

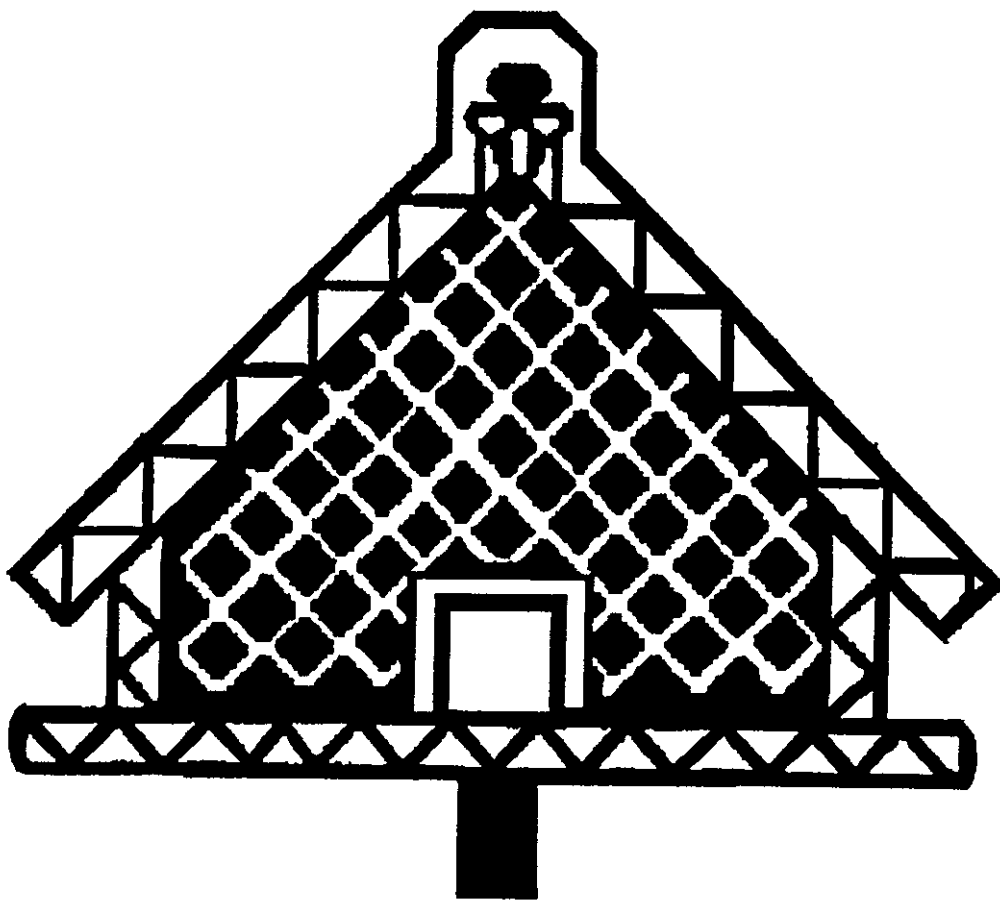
PATAKA



THE MAGAZINE OF THE RNZAOC

PATAKA '96

THE FINAL EDITION



**THE
RNZAOC
MAGAZINE**

PATAKA MAGAZINE 1996

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EDITORIAL

Welcome to Pataka 1996, the Final Edition. 1996 sees the dissolution of the RNZAOC, and thus brings the end of the Corps magazine.

The Pataka began life in 1968, as the Corps newsletter. In the first of these newsletters, requests were called for possible improvements as to layout etc. As a result, a submission was made for the newsletter to be known as the Pataka. The rest, as they say, is history. Copies of both the original newsletter and the submission on its name are included in the 1996 Pataka as part of a look back over previous issues. This look back includes articles of interest/note that give an idea of what was happening/topical at the time. As can be seen, the issues of reorganisation and integrated logistics are not new. Nor is the fact that Ammo Techs are not photogenic.

Thanks to all those out there who took the time to write articles for the magazine. To paraphrase Sean Fitzpatrick, all credit to you. The Pataka, is after all, by Corps members for Corps members. The response has been very good, and this year's magazine covers a wide range - from the unusual (Capt O'Brien's photo study of how to look staunch in Angola) to the very rare (WO1 Epiha at P.T.).

I would like to thank those who have been involved in the production of this year's Pataka, namely Mrs M.L. Allsobrook for her typing of various items. M.L. has borne the brunt of a lot of the work for this magazine over the years, so on behalf of the RNZAOC, thank you very much M.L. Also involved in this year's Pataka production were the combat sisters, (Cindy and Barbie) AKA as Lts Larkin and Reed. While able to go on the Pataka tour, which admittedly, didn't quite go to the lengths of a G.D. Moore special, the Lts were sadly, due to work commitments, unable to partake in the compilation of the magazine. The excuses were quite inventive. However, I am sure that they found the experience valuable, so I would, again on behalf of the RNZAOC, like to personally recommend their talents for editorship of a RNZALR magazine.

I would like to take this opportunity to wish all Corps members the best for the future in the RNZALR.

WO1 Keith Pittams

FROM THE REGIMENTAL COLONELThe end and beginning of an era

On 9 December 1996 the Royal New Zealand Army Ordnance Corps will be disestablished and the functions performed by that Corps will be assumed by the newly established New Zealand Army Logistic Regiment. This event will be marked by a parade beginning at 1400 of all regional logistic personnel in each major Army facility. These personnel will have belonged to the Royal New Zealand Corps of Transport, Royal New Zealand Army Ordnance Corps and the Royal New Zealand Electrical and Mechanical Engineers.

This event will not pass without most RNZAOC personnel, both serving and retired, experiencing a moment of nostalgia. A nostalgia based on having belonged to an organisation which has served the New Zealand Army for nearly eighty years through major world and regional conflicts, United Nations deployments, both unit and individual and supply support to peacetime operations in New Zealand and Overseas. This supply support has always been delivered in a professional manner by a well trained cadre of professional soldiers. An illustration of this service was the that delivered by the Supply Platoon deployed to Somalia from December 1992 to July 1994. These efforts saw four RNZAOC individuals receiving awards in the Queen's Birthday/New Year's Honours List. The award of an MBE to Major Mendonca and BEMs to Warrant Officers Class One Harding and Ferron and Sergeant Tyler were received with pride by both individuals and the Corps.

The past exploits of RNZAOC Units, Sub-Units and personnel will not be

forgotten and will become, like those of both the RNZCT and RNZEME, part of the rich history of the New Zealand Army Logistic Regiment. There is a real expectation that that the new organisation, which has its own unique structure, will quickly build on that proud history because of the quality, professionalism and positive attitude of those personnel forming the New Zealand Army Logistic Regiment.

As the last Regimental Colonel for RNZAOC I must take this opportunity to thank all members of the RNZAOC for their support throughout my tenure. I have always been impressed with the positive and enthusiastic approach that RNZAOC personnel have. As the Commanding Officer of firstly, 1 Base Support Supply Battalion and then 5 Logistic Regiment, I was able to observe, and the Army receive, the benefits of these attitudes. Personnel, both military and civilian, always responded positively to the many changes that characterised that period and this ensured that service levels to units supported, continuously improved. In my current appointment as Chief of Staff at Support Command I also see this attitude continuing, not only with the RNZAOC but with RNZCT and RNZEME. This is a very good omen for the future of new Regiment.

I would like to take this opportunity of publicly thanking Colonel John Campbell, the current and last Colonel Commandant of the RNZAOC for his support to me through my tenure as Regimental Colonel and the Corps; Major Carol Tarrant for her efforts managing and co-ordinating Regimental matters and the current Conductors, Warrant Officers Class One Harding and Rolfe for their efforts and support over the last two years.

Finally, on behalf of all members of the RNZAOC, I congratulate Colonel Bright, MBE, on his appointment as the first Regimental Colonel of the New Zealand Army Logistic Regiment and wish him and the new Regiment all the best for the future.

Sua Tela Tonanti

Colonel Lou Gardiner

FROM THE COLONEL COMMANDANT

On the 9th December 1996 after nearly eighty years service, the Royal New Zealand Army Ordnance Corps merged with the Royal New Zealand Corps of Transport and the Royal New Zealand Electrical and Mechanical Engineers to form the new Royal New Zealand Army Logistic Regiment.

You are, therefore, all witness to the turning of a new page, and the commencement of a new chapter in Corps history and in the business of Army logistics.

The Army faces significant change in the way its logistic business is to be operated; and as members of the new Regiment you face both significant challenges, and significant opportunities.

Change of course does bother some people. To accept the challenge of change is a reflection of character.

Mark Twain, a man of great sagacity and wit, when reflecting on change said,

"Nothing remains the same. When a man goes back to look at the house of his childhood it has always shrunk - there is no instance of such a house being as big as the picture in memory and imagination calls for."

Looking forward of course, should not prevent us from considering what has been an exemplary past.

The Duke of Wellington was a classic example of a great commander who spared no pain to put his logistic services on an effective basis.

Today the CGS is another commander who seeks to enhance the performance of his logistic elements and has directed a bold initiative in this area.

Any strategic plan is dependent on the ability to move troops, and maintain them as an effective force.

The co-ordination of movement and maintenance is a vital issue.

Changes in warfare and changes to the political and economic environment in which our Army operates have been many changes to our Army.

These situations have required changes to the means of movement, and to the system of supply. However these changes have been principally only variations to the systems of maintenance with which the Army was familiar. The basic principles remained unchanged. The variations of systems and the introduction of new methods grew up as the need for them arose. These changes were put into place by those that understood the methods of the past and understood the reasons why they existed. Above all, the need for the retention of the principle characteristics of the older systems, as a basis for the introduction of new ones was clear - and well understood. AND SO IT IS TODAY.

The Second World War produced changes in the logistic organisation of the Army due primarily to the increase in mechanical weapons and transport, and to the much more fluid type of war. Hence in 1942 we saw the hiving out from the Ordnance of the electrical and mechanical engineering function into the new EME Corps. The troops carried on doing what they had been doing before, and what they believed in - giving the arms the best possible service and support to allow them to continue to carry the fight. Change did not worry them.

Further change took some time, but in 1979 the RNZAOC assumed from the

RNZASC, the function and responsibility for the provision and supply of foodstuffs and POL. And more recently we have seen the shift of the catering function from RNZCT to the RNZAOC. The Corps throughout its near 80 year history has handled these changes with skill professionalism, enthusiasm, and success. The Warrior still got his Arms in the same professional manner as before from the same professional logisticians AND SO IT WILL BE TOMORROW. You who are serving, face what could be seen as the most significant change to the structure of the logistic activities the New Zealand Army has seen. This is an enormous challenge and an enormous opportunity. The proud record of the RNZAOC and the calibre of its present serving members should provide a successful professional transition once again.

The amalgamation of the three Corps provides a balanced and efficient structure and will ensure that the logistic support for the NZ Army is integrated and controlled through one organisational structure. I wish the serving members well in your new role as members of the NZ Army Logistic Regiment, and I ask you to reflect on the new Regimental Motto --- "By our actions we are known".

If the teeth arms can be likened to thunder then the logistic Regiment can be likened to lightning. Remember the old Proverb --- Thunder is good, thunder is impressive; but it is lightning that helps get the job done.

As I write this message I am reminded that Christmas is near. To all of you and your families and loved ones I pass on to you the last RNZAOC Corps Christmas Message. You have all served the RNZAOC proud, both ex and serving members. For those who are still serving, Stand Tall, Stand Proud; and to all of you keep your old RNZAOC badges

tucked away as a memento of a Corps that leaves behind a proud and illustrious past. Face the challenge of the new structure with determination and an open mind.

The traditions and past accomplishments of the Corps have created a sound inheritance. In past times of crisis the RNZAOC did its job well. The Corps has seldom been criticised for lack of professionalism, and never has a mission been jeopardised through want of greater Ordnance effort.

There is no doubt that the logistic soldiers in the future will take up the challenge and meet it.

I have been proud and privileged to have been the Colonel Commandant during the period leading up to this signal change; and I am proud and privileged to have been asked to remain as an Honorary Colonel of the Royal New Zealand Army Logistic Regiment.

I would ask you all, whether together as an informal group, or alone in a moment of reflection to take up a glass and toast the Past and the Future.

A toast to those who have gone before us, and to the RNZAOC THE PAST And to the Royal New Zealand Army Logistic Regiment and those who will serve in it. THE FUTURE

SUA TELA TONANTI - TO
THE WARRIOR HIS ARMS

BY OUR ACTIONS WE ARE KNOWN.

A.J. CAMPBELL
Colonel Commandant

Footnote: If you do not have a copy of the RNZAOC Corps History may I

recommend you obtain one. This records the proud history of the Corps, and is more than deserving of a prime spot on your bookshelf.

The final chapters are now being written, and will be available as a Companion Volume to the existing Corps History. This should be available by March 1997.

CAPTAIN (QM) SAEN O'BRIEN,
RNZAOC

UNITED NATIONS ANGOLA
VERIFICATION MISSION III (UNAVEM
III)

INTRODUCTION

Following several false starts I finally departed for Angola, on the 15 October 1995, for a twelve month tour within Angola, complete with enough kit to start a minor revolution and having practised ad nauseam in Portuguese for the rapid delivery of an extremely cold beer.

The travel to Angola was fairly mundane travelling via Sydney, Perth, Johannesburg, Harare and then into Luanda, the trip was made even more enjoyable by traipsing around with 120 kilograms of kit and ensuring that it was loaded, reloaded or on forwarded as the case may be.

First impressions of the capital city of Angola are lasting ones - rubbish, stench and people everywhere, it was there that my education on things African began. The International Airport is a sight to behold as there are people, trucks, cars, rubbish and crashed planes on the runways and occasionally the odd plane is allowed to land. In a twelve month period I watched helicopters take off in front of landing jets causing the jet to abort its landing, army parachutists land on the runway causing major chaos, and a civilian was killed after being hit by a Boeing 747 while crossing the runway. A poignant reminder to Angolan air travel was the crashed jet at the end of the runway - TAAG (Tears Agony And Grief) Flights were often the only way out of Angola and were a life experience in themselves. (See Photo 1)

BACKGROUND

Geographical. Angola has three principal regions the coastal lowland, characterised by low plains and terraces; hills and mountains, rising inland from the coast to the great escarpment; and an area of high plains, called the high plateau, which extends eastwards from the escarpment. Road surfaces throughout the country are in generally bad repair and the countryside is particularly hazardous because of mines and banditry.



Photo 1. The one that didn't get away

Angola is on the west coast of Africa and has a population of some twelve million people, which coincidentally is one of the estimates of how many mines are also scattered around the country following some two decades of war. Contrary to popular opinion Angola is not a poor country and contains massive mineral wealth, diamonds being one of the principal income earners and extremely rich oil deposits (unfortunately these have been mortgaged since 1992 to pay for arms purchases).

Political Background. The Portuguese departed Angola in 1975 and the Marxist Popular Movement for the

liberation of Angola (MPLA) came to power, supported by the Soviet Union and the Cubans. The opposition, National Union for the Total Independence of Angola (UNITA), obtained assistance from the USA and South Africa. In general terms, the MPLA's strength lay in the coastal regions and the oil rich north west, whilst UNITA dominated much of the hinterland. Civil war continued until 1991 when the UN mediated ceasefire and free elections were arranged, withdrawing all Communist and South African forces as part of the agreement. The vote confirmed the MPLA in power, but, UNITA resumed hostilities in late 1992, declaring the elections were fixed. In November 1994, the UN mediated between the government and the rebels to arrange a ceasefire agreement - this was known as the Lusaka Protocol.

Infrastructure. The infrastructure and economy have been reduced to very basic levels since the Portuguese withdrawal. Urbanisation accelerated because of insecurity and depopulation in rural areas. It is likely that 50% of the population is now resident in urban areas, creating large shanty towns particularly on the capital, Luanda's city fringes. An estimated 3 million of the population have been dependent on food aid since 1982, even though the country is rich in oil, diamonds and agricultural resources.

Armed Forces. The Angolan Armed Forces (FAA previously MPLA) numbered approximately 82,500. The majority were poorly equipped, badly trained and under strength. Mercenaries were responsible for most of FAA's success before the ceasefire. The government of Angola also controlled the Popular Defence Organisation (30,000 poorly trained, for defensive protection tasks), Border Guards (6,000 strong for border patrol), and the People's Police Corps of Angola commonly referred to as the "Ninjas". The

Ninjas prior to being barracked were 8,000 strong, well trained, well equipped and have a reputation for ruthlessness.

UNAVEM

As is obvious by the Mission name this is the third UN Mission in Angola, although the previous missions had differing mandates, therefore the success or failure of these missions is based entirely upon the measuring stick by which you measure it. It could be argued that UNAVEM I failed in 1992 because the peace process was not underpinned with resources, administrators, monitors and aid - it did achieve the disengagement of Cuban and South African Troops and their respective departure from Angola. UNAVEM II was formed in May 1991 as a result of the Bicesse Accords. Its role was to deploy 350 military observers, 126 police officers and support staff to 56 sites to supervise the disengagement of MPLA and UNITA Forces and to monitor the progress of the ceasefire - this process also enabled free and fair elections to be held, in which UNITA lost and the long and short of it was they returned to civil war in some of the bloodiest fighting yet seen.

UNAVEM III represented the implementation of the Lusaka Protocol with six infantry battalions and support elements (total 7200 soldiers) deploying to the six provinces throughout Angola. (Upon my RTNZ the total was 6700 and unlikely to get larger.)

ROLE

Having barely set foot within Angola I was summoned by the Director of Administration (DOA), the chief executive of the mission, and put to task - officially my job title was Quality Control / Quality Assurance Administrator for the Contracts Management Unit of the Headquarters Element of UNAVEM III

which not only required oxygen to say all at once but necessitated reinforcing on my business cards so it could all fit on it.

The position had not been filled before, had no official terms of reference nor were any standard operating procedures in vogue (or any other magazine for that matter!). After an intense briefing I was handed my kingdom which included the following:

Provision of Rations Contract
US \$ 25, 782, 648. 00

Mechem Demining Contract
US \$ 6, 527, 648. 00

Provision of Support Services
Contract US \$ 17, 670, 785. 00

This in total amounted to US \$ 49, 980, 835. 10 (NZ \$ 68, 973, 552. 43) which sounded tremendously important until you compare it with the daily cost of UNAVEM III which was US \$ 980, 000. 00 per day, as of October 1996.

