeant J.E. Hobson, all of whom became well known in the Camp.

One name which will bring back memories to all those who have served in the Army during and since the Second World War is that of Second Lieutenant W.R. Kimmitt Morrison. A legend in his time, he retired in December 1966 in the rank of Brigadier to become Secretary of the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme.

Last, but certainly not least, are the names of local church dignitaries and children of the Burnham Sunday School and members of the Burnham Camp Women's Club, headed by the originator of the whole idea - Mrs Ruth Nicol herself."

People who served at Burnham in the late 40s to mid 70s, including one serving soldier who was on the Vestry Committee were spoken to. None of these spoken to could recall the existence of the "Bedspread". Whoever sighted it at the time of the book being written must have kept it very quiet!

This time round, photographs have been taken of the "bedspread" and advice is being sought on how best to store and preserve this historical article.

Names listed on the "bedspread" are not always easy to read, however an attempt has been made to decipher them all.

Minister of Defence

John G. Cobbe

Under Secretary of Defence

H. Turner

General Officer Commanding

W.L.H. Sinclair-Burgess

OC Southern Command

S.C.P. Nicholls

Command Mounted Rifles Cours August 1935

M. Stewart	Maj	A.L. Nicholson	Capt
A.S. Frame	Lt	M. Parsons	Cpl
A. McIntosh	Lt	J.A. McAlpine	2Lt
C.B.M. Math	Lt	L.S. Max	Lt

F.N. Fraser	Lt	M.E. Johnson	Capt
V.T. Berry	Lt	A.V. Neal	Lt
R.C. Harper	Lt	H.J. Talbot	Lt
J.S. Bonipont	2Lt	H.S.C. Orbel	Lt
H.H. Jorth	Lt	J.F. McIntosh	Lt

Command Infantry Course September 1935

M.A. Stedman		Maj	
S.N. Satterthwaite		Capt	
W.R. Kennitt-Morrison		2Lt	
M. Desmond Unwin		Capt	
A. Smillie	Lt	M.C. Rice	Capt
A.W. Grenville	Capt	R.J. Eyre	Lt
A.J. Moore	Capt	H. McQuaide	Lt
C.J. Scollay	2Lt	R.J. Mason	Lt
K. Robbins	Lt	A.R. Cockerell	Lt
K. Smith	Capt	K.D. Wood	2Lt
R.B. Fell	Lt	S.R. Rice	Lt
G. Pugh	Capt	A.J. Merl	2Lt
R.W. Bell	Lt	S. Wood	2Lt
J.S. Quinn	Lt	A.S. McCormack	Lt

Command Artillery Course October 1935

D.B. Williams	Maj	H.W.D. Blake	Capt
M. Hawkins	Lt	R. Sprosin	2Lt
M.A. Ball	Capt	J.W. Moodie	Lt
B.G. MacAvoy	Lt	T. Aldridge	Capt
J. Bradley	Lt	W. Pollard	Capt
L. Walton	Capt	G.S. Findley	Lt
J.C. Fleming	2Lt	M.K. Whale	2Lt
A. Munro	Lt	R.E. Beattie	Capt
T.W. Straker	2Lt		

NZ Permanent Forces Course December 1935

G.H. Bell	Lt Col	Guy C. Felton	Capt
J.S. White	Lt	K.J. Walker	Capt
J. Vincent	Lt	V. Sugden	Capt
J.C. Davis	Lt	G.W. Macon	Lt
T.F.S. Rudd	WO1	J.F. Hobson	Sgt
J. Little	WO1	P.S. Stewart	WO1
J. Brown	WO1	J. Henderson	WO1
R.I. Jordon	WO1	A.L. Emerson	WO1
A.J. Coles	CHQ	G.A. Stuart	Gnr
J.S. Fitzgerald	WO1	H.L. Frank	WO1
R.C. Allen	WO1	W.P. Morgan	WOII
A.J. Steele	Sgt	D.M. Crichton	Gnr
C.D. Wilson	WOI	L.A. Murie	WOII
P.G. Monk	Sgt	A.B. Cooper	Gnr
E.R. Hancock	Bdr		
J.A.S. McKenzie		SSM	
C.T.R. McLean		BSM	

Ordnance Staff, Burnham 1935

T.J. King	Maj	D. Nicol	Lt
F. Reid		W.T. Pople	
G.B. Duncan		J.L. Peterson	
C.W. Hall		E.A. Bryne	
P.N. Evridge		C.J.J. Storie	
C.E. Gleeson		A.E. Shadbolt	
E. Coleman		W.S. Valentine	
C.H. Gibbs		A.A. Berwick	
E.G. Forgie		K.J. Falloon	
W.C. Hastings		SQMS	
F.A. Chapshaw	Armr	Sgt	
P.C. Austin	Armr	Sgt	
R.B. Meadowcroft			

Burnham Camp Womens Club

Ruth Nichol	Pres	E. Pople	Vic Pres
D. Hastings		J. Gleeson	
G. Shadbolt		N. Peryer	
S. Peterson		I.M. Parker	
N. Austin	Sec	N. Storie	
M. Harrison		N. Reid	
C.E. Coleman		G. Gibbs	
E.M. Scott		E.H.A. Wright	
A.V. Tweed		S.J. Williams	
G. Williams		R.N. Tweed	
M.J. Scott			

Burnham Sunday School

Helen D. Hastings		Dorothy M. Hastings	
Betty Hastings		Joan P. Hastings	
Aynslie Storie		Nola Gleeson	
Alex Scott		Joan Joseph	
Jock Nicol		F.G. Brittan	Vicar
W.H.S. Hine	Vicar	A.W. Scott	Church Warden
H.J. Devonshire		Organist	
L.E. Devonshire		Organist	

Audit

J. Butler		D.J. Sheppard	
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Miscellaneous

J.L. Grant	Maj	D.W. Manners	
H.E. Rowe	CF	R.K. Dobson	CF
John Froud	CF	F.S.M. Williams	
C.S.P. Nicholls	Sgt	C.H. Crump	Maj
J.D. Ritchie	Lt	E.W. Batty	Lt
H.J.W. Knights	CF	A. Suttick	Col
H.L. Voller	CF	C.H. Kendon	
John Edney	Maj		

CONSUMER UNIT ACCOUNTING

by WO2 K.J. Riesterer

Following a period of some years in which select Q Store Staff discussed the feasibility of Consumer Unit Accounting on DSSD in the Q Store environment, Consumer Unit Accounting is to go ahead.

Army is the only Service to implement Consumer Unit Accounting into the Q Stores and it is envisaged that with the introduction of Project Fusion in the next 12 - 18 months that Q Store staff will find the transition from DSSD to Fusion a lot easier than their counterparts in the Air Force and Navy.

A Project Team sponsored by the Commander Support Command was established consisting of Lt Jo Gutry (Project Manager), WO2 Kevin Riesterer and SSgt Barry Madgwick as Team Members. Technical and Advisory assistance has also been received from a number of other personnel as well.

During November/December 1992, 2nd Field Hosp (2 Fd Hosp) was chosen as the trial Unit. This trial was very successful not only from a DSSD point of view but also with the Users. It was hoped to have all Consumer Units which total 48 on line in an interactive computerised accounting systems by 30 June 1993, however, due to a lack of space available on DSSD the implementation has had to be delayed until July 1993.

A Roadshow was conducted during February in which Unit Commanders, Accounting Officers and Q Staff were briefed on what Consumer Unit Accounting was all about and how it will benefit Q Stores. Following this Roadshow, the Project Team was able to implement NZCES Accounting and MD502 Accounting Procedures which are to be accepted.

As a majority of Q Store staff are unfamiliar with DSSD, a series of User courses are being conducted at the School of Army Administration for these new Users. Additional DIDS courses are also being conducted so as to enable Consumer Units to purify their accounts prior to implementation. As with any other RNZAOC Unit, Consumer Units will now require a qualified USC/USO, so the RNZAOC School is conducting additional USC/USO Courses.

A User friendly Consumer Unit Accounting User Guide has been produced by Systems Cell which will allow unfamiliar Users to easily navigate themselves through

MODNet and DSSD.

Six teams consisting of two personnel in each team will begin Unit activation on 5 July and will conclude on 27 August 1993. Two teams will begin in the South Island and work there way North, two teams will begin in Wellington and work North with the remaining two teams starting in Auckland and moving South.

At the time of writing this article, team leaders and members are being identified. Prior to the Implementation commencing, all teams will receive instruction in activating Unit accounts. This has had to be undertaken so as to standardise procedures and to follow on what is being taught on the User Courses.



BLOODY CONSUMER ACCOUNTING !!!!

THE LONDON CONNECTION

by **LIEUTENANT COLONEL D.H. WATMUFF**

In response to WO2 Moore's desperate attempts to solicit articles for PATAKA, I am delighted to give readers some insight into life in London. At the time of writing it occurs to me that the RNZAOC has achieved a major milestone in being the most represented overseas that it has been in a very long time. For example, the Corps is represented (to the best of my knowledge) as follows:

- * a supply platoon in Somalia
- * a UN observer in the former Yugoslavia
- * an AT in Cambodia
- * a major in UN HQ New York (until very recently)
- * two majors in Australia
- * in the MFO periodically
- * a lieutenant colonel in Washington
- * a lieutenant colonel in London
- * a brigadier at RCDS in London
- * a captain in Porirua

That is quite an achievement for the Corps, and one that it can be justifiably proud of.

In this article I propose to give you a brief picture of life in London working within the New Zealand Defence Staff. Having been advised that I was to be posted to London, I commenced the administrative arrangements which, in hindsight, were particularly protracted. My time at HQ 1 Bde rapidly came to an end in November of last year, and before we knew it, we were trying to sleep off the jet lag in our London hotel. You tend not to think that culture shock will be a problem in the UK, given our common heritage, values, traditions and the like. More so in my case, given that my family is English.

Surprisingly, there are many differences to our NZ way of life. One common complaint rests with the UK banking system; in NZ we are used to the needs of the customer taking priority over the needs of the bank. We

can draw our money out at any branch, and (within reason) do almost anything we want with it. Not so here; physically, the banks provide the minimum amount of space for customers who are separated from the bank staff by grilles. This reinforces the apparent policy that the needs of the bank are paramount. It is frustrating for New Zealanders who enjoy a more enlightened banking system. In time the concept of customer service will take root, but it will need a major turnaround in attitude here.

New Zealand House, within which is located the NZ Defence Staff, is situated very close to Trafalgar Square. It is one of the tallest buildings in the area (17 floors) and dominates the West End skyline. The penthouse offers one of the best night time views of London. Unlike most other NZ High Commissions and Embassies around the world, New Zealand House is shared by both NZ government departments and UK business firms. The NZ portion takes up three floors only; the remainder is either leased out or is vacant. The High Commission is essentially a conglomeration of fragmented departments. It is not unified post in the true sense. MERT has primacy with the others, Defence, Immigration, Trade Development Board, Tourism, and the Debt Management Office, being 'lodgers'. There is contact between the agencies, however Defence is largely autonomous.

The NZ Defence Staff currently comprises four uniformed and sixteen civilian personnel. The Defence Adviser (who is the head of Post) is an RNZN Commodore, and he has three Assistant Defence Advisers who represent their own Service. I, therefore, am the Assistant Defence Adviser (Army). The Defence Staff is broadly split into two parts, Liaison and the Defence Purchasing Office London (DPOL). This latter organisation used to be a separate office when it was a part of the GSBC, but was placed under the Defence Staff in early 1991. My other responsibility is as the Senior Defence Purchasing Officer (SDPO), in which I control the operation of the DPOL.

As the Assistant Defence Adviser (Army), I am required to liaise with the British Army on any matters raised by Army General Staff, or pass back to New Zealand any information that I feel may be of interest to the NZ Army. In fulfilling this particular responsibility, I am a member of the ABCANZ group and receive monthly briefings by senior staff officers within the Ministry of Defence. The content of these briefings is not generally available to other attaches, and the group is consequently a very useful source of information on a wide range of subjects. Generally, we tend to take more than we give in terms of information flow, however, the British Army is well disposed towards us and we try to correct the balance by other means!

My primary job is as SDPO. I am delighted to be the first RNZAOC officer to be appointed to the post, and I hope that I will not be the last. The DPOL comprises 11 personnel including myself. It is divided into two parts; the core of the DPOL is the purchasing function, and this is carried out by five desk officers. They are responsible for processing all tri-Service requisitions for spare parts and equipment. The DPOL uses a software programme called the Defence Integrated Purchasing System (DIPS) which interfaces with DSSD. It is a powerful programme, although problems were encountered with it following installation in the DPOL in Jun 91. These problems will be overcome with the Phase Two development which is scheduled for completion in early Jun 93. Without labouring the technical aspects of DIPS, it represents an electronic method of processing requisitions from input via DSSD in New Zealand, daily downloading within the DPOL, through requests for quotations (with an automatic faxing capability), summarising of quotes, to the production of purchase orders. It is not a true EDI system, however, it has made a considerable difference in improving requisition processing times.

The main client of the DPOL is the RNZN, specifically SNSD. All UK-sourced spares and assemblies for the Leander frigates are purchased through the DPOL. Recently, with the acquisition of the Macchi jet trainer, there has been a sharp increase in the number of RNZAF requisitions to support this aircraft type. Additionally, we purchase Andover and Wasp spares by means of a UK Logistics Support Agreement with the RAF. Army is the smallest of our clients in terms of the volume of requisitions raised.



There have been problems with the performance of the DPOL, primarily in two areas, communications and responsiveness. Whilst some of the problems can be resolved internally, one of the greatest difficulties has been the lack of resources, especially in the areas of EDP software and hardware. The furniture in the DPOL is of

early 1960s vintage, and functionally unsuited to present day requirements. Following a report on the DPOL, funds have been allocated which will address most of the deficiencies in the operation of the system.

The holding of dual appointments can, at times, be something of a juggling act in terms of trying to find the right balance between purchasing and liaison duties. It is not possible to say that 60% of my time is devoted to the DPOL, and the balance to Army liaison duties. The fulcrum is forever moving, dependent upon the need at the time.

The cost of living in the UK, and in London in particular, is very high. Generally you can multiply the cost of an item or service in NZ by a factor of three to determine the UK cost, although in real

purchasing terms NZ\$1 equates to £1. Our first grocery bill took the smile off our faces; £140 is quite reasonable, but if you express it in NZ terms it represents NZ\$520 for one week's groceries!!!

Without doubt, London is an exciting city with so much happening. It never sleeps, and one cannot possibly be bored through a lack of things to do. Inevitably all good things will come to an end, and we will return to NZ. By that time, we will be looking forward to returning, and then it will be somebody else's turn to enjoy this fine old city.

A TOUR OF DUTY AT THE UNITED NATIONS HEADQUARTERS, NEW YORK

by MAJOR MICHAEL JOHNSTON

I was fortunate to have been selected for secondment to the United Nations Headquarters in New York, the second New Zealand Officer to have had the opportunity. My tour of duty was for six months, from November 1992 until May 1993 - an eventful period for the United Nations and as well the city of New York. My tour coincided with that of the initial RNZAOC Supplies Platoon deployment to Somalia.

My role was that of logistics staff officer in the Field Operations Division (FOD), this division being essentially the logistics branch of the United Nations HQ. The function of FOD is to respond to the daily requirements of logistically supporting the deployed field missions and as well assisting in developing logistical concepts, plans and budgets for future operations. FOD works closely with and in response to the Military Advisers Office in the Department of Peacekeeping - in our terms, this office is the Operations Branch of UN HQ. The Military Advisers function is to convert the political requirement of the UN, as it relates to the use of the military, into an operational concept.

My specific areas of responsibility were ammunition and rations. Much of the day to day work involved commenting on and arranging contracts, processing requisitions and coordinating the movement of supplies world-wide. The UN operates commercially oriented procurement and contractual systems which were stretched to the limited coping with the ever-changing and urgent demands of operational requirements which dramatically increased in my short six months. When I arrived in November, for example, UNOSOM I was being planned as a 4,500 strong deployment. By February, the Americans had deployed and were in the process of withdrawing their 25,000 troops and UNOSOM II was being planned to reach 28,000. While that was going on we were deploying 6,000 troops to Mozambique and arranging their support, not to mention needing to respond to the intensification of operations in UNPROFOR, UNAVEM and UNTAC.

Planning for future operations was fitted around the daily routine work and had its interesting moments. I spent much of my time March through May planning the rationing of deployments to Mozambique (ONUMOZ). This entailed arranging and putting in place an international ration supply contract worth US\$6.5 million (NZ\$13 million) and attempting to coordinate the arrival of the logistics support troops. In planning an international operation such as a UN mission, Murphy's Law tends to operate - the least likely contingency would usually occur. Plans were continually evolving as troop contributions were identified and short-falls became apparent, and ONUMOZ was no exception. It all made for an exciting day at the

office.

That office was on the twenty-second floor of the thirty-eight floor UN Secretariat building which housed about 5,000 employees. The UN has a world-wide civilian staff of 15,000 - career employees similar to a certain extent to our own public service. The conditions of service of the UN staff are widely acknowledged as generous. These international employees are required to swear an oath of allegiance to the UN, a matter that was not taken lightly, especially by the old employees. An interesting point is that the UN itself is on international territory.

In the Secretariat about 30 military officers work in FOD and the Military Advisers Office. Another group of officers manned the Situation Room, a 24 hour Ops Room. The military personnel are very much an international group. My colleagues in FOD were from UK, Australia, Austria, Germany, Poland, Finland, Belgium, France, USA, Canada and Russia.

My office looked out over part of the well-known New York skyline. Two of the distinctive buildings I could see were the Empire State Building and the twin towers of the World Trade Centre (the World's second tallest building which was the target of a bomb in early March). The World Trade Centre 'bombing' had quite an impact on the city - security consciousness in New York took on a broader meaning. Other events which marked my time in New York were the '30 year' storm in December, flooding from which cut off much of the island of Manhattan, and the '100 year' storm in March, which virtually brought New York to a standstill because of the heavy snowfall.

There were several 'firsts' on the regimental side. I arrived in time to attend, with Colonel Duthie (the NZ Military Attache in Canada), the inaugural 'AUCANZUK' luncheon, held on Remembrance Day (11 November). The acronym stands for Australia, Canada, New Zealand and United Kingdom - the Commonwealth represented in New York. In February there was a formal dinner for all serving officers from countries as far apart as USA and Russia, China and Australia dined at the US Coast Guard Officers' Club on Governors Island. It was a privilege to be associated with such an international gathering.

It was a wonderful experience to have worked in the Headquarters of such an important organisation as the UN and also to find that military personnel from all over the world could work together and produce results, at times under considerable pressure.

THE SOMALIAN CONNECTION

1992 was the year it finally happened for the RNZAOC. Just when everybody was getting bored with reorganisations and eternally shrinking budgets, the Government announced the commitment of 28 suppliers to the United Nations Operation in Somalia (UNOSOM).

The plight of Somalia had been well publicised through the media. The total breakdown of law and order had led to widespread famine and bloodshed which shocked the world. The UN responded by mobilising 3,500 troops to ensure the security of aid coming into Somalia. The New Zealand Supply Detachment (NZSUPDET) was to support the Forces in Mogadishu, the capital.

The contingent undertook frantic training in first aid, Arabic language and culture, weapons handling and stress management. There were endless inspections, briefs and innumerable needles at the MIR. There was also the first of many farewell functions.

The advance party left Auckland on the 20 November, to be joined a week later by the main body. Wrong. The advance party was prevented from entering Somalia, and spent three weeks waiting in Nairobi. During this time the US decided to do something more positive than the UN was capable of, and on 9 Dec the first of 30,000 troops took the airfield at Mogadishu, live on CNN. Four days later the NZ advance party was able to get into Mogadishu.

The advance party unloaded the UNOSOM logistic ship. On board were shipping containers of fuel and rations, one crane and three forklifts. The det was looking forward to operating with modern and serviceable equipment for a change. Wrong again. The forklifts and crane made Mr Garfield look like a Maserati. And the shipping containers had to be opened with crowbars. Some of the 33 reefers had broken down at sea, and contained rotten food. Yuck.

The working area eventually established at the port was not secure. Somalis would constantly throw rocks to divert attention, then rush the containers and steal whatever they could. Thankfully the Pakistani Battalion were able to provide a section of infantry for security.

A forgettable Christmas and New Year were spent drinking Tiger beer and watching the American build up. It seemed the main body would never arrive.

But thankfully they did. These articles give some idea of what it was like for them. In the years to come I am

sure the horrors of Somalia will fade in our memories, and more pleasant recollections will be of the good times at Taniwha Hill, and of friendships that will last forever. None of us will ever forget (or regret) being part of history

M.A. Mendonca
Captain
Officer Commanding

PETROLEUM OPERATORS IN SOMALIA

by STAFF SERGEANT MARK SWEETING

Prior to leaving as part of NZSUPDET UNOSOM 1 the POL Section was briefed on the equipment to be used and the list seemed endless. This gave the section high hopes for their future employment.

After a long, gruelling party courtesy of a Dutch airline, the Section rolled off the DC10 at Mogadishu International Airport to see the biggest fuel farm that they are ever likely to see in their military career. The farm has over 5 million US gallons of JP5 and 500,000 US gallons of MO Gas.

Recovering from this sight the section was tasked with unloading the plane and loading the trucks for movement to the hill that was to be home for NZSUPDET.

The hill was quickly transformed into a sandy resort by all members of NZSUPDET, but room was left for improvements to be constructed in those odd slack times that appeared on our hands!

A standing morning task that has been adopted by the Pet Ops is to purify the daily non-potable water requirement for NZSUPDET. At first water was 'obtained' from passing American water trucks, while UNOSOM HQ tried to arrange a local source and delivery to our camp. With some Kiwi Pet Op ingenuity the section quickly set up a shower block that has so much pressure there is no requirement for soap! A shipping container was 'acquired' from the seaport and this was transformed into a ablution stand and laundry, complete with running water and drains.

The first Ordnance type task the section got was assisting the biscuit-counters to stocktake the rations

containers and set up their work area.

From here the POL Section became unemployed. The much-talked about equipment consisted of 1 long length of garden hose and a sucking Somali with the best rate of flow ever seen on a single stage pump! To improve this operation the section 'procured' two



dispensing systems off the US Marine Corps. Another more recent 'purchase' from the Americans was an APFC (Air-Portable Fuel Container) for the transfer of diesel from airport to seaport to keep the rations generator going.

We were given the opportunity of working with the American Marines on the Tactical Air Fuel Dispense System (TAFDS). This involved working on a small tank farm and on the military apron refuelling planes and helicopters. As Operation Relief slowed down so did the need for the Kiwis to assist the Americans, and once again became unemployed.

When Brig Bestic and Maj Ngatai visited Somalia the POL Section was used as security and drivers for the duration of their stay in Mogadishu.

By early March UNOSOM realised that we had stocks of Dieso and MT gas and there was no need to purchase it on the local market at outrageous prices. On discussions with the UN civilians a local tanker was hired. This must have been one of the first tankers manufactured and had very little or in fact no safety factors and in fact was just a tank on wheels. Locals could not understand the requirement to have different tankers for different products so the same tanker would be used for the cartage of both Dieso and MT Gas. This job was short lived as the fuel soon began to run out.

In April the section in the unloaded containers and

Part of the JP5 Fuel farm

UN vehicles from a resupply ship. We now recommend that the trade of Stevedore be included on all future basic Pet Op courses. The ship was unloaded with only a couple of minor mishaps so all parties concerned were happy.

The last camp improvement that the section participated in was the construction of the new improved recreation and bar area. This was finished off with a big opening with Mr Black American having the biggest opening.

Future employment for the section is to assist the American Army in the construction of a pipeline from the seaport to the airport. The pipeline will cover the distance of 3.5 km and will do away with the existing floating resupply line.

As you can see the POL Section is not pumping a lot of gas but is still kicking butt and completing tasks to the normal high professional standard.

NZ TITLE

SOMALI TITLE

SSgt	M.T. Sweeting	Mr	Mack
Cpl	B.P. Haami	Mr	Phillipino
LCpl	M.I.F. Archer	Mr	Arch
Pte	J.J. King	Mr	Joy Joy
Pte	A.W. Tauranga	Mr	Black American



SSgt Sweeting and LCpl Inwood with an AK47

RATIONS SECTION

NZSUPDET UNOSOM 1

by WO2 TONY HARDING

"Mimaqleysaa halkani Mogadishu"
Hello from Mogadishu

Being part of the first RNZAOC contingent in Somalia has truly been an experience. Especially being involved with the Rations Section. The provision of foodstuffs to troops whether on exercise or operations is always important. However in a place like Somalia where thousands have died of starvation, the proper management of food commodities is critical.

Background

The original concept for the Rations Section operations was designed by the United Nations in New York last year, before the arrival of the US - led Coalition Force. At that stage the plan was for 3,500 soldiers to be based in Somalia. Battalions were to be in Kismayou, Bossasso, Berbera and Mogadishu. The Headquarters was also to be based in Mogadishu. The resupply line was to be from France by sea every six weeks. Each Battalion was supposed to receive thirty-four 20 foot containers (including

refrigerated).

These containers would have sufficient food to support the Battalions until resupply was made. A reserve of ration packs was also to be held in each area. NZSUPDET Rations Section was to be responsible for receiving, checking and issuing the food for the Mogadishu area. Unfortunately this well-thought out plan was suspended as the Coalition took over the operation. Many contributing nations decided to support the Coalition rather than UNOSOM, which was likely to require a far longer commitment.

Establishing Rations Section

The Rations Section arrived after the first shipment of 150 containers had already arrived. So the first task for the section was to carry-out a 100% stocktake. No formal Operating Procedures for rations existed. That was to be the second task, whilst supplying the Force daily. Under the direction of Force HQ, procedures were written using United Nations Interim Force in Lebanon (UNIFIL) SOPs as a base document. The procedures are quite similar to our own in New Zealand, and COMBAT is being used as the main control measure.

After many conferences and adjustments the system after three months is working well. No further replenishment of food from France has been ordered as there is still



Refrigerated Containers and White Thunder Forklift

sufficient. Local contractors however are now supplying fresh fruit, vegetables and bread.

Equipment/Security

Prior to our departure we were instructed to take equipment only for our own administration and field living requirements. All work-related equipment was to be supplied by the UN. A little common sense prevailed and the section brought the normal stationery items tally cards etc. A lap-top computer was another essential item, although the field printer is not suitable for COMPRAT.

The MHE the section uses was built around the time Noah set sail in his ark. We have three 25 tonne Hyster forklifts and a 40 tonne 'ratch' (container lifter). On a good day we are lucky to have two serviceable at the same time. All the containers were purchased through the UN in New York but no actual inspection of them took place. The thirty-four reefers hadn't been serviced since 1982. Less than half are now serviceable, and having to move stocks from one container to another is a never-ending story.

We are very fortunate to be living on the airfield and not in the seaport where the section works. This has only been achieved through having a section of Pakistani Infantry living in our warehouse. They provide security for the containers and are very efficient in their duties. They

are also morale boosters with their constant handshaking and friendly attitudes. They rotate every three weeks and another section from their Battalion is sent to takeover.

The Team

The soldiers currently working in the rations section are:

WO2 Tony Harding	-	IC of Gameboy
Cpl Roger Inwood	-	2IC and he knows what he is doing
LCpl Carl Meiklejohn	-	Casanova of Nairobi
Pte Wayne Anderson	-	Connoisseur of Pakistani food
Pte Willy Cronin	-	NZ Liaison Rep for USA (w)
Pte Jehmial Pullar	-	Rocky's young son but with brains
Mr Mustaph	-	Kenya Masai Warrior (Local Worker)

For all of us working within the section, the experience will definitely be something to look back on. To be part of a team able to provide Class I stores to a large number of personnel from various nationalities is something to be proud of. It is not just soldiers within the section but all members of NZSUPDET have contributed and assisted the section in getting organised and function-

ing correctly. The ability of suppliers to be jacks-of-all-trades has never been more evident than over the past three months in Somalia.

The soldiers of NZSUPDET have surpassed all expectations. Credit for their performance must be passed onto the units which have trained them, especially the RNZAOC School. The attitude of even the youngest soldier here is to get the job done, and to the highest standard. Lastly on behalf of the Rations Section thanks to 21 Fd Sup Coy, 1 Base Sup Bn and the Trentham Camp Librarian for the welfare packages and correspondence we have received. The positive impact of mail and news can never be underestimated.

*“Waxan Kuqsugayaa Mastaqbal Halkan”
A Successful Future, Wish you were here.*



WO2 Harding gets a cuddle from a Pakastani

'FRONTLINE SUPPLIERS IN SOMALIA'

'SUPPLY OR DIE!'

by PRIVATE TIM KAREKO

The General Stores Section

Sgt Richard Tyler
Cpl Dion Rennie
Pte Mike Te Hau
Pte Duck Donaldson
Ali Barre Ahmed (Somali worker)
and me

Our job is to distribute and hold stocks for the troops and civilians in UNOSOM. The strength of UNOSOM 1 is about 2000 all up. Whilst dodging the .50 cal and the 7.62mm rounds, stores section have to get on and complete the job regardless. The warehouse we use is laid out like any normal facility, with receipts and issues, transit area, attractive items cage etcetera.

Before we could move in a number of 500 lb bombs and unstable sidewinder missiles had to be disposed of. But then we had to contend with those damned scorpions and tarantulas running around the store.....

Everyday aircraft arrive with cargo for us. We organise unloading of the stores (a good opportunity to chat to that aussie female who meets the planes) and move them to the warehouse in preparation for issue.

Demanding units must have an approved demand (Q-1). We then say, 'yeah have it bro!', and throw the paperwar at Duck who systematically stuffs it up. But we always manage to solve all the problems that arise.

Stores Section do not have time for smoko break at 1000 hours. Only our local worker Ali (from Gisborne - honest!) goes to the RNZAF Det for pikelets and biscuits. If we have a couple of seconds up our sleeves - and only then - will we duck down for a brew at some stage during the day.

If there are no aircraft due or nothing to do in the store, we help out the other sections - rations, POL and occasionally even Headquarters.

At the end of the day, when we've solved all the problems and arguments down at 'K-Mart', the only thing left to do is to take the long trek home to Taniwha Hill, bowl into the bar and crack open a nice cold be....lemonade.

KIA ORA



The Motley Crew

NEW ZEALAND SUPPLY DETACHMENT

LOCAL PROCUREMENT SECTION NAIROBI

by SERGEANT GARY CARVER

The section is based in Nairobi - 'Pearl of East Africa'. It probably was a pearl too, once upon a time! Our living quarters are in a tourist hotel called the Jacaranda, or 'Jack' by the regulars.

Local procurement in Kenya isn't as easy as we thought it would be. The basic philosophy of 'There's no hurry in Africa' brings a log of laughs, but also brings you close to tears on occasions.

The original concept of operations for UNOSOM local procurement was for three two - man detachments to be based in Nairobi, Djibouti (north of Somalia) and Mombasa (coastal Kenya). The Nairobi section was to be established first, and we were briefed on our primary tasks prior to departure from New Zealand:

Carry out all procurement tasks detailed by UNOSOM HQ in Mogadishu.

Provide any assistance required to NZ Servicemen transiting or staying in Nairobi.

Any other tasks to support the NZ pers in Mogadishu.

The detachment, initially comprising LCpl Mike Archer and Sgt Gary Carver, began operating from the huge United Nations Environment Programme complex in the Nairobi suburb of Gigiri on 1 Dec 93. Mike headed off to Mogadishu just prior to Christmas to assist the remainder of the advance party with unloading 'the ship' (a separate tale of horror and blunders).

Mike returned to Nairobi when the main body arrived in Somalia in the new year. By the end of January, changed circumstances meant that the Djibouti and Mombasa Dets were not going to be deployed. In order to prevent idle minds creating idle hands, the other dets were reallocated to Nairobi, and the organisation was upgraded to a section. The section is:

Sgt Gary Carver
Sgt Shane Williams
Sgt Dave Tairi
LCpl Chris Ratahi
LCpl Danny Coyle

Unfortunately Mike had to briefly return to New Zealand for compassionate reasons. It was decided to rotate the junior soldiers through Nairobi to broaden their experience of working overseas. At the time of writing, Private Alex Tauranga is here, to be replaced next week by Private Buggy Pullar.

The increase in staff came just as our workload increased. We were given some procurement taskings, but also supervised the receipt, issue and storage of all UNOSOM stores that moved through Transami, the freight handling contractor. This was done because of the frequent loss of stores in transit. The section now runs the operation along the same lines as a Defence Freight Office.

Other tasks include:

the movement of mail in and out of Somali,

assisting the 42 Sqn RNZAF Det in Mogadishu. In fact, probably more time is spent supporting the RNZAF than Army, and

supplying large quantities of canteen stores.

That, in a nutshell, is the NZSUPDET Local Procurement Section. Life in Nairobi is a far cry from life in Mogadishu but all the same, it really makes a person appreciate good old Enzed.

OUTSIDE LOOKING IN NOVEMBER 1992 - MAY 1993

by WO2 WILLY EPIHA

Maa nabad baa. Greetings from Somalia!

21 Nov 92 I headed off as part of the advance party for UNOSOM 1. After running around for the previous three weeks on cloud nine, the day had finally come to bid farewell to loved ones and deploy to my first UN mission.

As it stated elsewhere, we didn't deploy into theatre until 18 Dec 92. What follows is a brief account of my involvement with the Force HQ and Detachment since then.

Arrival

First impression on arrival left me speechless. You read about it, and you watch it on television, but to be standing in the middle of it was just AWESOME. The amount of military equipment, vehicles, troops, aircraft and ships along the coastline was truly a sight to behold.

Words will never express my feelings of that day.

Force Headquarters

I certainly never said 'pick me' for the position in Force HQ, but the logic soon became evident. Major Johnson is the Senior National Officer for NZSUPDET and commands the Supply Cell within Logistics Branch of the Headquarters. Within the Supply Cell is the Food Section. The Food Section is commanded by Major Carlsen (Norway). He has three Staff Officers - Captains Jegerson and Westad (both Norway) and myself (teaboy). I can only now understand why we don't have many WOs and SNCOs posted to UN missions. Unfortunately in the UN experience doesn't speak as loudly as rank. Even the word of a captain in the HQ is scarcely listened to. Luckily for me (at least sometimes) I was working with three Officers who were working with rations for the first time.