A secondary role was that of "trouble shooter" for the DOA or the Force Commander when the need arose which entailed among other tasks assisting in rotating battalions from Zambia into Angola and in an Asset Tracking Investigation as to why US \$ 30, 000. 00 worth of equipment was "disappearing" on a weekly basis, both will be covered at a later stage.

Provision of Rations Contract. Upon being placed in charge of the Rations Contract and all the complexities contained therein I had flashbacks to a bold statement made many years previous (to which there are still many witnesses within the Corps - darnit!) that "I do not need to know about rations as I shall never have to deal with them!" Having heated up and then eaten some humble pie I then tore into administering

the contract which consumed immense amounts of time.

The contract allowed for the feeding of the 6700 soldiers in the field, excluding the UN Monitoring Officers, at a rate of 5.5 kilograms of rations per man per day - perhaps!! At any one week there were 258 tonnes of rations moving around the theatre of operations and these entered Angola via the Sea Ports of Luanda or Lobito and were then flown to airheads at Lubango, Malanje, Kuito, Menongue Huambo and Uige.

The initial rations contract was set up for a period of twelve months and was administered under four separate areas those being:

Rations	US \$18, 713, 382
Mobilisation	US \$278, 500
Warehousing	US \$2, 466, 000
Air Transportation	US \$4, 324, 520

The major taskings undertaken here were irregular spot checks at each of the Ration Depots, inspections of the contractors rations flights at the airheads, debriefing of the battalions in the field, instructing Logistic Officers and Staff Officers on all ration matters..

The tours were conducted approximately every two months and entailed a rolling program of road and air travel of 3450 kilometres of which at least 60 hours was spent in the air travelling on Hercules, Il 76, Cessna Caravans, Beechcraft and Casa's . No mention of air travel within Angola is complete without mention of "Combat Loitering" which was the term coined by those Kiwis associated with waiting around UN Airstrips and Hangars

in the forlorn hope that the aircraft you had religiously booked yourself and been accepted on, would actually turn up.

Mechem Demining Contract. The Demining Contract commenced in January 1996 and involved the importation of men, equipment and dogs from South Africa to assist in the marking, verification and clearing of the estimated 10 to 20 million mines laid in Angola (estimates vary dramatically depending on which official source was used and 12 million was often used as a sound base figure.) The overall objective of this contract was to ensure that 99.6 % of all mines and other munitions found within their area of operations were removed and promptly destroyed.

Contractual obligations were for Mechem to clear and verify 7,070 kilometres of roadways in pre-designated areas of Angola which would assist in free travel of the civilian populace and distribution of food and other commodities. It was estimated that 3,100 kilometres were mined and approximately 3,970 kilometres were supposedly mine free, however the Chief Engineer Officer required verification that the roads were mine free prior to declaring the roads open. More often than not this resulting in a great deal of derision from Non Governmental Organisations (NGO's) who had been using many of the roads for quite some time, on several occasions UNIVEM III and Mechem were vindicated when Anti-Tank mines and booby traps were removed from areas of heavy transport density due to either corroded mechanisms or having been set up in areas of rock hard clay and up to one metre below ground level.

As no mechanism was in place to facilitate the arrival and deployment of Mechem, I was retasked within my role and acted as Mechem's Liaison, Deployment and Administration Officer

and struck problems even prior to their arrival in Angola due to the Angolan Government being extremely sensitive to South African Deminers arriving in their country.

The arrival was to be a two phased operation with a convoy of Mine Protected Vehicles (MPV) entering Angola via Namibia from South Africa and four tons of supplies, 28 Demining Staff and six dogs entering Angola via Luanda Airport. Harassment of Mechem started at the Namibian Border and to a lesser degree at the UN Controlled Hangar at Luanda Airport and was to dog the contract throughout my deployment.

Many of the deminers were ex- South African Defence Forces (SADF) to the degree that most had not only fought in Angola, some were lifting mines they had planted, one deminer stated that "it's like being paid twice for the same job". The mainstay of Mechems Fleet the Kasspir MPV's were well known to the Angolans and when some of the Mechem Team decided to travel to a beach in Luanda for some Rest and Recreation it created alarm and despondency amongst the Police and Army and a summons from the Force Commander for a please explain! (just quietly they are not very comfortable to travel in anyhow!). Mechem were well supported by their masters in South Africa and owing to their possession of a helicopter were able to travel around the mission at will - God and UNITA willing! (See Photo 2)



Photo 2

During the deployment of Mechem there were several incidents which tested both the UN's and Mechem's logistic capacity including two Kaspirs hitting anti tank mines resulting in heavy damage to both vehicles, three deminers incapacitated and requiring casualty evacuation due to triggering PPM-2 anti-personnel mines, one Kaspir collapsing a road and rolling down a bank seriously injuring the Medic, a demining detachment being "captured" by UNITA and marched 15 kilometres to a UNITA location and incarcerated overnight and having an RPG fired at one of the MPV, once again by UNITA.

Other problems included the removal of Main Battle tanks from the sides of roads, often they had been destroyed by mines and were booby trapped. (See Photo 3-below, a battle casualty and a tank as well)



Provision of Support Services Contract.

This contract was also known as the Logistic Civilian Augmentation Program (LOGCAP) and is based primarily on the American Army system of civilianising those positions not strictly requiring UN International Staff or UN Military manning.

The tasks covered in the LOGCAP Contract are; Contractor's Administration and Management, Water Distribution System, Building and Engineering Support, Communications Support, Fuel Operations, Equipment and Maintenance Support, General Services, Warehouse Management, Property Control, Ground Transport Services, Airfield Operations/Aircraft Ground Management/International Airport and Airfield Departure Arrival Control Group (ADACG), Electronic Data Processing (EDP) Support, Port Operations, Support Services at Regional Sites and Support to Quartering Areas.

Again this task entailed a great deal of travel around the mission area and dealing with such diversity of tasks as ensuring the Fire Inspection Officer was carrying out inspections at the Regional Headquarters (RHQ's) to requesting Engineer Support to maintain the roads that the 30,000 litre potable water tankers were using six times daily.

Director of Administration's Asset Tracking Review.

During the month of July the DOA instructed me to carry out a review on a situation that was rapidly becoming of concern namely the movement of materiel and manpower around Angola and South Africa.

Criticisms and concerns had been aired on the estimated loss of stores valued at approximately US \$30,000 per month and the ineffectiveness of the scheduled air transport services within the mission, thus my terms of reference were to:

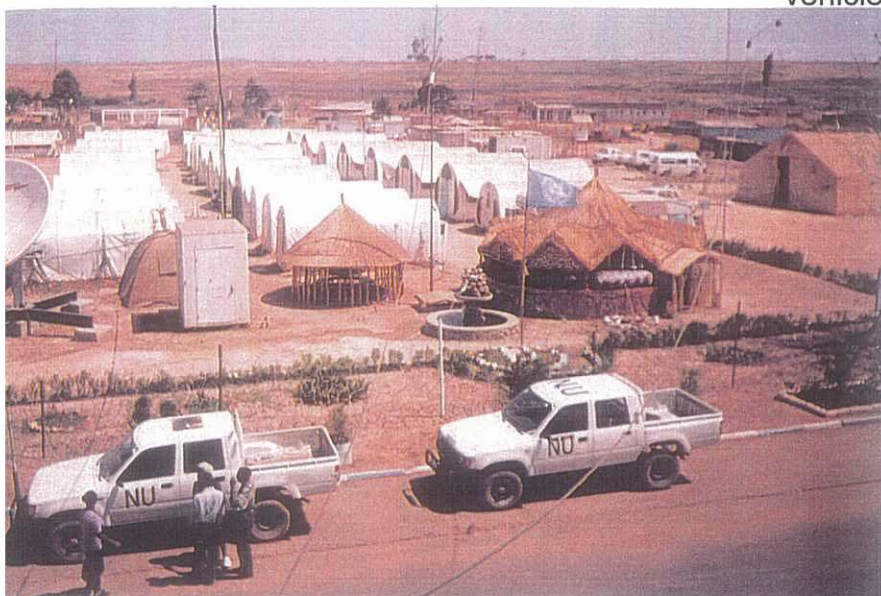
- a. Travel to every RHQ within Angola and carry out a visual inspection of the movements facilities.

b. Travel to Pretoria and Johannesburg, South Africa to ascertain the effectiveness of the Procurement Processes.

c. Travel to Cabinda to interview the Teamsite Commander on resupply problems.

d. Travel to Zambia to witness and assist in the rotation of the Zambian Battalion out of Angola.

This entailed travelling 17, 600 kilometres within Angola visiting Viana, Luanda, Menongue (Photo 4 -below),



Lobito, Namibe, Lumango, Benguela, Cabinda, Mbanza Congo, Uige, Negage, Saurimo, Kuito and Malanje and travelling a further 12,000 kilometres outside Angola visiting Johannesburg and Pretoria (Photo 5) within South Africa and Ndola and Lusaka in Zambia all over a four week period.

Several moments of excitement occurred during this review the first being in Menongue when having finished the review and having a brew the entire RHQ was shook by explosions some within a kilometre away and filling the air with flying debris. Some of the locals in their infinite wisdom had decided to burn the

grass off prior to replanting, to the uninitiated (which included moi!) this serves three purposes - it clears the vegetation which is mainly elephant grass about two metres tall, it detonates some of the mines planted around the fields and in this situation it detonated quite a large open air ammunition dump which both sides had "apparently" forgotten about.

After about forty minutes of explosions, flying projectiles and ground shaking the Senior Military Officer and his trusty sidekick went down to the local hospital for a better view of the whole situation, a vehicle from CARE Demining was

ferrying wounded people from the local village and required our help so we drove (rather rapidly I might add) into the village to evacuate the wounded.

An interesting insight to Angolan life was the discovery of a local hut with an approximately 12 centimetre hole in the wall about 30 centimetres off the ground, a projectile had exploded through his house injuring his wife and family but causing mortal injury to his television set and a set of

crockery, the latter caused great concern and he was adamant that the UN (read Us!!) should pay for it!! The unofficial toll after about four hours of explosions was three dead and eight wounded.

At Menongue is also the training camp for Care Demining which of course necessitated a visit from the UN QC Inspector from hell - this training camp is located within an old Cuban Ammunition Dump which was hit by an artillery round during the mandate of UNAVEM II and exploded for four days. (Photo 6)

The next incident of intrigue was travelling from Uige to Negage when the locals had again fired up the local shrubbery which encased the main arterial route and in some cases actually looped over the road, my local driver decided that he could beat the fires and drove straight into the smoke and flames. Initially I was unperturbed as I thought that he's done this many times before and its probably only a small fire - WRONG! - I don't know whether it was the windscreen crackling or the paint peeling off the bonnet that made me decide we were in deep "KAK" which is a Afrikaans word meaning much the same in English. The drivers interesting technique was to speed up, particularly after the airconditioning died and drive hell for leather into the dense smoke and flames assisted by the gentle application of my beret to the back of his head, luckily after about ten minutes into an Introductory Course to Hell the fire jumped over the road and headed into some deserted fields, later that night whilst downing a few cold tinnies I did a commendable impression of Steady Eddie.

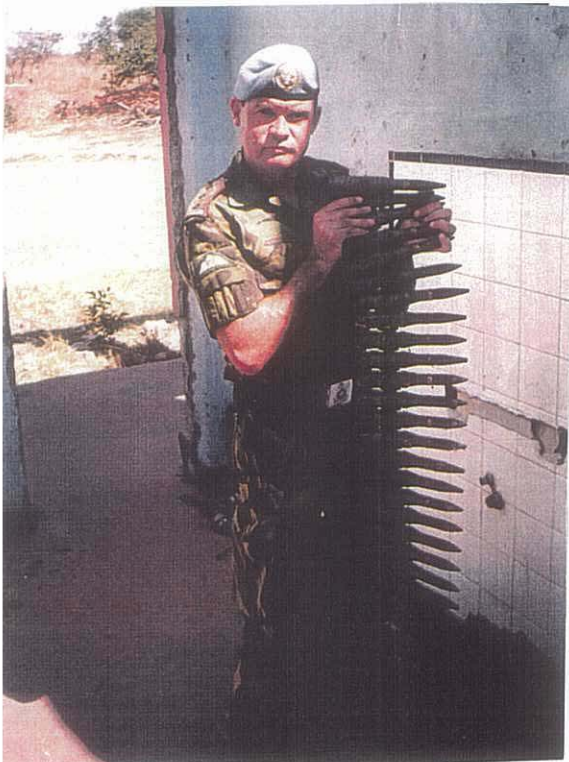


Photo 6

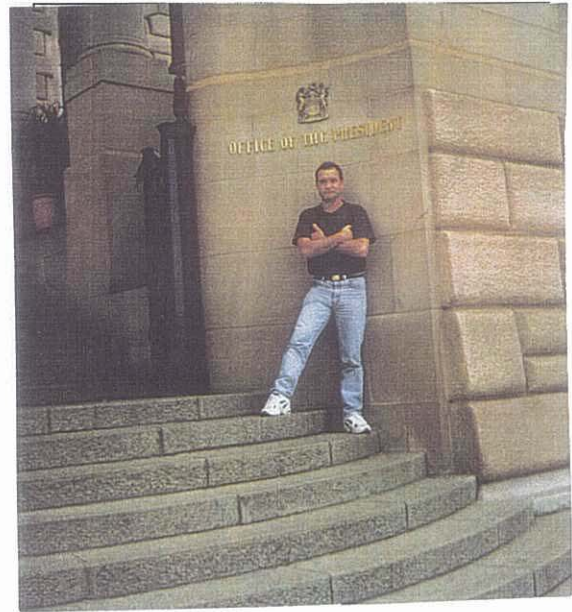


Photo 5 - waiting for Nelson (Mr Mandela to the plebs) to give him some pointers.

Just out of Uige is a small town called Negage which is manned by an Indian Battalion who look after the Quartering Area, all around the airport are remnants of the war including Hind Gunships and Mig Aircraft. (see photo 7). Discipline on the UN Airfields was always a source of constant concern and often when a UN Flight arrived every man and his dog would front up onto the tarmac - on several occasions vehicles required to be moved to enable the flights to resume.

At the end of this review I had decided that when they built the Hercules they put all the noise on the inside, which is why when they fly over you they sound so quiet. The review produced a report some forty pages in total and recommended that Movement Control Officers be collocated on the airfields for security and administrative reasons and that staff are properly trained in the movement of assets and materiel around the UNAVEM III Mission Area - I did have one win though in that the qualified accountant who was employed as a MOVCON Operator is now employed at the Finance Branch where his skills are better utilised (How bizarre!!!).



Photo 7 - Where's the bloody starter button again?
Capt O' Brien having flashbacks to kindly oops Top
Gun

Language Barriers. One of the biggest impediments I found on the UNAVEM III Mission were the language barriers, particularly with dealings among 36 different nations, some of the outcomes were hilarious - while some had the potential to cause immense problems.

The first situation didn't relate directly to me but occurred when two NZ UNMO's visited a Russian helicopter team - and it went like this: Scenario, two parched UNMO's rock up into a Russian encampment and are offered a cup of coffee the thought of which goes down a hundred

" would you like a coffee?"
"yes please!" at this stage observant NZ Infantry Officers (why things are seen!) notice no electric jug and no generator and give each other meaningful glances.
"here you are men!"
"thanks" at this stage the two UNMO's look into the cups and notice lumpy, cold coffee with no milk, the Russian host noticing the looks of concern allays their

collective fears with the off the cuff remark " don't worry its instant!"

The second situation occurred at a NZ Party in a small villa just out of the UN Main Camp at Vila Espa when an Indian Major approached our group pumped my hand and stated loudly "Captain, I am living perpendicular to your backside!" following much hilarity from the gathered guests he corrected his English as he meant "I live behind you!"

An incident of some acute embarrassment to the concerned NZ Staff Officer who shall remain nameless, occurred at the Wade Adams Engineer Demining Camp when again at a Social Function a Dutch Soldier leaned across the bar and as he passed hapless Kiwi said " Mmm Kouros ", thinking this was a national greeting for the week following said ambassador to his country strolled around greeting loudly every Dutch soldier he met " Mmm Kouros ", and was somewhat chagrined to find out that Kouros was the aftershave he was wearing.

The other confusing issue was the habit of some nationalities shaking their heads when they meant no or not admitting that they did not understand something in case they lost face.

CONCLUSION

In all honesty I must say that working for the United Nations in Angola has been one of the most challenging yet frustrating episodes of my military career to date. I spent a third of my tour travelling around the mission trouble shooting or depending on which side of the fence you were on some would say

trouble making and ended up visiting Zambia and South Africa in the process and got to the stage where I could judge a destination by the impact and rate of landing as no two runways were the same.

I found the New Zealand soldier well thought of in Angola and in particular by UN Staff as they are able to do a lot with a little - our main failings (if you can call them that) and one I had particular difficulty with was the lack of progress made daily due to inefficiency, bureaucracy, lack of interest or lack of clear guidelines. In New Zealand the daily to do list would be covered in ticks as in-roads were made into the work pile - in Angola striving to achieve the mandate proved at times to be an exercise in diplomacy, patience, subterfuge, political wheeling and dealing and head banging. I remembered words of advice offered to me prior to departing "don't bulldoze your way over impediments - if there is a problem go around it" - unfortunately sometimes in my circumnavigation of impediments, real or perceived, one ended up geographically confused.

There was no doubt that we were the best equipped country within Angola in terms of logistic support, medical kits and training. The amount of mail we were entitled to amazed many nationalities and

caused not a little bit of envy - particularly when I received a box of peanut slabs (Cheers Jacko) and cans of NZ Beer, my wife and family religiously despatched a food parcel from the antipodes every week (which didn't last very long particularly if the UNMO's were visiting!). The delivery of videos from Dave Hall was also appreciated and whiled away many a happy hour.

It is difficult for outsiders, even those who have served on other missions, to understand the difficulties encountered within Angola where no infrastructure exists in a fashion that resembles order. Twenty five years of civil war have reduced a once beautiful country to tatters and its people to a state of what resembles either anarchy or apathy, where the police and army are the enemy and no-one is to be trusted.

Last and not least it was an honour and a pleasure to serve with all the NZ members of UNAVEM III who rotated through Angola on my twelve month tour of duty and many memorable gatherings such as New Zealand day or Beach Trips will bring back fond memories. (see Photos 8 & 9)



STORES SECTION, 2 FIELD WORKSHOP

Well, the elite crew from the busiest Stores Section in the Army are going to take time out and say hello and attempt to write a few words.