Priorities for the Food Section has been to write procedures and provide a rations scale. This has been accomplished using the logistic directives from the United Nations Force in Lebanon as a base document. Each staff officer has the responsibility of handling day to day problems of the units assigned to him.

Planning has necessitated trips to Nairobi and Mombasa (pick me! - I went!) to reconnoitre potential sources of supply. Currently the Section is involved with the handover and amalgamation from coalition (US - sponsored) forces. My opinion is that UNOSOM has neither the manpower nor the equipment to do so, and it may be some time before the UN finally relinquish control. Insh'Allah. Time will tell.

Summary

Working for the UN has been quite frustrating at times. One must always remember to keep an open mind and be flexible. Otherwise combat stress should become a major part of predeployment training. Despite that, being part of the first NZSUPDET team in Somalia is the highlight of my career. It will also lay the foundations for the junior's careers. The comradeship and morale amongst the guys has certainly made life a lot more bearable under the circumstances. The ability to create something out of nothing and the famous atmosphere at Taniwha Hill Tavern are reflections of the inimitable spirit of the RNZAOC soldier. Until my next mission

Naba Gelyo.

NEW ZEALAND vs BRITISH ISLES

by PRIVATE MIKE TE HAU

To Billy Pataka, Kia ora,

How's it hanging? Just got back from Nairobi. Had a game of rugby. Got our bums kicked, it hurt too. Especially losing to a bunch of Poms like the Nondescript Rugby Club (Nondes).

Our build-up to the game was a bit of pharlap training on the sand-dunes, ball handling skills, grids, line-outs, scrums, mauls, the old wall 1, 2, 3 from a penalty and you know what we actually scored from these moves. Cher. We trained every afternoon for a whole week. Then it was off to take on the British Isles. We had a couple of practices on grass first because all the paddocks back in Mog were minefields.

Then it was THE BIG GAME. Only Kiwis would be silly enough to pick a venue like Nairobi for an international rugby match. Man it was #@**! hot. Before we knew it we were into the haka giving it heaps. The first line-out I asked this fella if he ate heaps of baked beans. Cause man it was like a Manuka tree up against a Kauri tree. By jeez they were big. But never mind we got them in the rucks.

We played four quarters of hot, thirsty, strength sapping rugby. We started slowly, and our defence was disorganised letting in a couple of soft tries. After the second quarter we came storming back though. The Doc went on the rampage after a free kick close to their line, flicked up a pass to Clutch who crashed over. Cher. Soon after that we did the Cookie. Seagull swooped on the loose ball to score. In the end they beat us by 5 points. I reckon another 5 minutes and we would 've had them though.

So it was into the showers with a couple of beers and hard luck stories. The ref came in to say thanks and explain some rules. Imagine a pommy ref with an aussie rule book trying to tell us the rules! He sounded like Russ Taylor. Well that gave us an excuse anyway.

We had to catch our plane home at four, so we had some speeches, swopped plaques then hooked into it. We all fell into a heavy, beer-induced sleep as soon as we hopped on the plane.

It must have been a good game because we were a bit sore for a few days. Here's our star-studded team:

Fullback	-	Kieran Ratahi
Wings	-	Inga Williams Willy O Epiha Danny Coylwin
Centre	-	Smokin' Joe Archer
2nd Five	-	Eroni Clarke Tauranga (Not)
1st Five	-	Brent Fox
Half Back	-	Dallas 'I can take on the whole team by myself, Kareko
No. 8	-	Buck Rennie
Flankers	-	Dave Hemi (RNZAF representative) Clutch Cargo Howard Seagull Sweeting
Locks	-	Doc Corbett J.J. Whetton The Twins
Front Row	-	Sookie 'I don't want to play tighthead' Tairi Buggy Fitzpatrick Mike 'Loe Blow' Te Hau Grizz Harding (Player/Coach)

Well that's about it bros, see you when we get home.

Cher, Mike Te Hau

P.S. This letter has been censored by Capt M. Mendonca.



Mr Budda and Mr Phillipino entertain

NAIROBI LEAVE

by CORPORAL BRENT HAAMI

Well here we are fellow Corps brothers and sisters. It has been 2 months in Mogadishu, and time for a spot of leave. Six months ago I would never of thought Africa would be in my travels. But as they say join the Army and see the world

A few of the boys thought it was time to go and see what Africa had to offer. Nairobi was it, mainly due to the fact that we have a local purchase team smack bang in the middle of town. The first thing we noticed about Nairobi was the climate which is very similar to New Zealand

(cooler than Somalia due to the altitude). During our leave we stayed at the Jacaranda Hotel which is where the local purchase boys are accommodated. As soon as we arrived at the hotel the first thing on all our minds was a good hot shower followed by an awesome feed. Chris (Hovercraft) Ratahi managed to eat three

meals, close second was Mike (Buddha) Te Hau and Dion (Beached Whale) Rennie struggling on two each. There were modest efforts from Brent (Mr Phillipino) Haami, Tim (Ladies Man) Kareko and Alex (Local Somali) Tauranga with only one huge meal each. With a full stomach and a few beers to settle things, everyone was feeling too tired to go out, so it was an early night.

The next few days everyone just relaxed around the poolside occasionally going into town to do some shopping. The markets were a popular place to go, they had all sorts of carvings made out of ebony and ivory. All of the items

could be bartered for. The price depended on you ability to haggle your way to the lowest possible price. The boys had no trouble or should I say no guilt with the ridiculous prices they managed. One of the main hassles in town whilst shopping were the beggars everywhere. They would constantly annoy you till you gave them money. At first we obliged by giving money but into the second and third day it was a matter of just ignoring them.

Travelling to and from our hotel was done mostly by taxi. Now when I say taxi we are talking rusted, beaten, mutilated, one cylinder vehicles (something you would expect to find in Wanganui). One other mode of transport is what they call a MATATU. Imagine a common mini bus, take out all the windows, let the locals spray paint it with graffiti, put 60 people in it, now turn the stereo system



Just outside Nairobi

up to full capacity. That is a MATATU!!! While we're on the subject of transport let's talk about the local road rules ... there aren't any. Everybody knows where they want to go and that's all they're worried about. A good day's shopping and the return trip back to the hotel on a matatu worked up a pretty good appetite.



The boys really enjoying themselves!!

Our specific evening our local purchase team boys decided to wine and dine us with a night at CARNIVORES ... Everything you find on the game park - crocodile, zebra, giraffe and so on - are cooked on massive spits. For a reasonable price you can eat to your heart's content. Following the meal we tried a drink called DAWA, a favourite local drink. After a few of these and more, everyone was heading on their way to a good night out ... before we knew it the place was packed, music was pumping, the atmosphere was awesome. This seemed like a perfect time to stamp a bit of New Zealand culture. Yes believe it or not we performed the HAKA like true warriors. The crowd response was terrific. We definitely stood out from the crowd. All in all it was an excellent night out.

With our leave coming close to an end we suddenly realised that we hadn't been on a safari ... so we all decided to do one on our next leave.

Well fellow Ordnance friends that's a brief and innocent article of our leave in Nairobi. When we get home and have a few beers, maybe a few little tales can be told ... but until then

Sua Tela Tonanti

A REBEL'S PERSPECTIVE

by CORPORAL K.E. CORBETT

The Rebels

The Rebels are the original elite group of non-ordnance (spoonneys) personnel posted to NZSUPDET. They are:

LCpl K.A. 'I break generators' Dinwiddie, RNZEME. Dinwiddie worked so hard and broke so much machinery that he is now under the supervision of whichever section head needs/wants him.

Cpl S.G. 'God told me to' Goble, RNZSigs. Goble works so hard that he now has to have eight hour siestas during the day. Or is he dreaming of cold roast chickens?

Cpl K.E. 'This is your last injection' Corbett, Medic. Corbett after being told his haircut was the minimum requirement decided to shave off his body hair. He now does his job adequately when reminded to by Lt Howard.



Sgt Tairi and Cpl Corbett honing LSW skills

Command

The Rebels were directly commanded by 'Hang on I'm playing LHX' Lt Howard and 'My wife is driving my car' Capt Mendonca. These two were constantly required to perform miracles under what can only be called trying conditions - working during smoko.

Somalia

Basically Somalia is a hole and unworthy of further mention in this text, except of course for the Taniwha Bar.

Highlights

Helping out on the cultural days with the Haka and the Hangi have been highlights for us. So has the real 'can do' attitude of the Ordnance guys in the NZSUPDET team. Although as a unit we were not employed to our full potential the 'Taniwha Hill Kiwis' have left an indelible impression on all the UN personnel in Mogadishu. Everyone enjoyed sharing our culture, from our hangi food to the songs around Mike 'the guitar basher' Te Hau.

That's all folks, signed by the "Where's our money" rebels.

TANIWHA HILL

by LIEUTENANT TIM HOWARD

Shortly after the arrival of the not so 'advanced party' in Mogadishu, it became apparent that the original location for NZSUPDET was not satisfactory. An alternative site was needed. After many recce parties and much deliberation a suitable site was found. Situated on a hill overlooking the airport and city of Mogadishu to the west and the Indian Ocean to the east - the chosen site was a potential Club Med.

Whilst staking a claim in the airport was easy, keeping the land grabbing Americans off our million dollar real estate was a constant problem. However in a moment of bilateral fervour (which incidentally didn't last long) the Norwegian HQ Company came to our aid with a 24 hour guard on the hill. Our real estate secure we eagerly awaited the arrival of the main body.

On the 8th of January they arrived. Several hours later the transformation of a Somali hill began, and the world famous Kiwi ingenuity emerged. A gravity-fed four stand shower was erected, later incorporating a washing machine and ablutions container.

The ablutions complete it was time to move on. Sandbag season was upon us. In order to provide a living

environment relatively free of sand, sandbag walking paths were laid around the camp. Our highly trained signaller Corporal Goble seemed to derive much pleasure from this challenging task, and could be found perched upon a stools folding, entrenching tool in hand with a pile of sandbags surrounding him. However all good things must come to an end, eventually the OC grew tired of watching Cpl Goble fill sandbags. Our engineering egos satisfied, we started to grow in confidence.....



The start of Taniwha Hill

The recreation tent was next on the list for upgrading. For several days the boys toiled away, installing a wooden floor, a sandbag sofa (excellent for those without a spine), ceiling fan, a sundeck, and incidentally a bar. The rec tent complete, it was time for the official opening of our camp on the hill.

Several days prior to the opening of the camp it was decided that a suitable name should be found for the camp. The Americans never seemed to have much problem finding a name for their camps which was probably due to the fact that every camp is named after its CO or OC. The boys thought perhaps we should find something a little more original than 'Camp Mendonca'. Anyway 'Mendonca' was too difficult to spell. A couple of days later, and courtesy of the odd American beauty who was unfortunate enough to wander past, 'Taniwha Hill' was born.

On the 23rd January amidst a small gathering, Major Johnson declared Taniwha Hill and Tavern officially open. Since that day many visitors have come and gone, including DPM Don McKinnon, (who still hasn't paid for his \$2.00 raffle ticket), Lt Gen Bir (UNOSOM Force Commander), Brig Bestic, and Lt Col Gardiner. Every time 'the boys on the hill' have entertained, the guests have thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

I still haven't managed to figure out what exactly brings people back to Taniwha Hill time and time again. Surely it can't be to hear Mike 'Buddha' Te Hau and Brent 'Mr Phillipino' Haami bellowing the new NZ National Anthem (Ten Guitars)? Perhaps they are coming to watch Tim 'Dallas' Kareko perform his incredible sleeping stunt in the barbed wire. Personally I think the popularity of Taniwha Hill is a combination of great hangi food, cold beer and the Kiwi hospitality. The Kiwi's easy-going attitude and willingness to socialise brings visitors back time and time again.

Taniwha Hill is now a well established site and is one of the more desirable locations in Mogadishu. Our exclusive little camp is the envy of many UNOSOM personnel and we are quite happy to keep it that way.

As I write this article the future of NZSUPDET and Taniwha Hill is very much uncertain. Unfortunately it seems we may not be replaced. If that is the case, Taniwha Hill and the Kiwis will be missed and remembered by many.

NEW ZEALAND DAY CELEBRATIONS

by PRIVATE J.J. KING

Kia ora

New Zealand Day. Who would have thought we would be celebrating our National day in a place like Somalia? Well we did, and this is what happened.

About a week prior to the big day we started preparations. First thing was to brush up on our haka skills. That meant practising just about every day under the guidance of Private Mike Te Hau. To begin with, most of us were uncoordinated, but we soon got the hang of it. The next problem was how to prepare a traditional hangi in the sands of Mogadishu? Young SSgt Mark Sweeting (Pet Op) soon sorted that out. He whacked together some 200 litre oil drums and gave us an instant mobile hangi.

Meanwhile the social club committee was running around like a headless chicken preparing mountains of food and ordering in beer and softdrinks.

The big day arrived. The hangi was put in, the beer was chilled and our haka was ready to go. The guest arrived around 1630. The VIPs were Brigadier Bestic and Major Ngatai. They were greeted with a terrifying wero by Privates Tim Kareko and Alex Tauranga, the local. Then we performed our haka. It was done from the heart and for everyone at home. We were so proud and fired up we were frothing at the mouth!

Once the speeches and formalities were out of the

way it was time to relax and enjoy ourselves. Well lubricated, the different nationalities tried to match our singing. We had wowed the crowd with our rendition of 'One Day A Taniwha'. The French almost outdid us with a rousing version of their national anthem ('The Marseillaise'). Then the Aussies tried to sing 'Advance Australia Fair', but were shouted down by a faction of their own countrymen who insisted on 'God Save the Queen'. The Americans squawked through 'The Star-Spangled Banner', but then the Fijians stole the show. They put us to shame with their beautiful melodies. The atmosphere was terrific, everyone relaxed and enjoyed themselves. Even the Brig whipped off his shirt to join in the farewell haka.



Preparing the hangi for NZ Day

It's a shame we don't fully appreciate our country and culture until we're out of New Zealand. One thing's for sure though. This is one New Zealand Day none of us will ever forget.

Thanks guys, for making it so memorable.

THE CAMBODIAN EXPERIENCE

by CORPORAL STU BECKMAN

NZ MINE CLEARANCE TRAINING TEAM
SIEM REAP, CAMBODIAN

The third team of New Zealanders to be deployed to Cambodia as part of Mine Clearance Training Unit departed from New Zealand on the 5th December 1992. 20 personnel flew out of Auckland leaving behind the usual trail of tears. Two personnel went to Phnom Penh, ten to Cambodia's second largest city, Battambang, and eight to Siem Reap including myself. Our team consisted of five Engineers, two Infanteers and one Ammunition Technician.

Siem Reap is a small provincial capital about the size of Cambridge or Kaikoura. In its prime Siem Reap would have been a very attractive little town but twenty or thirty years of neglect have taken their toll. It was once the capital of the Cambodian Empire when the Khmers were a powerful asian nation. It was at this time that the Khmers built the great temples of Angkor Wat. These temples are now the national symbol of Cambodia. The town is populated by local Khmers and what seems to be hundreds of people of all nationalities working for the UN, each with a large white vehicle. There was a lot of building going on as the locals (financed by the Thais) tried to take on the tourists, the UN and their dollars. The attack on Siem Reap in early May has put a stop to that for the time being.

The tourists that came here fell into roughly two groups, rich oldies or impoverished backpackers. The oldies look as if they could not survive the steep stairs of Angkor Wat and the backpackers lope around in baggy cotton clothes and John Lennon glasses trying to bum a ride with the UN to avoid paying the entrance fee to the Temples.

Our tour with the UN is six months although it will have stretched to almost seven by the time we get home. In this time we will have run four Demining Courses and one

Instructors course. The clearance of mines from Cambodia is very important to the peace process. The land cleared is returned to people who were displaced from the land during the Pol Pot Regime. The clearance of mines from Cambodia will take many years maybe even decades. Not only military factions lay mines, the police and even local farmers lay them to protect their homes and fields. Most of these mines are laid without record. Only when there is lasting peace in Cambodia will the laying of mines stop.

The four week Deminers Course, takes a group of Khmer soldiers and gives them the skills required to work safely and efficiently in a minefield. To lie on your belly on rock hard ground covered in all manner of prickly plants under a sun that pushes the afternoon temperatures into the high forties and prod for live mines could not be described as pleasant work. But the deminers that we have trained maintain a professional attitude along with a soldier sense



Stu Instructing

of humour. Some of these men come to us with more than ten years of combat experience, most of those we train are from the Cambodian Peoples Armed Forces (CPAF). It is the CPAF that control Siem Reap area. Instructing through an interpreter certainly tests your skill as an instructor. Critical points can be lost or misinterpreted to the students resulting in a lot of blank stares and an instructor that needs to try a different tack. Some Kiwi humour does not translate well, many a good joke died in translation.

The other course that we have run is the five week Deminers Instructors course, in which we have trained selected deminers to instruct demining. A demining school has been established in Battambang, so that further demining platoons can be trained and continuation training be given to those already trained. The instructors course is similar to our UNSOs course, with the emphasis on producing a particular type of instructor. The potential instructors are first brought up to the same standard. Not all deminers were fortunate enough to be trained by Kiwis. Then they are taught to instruct, first of all instructing each other, then instructing on actual deminer courses under supervision.



A local house outside Siem Reap called a Dusty

For a quiet boy from Mako Mako this tour has been a real eye opener, from the huge change in culture, so working for such a large and sometimes cumbersome beast as the UN, that is half controlled by the military and half by civilians. It has led to some interesting experiences, the team has been brought together good times and shared dangers. This has developed us into a very close knit team.

The dangers for us have been very real, the sound of small arms fire and shelling are often heard. In early May, Khmer Rouge attacked Siem Reap town along several fronts, up to five hundred troops were involved in the attack. Our own house was fired on by B40s (a type of anti-tank rocket) and sprayed with small arms fire. We were forced to take refuge in a bunker we completed only two days before from here we had to return fire to prevent our home from being looted and burned. Only a month before a truck driven by our Mine Marking Team struck a mine buried in the road. Four people were injured, one later died in hospital. The one thing this tour has reinforced is the very high standard of professionalism that is enjoyed by the New Zealand Army.

Even so a man can take only so many hot and cloudless days, before the call of the gentle breezes and warm soft rain of Mako Mako calls a man home to loved ones and McDonalds.

AROUND THE WORLD IN 8 DELAYS

by SSgt B. MADGWICK

Delay 1

13 July 1992 marked day one of Exercise Longlook 92, and the start of a series of delays that turned into an adventure. The first of many delays saw myself and a number of other Longlookers from the other two services stuck in the Wellington RNZAF terminal awaiting for a SATS flight that was running on time as usual, 8 hours late. A couple of visits to the Shelley Bay WO's and Sgts Mess helped to make the delay a little bearable and so marked the start of things to come.

The following morning was the inevitable series of briefings and NZ Customs formalities along with the loading of our baggage on to a RNZAF C130 for a short hop across the Tasman the following day. To Sgt "Butch" Hay our "Baggage Boy", Thanks mate, my bags arrived this time. It was then off to the Papakura RSA for some light refreshments before our flight the following day.

Delay 2

Awoke early on the 15 July for our C-130 flight to RAAF Base Richmond, only to be disappointed. The RAF

Tri-star was grounded in Sydney due to a fault and the flight was put back 24 hours. Only one thing for it, get some more money from the "hole in the wall" and spend the day in the RSA.

We finally left Whenuapai at 0730 the following day for a 7 hour flight to Richmond. This leg of the journey was a typical "Herc" flight compliments of the RNZAF.

On arrival at Richmond we had to undergo the usual Customs formalities which ran smoothly and only took a few minutes to process the entire contingent and then we met our replacements that were awaiting their flight to NZ. It was then off to Sydney International to load our baggage along with the Australians baggage onto the aircraft for our flight to Germany and Great Britain.

We then had a half day in Sydney prior to our night flight to Singapore. This flight was again uneventful, seeing most passengers using the time to sleep off the effects of Aussie beer. We arrived in Singapore on time at 0530 hrs local time for a two hour refuel stop.

Delay 3

Prior to boarding our aircraft in Sydney the "Britts" had warned us that the aircraft was prone to breakdown every time it landed, and so as not to disappoint us it duly broke down again. How horrid, stuck in Singapore at the Equatorial Hotel for 24 Hrs. For most of the Kiwi's it was a trip down memory lane. It was a shock to find the plunge pool and the hill it stood on at the Naval Basin missing completely, the "Strip" reduced to 2 bars and most of the kampong at Neeson gone as well. Transit Road however is still functioning as normal, just as well I paid all my bills before disappearing in 87 to come home.

Delay 4

After departing Singapore exactly 24 Hrs late and heavily weighed down by duty free shopping we settled in for an 8 hour haul to Bahrain, another duty free mecca. Six hours into the flight it was noticed by a number of passengers that we were flying around in circles over a dark spot



Trams in San Francisco

in the desert. The reason, our diplomatic clearance to overfly UAE (United Arab Emirates) had lapsed. Dilemma number 2, there wasn't enough fuel to fly around UAE to get to Bahrain and we didn't have clearance to land in Oman.

Eventually permission was granted for us to land at Seeb International, just south of Muscat in Oman. This had to easily have been the worst place we landed on the whole trip. Outside temperatures were in the mid 40's and inside wasn't much cooler. We spent the next ten hours under armed guard in the terminal awaiting approval to pass through Omani Immigration to get to the hotel that the British High Commission had arranged for us while diplomatic clearance was sought to overfly UAE.

Delay 5

Diplomatic clearance to overfly UAE was finally granted at 1000 hrs local time the following day. So it was back aboard for a short 2 hour hop to Bahrain. But alas it was not to be. The aircraft failed its preflight checks and we were all unloaded and shipped back to our hotel to wait.

After an afternoon in the hotel pool, where water temperatures were at usual bath temperatures and a lavish B-B-Q meal we final departed Seeb at 2100 hrs local time for Bahrain. The stop in Bahrain was originally planned as a refuel stop only but owing to the time we departed from Oman it was decided to overnigh in Bahrain. On arrival in Bahrain we were transported directly to our hotel, all customs and immigration formalities were waived which we found quite strange. In Bahrain we were accommodated in the Holiday Inn Hotel, easily the best hotel I have ever stayed in or am likely to ever stay in.

Prior to departure for Gutesloh in Germany the following day we were given a few hours duty free shopping. Prices here were the cheapest around for most goods. On boarding our aircraft everyone was looking forward to more duty free shopping that was bound to come our way, as the aircraft always breakdown for use, but it was not to be, and we were soon on our way on the second to last leg of the journey to Germany.

Delay 6

Our landing in Gutesloh appeared to all aboard as normal until it came time to exit the aircraft. Instead of leaving via the front and rear exits of the aircraft, only the front exit was utilised. Immediately we had exited the aircraft it was apparent that not all was well as fire appliances were covering the starboard undercarriage with foam and water. On landing the pilot had applied the brakes with a little too much vigour and had caused a fire. "Oh how sad, it looks like a night in Germany", but this was not to be. After about 4 hours and a little servicing we were once again airborne heading for Brize Norton. This leg of the journey was the most entertaining as we flew through an electrical storm.

The UK. Finally

Formalities on arrival at Brize Norton were minimal and it wasn't long before we bid the Air Force farewell as they were staying the night in a hotel, the Navy started there trek to Portsmouth and the Army headed for South Cerney.

South Cerney is a Transit and Staging Camp approximately an hours drive from Brize Norton. On arrival we were in for a big shock. Our accommodation was two large dormitory rooms lined with about forty bunks per side with an ablution/toilet block between the two rooms. About sixty pers were accommodate here for the night with only one shower for all to try and use. Next surprise was the evening

meal, on arrival at the dining hall we were informed we could have a meal so long as we supplied our own crockery and cutlery. This was soon sorted out with an apology and a pile of paper plates and plastic cutlery being supplied. Was this an omen of things to come?

The following morning was taken up with briefings from the Brit Military on security and our High Commission with factual info on High Commission happy hours and the rules on duty free goods. It was then off to meet our hosts and travel to units.

36 Engineer Regiment Workshops

Myself along with 2 Australians were to be hosted by 42 Ord Coy, RAOC, for the period of Ex Longlook. Our first port of call in the UK was 36 Eng Regt Wksp for 14 days, as our host unit had just started block leave.

36 Eng Regt is based in Maidstone, Kent, with the Workshop being co-located with the Regt HQ in Invicta Park, Maidstone. Here our Co-host was WO1 (SQMS) "Brummie" Thynne whom I had previously met in Hong Kong some years previously. He along with the other members of the Workshop and the Regt made us feel welcome with tours of the Pubs and Hotels, along with a few memorable nights in the Mess.

During our first weeks in the UK the annual Royal Tournament was being held at Earl's Court in London, and by chance a few of the mess members at 36 Engr were ushers in the Royal Enclosure.

While we were with the Regt we did an SA80 conversion course and received instruction on the LAW 90, along with use of the indoor training simulator. Armed with this knowledge it was off into the field on a Workshop deployment exercise. This turned out to be a comedy of errors with poor navigation on behalf of the Britts and the Aussies, and SNCO's being left in harbour areas when the Workshop redeployed. Everyone did however manage to find the final unit location for our farewell B-B-Q before we left for Scotland.

Inverness, Scotland

For the final week prior to the end of the 42 Ord Coy block leave we were taken to Inverness by WO2 (SQMS) Phil Warden for some tramping and camping in the highlands. We finally settled for a sightseeing tour, a haggis hunt and a "Nessie" hunt. Unfortunately "Nessie" wouldn't come to the party so I had to satisfy myself with a post card of the legendary beast. The haggis also proved to be illusive to the Aussies until they managed to find one at a Chippie (Fish and Chip Shop).

Inverness proved to be a friendly place for socialising, but it was a little unsettling to see so man many men wearing skirts. For the most part it wasn't a good idea to

make fun of them either as these Scotsmen must have had their fair share of porridge as youngsters.

42 Ord Coy, RAOC

After a most enjoyable week in Scotland it was a 16 hour journey back to Colchester to start our employment with 42 Ord Coy, RAOC. The first item of business being an introduction to the OC and unit. It was then off to our respective places of employment. For myself this was as 2IC of the Stores Park. The first few days being spent getting to grips with procedures not too far removed from our own, the only real difference being the layout of the vouchers used and different coding.



A landrover hitting a land mine

Ex Panthers Fire

Mid August saw the unit deploying on Ex Panthers Fire, this was a 19 Inf Bde exercise to practice the Brigade in its soon to be new role as an Airmobile Force. For the duration of the exercise 42 Ord Coy was employed in it's secondary role as a reserve infantry company.

The exercise was broken into three phases, the first being individual section, platoon and company training. This gave me my first taste of NBC training, FIBUA (Fighting In Built Up Areas), Infantry/Armour Cooperation

and SAWES (Small Arms Weapons Effect Simulator) which is rather like a primitive version of our IWESS. During this stage the company also acted as enemy party along with 17th/21st Lancers against the 1st Bn Royal Anglians.

It was while acting as enemy party that I received my first introduction to the Chieftain MBT. This was not to be a pleasant experience, my only briefing on working with MBTs was, if an MBT approaches you in daylight stand up so you can be seen, if it approaches in darkness show white light so you can be seen. As part of the Company Q system we harboured in a small copse of woods in the middle of the night, I got some sleep at the base of a tree right next to a track, about 2 o'clock in the morning I was awoken by the

shaking of the ground, the clanking of tank tracks and the roaring of diesel engines as the entire regiment thundered along the track I was sleeping next too. The next fright I received was to find nobody around me and that I had no means of showing white light. This was easily the most frightening moment of my life. Come daylight I

found that the rest of my section had moved on down the track a little but had left me to sleep as I appeared to be in no immediate danger when they had left.

Phase two of the exercise saw more company training, this time live fire company attacks and time on the ranges fire a multitude of weapons available to the Brit infantry. Phase three of the exercise saw all the individual training pieced together as the Brigade exercise as one. All in all a worthwhile experience and a lot of skills especially infantry skills were learnt.

Back to Work

After the excitement of Panther Fire it was back to

the weekly work routine, this was a little different to what we are used to here, a greater amount of emphasis being placed on Military skills, sport, PT and unit maintenance. PT generally was two one hour periods a week, Sport was usually two afternoons a week but not less than one afternoon a week, Unit maintenance one morning a week and Military Skills one and a half days a week, with unit finishing work at 1200 hrs on Fridays. Fitted in with this was some Ordnance work when manpower and time permitted.

CAD Kineton

From 12 October I basically finished with 42 Ord Coy and only used the unit as a base. From 12 - 16 Oct I visited CAD Kineton and the Army School of Ammunition. CAD Kineton is one of the main ammunition depots in the UK. It comprises of two sub depots and a HQ. Each sub depot being many times larger than the Waiouru Ammunition Depot though not as spread out. While at Kineton I was entertained by stories of the exploits of a certain Maori ATO who had recently done his ATO's course in the UK.

Whilst at Kineton I was shown the neighbouring areas of Stratford and Warwick, the home of Shakespeare, and a number of quaint little village pubs. There also started to appear a trend that is common to most Kiwis when hosting Longlookers, that is to introduce the Longlooker to all the local customs and more of the local drinking establishments, I will say however that English beer drunk at room temperature grows on you after a while, but takes some getting used to initially.

Other Visits

Other units I managed to visit were 16 Bn RAOC at Bicester, this was the unit that hosted Roger Tombleson the year previously, unfortunately I only got to see Billy Meachan, Rogers replacement, briefly. CVD Ashchurch and AFV Sub Depot Ludgershall where also on my itinerary, and here at last was my chance to drive a number of pieces of kit not seen in this country. The MICV Warrior being a little different to the M113 in more than just looks.

Saton's Force

From 1 to 6 November I was hosted by 11 (EOD) Bn RAOC. This unit is responsible for all IED/EOD disposals in the mainland UK. Fortunately over the period I was with the unit Ex Saton's Force was being conducted. This exercise is run six times a year and is a joint Military/Civilian Police IED licensing exercise. All IED operators must hold a current IED licence to operate in mainland UK. These must be renewed six monthly, and Ex Saton's Force is used to assess operators for relicensing.

Ex Saton's Force gave me the opportunity to see IED

operators at work at a number of tasks, something that not too many get to see in NZ. It also helped to reiterate the ever present IRA treat in mainland UK.

The exercise also afforded me the time to explore the picturesque Yorkshire Dales, made famous by James Herriot's All Creatures Great and Small, and no trip to the Dales would be complete without a visit to the local Darrowby pub. However the pub isn't in Darrowby, but a little village called Reeth, about twelve miles from the Catterick Garrison.

Going Home

As with all good things they soon come to an end. The 21 November seeing the NZ Longlook contingent concentrating in RAF Brize Norton for the trip home. So started the swapping of war stories and the pooling of local currencies at each stop to make the trip home a memorable and enjoyable occasion.

The first leg of the journey home was from Brize Norton to Shannon in Ireland, a small chance to do some duty free shopping while the aircraft was being refuelled, then onto St Johns in Newfoundland, Canada for an overnight stopover and plenty of snow. The next leg of the journey was to Dulles Airport in Washington DC.

Delay 7

As with the trip to the UK, we had our delays on the way home, why spoil a good trip by having things go smoothly. From Washington we were supposed to fly to Denver, Colorado for another overnight stopover, however, Denver was experiencing blizzard conditions and the airport was closed. A dilemma. A decision was then made to try for Oakland in San Francisco, this was at the extreme limit of the aircrafts range.

Delay 8

Our final delay, two nights in Oakland, California, what misery. Cheap meals, good sightseeing and better duty frees. What more could a Kiwi want? Two nights in Hawaii instead, but beggars can't be choosers. Hawaii was to be the last night the contingent was to together so what better place to celebrate coming home than the beach front hotels at Waikiki and our last chance to rid ourselves of foreign currency before the final and longest leg of the journey, Hawaii to Western Samoa the Whenuapai.

Home at Last

As with all overseas trips coming into NZ with a pile of duty free goods everyone dreads the Customs Man. This time however it was a pleasant surprise, all Customs wanted to do was stamp our Passports and make tracks out

of Whenuapai so NZ Customs clearance was for once painless.

Lessons Learnt

On reflection from Longlook I learned a number of things, the first being what my wife and family really mean to me. Four months away on the other side of the world can be trying for both sides of a partnership. I would like to take the opportunity now to thank all those pers, both within 1 Base Sup Bn and those outside of the unit that gave Donna and Andrew assistance and company when it was needed.

On the Military side of the fence apart from the skills I picked up from the differing training I found that Bigger is not always better. Simply because the NZ Army is smaller I believe we are more advanced in a number of fields, especially in Ordnance with our accounting and management procedures. The NZ soldier also displays a better professional attitude coupled with this is the Kiwi "Can Do" attitude where a job will be done even if it means a little extra effort.

To those in the future that get a chance at Longlook, my only advice is "Jump at the opportunity" it is a once in a life time experience. Longlook is also an exercise I hope that will not suffer from defence cut backs. It gives the NZ soldier an insight into a whole different scenario to that offered at home, it also bonds friendships with others from different countries with similar interests at heart.

Sua Tela Tonati

RNZAOC AMMUNITION TECHNICIANS IN CAMBODIA

by WO2 IAN EVANS

In October 1991 the NZ Army was asked to make a contribution to a United Nations (UN) force in Cambodia. This contribution initially consisted of an RNZE mine clearance training team with RNZAOC Ammunition Technicians attached. The reason for attaching Ammo Techs to the team was to teach Blinds Disposal/EOD Disposal. This was found to be necessary after the experience learnt in Pakistan/Afghanistan. The two lucky personnel picked for the first trip were WO2 B.I. Evans (then SSgt) and SSgt M.S. Evans (then Sgt).

After an interesting two weeks of pre-deployment

training in Linton the team departed for the mysterious SE Asia on 8 Dec 91. The team consisted of 23 personnel made up of Engineers, Assault Pioneers and the two Ammo Techs. An interesting night was spent in Hong Kong before an early morning flight to Bangkok and then to Phnom Penh, Cambodia.