What's been happening here? Well, we have had a quiet year so far, with only 3 months in the field. We participated in the following exercises: AFE, Black Diamond, Northern Sustainer, Ex Swift Eagle (renamed Ex stuffed chicken as the boat broke down and we didn't get the chance to deploy to Aussie). We also had the odd project like trying to create the ARRU deployment stock for class 9, outscale all our surplus and slow moving items (this doesn't include Simo as he can move fast when required, like when it's half price at the Mess). Apart from the above, its been work as usual.

So who actually works here (no-one actually works here it just looks like it).

The Boss WO2 Steve Corkran
 (Six Foot) still
 wondering what he
 did wrong to be
 blessed (stuck) with
 these people and still
 trying to figure out
 how he can palm
 them off to other
 units.

2IC Sgt Craig Simpson
 (Simo) currently
 looking forward to his
 posting up north to
 the Workshop Stores
 Section as IC. His
 wife Mel has just
 produced a baby boy
 and it looks and acts
 like his Dad. Bald,
 fat and can't move

too much but
 screams a lot when it
 is hungry and wants
 to be spoon fed.

The Slaves

LCpl Craig Bennet
 (Benny) The man
 with the vacant grin
 and loud laugh who
 was put on this earth
 to frustrate bosses
 and make them go
 mad. Still dreaming
 of the day when he
 will have two stripes
 on his arm and his
 own telephone and
 extension.

LCpl Nick Cash
 (Nick) A new convert
 from the Infantry
 currently on his
 JNCO's. Nick uses a
 few concepts that he
 learnt in the infantry
 in his new job in the
 Stores Section.
 That's been the art of
 camouflage and only
 move when there is
 plenty of cover.

Discharges

Andy Burrell
 Keith Lewis

Defections

LCpl Vern Andrews
 to RNZEME,

THAT'S ALL FROM THE COAL FACE
 FOLKS

MAY THE TRADE OF AUTO PARTS
 REST IN PEACE

THEN RISE UP AGAIN TO HAUNT YOU

STORE SECTION, 3 FIELD WORKSHOP

Well here it be, 1996, the saddest year in the History of both the RNZAOC Corps (the Corps) and the Automotive Parts and Accessories Merchandising TRADE repeat TRADE (AP).

Yes, as we all know the Army has seen fit to restructure its resources. Although the majority would agree to the amalgamation of the Services Corps to form the Log Regt, there are those of us who have taken the time to complete a specialised 9000 hr Apprenticeship who would tend to not be so supportive of the decision to disband (Trash, Crush, Annihilate, Terminate, dispose of and generally crap on) this every so important, critical to the efficient and effective operations of an RNZEME Workshops, the Automotive Parts and Accessories Merchandising TRADE repeat TRADE.

Although the heart wrenching devastation of this decision is inevitable, we professionals from the Confederate Workshop in the South have vowed to keep our heads high and 'crack on'. Thus ensuring we continue to supply the entire South Island with the quality Class 9 Automotive Parts spares supply that is required from such professionals as The AP.

At this point I would like to introduce to you The APs who covertly effect the release of over 700 Class 9 items per month to enable 3 Log Regt to conduct operations in the Southern Area:

SSgt (Wha va Hellav I gotten myself inta??) Hohua (Ho): Currently fills the role of Section IC and most admirably if I may say so myself, "Ho, who as a teen did silly little, minute things with a V8 Statesman and a rugby field now is the not so proud owner of an imported Jappa

van. "Well done Old Man" about time he settled down!".

Ho was posted to the Confederate Workshop from Bosnia having spent time at 5 Log Regt, however the Bosnia 123 Account is still haunting him to this day. "Hurry up and close the account Hohua!!"

Cpl (There's nothing better in life than felling huge trees) Woods: Since the last article submitted to the Pataka Mag, Jack Woods has diversified from the Southern Regions LMVD/Autodismantler to a Junior Woodchuck and feels that he has cornered the market to supply Christchurch with enough wood to last well into next century.

At the moment he has problems filling out his tax return as he cannot decide which is his secondary income, the Army or his wood chopping venture. One thing is known, the extra money gained from both jobs has allowed him to repair the bonnet of his Capri after it blew off whilst travelling sedately along the motorway at the required speed limit "Yeah right".

Cpl (Should I stay or should I go?) Cotton. Good Ol'Buddha. Buddha was let loose on the poor unsuspecting Bosnians. They thought they had had the worst of it during the war, then Buddha turned up. If it could be driven, Buddha was driving it; if you could drink it, Buddha would be drinking it; if it could be eaten, Buddha would eat it and if there was work to be done Buddha would not be doing it, or at least not very fast.

Upon his return to NZ poor Ol' Buddha felt disheartened with the Army's News of a possible posting from the glorious South to the notorious North. A posting to Linton was just too much so he decided to pull the plug and take the long

and final walk out of the gates of Burnham into civilian life. However, to the Army's delight, he has decided to stay a little while longer in a misguided attempt to gain his third stripe. And you know what I say... "NEVER COTTON, AS LONG AS MY ARSE POINTS TO THE GROUND, NEVER!!!!!" (or until Ho is banished to what was 3 Fd Sup Coy).

Pte (Will my career ever get going) De Luca: We inherited Dale from the Supreme high command of the Infantry-type peoples Q store and immediately 456'd him to the Workshops for the Frontal Lobotomy Reversal which seems to have turned out a success. Also, in our favour is the fact that his better half is a cook and smokos have been excellent latelykeep it up 'D'.

Dale is a part time, or should we say, a wanna-be yuppie. He has been frequenting stage shows in town wearing his best stepping out gears with woman in arm. Together with that, if he had a cellar in his condominium he would then have somewhere to store his vast wine collection. To make the yuppie image complete, Dale ditched his trusty old HQ Holden, and purchased his new pride and joy a 1974 520i BMW. Dale is now one of the few remaining AP apprentices (God bless his cotton socks)

and has found the Army is changing quickly and it seems he may be left out in the cold with a Supplier or even a Pet Op as his future boss (SOS, SOS is anybody out thereHELP!!)

Well Sir, that was just a short introduction to the members of the RNZAOC Stores Section of the 3rd Field Workshop, RNZEME and as you can see, in the face of adversity this small but highly motivated and sought after team of professionals endeavour to keep 3 Log Regt in an operational ready state for what ever the circumstances may deliver.

NOW, enough of the bullshit, with impending Budget constraints it was inevitable that the Army had to make drastic changes to the current organisation, however I suggest that a shit load of work was done just to disband one **TRADE repeat TRADE**.

Last but not least I wish to leave the final word to the TEAM

HO, BUDDHA, JASE, 'D'

**TO STELLA HIS AUNTY,
WITH LOTS OF LOVE 3 FD WKSP
STORES SECTION.**

QAMR WORKSHOP STORES SECTION

By LCpl Willy Willson

Well where do you start to talk about the best section in the Corps!! It seems that once you get a posting to this section you are sentenced to die here, as there hasn't been any postings in or out for a couple of years. The last posting in was SSgt Kearns in Dec 94, and out was Cpl Cotton also around the beginning of 94.

When Op RADIANT 1 started pre-deployment training in 94, this workshop along with this section, was overloaded with tech inspections and repairs to the 26 M113s which were to be sent to 5 Log Regt to be fitted with body armour and other items. Along with issues and technical advice given to our tradesmen we also assisted with the make up of NZFOR stores containers down in Trentham.

The section currently has a strength of only 3 pers and will probably stay this way until they reach a final decision about the abolishment of our great trade and the new way they are going to implement unqualified personnel into a tradesmen's job. There is a great deal of anticipation to see how this new method will pan out, and how many of the current AP's stay in their current jobs or jump the sinking ship.

THE CURRENT STAFF**SSgt Neil Kearns:**

Was posted into this section in Dec 94, coming from just up the road from 4 Fd Wksp to replace SSgt Dave Tairi who was posted just down the road to 4 Fd Wksp as the IC. Neil and his wife have just given birth to a baby boy, congratulations! He also completed his M113 driver's course which is a rare

achievement for the Section IC, probably last achieved by SSgt Brian Gillies way back in the dark ages!!!! (just jokes Staff). Yet again, Armoured had to rely on the stores section to pull them through, Neil was escort to the Guidon (flag for you ignoramuses) for the royal guard for the Queen in Nov 95.

Cpl Rob Mackenzie:

Went on the first Op RADIANT deployment to Bosnia. Returned to the section then took 6 months leave and is now currently training as a welder in our GE section before departing for TTS in Trentham for his trade change. Mac has been a valuable member of this section for close to 6 years and will be missed. Good luck for the future.

LCpl Mark Willson:

Went to Bosnia on Op RADIANT 3. Returned to work in March and was sentenced to Trentham to assist in the return of the NZFOR stores, but due to a little incident with the NZ Police returned a week later. (just for a little **** in the street in town). Oh well, that's enough bad stuff for me as I am the author of this little piece.

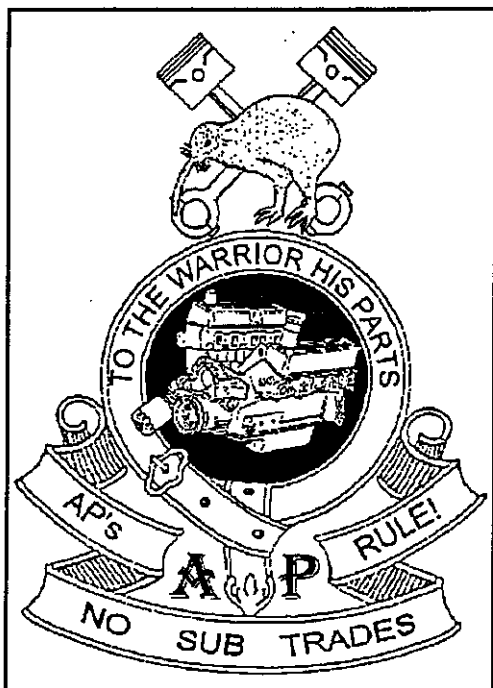
Pte Mark Hanson:

Came from WSS, 5 Log Regt in mid 93. He was put on his RNZAC Drivers course which he qualified and is currently in the B Sqn Fitters section. Pod is currently trying for early release from his return of service, so it's just wait out.

Oh well that's about all there is for now all we can do now is wait to see what the future will bring to the AUTOPART WARRIORS.

**WORKSHOP SUPPORT
SECTION**

Stores Coy- 5LR



WSS TEAM.

WO2 M.M.J Wilson- IC
 Cpl T.A.E McGeough- 2IC
 LCpl D.Hepi
 LCpl S.T Hape
 Pte G.P Beckett
 Pte J.T Broughton
 Pte A.W.J Smith
 Pte N.Perrett
 Pte J.Shaw
 Miss Sue McCourtie

WO2 Mark Wilson known as "Willy"
 A comedian or not? After every O-Group manages to have a different joke every time. He has the most input because he's the only one with all the jokes. A taste of his humour- 'What has six legs and goes around and around in a paddock?' Answer-'A ram doing a ewie.'

Favourite saying- "Who's got a joke?"

Cpl Terry McGeough known as "Mad dog McGeough"

Terry is known by the section as a perfectionous. Everthing he does he does well. Even managed a trip to the UK on Ex Long-Look for six months. He even blugges well. Favourite saying- "Hey young fella"

LCpl Dion Hepi known as "Heps"

A quiet person who doesn't say much. Has finally pulled the plug. Gets out of the Army 21 Nov 96 and is looking forward to his new life in Australia. Good Luck Heps. Favourite saying- "Young fella "

LCpl Susie Hape known as "Suz"

Managed to get her family back together again and is enjoying motherhood. Favourite saying-"Sweet as"

Cpl Chris 'which way's home?' Johns.

TOD from UK for six months as Terry's replacement. Managed to see the South Island and some of the North Island but knows where every nook and cranny is at the Tote. But somehow gets disorientated when he leaves the Tote to go home. Favourite saying- "Shut up"

Pte Geoffery Beckett known as "Charlie Bucket"

Has taken the big plunge and moved out of barracks to live with his girlfriend. Guess what the next big plunge is Geoff? Is looking forward to his posting in December to 25 ESS. All the best Geoff. Favourite saying-"Yeah why not, I'll order it"

Pte Jason "Te Piki" Broughton.
 JB has his own gig called "FOBZ" along with his twin brother, joined at the hip Ray Kareko. Posted to 2 Fd Wksp in December. Good luck JB.

Favourite saying- "Does a chicken have lips?"

LCpl Vern 'Vermon' Andrews.
 (TOD from TTS)

Got a Corps change to EME but things didn't work out to his advantage so he signed his 717. Terminal date sometime in 1998. Wants to go to Australia to work. All the best Vern.

Favourite saying- "Bout 400 days to go!"

Pte Adam "Lightning" Smith.

Adam- hasn't a worry in the world. Nicknamed Lightning by the Wksp boys. Is it because he's quick or is it the opposite?

Favourite saying- "Heps how do you do this again?"

Pte Nigel Perrett known as "Nigal"

Lost his license on Corps Day for six months. Isn't allowed to drink but still manages to have a good time. How's that possible?

Favourite saying- "I can't afford a rose Shona, so here's a carnation"

Pte John Shaw known as "Jon Boy"

John is a quiet and conservative person. Doesn't really say much. Is one of triplets and is the scrawniest of the three.

Favourite saying- "Don't know"

Miss Sue McCourtie known as "Shorty"

The hardest working person in the Regt. A real work horse with a heart of gold.

Favourite saying- "O.K mate no worries"

1996 has proved to be a busy year for WSS with courses, TODs, training etc.

Unfortunately this year saw the last of our AP Apprentices come through the system. To our new and up coming AP's 'Welcome' To our past and present serving AP's 'Giddy' To all fellow AP's "Live long and prosper"

INVENTORY MANAGEMENT COMPANY, 5 LOG REGT**FMS Course in the USA**

By WO1 K.J. Pittams

FMS course? In the USA? Can I think about it? (Two nano seconds later)... Yeah, well, I suppose I can fit that in.

Who would have believed it? In the right place at the right time. Three weeks in the States, better than a poke in the eye with a sharp stick. I wonder if I can get to Disneyland? What is this FMS stuff anyway? Does this mean I can't whinge to Billy Vince any more about not getting any trips?

Well, you know how it is, you don't believe it until you get on the plane. This particular plane took most of the runway to get off the ground. Then 12 hours of being 24 inches from the movie screen - thanks A & P, cool seat.

As any (newbee) overseas traveler realises, once you get overseas, any ideas you had about Auckland Airport being big are dealt to. LA airport is a fairly busy place - what with all of the buses, cars, trucks and tractors competing with the planes for taxi space. I don't know what the problem with the weather was, I had the vague idea that LA would be hot - well warm anyway. As it was, I was the only one in the airport that didn't look he was passing through Siberia. Well, I suppose it was only 20 degrees. I also had recollections about it not raining in Southern California - had to have a bit of a reality check on that one too.

After determining that I had missed out on Disneyland, (the bus had already gone and it was too far for a taxi) I went

off and looked at a few movie stars' houses. It was at this time that I figured it out that it would be a good idea to cross roads at pedestrian crossings, mainly because when Kiwis cross the road, they tend to look to the left, but in the US, cars tend to come from the right and you tend to run the risk of ending up as a bonnet ornament, which would tend to ruin your day.

The next day I flew to Chicago and from there to Dayton. Ohio. Dayton is a relatively small city whose main claim to fame is that is the birth place of the Wright brothers, Orville and Wilbur, who first developed powered flight. The Wright brothers also did a lot of development work in Dayton, after the first flights at Kittyhawk.

The course I was attending was being held at Wight-Patterson Air Force Base (WPAFB). WPAFB is the largest USAF Base in terms of manpower (26,000 military and civilian), and second largest in terms of land area. Although it is hard to make comparisons I would guess the whole place is about the same size (land area) as Upper Hutt. The "whole place" consisted of three separate areas, one of which included the USAF museum. The museum was quite impressive, housing aircraft such as a complete B-52 bomber, a SR-16 Blackbird, Stealth fighter and the B-17 bomber known as the "Flying Boxcar" that dropped the bomb on Nagasaki. Just to round it off they had a copy of the bomb it dropped as well. No Skyhawks though, probably because the USAF would think it uncool to have a Navy aircraft in their museum. Overall, good value (from all perspectives, as entry to national museums such as this are free in the US).

WPAFB these days is almost totally a support base. In the cold war days there

were B-52s there waiting to fly off and nuke a few Russkis. Today, however, it is a bit lower key, with a squadron of National Guard (TF to us) C-141s. Befitting the part time status, the C-141s could be seen taking off in the evenings for a (cup of tea and a) look around. Other interesting spots at WPAFB included:

a "secret squirrel" building where Communist bloc aircraft were taken and disassembled to see if they had anything interesting. This building appeared to be the only one in WPAFB that had any overt security measures. The base was surprisingly easy to get in to. At each gate there was an airman complete with chrome plated "piss-bowl" and white boot laces (cool). These guys' main goal in life seemed to be to give the most flourishing wave/signal to approaching drivers that they could enter the base. None ever stopped us.

The USAF Materiel Command. This building looked about the size of half a dozen (NZ) Support Commands.

A Base Exchange (BX) where you could buy Levi 501s for \$US32 and booze cheaper than duty free.

A patch of land where the Wright brothers worked on their aircraft including replica of a shed and catapult that they used. There was also patch of what is apparently some of the only true prairie grass left in the US (stunning, eh?).

However, I didn't go to the US to look around an Air Force Base. There was serious work to be done. The course I was on covered FMS, or Foreign Military

Sales (that is, the US selling to other countries). FMS forms a part of the Security Assistance programs that the US provides to selected countries. Security Assistance can consist of the US gifting equipment or money, or loaning the same, or as in most cases, providing the facility for countries to purchase equipment and spares from the US military. The provision of this purchasing facility is FMS.

FMS is big business for the US, that is, multi-billions of dollars worth of big business. In 1994, the US took \$180 billion in receipts from FMS. Of that amount, the US takes a 3% admin fee for their trouble, which as a bit of arithmetic shows, is a fairly tidy sum. The US has extensive infrastructures in place to support Security Assistance/FMS, and these are all funded from takings from sales. The whole system is run on the basis that there will be no cost to the US taxpayer. In fact, the FMS system provides a windfall for the US (apart from the 3% cut), in that FMS keeps some industries in operation and therefore, US citizens in employment. During the course we were taken to a the M1 Abrams Tank assembly plant in Lima, Ohio. At the time of the course, this plant was being kept open by the production of tanks for sale to Kuwait. These sales kept this plant open and ticking over.

The FMS course itself was attended by a wide range of nationalities, including US, Australia (the Australians on the course proved, that no matter where they are in the world, they (Australians) have a fetish about sheep), Canada, UK, Netherlands, Germany, Portugal, Chile, Colombo, Venezuela, Philippines, Korea, Indonesia, and Thailand. The course was held at the Defence Institute of Security Assistance Management (DISAM). The course was held in March which in Ohio means that it is usually quite cold, but while we were there it was

unseasonably warm. Because it was meant to be cold, the heaters in the building were on, and because it was meant to be cold at that time of the year, it also meant they couldn't be turned off. Good to see that mindless bureaucracy is a world wide phenomenon. As the classroom was quite warm, some found it difficult to stay awake, one Filipino actually snored in class.

The course covered all of the legislation relating to FMS and the procedures used to access the systems. The content ranged from interesting to tedious. The FMS system is based around "cases". FMS Cases are effectively an "account" that a customer country establishes with the US. The customer country puts money into the Case and makes purchases against the money that they have in there. However, the US won't supply below their reorder levels, so if their stocks are low, customers have to wait until the US have procured it. Often the US will wait until they have enough orders to make reordering (for them) economical. So the whole process can take quite a while (as in years). To circumvent this, customer countries can buy equity in US stockholdings by paying to have stock put on the shelf so when they want an item it is always there when required. In these circumstances, the US will issue down to zero stock. The down side of this, is that if the US find they have too much stock or put a piece of equipment out of service, they can "push" the stock to the customer country. This has happened to the RNZAF, when a rather large and expensive aircraft part arrived unexpectedly one day..

After the FMS course had finished and I was full of the theory of how it all happens, I went to Washington D.C. to spend some time at the NZ Embassy learning how it actually happens.

After a weekend checking out the sights, I went to the Embassy to find that the Prime Minister, Mr Bolger was in town visiting the White House. I attended the wreath laying ceremony at Arlington where the US really laid it on with flags and troops galore. There about 100 pers total from all US services lining the steps, with another group carrying all of the individual States' flags. Apparently, conducting parades are all that these people do, so they were quite polished in their performance. They even had brass plates on the inside of their heels so that they could click their heels together with an impressive noise.

The time spent at the Embassy was worthwhile as they (the Purchasing Staff at the Embassy) are the link between us and the US military. The Embassy visit filled in the gaps of specific detail (that were not covered on the course) on how the system worked.

As far as I am aware, I was the first NZ Army person to travel to the US to do this course. It provided good insights into how the FMS operates, although it looked mainly at the big picture and not specifics.

When IM Coy took on the task of overseas procurement there was very little expertise on how to conduct it. This course went some way to providing a base of knowledge to help rectify this lack of expertise. Since I went, a traveling team from DISAM has been to NZ and has run a FMS course in Woodbourne. This meant that large numbers of personnel were able to be trained in FMS.

STORES COMPANY, 5 LOG REGT

CENTRAL RECIEPTS SECTION

IT'S MISSION

To seek out and receive stores like no other before. To discover new types of packing materials and then rip them to shreds (with our teeth). To repack and label stores with the most high tech equipment (hoping the power doesn't go off, so we can continue working, *really*). To reactive 6 month old stores orders and issue them within 24 hrs. To ensure our colour dynamics meet the approval of visiting dignitaries (even if they don't know what a dynamic is, or do they?).

ITS ROLE

- A. To hide mistakes or disguise them so they can't be recognised by superiors.
- B. To look longingly at expensive or classified pieces of equipment, play with it, show it to everybody, but not take it home.
- C. To modify statistics (or so I've heard) for the sections advantage.
- D. To draw out smokos as long as possible without crossing the line that angers the boss.

We are not worthy, we are not worthy to touch the stores that **IM Company** have ordered/provisioned/purchased . But we will still abuse our humble meek bodies by breaking our backs lifting heavy stores, in an attempt to earn a crumb from their mighty smoko table.

THE CREW OF CRS

1. Stretch our mighty leader the Ex GRUNT. Thick as two short planks but knows he's the boss. The workers try him out, see how much he can take, try to bluff him. The problem is, the handsome young bugger's been around and knows all the tricks (he's tried them on his bosses) and how to play the game. He keeps saying "they call me Stretch because I'm hung like a horse". His wife says "if only it were true". He had a hand in writing this story so you won't read any dirt on him.

2. Manu (Cpl) got sick of the place (Army - not us) and took LWOP for one whole year. The only problem is, he's now earning twice as much money stacking tyres. He's only taking a break and then he'll be back, REALLY. The Warrant Officers wish they could earn as much money as him. We all say "he'll be back, how can anybody want to leave this place".

3. Then there's Hienz, our number one Clerk, also took LWOP. Probably been talking to Manu. That boy loves his family, will do anything for his kids. I wonder if he'll buy mine. The rumour goes "he's got lots of money and only does this job to stay occupied". I know it's true because he's pays somebody else to do his lawns, and it ain't me.

4. Virginia, Senior Enforcer (now that Heinzy's gone) a solid contender when it comes to enforcing correct procedures. No bull***** this woman, and she'll let you know if you're wrong. Takes pleasure in ruling the roost, thank God she's on my side. I have visions of a mother hen when I look at her. She could rule the stores area as well, but the storemen keep her at bay with long

sticks, "Watch out boy's or she'll land you one". Personally I think she had something to do with Hienz's sudden departure (poison or something like that). I think this girl's got ambitions and it worries me, am I next?.

5. Maree, our cheerful, always joking clerk (Jnr Clk). A little old lady who's only been here for five months and bought a ray of sunshine into the office. You can only take so much joy and happiness (so that's why Hienz left). Don't you just hate happy people when you're in a crappy mood. Maybe we should put her in a wet sack and hide her under the desk and only bring her out when we're in a better mood.

6. Then there's Bruce the 2IC from hell (or should I say Heaven). The man's got more Bibles than you can poke a stick at. THANK GOD he doesn't preach otherwise we would have to put him in a wet sack with Maree. Some how I don't think she'd like that, having to share her sack with another man. Bruce loves his food, every time I look at him he's chewing something. I'm afraid to put my pen down in case it ends up in his mouth. You know how your pen always goes missing? I'd love to X-ray his stomach and see the size of that worm, maybe even find our pens.

7. Then there's Ian, loves his Holden. I think if he could stuff and mount it, he would (I mean mount it like a trophy not a horse). The man's got more car pictures on his wall than money in his pocket. Well, he's always asking for a pay rise, but if we give it to him, he'd only waste it on pictures or models (Car models not women). I don't think he knows anything about women.

8. Then there's Adam. The man's got a BIG Hotrod and he knows how to use it, so don't get in his way. Sometimes he gets a hot head too. I wonder what you'd get if you cross

Hotrod with a hot head?. Adam works opposite Ian and they have to face each other everyday. God it must be hard on their eyes, they're not exactly handsome boys. Adam loves cars too and has just as many pictures in his work area. I knew they had more in common than just looks when they asked to move their work benches closer together.

9. Then there's Sam our clothing man (not Sam the Man (a transvestite) from Singapore, although they do look alike). Ex Army you know, and proud of it. I'm sure he volunteered to receipt clothing to improve his wardrobe. Hoping to find a spare Kathmandu Polarfleece Jacket he can put on under his T Shirt and sneak out. Nobody should notice the extra size cause he's naturally a big boy. Mind you, he does make a mean raw fish so I'm always nice to him.

10. Then there's Carol, does a bit of everything but specialises in clothing. Another one looking for that elusive over-supplied jacket. A homely woman who's married to an Ex Army man, Chicken George I think they call him. Well, he's still in the Army but should be out, because he's old. Carol likes her men ugly and old.

11. Then there's Sam our Issues man. A Scotsman (not a Transvestite from Singapore) whose been here 50 years and still has an accent. The man's been in the unit longer than the buildings themselves. What came first, the Sam or the Egg? He's seen so many name changes, he's forgotten his own. When he talks history he can give you a complete run-down on everything that's ever happened here. The bosses discuss a new idea that Sam saw 6 yrs ago, 10 yrs ago and even 15 yrs ago. A lot of knowledge in that old brain is going to be lost when this fella pops off. He tells me he's only fifty, looks more like seventy to me.

12. Then there's Trev our Returns Store Man. Another one that been around so long he's on autopilot and does everything without thinking. I mean cause it's second nature, not cause he's a thickhead. Not that Ian and Adam would agree. Mind you Trev's got his own opinion on those two boys.

13. Then there's Stu. Sometimes I think he got his name by the way he dresses. Such a Regi soldier he's always on the reserve list for Regimental Guards, not that he minds. Laughing all the way to the bank if you ask me. He thinks, "all those Regi poncy bastards are the ones that have to do the guards, not me! ha ha ha". Got himself a ready made family. Man that boy's got brains, Maree says "it's a shame they're in his undies". He's also in the process of creating a clone (baby) of himself. Maree says "It doesn't bear thinking about".

14. Then there's Faye our best looking soldier (don't get a big head Faye, Stu's head will always be bigger then yours). Got so much family in the Army she must have some real mean connections. Maybe I should stay on her good side. I wouldn't be surprised if the SM of A was related in some way. You know these big whanaus (Farnose for you white boys, means family and tons of em. What's *yours* is *mine* sort of stuff).

15. Then last but not least, there's Makuini, nicknamed Hammer. Named after MC Hammer for some reason. I don't think it's got to do with her colour. Maybe it's because she's got claws (not balls) just like a hammer. She's so squeaky clean you can't even see were shes been. Not much dirt on this girl. I know she's from Moerewa in the far north were if you blink, you'll miss it. I wonder if she's some how related to that snake Aubrey Murray. For her sake I hope not.

Captains Log Star date 18101996

by Captain James T Stretch

NB: If a mistake is found when issuing stores in CRS, it's the checker that gets the blame not the selector.

proof read by Bruce



Prime Minister Ken O'Connor



MP Ian Gillard



Deputy Prime Minister Bruce Edwards



MP Sam Gordon



MP Adam Davidson



MP Heinz Treviranus



MP Trevor Leathem



MP Sam Marson



MP Carol Stephens



MP Maree Atkinson



MP Virginia Nelson



MP Fay Hokianga



MP Stu Kinnaird



MP Manu Pierson



MP Makuini Walker

NZ CRS PARTY

By Deputy Prime Minister Bruce Winston
Edwards Peters

The policy says NZ CRS believes *“democracy is about people exercising rights and responsibilities with the maximum of Warehousing knowledge and understanding”*

Our policies include:

- Keep it short and simple and a few buzz words
- “who needs a paint job”
- Rugby, league, holden, hot rod posters
- Listen to quake, 2zb, more fm and b90fm all going at once
- Loaf of bread
- Boil up’s “fitness for use”
- Raw fish & paua’s “conformance to specification”

NZ CRS MP’s in Cabinet:

Prime Minister Ken O’Connor:

Deputy Prime Minister: *“My name is brother Bruce, I love the Lord, I am a Christian and I love the lord, all together now”.....*

MP Ian Gillard:

MP Adam Davidson: Minister of Forms & Pubs, (OCKA) from down under, coalition talks with the Hot Rod association party, negotiating tatics *“remain flexible”* against the policy for *“Jungle Bunny Music”*.

MP Sam Gordon: Minister of Binnings & Issues, (HAGUS), preferred to be a

Prime Minister for N.Z, negotiating tatic’s *“don’t pass it, Kick it”* & C.Y.O.A (cover your own a@#).

MP Trevor Leathem: Minister of Returned Stores, great negotiator for saying *“I can’t remember where I put it.....is it my turn to pick up the milk”*.

MP Sam Marson: Minister of Clothing, Sam the Muss, brother to Jake Heke, since then has defected from the “once were warriors” party and is trying out for the NZ choir....party *“Cher Bro you got big mussels, let me eat some or I’ll kill you”*.

MP Carol Stephens: Minister of Clothing, I’m off negotiating with my fellow MP’s and will be on leave until further notice.

MP Virginia Nelson: Minister of C&A, sister to Beth Heke, joint coalition with the NZ Te Roopu O te Pataka party.

MP Maree Atkinson: Minister of C&A, cousin to Helen Clark, I believe Maree will be the next woman Prime Minister and will go right through the ceiling, leaving the keys in the key press, still in coalition talks with Jenny Shipley....TTFN..*“My name is Forest, Forest Gu*

MP Stu Kinnaird: Minister of Defects, *“I don’t care mate, I’m off to Auckland to form my own party called the ONSLOWS party”* all the best Stu, love from the Prime Minister.

Minister of Local & Overseas, p

MP Fay Hokianga: Minister of Jungle Bunny Music, at present she is trying out for the Black Power Mob as the Prime Minister, *“the truth is out there fellas”*.

MP Makuini Walker: Minister of the Old Man’s Stick *“I love my mutton birds & rotten com.....she loves her.....rotten com & mutton birds!!!!!!*

Absent: Those on LWOP, "left with out paying their party fees":

MP Heinz Treviranus: Minister of Pottery, wants to join the Mongrel Mob party for adventure training.

MP Manu Pierson: Minister of Beaurepaires, smuggling tyres to his Bro's from Rotoiti

Conclusion: those were our people in the NZ CRS party for 1996 - *"Remember fellow parties, these negotiations are very, very serious and the economic and social welfare of this section hinges on them, be patient and calm".*

NB: Prime Minister, remember to bring your car and to ring your wife and ask her "where the heck are you ? I'm waiting for you to pick me up".

DETAIL SECTION

Detail Section, the hardest working and undermanned section in Trentham Camp. The numbers of military have decreased to such that they are visitors within the section, only present for parades and courses before their next posting. {This paragraph was changed from the original scribble that was written by Private Black because the majority {civvies} rule}.

Within this year, two personnel have been recruited into this section, Pte {Mike} Black who has been forced to stay in Detail section to raise the morale and standards which seemed to be lacking when he arrived {this is his own personal biased opinion}, and Pte {Jacqui}O'Connell who with her massive three months experience at Trentham

has since moved onto 21 Field Supply Company.

INTRODUCING THE REST OF THE CLAN...

SSgt {Tim} Clarke He who represents the 'Rolly Hay Hay' club in touch, and is never in his section because of his commitments to computer courses. {A note for our IC who has not yet read this article, Pte Black used your computer against the advice of your loyal civilian personnel}.

Mrs {Teuila} Holsted The Iron Woman, who is always there for you. She never swears, or smokes, but the question is, what does she do.

Mr {Rass} Rasmussen The quiet man who never complains, and is always seen to be doing his crosswords in his morning paper.

Mr {Ross} Walters Well apart from being an escaped Australian convict, he's a snooker shark and any spare time he has, he is usually in the RSA chatting up the mid-fifty year old women.

Cpl {Arkwright} Webb Soon to be a Civvy {he'll be lucky}, what would you expect from a winging pom, who comes from a place called Corndog or is it Cornwall. {Pte Black is sometimes forgetful - not}. Congratulations to Gerry for completing his twenty year stint in the Army {maybe now he can grow back that hair he lost} and good luck to him.

Mr {Speed} Purnell Half Aborigine, Half Maori, he can never go through a day without spinning stories about his time playing league for Wigan {but it's true, Blacky}. A true mixer of bi-products {the typist wrote this under protest and great duress}.

EXERCISE SWIFT EAGLE

Lcpl {Tim} Kareko Who is he, well apart from peeling the oranges for the Wellington Rugby Team {Mike is jealous because it's a step up from himself as he is the water boy in his soccer team} and going to the MTC, I still haven't worked out what he does all day.

Pte {Mike} Black Who but our own Soccer "wann-a-be" could write an article such as this, it is written with such proteaceous slander about his intellectual superiors. If he could dribble as fast with his feet as he does with his mouth, he would not only be playing Soccer for the Army as he did this year but he would be able to afford to pay his friends to watch him. {Revenge is sweet for the typist}.

THE F.I.C.S {AN HONOURY MEMBER OF THE CLAN}

Mr {Rolly} Roulston The Mr Einstein of Detail Section, if you have any problems {Blacky has a few}, he will fix them. Also been told that Rolly taught Greg Turner how to play golf, that's showing his age.

CONCLUSION

Detail Section, The prime example of a section that runs so smoothly, it's like a well oiled {He's dreaming of something else} fighting machine, **YEAH RIGHT!!!**

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL AND BEST WISHES FROM DETAIL SECTION FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Article written by Pte M.P.Black



EXERCISE SWIFT EAGLE

by

Lt T. Larkin

Actually, Exercise Dead Sparrow sprung to many a mind, but after three weeks of planning it flew out the window. The HMNZS Charles Upham officially fell over and the stand down call was given to the majority of the logistic contingent. However **ONWARD** was the call for 1 RNZIR and a handful of loggies. So while the battalion continued with pre-deployment prep, the loggies set about refurbishing the kit, filing the paperwar 'for next time' and partaking in a spot of adventure training.

Meanwhile, the advance advance party flew off to Townsville, Australia to explain why the NZ Contingent would not be arriving with the predicted 180 vehicles, about as many pers, accompanying stores and 1 x large ship.

The advance party soon followed on a seven hour Hercules flight - destination Laverack Barracks, Townsville. We arrived to a fairly breezy but warm day and the weather continually improved to be nothing short of SUPERB. The most noticeable difference to home was everywhere was very dry and dusty - a small price to pay for endless summer days. Suffice to say, some of the traffic islands on the road had the concrete

painted green, presumably to simulate grass.

The advance party set up the tent line accommodation for the mainbody and conducted a reasonably thorough recce of the Townsville nightlife. I was accommodated in a 3 storey barrack building room with 3 other females - I swear to this day that the sign Females Only on the door hid the sign Broom Closet underneath. After all, there is no requirement for a fan in a storage cupboard, so we and all our kit persevered and were able to live very snugly in the back of each others pockets.



Once the mainbody was in loc, the Theatre Indoctrination Course kicked in. The activities consisted of an acclimatisation pack walk out to the High Range Training Area, followed by a zero and harbouring for a night in the 'bush'.

Setting up hoochies proved to be an interesting activity as Aussie trees are not the Kauri trees of NZ.

The following morning revealed a few amusing war stories such as an unfortunate soldier waking up with a Huntsman spider hanging upside down above his face on the **inside** of his mossie net. I was fortunate in that my visiting spider explored only the outside of my mossie net. A Blackhawk Helo fam, a fire brief and a walk back to barracks completed the course for A Ech.