First impressions of the capital city of Cambodia were very mixed. The place was very run down, extremely dirty and somewhat smelly. This was to be expected after 10 years of war. Accommodation in Phnom Penh was in a hotel which was in the process of being renovated. It was rather interesting living in a place which was being rebuilt around you. The whole of the city was under renovation. It appeared the inhabitants wanted to erase the past by building over or around it.

A period of preparation for our deployment to our assigned areas was carried out over the next 11 days. This consisted of arranging bank accounts, meeting the Military Liaison Officers (MLOs) who were to accompany us and gather any last minute equipment. The NZ team was to be divided into three. One team of 9 to be located in Siem Reap, 7 to be located in Battambang and the rest were with the UN HQ in Phnom Penh.

A couple of breaks were taken to do some sightseeing during this time. Two of the places visited were the 'Killing Fields' and the 'Museum of Crime'. It was very interesting seeing people's reactions when actually confronted with the piles of human bones and the terror so obviously experienced in the 'Killing Fields'. The other place which caused some reaction was the 'Museum of Crime'. This was a school which was turned into a torture area by the National Army for Democratic Kampuchea (NADK) or Khmer Rouge. Hundreds of peoples were put through this place for no other reason than that they were physically different or were in some way associated with the previous Government. Some of the people who ran the place must of had really twisted and sadistic minds.

The first team to deploy were the Siem Reap team on 19 Dec. They were flown to their location by the French C160 transport aircraft. Deployed with this team was SSgt M.S. Evans. The next team deployed on 21 Dec. This was done by driving from Phnom Penh to Battambang. A trip of 189 km which took 10.5 hours.

Accommodation in all locations was in 'hotels'. These places consisted of a concrete or tile room with two 'beds', a free standing wardrobe, a toilet and a shower (no hot water). They were comfortable and protected the inhabitants from the 'wild west type behaviour' which carried on outside.

The team in Siem Reap were lucky because the Regional Commander of the Cambodian Peoples Armed Forces (CPAF) in that area received them with open arms. They were treated well and were given almost everything



CPAF soldiers hand in weapons

they asked for. This made the setting up of their 'school' relatively easy. All was not plain sailing though and some requirements needed negotiation which was quite often painfully protracted.

The team in Battambang were told they were going to a town which was like 'a lawless wild west town with shooting every hour of the day'. Fortunately this proved to

be largely incorrect. Life from the very start was not easy though. The local military were very distrustful of our motives and were therefore initially unwilling to help. This led to a very long and very, very frustrating three months of negotiation.

The main things asked of the local military were items such as mines, explosives, part of a storehouse, a training facility and some bayonets to be used as prodders. When we went to uplift the bayonets it was found that they came complete to 'CES', that is with the AK47 attached. These were quickly declined as the AK47 was an item we did not want to be associated with at that stage. The team was there as an unarmed mine clearance training team, not a combat training team!

Another example of how the military worked is as follows. The CPAF finally came up with the mines and some of the explosives we required. These would not be released to us until the negotiations for the store to put them in were complete. There followed a fortnight of negotiations to obtain part of one of their stores. When this was agreed to, negotiations were then required as to who was to clear the store so that we could occupy it. Finally it was agreed that the CPAF soldiers would clear the store but it would take five days. This was because the soldiers were hungry and therefore could not work very hard. If we supplied them two bags of rice the store could be cleared in two days. We waited five days.

The day finally arrived when we started our first Mine Clearance course. The 'troops' turned up on the day and proved over the next two weeks to be very intelligent, willing workers. All the instructors were impressed with the way these soldiers worked. As an example of how their superiors treated them, some had not been paid since Nov 91 (this was Mar 92). We supplied them with somewhere to sleep, a ration allowance paid directly to the soldier and a foldup bed to sleep on. They thought this was fantastic and would do anything for us. Basic soldier comforts that we expect in this Army was totally non-existent in their Army. Their superiors on the other hand now had uniforms, new cars and decent houses to live in.

Very soon after arriving in Cambodia, it was decided that due to the NZ Army experience in Afghanistan, we would set the standard and write all the lesson plans for other training teams coming into the country. This was to include any training aids required. Both Ammo Techs were expecting to do some 'breakdown' of items when we deployed but not on the scale that was

eventually required. Some of the countries supplying training teams were Pakistan, India, France, the Netherlands and other Third World places. As these other training teams were of doubtful quality it was decided to set the standard in instruction and safety from the start. This worked to a certain degree. It was worth noting that one week after starting work with the Indian team, the Demining team trained by the Kiwis went on strike (???) because they did not trust the Indian way of working.

So, impressions of the trip. It was a lot of hard work in some very awkward places, but it was well worth it. Some of the good parts of the trip were:

- a. working with the Khmer people;
- b. working with senior officers from other countries (some of whom we could show a thing or two) such as Russia, China, Tunisia, Bulgaria, France, Malaysia, Austria, Argentina, Indonesia and 'The US of A'; and
- c. being able to carry out a task which we have trained for but would normally not get to do.

The two Ammo Techs on the first trip (and those that followed, I'm sure) can justifiably hold their heads high and say that they did make a significant contribution to the team effort as well as the whole UN Demining effort.

12 FIELD SUPPLY COMPANY

POST EXERCISE REPORT

by SERGEANT TONY GEERKINS

Forward Aircraft Refuelling Section,
Tauranga Racecourse

The following details the activities of the section chronologically from the arrival at the Exercise location:

05 Feb

1700 Sgt Geerkins arrives at 6 Hauraki Hall. Information was sparse, so after being given names of pers in authority at Racecourse I proceeded to that loc to be given an area, and set up shop. Unable to locate any of

pers named I was assisted by a 6 Hau SNCO who showed me to the proposed LP. I erected my tent, marked my LP and prepared my accounting equipment, including modifying Lotus 123 worksheets to suit aviation refuelling. The SNCO who had helped me returned and asked me to the Garrison Club for a quiet drink and meet the remaining 6 Hau pers, assuring me then that the site would be patrolled and my equipment would be secure. I accepted and after a quick shower, we were off to Tauranga by Unimog. On arrival at the club I met my old PI Comd from RFCS and we got to chatting and catching up, at this point I met the 6 Hau AO who gave me a rev up for having my hands in my pockets and having no respect for his Adjutant. Not too good a start I thought, but not to be deterred I went on and found that several other pers that I knew from my time at WTD were also at 6 Hau, so the rest of the night went quite well apart from the occasional visit from the AO threatening to "crucify" me in increasingly slurred tones until on about the fourth swoop, he offered me his hand and introduced himself as WO1 McMillan, a B#@%**. I left the club at around midnight with the other NCOs from the racecourse, and went to bed.

06 Feb

0800 Breakfast was on and after a feed of Baked Beans and Sausages I returned to my tent to continue making the place as homely as possible, and sort out a few more bits and pieces. I was not sure what time to expect the UBRE and Pte Henry so I stayed close to the LP for the remainder of the day. At around 1700 I was making my way to the Mess for more food when I met up with SSgt Monk and Pte Donovan who were swearing at their generator, it had apparently seized immediately after being started. I spent about an hour with them vainly trying to free the engine until WO1 McMillan came over and told us to leave it and that he would have a mechanic look at it as soon as possible but that was not likely to be the same day. SSgt Monk asked if he could get a replacement but as none were available I offered the immaculately maintained and superbly reliable POL Section Gene which was at MWB. SSgt Monk approached Mr McMillan with the plan to go to MWB and retrieve it, and meeting no objection we prepared to depart for Auckland leaving instructions for Pte Henry with Pte Donovan. At this point Pte Henry arrived with the UBRE and explained that he had been delayed waiting for the Air BP Fuelcard. I briefed him, moved him into the tent and dispatched him to the Airport to load up with fuel, then SSgt Monk and myself set off to Auckland. We arrived at about 2030 and found that they bay keys had been removed, after a few minutes of key hunting I drew the spare keys, opened the bays and loaded the generator and a pallet of sandbags (to use to channel waste water to the drain from the shower) into the truck, locked up, refuelled and set off for Tauranga again.

07 Feb

0100 We arrived at the racecourse along with three busloads of Australians, and with the assistance of a pair of passing piquets offloaded the generator and sandbags. After a short and successful test run we decided to hit the sack and that SSgt Monk and his sidekick could finish off in the morning and avoid any further loss of face for the Corps.

0700

Pte Henry arose and began to go through his morning routine first parading his veh and plant, taking samples and other such maintenance while I luxuriated in my bed till 0800. From then on we went through our systems check, replaced a couple of leaky seals and wired our couplings. At about 0900 the

first Aircraft touched down and asked for a Hot refuel so he could move away and prepare his plane for troop carrying. We were of course happy to oblige until during the quality assurance phase a filter sprung a leak and we were forced to shut down for ten minutes, unfortunately as is often the case with these minor disasters, the whole affair was observed by the RSM of 6 Hau. Once the leak was secured, we refuelled the aircraft and went and had a hot shower courtesy of Sgt Monk to get the fuel out of our hair and teeth. The remainder of the day went without further event, we issued 2504 litres, and went for a 10 minutes joyride. At around 1900 we went out to the Airport and refuelled the UBRE, which took a couple of hours because of the single 20mm delivery available, then we bought a pie for dinner and at about 2130 got back to the racecourse. After doing the receipt action all that was left was to write up the report for the day and hit the sack until tomorrow.

08 Feb

0600 Another day, another dollar. The morning routine went as normal, which was basically as follows; 0500 - Awaken to the sound of orders being shouted and feet marching to breakfast, of course we jumped straight out of bed an hour later. One of the aircraft was grounded due to a loose (really loose) "Jesus" nut, which is the one which keeps the rotor disc attached to the helicopter, so there was just one flying. At about 1100 a third arrived and



Heli Refuel

a bevy of aircrew descended on the grounded plane with spanners glinting in the sun and a great deal of discussing and hand waving, the job was done. A short hop from where they had landed to the refuel point, a hot 250 litres and they were off again. The aircrew from the first plane shut down then, I think to allow his mate to catch up his flying hours. After about an hour we refuelled them both and they carried on taking the 6 Hau lads for their rides. Pte Henry noticed that the fuel consumption was much greater for an hours joyriding than an hours flying, for example 250 litres to fly 7 or 8 mechanics from Hobby as against 578 litres to take a few Aussies around the block twice. This was explained as due to being in a residential area it is necessary to climb vertically (pull collective) to the authorised altitude which uses more effort, and therefore more fuel. Anyway so pleased with this discovery, Pte Henry further theorised that more fuel is

consumed when SNCOs fly than when the troopies did, this being a combination of the fact that all you get for lunch around here is a lettuce leaf and half a sausage and that SNCOs are fat. I laughed at his theory and explained that it was actually due to the effort of lifting all that combined responsibility. At first he was reluctant to accept this explanation, but after a while saw the sense in what I was saying. Once again proving the effectiveness of a soundly reasoned argument, especially when the point is driven home with a pair of 18 inch slip joint pliers. Once again the remainder of the day went by without event, refuelling a couple more times, booking rides for the local loggies and RPs (at around 1700 the local Air Cadets turn up for a spin, and the aircrew fill the empty seats with anyone who wants a fly, military only of course). The Helicopters have become something of a local attraction and the fence is often lined with classes of school kids and passersby, a few wanting to know "How much for a trip" imagine the temptation. Once they shut down for the day we managed to borrow a hacksaw and replace our manifold which had developed an annoying drip, tidy up our area, run a couple of tests and at about 1900 set off to the Airport to resup. Fish and chips made up for the meagre lunch and after a couple of hours watching the meter tick over like a tortoise going for a stroll we were full again, stomachs and tanks, and headed home for a long awaited shower and brew. We issued 1887 litres today, did some creative repair, and all in all had a productive day, even though we didn't get to fly ourselves.

At about 2300 Lt Cohen arrived bearing biscuits and bedding, so being the charitable souls that we are we invited him to stay as long as his biscuits lasted. We spent a short while telling each other how wonderful it is to be a Pet Op and turned in, not that it did anyone any good, I had a headache and a few cups of coffee, so I got up and lit the Coleman and woke everyone else up.

09 Feb

0800 Not much happening today only two refuels as the bulk of the intro flying has been done only a couple of recons before their main exercise kicks off. As there will be no taskings for us until the 13th we have asked if we might return with the air crew and pick up some work around Hobby or Whenuapai, aircraft refueling and broadening our Pet Op horizons. At around 1700 we jumped aboard the Helicopter and flew back to Auckland,

44 minutes one way.

10 Feb

0730 I went to the Ops room at Three Sqn to arrange some employment, they referred me to Flight

Lieutenant Mulligan, who briefed me and handed me on to the IC MT Refuelling Section. From there we were shown the DBFI Section and its deployable equipment which included a well equipped Pet Lab, where such testing as Collourmetric, Cravimetric, Spectrographic, and Hydro tests could be carried out in the field. From there we visited the Bulk Tankage and the system was explained to us whereby fuel is received, either ex BP road tanker or from their own Defueller after being offloaded from aircraft to reduce their standing weight, and then settled for a specific period, thoroughly tested to ensure that is within the required specs, and once cleared, returned to stock. I found it interesting that they accounted for their fuel in two stages, having one "Total available for Operations" and one "Total on account" balance, which is returned daily. The Bulk refuel point and the Scania Refuellers were the next point of call and once again very informative, particularly as regards safety with apparently everything interlocked to the brakes, preventing the vehicle from moving unless everything is correctly stowed. The Tanker is fitted with a hydrant coupling enabling refuelling directly from hydrant and hydrant to aircraft refuelling. The Airforce attitude to equipment maintenance, quality control and safety is far better than that of the Army, and I think that spending time in that environment can only produce positive results in our own Pet Ops.

11-12 Feb

0800 Continued to work at Whenuapai refuelling and defuelling various aircraft including Hercules, Andover, Boeing 727, and Orion. During this time I got a message relating to the shower unit and in between refuels, rang around and made arrangements with Kerrick and I Log Q to have the unit delivered. At 1200 on Friday I said my goodbyes and thanked everyone for their time and set off to Mt Wellington to finalize the vehicle and the shower gear ready for uplift at 2000 hrs. That offered a few challenges as there were very few pers around and numerous obstacles, for example all of the four vehicles available were unserviceable due to one reason or another and getting one up to taskworthy took most of my scavenging skills and contacts to achieve. Anyway by 2000 the vehicle was ready to go and after helping Tama with the TF admin I set off home at around 2130.

13 Feb

0730 Pte Henry, LCpl Hayward, and myself met up with Lt Cohen at Hobsonville to fly back to Tauranga. Once there we did our quality checks and refueled the aircraft, again there was a little mystery surrounding what we would be doing as the Pilots had been asked to fly everyone into the exercise area, to which they had said yes, but then they would go home having used all of the allo-

cated flying hours. So after a couple of meetings it was decided to fly everyone out by Unimog and save the flying hours for the mock battle and admin tasks during the exercise. During this time two of the aircraft had developed mechanical problems, and were grounded. At this point you have to give credit once again to the Airforce, once a cellphone call was made to Hobsonville the necessary repair parts arrived by urgent courier less than 2 and a half hours later, and after a relatively short period the two aircraft were on the road again. Nevertheless there was no further flying that day so Clem, Lt, and I headed off to the Airport for what we hoped would be our last resup. We left the UBRE at the Airport and Clem and the Lt set off to Mt Manganui for a run and swim. After dinner of takeaways we returned to the racecourse and set the UBRE up for the next days issues, settled up the days accounts and turned in at about 2330.

14 Feb

0800 The big war starts today, and we will be deploying into the field to support the Helos in an echelon area, one of the aircraft didn't make it and only a few minutes after being test flown after the last repairs, blew a gasket or something that put it back off line. The other two flew off to Costers Farm, followed by myself with the UBRE. After settling our stock we refuelled one aircraft and were told we would not be required again, and to return to the racecourse. On arrival at the racecourse we set up in anticipation of the aircraft returning for the last refuel of the day, and set about the business of waiting, at which we had become quite proficient by this time. Eventually one aircraft did land and while being refuelled, told us that we would have to return to the farm to gas up the other bird which had left itself short for the return to the racecourse. Off we went again and were shortly en route back to the racecourse having set up, settled, and fueled the chopper within around 20 minutes. We arrived at the racecourse to find a delegation from the Police endeavouring to enlist the help of the RNZAF in trying to find a woman who had been lost in the Kaimai Ranges since Saturday, some cellphone calls were made and a helicopter dispatched to the wharf to join the search at first light the next day, (they are prohibited from lifting off from the racecourse prior to 0900 hours) of course we went as well to refuel it ready for the mornings task. We stopped on the way back for a chinese takeaway, and at around 2300 were back in the racecourse, set up and heading for bed.

15 Feb

0730 The last day. We arose and did our usual morning drains and checks, then began packing down all our gear, the tent tables, stools etc and began making the

preparations for Lt Cohen and Pte Henry to head off at around 1000. At this time however the SAR job was in full swing and the Airforce didn't want the UBRE to leave, and were toying with the idea of sending it up to Matamata to shorten the refuel turn around time. This would mean that we would need to refuel the UBRE again and that fuel would not have been available for 4 hours anyway, this in conjunction with the fact that Lt Cohen was unable to get comms with Maj Ngatai to get the oki-doki, eventually convinced them that the best course of action would be to let the UBRE go, and do remaining refuelling directly from Tauranga Airport where yours truly would be standing by with the fuelcard. So from around 1400 I sat at the Airport and read all the Avis and Budget Rent a Car leaflets, and about every hour and a half refuelled a helicopter. The little shop was shut and there was nobody about so I couldn't even get a cup of coffee. Eventually at about 1900 one of the crew told me that the lady had been found and rescued safe and well by the helicopter, they would not need any more fuel but they could not take me back because they were still lifting out searchers, they suggested that I try the Police.

16 Feb

0720 I woke up and went through the S@#!t. Shower, shave routine and picked up the hotboxes with the flyboys breakfast inside to deliver it to there, (they had been out until the early hours as is their custom) one by one they emerged from their sleeping bags and look decidedly the worse for wear made their way in a rag tag procession of towels and jandals to the showers. Shortly the first of the ground crew began to return to the tent and we made our way down to the pad to do the daily servicing. Concurrently to this the Det Comd was on the phone trying to find out whether we should stay or go, and so on. At around 1000 the D was made and 2 birds flew for home while the third stayed on to assist with any casevac's that may occur, and return to Hobsonville in the evening. The flight home was interesting as the pilot handed over control to the crewman in the co-pilots seat and it became apparent that flying a Helicopter is not as easy as it may seem, or as one of the crew put it after about five minutes, "Where's the bloody sick bags!" The pilot retook control as we pitched into Hobsonville at a peculiar angle flying sideways and heading for the hangar, apparently with no intention of stopping short, and immediately had us straight and level and gently touched down right on the pad. Thank yous were exchanged, gear collected and we went our separate ways. I went home to finish off the account and this report, and tomorrow will return to MWB to post it all off to those interested.

CAMBODIA

by SERGEANT SHORT

TOD to UNTAC June - December 1992.

It has been said that Cambodia is a country which has been flung into the outer reaches of hell and only barely just retrieved.

Since 1969 Cambodia has suffered massive destruction of its material and human resources. A brief chronology of events include:

A large scale bombing campaign by the US against suspected communist bases (over 180,000 tons of bombs were dropped).

A coup that brought into power the pro-US Lon Nol regime, which is still regarded as one of the most corrupt governments that Asia has seen.

A brutal civil war culminating in the Khmer Rouge gaining power in April 1975.

Three years of genocide under Khmer Rouge rule, when a minimum of one million Cambodians were starved, executed or worked to death in an attempt to create the perfect instant revolution.

A Vietnamese lead invasion, in response to Khmer

Rouge border attacks, that pushed the Khmer Rouge back to the Thai border within two months.

The early 1980s when a trade and aid embargo denied food and relief agencies access to Cambodia. The US lead embargo restricted most Western relief agencies. The stated policy was to bleed Vietnam white on the battlefields of Cambodia. It was during this period that the Cambodia people were repre-

sented in the UN by the Khmer Rouge whilst their guerillas were nursed back to health and re-equipped with direct aid from Thailand and China and covert aid from the US. Re-armed and able to "recruit" from the refugee camps on the Thai border the beaten force was able to recover and continue guerilla warfare against the Vietnamese backed government of Phnom Penh. The withdrawal of the Vietnamese Army in 1989 left the newly installed government to fight the Khmer Rouge on its own. The withdrawal of Soviet aid and the continuing western embargo on aid directly to Cambodia forced the government to accept the terms of the UN Paris agreement of 1991 whereby all parties agreed to a cease fire and disarmament to be followed by free elections.

As I write this the elections have been held and results are being counted. Despite prior agreements, at no stage during the period of UNAMIC or UNTAC involvement in Cambodia have the Khmer Rouge disarmed or ceased their attempts by forces to destabilise the Hun Sen government. They have disregarded the authority of the UN and refused access into their areas of control.



Driving a big tank !

With the 22,000 UN Peacekeepers scheduled to pull out of Cambodia in three months time the Khmer Rouge have stated that if the elections go against them they will return to the gun. The Phnom Penh government have said that if they win then they will continue action to rid Cambodia of the Khmer Rouge.

The UN has achieved one of its primary aims which

was to hold free and fair elections. Whether all sides will now respect the results of those elections is still in doubt. The second major UN objective was to return the 350,000 refugees from the Thai border camps where some have been for 13 years. This they have now done but whether the political situation they have returned to have improved remains to be seen.

Ordinary Cambodians have been left as they have been for two decades, praying for peace.

The deadly legacy of the conflicts is evident in the streets and villages of Cambodia.



Victims of the Khmer Rouge

The maimed and injured are everywhere. One in 236 Cambodians are disabled, this makes Cambodia the most disabled place on earth. Each month between 300 and 700 amputations are carried out due to land mines. I asked a French doctor (working for Medecins Sans Frontieres) about the total absence of child amputees. He replied that where an adult might survive an anti-personnel mine, the children don't.

It is very hard to gauge the amount of mines laid as estimates I have seen range from two million to a high of ten million. The current methods of clearance are by hand using probes and mine detectors. It has been estimated that it will take a minimum of 300 years at least to clear all the mines.

Mechanical means of clearance have been trialled in Cambodia. This technology is based on existing military equipment, i.e., variations of rollers and ploughs, and is acceptable for military operations where casualties taken moving through a breach are acceptable. When you have a farmer waiting to use the land that you have cleared, existing mechanical means are not acceptable. You cannot tell him in all honesty that his land is clear.

I count myself extremely fortunate to have been deployed to Cambodia. I was selected as the Ammunition

Technician for the Mine Clearance Training Unit in Battambang in northwest Cambodia. Battambang is the second biggest town in Cambodia and is about the size of Ashburton. It is an important trading town between Phnom Penh and the Thai border, with prices for luxury goods

usually cheaper than in Thailand. Initially I was disappointed not to get the Siem Reap posting, near the Angkor Wat temples, but having visited Siem Reap and seen its limited social opportunities, I count myself lucky.

Our training unit consisted of Infantry and Engineers and our task was to train soldiers

of the Cambodian Peoples Armed Forces in mine clearance techniques.

My task as the team's ammunition technician was to produce training mines by removing the explosives from live mines. I produced training mines for the NZ team as well as other UN MCTUs throughout Cambodia. Training mines were also provided for non governmental organisations (NGOs) and private mine clearance agencies. When I was not up to my neck in TNT dust I instructed in Unexploded Ordnance related topics or assisted in other course lessons.

The worth of having an AT attached to the team was proven when one of our students uncovered a "new" type of mine. Our Engineers and Infanteers were stumped until I told them it was only a steel ring from the packing of a 105mm round.

One of the most enjoyable tasks conducted by our team was to present mine awareness lectures to local primary school children. These would take about three hours to conduct and taught mine recognition and what actions to take if a mine was found. Watching burly infantry Corporals sitting on tiny chairs in front of a class of six year old kids was always amusing. We also got very

positive response from these lectures and the kids were excellent.

The mine detectors used were Austrian supplied and had to be tuned to pick up the minimal metal content of the Chinese Anti-personnel mines. Cambodian soil, "surprisingly", contains a very large quantity of spent fragments, empty small arms cases, bullets, nails and iron mongery. On our worst complete working day, for a two metre wide lane we went three metres forward.

The Cambodian people are extremely aware of mines but the incidence of injury has left them very fatalistic towards them. If you stand on a mine it is your fault and don't expect much sympathy. They do not place blame on the people who lay mines. In the northern towns you can buy mines in the market and timber cutters will mine their stands of trees to prevent poaching. It is hard to tell students to pay attention and remember what they are taught when they prefer to put their faith in Buddhist amulets or in the battle prayer tattoos that many of them have. Incidentally most Cambodian soldiers have their identification details tattooed on their chests.

There is so much military equipment in Cambodia that the local attitude is to get another if yours stops working. Little time or effort is put into equipment maintenance or repair. You get the impression that the people have more weapons than they know what to do with. We were offered Makarov Pistols and Chinese type 56 rifles (AK 47 copies) for US\$150 each, starting price.

Battambang was littered with Soviet BTR60 and BRDM armoured cars being cannibalised for parts. There is currently a booming trade with Japan in scrap metal and we watched local soldiers burning out rocket warheads to sell as scrap. From the scrap metal dumps in Battambang it would have been possible to rebuild complete artillery pieces.

One of the students on our course was 23 years old and had been hit by mortar fragments when he was 18. He still carried this unwanted metal in his legs and side. Running our mine detector over him set our detector

screaming. It was sad to watch him in so much pain as he felt any outside temperature change through those fragments and found it extremely hard to get down into the prone position for uncovering a mine.

Efforts to get the Malaysian or Indian doctors in Battambang to operate on him were in vain as they would treat local for emergencies only.



CPAF soldier removing a tripwire from a POMZ ZM mine

The Thai are busy exploiting the situation to their economic advantage. The Khmer Rouge made most of their revenue from the concessions granted to Thai gem mining and logging companies in the Pailin region. These concessions bring in up to ten million US dollars a month to the Khmer Rouge coffers. No wonder they don't want the fighting to stop. In Battambang the Thai Engineer Battalion were busy upgrading the road between Battambang and the Thai border. They also took the time to build a Thai restaurant with UN building materials. The restaurant did a roaring business until the UN closed it down. It was quite an experience to have a Thai Major as a waiter.

Due to the long period of conflict little development has occurred in Cambodia and the country has stood still in time. With the arrival of the UN there has been a building boom with major investments in tourism related activities. These have been led by the Japanese. Cambodia is a country that with a little work and a cessation of fighting

could seriously rival Thailand as a tourist destination. There is a mad scramble for land and the major political factions are cashing in with little regard for the future.

As the calls for the prosecution of war criminals in the former Yugoslavia become louder it is difficult to reconcile with the fact that leadership of Pol Pot's Cambodia walk free. Worse to imagine is that there is a possibility they may return to power. In recognising the Khmer Rouge as legitimate political faction the UN has granted them quasi-legal status. The Khmer Rouge have forced the UN to ban the term "genocide" and any such reference in negotiations has now been called "Cambodia's tragic recent history". The white-washing of history.

The last NZ MCTU will be home in mid June. I do not envy them their task of closing down the NZ Army presence, particularly in farewelling the Cambodian staff at the various hotels and houses where the Kiwis stayed. They gave valuable assistance and will be much missed.

My six months in Cambodia have been the most satisfying of my career to date. There was great fulfilment in destroying weapons of war and I have the knowledge that none of the mines that I worked on are now capable of killing or maiming.

If you asked me I would go again tomorrow.

IS THIS REALLY NEW ZEALAND?

by STAFF SERGEANT LEN MCCALL, RAAOC

ANZAC EXCHANGE

Yes, I did want to travel overseas but New Zealand. Whatever happened to Somalia, Cambodia, or even Namibia. What did I do wrong, sending me to a place called 'The land of the long white cloud'. Why didn't they pick 'A land of rolling beaches and frolicking nymphs'. "What weapons do I take - M16, grenades, claymores?" I asked in anticipation. "Nothing" was the reply, "They're friendly". With pointed finger, drool emanating from my mouth, fire in my eyes, and brown smells drifting thru the air, I yelled "THAT'S WHAT THEY SAID TO CAPTAIN COOK - I'M NOT GOING".

I arrive on Easter eve and met by an indigenous native dressed in customary warriors outfit. He looked mean and nasty, wasn't big but looked like he ate 5 kg of

nails for breakfast and knitted barb wire fences with crow bars. He was ready to take me to pieces at any moment unless I showed him I was friendly. I said "Me white man come in big flying bird from far away, my chief sends greetings, I come in peace". He backed away, reached into a satchel, I thought I was a goner, he pulled out a can and said "Hello - my name is SSgt Greg Makutu - would you like a beer?"

After explaining to Greg that our cultural attache screwed up and gave me the brief on a small province in central Afghanistan instead of New Zealand he understood my unusual greeting. Never before had I met my host, but realised we had something strangely in common - we both wore shoes. Spooky as it sounds I knew we were much alike.

I met his big chief in the hallway, the not so big chief in the smoko room, the lesser than the not so big chief in the car park - doesn't anybody around here have an office? I asked what his tribe was called and he replied "IBSB". "Would that be the First Bloodthirsty Squadron of Barbarism" I asked. He replied it was the 1st Base Supply Battalion. "I knew that - I was just checking to see if you'd pick that one up - well done". It was clear I was making a good impression.

After much ado I attended his place of residence where he showed me the traditional way of cooking in his country - this was very exciting. "What style of cooking do you call this?" I questioned. "It's called a microwave" he replied with a blank look on his face. I think I was losing him. He asked about my tribe and my place in it. I said my job was Harbour Master at Ayers Rock. That look on his face, like he had haemorrhoids, like real end rock problems, I knew it impressed him so I let go with both barrels. "But" I said sharply, "On my return I shall be transferred to the 179th Earthquake Regiment as OIC of all-things-to-do-with-feet. Greg never talked to me much after that.

I travelled far and wide and visited the camps of the war lords where they practised their fighting skills. It was at these places where I started to learn the meaning of their dialect. 'Waiouru' meaning who-picked-this-cold-hole. 'Linton' meaning where-the-Sgts-Mess-closes-at-6.30 p.m. 'Burnham' meaning it's-a-long-way-to-the-pub. And 'Trentham' meaning Trentham. All the natives were friendly as they passed by and gave me the courtesy of the day in their language such as Grom-met, Dorrk, Nuck-all-head. All are anxious to show me the paintings on their fingernails, one finger at a time.

It was fortunate that I came across an interpreter whom I utilised in my fact finding mission. Offering a question to one native. "Do you like Australians?" In his

own dialect he said "No". My friend interpreted it for me "He said no". I continued with "Do you like David Campese?" He obviously didn't understand as he just wanted me to look at one of his fingernail paintings.

This strange brood of people has links dating back to the plains of Africa as they brew an evil concoction called Lion and colour this substance which turns it brown and red as required. I have been fortunate to be with the natives during their strange drinking rituals, and once the substance has been consumed they break out in a cry of joy and celebrate my presence by shouting "Up you Aussie, suck a cane toad". It brings tears to my eyes.

The New Zealand warriors, living in a beautiful part of the world, a strange brood, proud, small in numbers but very efficient. I will miss them. I'm glad they're on my side.

THE WAIRARAPA OUTDOOR RECREATIONAL TRUST (WORT)

AND THE GANG OF SIX FROM 1 BASE SUP BN

**By STAFF SERGEANT LEN McCALL,
RAAOC**

ANZAC EXCHANGE

"Hey Aussie" called Roger. "Would you like to go on a relaxing week with a few of us on adventure training at WORT, nothing too strenuous old boy, very easy, safe as a bank". So we did.

Our crew consisted of;

Lt Mike Shannon	-	our fearless leader
WO2 Roger Tombleson	-	our not so fearless 2IC
Ssgt Len McCall	-	a lot less fearless than those above
Cpl Blue Hammill	-	the absolutely petrified one
Lcpl Clewsy Clews	-	he who has perfected the art of panic
Sig May Davis	-	you want me to do what?

If you really look at instructions they are very similar to listening to a politician, a lot is said but it doesn't tell you anything in detail. For instance:

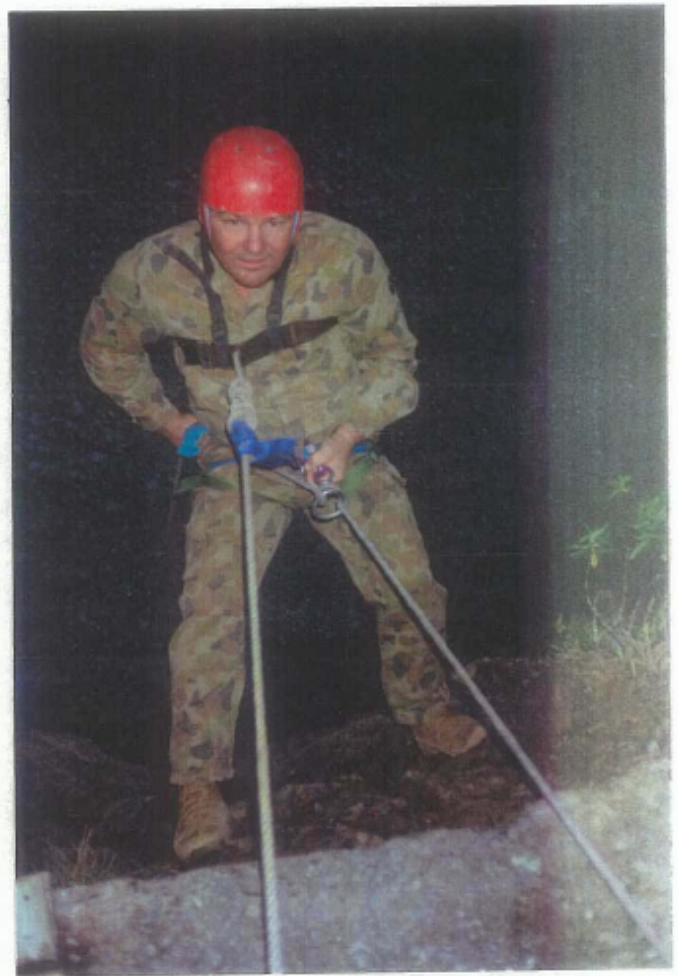
The aim of the training is to provide members of the unit with the opportunity to take part in adventurous type training in a field environment and at the same time develop outdoor pursuit skills.