Working with the battalion was interesting to say the least. P.T. was held daily to keep us all honest whilst charges were heard just as frequently and appeared to be part of the battalion SOP's for daily routine. Scary!

My involvement in the Ex was as the battalion AO (Accounting/Admin Officer) and I was responsible for local purchases and organising contracts. One of my tasks was to organise the laundering of a battalions worth of clothing, which looks a lot simpler on paper than it is in practice. I was either attached to A Ech or free-running.

The exercise proper loomed ahead and we were put on standby to participate in the Brigade attack as a Rifle Coy. Lessons were given to jog our memories on how to win the war but before we headed off up the guts frantically throwing smoke, we were stood down.

The Infantry types set off to seek out and destroy the enemy Tarhoolians and A Ech followed soon after. We were transported on the HMAS Tobruk from Townsville to off the coast of Cowley Beach.

We boarded the ship about 2000 hrs, were issued with a life jacket, a meal, conducted a fire drill. We left the dock

about 2130 and arrived at our destination around 0600 the following morning. Nothing (fortunately) too exciting happened but a very enlightening experience all the same.

The landing craft came out to transport us and our borrowed Aussie vehicles to the shore, where we moved off into the sticks to set up camp.

We were located on the 'Rocket Range' about 5 mins from where 3(AS)Bde HQ were situated. The enemy did not take an interest in our presence in the war, hence we did not have a great rate of activity. Our main contribution was twenty soldiers from A Ech who were TOD to the frontline. The creepy crawlies didn't appear too often apart from some annoying rats (which apparently looked like rabbits without ears ?) that took great pleasure in frantically scuffling about in the bushes and attacking rubbish bags for the entire period of darkness. Not to mention the **huge** spider that decided to reveal itself, during a bumpy ride, on the inside of a Landrover canopy full of soldiers.

Once 3 Bde left to move to another loc, we did manage to move virtually onto Cowley Beach and gave our best shot at re-creating China Beach for a day. And that was about it for the ex proper.

With the war successfully won by the blue forces, everyone returned to Laverack Barracks. The war winners were given stand down whilst A and B Ech refurbished the stores. (Meanwhile, the Aussies closed up shop and virtually the whole camp stood down.) The town was given prior warning of the likelihood of the troops visiting the night spots and most were able to sample the Townsville nightlife - which proved to be sufficiently outstanding.

The final war to be won was the rugby match. 1 RNZIR Vs 1 RAR. The Kiwi Contingent opened up with a startlingly fierce haka that was met with a staunch response from the opposition. Usual story, game of two halves, either side could have won, the real winner on the day was the game of rugby... The result being that 1 RNZIR had a convincing win - much to the delight of the contingent who had paraded for the game. Mind you the Australians are renowned for losing when it comes to these types of games as they are still used to the ball being chained to their ankle.

The mainbody of the contingent dispersed back to NZ over several flights and some hard mahi was put in by the rear party to square away the remaining tasks. The weather decided to acclimatise us in preparation for our RTNZ and we experienced rain for the final weekend of our tour. However, the rear party did get away for some R & R and the weather could not have been better!

Back to NZ via Boeing and into post-ex admin. The beauty of having such strict custom requirements meant that the clean up was already complete. I balanced the books, handed over the credit cards and stacks of receipts, returned all my loan operational equipment and retreated back to Trentham with my new found tan in tow.

Overall, an opportunity not to be missed. The next Ex Swift Eagle will be bigger than Ben Hurs brother with the involvement of US troops, a NZ Contingent of 1000 and hopefully a large Kiwi boat being towed by a flock of flying pigs, in support.

EX LONG LOOK

A VIEW OF NEW ZEALAND THROUGH THE EYES OF A PRISONER OF MOTHER ENGLAND (POM) ON EXERCISE LONG LOOK

It all happened one extremely cold evening in November 1996 when I was dropped outside an accommodation block in Trentham Military Camp. Tired, hung over and generally in a bad way due to non stop partying all the way from England to New Zealand. There it was my new home for the next four months of Kiwi hospitality and believe me from my experience over these last few weeks I know exactly how hospitable you Kiwis can be.

I spent the next couple of days generally being introduced to the workshop's personnel by L/Cpl Susie Hape and anybody else who wanted an excuse to get out of work for a visit. Then it was down to 3 Field Workshops at Burnham for a month long TOD, or was it just an excuse to meet up with a few fellow Long Lookers in Burnham. No, not really, it was really an opportunity to see the South Island as detailed below:

Stop A. Dunedin - nice pubs and thank you to SSgt Clarke for your assistance in telling us where to find the best sights to see as well as a bed for a couple of days.

Stop B. Invercargill - for some nice oysters and yet more typical Kiwi hospitality.

Stop C. Queenstown - for a look at the ski scene in New Zealand, as well as taking a look at bungy and para sailing. Found a nice little motel to stay on the cheap at Cromwell. Also, a nice pub where the local population were more than happy with having three English type persons in their neck of the woods.

Also a day trip over the mountain passes for, I am sure, some of the best scenery I have ever seen, on the way to Wanaka for a look around.

Stop D. Tekapo - a time to stay in an Army motel and a look and swim??!! in the lake as well as have a bit of a look at Mount Cook.

Stop E. Greymouth - for a look at the Pancake Rocks on the coast road towards Westport, as well as the blowholes and yet more drinking establishments.

Final Stop. Kaikoura - for a bit of whale watching (note, finely bred SI woman?) and finally back to Burnham.

Now, I am back at work in Trentham, and fully recovered from my recent holiday in Cairns, Australia visiting my sister and ready for the next exciting instalment of what I am sure will be a more than productive time in New Zealand.

I would like to use this opportunity to thank every one involved with making this tour of duty in New Zealand not just pleasurable but most productive. A special thanks to all at WSS, 5 Log Regt for their hospitality, and all living in personnel in E Block for all their assistance in making my stay a pleasurable one.

Cheers from:

Cpl Chris Johns
15 Regiment, Royal Logistic Corps
Donnington
Telford
Shropshire
England

THE NEWBEES**WATCH OUT! THE NEWBEES ARE IN TRENTHAM!**

The date was Thursday the 2nd of May 1996. Here we were, exhausted, hungry and scared of the unknown arriving by bus at Trentham, straight off Basic 294. We were under the impression once Basic was finished it was a breeze when you get to your unit. At first it was!

Sgt Alexander and Pte R Kareko (now LCpl) were the cheerful faces to meet us. They were both pretty relaxed really. Probably too relaxed. They decided to swap keys to our rooms by crossing room numbers off the front of the envelopes. As you and I both know, the wrong key is still in the same envelope and therefore they haven't solved any problems. Nice going Sarge. Then, just because we gave him a hard time he decided to send us on 4 days leave the day we arrived, talk about tough!

All twelve of us Newbees came off leave to start work on Tuesday. We went to breakfast, at what we thought was early enough ready to form up at 0730hrs for our illustrious leader Pte Kareko. But, those damn two Walkers' are late again. To our surprise, Pte Kareko said "Alright, everyone get down and give me 30. Just because you're straight off Basic, this doesn't mean your regimentality stops here." We are thinking maybe this isn't the holiday camp we thought we were coming to, and who is this Private telling us what to do?

Once we had pumped out 30 (18 for some us... Okay, more like 12) there was a head count of us Newbees and of course someone was missing. Unfortunately, Pte Wilson had somehow

slept through breakfast and was left behind. This did not go down too well.

We weren't displaying very good teamwork skills but we were let off with a warning, this time.

Lt Col Watmuff (CO) came to the classroom to greet and welcome us to Trentham and let us know a bit about himself and the structure of the Ordnance Corps. At the time, it was in one ear and out the other (no offence, Sir) but who was to fall asleep while he was talking? Very, very bad move as you can imagine. Sorry, can't mention names this time.

It is now our second day on the job, amazingly, the Walkers' were on time for once. We all formed up on time and were marched by our leader around to the classroom. There was a role call as usual, "Hessel... Huggins... McDowall... **McDowall...** Where's McDowall?" We were all silent knowing the poor guy must have slept in and more importantly we were in trouble again. As a result of our poor actions, we were to march around camp everywhere together at all times just like on Basic training. This included all meals regardless if you wanted to eat or not, to PT, to and from work, and anything else that came up. Everyone around camp certainly knew who the latest recruits were. This went on for a couple of months as we were caught mucking around from time to time.

As always, we were initiated into the corps the usual way. It was Thursday night. Out came the corps colours and a pint of beer. We were told prior to the evening "This isn't compulsory but you have no choice!" So we all took on this challenge and sunk the lot. As we were straight off Basic we hadn't had a drink in a while so we were rolling drunk in no time at all. We managed to party all night though and stayed up until after 0300hrs on Friday morning. But what was to

happen at 0600hrs the same morning?
The #%&*#! fire alarm went off! It was

only a drill but we still had to roll out of bed still happy from a couple of hours before. We had PT first up on Friday morning. This was our first session since arriving in Trentham. This was when we realised why our leader had had us initiated on the Thursday night. I've never felt that ill before in my life and then try to negotiate a hard out PT workout. I do recall swearing that I will never drink on Thursday ever again.

Our first couple of weeks here we were in Armoury Section. It must have been timed just right for Armoury to have their annual stocktake just as we arrived. We had to match bolts with their Steyrs for hours on end. The joys of being a **NEWBEE!**

This is just a brief look at what it was like coming to Trentham for us. All I can say now is-

the next intake will be through in November. I'm sure they will have as much fun as we did and we can't wait to get rid of this title of a **NEWBEE!**

MED/DENT

JUST US - EH ?

Friday, 17 June 1996, and I went in to the NZ Employment Service to look for work. Tania who is an employment officer told me about a "Room to Move" scheme which was being run by Trentham Military Camp and was voluntary.....so I volunteered.

Ten days later, at 0830 hours, I reached the front gates of the "Army Camp", definitely designed to confuse and

disorientate even the most confident of men (women). What a place !! I thought that I was seeing things, little green men with big guns running around everywhere.

I got the hang of the place after a few weeks and got to know the people (greenies). One of which was a large tree-like person (Ed note: spew, spew Fruitbat!) with a good sense of humour called Sar-Major Dunbar. This tree-like person decided to take me on, on a temporary contract after I had finished the Room to Move scheme. He must've thought that I was a good worker, time would tell.

Ok, I'm here now, where the heck is Civvy Admin. Ah, found it and all the paper work has been done and now to find that place called Med Dent. Who? Where? - the place didn't even have a sign on the door. Must be because they don't want anyone to find them and then they can either not turn up for work, or skive off into town or the beach. But they cant fool me, I'll just get someone who has seen Med Dent before to point me in the right direction.

Ah ha, found them, but the problem now is to get in the door. What a hassle just to go to work.

Ten minutes later and I'm being introduced to everyone. There's the Boss, Flash, Tony, Graham, Alice, Jane, Slimey, Combat Smurf and Tania. They don't call me Wayne, but instead "Grumpy". There are ten of us here, so with a nickname like that doesn't it seem like being amongst Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs? If so, there might even be more than one Dopey, I think there might be.

I was trained by the Boss to do a lot of complex and involved processes. These consisted of labelling medications, answering the phones when there was no

one here, printing labels, trimming blister packs, answering the phones when there was no one here, raising batch sheets, answering the phones when there was no one here, taking the p@\$\$ out of people and answering the phones when there was no one here. It is such a diverse job but the one I like the most is answering the phones when there was no one here cause its the one I get the most practice at.

Anyway, one morning I arrive at work and half the staff are missing in action. I found out afterwards that this is the norm. "What's going on" I asked. I was told that this is the way the green machine works. So, it all fell into place. They work for one day then vanish for weeks, eh?.

There was only a private named Di (Combat Smurf) and myself in the building when the phone rang. So, I answered the phone and was told by the person on the other end that they wanted to speak to the most senior military person in Med Dent. Combat Smurf was excited and a little embarrassed as she was it. The most senior person in the Med Dent section. I must admit that she did well as head of the section.....with a red face.

I have been very impressed with the way the "Green machine" works. As an example, one morning as I was walking through the 5 Log Regt gates I was confronted with an awesome sight. Between 15 and 20 military were on parade and they were standing in a very low fog. What looked good was the way that they appeared to be breathing in synch and standing in the fog, there was this air of mystery surrounding them.

Well, its time again for the civilian and military pers to disappear for another CO's hour. There is only Tania and I here, so I just hope that Hussein or

Ghadaffi don't invade us. If they do, it'll be just Tania and me. We'll get them, eh mate. They wont get Med Dent without a fight.

Wayne Lintern - Previously unemployed and sad, but now a very happy and gratefully employed civilian

PROJECTS SECTION

by

Mister Bill Emmens

Just a short update on the HARDEST WORKING, UNDER MANNED Section (what's changed over the last 4 years) of 5LR.

At present we have a staff of four who are;

WO2 Tama 'WHO' Hiroti -

Normally seen around Camp conducting RFL's, Volleyball Trg, Volleyball Coaching, Volleyball Playing, PT, PT or PT but never seen at his desk working!

Cpl Tomo 'TOD' Thompson -

Occasionally at work. Normally on Leave, Leave, TOD, Basketball, Volleyball, PT and any other Sports related activities.

Cpl Pete 'Pet One' Tane -

Has finally hung up his rugby boots, (well until the next game anyway), Does get called away for Parades, PT, PT and Leave now and again. A good keen Naenae Old Boy!

Mr. Bill 'Man Utd' Emmens -

Always at work. Never has time for Leave, Sport and PT as he is toooo busy covering for the other 3! Still turning out

for the Camp **'Majority Sport'** Soccer Team scoring the occasional goal (Eat your Heart Out Cameron!). Can be seen asking all Liverpool/Newcastle Supporters 'Who won the League, Who won the FA Cup?' Another good keen Naenae Old boy!

The 'Rejects' who have deserted us over the last few years are;

WO2 John 'Broken Legs' McBride -

Found that Volleyball in the North Island is too hard so was sent to Burnham for R & R!

Cpl Wendi 'Pixie' Miller -

Part time worker who found that the weather in Wellington was too warm so was sent to Waiouru to experience the real cold!

Now a little about the section. Basically this section was set up to handle all the new equipment that the Army is trialing/ introducing. At present, we are handling 66 Projects, (we normally run between 30 - 40), with another 10 that are in the process of starting up. Our longest running Project is the Medical RFS, yes it is still open, but there has been some progress. (Would have to be as we took it over in May 88!) There is light at the end of the tunnel, I HOPE! Other major Projects are Harris Radios, Night Vision Equipment, Fuel Testing Equipment, Global Positioning System.

Well that's it from us, short and sweet. Don't forget if you are down this way call in with your \$2 for a bag of lollies and say hello.

Just one more question. Who won the Wellington/Canterbury **'minority sport'** Rugby match this season and why was the CO and Rollie in hiding for the next 3 days!!!!!! CANTERBURY FOR DIV

2 !! Remember it's only a minority sport!!!!

RATION PACK PRODUCTION
SECTION

A BRIEF HISTORY OF COMBAT RATIONS

SGT R.N.MCKIE

"Ration Packs" Ask any long serving soldier about ration packs and the reply will most likely be "I have eaten too many of those things, but then eating ration packs once is once too much". This is a typical statement of anyone who has eaten ration packs and reflects the opinions of soldiers from around the world. But not everyone dislikes the various types of canned and packaged nourishment.

Various armies have spent a lot of time and money developing combat rations, including many hours of tests by volunteers, who were asked to pick between the items they liked or disliked. At all times, the foods developed were supposed to be tasty, and appetising, but then everyone's tastes are different from everyone else's. There is one thing on which all soldiers agree, no matter how much you like an item, they all get monotonous when they are eaten day after day.

Combat rations are not just a recent development, armies throughout history have always faced the problem of feeding and sustaining themselves during hostilities. Prior to the nineteenth century armies depended upon long convoys and scrupulous contractors for the supply of rations, this depended upon the honesty of the contractor and also the government's ability to pay, more often

that not the soldiers relied in looting and pilfering to keep fed.

Napoleon was one of the first commanders to realise the importance of keeping his armies supplied with rations. In his 1805 campaign, whilst his army was on the march in France, it was fed through arrangements with local authorities. As it advanced, commissariat officials moved ahead and organised supply for the next leg of the journey. As the army moved on, supply depots were set up in the rear to maintain the supply lines. Even with the establishment of supply depots and lines of supply, the French soldier was still encouraged to live off the land.

A few years later, the Duke of Wellington fought the French occupation of Spain. Although only having short lines of supply, they were over rugged mountains. Local resources were stretched due to the French occupation, and a lack of funds. Wellington introduced a daily ration for each man, a pound of meat, a pound of biscuits (or one and a half pounds of bread) washed down with a quart of beer or a pint of wine or spirits. Wellington formalised the supply system by militarising the commissariat, replacing the civilian contractors with commissioned officers. To stop the soldiers from looting and pilfering, the Duke insisted upon a high standard of discipline, with looters and pilferers being given the lash.

Napoleon's and Wellington's introduction of supply depots, military supply systems and ration scales were quantum leaps in feeding the frontline troops. By the mid-nineteenth century, armies were relying on a mobilisation of logistical support for the conduct of warfare.

Technological advances in the nineteenth century also changed rations. Preserved food in the form of dried or salted meat

had long been available, the French then experimented with boiled (Boulli) beef in glass jars. The jars became a tin and the name soon anglicised to Bully Beef. The staple diet of union soldiers during the American civil war consisted of pickled pork or beef, hard tack biscuits and canned or dried vegetables. For the remainder of the nineteenth century, field rations for soldiers didn't change much, usually a can of meat and hard tack biscuits.

With the dawn of the 20th century, new methods of canning and preservation were being developed along with refrigeration. These advances should have meant better food and eating conditions, but for the British and the Americans in their small wars at the turn or the century the opposite was happening. Intense tropical heat spoiled canned food as it sat on docks, supply officers would purchase bulk lots of canned food unseen, resulting in the purchase of sardines for troops more accustomed to beef and mutton. Lessons learnt in previous wars had been forgotten and as a result the troops would suffer.

At the conclusion of the Philippine Insurrection it was reported that 385 men had died of wounds received in battle, whilst 2488 men had died from disease and nutritional related illnesses. As a result of casualties such as these in the Philippines and in South Africa, both Britain and the United States set out to develop new and advanced rations.