What they really mean is:

The aim of the training is go down holes that are normally reserved for rabbits, be dragged down rushing rivers with your head underwater looking for rocks, and jump off a perfectly good bridge with the instructor saying it's perfectly safe -

BUT HE DOESN'T DO IT.

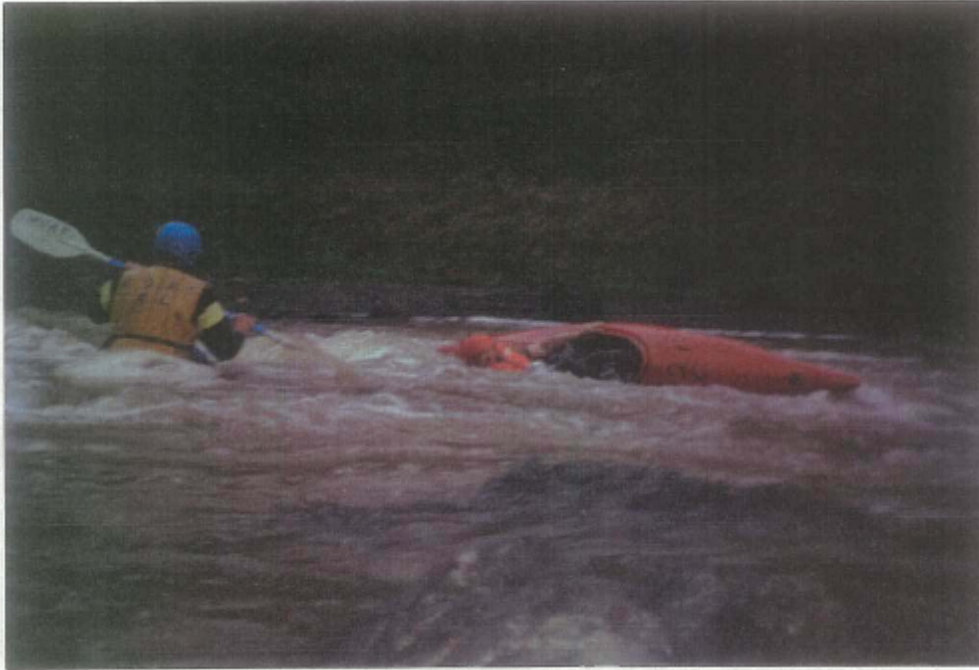
So what does one do at WORT?



Len McCall - the oh so confident abseiler

Rafting down the rapids. This should read, get six grown people, stick them on a large tube, and send them to their death. No seat belts, radio, and not a bar in sight. I ask you "is this a civilised way of cruising the rivers?"

Caving. The idea of caving is to go down a hole and look for bones of animals that have long died. How did they die? They went down the hole and got stuck. If these were supposed to be stupid animals, then what the hell were we doing there? Not a McDonalds in sight. I ask you "is this a civilised way of fossicking?"



all "get it right or you could die". Oh those instructors are wacky funsters. And not a chinese restaurant in sight. And I ask you "is this a civilised way to take in the scenery?"

The Big Swing. Step forward thrill seekers, those who have decided life for them is over, and the terminally ill. None of us fitted the criteria so what the hell were we doing there. Here's the plot. Tie a rope around you, jump off the bridge towards those large jagged blood stained rocks 50 metres below, and have fun. Demented cretins only do that, and not a fish and chip shop in sight.

Len McCall - the oh so confident Kayaker

Kayaking. If I was being sponsored the promoters would get maximum exposure by painting their name on the bottom of my kayak. Technically a boat should float - the right way up, not these kayaks. Charging down rapids upside down, crashing your skull against rocks, desperately trying to save your life by drinking your way out of drowning. And not a KFC in sight. I ask you "is this a civilised way of promoting water safety?"

Abseiling. The dictionary meaning "to descend vertical slope by means of a rope". My meaning "to fall on rocks allowing body to be recovered by ropes". Do we train for this activity in case the elevators break down or was it invented by some sicko because he couldn't find the stairs? And not a Pizza Hut in sight. And I ask you "is this a civilised way of reducing your height above sea level?"

Canadian canoe: Much bigger than a kayak so you can fit a lot more water in them. Zipping down the rapids without a care, until you slam head first into a large rock. I suppose ripping off your fingernails is also fun. I especially liked the lesson before we embarked, the instructor tells us

And I ask you "is this a civilised way of having fun?"

So what did I get out of it? My blurred vision is getting better and the headaches are not as frequent, you can hardly tell I've got a limp, and the doctor tells me I might still be able to have kids, and most people get over kidney damage, and it only takes a couple of short years for the intestines to untwist, I still get nightmares and shy away from gold fish bowls. My psychiatrist tells me I stutter only at the word 'Gung-Ho' and my irregular head movements should be gone before my 60th birthday as long as I keep taking the blue tablets.

You mongrel Tombleson.

1 BSB - VOLLEYBALL

JANUARY - MARCH 1993

The season started with Mrs Holsted's (Teuila) managerial assistance. The Castlepoint Beach Tournament was the first event for 1993. A totally social team, the BSB Sandbaggers was entered into the (6 man/mixed) social grade. Most of the players had little or no experience of volleyball and had never played beach volleyball before.

THE BSB SANDBAGGERS:

LCpl	"Pops"	Lynch
LCpl	Dot	Purnell
LCpl	Speed	Purnell
Pte	"Spiker"	Hanson
LCpl	"Brocky"	Dijksma
LCpl	Bojo	Kareko

The unit had two teams entered in this tournament.

The other team, **THE DREAMING TEAM**, was managed by LCpl Kukutai (KK) and they entered the mens A grade (3 man) competition. The team found this grade hard competition, again their first taste of beach volleyball. They played many games, however most of their games were lost narrowly. This is probably due to a lack of team practice and/or experience.

The teams arrived Friday night (from Trentham), to this place, few knew anything about. The tent was pitched rather ruggedly. This may have been due to Brocky's driving. (It was said he may have set some kind of record for the Trentham - Castlepoint trip if he hadn't detoured up State Highway 2, north of Masterton.) The rest of the night was spent at the local,

sampling some of the tournament sponsor's products with a barman who never smiles.

Saturday, the day dawned fine and sunny, and as luck would have it the wind came up just as we arrived at the beach. Once there, the team was organised into a rabble that resembled a volleyball team. A bit of pre-tournament practice was conducted.

The tournament commenced with the Sandbaggers receiving a lesson in how to play volleyball, let alone beach volleyball. Even the skills of our late arrival, Bojo Kareko, could not save the team from feeling dejected. With a bit of encouragement the Sandbaggers turned this defeat into a sequence of consecutive wins, finishing the day with a hard earned win over Teuila's family volleyball team.

Sunday the wind had subsided but the day was hotter. The team was still recovering from the late night of indulging in some sponsor's and with socialising with fellow volleyballers. Spiker Hanson, the surprise package of the previous day, improved his skills as the day unfolded.

(Some say this was due to the quantity of local sponsor's product he enjoyed.) The Sandbaggers finished the round-robin a creditable second, having only one loss.

The play-offs pitted the Sandbaggers against Teuila's team. The game was decided on a count-back, (one set each 10-15, 15-13, 5-0). Teuila's team had exacted revenge by two points, 28-30.

The Sandbaggers then successfully won the play-off for third and fourth. Teuila's team, accounted for the only team unbeaten in the round-robin and won the social grade. This was the only team that had beaten the Sandbaggers in the



The Teams

round-robin competition.

A good time was had by all who attended. John Lynch won the driving duties by popular demand. The vehicle then wound its way back to Trentham with some tired and weary bodies on board.

FEATHERSTON GRASS-COURT TOURNAMENT

The day was overcast, drizzling and a strong breeze present. Only the rugby field tree-line provided any generous windbreak. (Who said its always fine in the Wairarapa?)

The Trentham Camp provided two teams for this tournament:

Mens A Grade - THE GRASSCUTTERS

SSgt	Siggy	Sigglekow
Sgt	Spike	Milligan
LCpl	KK	Kukutai

Mens B Grade - THE BSB DREAMING TEAM

Pte	Bud	Cotton
Pte	Del	Cunningham
LCpl	Dykes	Dijksma

The Dreaming Team had the only Women's graded team in their league, Teuila's Midnight Terrors. The Midnight Terrors, (Terrors) won their grade by default, but competed in the Mens B Grade.

The Dreaming Team started with a huge win, 50-9 on aggregate. With the confidence high the team found it hard to focus for the next game. The Terrors of Teuila's team continued and took full advantage to win a tight three set game which served to wake-up the Dreaming Team. The team then continued to win all their games comfortably until the final game against Silly and Slow.

This game was to be the decider, both teams had had one loss (both against the Terrors). The game was fought with many long rallies. The first set went to Silly and Slow 14-15. The second set won more convincingly 15-11, with more of the long rallies going our way and a much improved service game.

Silly and Slow started the final set with a rush 0-3 up. We managed to regain the service and some control just before the final whistle. Final score 14-15, 15-11, 1-3, a win to the Dreaming Team on aggregate 30-29.

Presentations again at the local, another major sponsor and more sponsor's products. (The Midnight Terrors haunted all the B Grade teams and finished the day unbeaten. Well done ladies.)

MASTERTON GRASS-COURT TOURNAMENT

The Featherston tournament was the first of two tournaments for the Wairarapa Grass-Court Volleyball Championship. After success in the first at Featherston, a team for Masterton was arranged. The Dreaming Team was reshuffled due to sporting commitments to other codes. The Masterton team was:

SSgt	Siggy	Sigglekow
LCpl	Dykes	Dijksma
LCpl	Tracy	Meredith
Cfn	Brendon	Hayward
Dvr	Juliet	Withers

This tournament was a two day event and like the Dreaming Team was affected by the events of other sporting codes on that weekend. The organisers changed the composition of the teams from Mens to Mixed with a minimum of one women per team. The competition changed so all teams played in two pools with the top two playing off for the A Grade on Sunday.

The Dreaming Team won their early games easily. The highlight of the day was the final game against Teuila's Midnight Terrors (Terrors). They needed to win to make our pool a 3-way tie, whilst we required to win, to win the play-off pool. Like the previous games this was a close game as the Terrors seem to be our nemesis. The Dreaming Team winning the first two sets by the narrowest of margins. The nemesis put to rest the next challenge was to succeed in the A Grade.

With four teams in the A Grade and again we are first up. We played well as a team going out to a 13-10 lead only to lose 15-14. The second set was one way only. We lost in two sets, but proved we could mix it with the best.

The next game and the hot Masterton weather is taking its toll. With hot humid conditions we played the top team and deservedly went down to a well drilled team.

Convincingly beaten in the two games so far, we played the team who we had beaten comfortably the day before. We struggled to get our rhythm back, losing the first set 13-15, again having a chance to win. A more determined effort we won the second set 15-11. This put us into the Tie-breaker set where every serve a point is scored. Yet another close set and finally our first win at this level,

15-11 in the third set.

The A Grade Play-off and we meet the eventual winner, losing 8-15, 6-15. This was an improved performance than earlier in the day. The play-off for third and fourth we lost 13-15, 15-13, 13-15 to a team we had previously beaten twice.

Final results and presentations at the local tavern, a major sponsor.

MIDNIGHT TERRORS

Wairarapa Womens Grass-Court Championship Winners

Masterton B Grade Winners

THE BSB DREAMING TEAM

Wairarapa Mens B Grade Grass-Court Championship Winners

Masterton A Grade - Fourth

The summer season volleyball ended successfully enabling Siggys to have good grounding for his players in the winter season competition. The team, PATAKA, has been entered into the Wairarapa "B" Grade Volleyball League. We wish Siggys and his players the same success that we have enjoyed and may they continue to improve the volleyball profile within the Unit, the Camp and the Army.

Good Luck.
Brocky
(Scribe)

ADVENTURE TRAINING 8 - 12 MARCH 1993

by SERGEANT JOHN COLEMAN

Over the period 8 - 12 March 1993, personnel from 1 Base Supply Battalion and 1 Base Workshops took part in adventure training at the Wairarapa Outdoor Recreational Trust (WORT) Centre.

The aim of the training was to give participants the opportunity to take part in adventurous type training in a field environment, increase the level of personal risk and at

the same time develop and test outdoor pursuit skills (and test them it did).

All instruction was carried out by two WORT instructors who stayed with the team the entire period.

Day 1

Basic Kayak Skills and Wet exit drills on Henly Lake followed by a kayak run down the Waigawa River. Sitting quite happily in the Kayak till the instructor yells "Your turn." grabs the fount of the Kayak and quite effortlessly flips it over. Suddenly your talking to weeds and fish. After battling with the water, kayak and a serious lack of air your feet find the bottom of the lake allowing you to stand in waste deep water. It is all made worth wile however watching the instructor hunting his next prey and suddenly watching them disappear.

After a lovely lunch (ration packs) it was off to the river for a bit or white water kayaking. This (as all thought) will be fun. A bit of last minute coaching on the side of the river and it was almost a free for all. Kayaks were all over the place. Overall most people stayed dry. The river did however claim a few victories. People being thrown into rocks turned over and by the end of the trip a submergible kayak. Believe me it isn't easy kayaking under water.

Once the Kayak trip was over it was a quick change from wetsuits to hiking gear for a 4 hour night navigation walk to Powell hut. At the start everyone was keen and ready to go. After a few hours of walking up what seemed like a 45° hill and one false ridge after another people started to tire, at each stop the same direction would be given, "See those trees its over there about 400m". That seemed to be the longest 400m I have ever travelled.

Day 2

Decent from Powell Hut the next morning only took about an hour and all were glad to see the last of it. While waiting for the transport to take us to our next activity (since it was missed the first time) we were taken for a wet and cold 2 hour walk/swim down a river bed.

After the transport arrived it was off to a cave called Indecision Cave to learn basic caving techniques. The first descent went well just looking at the makeup of the cave and trying out avenue open to us. A few people were brave or silly (I haven't decided which) to try a tunnel about 1 1/2ft high by 1 ft wide half full of water. They didn't make it to far before having to go back to the group. It does give you a sense of urgency when you are crawling backwards against the flow of the water and you can feel it rising. All made it out safely ready for a good feed. Night caving was next and quite a few people apprehensive about the caving at first but seemed to enjoy it by the end of the first decent.

Day 3

Another descent was made in the morning in what is known as a pretty cave. This cave was a lot more interesting than the first to as it had a lot more to look at. We can say however we have seen a MOA even if it was only the bones.

The afternoon gave us the time to partake in a river walk. It proved to be quite a challenge to stay as dry as possible. A few people did achieve this but others just gave up and took the wet and wild way.

Day 4

Basic abseiling techniques taught at WORT, then on to Poroporo Bridge. Set up abseiling rig and decent cliff, set up abseiling rig on bridge and free descend 40m off the bridge. Step from the bridge and swing from on a 15m rope. The abseiling proved to be an obstacle for a few but with the proper coaching and reassurance they were quite safe all members of the team made the decent. Although it took the first person about 2 minutes to make the jump from the bridge, all others completed the jump with relative confidence. It didn't help when you were just are on the point of no return and you hear "Hang on a minute" or the instructors who are controlling the safety rope try to land you on top of a tree or in the river and there is nothing you can do about it.

2½ hour Canadian Canoe trip down the Whaieama estuary and over night at the mouth. Quite a pleasant trip down the river at night even though not much was able to be seen. A few people decided to take the opportunity to try their hand at fishing as it is a tidal river. Luckily we were carrying rations, or all would have gone hungry. At the mouth, those keen enough went out to hunt for breakfast and returned in the early hours of the morning with a few shellfish.

Day 5

After a breakfast, of whatever was caught in the early morning, it was in to the canoe's and back up the river to the start point. The trip back was a little slower and a couple of canoes were towed in by one of the instructors.

Once all the canoes were in and loaded onto the rovers and all were ready to say farewell to toe river and since it was almost the close of the training it was decided that the usual thankyou be given to the instructors. One after the other they met the river. Surprisingly enough not much resistance was given.

All in all it was a very enjoyable trip and I would not hesitate attending it again if I had the chance as would most of the team.

FORCE SUPPORT GROUP**SKILL AT ARMS
COMPETITION****19 - 24 OCTOBER 1992**

Over the 19th - 24th of October 1992 the Force Support Group (FSG) ran a Skill at Arms competition. The aim of the competition was to test the soldiers of the FSG in some of the basic soldier skills which we normally do not use, but are required to know as soldiers.

21 Field Supply Company entered the following team:

Cpl	Richard	Tyler
Cpl	Robert	McKie
LCpl	Danny	Coyle
LCpl	Steve	Anderson
LCpl	Ray	Kareko
Pte	Manu	Pierson
Pte	Lynda	Manuel
Pte	Mike	Archer
Pte	Duck	Donaldson
Pte	Donald	Rippey

The best way to explain the Skill at Arms is to give a blow by blow account.

The Preparation

To prepare for such an exercise team members were required to familiarise themselves in the finer points of abseiling, assembling 292 antennas, setting up telephone exchanges, claymores, tripflares, barbed wire, navigation, flotation, fire control orders, TOETS, M72 LAW's, observation and a few other things. So with all this training under our belt we set off for Waiouru.

19 October 1993

It was a pretty normal trip to Waiouru, but on our arrival things started to look grim. Packs were already overflowing with cold weather clothing and extra food, the FSG go and issue us with 5 days rations and cookers, one radio per section c/w spare batteries and first line live ammo. Once we were issued out section stores, we were given the normal moral boosting brief and it was back on to the trucks and moved to our first stand to spend the night ready to start the first morning.

Well we thought not too bad so far, we will be trucked to our first loc, set up and crash out for the night, not to be so lucky. Not only did the truck drop us short but once we got to our loc we were given a kit check to make sure we had everything on the FSG approved list, lucky we managed to scrape together enough kit for the people who were deficient so we didn't lose any points.

21 October 1993

The first stand was OBSERVATION and this consisted of jungle lane and an enemy camp from which we had to find several items and work out such things as enemy strength, moral, weapons, etc. This stand was finished before the sun was rising over the hill, next was hump up Paradise Valley Road and up to Edinburgh Castle to the second stand. We arrived to find the first team still completing the stand and the team in front of us getting ready to start, something that was to haunt our team all exercise. To fill in the time the Commander of the RRF COL Ottaway paid us a visit to let us know about what was going on concerning us and Somalia but that we wouldn't be pulled out of the field at that stage.

Once the team in front of us completed the stand it was our turn, this stand was a reasonably simple one. Erect a 292 antenna, an 39B remote and establish comms with 5 sub stations.

That was the first part next we had to set up a field telephone exchange connected to 5 field phones.

On completion of that stand it was down to the lake and across it in an assault boat. After a pleasant 40 minute trip it was time to abseil down the dam and through the ravine to the anti tank range.

22 October 1992

After a good night sleep it was straight into the M72 Shoot, every member got to fire two sub-calibre rockets with the best shot getting to fire a live rocket. Next it was down to Tank pond for the flotation. This exercise consisted of getting a 1/2 ton trailer, some stores and us from one side to the other, needless to say that at 0700 in the morning it was cold.

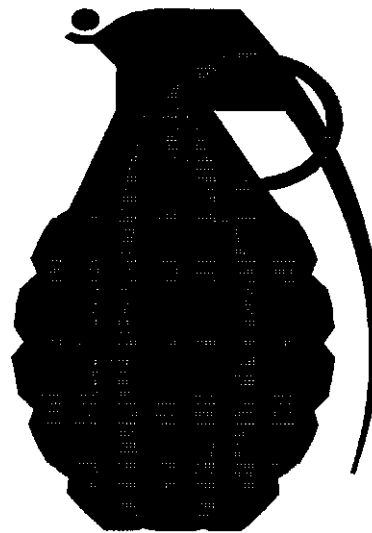
On completion of the flotation it was another hump to Taylor range where we had to complete the assault course and a falling plate shoot. Then another hump to Waitangi for the first aid stand, which consisted of 3 bodies left as the aftermath of an air strike, simple stuff. Then it was a big hump to Bagagush which resulted in a really good night's sleep.

23 October 1992

Next morning it was up nice and early, onto the trucks and out to zone 1 from fire control orders against dart targets using live rounds followed by a section assault again using live rounds, this time utilising fire support from the section C9. Pte Manuel enjoyed this part of the exercise as it was the first time she had fired full auto using live rounds with the steyr. After that exercise it was back to bagagush for the next stand, construct 10 metres of low wire entanglement, and 100 metres of type 3 catwire. Not a problem to us veterans or the OSG and several exercises, where's the forklift to move the stores to the top of the hill, what do you mean move them by hand. This was by far the most physically exhausting stand of the exercise. But it was a challenge which we took up and completed as best we could. After another long hump we arrived at six cross for the last stand of the exercise, the jungle lane. Stalking up the Mangaio Stream in a rain storm, in flood engaging targets to the left, to the right and sometimes to the front, a very enjoyable stand. As this was the last stand we thought we would stay the night there, but oh no another hump to our first stand in Paradise Valley for another good night's sleep.

24 October 1992

Back to Linton and disappointment to find that we didn't win the competition. Overall the competition was a hard out couple of days, a lot of walking, compensated by the interesting stands especially the live firing ones. We all look forward to next year's SKILL AT ARMS competition. NOT.



You crackerstackers shouldnt feel threatened just because yours isnt a real trade!!!

EXERCISE TAKROUNA

by PRIVATE MOKE

RATION SECTION

IC: Sgt Hay
 2IC: Cpl Jury
 LCpl Anderson
 Pte Manuel
 LCpl Purnell
 Pte Moke
 Pte Cunningham

Exercise Takrouna proved to be a learning experience for most 1 Base Sup Bn personnel, who attended it. It enabled a lot of us to get the hands on experience in a combat supply platoon. The lead up to the Exercise also gave us a better insight, as to how a field unit operates.

Ex Takrouna was held in Waiouru from 18 November - 28 November 1992. All of the Ration Section deployed on 17 November 1992 with the advance party. When our supply platoon was sited, we all got stuck into the work routine. Tents up, electrical cords dug in, stores located and our track plan was easily done, thanks to the help of 10 Tpt Sqn, who were in and out dropping off our stores. The rest of the company arrived the next day. By mid evening our supply platoon was set up.

Ration Section's number one job was to supply food to the two kitchens based at Helwan Camp. Ensuring good storage of food was very important. Dry rations, fresh rations, dairy products and the meats, were all stored separately. We took two 20 ft fridge/freeze containers. The freezer held the meat and the fridge held the prepared vegetables, milk, eggs and butter. Two 11 x 11 tents with extensions were erected for the separate storage of the dry and fresh rations.

Pte Manuel, our lady wonder with the help of combat of course did the daily ration supplies. The remainder of us did the daily food breaks for the kitchens.

Every second day deliveries of meat and vegetables were made from the respective firms. Milk and bread was delivered to us daily. When we needed a resupply of dries, Pte Manuel uplifted those from Waiouru Camp.

We also had to maintain our ration packs, Hexamine tablets and cookers. Regular stocktakes of these were recorded and ration states were submitted to HQ daily.

Water was another important aspect of our job. We had to ensure all water jerry cans were full at all times.

During the Exercise several distribution points were conducted, with the support of 10 Tpt Sqn. These proved to be successful. A representative of each section accompanied the drivers. This was one of the few times we got to leave the supply platoon. For some reason we think Pte Cunningham liked these, because he kept volunteering to go out.

Pte Manuel was left with the administrative side. When time permitted she also tutored, Pte Moke and LCpl Purnell on combat.

Exercise Takrouna was a good lead up to Exercise Golden Fleece. Unfortunately we will have to wait a whole year, to exercise our new skills.

WORKING IN AN AMMUNITION AREA A FEMALE PERSPECTIVE

by PRIVATE LISA KNAP

"ATs are the elite trade within the Ordnance Corps!!!" This would be the normal response you would expect from any typical Ammo Tech. However, a **FEMALE SUPPLIER** being TOD, then posted, to an Ammunition Area would not receive as much attention.

My name in Pte Lisa Knap and I am currently posted to the Waiouru Ammunition Area. To most people, a female supplier being posted to an Ammunition Area would not achieve much. Besides, Ammo Techs are a totally different trade. However, to me, it was going to be a challenge. A challenge to see how just how 'elite' these Ammo Techs were.

Before starting my TOD at the Ammunition Area, the impression I had received was that I was only there to lift and carry boxes around as well as to carry out any other duties I was tasked to do. However, once I had started my TOD, boy was that impression thrown out of the door.

First of all I knew that a lot of changes would happen. Apart from the few rounds I had used on Basic and on courses, I knew nothing about ammunition and now I was dealing with live ammunition. Seeing the different types of ammunition held within the NZ Army was a whole new experience. In the beginning, I would always ask questions on "how a certain item would work" or "who used these items anyway". But as the days went by I quickly gained knowledge thanks to the Junior Ammunition Technicians. These were the people I worked with every day. With their help and their technical knowledge of ammunition, things started to fall into place.

Secondly, I had the opportunity to help assist with a Pyrotechnic Display for a Regular Force Basic. Here was where the excitement began. I had never ignited a smoke generator before nor had I ever demonstrated in front of anyone how a Friebe worked. To me, these were just pretty little fireworks, however, I soon learnt that either of these items could kill or save you. But to have the experience of conducting a Pyrotechnic Display was worth being TOD to an Ammunition Area as these sort of tasks were out of the question in the previous sections in which I had worked.

Thirdly, being the only female working in a male dominated environment was a big step. My first thoughts of this were a bit hesitant. But now, I realise that it is an enjoyable and interesting environment in which to work. Especially if they are Ammo Techs!!!

But most of all, being posted to the Ammunition Area has been a great experience. It has opened up a lot of goals in my Army career. One day I would like to become an Ammo Tech but that day is a long way away. The variety within this trade is numerous. Not every day is the same. To have the opportunity being posted to an Ammunition Area would be something I would recommend any person to accept. One thing for sure, if you like the smell of gunpowder, you definitely would like working with Ammo Techs!

ML'S VICIOUS CHICKEN

This story about a chicken should be told as one feather has led to another. Despite the forewarning from my friends about keeping fowls, I did agree to keep one. My daughter came home from school and told me about the eggs they were going to hatch in the classroom. As the weeks went by I heard more and more about these eggs until with great excitement my child told me that three had hatched. "Can I have a chicken?, Can I have a chicken?" she cried. I don't think so, where will we keep it?

Then suddenly a note came home with the child to say that if you want her to have a chick please write a letter to the teacher. I relented, thinking only 3 chicks and 30 children in the class, it was great odds that she would not get one. Well, what a miscalculation, only three children asked for chicks. There was another problem "What if it is a rooster?", I will put it in the pot but as time went on and I repeat my phrase there was a reaction, "You dare, you die, Mom, the whole class will hate you if you kill my 'Chocolate Chip'".

As there are many cats in the neighbourhood who are very hungry for anything other than jellimeat, and I did not have a hen house for this tiny thing, it was allowed to stay in the house. The chick would sit on a cloth on my daughter's lap and watch TV with her. 'Chocolate Chip' was taken to school on several occasions. On one of these occasions she laid an egg in the picnic basket and cackled for a long time, to my child's embarrassment.

Now that the chicken was big she roamed free in the backyard which is fully fenced. She shared this space with the four legged lawnmower called "Bella" who was a very spoiled sheep.

One day during the September school holidays, Phil, my next door neighbour, phoned to tell me that my chicken had got out and was walking around her garden. She had

tried to get it back onto my side of the fence but Phil felt that the bird would attack her. The more I said you can pick it up, the more she said, "No it is fierce, it will go for me". I was puzzled because this was a gentle hen. I assured her that I would be over to help. I did not want to leave my work station so I phoned the CO's wife who was looking after my daughter and explained what had happened and could she and the children go round and get the chicken back. "No", said Mrs Gardiner, "I'll send Lou."

Lt Col Gardiner was on two days leave at home. I put the phone down and then it dawned on me, how can the PA expect the Colonel to go and fetch the Chicken! What I wanted was for the children to do this job not to send the military. This was a little chicken not a vulture. My neighbour was very impressed when she told me that they had to use a broom to shoo the bird into my garage.

The next morning I heard the Lt Col Gardiner say to some of his officers when they asked how his leave went. "ML has a vicious chicken, I could not get near it" when I had to fetch it.



"JAWS"

A few months later this vicious chicken became broody and now there are four of them roaming the backyard.

KAYAK ADVENTURE WITH THE AATC

by CORPORAL J.A. COCKRAN

DAY ONE

The trip started out on a Sunday afternoon with us all meeting at the Engineer's compound in Burnham. The first thing we had to overcome was the 4 hour drive to Murchison on a hot Canterbury Day. The second thing was a driver who was practising for the next Grand Prix. Not only was he trying to see what the fastest speed was in a van he also wanted to find out how much petrol was left in the tank after the warning light had gone off. Lucky Boy to find a bowser in the middle of nowhere.

The trip ended with our arrival at the hall we were staying in. After picking a bit of floor for a bed and a quick intro to the rest of the team that was it for the day.

DAY TWO

The next morning began with a brief on the week's activities and the introduction to our gear. After finding a wet suit that almost fitted the next job was padding out the kayak so that it was a snug fit and the foot rests where reachable.

After this task we filed into the van again and travelled to Lake Rotoiti to be introduced to the west coast sandflies and the handling characteristics of the kayaks. The wet suits held the sandflies at bay as we climbed into the layers of protective clothing and moved out on to the clear Lake Waters. The biggest problem seemed to be how to keep the kayak going straight.

The day ended after watching training videos with a visit to a local pub (pub-lic relations).

DAY THREE

This morning saw us at a local school's pool practising the art of rolling a kayak and then coming back up again. The theories okay but the practical is not so good.

Late morning and the afternoon saw us out on a river pool practising ferry gliding (crossing from one side to the other using the current and minimal effort) and cutting in and out of eddies (the calm area behind the rocks). There was also a bit of practice of the emergency bail out (usually performed while under water and upside down).

The day ended with another visit to the pub.

DAY FOUR

Back at the pool for more practice of rolling and other various strokes while being videoed for a laugh later. Also this morning is the swimming test, 4 lengths of the pool in minimal clothing.

The second half off the morning was spent on the Buller River practising all our new skills during a river trip. The best method of coping with the extremely fast water seemed to be to give it heaps and try to keep your balance. Again this resulted in a bit of viewing the river from the wrong way up (bail out time again).

The afternoon was spent doing another river trip and hopefully improving on the mornings efforts.

DAY FIVE

Back to the pool for more practice and then down to the river to practice rescue techniques in the rapids. While the victim floated down the rapids at a fast pace the rescuer throws a line out and then pulls them to shore (in theory anyway). There seemed to be a bit of trouble with aiming the rope and then remembering to brace yourself once they have caught it (a couple of victims got away and had to go for a bush walk to get back).

The afternoon was spent at the river pool having a go at towing other kayakers and the best place to carry a stranded kayaker.

The night was spent having a end of course booze up and trying to get the head instructor so drunk that he would be too sick to take us back on the river the next morning (that plan failed).

DAY SIX

The morning was spent on the river doing a last river trip with a lot of improvement shown on previous efforts and then cleaning and returning gear.

After packing up we filed into the van and headed back to Burnham (with a different driver). The general feeling was that it had been a enjoyable week doing something different but worthwhile.

THE WHEEL

A Bedtime Story Guaranteed to put you to sleep.....

Its nice sitting here with the warmth of an open fire to warm the body after fighting customers again. There is an unusual sprinkling of snow on the ground for this time of year and I've heard from the lower kingdom that there will more than likely be a lot more.

Still, sitting here with a warm mug of broth, I find it hard to believe that its only June. This is supposed to be the month of warm weather, I guess that all is not as it should be in this kingdom of ours.

This story has bugged me for ages. It's not like your normal story, but then, what's normal? This story, and I stake my beak on it, is true. May the almighty farmer from Wellington strike me down and make my beak bigger if it's a lie.

Its hard, and its also difficult to know where to begin but...

Once upon a time there was a unit called 4 Supply Company which lived in Waiouru. Well this little unit was very happy supplying Waiouru Camp with all the necessities of life and more.

Unfortunately, a wizard came and decreed that there would be a consolidation of all Stores within the kingdom. He knew 4 Sup Coy would like to change so pooof.....Thus it came to pass that 4 Sup Coy became Central Q.

Four years had passed and Central Q was running smoothly or so they thought. They could account for everything, they knew where it all was, but time would tell how clever they were.

Well wouldn't you know it, another wizard (an ATO this time) reared his head and decreed that all would be well again....

Sound familiar ?..... It was and guess what happened. Everything was to be nearly as it was previously.

Yes, I'm telling you the truth because as true as life this wizard said to me that as from 1 July 1993 we would once again become a Supply Company. Well the rumour around this location has that we will be 4 Fd Sup Coy or 43 Sup Coy or 4 Sup Coy or ??????? or ??????? or ???????.

"Why" I asked. That was my first error, I should have known better than to question the wizard, but it was too late.

The wizard said "Sort that grey haired old bugger out and give him something meaningless and exceedingly boring to do until June of next year. I suggest that you get him to count and move your stores to the new buildings, then he can put all the outlying store units on a really

fantastic and well designed system called DSSD."

Well, the punishment that was dished out was a bit over the top I thought, but then who am I to argue. It took along time, there were many candles burnt into nothing, heaps of Gretian 2000 used on my head and along the way there were some strange things happening that I cant explain.

Why is it that when I sent 14 video tapes to my new store they multiplied to about 114. There is also the trousers that magically changed into DPM Alice Pack outers. I concluded that there was some very strange magic at work. I believed that the boss conjured up these acts to put extra pressure on me and hope that I got a few more grey hairs.

Well we finally finished the move. Next was the 100% count. We counted everything again having counted it at the move. Boy, there are some people in this kingdom who must have ten thumbs on each hand and I reckon on their feet as well.

Again, strange magic was at work. Items whose description did not seem right, were reidentified and counted again only to have a different total. Just what is going on ???

It went something like this..... stores which needed to be checked were identified, BUT where did they go.

"They were there a little while ago. Where are they now?"

"Oh I moved them to another location and counted in the new location."

"Oh, that's fine, but where? Now don't tell me you can't find them?"

"No, I know where they are but they have been moved agaiN and again and again. They were also counted again anD again and again."

OK boss, what magic have you done this time ?

He pleads innocence (or is it ignorance?). I sometimes also wonder if the stores we have have legs. I guess that I'll never know.

Anyway, having satisfied the first part of my 6 month punishment, I was redirected into an office and told to select some people that I would want to work with.

Whether they wanted to work with me was another matter. The people who volunteered at my invitation were Bernie M, Shorty Richards, Snap Knap and Mo Newton.

Well I guess beggars cant be choosers, so with this clever bunch I ventured into the unknown. At least I am thankful that NASA personnel will not have to worry about these four people taking their jobs.

The four people selected were told that we would be doing the consumer unit accounting load and initial trial

for the kingdom.

What an honour, what a joy, what a DORK.

Little did I know what I'd got myself into. I imagined sitting behind my computer, inputting items onto the accounts and doing other simple stuff.

I was initially unsure of what to expect. However, the next six weeks were to provide me with the answers.

It all started at 1600 hours on the 26th April 93. It didn't finish until 2359 hours on the 28 May 93. I now know what happened, or at least I think I do.

For eight hours each night we:

Researched items - because others were too idle to.

Input data onto DSSD.

Researched items as per above.

Had tea.

Input data onto DSSD.

Researched items as above.

Input data onto DSSD.

.....and on and on it went.

Our meals were really nice, that is if you liked soup every night, 7 days a week. It wasn't too bad to start with, but when we started spending more time in the latrines, I knew something was wrong.

It was bad enough that the job we were doing was giving us the S@#**TS let alone the food.

I requested a decent meal for us. We got it, but it took over 7 days before we received it. Now if the cooks wanted something in a hurry (like yesterday), we would do our damndest to supply (yesterday). But oh no not them, these things have to be ordered etc. But they kept on throwing food out into the pig bins.

After three weeks eating/drinking soup we were starting to look like it. It was most obvious when you went home and saw your family. "Who are you?" they would ask. Don't forget that we were working the night shift and slept (if possible) during the day.

This lady kept on asking me to sign the visitors book and to be out of the house before her husband got home. I found out later that she was my wife.

Well, the 28th May 93 finally came and I found myself at the end of the punishment. It was a relief but also a moment to treasure as I knew that for once (apart from DSSD) I had done something worthwhile with my life. I reported to the boss and he said....."Well done. I hope that you have learnt the errors of your ways and wont ask silly questions again?"

Well, I did and I wont.

Well that's my story, whether you believe me is up to you, however, I know its true and if you are ever turn up in our area then look me up. I'll tell it to you again just so's you don't forget. Mind you it'll be your shout.

Cheers

The Beak



*The Fusion Suppliers;
Rick - Dave - Saen*

NEW ZEALAND POLICE

NATIONAL BOMB DATA CENTRE

Nestled within FAI house on Molesworth Street as part of Police National Headquarters is the National Bomb Data Centre (NBDC). In charge of the centre is WO1 Lindsay Davidson RNZAOC, currently on secondment from NZ Defence Forces. The centre comes under the direct control of the OC National Bureau of Criminal Intelligence (NBCI) which is a branch of the CIB Support Group.

The primary role of the centre is to collect, analyse, record and disseminate (where appropriate) information regarding explosives incidents. This includes bombings or attempts, theft and finds (including EOD task conducted by Ammo Techs), hoax devices, bomb threats and suspicious packages.

The information is logged onto a master database and every quarter, summaries are produced and distributed to all police regions and districts, other government departments within NZ, as well as overseas bomb data centres. Along with the summaries, special information bulletins are also produced and sent to IED operators and specialist groups within the police. These bulletins generally contain more specific data on bomb incidents primarily from overseas.

Warrant Officer Davidson also provides instruction at the Royal New Zealand Police College when requested. This is generally when Specialist Search Group (previously Bomb Search Teams) courses are being run. Explosives recognition presentations have also been conducted for AOs and SOCO courses. Along with police courses instructional assistance has been provided to the ammunition wing RNZAOC School during IED courses. Along with police courses instructional assistance has been provided to the ammunition wing RNZAOC School during IED courses.

Other responsibilities are to provide assistance to other government or private organisations, and this is generally in the form of bomb threat information and/or presentations. Organisations such as Westpac banking, the Chief Judges office, Transpower and BP NZ Limited have requested these recently.

Although the year started fairly quietly on the bomb front, March saw two serious incidents to which Lindsay attended, namely the bombing of a house in Taihape and attempted bombing involving injury in Upper Hutt. The bomb data representative is also available to help police investigators with scene search and the reconstruction of devices.

WO1 Davidson's term at Police Headquarters is due to end in December this year, so it will be off with the jacket and tie, business lunches at the Backbencher (who said that?) and back on with 7B working dress (if it can be found in the wardrobe).

ANNUAL CAMP

WAIOURU FEBRUARY 1993

by STAFF SERGEANT K.D. PURU

Marched into Mount Wellington Barracks Friday 12 February 1993. Admin completed onto a 1700 Unimog, departing 2315 hours, eta Waiouru at 21 Fd Sup Coy loc 0500 hrs 13 Feb 93.

No doubt arriving in Waiouru this time in the morning sends chills down the spine. A brief was given by SSgt Hiroti on the day's programme. So it was switch on and all go.

Reveille for the company was 0530 hours and we got to meet the rest of the troops and rekindle memories on past training. From 0630 hours it was into vehicles and into Waiouru Camp to the range for the day's shoot. Much training was given on TOETS for the IW Steyr and the safety factors involved with the use of live rounds on the mound.

With much patience our detail managed to complete the shoot. The next day Sunday 14th we were on the grenade range. Once again safety instructions were given before we moved down onto the grenade range. There were some soldiers that had not thrown grenades before, so once we were in the safety huts and heard the first of the grenades exploding (two practice, then two live) there was a little nervousness shown on some faces.

For the older soldiers it was just a natural instinct to see who could throw the furthest. After completion of the day's programme it was return to home location and prepare for the Skill at Arms competition to be conducted over the 15 - 17 Feb 93.

I stayed in our home loc and became Section Commander for the shower and laundry unit with Cpl Murray (DSS, MWB) and LCpl Anderson (21 Fd Sup Coy, Tpt NCO). We also had the task of dismantling tentage and packing up the area.

Wednesday, 17 Feb evening was a busy period with soldiers coming back from the Skill at Arms and heading for a hot shower and their clean laundry.

Thursday 18 Feb morning we were busy as well with the shower unit. Even with a few hiccups we managed to shower all the troops. Later that morning was a parade for the awards for the Skill at Arms. A section from the Fd Sup Coy taking second place.

Midday saw the departure of 21 Fd Sup Coy to Linton Camp. The remainder of 1 Log Bn having an RFL then a BBQ that evening.

Friday 19th February 1993 all units returned to Mount Wellington Barracks.

SURVIVAL TRAINING '93

by SUNBURNT AND PIMPLY

At last an Exercise for Burnham Ordnance! Malborough Sounds. Most people were looking forward to it, until they jumped off the Mogs after eight hours sitting on planks and a few chundering over the side and hitting others. Not many happy faces then - but what a laugh.

Well off the Mogs and into it - but first a pack section which consisted of ripping a few packs apart to see what they could find, got most things but missed a lot, e.g., machete, saw, beach ball, deck of cards, food and more food - hard luck, Sirs.

A short brief before we were left to it. "Make do with what you have and don't go off the island."

Well who could resist the temptation of exploring the "island", within 24 hours everyone had been to the pub, a few had walked a long way.

One group thought they would have a go at living off the land, trouble was you weren't to eat any shellfish at that stage - bad for your health they told us, so the group decided to go fishing. But to get to deep water to do the fishing you had to cross stingray spawning grounds and after a few close calls they gave up the idea and went to the pub for a meal.

Another group done it hard and stayed on a launch, for keeping all they had to do was cook meals for everyone, lucky there was some cooks around.

A few people got to go canoeing - gets boring sitting in a pub all day, and then sightseeing with a BBQ afterwards all that for a bit of wood chopping - the cost of living these days - disgraceful!!

One lot even got to stay in a bach complete with TV and fire. And yet others were offered trips to Wellington for a few days R and R but alas could not partake in the Police parties for fear of not returning on time. Thanks anyway. Well end of Exercise and a few were sad to leave, but all good things must come to an end sometime, at least we had achieved one of the objectives anyway - make do with what you have - we certainly done that alright, but as for the other part - don't go off the island - well don't they know that if you tell a Kiwi soldier what not to do he/she will do it anyway. But all the same not a bad exercise, bit rough on the pocket - pub prices are well over the top, looking forward to the next "survival exercise".

PUCKA EXCHANGE

by LIEUTENANT JO GUTRY

Over the period 16 February - 6 May 1992 I fortunate enough to go on ANZAC Exchange. I spent the duration of the exchange in Melbourne posted to Puckapunyal Logistics Battalion (PLB). While at 'Pucka' I was fortunate to get the opportunity to visit other Logistic Battalions around Australia.

I remember quite clearly telling the Australians who had asked 'Where I was posted for the duration of the exchange?' When I replied Puckapunyal they looked at me as if I had just been posted to the end of the earth. The Australians look at Puckapunyal as New Zealanders look at Waiouru.

I found that Kiwis are a lot more tolerable towards their postings as Pucka has Melbourne City only an hour away whereas Waiouru has Palmerston North!!!

Back to Pucka. As mentioned previously Puckapunyal is one hour north of Melbourne and about four hours south of Bandiana (RAAOC School).

Pucka's population is solely Military or civvies working for Defence. As with the majority of Logistic Units around Australia I found that the orgs were 50/50 Mil/Civ such is the case with PLB. While in Australia I was exposed to Total Quality Management and participated in a number of liaison visits.

Total Quality Management (TQM)

While at Pucka the buzz word floating about was 'Total Quality Management'. The answer to everything! It appears that 'TQM' has caught on in a big way in New Zealand. In short TQM at Pucka is the management philosophy that seeks continuous improvement in the quality of performance of all the processes, products and services of an organisation.

TQM is simply a management tool. TQM aims at restoring pride in performance and encourages more supportive and informed managers and supervisors. The fundamental key to the application of TQM is that all work is a process and all processes vary. TQM is a series of analysis and once the process is developed and measured then improvements to the process can be identified and implemented.

The implementation process of TQM with any organisation is a continuous one. Individuals involvement

in the improvement process, in an environment where personal goals and organisational goals overlap to get desired outcomes, assisted PLB achieve their objectives.

Liaison Visits

While at PLB the Training Cell had co-ordinated an itinerary for the duration of my stay in Australia. This was my chance to see what the rest of the Australian Army was all about and see a lot of Australia at the same time.

During the exchange I visited Perth Logistic Battalion, Moorebank Logistic Group, Brisbane Logistic Battalion, the RAAOC School and the Land Warfare Centre in Conungra (30 minutes drive from the Gold Coast).

The most impressive display throughout my travels was at Moorebank Logistic Group. The computerised selecting system is state of the art in warehousing. Items once selected are taken to locations via a computerised trolley which when programmed travels to the appropriate location. Works well on a large scale but not so suitable for a smaller warehouse.

Homeward Bound

Before returning back to New Zealand I was lucky enough to witness the Firepower Demonstration at Puckapunyal. This demonstration is really impressive and worthwhile. It was a good opportunity to catch up with the Kiwis that had come over for the firepower demo.

During the three months in Pucka I made a lot of very close friends who I still keep in contact with now. The memories shared and good times make the exchange a chance in a lifetime.



I'm getting married!!

READ IT IN REVERSE

by STAFF SERGEANT T. BROWN

Friday night the usual calm, methodical pack up. Brain trying to register all incoming information regarding AFE 93.

1. Have I got it all.
2. Can I carry it. Will these legs again perform feats of yesteryear. (Lord have mercy.)

THEY BLOODY BETTER. I mean to say, the kitchen sink was still in the house and the bar bee was still in pieces. Anyway, I couldn't find a pack mule at such short notice.

Into the Mitsi and off to the factory, that being Mount Wellington Barracks. Aah, it's just how I remember it, a nice sort of confusion. Greetings to all, Talofa, that being hello for you North American Indians.

ORDERS: Staff Brown, take one 1700 with any of the spare shower unit kit, proceed on to Waiouru, from there to Landguards Bluff and support 5 Bn.

WHAT!!!, ME!!!, no way, I can't do that. Waiouru beckons me, that chilling wind, those black clouds, that small ray of sunshine and believe me it was small, a truck with four wheels, a heater, room for the pack, space for the bar bee. Not to worry, gather all the spare equipment for the shower unit. Once more plead to accompany the rest of the unit to Waiouru.

YEA HAAA !!!!!!! ____ REALLY.

Anyway, the rest of the company sympathise with me and LCpl Haywood who will join me in Tauranga. Her and Sgt Geerkins will fly down with 3 Sqn to support 6 Bn.

PHASE 1

On the road at the crack of dawn en route to Tauranga. Arrive at Tauranga Race Course ten minutes after 3 Sqn have landed. This being the Base Camp for 6 Bn, gather up LCpl Haywood and proceed to find the location of the shower unit where SSgt Monk and Pte Donovan, then she proceeds to account for all that has eventuated since they had set up. That being work, work, work. Enough said about that. We gathered up the rest of the spare equipment for the spare shower unit.

Sgt Geerkins was also in the area, accompanying him was a Private from 1 Base Sup Bn and a Second Lieutenant from 21 Fd Sup Coy. Around 1400 hours I was approached

by the 2Lt (whose name I can't remember) for the use of the 1700. Ah let me guess what his purpose for requesting the use of the vehicle. Ah yes, of course, to conduct a recce of the area known as Mt Maunganui. He stood in front of me, the perfect soldier, clammed up, Balaclava on, booted and spurred. I duly handed over the keys.

At 1700 hours the majority of the Bn came back to the base camp and were given the opportunity to have a shower. Also attached to the Bn were a company of Australians who looked right at home in the green environment of New Zealand with their Desert DPM uniform on.

NIGHT ROUTINE

Invite to the bar by the Battalion SWI, turned down of course with diplomatic diplomacy. Of course, from here on in one must condition one's self to the green machine mode. Ha, lo and behold, Staff Monk, newly appointed CQMS to one of the Battalion CO's, night routine actually included sleep.

PHASE 3: THE OBJECTIVE; TO SUPPORT 5 BATTALION BASED AT LANDGUARDS BLUFF, WANGANUI

Sunday morning, shower 6 Bn, off to breakfast. Did I say breakfast? Menu: Golden crisp potatoes, selection of spaghetti or baked beans. Needless to say I looked at my waist line and it looked back at me, so morning fix, smoke, cup of tea and pack up.

Left Tauranga and down to Waiouru for the night. LCpl Haywood driving, myself the ever vigilant and observant co-driver. Into Abbassia to join up with the 12 Fd Sup Coy and 21 Fd Sup Coy.

Waiouru greeted us with the usual sunshiny bright day. Did the usual greetings (tin of cocoa), renewed old acquaintances. The company was off to do a Skill at Arms competition. Monday morning, everyone eager to be away, yearning for the challenge to come like a hole in the head.

Kipped down in the POL CP tent with the ever lonesome Casanova of Ordnance Sgt Butch Hay. Morning came to me in a rush as the heat was unbearable. We did our thing in the morning, then it was fix time (Smoke and a cuppa) gathered more stores and bade everyone adieu.

We then proceeded to Wanganui in the miserable conditions of the morning. God, much more of this and I would have to put in for a dinghy to get us there. Once again, LCpl Haywood driving and myself co-driving.

Landguards Bluff, home for the next 5 days and 4 nights. The camp was a hive of activity. Reckon the noises were coming from the Condo's. Noises that resembled chain saws, motor X trail bikes and bubbling rock pools.

Contact at last, the usual native greetings are exchanged, "Yo bro, what it is?". One WO2 finally shows us to our residence. Over the fence they had set up a 30 x 20

and had used 44 gallon drums with buckets to shower with. Ain't that the truth. All we had to do was put in the lights, the shower mats, stools, set up the stands and rose, dig a drain inside the tent to the swill pit which we enlarged to a massive depth.

From there we set up the water reservoir, connected up all the hoses and the burner, put power on and requested the water truck which was duly situated by the water bung, a test run and everything was operational ready for the grunt machine to roll on through.

We then set up our 1700 and 14 x 14, this also being our sleeping area. It was then into PT kit and off for a run. This being the equivalent of a half marathon at a cracking pace. After that, shower then tea time.

Two messes. One for the Officers and SNCOs, one for the JNCOs. At least tea was an improvement on 6 Bn. Brownie point there, as a matter of fact it was better than the hot boxes at Waiouru. Also couldn't watch TV as there was none. Radios were absent, the bar would only be opened when the rest of the Battalion was back. Bed time.

Routine Tuesday

Half Marathon-Shower any pers in camp-Morning routine-Breakfast-Parade-Inspect all equipment for defects-Recon Wanganui on a wide scope.Lunch-All those again-O Group-Tea-Sleep.

Wednesday, Bn is back. Everyone is offered the use of the showers. Funny what a shower will do for you. How one feels the urge to initiate the use of the lungs department or utter the words, Good S#!*t, Yeah, Choice or that feels good. So everyone is happy, bars open, moderation is the word. Initiate serials 1, 11 and 12.

Thursday morning - Serials 1 - 8. After lunch, into Wanganui to compete in games afternoon. Back and prepare for smoke concert. That's where each of the CO's put on a skit and performed for the rest of the Bn. The last Hoolec. Drinks all round. Bedtime.

Friday morning, the old half marathon, brekke, pack up all out stores and equipment, load up and commence native farewells. Down to 21 Fd Sup Coy, drop off stores. 21 Fd Sup Coy RFL time as we go past them. I know guys and girls, Butch Hay is there in body only.

The long trek home, Bulls, Waiouru, Taupo, Matamata, Bombays, the factory and the big smoke. HOME.

In all the AFEs that I have attended I sure will remember this one. You know why!!! Because it was unusual to say the least.

Remember: READ IT IN REVERSE.

MISS BSB COMPETITION

by PRIVATE G.J. CUMMINGS

All the sweat, muscle and manpower used to set-up a catwalk. The long painstaking hours of continuous video taping. The stage is set. The lights are dimmed. The atmosphere was swarmed with the excitement and suspense and finally the night the contestants have been waiting for. Just imagine it wearing a sexy laced lingerie underneath, a tight, smooth, glistening silk dress over the top. Make-up galore with a wig to add that special icing on the cake.

Then we have the rich aroma of expensive perfumed splashed over the still stubble facial hair of the day before. When the suspenders and stockings go on there is still evidence of the hair that the wax massage did not get off the previous night, and last but not least the sound of high heels tapping to the rhythm of the music.

But still no-one can be too fussy about how they look. After all guys will be guys and girls will be girls. So hence I came up with an idea of mistaken identity. On the May 93 I created the very first ever Miss (man) 1 BSB beauty pageant.

My colleague Cpl Hack, co-hosts Pte Tuari and Kate Howard and I made up a programme for guys to dress up as girls, to be judged under three different categories.

It was a night of fun by all who participated and those who contested the title of Miss (man) BSB. The contest was run in a very professional manner which consisted of three categories:

1. The best section costume.
2. The best interview.

3. The best evening gown.

Unfortunately as fate would have it we had minor problems with the TV set and the interviews were not shown, the contestants put on the show for the people who cheered and urged their favourite girl on.

The finalist were 4th runner up equal winners Miss ISS (alias Cpl Lawrence) and Miss WSS (alias Pte Andrews), 3rd runner up was Miss Systems (alias LCpl Lynch). 2nd runner up was Miss Orderly Room (alias Sgt Allen). Runner up was Miss PC&A (alias Sgt O'Connor) and the winner Miss CRS (alias LCpl Ferguson).



Miss CRS (LCpl Ferguson)

I would like to extend my gratitude to all the contestants for making it a very successful evening and a big thank you to everyone who turned up for the fun and extremely enjoyable night.



Sgt Stretch O'Connor



Capt Steve Guiney



Cpl Rosco Lawrence



LCpl John Lynch



Mr Bill Emmens



Pte Bryce Knight



Pte Vern Andrews



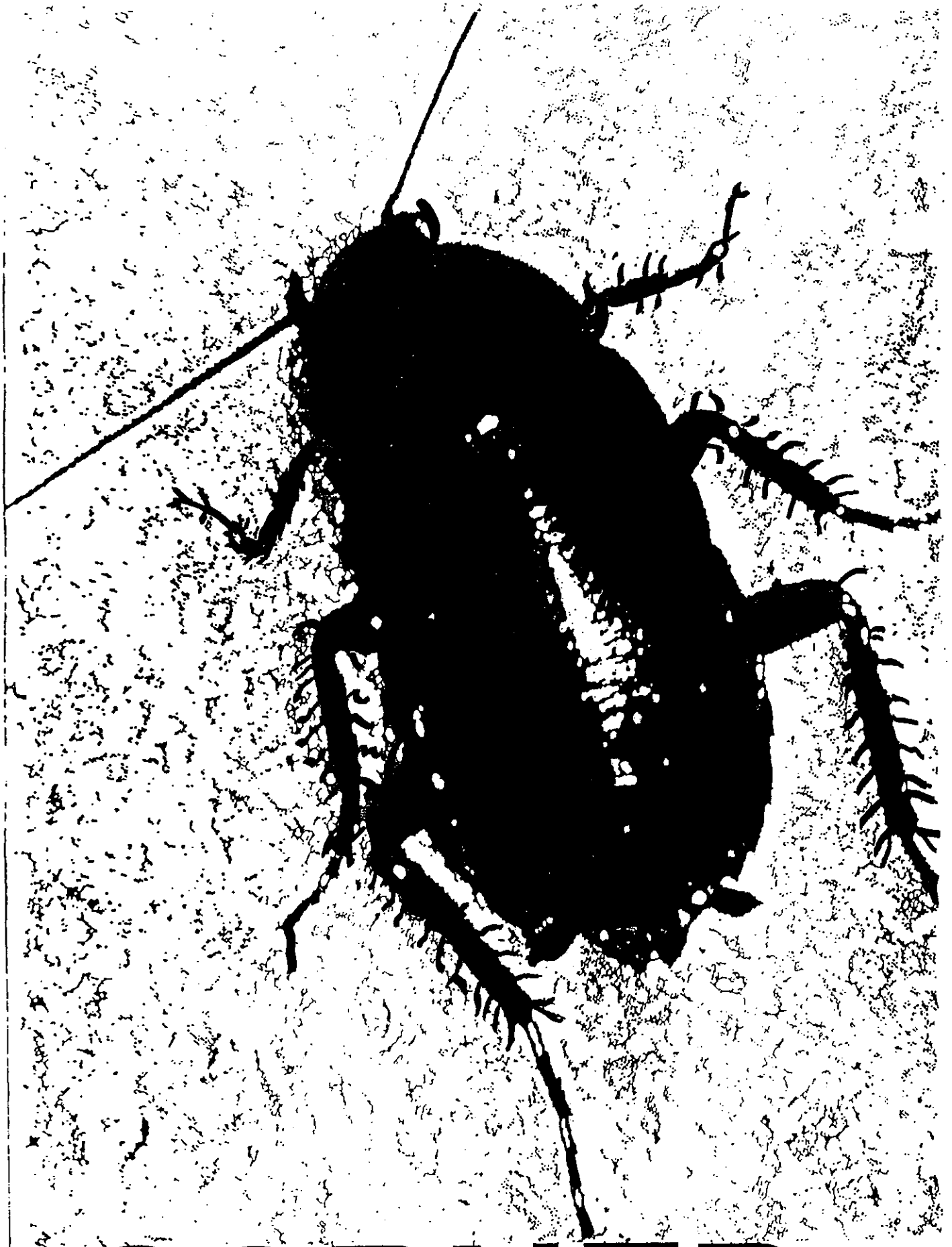
Sgt Brett Allen



Cpl John Bird



LCpl Wayne Campbell



CORNER

SUPPLY POLICY CELL

LOGISTICS BRANCH HQ SPT COMD

THE (BIG) MAC TRENTHAM

I suppose everyone who has been volunteered for PATAKA is sitting down staring at the little square screen and bashing keyboards galore. After some arduous research on my part I have managed to glean the last 12 months history out of the rest of the supply policy staff and am now able to share it with the rest of the Corps.

HATCHES/MATCHES/DESPATCHES

HATCHES:

John and Janet McBride has a new member in the family (a son Thomas).

MATCHES:

Tony and Penny Gallagher (Apr 93).

PROMOTIONS:

SSgt (John) McBride to WO2 (18 Feb 93).

POSTINGS OUT:

SSgt (Andy) Canton to 21 Fd Sup Coy.
Cpl (Dave) Hack to 1 Base Sup Bn (off TOD).
WO2 (John) McBride to 1 Base Sup Bn.

POSTINGS IN:

SSgt (Clarkie) Clarke from CRSU.
SSgt (Shayne) Gray from CRSU.

RELEASES:

Capt (Sir) Tony Gallagher to Scarfyville in Chch.

Current Personnel are doing the job of:

Maj N.A. Hitchings	SO2 Supply Policy
SSgt S.M. Gray	A/SO3 Supply Policy (actually Ratpackman)
WO2 M.J. Roberts	WO Supply (Technical)
SSgt R.T. Clarke	WO Supply (General)
Vacant desk	Coord Ssgt

The cell has been functionally re-orientated (rebalanced) and based on supply classes, that is to say, control of supply classes.

If you do have problems and you need to get in touch with anyone here, you should now be able to go direct to the appointment you require. If you can't get through, we have knocked off early, so ring back earlier the next day (usual time for knock off 0905 hrs).

DFO(A) Vol 1 (The Bible) Support Matters, as we all know, has been really out of date for the last millennium. The cell was tasked with getting the rewrite done. This job was started by Maj (not Lt Col) Cain in Sep 91 but after a month he was promoted and posted to Washington and the task fell off for a bit until WO2 (Robbie) Roberts got the coord job for the project (everyone else had taken a long Xmas leave).

Chapter and Section sponsors were then given the task of updating the areas they were concerned with, and then it was back to Robbie to put it all together, check, amend, cross reference check, amend and recheck. The draft copy went out to Comds, Sch of Admin and AGS for comment. Major changes were forwarded back to sponsors for their comment, then a final draft was prepared and forwarded to Army Pubs for printing. CGS signed the complete rewrite on 24 Nov 92 however one last hold-up was by DLS as the rewrite couldn't be released without his input into the introductory order, which makes it a legal document that you can be hung for ignoring. (It still isn't complete of course, Works and Financial Chapters are yet to be rewritten, but it was released in Feb 93 anyway.)

Sounds a pretty simple exercise, but it took over 18 months, not a small amount of grey hairs, and unfortunately is still incomplete. But it's a hell of a lot better than the old book.

Other major projects include:

rewrite series 300 and 400 clothing scales for DFO64,
ration pack trials conducted in Linton and Burnham,
24hr ration packs redesigned and standing offers for the supply of ingredients completed,
redistribution of combat clothing and PSI within NZ,
supply policy input into EMPS,

system of supply for MD801 Exchanges/Replacements,

draft paper on Stockholding Policy for Operational Units (now into second draft and should make it to CGS sometime this year),

AAMS (who didn't get involved in that one eh),

liaison visits to all major units, and

input into SLAB (now entitled LMMB).

Minor tasks during the year include:

report on landrover ignition spares,

stockholding policy for RNZAOC Stores Sections,

system of supply for consumables,

supply input for the movement instruction for 16 Fd Regt and Sigs Sqns,

input in regards to the Audit report on 1 Armd Gp.

And of course this was on top of all the research that had to be done just to get the day to day work done, writing up SOPs and desk files, etc, etc, etc, etc.

So what are we looking forward to this next year. Like the rest of the Corps we'd like to get to Somalia too. If that isn't possible (and if you think we're holding our breath you're stupid) we'll just have to soldier on, throw the shoulder to the wheel and the hands at the keyboard and churn out policy in the hope of keeping Forest Corp afloat.

A fond tata to WO2 John McBride who has left the cell and gone to 1 Base Sup Bn. Thanks for all the hard work John, the DSS's really appreciated it.

Lastly a fond tata to Captain Tony Gallagher who has left the Corps to further his knowledge by finishing his Bachelor of Commerce at the University of Canterbury. Good luck to you and Penny.

Until we see you again ... TTFN and keep kool till after skool.

DIRECTORATE OF SUPPLY PROCUREMENT

After the great pilgrimage from Freyberg building to the Messines Army Centre, its now time again to pull down tent lines and take up residence with the Inventory Management Company, 1 Base Sup Bn.

Over the past year, in line with the ongoing climate of change and pursuit of increased efficiencies, it has been decided that the rationalisation of the separate overseas and local (NZ) procurement functions, could provide: procedural efficiencies, enhanced personnel employment/promotion options, decreased administrative overheads, and a more logical and effective provisioning capacity for the NZ Army's inventory.

The Procurement Section has demonstrated an ability to keep up with the development and use of new electronic data systems. An example is the Procurement Management System (PMS), a purchasing module obtained through LMIS, performing all purchasing functions such as electronically filled and produced purchase orders.

This year saw the introduction of the Defence Integrated Purchasing System (DIPS), this system electronically relays overseas 'Dues In' requirements via DSSD onto the London and Washington Embassies. DIPS also includes a freight tracking system which gives an up-date of freight movement and expectant arrival times. Also recently introduced is the Pengallys freight monitoring system which provides fast tracking of custom declarations of imported goods.

Combining these systems with DSSD, EQQUAL, COLIN2, DIDS, Wordperfect and a Local Area Network, the Procurement Section has provided an efficient customer service, while maintaining responsibilities, and achieving in-house goals.

OVERSEAS TRIPS

Mr Clive Robinson earlier this year spent a week in Taipei, Taiwan, where he carried out the quality inspection of locally produced DPM material. Part of the order was then sent to ADI, Australia to be produced into DPM trousers. Clive being a non-drinker thought he would save money during social occasions only to discover that a small bottle of water costs NZ\$8.00.

Recently WO2 Shattock joined Mr Phil Blundell for the bi-annual liaison visit to Melbourne. These visits are

designed to monitor the procurement of stores from Embassy in Melbourne. WO2 Shattock concluded from an indepth study that CDR has a long way to go, as there was no NZ beer available. The most common NZ joke (told by several Aussie firms and patrons) was, "How did the Kiwi farmer find his sheep in the bush?, Gooooo!", bloody Aussies!!

At the moment Mr Kingston Lambert is on a two week Foreign Military Sales (FMS) training course at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, Ohio. From there he will spend a week liaising with the Washington Embassy purchasing staff, that's if he can survive a study period at the Paramount's Kings Island Fun Park.

THE CREW

Maj John Govan. Staff Officer Grade 2 Procurement, ship's captain, posted to 3 LFG as SO2 Log where the ducks are plentiful.

WO2 Terry Shattock. Warrant Officer Procurement, ship's helmsman, still the local gun runner.

Mr Tugs Poka. Projects Clerk, taken up rugby coaching, could be the next Lowe. Tuggs will remain within the Messines Centre when the big move eventuates.

Mr Lance Dockery. Textile Contract Inspector, ship's baker, supplies the crew with cream buns.

Mrs Toni Eyre. Staff Officer Clothing, one of the ship's navigators, doesn't want anyone to know that she had anything to do with UUA.

Mr Clive Robinson. Clothing Contract Inspector, ship's ghost, responsible for rampant tooth decay among the crew.

Mrs Amanda Wylens. Navy Clothing Clerk, ship's crewman, helps out fellow crew with their make up, well, mainly Ruks.

Mr Bill Lockey. Airforce Clothing Clerk, ship's historian, been around so long, also can run like an antelope and drinks like a fish.

Cpl Wilson Ruki. Army Clothing Clerk, ship's hermaphrodite, raised concern when found asking his fellow female crewmates for evening gowns, make up, etc.

Mr Kingston Lambert. Staff Officer General, the

other ship's navigator, his obsession for work is scary and known to calm his crewmates with yet another airforce story.

Mr George Kana. Foreign Military Sales Clerk, ship's guru, a firm believer in the power of positive thought.

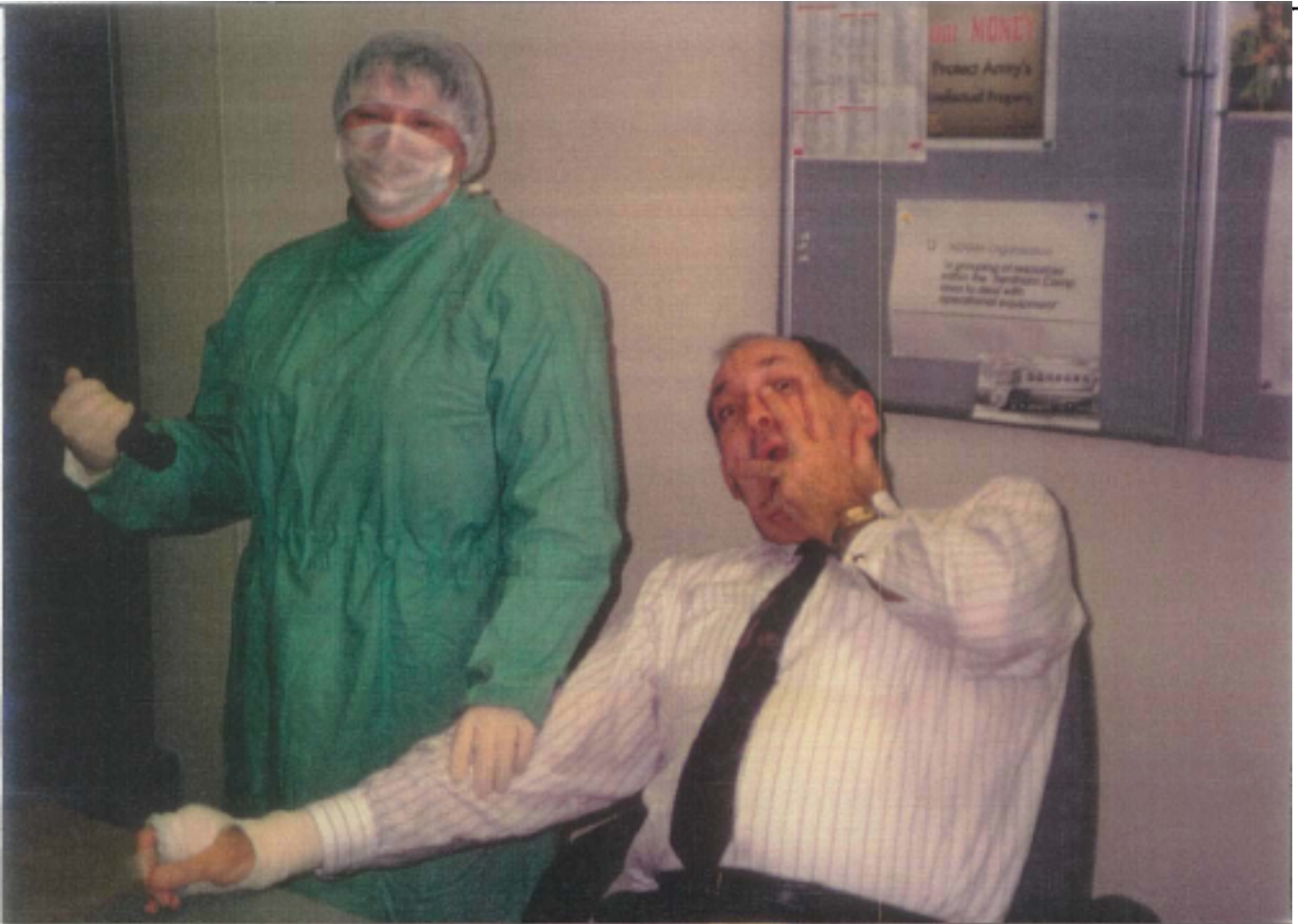
Mrs Leanne Shouksmith. Publications Clerk, ship's doctor, Doctor McCoy's sister (Leanne is a devoted Trekkie fan).