The United States developed four different types of rations, The Garrison, Emergency, Field and Trench, each ration been designed to feed troops on garrison duty, individually in the field and as groups in the field. By the 1940's American rations had evolved into various menus designated A to K, each ration having a different purpose

(paratroop ration, assault ration, etc). In 1944, rationalisation resulted in many menus being combined and the menus been reduced to A,B,C and K.

After the Boer war, the British developed different ration scales for different climates and also the compo ration, not originally issued as set menu, each compo ration contained a balance of meat vegetables, bread and condiments. The compo ration has basically gone through various changes and was still used up to the Gulf war.

In the forty years after WW2, combat rations changed very little, the C ration became familiar whether Americans were serving, New Zealand has generally followed the British lead in the manufacture of combat rations. In the 1960's a New Zealand ration pack was developed and remained basically unchanged until the late 1980's. A lightweight pack was also developed utilising freeze dried packaged food.

In the early 80's, the Gruber pack was developed as a supplement to the issue ration pack for use in Singapore and Malaysia. It was produced by NZAOD, using off the shelf items available at the time in Singapore. In 1988, a major study was undertaken to develop a new ration pack which is both nutritionally and soldier acceptable.

Much initial development was put into this new pack, and it has been improved over the years to what is currently in service. This ration pack is still undergoing continual improvement.

All New Zealand ration packs are produced by the Ration Pack Production Section at 5 Logistic Regiment in Trentham Camp. With the quality of the product being a major part of the production it is hoped that by the time

that the ration pack is issued to the soldier in the field, that the soldier has received a quality and enjoyable product.

RSDS

A CIVVY PERSPECTIVE

To come from a working environment where one is constantly being watched, and where one is docked wages if more than three minutes late, working as a civilian in Stores Coy in RSDS Trentham Camp, came as a nice surprise.

I was made to feel quite welcome by one and all, and there was no shortage of helpers when I needed help, especially when I found some items too heavy to lift.

Fun and games were had when it came time for me to learn to drive and operate a forklift. Bruce Edwards certainly had his work cut out for him when he was to be my teacher. Oh well! At least I didn't lose any load like some people have. Eh, Clewsy!!

I've heard many a person say that they work in a busy section, but they wouldn't know the half of it, if they suddenly found themselves shunted into RSDS under the whip of 2IC Dan McMahon. He certainly makes sure he gets his pound of flesh and ensures that most people tow the line.

On the whole, not a bad section to work in, providing you're wearing your safety shoes. Yep! I was forever getting told off, unlike some, eh Colin (who keeps his clean by sitting under his workbench) One person with whom I've got a lot of time for is Mac (Paul McMillan). If there was something I needed a hand for, or needed to get finished, he was there. Okay, there were times when he tried to

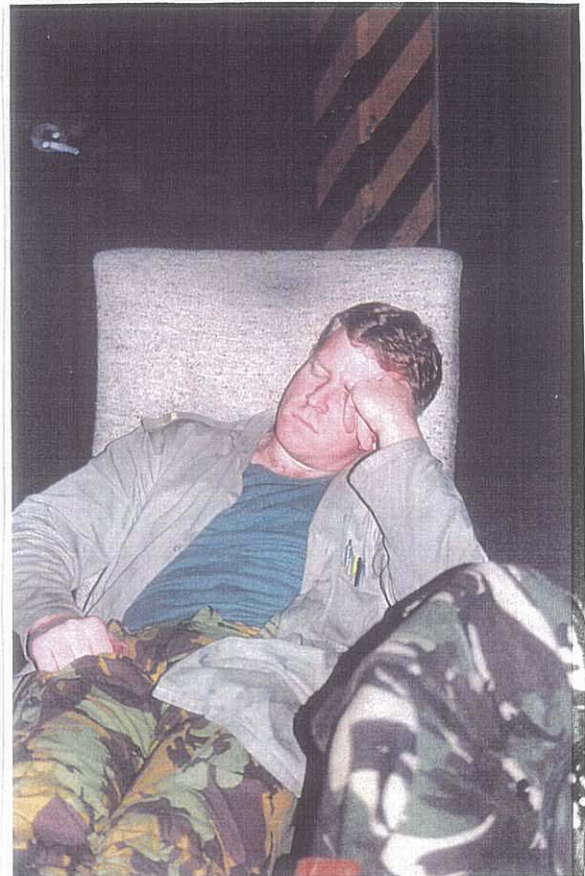
get out of it, but on the whole someone who got on and got the job done.

A good sideline business for 5LR is the sales outlet on the last Friday of each month, under the capable guidance of Graham Fletcher and the watchful eyes of Carol Elers-Nuku. Yes folks! That's her name. Watch out for her especially if you're a good looking hunk or have got a nice butt!! Those Boys in Blue certainly come to mind, don't they Carol. The only other time other pers are noticed is when she's trying to charge them extra so we can buy ourselves cakes or biscuits for morning smoko.

Actually she's not too bad at keeping up the spirits of all those working in the outlet. It's a shame we don't get to spend some of this money. Like enlarging our office in RSDS Hint. Hint

Having the option of starting at 7.30am with an hour for lunch, meant I could go to the gymnasium and spend a little time on the treadmill, which was certainly a lot easier than doing circuit training under Tama Robson and Red. Occasionally I did the odd jaunt up Tank Hill but these were few and far between. Actually this hill should be named Sam Hill, after Mere and Rangī whose daily routine takes them up there. Commitment? Devils for punishment I say.

At the moment there are not too many people attending lunch time sessions in the Gym but no doubt with the oncoming of summer months, the battle of the bulge will surface and the need to get rid of a lot of unwanted kilos will see them flocking back. Yes!! this includes me too.



Harry hard at work

Where could you work in a job that pays you to spend the afternoon playing sport of one kind or another and then if the Sporties was open, time for a few cold beers (or in my case, wine cooler). Normally these sessions were monthly depending on the workload. Like the OC has been heard to say, work hard, then you can play hard. We certainly can find a lot of sports-minded people throughout Stores Coy whether it is the actual participation or just supporting.

These sports afternoons certainly helped in the promotion of section bonding and the inevitable need to trounce other sections. I believe Workshops Coy and IM Coy always provided stern competition and kept Stores Coy on their toes.

The camaraderie between "Bosses" and workers, be they military or civilian certainly helped in the success of

these events. Let's hope these keep us in good stead when encountering visiting units who would like to take us on in various sports. BRING IT ON LINTON!!

Adventure training is another bonus while working within Defence. A group of thirty or so military and civilian pers travelled up to Waiouru and Waitomo areas where we participated in abseiling, blackwater rafting, horse-riding and of course the obligatory drinking at Waitomo Hotel.

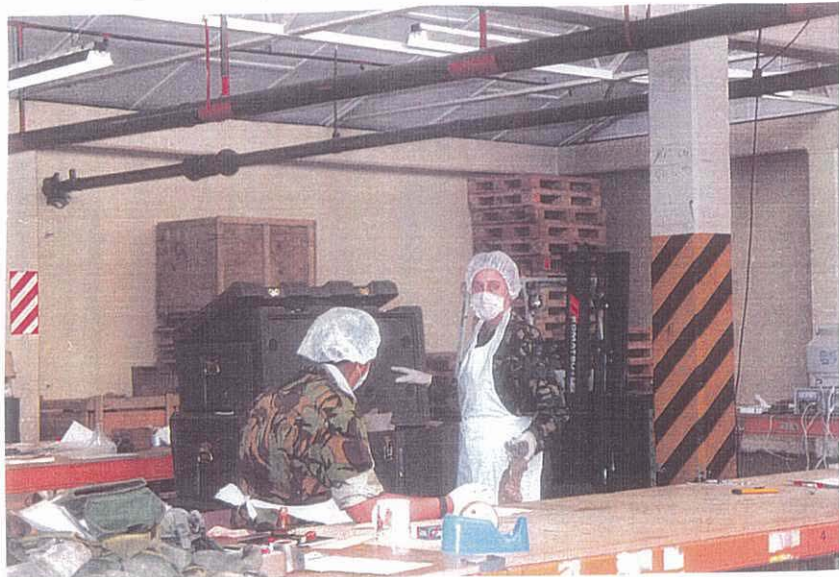
This is where the military pers came into their own. I'm sure the locals as well as a lot of tourists learnt a lot of new games that go hand and hand with drinking. Sarah Ratana was always a starter when it came to the drinking sessions especially in the company of Dave Hack and brother Dave Alexander. One would not be slow in calling them 'The Three Musketeers'.

Since joining the work force in Trentham, I've been able to keep my interests in photography alive by taking the occasional shot of unsuspecting participants in various poses and functions.

One function that comes to mind was the formal dinner. The RSM, WO1 Rolfe asked me to go along with my trusted camera and get a few shots, so it was quite good that I was able to move around when and where I wanted without being told off. Mind you, if I'd kept drinking all the free drinks I was being offered, I certainly wouldn't have got many photos taken. As it was, by the end of the evening I don't recall too many faces that were sober. God forbid, we had to attend work the next morning with hangovers, and a few pers landing a few extras!! Myself included. It was one of the longest days ever.

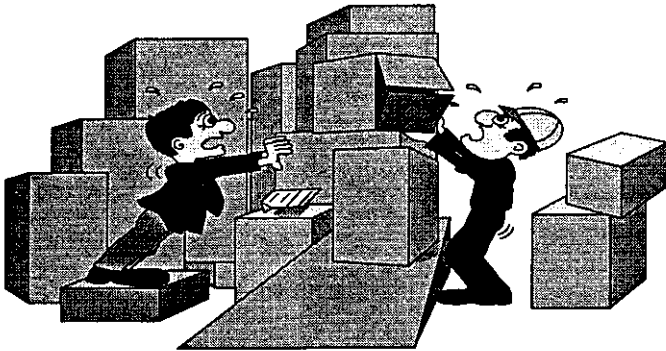
Being able to attend Rugby and Rugby League games during work afternoons certainly got one interested in following the clash of the codes whenever time permitted. I was fortunate to be able to watch the Army League team win their grade last year - congratulations. I have been fortunate to have taken a photo of the final winners of the League competition last year and now see the enlarged photograph hanging on the wall in the Sporties. This years winning photo is also in the midst of being processed.

Congratulations go to the Army League team for winning their grade again this year.



What are these two up to? It looks a little suspicious!

At the finish of this article I've come to the conclusion that it's not too bad working as a civilian at Trentham Army Camp.

LIFE IN RSDS

Working in RSDS has to be the most entertaining time in my short career to date. Joining the Army straight out of school, I was used to having uninteresting, stern adults constantly in my face but the first adult I came across in RSDS was far from that. L/Cpl Moses Leiataua greeted me to his bench with open arms and a big goofy smile. Continually cracking jokes, I soon felt at home.

Mr Bruce Edwards was my mentor at that time and he tried to teach me a few things before he moved to CRS but, being a newbie to the Corps and the Army I was excited about my new life and didn't listen to a word he said. From the start people were always telling me that RSDS was the busiest section in the Regiment, but I couldn't see what all the fuss was about. Our section was responsible for the classification, repair and disposal of all stores returned to 5 Log Regt from other Defence units. In other words, counting, re-counting, inspecting, re-packing and constantly getting dicked around by lazy units. But, arriving at my Unit very near the Christmas break sort of disillusioned me for a while as every one was in the party mood and just dying to go on holiday. So my first impressions of my job were "SWEET AS!!"

When I returned from my break things changed drastically. Bruce moved to CRS and our 2IC Dan, had a morning ritual of rounding us all up from the smoko area at 2 minutes past 8. Cpl Hauti, from the Med/Dent section had replaced Ray and was settling in really well. The office staff, a different breed altogether, slowly made their way to their constantly warm office, making themselves comfortable in their constantly warm chairs and pretended like they were constantly working. Under the guidance of Mr Fletcher, Carol, Korea and Clewsy had the never ending task of issuing, receipting, disposing and the selling of stores.

Out on the floor, where the real work was being done, Colin Drylie, the hoarder from hell, was straight into it. Cpl McMillan and L/Cpl Harrison had just returned from their Section Commanders Course early as they were both on the causality list. It was then when the section adopted the nickname RETURNED SOLDIERS DISPOSAL SECTION (RSDS). Pte Kinnaird was also a member of the section. With the prime role of holding up the bench he certainly lived up to his expectations. Between placing bets, SSgt Field (the EME Tech Advisor at the time), and Pte (now L/Cpl) R Kareko were responsible for 3C Bay, the area in which repairable items sit for years waiting for Workshops to repair them.

Around April, the section saw the return of stores from Bosnia and with the tedious job of inspecting, counting, re-counting and repacking stores, soon all the members of the section mastered the art of gas-bagging whilst counting. I was working with the engineers, inspecting items that I, and sometimes they didn't even know what they were and slowly morale dropped. Then Moses found a video camera and along with Pte Dillon were tasked with recording the whole

operation. They made their way around the Regiment, Matt behind the camera and Moses with his commentating personality and almost immediately work would stop and every one auditioned in front of the camera. Living out pers loved overtime as they were getting free, hot meals from the mess every night. Overtime went on for around 2 weeks and we were awarded with 6 days stand down that everyone took straight away which, in turn caused us to work over time again in August.

By August though, a lot of transformations had occurred in RSDS. Moses had left the Army to pursue a 2 month long career of soap opera watching from the couch before he finally found his true destiny in the civvy world. SSGT Field was replaced by a very short man, Sgt Cunningham (Tiny), Janet was going to have a sprog and was looking forward to leaving work for a year and Mac had been TOD'ed to DSS in Burnham, substituted by Cpl Meiklejohn who even now, constantly moans every time he gets his hands dirty. The arrival of 3 new Privates straight from basic saw our section return to it's normal manning but they were soon posted to Linton along with half our stuff from the benches and leaving a hell of a lot of unfinished work. It wasn't long before 3 more Privates, the Three Musketeers (Pte's Hessel, Huggins and Horne) graced us with their presence and as a welcome in present we worked 3 and 1/2 weeks overtime.

I must not forget to include a few lines about our section IC WO2 Epiha, a real whizz on the computer, **NOT**, and a grand boss. Sadly, he leaves us at the end of the year for bigger and brighter opportunities and will be a great loss to the section.

We are back to our normal workload now, HEAPS, still performing our repetitively

boring but necessary job. When everyone comes off leave I will move into Cpl Hauiti's position as Tiny's lackie and I am really looking forward to that. I mean, the job on the benches becomes exceptionally boring after the first day. To be really honest, it's not the greatest job, but the people are great. Anyway, like I'm constantly reminded, I have only been in the Corps for 2 minutes and am going to stick with it.

Pte Edwards
Stores Company

STORES COY ADVENTURE TRAINING

"We're all going to die!" was the popular call from our team of logisticians boarding the ferry to Picton. The old Cook Strait was not looking too healthy for the weaker stomachs among us. And so it was that this bunch of rogues commandeered the interislander and set sail for Picton. Many chose to save their energy and guts by picking a comfortable spot, any comfortable spot and catching a few Z's. For those who battled on, the buffalo drinking rules soon came into play and in general our sealegs were not looking good.

The adventurers boarded Unimogs at Picton and began their will-testing journey to Nelson. Many a person broke down under pressure of a full bladder and chilly conditions. Even the legendary Tommo lost it at one stage and the result was not pretty. The Nelson Naval Hall was fully set up and an excellent BBQ feed was laid out by the time we arrived, thanks to our adventurous advance party.

Having survived the treacherous night we commenced our adventuring on Monday as two teams. My team mounted their vehicles of pain and peril and cycled off into the frozen landscape of a Nelson

frost. Keen and racing at first, our buttocks soon lost what little life they had and the hard reality of what sitting on a mountain bike seat really meant fell into place.

After hours of "fun and thrills" biking up the hills of Nelson, we were finally told by our guide that we didn't have to climb any more. As I peered through my tears of relief I couldn't believe what I saw - a few very "keen" adventurers were continuing even higher. These brave few included a very confident Paul Hessel, who powered off full of energy, only to lose it within a few seconds time and start heading back down. This individual must have been very keen to get back down because he ended up taking a shortcut down a very steep bank with no regard to the direction of the track. He claimed he crashed but we know better. Even his pathetic cries for help were unconvincing.

First blood was drawn in a spectacular crash by Terry, leaving us all keen to do the same. Three adventurers were quick to follow suit in an amazing tangle of mountain bikes and riders. That's the last time someone tries to bowl Tim Clarke off the track. It was about 2,000 times the rush coming down as it was going up. So, one buckled wheel and a bit of blood and guts later we got back home to have a feed and rest our sore parts.

Tuesday morning we crawled out of bed to freeze our "%#&@!" off in a river that seemed to really hate us. Maybe it was Erin's little presents that got the river so upset. Either way a few people had a nice little swim while we were white water rafting. During one of these swims Carol decided she liked Tommo's shoes more than she liked him. This meant she tried to pull his feet back into the boat leaving the rest of him trapped under water. Good times were had by trying to get our rafts as far up the rocks as possible. But I think the novelty wore off for the

passengers in the smallest boat as soon as we landed right on top of them. The adventurers also did a bit of pig hunting. We didn't have much success but it warmed us up a bit. Other than the cold and wet (get hard adventurers) we all had a great time riding the rapids up until the point when we started seeing mirages of a nice warm pub on the bank. We got there eventually with big smiles on our faces and promptly warmed up with a BBQ and a few beers, soon to be followed up with a few more.

Later that night I was introduced to a "dob" session. Te Whaea found out that her mouth isn't quite big enough to hold two weetbix for extended periods and we all discovered raw eggs don't mix well with beer, especially when they are still in their shells. Brucey kept amazingly quiet during this session until he got warmed up with a few beers, thanks to our most righteous "gods of adventuring" (our sheriffs). Struggling to find our way out of our sleeping bags the next morning, we tidied the hall up and reluctantly left for home with a feeling of accomplishment and a firm belief that white water rafting should be conducted in Summer (no insult intended to the organisers).

Great times, great mates, great adventure.

Pte T.J. Huggins

Stores Company around the traps



Distribution Coy, 4 Log Regt

THE BOSNIA EXPERIENCE.

By

Cpl M. Archer
Disposals Section

KIA ORA PET OPS, Suppliers and future Logisticians.

As usual I was working laboriously but efficiently at my desk recently (yeah right!, I was trying to figure out why my Warcraft game wasn't working) in Disposals Section, Distribution Coy when the ash-covered phone rang. AAAHHH! It was my boss. Always the bearer of more work, in keeping with time - honoured traditions he had dobbed me in to contribute an article to this endangered magazine species. He had even thoughtfully provided a subject for me to burble about - The Bosnia Experience. So with my usual zest and zing I began composing the literary masterpiece of the year. NOT!!! (I wrote this 5 minutes before the deadline).