Miss Carol Fulton. General Stores Clerk 1, ship's fireman/person, always seen smoking, psst don't mention ADI to her.

Cpl Donna Madgwick. General Stores Clerk 2, ship's union delegate, never afraid to speak out.



The best that Ruki has ever looked in his life!!!!



RNZAOC SCHOOL HEADQUARTERS

A quick kia-ora from the RNZAOC School HQ. The last 12 months has seen a dramatic change in staff within the RNZAOC School HQ.

Postings Out

Maj Watmuff to 1 Bde and on to London.

WO1 Keith Thompson to civvie street/R&D.

Sgt Eddie Joe, RNZEME, to 1 Base Wksp.

LCpl Frosty Steele to civvie street/MP Coy (TF).

Postings In

Maj Johnston from 1 Base Sup Bn to CI.

WO2 Vern Pomana from 21 Fd Sup Coy to TDO.

Sgt Rudy Paul, RNZE, from 1 Base Wksp to SQMS.

Cpl Tina Kendall from 1 Base Sup Bn to CClk.

Moves

WO1 Billy Vince from TDO to SSM

At the time of writing, the CI had just arrived back from a six month sojourn with the UN HQ in New York and Vern is completing his last minute admin prior to leaving for Somalia with UNOSOM 2. The SSM reckons that, as everything happens in threes, he must be quids in for MFO Team WO in October???

QUOTABLE QUOTES PART II

As promised in the last edition of the Pataka, the following are some of the more memorable 'Quotable Quotes' which the TDO has received from students during internal validations carried out on courses conducted at the RNZAOC School.

REMEMBER:

(The quotes have been copied exactly as they were written by students.)

Very confusing so I plucked the test.

The Reversion Phase was very HelpHul The hard part was remembering with screen to go to.

A display of the different breathing operatus and protective clothing that is available.

The inructors approach to the course made it interestiing & easier to take in.

Instr was very good. Approached us from an infor mal angle and allowed plenty of praticle.

A bit unknowledgable in some areas.

To regimental to the point his classes started to loose intrest.

A big help for people who has never come across these things before.

A high standed of instructors.

Using handouts limets knowledge because it is in front of us.

WELL KNOWLEDGED & OFFERED PRACTI CAL ADVISE. A BIT TOO EASY & (LAXED) ABOUT THE COURSE.

Interesting to lesson to.

I thoroely enjoyed the course thoroughout.

Basically wasn't to bad but section commanders should realise there more than just one way to motervite troops.

CP - a good way to stress out and to let your anger out. So if you ever feel like punching someone up, just ignore it and become a duty clerk.

All you need is teamwork, and concentration, once you got those 2 prioties, you're fly threw them. Otherwise it was heaps of fun.

Because of the large premiter maybe a moving sentary.

It's fourtunate that the TDO thinks and torks along tha same lines as our students seem to rite, witch means he dozen't have two meny problums wurking out knowing what is meanted.

AMMUNITION WING

RNZAOC SCHOOL

Well, has this been a year of rebalances or what? In the Ammo Wing rebalancing has mainly affected SSgt Joe Evans, who had to learn to rebalance on his left foot again, Nasty things, those Cambodian anti-personnel pistols....

The rest of the wing has been luckier physically, but it's hard to get injured sitting at a desk in Trentham. Unless you can count flu as a combat injury, in which case the whole camp are probably veterans.

In case you have forgotten, the Ammunition Wing comprises:

Capt Craig Houkamau
WO2 Blue Lawrence
SSgt Joe Evans
Cpl Bobo True

Major happenings in the Wing ... depends on what you consider major. Craig has been captured by Lt Jo Gutry from 1 Base Sup Bn and the noose around his finger is growing tighter ... Blue has a bundle of arms and legs arriving shortly ... "Sledgehammer" Joe is resigned to being posted to Waiouru. Complained incessantly about being at the School, should hear him now! ... Bobo has done ... actually what has the little toerag done? And where is he anyway

Now that the NEW (no not that new, THE new new) trade structure has been approved the workload in the Wing should skyrocket. Fortunately for those of us left Cpl Matt Dyson is posted in from the winterless north and has a large pile of work already ... who says amendments aren't FUN?

In between lunchtime, sports the Wing has managed to run an IED Basic Course, Blinds Courses and Retests, helped SEME Armourers and shown the JSOs the light.

Anyway, our job would be made a lot harder without the assistance given to us by the following people:

Tina	(Who pays us ... OR ELSE!)
CATO Branch	(Who keeps us amused)
CI	(Who censures/censors us)
BD Troop 1 Base Sup Bn	(Who bludge kit off us), and (Who makes us glad that we can't be posted there!)

So until the next edition of Pataka, whenever that may be, we bid you fond farewell and leave you with this final thought ...

What is the difference between Auto Parts and Textile Repair? **WHO CARES**

Real answer from the ed is that there is no difference, both are real tradesman, both can count to 10 on both hands and neither can whistle through their feet !!!!

SUPPLY WING

RNZAOC SCHOOL

Greetings from the Auto Parts (oops) Supply Wing of the RNZAOC School. Well, we had a fairly quiet start to the year, and it has been a welcome chance to catch up on some admin work. In fact with no courses we've almost begun to feel like the Ammo Wing. A month in the field in Waiouru mid-winter with the Phase Two Corps Trg and another month field work with the Section Commanders course. At least the latter course was in Waitarere and the weather was generally excellent. The Supply Wing has recently undergone a big change around in staff.

Movements Out:

Gerry 'the Master' Rolfe. Gerry always had a tidy office. This was due to the fact that he used to leave piles of sh— work everywhere else. At least in his new position he can blame the other person (the erstwhile green hatter) who has infiltrated the sanctity of the BSM's office. Gerry was the proud owner of the 'Throdder' (no, not that sort), a V8 powered carpark ornament that he sometimes managed to get started and drive home. Gerry leaves the school with a number of distinctions and records, some of which are:

most awesome writer of CPX questions,
biggest fluker of baskets at B'ball,
most awesome parade ground snarl,
most ordinary RFL result.

Aim in Life: To have his own office.

Probable Result: Will have to live with a New South Wales rucking bag.

SSgt Siggy Siggelkow: Siggy has managed to remove himself from the computer long enough to get posted. While at the school he mastered Wolfenstein, Lemmings, Grand Prix and Gunship 2000. There was a scurrilous rumour about him having done some instruction as well, but he couldn't figure out how to log on.

Aim in Life: To access DSSD.

Probable result: Will get the top score in that as well.

SSgt Ross (Frog) Fearon: Due to a strange growth from his head we all thought that Frog was suffering from elephantiasis, but we later discovered that it was just the telephone that was permanently attached to his ear. Frog is deeply (not deeply enough) involved with waterpolo this was something to do with his telephone problem. With all the bulldust and money that has gone into organising this year's waterpolo regionals and services tournies there will only be 50 cents left to run all the other sports. Frog fluked a second placing on the WOs course and must have brain-washed them into giving him a posting there, which we all agree is the best place for such an awesome drill pig of a soldier.

Aim in Life: To learn how to play waterpolo.

Probable Result: Will electrocute himself by taking a telephone into the water with him.

SSgt Bugs Gallahar: Having been at the School for most of her career, Bugs had been looking for a quiet job in a good climate, with no duties, a built in lolly shop and lots of old relics. Bugs was always handy to have around if you had a sweet tooth, as she had an endless supply of lollies around. The only place around that fits the bill is the Museum. As it has been known to be chilly in Waiouru it was rumoured that Bugs wanted to move her desk to warmer spot - somewhere near the pie warmer.

Aim in Life: To give up lollies.

Probable Result: Will end up direct crediting her pay to the Museum shop.

Cpl Dave (... the Rave) Alexander. aka Honk aka Alex. Alex was a long term inmate at the RNZAOC School having been here longer than anybody except those who arrived here before him. Alex specialised in rescuing wayward students from the Orderly Sergeant. he actually left the School at the end of 1992 however he stayed on in his office and restored a couple of cars. He also spent some time playing with shredded paper, to get himself into the

swing of things at packing.

Aim in Life: To be WSM (S).

Probable Result: Will be the RX 7 expert at vehicle group.

Incoming (take over):

SSgt Dave "Anti-Siggy" Cossey. Dave arrived as the new computer instructor and bowled in and mumbled something about a Spt Comd inspection and promptly went around and deleted all of the games. We're slowly indoctrinating Dave into what computers are really used for, although it seems that it will be a long process. Another thing about Dave was how well dressed he was, we all wondered whether or not there was any stock left in DSS.

Aim in Life: To Access DSSD.

Probable Result: Will delete that as well.

SSgt Jose Cooper. Since moving from Mt Wellington Jose has a permanent weekend booking on SATS. Jose hasn't been in the unit long enough for us to know enough about him so that we can publicly humiliate him. Stay tuned.

SSgt Robertt Frraserrr Camerrron. Locky is the antithesis of Gerry Rolfe when it comes to CPX questions. Not only does he not write awesome questions, he writes love letters. Obviously some serious retraining is required, however as a **MIGHTY MOOLOO MAN** all is not lost. It is expected that Locky will progress to writing vaguely awesome questions within a few years.

Aim in Life: To rewrite a MLW Pham.

Probable Result: Will be a sappy bits specialist for Mills and Boon.

Cpl Sam Iraia: This illustrious NCO has been posted from Waiouru to replace Alex. His Orderly Room must be slightly different to most as his travel arrangements have him arriving here via Somalia. Sam is another one we can't rip into yet - watch this space.

Still crazy (here) after all these years (days) (minutes) ...

Sgt Paul Corke: Those people who are from Trentham will recognise this character as the hyperactive lunatic that achieves land speed records (and little else) whilst negotiating ever decreasing circles in the gym.

Corky was also in the singing telegram business which is okay as long as he stays away from (read: doesn't wear) netball skirts. Corky has been known to pluck a few strings on the old guitar from time to time and has a three and half song repertoire (one for each string on his guitar).

Aim in Life: To win a Elvis imitation contest

Probable Result: Won't be able to find a sequined netball skirt.

Sgt Shane Williams: Long term captive of the Nairobi Hilton. Hard at work (it's true) in Kenya, we haven't seen Shane for six months or so. But we can't wait to see him and welcome him back and have a party and see all of his photos and let him reintroduce himself to his wife and let him go on leave and let him find his feet at the School then shaft him with a course manager for the section commanders (snigger snigger (- it wasn't my idea Shane Keith)). As they say it's all good character building stuff.

Capt Wendy Field: If you thought that you couldn't get every conceivable piece of office furniture in pink you're wrong. When the School recently took part in lunchtime netball competition with a team called the Pink Panters (where did that name come from?), the SI(S) had pink tee shirts for the whole team. Talk about dedication to the cause.

Aim in Life: To get a posting to Directorate of Supply, HQ Spt Comd.

Probable Result: Will bring pink DPMs into service.

CATO'S KINGDOM

by WO1 DAVE THEYERS

The 'phone rings and then come the words that strike fear into the heart of every Ordnance Soldier: "Giddy Dave. GD - PATAKA is about to be published again and I want a contribution from you lot".

So I sit here and look around me, at four grey walls that surround me... oops sorry, to see who I can palm this job off to and realise that, the Boss is in Reno Nevada giving a presentation to a conference of Bomb Disposal Technicians, the AO is on leave in Egypt, Tech 1 is on leave picking "Chinese gooseberries" and Tech 2 is in Cambodia. The observant amongst you will notice that

there aren't too many left to choose from (myself and two civvy clerks). Well, what have the elite of the Corps been up to this last year, God has it been a year since the last PATAKA. For those of you who don't get to see the 'Army News' or should that be "The Maj Smith Diary"?, the Cato and WO2 Roche have been on courses at the RCMP School in Canada and they both topped their respective courses.

Peter Roche was only back a week when he was tasked with putting into practise the skills he had just been taught, when he went to investigate the explosive amputation of the fingers some school boys in Wanganui who were mucking around with some fireworks and CO2 cylinders (there is a lesson there).

While we can't compete with the numbers of those who have been to Somalia we have had 6 ATs on TOD to Cambodia which is not too bad considering the total number of ATs. They are/have been working with the RNZE team instructing in Mine Clearance and rendering free from explosives (FFE) mines to be used as training aids by the teams. No doubt those who have been over there will be tasked with writing contributions so I won't steal their thunder.

In line with the rest of the Army the AT Trade is also going through a restructuring/rebalancing (why should the rest of you have all the fun??) with the trade recruiting level changing (this means that sub-trades can get a pay increase by changing trade, if you're accepted), closing depots(?), the possibility of building more storehouses at others.

There have not been any Hatches or Matches so onto the Comings and Goings:

Comings

WO2 Fletcher (to be Lt from 1 June 1993) to take over as TACATO on the 8 June 1993.

Sgt Cotter take over as Tech 2 on the 15 July 1993.

Goings

WO2 Roche to NBDC at the end of the year.

Sgt Walker to civvy street on his return from Cambodia.

Good Luck GD hope this last effort of yours at publishing PATAKA will be something for which you can be proud of and a standard for those who follow.

Keep your powder dry.

SYSTEMS CELL

1 BASE SUPPLY BATTALION

Hidden away in the corner of the Headquarters building of 1 Base Supply Battalion is Systems cell. Although at times it resembles an amusement arcade with the staff busily trying to conquer the latest version of Commander Keen or Wolfenstein, Systems Cell is primarily responsible for providing DSSD support for Army users, the implementation and maintenance of Computer Hardware and Software and System Analysis within 1 Base Supply Battalion.

To become one of the privileged few that get to work in Systems you must first meet certain criteria. That is you must be good looking, cool, suave, debonair, intelligent and able to type using at least two fingers. So who are these selected few you may well ask, well let me introduce you.

In the head honchos seat we have Lt Jo Gutry. As the Systems Officer she is responsible for the general running of the section. Jo is a keen diver and an avid supporter of Canterbury Bitter. She has recently discovered that she can't get by without her man and got herself engaged, so I guess congratulations are in order.

Next in the chain of command is the Systems Warrant Officer, a slot currently filled by WO2 Kevin Riesterer. Kevin's greatest achievement over the last few months is that he has managed to break the lap records on every course when playing Grand Prix Bikes. He has also been kept busy with the implementation of Consumer Unit Accounting. In his spare time he can be found playing Indoor Cricket or drinking Rheineck or something brown and wet.

SSgt Barry Madgwick, when not bludging off to the UK on an all expenses paid holiday is the System Administrator (DSSD) for Army. He is the main point of contact if you have any DSSD problems. Barry is a keen Home Brew man and must have some class because he owns a Falcon.

Our resident Systems Analyst is Sgt John Coleman. We've actually been trying to get rid of John to Somalia for the past six months but he keeps coming back. Not to worry we'll keep trying. The measure of John's thirst is a cool pint of Coke. This makes him quite cheap to shout as nine times out of ten if you tell the barmaid he's driving she will give it to you for free.

Next, and probably the most important (certainly the best looking anyway) is Sgt Terry Read. Terry is the Unit

System Controller for 1 Base Supply Battalion. He is a great fan of the saying "there's nothing in life like Wine, Women and Song." Unfortunately, he can't sing and since getting married has only got one woman and the only wines he gets nowadays is when his wife whines at him for being late home from the mess.

And last but not least is LCpl John Lynch. John is our resident programmer and general fixer upperer. Many a home computer has been repaired by John, but to his dismay people don't seem to pay him the \$90-00 per hour that it would cost in civvy street. It is a well known fact that computer programmers talk in a language that only programmers can understand. But with John this is never a problem, especially when things aren't going right, as you can always understand what he's got to say. It looks something like this: @#\$\$%*!.

Well that about wraps up the roll call for Systems and wraps up my article.

P.S. Due to Consumer Unit Accounting implementation over the period July - August don't bother knocking on our door as I doubt if anyone will be home.

BATTALION QUARTERMASTER SECTION

by LANCE CORPORAL T.G. TAIMAI

1992-1993

Firstly the Farewells

WO2 G.D. Moore: "The Boss"

After 20 years of service to the Army
"God help the civilians when he is released"

This mild mannered, outspoken gentlemen (if you believe that you'll believe anything) has had more adventures than Errol Flynn (to you younger folk Indiana Jones). Enough said about his career. Farewell Boss best wishes to you and your family and how many days left?

Pte A.J. Sixtus: "Crush" or is it "Smash"

Well known throughout the Q world as the man with a sledge hammer. He can destroy a large desk with one blow (even if Tai has backed over it with the forklift). This soldier is a sportsman and a scholar even though he has been passed to 1 RNZIR (God help them). We in the Q store will always remember him as "Pinky" appropriately named by his better half Farryn Whoopi.

Farewell Mates!!

1993 - 1994

WO2 J.R. Tombleson : "The Boss"

Obviously the new boss and what a change. This man should be issued wheels with his boots as he is seen going in and out of the Q at least twice every 15 minutes but don't despair Tai will take all the messages.

Mr W.R.T. Rangi "Koro"

Even though this gentleman is older than some of the stores (OK all of them including the building). He can tell you everything you want to know about stores, prisons, and churches or in short a biblical Stores Warden. With his busy daily schedule don't despair Tai will take all the messages.

Cpl T. Rutherford "Doc"

This individual has had a big impact on the Unit mainly colliding with personnel throughout the Unit regardless of rank, race or size. He is also known as the forklift jinx and thus is very busy during the day but don't despair Tai will transfer your calls anywhere else but here.

Mr Sidal "Slow Hand"

A recent addition to the Q this individual is currently being transformed into a true worker after slowly getting rid of his AP suppliers trends of cross dressing and the sorts. His day consists of running around in circles and then squares so all in all he's kept very much busy but don't despair Tai will take the messages.

LCpl T.G. Taimai "Tai"

As this is my last donation to this magazine I would like to firstly point out that this time next year I'm going to be eating real Singapore food and you're not. I may have a fear of spiders and heights but I'm going to Singapore and

you're not. I may have to answer another 8,000 phone calls but I'm going to Singapore and you're not and lastly if the AO doesn't find out I'll be installing an answer phone.

Footnote:

I'm going to Singapore and you're NOT.



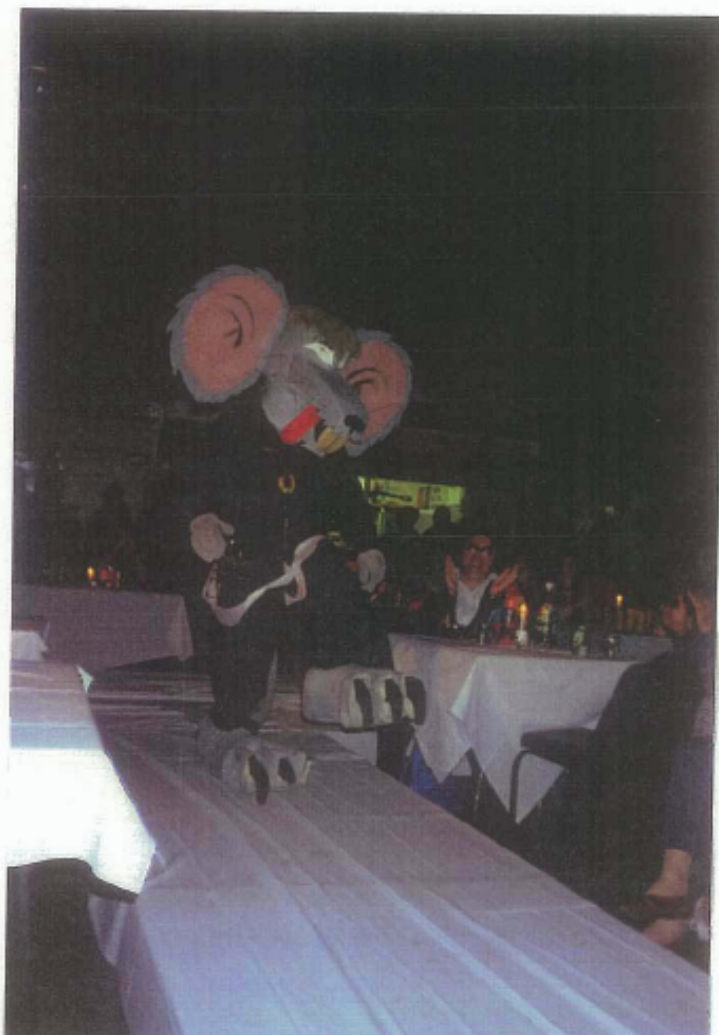
*A real hot curry !!!!
Miss BQMS (Shri Sedal)*

TEXTILE REPAIR SECTION THE RATS

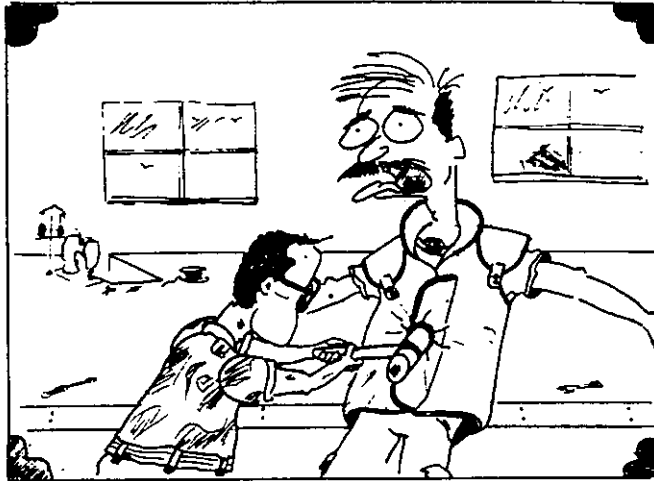
TRS had a very eventful year, the achievements for the year was, Bryce being awarded the Golden Scissors for the best Motor Trimming Apprentice for 1992. Fast in his footsteps was Shane Wills who obtained the highest Trade Certificate mark for 1992.

On the sports scene Justin Ross was selected for the Wellington Regional Cricket team. Major projects carried out by this section were the Kevlar Helmet covers for Somalia, the re-designed fragmentation vests, and the surgical valises. However the big news is with the rebalancing coming into effect on the 1st July 1993.

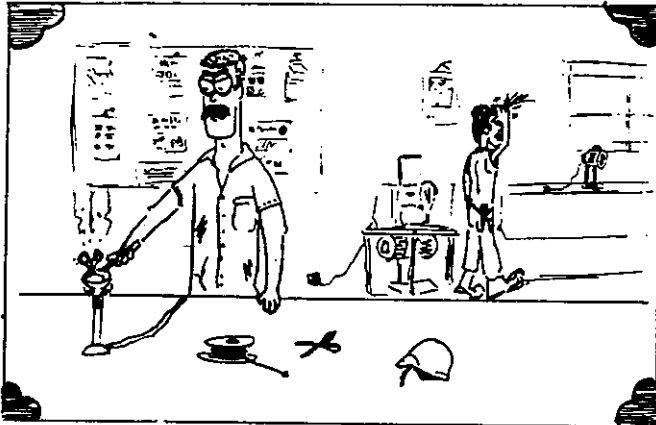
TRS will be moving to Workshops (well it's about time Ordnance put a real trade in Workshops), the downers of the year would have to be the End of the Year barbecue that was so successful the Fire Brigade were invited, but the biggest downer would have to be when Hoefly, Bryce and Shane went to AFE; and were led astray by Aubrey Murray. (Don't worry guys you weren't the first.)



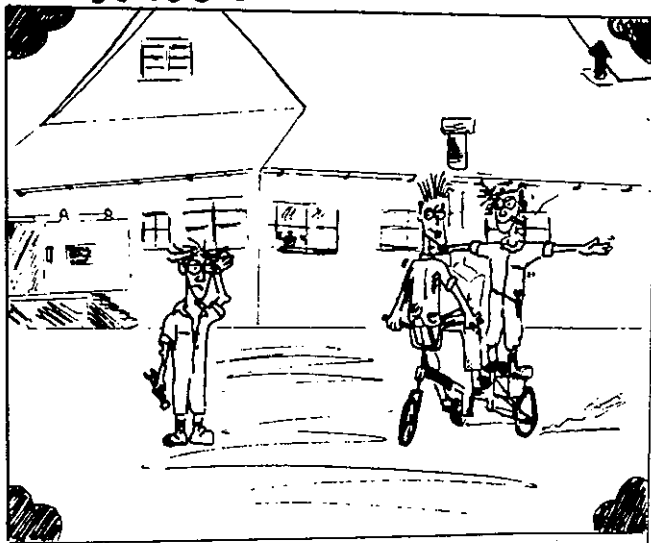
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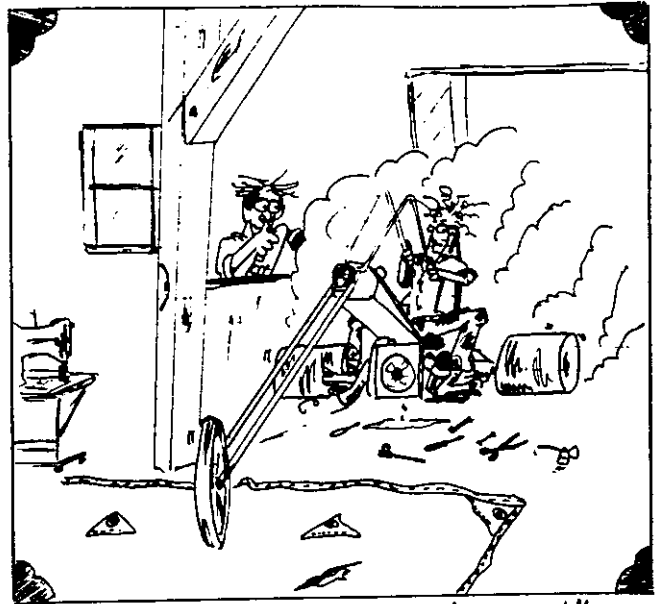
Rick + Colin test the new frag. vests.



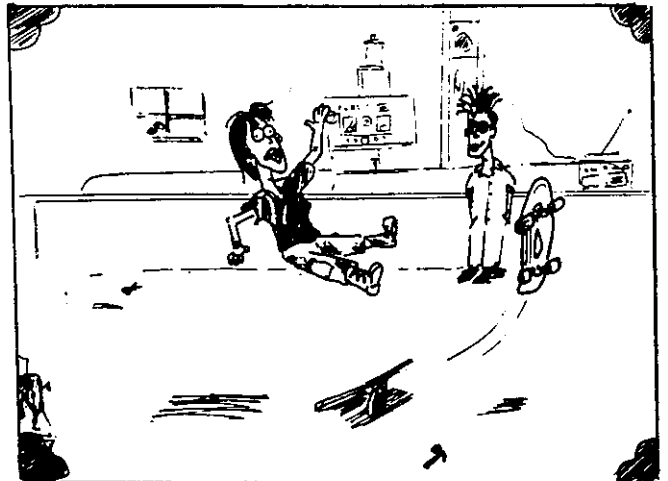
Bryce looks for his Golden SCISSORS.



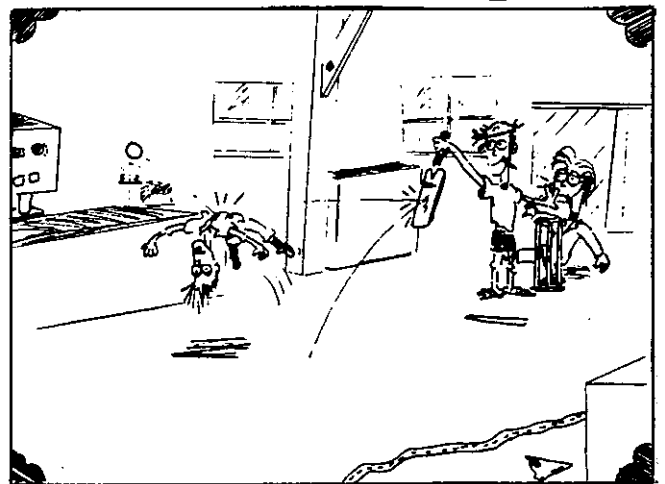
Hoefly builds a section bike to the delight of Bryce + J.R. (surprise, surprise)



Hoefly + Johno messing with Johno's new bike out the back.



Mary learns some new tricks from the tricky old dog, Bryce.



J.R. brings his cricket bat to work and astounds Bryce + Lyall with amazing cricket skills.

PERSONNEL EMPLOYED AT HQ LAND FORCE COMMAND

Just a short note on personnel (RNZAOC) employed at HQ Land Force Command.

Major (Marty) Taylor - SO2 Plans

As can be expected, working in Plans, Maj Taylor plans his days well. An example:

He plans to be in the Ops Rm when there's a rugby match live on Sky.

He plans to be in the smoking room on the second floor, at least 5 times a day.

As you can see, well trained RNZAOC Officer.

WO2 (Tommo) Thompson - WO Log/Q Storeman and acting AO etc.

Enjoying life in the counties area, even if they are second division (dedication). Missing seeing the soldiers from the Corps, but enjoying life and the job. It's different.

Cpl (Charlie) Boccock - Clerk DPAC

Charlie's always busy, but is always smiling like all top RNZAOC soldiers. She's busy on the Spirit of Adventure at the moment, learning something new.

Our small band of RNZAOC pers are a happy lot, but we always have time for visitors. Call in and see us if you're up this way.

We plan to celebrate RNZAOC Corps Day this year (the 3 of us). We elected "Charlie" as the organisation committee, and we're looking forward to it.

All the best in what you do, and do the best in whatever you do.

Sua Tele Tonanti

P.S. I won't mention the Medals Parade we had in the cafeteria.

NORTHERN REGIONAL SUPPORT UNIT

'THE LOGISTICS BRANCH'

Hey there!!! Well, we're still here.... just. The Northern area's static unit is soon to become a piece of ancient history. (A bit like my lunch.)

We currently go by the name of 'Logistics Branch' which is a sub-unit of the Northern Regional Support Unit. We have six sections and they are manned as follows:

Logistics Branch Headquarters



OC/SO3 Log:
Capt Ross Tucker
(Oops.. stepped on the CO's toes again)



AO Contracts:
Mr 'AJ' Walker

(Mr 'use a sparkplug remover instead of a wheelbrace to undo wheelnuts' Walker..)

Direct Support Section



**WOIC DSS:
WOII Steve Sanders**
(I'm not feeling too well today)



Purchasing Clerk: Cpl Kelly Gray
(I think it's time for a job change ... Cadre NCO 12 Fd must be where it's at ??..)



**Supplier/USC:
Cpl Aubrey Murray**
(Nar!... hang on mate, I'll do you a deal..)



**Chief Ammo Tech:
WOII Ian Evans**
(Chief Cracker Stacker)



**Tailoress:
Mrs Dinese Horne**
(Well, I actually start my diet on Monday..)



**AT:
Cpl Bruce Burnett**
(Air Force wallies Bruce the goose ...)

Local Purchase Section



**Purchasing Officer:
WOII Mike Kiddie**
(12 months, 3 days to go)



**IC Rations
(located - Papakura)**
Sgt Allen Newton
(The phone must be faulty, I'm at work at least until 1400 hours everyday...)

NRSU Q Store

Seven people hide in the Q-store and are all un-ordnance types. (Hardly worth a mention huh??)

Well, that's us. All of us. One grunt, 2 civvies, 2 cracker stackers, and 5 spoonies ...

Postings In

Once again we had an amazing amount of posting preferences for our unit, and we must apologise for not being able to take you all. The majority of you failed the prerequisites, i.e., being good looking and a whizz at Conquer. (It's a computer game you fool ...) But there was a couple of lucky people out there:

Capt Tucker : previously 2/1 RNZIR
WOII Evans : previously CATO Branch

Farewells

Yes, we even managed to throw a few people out (they lost their good looks):

Capt Pont : previous OC, now a civilian.
Cpl Phillips : left Defence employment to go fishing

Promotions

Ha!! What are they?? ... and can I have one please?

Lt Tucker - Capt Tucker
SSgt Evans - WO11 Evans

Births

Yes!!, one of these only. Which isn't surprising as we have only one female in the unit.

Cpl Gray - A daughter - Maia Makiri-Gray
(Her one and only, coz I don't think she'll ever, ever, ever go through that again.)

Retirements

Well, after 20 years of flying through walls and 2 hour lunch hours we will be losing 2 people before the next edition of Pataka.

Sgt Newton - retires August this year and is about to embark on his resettlement leave. He had conned his way into a job as a 'lecturer' on warehousing at Greens Consultancy in Papakura.

WO11 Kiddie - retires a year from now, and has great

joy in telling everyone his 717 is on the boss's desk. He can be found in a year's time in his dairy in Ngaruawahia playing on the spacies machine outside with the street kids.

Unit Activities

Over the last year the unit has been undergoing changes. Name changes, locations, personnel ... you name it we've done it.

The unit used to be called the PATAKA SUPPLY UNIT until late last year. The closure of Papakura camp and the move out to Mount Wellington Barracks, along with re-structuring, called for a new name.

We combined with the NRSU Q store in order for all the Logistics supply elements to be under the same command and took on the name The Logistics Branch, NRSU.

Reports from the Individual Sections include:

SO3 Log/AO Contracts

Capt Tucker and AJ have been kept busy with the usual mountain of logistics paperwar. Having an office next door to the CO has seen their workload increased with Capt Tucker doing a variety of other duties such as court of inquiries and attending AFE with 3 Auck North as temporary adjutant.

In his absence, AJ has been filling his boots in the SO3 role as well as keeping on top of the Supply Corps/ Serco contracts, updating logistics instructions and other various projects.

DSS

With the move from Papakura to Mount Wellington, DSS had a problem on it's hands. The area they had been allocated at Mount Wellington was about a third of the room they had in Papakura. After a complete new shelving system and downscaling stocks, DSS was operable. The Tailoress and her array of machines were given a section of the area also.

The DSS has been kept constantly busy with not only Mt Wellington units, but supporting the outlying units within the Northern area (i.e. Hobsonville units, Land Force Command units, and 3 Auck North).

They have also had a 'mobile DSS' head to Tauranga following a request from 6 Hau Bn to outfit their TF soldiers over Waitangi weekend.

Although the closure of Papakura Military Camp saw a reduction in personnel, the DSS is still supporting quite large numbers.

Local Purchase Section

The section uprooted from Papakura and has settled into Mount Wellington with the minimum of disruption. It continues to support the Northern region with Local Purchasing, Petty Cash, Expendables, Works Orders and day to day provisioning of goods.

With the closure of Papakura Camp, one of the main concerns was the units being dispersed into different locations, and keeping the Local Purchase Section providing an efficient service despite the distances. Two of the larger units (1 NZSAS Gp and Land Force Signals Squadron) are located at the RNZAF Base in Hobsonville.

But thanks to a rather busy facsimile machine and weekly visits from outlying areas the problem is kept to a minimum.

Ammunition Section

Somewhere within this edition of the Pataka our lads have decided to write their own contributions, so, not wanting to steal their thunder - good luck finding it.

Rations Sections

Still located in Papakura, Sgt Newton works in conjunction with the kitchen, and places, receives, and makes payment on orders for foodstuffs. He maintains all the paperwar, and also processes the MATs for the Northern region.

All the field rationing is done by 12 Fd Sup Coy. With the retirement from the service in August, his role will be taken over by the cooks, and will no longer be an ordnance function.

As a static unit with minimal manning, regimental/adventure training, courses etc are few and far between. The unit currently has all of its people course qualified to rank, and the 3 corporals all awaiting to do their SNCO course. 12 Field Supply Company offers an outlet to such activities as AFE, Adventure/Regimental Training, Training TF pers, unit formal dinners and the like.

Being with this unit for the last three years and having being dobbed in to write the Pataka Article EVERY year (coz Aubrey's a bludger...) I have to sadly say that this is the last article which will be submitted from the northern static ordnance unit.

As of the 1st of July 1993, this unit will no longer be in operation. In line with the Army's rebalancing and emphasis on the 'operational' role, the unit will combine with 12 Field Supply Company and become part of the '1 Logistics Regiment'...

So in conclusion, to those who have served in the unit in the past and those here now, 'Sua Tela Tonanti' and farewell my friends.

12 FIELD SUPPLY COMPANY

1ST LOGISTICS BATTALION MOUNT
WELLINGTON BARRACKS

Well this is the contribution for the Pataka magazine from the great 12 Fd Sup Coy based here up in the winterless north, hidden away about 2 km up the Mount Wellington Highway towards Panmure. As I've been dobbed in to write a bit of an intro to the 12 Fd Sup contribution and having only just returned from 21 Fd Sup Coy Linton after a six month TOD, I thought I'd let the rest of the Corps into who we have working up here or should I say who we are supposed to have working up here, as you'll see we have a skeleton staff of RF pers owing to TODs etc and a manning level of approx 50 TF personnel.

MAJ R.H. BIEL - OFFICER COMMANDING

Major Biel is a Territorial Force Officer who's association with the RNZAO and especially Combat Supplies Platoons goes way, way back, even further back than B.A. Marsh can remember. Major Biel is a School Teacher in civilian life.

CAPT S.A. WAGNER -SECOND IN COMMAND

Captain Wagner is currently employed as the Adjutant 1 Log Bn and is also the regional ATO (boss cracker stacker) he is kept busy by doing the Adjt's job, hassling Wellington about Somalia, hassling people about RFL Results, and hassling WOII Finnerty about his new BMW (yuppie).

LT A.B. THOMAS - TRAINING OFFICER

Lieutenant Thomas is filling in for Capt Wagner as the Unit 2IC as well as keeping his finger on the pulse of the training wing. Lt Thomas is also busy building a nest for himself and his fiancée who is an Aussie for their upcoming wedding in December.

He manages to fit all this in between organising unit training and arguing with his Training NCO. (Any rumours about Lt Thomas auditioning for the part of the milky bar kid in an upcoming TV advert are totally without foundation.)

SSgt WILSON EPIHA - CSM

SSgt Willy Epiha is at the moment sunning himself in Mogadishu, Somalia and from what we've heard getting quite blurple. We all look forward to Willy returning and gloating about having a Sinai and Somalia bar on his GSM.

SSgt TAMA HIROTI - TRAINING NCO

Tama has flown the coup and landed himself a cushy job in the Sinai working with the Multi National Force and Observers, we're all still scratching our heads about how he managed to jam this trip and are trying to work out his system so we can get one to. Tama is due home around November sometime.

SSgt JOSE COOPER - FORMERLY IC PC&A

Jose has recently been posted to the RNZAOC School in Trentham. He finally managed to get all 12 Fd's bulk stock outscaled before he left and handed the ropes over to Richard Plas. Jose's wife Steph and son William are still in Auckland with Steph still working at HQ 1 Bde.

Sgt TONE GEERKINS - IC PET SECT/IC TPT

Another of the illustrious team members to have swanned off overseas on a blunge trip. Tone is currently on ANZAC exchange and based at the RAAOC Petroleum Centre in Townsville, or was it extended leave/sightseeing? Tone is the unit's Mr Fixit and is sorely missed for his construction skills

and wit. Tone please don't murder B.A. for dropping your motorbike and smashing the fairing.

Sgt ALAN PUGH - CQMS

Sgt Pugsy Pugh is the unit CQMS and at the moment is filling in as the unit CSM (and doing a damn fine job of it too, had to say that so he wouldn't give me extra's). Pugsy is at the moment flat out juggling between getting and issuing stores for training weekends, cuzzies, soldier, soldier film crews and anyone else that needs anything and doing the CSM's job. (Any resemblance between Pugs and Homer Simpson is a lie.)

SGtIAN HAY - CADRE NCO

I'm writing this article so I'll be nice to myself, I have only recently returned to 12 Fd after being on TOD to

21 Fd Sup Coy way down there in Linton for the last 6 months. At the moment I'm employed as the Trg NCO as well as IC Pet Sect and looking after the unit's Tpt Fleet. Cpl Gage has taken over the ropes as Cadre NCO.

CPL B.A. MARSH - TPT NCO

BA is usually the Unit's Tpt NCO but has been sent on a TOD to 21 Fd Sup Coy to replace that awesome dude Sgt Hay (oops). BA seems to be enjoying himself down in Linton and really enjoying the PT. I don't think he's in much of a hurry to return to 12 Fd as a certain Tone Geerkins is planning to do unspeakable things to him with a mega meter for breaking his motorcycle.

CPL JOHN GAGE - CADRE NCO

John has been doing the job of Cadre NCO since my TOD started last year and has been busy trying to keep up with all the TF Admin and the ongoing recruiting, discharges, address changes and the Manurewa Mafia. And doing a damned fine job too.

LCPL RICHARD PLAS - RATION NCO/PC&A

Rich is a relatively new import from the sunny climate of Waiouru. Rich is currently the Rations NCO and doing the USC/USO stuff with PC&A. he has realised what a Rations Clerk has to put up with, when dealing with units in the Northern Region and having to deal with units not understanding that although the book has a daily ration allowance, they still have to pay actual prices for all their ration requirements. Good luck, Rich.

LCPL "H" HUGHES - AMMO TECH

H is the unit's resident Cracker Stacker or I should say non resident Ammo Tech. Nobody has seen or heard from H for so long we are wondering if he is just a figment of our imaginations, but seriously H is on TOD (yes another per on TOD) to the Waiouru Ammo Depot. H you are allowed to ring or visit us sometimes.

LCPL NANE KAYE - IVITU - UNIT CLERK

Nane is our unit Clerk and is at the moment paddling around the Hauraki Gulf somewhere in a Sea Kayak, (good to be some). Us all here in the unit manage to keep Nane busy with countless meals and travel claims from numerous TODs and trips around the country. By the way Nane is

RNZCT but we try not to hold that against her and is nearly Ordnance with all the training weekends she attends.

As it happens we also have some other RNZAOC pers scattered around the Auckland Region and I apologise if I miss anyone out, but oh dear too bad.

WO11 BLUE ASHTON

Blue is the Chief Clerk at 1 Log Bn and is a great golfer and socialiser.

CPL JEANNIE DAVIS

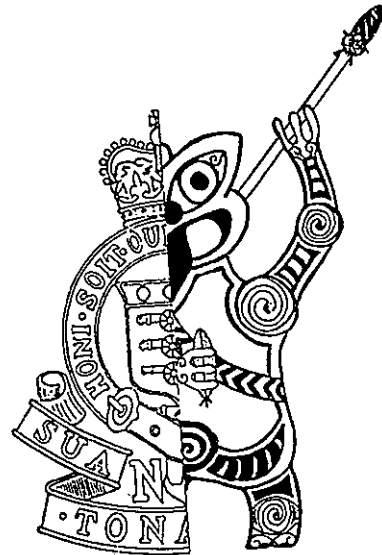
Jeannie is employed as a Clerk at H1 1 Log Bn and used to be a TF member of 12 Fd Sup Coy.

SGT PHIL INNES

Phil is currently employed at the Army Recruiting Office located in Queen Street Auckland. Phil assures us he really does still own a uniform though I think he thinks a uniform is a suit and tie.

Well that about rounds up the people that make up 12 Field Supply Company, sorry about excluding the TF members, who are the most important part of our unit but room has just about run out. The future of the unit looks as though it will be interesting and challenging with the forming of 1 Logistics Regiment in July and hopefully some more manpower for the day to day operations.

SUA TELA TONANTI





NORTHERN REGIONAL SUPPORT UNIT

AMMUNITION SECTION

With the closure of Hopu Hopu Camp, RNZAOC ammunition storage facilities in the Northern Region ceased to exist. Various options were explored to rectify this problem. Some of these were:

- a. reopen Ardmore ammunition area,
- b. cease RNZAOC Ammunition Technician presence in the Northern Region, and
- c. request storage space at Hobsonville.

In December 1991 LCpl Hughes was posted to 12 Fd Sup Coy and started work at Hobsonville. He managed to prise a storehouse off the RNZAF (with a little higher help). Space in this store was a bit cramped so negotiations were started for the use of a second store.

Cpl Burnett was posted to NRSU in May 1992 as the resident Ammunition Technician. He, along with LCpl Hughes, was gainfully employed on a 'snatch and grab' exercise instigated by LF Comd. The object was to remove all ammunition from user units. This was completed in September 1992.

Both Cpls worked hard on developing a working relationship with the RNZAF. This was necessary as the facilities being used were all Air Force owned. With the closure of Papakura Camp, and the impending invasion of the 'Green Machine', this was no mean feat. A lot of resistance was encountered initially by all Army personnel moving to Hobsonville as some Air Force personnel were of the opinion (wrongly so) that the Army was taking over.

WO2 Evans was posted to NRSU in July 1992 as the Chief Ammunition Technician. This was after a very pleasant trip to a tropical country where he was treated like a king by the local inhabitants. With someone in the HQ to push things along, it was not long before the two Cpls were more comfortably settled with their Air Force hosts.

When the 'snatch and grab' finished, the workload dropped right off for those employed at Hobsonville. It was considered wasteful to have a LCpl working on his suntan up here when he could be gainfully employed in Waiouru. Consequently LCpl Hughes was TODed to Waiouru in November 1992. This was changed to a posting in March

1993.

During March 1993, a second storehouse was finally received from our 'hosts'. This was immediately utilised and the unit stocks spread out.

The current statistics for the Ammunition Section of NRSU (soon to be part of 1 Log Regt) are:

- a. Personnel: WO2 Evans
Cpl Burnett
- b. Stores: 2 Explosives Storehouses
- c. Vehicles: 1 Diahatsu Truck
- d. Equipment: All necessary to complete allocated tasks

1ST BRIGADE WORKSHOP

MT WELLINGTON BARRACKS

LANCE CORPORAL B.N. HOGWOOD

THE UNIT:

Still surviving after all the changes still working in sub-standard conditions. Apparently there's still more changes to come but we have a strong team up here and I'm sure we will survive and continue to provide support for the northern region.

THE TEAM:

SSgt Brian Gillies BOSS, took over the reins at the end of 1992, made lots of changes, created lots of work and appears to have everything under control - a master of delegation.

Sgt Dave Taira Has disappeared across the water and gone native in Somalia, hasn't been shot at too often and according to the postcards we've been getting. He's even enjoying himself over there!

LCpl Darren 'Hoggie' Hogwood I think I'm doing an OK job, don't know if anyone else agrees - still blowin' them reeds and pluckin' them strings.



BRIAN'S BOYS

LCpl Murray Lee LCpl - Cpl - LCpl

LCpl Vaine Moutira A TF soldier we borrowed from 12 Fd Sup Coy about a year ago - won't leave us - doing a fine job.

Pte Dion 'Heps' Hepi Our current Civi-Trade man - so we don't see him often, but appears to be doin' what he's supposed to do.

THE YEAR:

EME CORPS DAY All started with a parade in the morning (after the all night party!) and they promoted a Sig!, then the drinks really started to flow with Tequila layback all round.

We then carried out some minor games before lunch - only a couple of casualties. After lunch some of us participated in a round of Ten-Pin Bowling, others did their own thing. The night wound up with a rip-roaring party complete with competitions (loudest shirt etc) and a live band - Hoggie was blowin' them reeds again.

After about the third week back all HANGOVERS had settled from our Christmas break, things began to flow smoothly and the events of the year began to occur.

AFE For AFE this year Stores Section carried out a 100% stocktake with some held from LCpl Andi 'Buzz' Burrell who was in the northern region on TOD at the time.

ANZAC DAY. Stores Section once again attended Waiheke Island for ANZAC Parade and were privileged enough to use the new RSA to drink in before the official opening (which we also attended at a later date) and a good time was had by all - apparently.

Good luck to all from 1 Stores Section.

TEWTING WITH THE TEETH ARMS

WO2 P.W. FINNERTY AND WO2 K.D. CRYER

On the 30th April 1993, while the rest of 12 Field Supply Company were getting ready for a Minor Tac Weekend, two WOs' namely K.D. and Pete were on their way to Whenuapai to fly to Burnham Camp for a TEWT weekend with 2 CANTS.

Taking off at 2000 hours and stopping at Ohakea and Wellington (I'm sure the Pilot had the window open). We arrived at Wigram then bussed to Burnham. After arriving and driving around for half an hour we finally found our accommodation and got to bed by 0200 hours.

Next day was spent listening to the addresses and lectures on how it should be done, including one address from an Aussie Captain who mentioned on his opening speech that he had a knack of putting all poofsters to sleep. Consequently no-one dozed off. After the speeches finished we were taken out to the Lake Coleridge area in full view of the Southern Alps (what a magnificent view) where we were given a look of the area we were going to conduct the TEWT.

That took the rest of the day and Sunday morning. Then back to Burnham for the Commanders closing address who mentioned the 'Blue hats' were conspicuous by their absence, but Ordnance was represented by two senior TF WOs (48 years service between them).

Then on the bus back to Wigram. We then found that we had to wait up to an hour (typical wing nuts) so we visited the Air Force Museum.

Then on the Hercules back to our home locs, arriving about 2300 hours. For two old guys who have been around for a long time it was a great experience.

WAIOURU AMMO AREA UPDATE

Since the last publication of Pataka a number of personnel changes have taken or are about to take place within the Ammunition Section.

October 1992 saw the long awaited arrival of Lt Calkin, posted in as the ATO after completing his 9 month ATOs course in Australia.

December 1992 saw "Father Christmas" arrive early with a number of deserving promotions occurring, namely:

LCpl Dyson to Corporal
LCpl Howorth to Corporal and posted to 1 NZSAS
LCpl Vervey to Corporal
Pte Drummond to Lance Corporal
Pte Balanski to LCpl and posted to Armd Gp Wksp

Postings In:

Pte Knap ex 1 Base Sup Bn
Pte Tawhara RNZIR
LCpl Hughes - TOD

Unfortunately we will be saying farewell to a number of staff over the next few months:

WO2 Fletcher - CATO Branch as a Lt 1 June 1993.

Sgt Cotter - CATO Branch 15 July 1993.

Cpl Dyson - Ammo Wing 15 July 1993.

LCpl Hughes - Mako Mako 15 July 1993

As is normal with any posting cycle we end up with less replacements for those posted out. In July we will welcome to our ranks SSgt Evans ex RNZAOC School and Sgt Short ex Mako Mako Ammunition Area.

The Ammunition Section continues to provide inexhaustible logistic support to our dependant units. Apart from meeting our daily issues and receipts commitments the depot has undertaken a number of technical and regimental activities this training year.

Some of the more notable activities for 1992/93 being:

Cpl John Mills deployed to Cambodia over the period of May - Dec 92 as part of the UNAMIC.
Depot staff involved in the clearance of Explosive

Ordnance from Long Valley and the Argo Flat areas of ATG as part of a general clean-up of the training area.

Over a 24 hours period on the 29th June 1992 Depot staff recovered approximately 6 tonnes of ammunition and explosive items from unit ammunition storage facilities as part of Operation "Snatch and Grab".

1 July 1992 saw the introduction of the new ammunition accounting system on DSSD with dependent units ammunition entitlements now being listed as "Dues Out" against each Ammunition Depot.

August 1992 The depot hosted a visit by the Commander Support Command, Brigadier Dodson, who came to inspect the condition of the rapidly deteriorating depot roading system. Ptes Newbitt, MacKenzie, Cotton and Knap arrived on TOD from 1 Base Sup Bn, to give a much needed boost to the depot manpower.

September 1992 LCpl Howorth returned to the depot after completing his JNCO promotion course, passing the course as the "Top Student". This was in keeping with standard Ammo Tech tradition as LCpl Dyson obtained the same award on his JNCOs course early in the year.

October 1992 Depot staff conducted an Ammunition Trial on the Fuze Proximity EF-792 in order to assess the fuze for possible use with the current Tampella 81mm Mortar HE Bomb. A Firing Proof to determine the cause of high misfire rate being experienced by user units.

November 1992 Depot staff conducted a Technical Trial on Detonators Demolition Electric SA4018 as a possible alternative to the Detonator Electric L2A1.

December 1992 LCpl Howorth and LCpl Dyson returned from the RNZAOC Section Comd course. Once again an Ammo Tech takes top honours with LCpl Dyson obtaining the "Top Student" award.

January 1993 Depot staff completed the refusing of 773 rounds of 105mm M1 HE Ammunition and destroy by incineration 17,000 rounds of unserviceable Small Arms Ammunition.

February 1993 Lt Col Lough the new CO of ATGSU visits the ammunition area for a familiarisation brief.

Depot staff participate on Adventure Training at the Outdoor Pursuits Centre.

5,000 rounds of 105mm HE ammunition arrives from Korea.

The Col Comdt Lt Col Campbell paid a visit to the Ammunition Area.

Depot staff traverse Mount Ruapehu as part of Exercise "Ruapehu Romp".

March 1993 The disposal of 10,300 unserviceable Grenades Rifle 40mm was completed.

Depot staff were involved with civilian Police during IED Continuation Training conducted at various locations at Taupo and Wanganui.

April 1993 The Ammunition Section conducted IED training and equipment presentation to members of 1 Armoured Group ATG.

Cpl Mills started his TOD with WTD as an instructor for the RF Basic.

Depot Staff complete the break-down of 76mm HE Tank rounds and Grenade Rifle 40mm HEDP required for blinds disposal retests.

May 1993 Unit Ammunition Storage Inspections were completed on all dependent units. Support Command Works Officer completed an inspection of the depot roading system with the aim of repairing surface damage prior to the winter setting in and vehicle movement within the depot coming to a halt.

Lt Calkin purchased a new pair of boots GP on advice received from the Depot Chief Ammo Tech.

Depot staff conducted IED Familiarisation Training, equipment presentation and explosives demonstration to Officers and Warrant Officers of ATG Spt unit as part of the Officer Training programme.

June 1993 Large Scale demolitions of unserviceable ammunition and explosives was carried out over a 3 day period, over 1,000 kgs of ammunition were destroyed and 30,000 Small Arms Ammunition incinerated.

Overall a very busy 12 months for the Waiouru Ammunition Depot and staff with a further challenging 12 months ahead. Sua Tela Tonanti

4 ATG WORKSHOP S/S

Greetings from the 4 ATG Workshop Stores Section, or Waiouru Workshop Stores Section, or is it 4 Field Workshop Stores Section! Who cares if you are still the best. As you can see we have had a number of name changes, but not as many as in our personnel in the last twelve months. Changes to date are as follows:

Cpl Neil Kearns, back from 1 BSB.

Pte Dion Hepi, to Mt Wellington.

Pte Natalie Black, from BSB.

Cpl Bill Twiss, has taken on OCS.

LCpl Dean Inkpen, to Armd Gp Workshop

Cpl Nicholas Mannix, from Armd Gp Wksp.

SSgt Mike Dench and Pte Craig Bennet have been watching all of this happen around them, sometimes smiling, sometimes not! While all the changes were happening we still managed to outscale all of our Scorpion line items, spend two weeks in the field digging down to stage three, and to top things off, walk out doing a bet.

Benny was on a recovery course while Minties and Nat were down in Linton setting up a FRG. SSgt Mike Dench, the backbone of the store, has lost more hair, had a knee operation, but still is kicking some butt on the volleyball court for an old fart he still cannot find any competition in the swimming pool either.

Cpl Neil Kearns, as he told Benny when he left "I will be back" (and in the words of the terminator, he is). Bad Luck Benny, God didn't help. Cpl Bill Twiss, now Officer Cadet Bill Twiss, jacked off for a year to OCS leaving his wife and new born baby by themselves (he'll make a good Officer).

Cpl Nicholas Mannix (Wopper), for the month that he was here he spent all his time either on the phone to the gym or at the gym. So we got rid of him and TOD him to the gym, until he does his selection to be a PTI. **Good Luck**. Thank you for jacking out on us too. But if you can't hack the pace you might be able to handle playing sport all day.

Pte Craig Bennet, Benney is still going bald, talk about following your bosses footsteps. He is now an M816 crew member god help his crew. Pte Natalie Black, Nat settled in nicely and is working hard. We feel she is an asset and a delight to have around guess who wrote this report. I am still single and still looking for the right guy, not many in Waiouru (that are any good that is) just remember who cares who wins just do your best.

QUEEN ALEXANDER'S MOUNTED RIFLE REGIMENT

WORKSHOP STORES SECTION

(FORMERLY: 1 ARMoured GROUP WORK-
SHOP STORES SECTION)

The "Hard Men" of the Stores Section are:

Section IC:

SSgt Blair "Just going to see the RSM" Gawler

We don't see much of Blair since he took on the role of WSM. He is also Secretary of the WOs' and Sgts' Mess so he now has a legitimate excuse to go to the bar, which puts him in good form for his other job as President of the WOs' and Sgts' Mess "Stud" club. Blair's role as W.S.M. has forced him to acquire a new possession in the form of a carved drill cane. He is very fond of this cane and has been known on occasion to threaten Grievous Bodily Harm to anyone who even dared look at it, usually Willy. A hard man - to find.

Section 2IC:

LCpl Deal "Good job the motorbike landed on me or I might have damaged it worse" Inkpen (Bic)

Bic recently purchased a motorcross bike (because he kept getting knocked off his road bike) and whilst out "hooning" in the training area wondered what would happen if he hit a certain hill faster than before. Silly man! A broken collarbone and bent handlebars put an end to his curiosity rather abruptly. Bic has also taken a liking to buying cars on the pretence of stripping them to sell the parts. Problem is he doesn't seem to sell very a hard man - who has learnt that the ground is harder.

Q.A. Fitters Section:

LCpl Brent "Whatve I done now" Cotton (Buddha)

Buddha still hasn't worked out how Major Lindstrom knew it was him "doing about 70" through camp in his luminous green HQ ute that sticks out like dogs' b****, but the good Major was sure enough to race up to the Officers' Mess and drag our OC aside for some friendly advice.

Needless to say Buddha doesn't speed through camp anymore. When he does actually find time in his busy schedule to fit a visit to the store in, he seems to spend most of that having earnest discussions with Blair to determine what days are best for him to do his extras on. A hard man - to find working.

Wai-Wec Fitters Section:

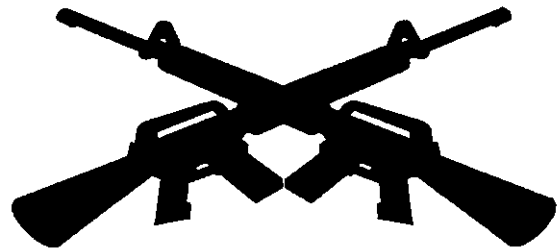
LCpl Robert "It's not broken, only dislocated"
McKenzie (Mac)

Mac failed in his bid to become the ugliest apprentice for the third year running but only due to the fact that he finished his apprenticeship. He also got promoted and passed his Trade Certificate. Recently seen wearing the latest fashion in plaster casts on account of him dislocating his thumb playing rugby. Maybe now he might realise it takes more to stop the entire forward pack of the Wanganui seniors team than just sticking your thumb out. Mac has been known to indulge in pleasures of the flesh with the Waiouru equivalent of members of the opposite sex. However, to his credit he is always proud and continues to hold his head high. A hard man.

Section 5IC:

Pte Mark "Why do I get all the cool jobs"
Willson (Willy)

Willy has only one function in life, to moan, groan, and bitch about everything. It doesn't matter what it is, Willy just is not happy about it. Even when he finished his apprenticeship earlier this year he moaned about how the apprenticeship board had gotten the completion date wrong by a couple of days. He is the most overworked underpaid person in the section according to himself and is often caught day-dreaming (bitching) about getting his car back from a garage he left it at Christmas. Of course, no-one here has ever seen this alleged car but if you ask Willy it's the most unreliable piece of motor vehicle technology man has ever concocted. A hard man - to please.



AUTOPARTS RULES

ENGINEER WORKSHOP, RNZEME

25 ESS WORKS

UPDATE

Since the last update both Blair and Bic have moved to Waiouru. bic was posted to ATG Workshop in May 1992, and Blair was posted to Armoured Gp Workshop in December 1992.

Shane Blair was posted in, after topping his Field Ops Course in July 1992. Steve Tait was posted in after not topping his Senior NCOs in December 1992. Shane was deployed to Vanuatu for Exercise Tropic Dawn with other members of FSG, and was attached to 1 RNZIR, in Nov 92. Now young Shane is quite keen on bit of grunting and gained quite a reputation for volunteering for enemy party and overheating the gun. He has even been trying to get a posting to 1 RNZIR but they're not keen on having him.

In Apr 93 Shane was TODed to Gough, Gough & Hamer, the local Caterpillar dealers, to increase his trade knowledge. He didn't learn much, but we have restocked the Stores Section containers.

Engineer Workshop was fortunate to receive some sponsorship for our new "Royal Blue" PT singlets which prominently feature the Mongrel Mack Bulldog Mascot, these new singlets have already featured at the front of the Camp Cross Country and other prestigious events.

COMING EVENTS

With the "Rebalancing" beginning to take effect from 1 July 1993 we are looking forward to the establishment of 2nd Engineer Regiment (we are still looking for the 1st Regiment). For this amazing transformation to take place 25 ESS are combining with RRF Engineers and SME. We will have our own Colonel, RSM etc (maybe I'll get promoted now) and will not be involved with FSG Training and Parades anymore (oh dear, how sad, never mind).

In the immediate future we have the "Bulls Blood" series of training exercises coming up. The Engineers like to get into some good "Infantry" type training while not in the construction season. In the mean time Steve and Shane are battling on, and have so far managed to avoid the petty cash/cash flow problems that other Stores Sections seem to have experienced.

A TYPICAL DAY AT WTD

by CORPORAL G.N. ALEXANDER (GOOCH)

A typical day's work at WTD, as seen by Cpl G.D. Alexander (Gooch).

It is said that the instructors at WTD are the most unsmiling people you can ever meet; well let me tell you that's only the half of it. As a new instructor at WTD the first basic I took was a whole new ball game, they try to teach you on your JNR NCOs CSE how to take MSI and PSI lessons which to some suppliers is hard, but with the help of the other members of your section you manage to do it. Well try training people that have never done anything military in their lives and don't know what you mean when you say,

"Force the body in the new direction, Brace back on the left leg and get off the left heel. Move to the right in threes, RIGHT TURN" and without doing anything you have just said they are facing right in one movement. You say to yourself how the hell did he do that.

Your day starts at about 0530 hours when you are on duty, you make sure that your FROGS (Recruits) have done the fatigues, had a s#@*!, shower, and shave, and are out on the road ready to go for a feed. After breakfast straight into the first lesson of the day which is usually PT, and most of them have forgotten to read the training programme and have had a big feed which in turn makes them sick as they run around THREE KINGS. Back from PT and into the day's training which of course is anything from weapons to drill, this continues on throughout the day lesson after lesson. Then into bed and lights out by 2200 hours.

To a lot of people this job may sound boring but no two FROGS are the same and you can usually get a laugh out of anything they do. The thing that scares me the most about WTD is when you get FROGS who have never fired a weapon in their lives before and you take them out on the range, the RCO barks out an order over the loud hailer and a FROG with a live round in the chamber, ready to fire, turns and says, "What was that Cpl?" as an instructor you get a little bit brassed off. As you are forever saying "KEEP THE *#!@* WEAPON POINTED DOWN THE RANGE".

To the older soldiers in the Corps that came through the school of hard knocks and say that the instructors here are too soft, well you are so far from the truth it's not funny. We have limitations to the Max, where as instructors of the past could smack you around it's not allowed anymore, if you think you could do it better yourself then ask for a TOD here and see how this place really runs.

There are four other RNZAOC pers currently at WTD; they are Cpls H. Wiersma, S. Wyatt, P. Brown and on TOD J. Mills.

As an instructor I find my job very rewarding and satisfying. To those of you that want to come here push for a posting as I feel that the only way to do this job is with on the job training.

GREEN MACHINE

by CAPTAIN K. SINGH

Welcome from the personnel of 1 RNZIR. Listed below are the various positions that one can hope to hold whilst posted to the Battalion:

APPOINTMENTS

QM - Job Description:

The QM is an RNZIR Officer appointment which I am currently holding. It is both a challenging and rewarding job. The role of 1 RNZIR is to provide operationally deployable infantry forces to the RRF for deployment within New Zealand's area of strategic concern. Following from the Battalion's role, the mission of the Logistics Company, of which the QM Platoon is a sub-unit is "to train the combat service support elements of the battalion, in order that 1 RNZIR can deploy within the required degrees of notice". The objective of the QM Platoon is to provide the immediate resupply to the battalion in peace and war. To meet its objective, the QM Platoon's day to day administration and training is directed towards gaining operational excellence. The responsibilities of the QM are as follows:

The QM as the Unit Accounting Officer, is directly responsible to the CO for:

advice on all support matters;

the day to day administration of all stores on issue to the unit;

the correct handling of and accounting for any money received in the course of his duty;

the observance of all principles and procedures of stores accounting;

the training and employment of all unit storemen including company and specialist platoon storemen;

the prompt rendering of support returns and statistics as required;

the receipt, issue and control of UPP;

liaison with HQ RRF and other RRF units on support matters;

signing all demands, vouchers and related correspondence;

processing entitlement documentation;

the development and improvement of unit Q procedures but not so as to conflict with DCO(A)s and DMs and the promulgation of any necessary amendments to existing procedures; and

provision to Log Coy financial data for accrual accounting purposes.

In addition to his Accounting Officer duties, the QM is responsible to:

The Bn 2IC for:

- (1) Internal Control procedures within the Unit;
- (2) the administration of all matters in regard to the movement of unit stores; and
- (3) drafting of the unit Annual Estimates for equipment.

The OC Log Coy for:

- (1) the command, supervision, training, discipline, welfare and control of QM PI pers;
- (2) the maintenance of a PI Comd's notebook;
- (3) recommending QM PI personnel for promotion, band upgrading, etc; and
- (4) resupply of the unit when it is in the field (see SOPs).

The QM is also responsible for conducting Band 4 Rfn - Stores Accounting courses within the unit. He attends the CO's weekly conference, the training co-ordination conference and the unit UPF meeting.

The QM is a member of B Ech and deploys in the field when required. His prime role in the field is that the QM commands the QM PI and attached personnel and is responsible for the following:

resupply of stores, equipment and rations;

acquisition, maintenance and storage of equipment;

holding of sufficient stocks to allow the immediate resupply of essential stores and equipment to the

unit with emphasis on combat supplies;

establishment of unit DPs;

planning and execution of dumping programmes where required;

accounting for unit stores and equipment and the completion of all necessary forms, returns and forecasts as required;

liaison with support agencies;

maintenance of an efficient field postal system;

informing the Bn HQ AQ Cell on equipment/stores status, especially items in short supply; and

preparation of equipment and stores for despatch.

Any menial tasks which the QM can palm off,

Dealing with extremely difficult welfare tasks,

Uplifting his kids from school,

Making excuses for why he isn't at PT.