Myself and Cpl J.J. King were chosen to fill the two Pet Op slots on the second contingent to Bosnia in March 1995. After excellent pre-deployment training and a spot of leave, the contingent embarked on a 26-hour flight to Split, Croatia. We were met by the first contingent and a fierce Haka, after which they boarded their plane for home. Within hours of arrival we learned that some "onto it" French Mov Ops had loaded half of our gears on to the plane bound for NZ. Rats#*t! Of course all of my bags were missing! It would be ten days before they turned up.

The 6-8 hour move into Bosnia was an eye-opener for all of us. In the first 50 km of the country, it appeared like

a normal culture until we saw the first ethnically-cleansed house. It was simply a house with four walls and no roof.



The further we travelled the more numerous the sight became. I was informed later that the strongest religion in the area i.e. Muslim, Croat or Serb would kill or oust the minority group from their houses, pour petrol on the floor and wait a few hours, then throw a grenade in the window thereby blowing the roof off the house and making the place uninhabitable. And there were thousands of these houses over the area we travelled.

Santici Camp was a well constructed camp that we shared with a Dutch Tpt battalion. The Kiwis before us had only been in Bosnia for six months and already our camp made the British ones look rather pathetic. Ours guys had spent the time and effort to erect a clean, comfortable and logically laid-out camp. Anyway before this turns into a book, this was my average day in Santici:

0400-	Roving patrol of camp (NOT!!!)
0600-0800	S***, shower, shave, breakfast etc.

- | | | | |
|-------------------|------------------------------|----|--|
| 0815- | Refuel generators. | d. | Being able to work closely with the Brit Pet Ops of BF12, and have them compliment our UBRE. |
| 0900- | Clean food containers. | | |
| 1000-
village. | Uplift bread from local | e. | Watching machine-gun fire pass over our heads during our first nights in Santici. |
| 1100- | Bludge till lunchtime. | | |
| 1200- | Open Kiwi shop. | f. | Being able to drive a Serb tank and a British Warrior all in the same day (yeah really!!!). |
| 1300- | Restock shop. | | |
| 1330- | Fill Diesel jerricans. | g. | Being regarded in higher esteem than the British troops by the locals. |
| 1430- | Help cooks. | | |
| 1530- | PT. (Hard out too.) | h. | Walking within a metre of an anti-personnel and anti-tank minefield. |
| 1630- | Open the shop. | | |
| 1900- | Take the kitchen hands home. | | |
| 2100- | O Group. | | |

Obviously six months is a long time and many things happened which will not fit into this article. Some of the highlights were:

- a. Working with the cooks which gave me the chance to see other camps and swap rations and gears and observe how other countries work.
- b. Travelling to Split, Croatia regularly to uplift supplies for the bars and shop.
- c. A 10 day TOD to the British Ration section supplying all of the Poms in Bosnia, from one of their logistics ships.

Overall it was an excellent TOD and anyone offered such a chance in the future should jump into it with both feet. Just in closing I must acknowledge how often I carried Cpl King during the tour and how much of his work I managed to complete. Cheers JJ! This man was always to be found lying in the prone position, but never to practice his firing positions. Nah just jokes bro!

KIA TATOU MAHI KA MOHIO HAIMAI TATOU.



QM PLATOON

Its been another year and another name change for the former QM PI 4 Log Regt, now known as QM PI Distribution Company. Our role is still the same so its work as normal for our team. The requirement for a Supply Quartermaster is to be flexible is indeed an understatement when applied to the QM PI, as we are required to deal with ATG based units, and every other hanger-on in the Ruapehu region. This includes schools, school cadets, the Army Marae, 3 Sqn RNZAF and anyone else who even stops to look at Waiouru.

To perform this glorious job we have a great team of soldiers, they are:

Lt Arnie Gray

Formerly WO1 Gray, he is our QM, nice guy, and when you see him, he is always knee poking (size deficiency). Famous saying: **"I heard that!"**

SSgt Dean (Bob) Rennie

(Not Jim Bob) He is our RQMS and our unit computer whiz, but soon will be leaving us to go to DSS. His most famous sayings are: **"You're a dick, Cpl Daorb"** and **"Put it on the R drive so we can all use it."** Note: The term BOB (belly over belt) was custom designed for this person.

Sgt Grant Pope

The Brigadier was recently promoted to Sgt, he is our illustrious MD 502 clerk but will soon be taking over from SSgt Rennie and becoming our Ledger Sergeant. Most famous saying: **"I can get you on the courtesy van if you want 'cos I'm the chairman of the RSA Darts Committee."** Another favourite of his is: **"Yes I can do that no problems - Dianne I've got a job for you."**

Cpl Alan Broad

He is our Store Sgt, due to undertake the SNCOs course in October 96 (Hopefully stop all the moaning). He has various interests which include hunting deer and flying model aeroplanes that are better at crashing than flying. Most famous saying: **"Too late, UPF is closed, so go away!"**

Cpl Wendy Miller

Wendy hasn't been with us much as she is currently on TOD to the hospital. She only shows her face now and again so Alan can make her laugh and then she leaves. Common sayings: **"This is a cruzzy job," "Its smoko time!" "Those bloody drug runs," " Please let me come back to the clothing clerk's job, please, please, pleeease."**

L/Cpl Scotty Davison

Is our CES Clerk/Gofer. He is leaving the section shortly for a TOD to the Gymnasium, as he is going to attempt the PTI selection course later in the year. He should pass as he has the attitude and the show pony hair cut. Most famous sayings: **"I'm just off to the gym", "I'll only be a minute", "When can I go to the gym?", "Am I going to the gym soon?", "Can I move my gear to the gym?", "Can I have my own phone at the gym, I already have my own broom at the gym with my name on it", "Everyone at the gym has a hair cut like this one".** I must say that we had reservations about Scottie's own broom at the Gym as he doesn't know how to use a broom in the store.

Pte Craig Richards

Is our store person. Works hard when he wants to, often seen changing names on the pool ladder. Famous sayings: **"Save it chump!", "Can I finish early?", "When is your husband returning from course?", "I am the law!", "Its not as good here as it is in Burnham."**

Pte Ken Wall

Is also our store person. Unlike Rich, he works hard and does the work of two, and asks for twice the pay. Famous sayings: **"Already done it", "#\$@% you're a lazy #\$\$#@#!"**

Mr Daryl Smallman

Is our local purchase and freight store person. He is often seen disappearing to the TRS section. He works hard and is related to everybody in camp (just about). If we can't get it, Daryl will! Most famous sayings: **"Safe cuzzz!", "Safe bro!", "I'll get it."**

Mrs Dianne Hiini

Dianne is our Ledger Clerk. She is also leaving soon to increase her family. She is a good person to work with but don't steal her pens! Most famous sayings: **"Who did this!?", "Who took my pen!?", "I'm going to lose my pot belly in 21 weeks, what's your excuse Dean?"**

Mr Some *%^& (#%@% knows brother)

Not much is known about this guy as know body has ever seen him, but he does a lot of things wrong. Famous sayings: **"I done it, blame me!"**

Well that's our team, so if you are ever in our neck of the woods, drop in and say hello, I'm sure we could find time for a tour around our store.

WRITTEN BY QM PL STAFF DIST COY.

ANZAC EXPERIENCE 95

RAMBLINGS OF AN AMMO TECH

Sgt Bruce Burnett

Over the period 22 May - 4 Aug 95, Tim Witton, Dave Hill and I

managed to swap the chilly Waiouru winter for the tropical delights of sunny Townsville in Northern Queensland, Australia. After a pleasant 8½ hour C130 flight to Townsville (NOT), and a brief encounter with the Aussie Customs Shoe Inspection Police, we eventually arrived at Lavarack Barracks. After throwing our gear in our rooms (a bit like Faenza Bks in Waiouru), Dave and I adjourned to the JR's bar for a couple of famous Aussie Beers. A couple too many by all account, judging by the sorry sight we looked the next morning. Compulsory wearing of Sunnies was the order of the day.

After a couple of settling days, we were deployed to Shoal Water Bay (the Queensland equivalent of the ATG training area) which is about 1½ hours North of Rockhampton to participate in Exercise Tasman Exchange. As they were short of Ammo Tech's (they had none) I stayed for the duration of the Exercise. Whilst at Shoal Water Bay I was able to participate in deployment by both Light and Heavy Landing Craft, observe the proof firing of two RBS 70 Surface to Air Missiles, and destroy some 155mm blinds as well as observe some F18's do their stuff.

Upon Endex, I returned to Townsville by Landrover which to give you an idea of distance, took nearly two days constant driving. Tim, Dave and I then had a couple of days off and took the opportunity of going to Cairns where we did all the normal touristy type things.

The other highlight of my trip was the opportunity to travel to South Australia for a couple of weeks. Again to give you an idea of distance, it took two days to get from Townsville to Adelaide by air including stops and waiting for available RAAF flights. Whilst there I participated in the destruction of some unserviceable World War One Small Arms Ammunition at the Army Proof Experimental Range at Port Wakefield which is 1½ hours west of Adelaide. I

also was able to go to Woomera (8 hours North-West from Adelaide) where I participated in the proof firing of 16 Rapier Surface to Air Missiles

In conclusion, was the trip worth it? Well, financially no as allowances are never enough, but professionally for me, definitely yes in every way. It was a great chance to see how our Aussie cousins do business and to have a play on some of the more whizzy pieces of equipment that we don't yet have, i.e landing craft and surface to air missiles. How do I rate the Aussies? Not surprisingly they operate in a very similar manner to us. As far as the Ammo Tech trade goes, in some areas we are ahead (accounting) and in others we are behind (field operations). But overall, I feel that we Kiwis have a better grounding in the basics at an early stage of our careers coupled with a technical knowledge equal if not better in some cases. Now you may think I'm biased, but I couldn't possibly comment.

Finally, for all you JNCO's and Privates out there, if you get a chance to go, then go for it as the experience is well worth while.

with you, as an RNZCT CSM in an RNZAOC unit.

During the initial restructure of 4 Field Supply Coy I was informed that I would soon be going over to that unit in the appointment of CSM. Well, you can probably imagine the sort of comments that were flying around, "What, why him?" However this never really worried me, as I would have been happy wherever they sent me. To me, a job's a job no matter where it is, so you just get on with it.

4 Logistic Regiment underwent a major restructure and in particular the units of 4 Transport Squadron and 4 Field Supply Coy. These changes included the amalgamation of 41 Transport Troop, and 4 Field Supply Coy, with the Catering troop amalgamated with the Fire station, Housing, PTI's, and some elements of HQ ATG. There were no major changes to 4 Field Workshop. The Catering Troop and the other supporting units would be called Services Coy, Supply and Transport known as Distribution Coy, and 4 Field Workshop as Maintenance Coy, all under the Headquarters of 4th Logistic Regiment.

CSM 4 Log Regt

By

Jim Biddle
Warrant Officer Class II, RNZCT
Company Sergeant Major
Distribution Company
4th Logistic Regiment

Kia ora koutou, I would like to introduce myself to those who are interested. I am Warrant Officer Class II Jim Biddle RNZCT, the Company Sergeant Major for Distribution Coy 4th Logistic Regiment. I would like to take this opportunity to share my experiences

On my first day to the unit, I was a wee bit apprehensive and sceptical, not really knowing what to expect or how I would be accepted into the unit, as I was accustomed to dealing with cooks, stewards, and drivers only. During my interview with the OC, Capt Grant RNZAOC, I was given a brief outline of my job description and my responsibilities as CSM to unit. I felt a lot more at ease after the interview, as most people do after their first meeting with the boss, as I can normally sense from an interview whether things will turn out okay or not. However, I felt quite comfortable with the boss as she was straight up front with me, which I respect in a person.

My first priority was to meet and talk to as many unit personnel and civvy staff as I could, as I saw this as a very important step in developing a good working relationship, and introducing myself (to break the ice as it were).

My experience as a Cadre NCO in a Territorial Force unit had taught me to be patient and to treat people as you would want them to treat you and you know what, it works for me every time. Also having an open mind on most things certainly goes along way in developing a rapport with your superior and subordinates.

Since I've been in the job I have found it a challenge and a lot different in many ways than I can count, but I have had no regrets in coming to this unit. As a truckie, I was very keen to learn as much as I could about each of the different specialist jobs within 4 Field Supply Coy, and how they operated as this allowed me to familiarise myself with the different skills associated with their job, and hopefully learn something as well. There have been occasions where I have been caught off guard when asked about matters dealing with Supply in answering "sorry I don't know." Those people probably think "what's he doing in a Supply Coy?" It can certainly become embarrassing at times, however I don't lose any sleep over it.

One thing I have picked up very quickly is the misconception that all supply personnel are blanket counters, far from it. The personnel that I have had the opportunity of working with are very skilled and specialised in a range of different fields, such as the Clothing section, Stores Section, Ammo Technicians, Helo refuellers, and Civvy local purchase. As a Warrant Officer in RNZCT, there is not much difference in the way we conduct business on the job, but having the background knowledge

and the skill certainly helps a long way, especially if you are with RNZAOC.

One good thing that has come out of this restructure is not having cooks and stewards to worry about (touch wood), however the less said about that subject the better.

During my time with this unit personnel from both the transport troop and supply company have got on really well together on the job, during sports, and company collective training. This has promoted Esprit de Corps throughout the ranks and high moral.

The most annoying moment in this job would be telling people that I'm now with 4 Field Supply Coy not 4 Transport Squadron. I then have to explain it again and again.

During the period that I have been with the unit I have had a opportunity to meet and talk to some very interesting and strange people. Like any job it has it's ups and downs. I have certainly enjoyed working in this unit and mixing with the personnel of the former 4 Field Supply Coy, RNZAOC.

I am currently still in the unit, so if by chance you happen to call in to Waiouru, come and see us, I'm only too happy to make your acquaintance.

NIL SINE LABORE AND SUA TELA
TONANTI

"MOUNTAIN WARRIOR '96"

by

Cpl M.C. Love
Distribution Coy
4 Logistics Regiment

There were two objectives for "Ex Mountain Warrior". The first was to

support OCS in "Ex Tamatu" in the form of transport, rations, stores, showers, laundry and vehicle repair and the second was to conduct field training in the FSG role. Ex Mountain Warrior was carried out in the far north over a 17 day period. About 25 4 Log Regt pers and 4 pers from 21 FSC were involved.

On 15 May we left Waiouru for Whangaparoa, just north of Auckland. Next morning, we deployed into the first of the AOs for the exercise, Puketū forest, just north of Kaeo. The FSG would remain in this location for the next nine days. Over this period a number of activities were carried out, including transport of OCS pers (who flew up from Kaitaia airfield into their training area), three hot box meals a day, navigation exercises, vehicle ambush drills, shower and laundry taskings, field craft lessons and, of course, there was constant enemy activity in the FSG area, to keep everyone on their toes. It was also over this period that the prisoner interrogation skills were put to the test when an enemy walked into the FSG, hands held high. Fortunately the actions carried out were satisfactory.

The FSG deploy to Waiharara state forest, just north of Kaitaia, on 24 May. The next five days took on a more tactical aspect. Vehicle ambush drills were employed, and the FSG moved through forest instead of by road, with increased enemy activity all the time.

On 29 May, the FSG deployed to Takahue (just south of Kaitaia) where the tactical phase of the exercise concluded. OCS were picked up and brought to the FSG location for showers, laundry and a BBQ tea. On 31 May the OCS pers were taken to the Kaitaia airfield for the flight back to Waiouru. The FSG pers mounted their vehicles and deployed back to Waiouru, the drive taking about nine hours. The next day, a Saturday, post

exercise admin was carried out, and the end of a very enjoyable exercise.

In general, a good time was had by all, highlights included a trip to the top of the north, Cape Reinga and an exciting drive back to Kaitaia via Ninety mile beach. And for those brave enough, an opportunity to swim in the surf (taking care to avoid the dreaded Tasman Bluebottle jellyfish). The trip there and back gave everyone the chance to enjoy the beautiful country side and it's scenery. All those pers involved look forward to Mountain Warrior '97 and the good times that will come with it.

CORPORAL MARTINA LOVA

4 FIELD SUPPLY COMPANY'S NEWEST RECRUIT

Last October 4 Field Supply Company (now known as Distribution Company) conducted Adventure Training in the Central North Island.

Over a three week period we were split into three groups. The last group was the most outstanding by far, because we managed to combine all our adventurous activities and conduct a little on the job training (as seen in the attached photo). Corporal Martina Lova is seen here getting a personal fitting from Corporal Lisa Knap in the latest techno army sports bra.

This item is still being trialed apparently but by the look on Martina's face it looks like it could become a standard issue item in local DSS's.

Corporal Martina Lova getting fitted for a bra



MY FIRST AND LAST RNZAOC CORPS DAY

by

L/Cpl S. Futi
Distribution Coy
RNZAOC

Finally, the much eagerly awaited Corps day had arrived, 12 July '96 will be a significant date to all Ordnance people, as it will go down in history as the last Corps birthday for RNZAOC. The following is my hazy recollection of events as they unfolded on the Waiouru / Linton Corps birthday celebrations.

12 July '96, I rocked into the Sunrise club at 0745hrs, the place was humming with people. Strangely enough I found myself sipping on my liquid breakfast, "Lion Red," if I recall correctly, "Alby can drink eight cans of beer in one sitting, I'm sure I can do seven." With this as my inspiration, I set out to have a weekend of self inflicted alcohol abuse. Breakfast for the normal people was ready about 0830hrs, and the Linton crowd arrived

shortly after 0900hrs. After an hour or so of catching up with old friends (in my case meeting new friends), Capt Grant, OC Distribution Coy welcomed the Linton crowd to Waiouru. She then offered violence to those who got in the crap, basically if you did, it would be a lot less painful if you ran in front of a bus. With those thoughts embedded in the back of everyone's heads, we loaded both buses and the van and headed out. OOPs! Did someone forget to clean up the Sunrise club?

After several unscheduled stops (Photo's of the summit for the men, and nature walks for the women) we arrived at the Turangi R.S.A. Once the human stampede cleared from the entrance to the loos we hammered our jugs out of there. Soon after Maj Charlton presented our piece of memorabilia (plaque) to the R.S.A, we got the two minute warning order and we went on our merry way again.