Explaining to the OC in the QM's absence,

Driving him home from Happy Hour and explaining to his wife that he isn't drunk, he's only recently caught the flu.

NAME: CPL J. BEYER-REIGER

APPOINTMENT: V COY CLERK

Job Description:

The establishment of the QM Platoon is:

1 x Captain/Lieutenant

1 x Warrant Officer Class Two

2 X Sergeant

4 x Corporal

4 x Lance Corporal

3 x Private and included for the day to day administration are 3 x Armourers and 1 x EIR Technician.

The QM Platoon (-) was deployed to Malaysia on Exercise Taiaha Tombak 14/92 over the period Jul-Aug 92 to support the Battalion (-) which was part of a Malaysian Brigade. The exercise provided a realistic training to the QM Platoon as far as deploying overseas and conducting the supply functions to the F Echelon in a tropical environment. The exercise was intensive, but it did allow the troops to relax and enjoy the Malaysian experience during the Rest and Relaxation phase of the exercise. The QM Platoon looks forward to the Battalion's future overseas deployment.

Captain Kamlesh Chandra Singh
Quartermaster (QM) 1 RNZIR
Posted to 1 RNZIR 20 Jun 91

Appointment: AQM

Job Description: Assisting the QM with the following:

KIA ORA I was posted to 1 RNZIR as V Coy Clk on 7 Dec 92 after a year as Ord Rm Cpl at HQ FSG. V Coy's main role in the Bn is to conduct Helo Ops, it's PT colours are red and black with a chopper and bayonets as its emblem, its posted strength is 5:5:88, & insubordination, sloppiness or laziness is not tolerated. Before my posting here, my opinion of the Infantry was limited to the few grunts I knew personally and what they told me about their job. Now since working in a Rifle Coy I have a greater appreciation and the utmost respect for them. Life for them can be miserable, yet most of the grunts I know relish it, but you wouldn't suspect it after listening to them after returning from the field humping around carrying a heavy pack where it was either hot, cold, wet, fine, snowy, dusty, muddy, or the lot all at once. As another Corps posted to the Bn, I struck out like dog's B*%#@ and everyone knows who you are because of that fact. So the onus is on me to put forth maximum effort 100% of the time like the Bn soldiers are expected to as well. To date I have been overseas once already this year and during Aug/Sep will exercise with the Coy in Oz. As well as performing my job as Coy Clk, I participate in as many Coy activities as my heavy workload allows. These have included being a hood in a riot control ex; having my face exposed to opponent's fists and being battered in milling (a rough n tumble version of boxing) and most demanding of the lot - trying to keep up with your 18 yo Ptes at Pt. 1 RNZIR is an excellent unit and family to its soldiers. They take care of their own well - at work and in their personal lives. If you are looking to enter a more regimental environment, wish to improve your fitness level, score at least one overseas trip a year, then 1 RNZIR is the posting for you. Its proof of the fact that you want a challenge.

Name: Cpl P. Westley

Appointment: Log Coy Clerk

Job Description:

The name of Corporal Paul Westley (Wes) I enlisted into the Army on the 29th of April 1986 as a supplier, was posted from 1 Base Sup Bn to 1 Sup Coy (Hopu Hopu) there I changed trade to Clerk All Arms. I then got posted to 1 RNZIR on the 16 of October 1989, I then remained in 1 RNZIR until finally getting a posting on the 1 of July 1993.

Whilst being posted to the Battalion we do a varied training. We do Skill At Arms, (Individual and Section), Command Post Exercises, Taiaha Tombak (Field Ex).

Since being in the Battalion, I have had two trips to Singapore.

I have qualified on the Junior and Senior Clerks and the JNCO promotion course.

Being a Clerk in Battalion is quite an arduous posting, as you don't know whether you are Arthur or Martha. Everything has to be done there and then, and being Ready Reaction Force, everything is priority one.

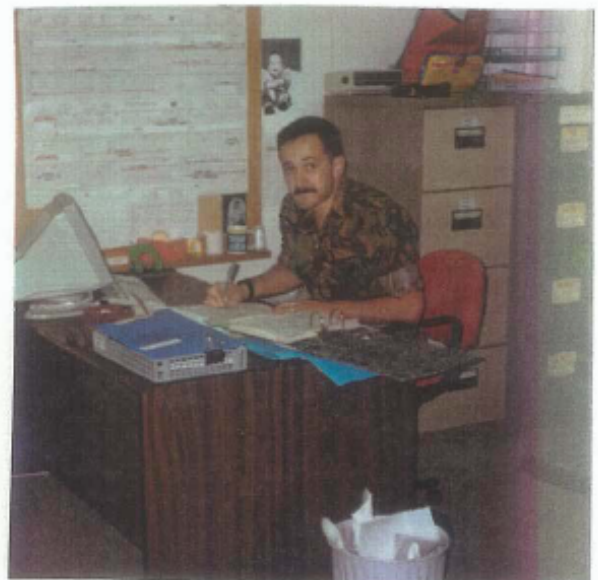
All I would like to say in concluding, is that I'm bloody glad to get out of this place, because I'm starting to grow cobwebs. 'WES'



Cpl Westly



Capt K.C. Singh

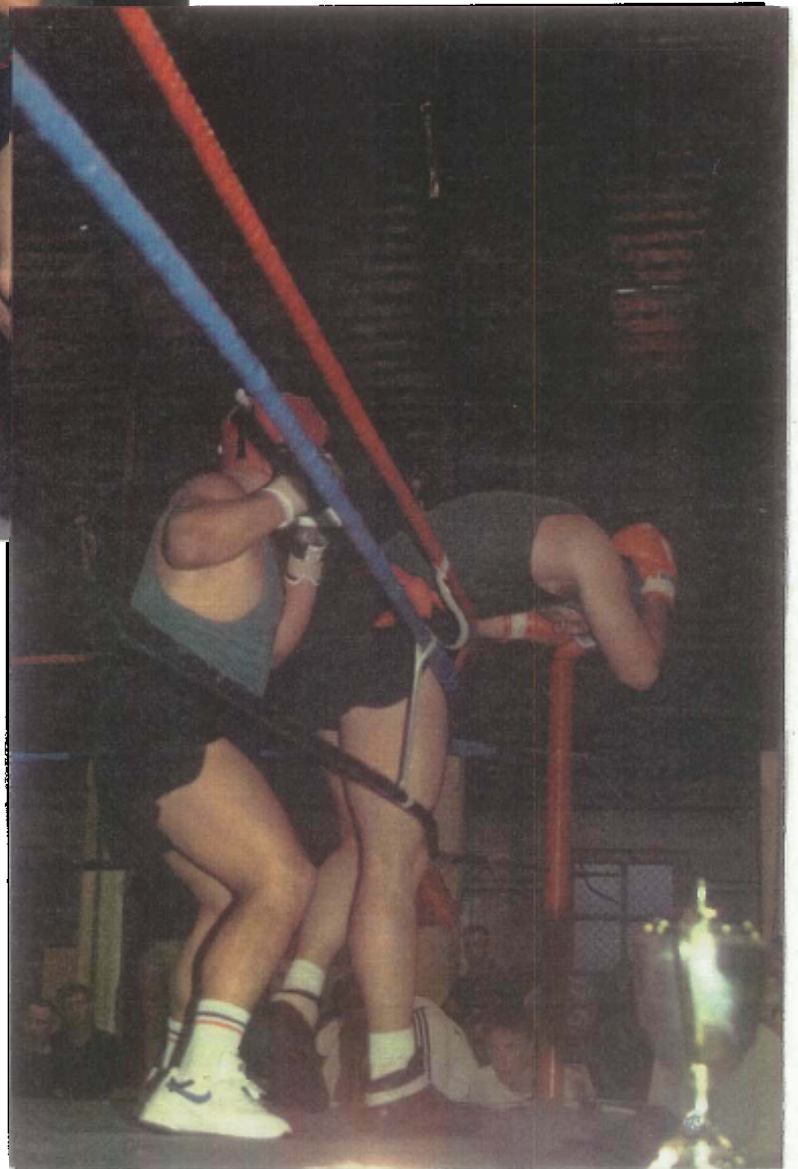


Cpl Beyer-Reiger



*Lt Cohens calamity.
How can you throw in the towel if you cant
reach the *%#!@thing !!!*

*This is an easy sport !!!
OUCH - OUCH, MMUUUUMM*



COMMAND POST EXERCISES (CPX)

The CPX's that 1 RNZIR conduct are a bit more comprehensive than 1 Base Sup Bn do. Firstly, we have a step-up, which is when key personnel man radios and move to a new location and those pers establish comms with the rest of the Battalion.

The CPXs that 1 RNZIR conduct, vary in duration from 24 hours to 2 weeks. You have duty rosters for the clerks, sigs, and duty officers. Hours vary anything from a 2 hour shift to an 8 hour shift.

For a clerk's work requirement there is a minimal amount that can be tasked in any one day, but boy, do we go over or what! The main tasks that a clerk does on a CPX is to log in messages, talk on the radio, advise the duty officers, collate reports and returns, and any other tasks directed by the Adjutant, Commanding Officer or Duty Officers.

On setting up a CPX, the Orderly Room Sergeant is in charge, all officers keep out of the road, as they try to run the show, and stuff it up. On a good day, we can have all the vehicles, the tent up and be fully operational in seven minutes (no messing about).

So as you can see, 1 RNZIR don't travel in Unimogs and carry everything but the kitchen sink.

BATTALION BFT

Friday 5 Feb 93 dawned a bright and clear morning in Linton. With little or no training, the CO had ordered the Bn BFT. This was to be no ordinary BFT pogue unit's attempt maybe once a year. This was to be the new and improved Infantry orientated BFT with a few hidden extras added in to simulate that sense of realism that Infanteers (and non Infantry like myself) could expect to negotiate if the 'real thing' should ever happen. To avoid congestion, the BFT was conducted in Coy lots at different intervals. The Coys in turn were split into Platoons who in turn were split into Sections.

The BFT consisted of:

10km route march with FSMO and Sections carrying their spec equipment, i.e., mortars, 77 sets, C9s etc.

3km cross country patrol dressed as above less packs.

Con Cse activities which were the 6ft wall, 9ft ditch, tunnel, logs, low wire entanglement, ropes, humps and window.

Fireman's carry

Range Shoot at a Fig 11 target from the 100m mound with a pass score of 8/10 hits.

Watermanship in the pool dressed in DPM shirt and trou.

As with the 'normal' BFT, all activities were timed. And unlike the majority of 'other' units who use trucks to transport troops, we humped it hot feet and all from activity to activity.

Don't let this put you off from submitting a posting preference to the Bn. Just think if Wes can do it!!!

AN ODE TO 21

Twas somewhere up the country,
Under the realms of the FSG
That a Field Supply Company existed,
Called 21 FSC.

They were rough and wiry soldiers,
Whose names brought silent fear.
They were known for their hardness,
And ability to drink beer.

There was 47 PET,
The outlaws of the crew,
Whose antics were heard of far and wide,
They were hard men through and through.

Across from PET was Rations,
The workers with the food.
They fed us well and that's what counts
So hats off to those dudes.

Now next to Rations was PC&A,
The bookworms of the team.
They "stood to" with pens and books,
To keep the paperwork clean.

We can't forget transport and services,
Heard of but rarely seen
Who got us there and when they did
They aimed to keep us clean.

Also there was Stores,
To lend a helping hand,
By giving out the PSI
And bags to fill with sand.

At last there was Headquarters,
The brains might I say.
But at times this was doubted,
Depending on the day.

They've lasted through another year
The blood the sweat the tears.
They mounted NZSUPDET
The first ordnance OP in years.

So farewell to those departed,
From those that still remain,
And I guess we'll see you next year,
In this bloody book again.

TRAINING SECTION 21 FIELD SUPPLY COMPANY

MISSION

THROUGH TRAINING, ACHIEVE AN OPTIMUM LEVEL OF SKILL, PERFORMANCE, PROFESSIONALISM, AND EDUCATION AMONG 21 FIELD SUPPLY COMPANY PERSONNEL, WHILST OPERATING WITHIN THE CONSTRAINTS OF TIME AND FINANCE.

21 Field Supply Company is the smallest section within the company, in fact on paper we do not even exist. But we are here. The Training Officer at the moment is Lt Stewart, currently on TOD from 1 Base Sup Bn. The Training NCO/Cadre NCO is Cpl McKie. We took over from staff late last year but even with the unit on slow mode due to the demise of Exercise Golden Fleece, we still have managed to keep busy.

Our first task was to organise a training programme for the combined AFE (with 12 Fd) held in February. With two weeks notice we had to write a program so that the TF soldiers of both 12 Fd and 21 Fd would get the most out of the exercise. Confirmation that the training was a success was that one of our teams came 2nd in the TF Skill at Arms competition held at the end of the camp.

Other activities that we have conducted this year have been the introduction of Professional Development Presentations for the ORs of the unit. These presentations consist of the following topics, current events, management theory and military history. The aim of these presentations is to widen the knowledge of the soldiers of the unit, to take note of what is going on around them and why it is happening.

TF Training is also one of our responsibilities, with the deployment to Somalia late last year. TF training took a back seat, but now things are getting back to normal and TF training is starting to take off again. TF recruiting is also taking place at the moment. We are currently in the process of discharging non effective soldiers and recruiting new blood into the unit.

The training wing has organised a Basic food Hygiene Course with the Manawatu Polytech for members of the unit. Ten soldiers took part in the course, so don't bring any unhygienic habits into the unit or you will get picked up for it. The section has also a training programme on hold for the next deployment to Somalia if it goes ahead, if not it has a lot of challenging and interesting training planned to keep things interesting.

HARDEN UP COPY

1993 - the UNOSOM Detachment finally departs or DID they? Who actually WITNESSED the plane leave?, are they REALLY hidden away in a FILM SOUND STUDIO acting out this whole scenario - is there a GOVERNMENT cover-up, our investigations reveal that any speculation of a second Detachment is rumour and any rumours are merely speculation - so stay tuned for the next edition of "HARDEN UP COPY". The month of May is upon us, and the Lads will soon be home so I will enlighten, inform, and introduce you to the happenings, progress, changes and people of Stores Section, 21 Field Supply Company.

First up, January, the Section Head was the infamous Cpl R. McKie (Bobby) a quiet, reserved, well-spoken person but relentless and uncompromising in practical jokes, he was 'the old man at the helm' with the NEW guard of Pte A.M. Ward (Wardy) and Pte M. Leiatua (Iceman) fresh from the green pastures of Trentham. Wardy, our East Coast Connection - the "Gisborne Kid" is amicably cheeky but interminably witty, who works in Linton and lives in Wellington the multi-talented/multi-skilled Alan could do anything, his approach is enthusiastic and vigorous, especially when driving heavy forklifts over expensive equipment and saying "...I thought I felt something beneath the tyre...".

Late January, and Bobby McKie departs for the BIG, wide, world of Training NCO/Cadre NCO/Cool Dude NCO, requiring the expertise of the 'Wise One' from Trentham, the man they knew who could fill these Sz 9 ROMANEE Boots (Ouch!) - the impeccable Double O I mean Cpl A.D. Pascoe also known as the 'Pas' - the Hard-Hitting, no nonsense, straight up, kick'em in the guts," who's winning the Winfield Cup?" "... turn on the kettle, boy!" PAS, inheriting the "Bobby McKie '... that's where it is, I think?' Era" only two weeks before Annual Field Exercises 1993 - Exercise Servile, at such short time we managed to pull together and prepare for AFE '93, focusing the little Field Unit experience we had acquired so far. So February saw the Stores Section mobilise with the Company to the beautiful, Holiday Resort area of Club Waiouru - our induction into a FIELD UNIT was hard and relentless, Wardy and I endured, perceived and pursued EXCELLENCE and INTEGRITY in the fact of adversity, we were NOW 'Hardened Field Soldiers' along with our other comrades Pte E.M. Wilkinson (Wilky) and Pte M. Hanson (Pod) - attached from 1 Base Sup Bn - we endured a learning, interesting and humorous experience. IC Stores Section for AFE, Staff Sergeant T. Hiroti of 12 Field Supply Company (who I believe is enjoying the sun, surf and sand of Sinai) was both an inspiration and an enigma

because anything we DID want to know from an 'O' Group he would respond "Ah...more to follow" and anything we DIDN'T want to know, we would hear the whole forsaken message but seriously, SSgt Hiroti was a great help and assistance to our development in knowledge within a field unit, we all found his guidance and experience very beneficial.

Life after AFE '93 - March - more turmoil and strife within Stores Section, although the proletariat (workers) remain the same the hierarchy continued to change, Cpl A.D. Pascoe was recalled and had to return to Projects Sections, 1 Base Sup Bn - with the refurbishment of stores complete all that remained was finer details and camp duties/requests, so Alan and I continued for several weeks with various tasks without an IC, so after weeks of working hard (and lying low "out of sight, out of mind") we eventually got a NEW, and our current boss, Cpl L. Windleburn (Lance) a Field Supply Digger from way back, knowing how a REAL Stores Section should be run, and RUN we did, Wardy and I didn't know what hit us - this man was a DIEHARD, he was the "Bruce Willis" of Ordnance - rugged, a cowboy but fair and straight to the point, a real 'Boy Scout'.

Our new boss was eager to implement new ideas/methods and plans, we held abated breathe - we're in for some serious MAHI (that's WORK for all those not up with the latest funky, hip, in words/sayings) but ah! a sigh of relief, it was not as drastic as we initially thought, the tasks and goals were attainable, satisfiable and achievable, so our first and major task currently under way is the complete 100% stocktake and refurbishment of all our ISO containers, and later the total refurbishment of Defence Store holdings a formidable task by no means, there are other projects and plans in store further on and planned later through the year, at this stage we are concentrating on accomplishing various goals, so the Lads return to a better unit without a worry of having to pick up from their predecessors, so from the crew at Stores Section, 21 Fd Sup Coy, Sua Tela Tonanti - Serve the Army with PRIDE.

21 FIELD SUPPLY COMPANY

40 HOUR FAMINE

Due to 21 Field Supply Company's and the Corps' involvement with Somalia through UNOSOM, the Training Officer came up with the wonderful idea for the unit to participate in the 40 hour famine.

Motivated soldiers took up the challenge and col-

lected sponsorship and started to prepare themselves both mentally and physically.

The famine was done on a honesty basis and all but one member of the unit completed the whole famine.

Completing the famine wasn't really much of a challenge for trained soldiers, the only time people started to get peckish was late on the Saturday night around about the 24th hour, especially with ATO's enjoying a large box of finger lickin good KFC in front of one of our participants.

The one soldier who couldn't complete the famine was unable to due to unforeseen circumstances. Having a hoard of relatives come to visit and expect to be fed at the same time, good excuse.

Overall the exercise was a success with 10 soldiers from 21 Field Supply Company participating in the Famine, raising over \$1,000.00 worth of sponsorship and at the same time gaining some appreciation for the need for the Corps involvement in Somalia.

21 FIELD SUPPLY COMPANY

TRANSPORT SECTION AND THE SERVICES SECTION

by LANCE CORPORAL ANDERSON

KIA ORA,

This contribution to Pataka is a combined effort by both the Transport Section and the Services Section. Firstly I will introduce you to the staff, they are:

LCpl Anderson (HORSE) Transport NCO
 LCpl Thomson (TOMO) IC Services
 Pte Irving (IRVS) Go Between

The Transport Section is probably one of the most busiest within the company. Its main role is to look after and maintain all the unit vehicles, however there are other specific tasks and these include:

Vehicle servicing
 COF WOF maintenance, and
 generally running around organising transport requests and forklift requirements.

Having close relations with the other Corps such as RNZCT and RNZEME is a big must, therefore making the job both easier and more enjoyable.

On the other side we have the Services Section being also a busy section not quite so much in camp but out in the field where all the long hours and hard work goes on.

The Services Section comprises of four laundry units and two shower units with all the trimmings:

Duck boards
Fabric tanks
Water rigids, etc, etc.

There is quite a bit being done in this section at the moment, by both Irves and Tomo. More so by young Tomo as he has fourteen extras to fulfil. This an extra two hours a day for fourteen days, as a result of the gymnastics he did on a certain UBRE last year, but once again we won't go into the deep details on that one.

Your Irvs on the other hand has not long been with this section. He is doing his share of the work in helping with the many displays that seem to drift this way.

All in all this is the section that keeps up the soldiers morale in the field, whenever we are involved in any exercise, so don't hesitate just call on the Services Section 21 Fd Sup Coy.

PC&A'S PATAKA SUBMISSION

by PRIVATE D.K.B. ELLERY

Myself being the junior at PC&A, 21 Fd Sup Coy I was tasked with our submission to the Pataka magazine. I decided to do a little profile from a Private's point of view, firstly.

LCpl Wendy Miller; USC at 21 Fd Sup Coy. At a height of 3 ft nothing, she's a silent partner in 'Ray's Night Club' located in the Linton housing area, where after Happy Hours we have a most excellent time.

Sgt Neil Kearns, alias 'The Grey Ghost, the Iron Paw' etc, etc. Sgt Kearns just recently got posted to ATG Workshops. He's a pretty cool dude bar one major setback ... He's an Auto Parts Supplier, shame, oh well nobody is perfect. His hobbies include drinking, drinking, drinking and so on.

SSgt Andy Canton (Mr Bean) MSC. Just recently SSgt Canton was demoted to CSM. Definitely the youngest at heart and probably one of the most sadistical, I mean how many people make privates do an impromptu speech on a handful of cow manure. Oh dear, how sad, never mind. SSgt Canton's interest has been lately to wear red noses and floppy shoes to O Groups.

Pte D.K.B. Ellery, also known as Billy. I am the newest edition to PC&A who made parole from Disneyland (1 Base Sup Bn) late last year with the promise of going to Somalia ... Wrong!! Billy being the junior is unfortunately the most oppressed and downtrodden of the section but he can handle it cause he's hard! Billy likes all alcoholic beverages especially Jimmy Beam (nectar of the gods). Billy however dislikes presentations on dung and losing eyebrows, both of them, twice.

Together this finely tuned PC&A machine adjusts stock, issues loans, receipts stock and amongst other things tries to hide discrepancies from the OC. Oh well! chow for now and remember 'Sua Tele Tonanti'.

THE UNTOUCHABLES

(47 PET PLATOON)

by LANCE CORPORAL R.T. KAREKO

It is with great pleasure that I have been the chosen one to submit an article for the Pataka magazine, no magazine is complete unless you have a little snippet from the GREAT ONES here at 47 Pet Platoon.

As you probably all know it takes a special breed of person to be a Pet Op, they have to have the following qualities:

- a. The slyness of a fox (Brent Haami)
- b. The energy of a turtle (B.A. Marsh)
- c. The ability to "pass the buck" (Clem Henry)
- d. Be able to pass an RFL after a heavy night on the turps (Ray Kareko)

If you pass these requirements you are then accepted on to the Pet Ops course. In six weeks rigorous training is conducted, and this is where we weed out the men from the boys, the men are posted to a Field Supply Company and

the boys remain at 1 Base Sup Bn.

At present we have a section strength of a 1000 men but have a posted section strength of 5, they are:

1.Cpl B.A. Marsh - The Great Grand Daddy of the section, on TOD from 12 Fd Sup Coy until the Somalia guys get back. The only man I know who runs like the wind, does not drink or smoke and a body "ARNIE" would be proud of. **"NOT"**

2.LCpl Clem Henry - Actually we heard he was TOD here from 1 Base Sup Bn but we haven't seen him since he came in the first day and said "Just need to sort some things out at the orderly room" so if anyone has seen Clem around please contact me on ext: 7345,

3.Pte Paul MacMillan - Mac is about 100 years old and has the experience of a 2000 year old SAS soldier. His talents are endless, from the repeated assault and battery of our shed sliding doors to the mysterious disappearance of his eyebrows on his phase one Corps training. So if anyone has seen Mac's eyebrows please call him on ext-7345.

4.Cpl Blue Hammill - The typical aussie, 2 foot nothing and drinks beer like the 21 FSC legend Steve the 'HORSE' Anderson. Been in the country a few weeks now and has not been seen sober since.

At the moment we have Pet Ops overseas in Somalia and they are:

Lt	Tim	Howard
SSgt	Mark	Sweeting
Cpl	Brent	Haami
Cpl	Dion	Rennie
Pte	Alex	Tauranga
Pte	Jim	Pullar
Pte	J.J.	King

The Pet Section has already been involved in numerous exercises since the beginning of the year and will participate in a whole lot more before the year is out, so if you think you have what it takes to become a

PETROLEUM OPERATOR just remember this,

"TRY SAS SELECTION FIRST, IT'S EASIER".

P.S. Clem has been spotted in a Nite Club in Auckland and is due back at work some time next week.

AN ODE TO MAKOMAKO

by **CORPORAL P.B. GLEESON**

Ammo Techs are lucky beggars, because we work with bullets and bombs, and if you're lucky, you may go to England and work with a thousand and one Poms.

Mako Mako for example, may be considered to be idyllic and quaint, but when a Westerly blows, you'd be bloody wrong mate.

The depot itself comprises bush and rolling green hills, and it's from a nimble blue quad, that the AT sometimes spills.

The grass grows lush, long and green and could be termed a shepherd's delight but with sheep shite everywhere, the depot becomes a terrible site.

The buildings are old and treated with loving care, should we replace them? - stupid lad, that would be too dear!

Through the depot and into the storage tank, a lovely stream flows, but we don't tell our visitors, that's where some of the sheep shite goes. As they sip on their coffees, they've no need to know.

Also in this stream, fresh water crayfish and water cress grow just like Waiouru really, but minus the snow.

At the end of the day, when all work is done, I pick up my rifle and head off for some fun.

With binos in hand I peer through the glass hoping to spot a stag, with antlers of class.

The walk to the tops is quite long, hard and steep, but for a bag full of venison, the cost would be cheap.

The old timers tell me, that up here deer and pig used to abound, and I laugh to myself, when they say it cost 'em a penny a round.

I walk stop and glaze and look for fresh spoor, but even the best German optics, can't level this score.

Darkness falls fast and it's time to retreat, from the valley below mournful ewes start to bleat.

Alone in the dark, I listen as that lovely stream flows, and persistent on my back, that Westerly blows.

3 FIELD WORKSHOP STORES SECTION

Since our last rendez-vous this Stores Section has seen some drastic changes not least the change of name from Southern Area Workshop (anyone else get the feeling of having been there before?) and also a shift further south (by 20 metres!). We now co-habitat with the Workshop Q who now share in our gentle nature, good humour and extremely smelly bottom coughs.

After many letters were written, telephone calls made and boxes of candy sent, Barrie Law realised his life long ambition a posting to 1 Base Sup Bn as IC Bulk. Also leaving our patch was Don Ferguson who now part-owns a Dairy.

All this leaves us with:

Staff Sergeant Mark 'Willy' Wilson - recovering from some horrible scars after separation from Siamese twin Michael Clements. He is coping but side effects from this medical procedure include urges to break anything previously thought unbreakable and mental blocks trying for 3 hours to balance his unused cheque book.

Lance Corporal Bevan Girling has visibly been kept in the dark too much and fed a lot of bull because a strange fungus has sprouted beneath his nose (which he now calls 'moustache') Bevan is our 'stress-free' worker in the store always willing to lend a hand.

Lance Corporal 'Dutch' van Barneveld is the only domestically adjusted 'married' man in the store which means he is extremely grown-up and mature and does not involve himself in breaking things or growing moustaches. Supposed to be Civil Trade NCO but acts more as Liaison NCO which means drinking a lot of coffee and doing deals with the boys. Out in Jan 94.

Southern Boys rule!!

BURNHAM SUPPLY CENTRE

HATCHINGS

Ethan Gibson to Norvil and Rose Gibson
Perry Iraia-Leeden to Claire Leeden and Larry Iraia

MATCHINGS

Polly Haenga (RNZEME) engaged to Matt Bull
Roger and Kay Oxley (civilian) married

DESPATCHS

Releases:

WO1 Mike Steed
WO2 Neville Lush
Sgt Mike Clements
Mrs Marie Neale
Posting Out:

Capt Wendy Linstrom - to RNZAOC Sch
Cpl Monighan to ATGSU
Cpl Garry Salmons - to 2 Cant NMWC
WO2 Hubbard (RNZEME) to Southern Workshop
Cpl Shirley Wyatt - to WTD
LCpl "Gooch" Alexander to WTD
Cpl Phil Eyles (RNZIR) to 25 ESS
SSgt "Willie" Wilson to Southern Workshop
Capt Black to NZCMFO Sinai
Capt Black to 3 LFG or HQ 3 Log Regt.
Pte Smith to 1 Log Bn

Arrivals

Lt Wayne Boustridge
Mrs Gail Hasselberg
SSgt Paul Rutledge from CRSU
Capt Sheila Black from 1 Base Sup Bn
LCpl "Skif" Skiffington from ATGSU
Cpl Joe Whatatihu from 21 Fd Sup Coy
WO2 Barry Kearney from ATGSU
Pte J.J. King from 1 Base Sup Bn
Capt Black from NZCMFO Sinai
Pte Nicki Fulcher from 1 Base Sup Bn
Pte "Cooky" Cook from 1 Base Sup Bn
Sgt Ian Rolfe from 1 Base Sup Bn

Promotions

Sgt Norvil Gibson - to SSgt
Pte Polly Haenga - to LCpl
LCpl Shirley Wyatt - to Cpl
Sgt Willie Wilson - to SSgt
LCpl "Skif" Skiffington - to Cpl

21st Birthday

Pte Aaron Smith - 8 Mar 93

Increase to Establishment

Despite the 1991 Restructure, AAMS process, cost cutting, and budgeting constraints ATO Glentunnel somehow managed to justify an establishment increase of some 40 posts to the BSC establishment. It is envisaged the pending Rebalance '93 will continue to honour these positions and in fact provide for an annual rotation of stock. For a mere \$400.00 BSC has procured the following posts available for consideration on posting 'preferences':

All posts employed Glentunnel Ammunition Area.

Head Billy Goat:(Chief Weedeater and Entertainment executive)

Billy Goat: 2IC

Billy Goat:

Grand Nanny Goat: Manager Stock Control (MSC)

Snr Nanny Goat:20 (grazing and weed controllers)

Goats: 20 (grazing, weed control and stock production officers)

Thanks to donations by locals of 4 employees at no charge bringing total posted strength to 44. All AFNZ49s to be sent to OC, BSC.

RATIONS AND POL SECTION

BURNHAM CAMP

News from the Ration and POL Section, Sgt Claire Leeden had a baby boy in December, congratulations to her and Larry, both mother and baby are well and so is the new edition named Perry!!

Feedback system is starting to come on line and the main Ration Store is looking empty as we switched over to Direct Supply, Mr Donnelly has been seen rattling around muttering to himself and wondering how he can get a free feed now.

Rations to the rescue, Cpl Jimmy Corkran (FR) and Cpl B. Donnelly (TF) were sent out with 2 Cants on AFE in February of this year and did a magnificent job for the both BSC and the Corps. So good were they that the Log Col OC of 2 Cants has invited Cpl Donnelly to join his unit.

Sad to see the Ration Store disappear as such but they say its all in the name of progress.

Sua Tela Tonanti, the BEE GEEs are alive and well.

GLENTUNNEL AMMUNITION AREA

PRIVATE A.N. SMITH

Since the last edition of Pataka there have been some interesting activities in the country's model Ammunition Depot.

Exit:

LCpl (at the time) Dave Verney to ATGSU Ammo Good riddance (not really Dave). Congratulations to the latest addition to the Verney clan, and your promotion.

Enter:

LCpl (at the time) Mike Skiffington from ATGSU Ammo Never seen because he has been on courses or leave ever since his posting. Although appeared just long enough to get is second and no-one has seen him since, rumours are he is on leave 'again'.

Pte (Caffa) Cook from Spoonieville (1 Base Sup Bn) New kid on the block. Finally realised that life does exist beyond the gates of Trentham Camp. Looking forward to coming up to the exceptional standards held by all ATs.

Update:

The most memorable event that happened during the 1992/93 training year were the snow falls (eight foot snow drifts in places around the depot).

It was just as well that it was a quiet period at work, as staff worked dawn to dusk assisting farmers with snow raking, feeding out, recovery of stranded vehicles (and nosy city folks). To top it off the depot standby generator required refuelling every eight hours, night and day to keep everything operational. The families at Glentunnel had some 'interesting meals' over the three days without power and like the farmers, they too are better prepared for this winter!**WO2 Lyes outside office during snow storm.**

Lt Boustridge and Cpl Skiffington had a bludge trip to Wanaka for three days with 1 NZSAS Gp on an EOD task. Apparently they were in the pub the entire time abusing the locals.

The implementation of lot/batch accounting on DSSD was a fun time for all concerned but was finally completed after only five months or so. It must be doing okay as it hasn't crashed (yet).

The demolitions ground at Glentunnel was finally christened in February 1993 with two days of small scale explosive ordnance recovered during EOD operations that had mounted up over the months. Fun time for all (except for the weather) and a well earned break from the usual. The

period was topped off by the ceremonial blowing up of Cpl Mills' old car. Reduced the old girl to half an engine block and bits of gear box. If anyone else wants to get rid of their car, just drive it (or tow it) out to Glentunnel, and for a small fee you will get it on video! Well bits of it anyway.

I don't know where he gets them from, but WO2 Lyes scored a rare 3.7 in Anti-Aircraft Gun recently, and had the Army deliver the 9 ton monster to Glentunnel. Depot staff hope to restore the gun to its former glory. We do not anticipate any more problems of low flying aircraft over the depot.



Lt Boustridge leads the wild pig recovery, and WO2 Lyes wins the venison stakes by an antler. Skiff scored a couple of pigs during the big snow fall while snow raking in the boonies (don't ask how). Smithy still scores the sheep, although Caffa hopes to edge him out next training year.

Last year depot staff led the Gurkhas on successful search and destroy missions on the wild goat population, but didn't seem to be quite so keen to eat the things. Staff are even less keen to get near the OC's (Capt Black) horse. Pet food has been a suggested possibility on numerous occasions.



CAPTION CONTEST



Col McBeth and Major Smith inspect "Long Drop"

Captions to Editor for inclusion in next magazine.