Taupo R.S.A. was our next destination, by this stage we were changing down a few gears to get some fuel for the stomach. Macdonalds was the obvious choice for the Waiouru crowd, well for me anyway. Once the formalities were completed, we hit the road once again.

The Tokoroa R.S.A. saw some of the older warriors hit the brick wall and were out for the count. I don't want to name names, as this will upset a few people in Auto Parts.

We left our wounded on the bus and we battled on into the Putaruru Services Club. It was business as usual as we knocked the jugs back and soon after the presentation of our plaque we stumbled back onto our buses, which were starting to pile up with souvenirs from the last couple of R.S.A.s.

The Cambridge R.S.A. soon became another notch on our belts, unfortunately that's all it was as my memory gets very hazy at this point, but I was told that we had tea provided for us. Well it must have been a quick feed because I have no recollection of this. However, I do know that we were running behind time and I soon found myself back on the bus singing my lungs off. Just a point to remember, it was at this stop that one of the Linton boys decided to go for a nature walk and consequently got left behind. It's a good thing that who ever was doing the head count on their bus was not driving.

God only knows what time we got to Knox St, but after a quick recce we orientated ourselves, found our beds, dumped our bags and off to the bar we went, for more punishment. Definitely no rest for the wicked. After catching up with a few old friends posted to Knox St we then boogied our butts into town, packing scrums on the main drag to clear the way ahead. It's a good thing we didn't come across any real rugby players, but do they have any real rugby players? The highlight of the night had to be Alby Sullivan, drinking in a particular bar, he thinks to himself, "why the hell are all the guys looking at me sideways. It wasn't until he was pinched on the arse, by a pretty looking bloke, that poor Alby realised that he might be in the wrong drinking hole!

Early Saturday morning, and I'm talking 0630hrs, I awoke to find some, hungover, death warmed up, sorry looking people, and they were the ones that got out of bed! After spending the morning at the Frankton flea market trying to find the bargains and doing a food caravan crawl, we headed back to Knox St. When the rest of the sleeping beauties had arisen, we mounted our buses and headed off on our mystery bus tour. We ended up at a winery, the

"Vilagrad." This was to me the highlight of trip, with it's relaxing atmosphere and awesome set-up. Well, the beers weren't going down too well, and it wasn't long before the wines and ports were hitting the tables in numbers. Lisa Knap was drinking the wines like they were going out fashion and it wasn't long before she was pouring herself a coffee. What was left in the cup when she got back to her table just proved it was a good vintage. The three course meal was just superb, with a pig on the spit for the main. The fish (snapper) head also became extinct in a matter of minutes. That was after John complained about how someone stole an eye from his fish head (it was probably a one eyed fish). After Maj Charlton presented the Ordnance plaque to the owners of the Vilagrad, who decided to hang it up at the bar due to the dent we made in their stock in the fridge, we hit the trail.

We were knocking down the doors at the Ngaruawahia R.S.A. by late afternoon and it wasn't long before the party goers started rocking the place. Surprise, surprise, out of the blue came the six strings. Well you can just imagine what the response to the two minute warning order to move was like!

Eventually we got back to Knox St, where they had a Disco set-up rearing to go. There was time for a slight pause and it was back into it again, another great night on the turps, however I don't think they've heard of a late licence, which is why they closed shop at 1100hrs. The night life in Hamilton was alive and kicking after midnight as the die hards (alcoholics) dispersed into the night. By the way Arch, what did happen to the big brown bear that chased you all the way back to Knox St?

14 July, the big clean up and on the buses for the long trip home. We stopped in Taupo for lunch, where Alby

and I polished off a sports pack at KFC and finished it with a diet pepsi. After catching up on a couple of hours sleep on the bus, we were ready to go at it again, NOT ! Waiouru R.S.A was our final destination where we had a few quiet oranges and then after the farewells to the Linton crowd, we mosied on home for a well deserved rest.

Many thanks to the organisers of our last corps birthday; WO1s Vince and Harding, as well as those who made it a very enjoyable weekend.

Well, I met new friends, drank a lot of alcohol, had some good laughs, lost my voice on this, my first and last RNZAOC Corps day.

HAPPY LAST BIRTHDAY RNZAOC

SUA TELA TONANTI

12 July 1947. - 12 July 1996

HEADQUARTERS
DISTRIBUTION COMPANY (4 FD SUP
COY)
4 LOGISTIC REGIMENT (ATGSU) (HQ
COY)

As you can probably tell from the above, this article is about the name changes that the Waiouru region has gone through in the last few years.

For some unknown reason the Army seems to have the inexplicable ambition to transform us into a state of total bewilderment. Within 4 Log Regt itself there have been numerous changes since 1990 when it was known as HQ Coy, then changed to ATGSU and HQ Coy became the name for Works Branch now known as PM Section. Confused?! But wait, there's more. ATGSU then became 4 Logistic Regiment soon to be 4 Logistic Battalion. Within 4 Log, 4 Fd

Wksp have now changed to Maintenance Company, soon to be Wksp Company.

Who can remember the days of 4 Tpt Sqn? Well this now is called Services Company after losing the truckies to Distribution Company, (ex 4 Fd Sup Coy, soon to be Services Support Company) well, now they will be Waiouru Support Company. If you guys aren't confused yet, I am, and this is only 4 Log Regt. Let us not forget the Army Museum in his little masquerade, but yet, it is official, the Museum is coming back under the command of 4 Log Regt, oops, Battalion, for the third or is it fourth time?

Anyway, onto the other units in this charade - remember Army Schools or was that Army Combat Centre or no wait, it could be LOTC, now yes I think that is it. Tell me how are we supposed to keep up with all the name changes as well as the staffing changes that come along in the day to day organisation of the Army.

QAMR seem to have gotten off lightly with only the one change to their current name from QA Sqn.

16 Fd Regt have not had a name change, a rare occurrence, however there is one small problem, how many batteries are there in Waiouru? No one can seem to tell us whether there is one, two or three!

But hang on, WTD, does this name ring a bell, now officially known as The Army Depot. Do all these names confuse you, well how do you think the new recruits feel when they come in. By the time they complete their Basic and get to the unit, there is a 90% chance that the name will have changed.

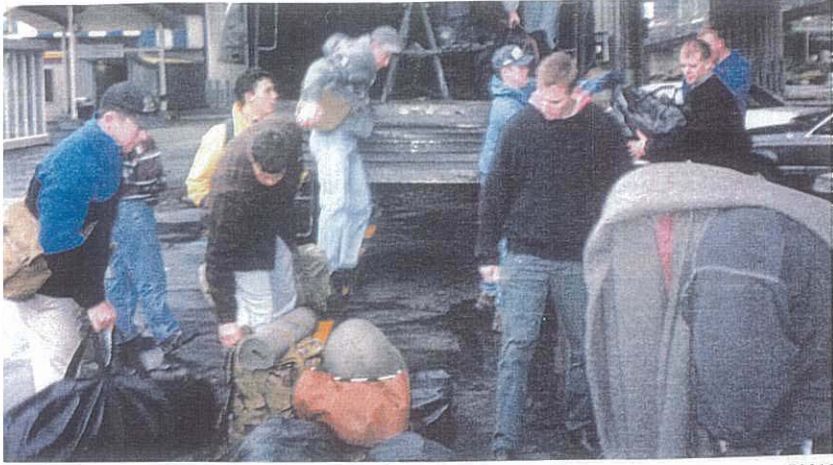
Well I hope this has shed some light on the current state of confusion being experienced out there. As for me, well I

am off to the Psych to try and sort this
debacle out in my head.

**GOOD LUCK OUT THERE -
REMEMBER, IF ALL ELSE FAILS,
PLUCK IT!!**

21 FIELD SUPPLY COMPANYADVENTURE TRAINING
MARAHAU TO BARKS BAY (NELSON
AREA)

When money and time permit the unit likes to send its members on adventure training. This year the unit went down South, hoping the weather would be fine and a welcome change for some. Our destination Marahau, being ten minutes from the nearest township, Motueka. It



took a total of eight hours travelling and it was well worth the wait, peaceful and surprisingly warmer than Linton. The 'Barn' had a homely feel about it and the group instantly claimed it. Steak, eggs and salads were on the list as it would be the last huge meal for the next few days. A visit to the local seemed to be on the cards, everybody seemed too keen. There was a little apprehension about the sea kayaking, but after a few orange juice and cokes, (not) everybody was talking Eskimo rolls and are pros. Well, day one found the open sea a bit bigger than a handle of CD. Flootation seemed to be more of a priority, "safe" came the words of some people.

The sights and scenic views from Marahau to Barks Bay were like postcards, colourful with the added smell of the sea and sun almost too warm to be

true. Some of us had a few problems with the kayaks. One noted was the "Purple Death" who seemingly would be 1 km away and next moment in your cockpit steering your kayak as well. There's also something about the word "no", it actually means "Cher nobody saw", that must be in the Moerewa dictionary. We came found the lost half of Kaeo, Tonga Island and landed for lunch. Six and a half hours later, Barks Bay, the trampers sounded like they had just come from Mt Cook, with a brew and a feed, the stories all came out. One thing the Army does well is sizing (wetsuits) one size fits all just ask the Handyman/IC of leave.

Back in the kayaks to Awaroa, our final stop before turning around and heading for home. The purple death steaming in front with the rest of the team in pursuit like the Rainbow Warrior. The last leg took its toll, one of the member's arms was swollen from beating off a killer jelly-fish/kina and sore stomachs from all that kaimoana. Walking at this stage didn't look that great an idea and the old head down, tail up seemed to be on the menu. Awaroa Hut, sea food and ration packs what else could you ask for?

The next day commenced with the two teams doing the big change around. For my team, it was trading the paddles and kayaks for boots and packs for two days of tramping. Destination: to Bark Bay approximately two to three hours no worries. This being a team building exercise, team 2 in good faith offered to take all our excess luggage in their kayaks (KIAORA). With Lurch leading the way, and not too much weight on our backs, three hours didn't seem too far away. However, not even 45 minutes down the scenic track, we came across a



behind by two clicks (so much for team building). I should mention that the blame should be put on Alex Jnr, Ruks and Booka for stopping every half an hour to take photos of themselves. By the time we all linked up again it was lunch, our last ration pack meal. There must have been some steroids in the canned fish because we all decided to run the track instead of walking it. Personally I thought it was the dedication shown by the team to

lovely place called Awaroa Lodge which had just been closed for their off season.

By some amazing miracle there sitting in the sun was a sack full of fat juicy rock oysters. Being the team leader I made the D and decided to stop for smoko, taking good care of the oysters at the same time. Other stops on this first day included Tonga Bay for a chit chat with the kayakers, and at an old stone cutting town. The only thing left standing besides the memorial were the pillars of what was once a wharf. Finally Barker Bay, priority: build a fire, then put on a brew. A couple of guys including myself took advantage of the low tide and collected more kaimoana for supper. As night fell upon us it was time again to go searching for UFOs (I guess you had to be there) or just relax under candle light partaking in a game of cards. Others did the PR thing and explained to foreign trampers how wonderful Aotearoa is. Day 4, our last day in the rough of the Able Tasman National Park, god must be looking after us, it's been fine all week. Destination: Marahau, the Barn this time five to six hours (soft C....).

The plan was to go hard, go strong, but stay together as a team, that didn't last long. Lurch, Huey, Dewey and Louie decided to leave the rest of us

their team leader. Before we knew it Marahau was in sight which was more than I could say for the kayakers, they did a bit of caving and mussel collecting. By dinner we were all showered, shaved and blow waved ready to munch out on steak, eggs and salads. Activities for the rest of the night involved

a PR trip into the Motueka RSA for light refreshments namely the local drop; CD. Saturday turned out to be a rest day especially for those who over indulged the night before. For others it was shopping and McDonalds in Nelson or was it Golden Bay? Then there were the few that forced themselves out of bed,

walked at least 50k's in the wind and rain to collect an assortment of KAIMOANA i.e, oysters, kina, mussels, cockles and pupu (never mind Bojo, Ray and Tim, I think we've still got the empty shells).



Sunday brought the end to group one's

adventure training, the time waiting to board the ferry was used to tell group two all the stories. Special thanks must go to the training wing staff of Lt Gillies, Sgt Windleburn and Cpl (doggie) Iraia for all their efforts in making this a very successful couple of weeks. Also thanks to Tom and Peter our kayak guides. So to all those budding suppliers and PET OPS that are looking for a posting to 21 Fd Sup Coy you can see we are not all work and no play.

Participants:

- Sgt (Mattress Back) Ruki
- Sgt (Flying Low) Mills
- Cpl (Handyman, IC Leave) Hesketh
- Cpl (I don't wanna do this anymore) Paenui
- Cpl Wyatt
- Cpl (Paru ma poro) Alexander
- Cpl (Cheat to win) Murray
- LCpl (Hi, I'm gay) Campbell
- LCpl (Huey) Manuel
- LCpl (Duey) Henry
- Pte (Luey) Wilkinson
- Pte (I'm all right Jack) Cunningham
- Pte (Kupe) Tioke
- Pte (David Bellamy) Cronin
- Dvr (Lurch) Cumming



Non Participants:

- Sgt (Mr Kina missed out) Rennie
- Sgt (Chicken Wing) Hay

Staff:

- Lt (Bob) Gillies
- Sgt ? Windleburn
- Cpl (Sam Micro-phone man) Iraia

AFE 95

Well it's 1995. Another year to look forward to. My first task to write a spiel on AFE 95 which was held over the period 21 to 29 January in wonderful Waiouru. The main effort was to train the TF, 21 Fd Sup Coy's mission was to support 2 LFG elements.



As with any exercise that 21 Fd Sup Coy deploys on, the first part is prep. This was done very well, however we did have to send an advance party up 3 days prior to the main body arriving. This was due to 10 Tpt being committed to the TF, and being unable to move our containers and 950 (forklift) up at the required time. But all in all, the preparation went smoothly.

The move to Waiouru was in the early hours of Saturday morning, with the unit moving off and arriving without a hitch in Abbassia.

Once we were in our area, we started the routine of camping, laying the land lines unloading stores and equipment and the setting up. This did not take long for most of the sections due to our advance

party doing most of the set up prior to our arrival especially stores (thanks Megan and Sgt Lasaro - our Fijian MAP student).

Personnel from other RNZAOC units included 12 Fd Sup Coy and 5 Log Regt. The TF element arrived shortly after we did. They were shown where they would be working for the exercise. Once everyone was settled in it was time to open up for business.

During the week long exercise the following activities were organised, mainly for our TF pers:

PT everyday

Lessons All Arms skills and RNZAOC field procedures (Trg Cell????)

OJT Daily

Driver training with 10 Tpt Sqn.

We were also fortunate enough to have a lesson on helo drills. The flyboys flew the unit here and there and this was enjoyed by all who attended.

Stores, Pet and Services were involved in a lot of taskings. 47 Pet deployed to Napier for refueling tasks. Services deployed to shower 150 infantry 'male' soldiers (I wonder why Megan, Shirl and Allie went). There were also many DPs for stores.

Overall the exercise went as well as could be expected. So until pen meets paper again or I get dobbed in again have an awesome year.

Pte M. Albert
21 Fd Sup Coy

ANZAC EXPERIENCE 95**THE RAMBLINGS OF AN AMMO TECH****Sgt Bruce Burnett**

Over the period 22 May - 4 Aug 95, Tim Witton, Dave Hill and I managed to swop the chilly Waiouru winter for the tropical delights of sunny Townsville in Northern Queensland, Australia. After a pleasant 8½ hour C130 flight to Townsville (NOT), and a brief encounter with the Aussie Customs Shoe Inspection Police, we eventually arrived at Lavarat Barracks. After throwing our gear in our rooms (a bit like Faenza Bks in Waiouru), Dave and I adjourned to the JRs bar for a couple of famous Aussie Beers. A couple too many by all account judging by the sorry sight we looked the next morning. Compulsory wearing of Sunnies was the order of the day.

After a couple of settling days, we were deployed to Shoal Water Bay (the Queensland equivalent of the ATG training area) which is about 1½ hours North of Rockhampton to participate in Exercise Tasman Exchange. As they were short of Ammo Techs (they had none) I stayed for the duration of the Exercise. Whilst at Shoal Water Bay I was able to participate in deployment by both Light and Heavy Landing Craft, observe the proof firing of two RBS 70 Surface to Air Missiles, and destroy some 155mm blinds as well as observe some F18s do their stuff.

Upon end Ex, I returned to Townsville by Landrover which to give you an idea of distance, took nearly two days constant driving. Tim, Dave and I then had a couple of days off and took the opportunity of going to Cairns where we did all the normal touristy type things.

The other highlight of my trip was the opportunity to travel to South Australia for

a couple of weeks. Again to give you an idea of distance, it took two days to get from Townsville to Adelaide by air including stops and waiting for available RAAF flights. Whilst there I participated in the destruction of some unserviceable World War One Small Arms Ammunition at the Army Proof Experimental Range at Port Wakefield which is 1½ hours west of Adelaide. I also was able to go to Woomera (8 hours north-west from Adelaide) where I participated in the proof firing of 16 Rapier Surface to Air Missiles.

In conclusion, was the trip worth it? Well, financially no as allowances are never enough, but professionally for me, definitely yes in every way. It was a great chance to see how our Aussie cousins do business and to have a play on some of the more whizzy pieces of equipment that we don't yet have i.e. landing craft and surface to air missiles. How do I rate the Aussies? Not surprisingly they operate in a very similar matter to us. As far as the Ammo Tech trade does, in some areas we are ahead (accounting) and in others we are behind (field operations) but overall I feel that we Kiwis, have a better grounding in the basics at an early stage of our careers coupled with a technical knowledge equal to if not better in some cases. Now you may think I'm bias, but I couldn't possibly comment.

Finally, for all you JNCOs and Privates out there, if you get a chance to go, then go for it as the experience is well worthwhile.

CORPS DAY - THE FINAL CHAPTER

Friday

It's July 12th and RNZAOC were going to celebrate their final Corps Day. Months of preparation was done on behalf of the social club. The final decision was to travel by bus to Hamilton, stopping to pick up the Waiouru bunch, visiting RSAs on the way and finally meeting up with the guys from Auckland in Hamilton.

It was an early start to the day, meeting for breakfast in Stores at 0630. Then at 0715 it was onto the bus, where there were a few beverages to drink on our long journey.

We finally hit the road to Waiouru and those beverages tasted mighty good. I think a few people hadn't started that early before, because by the time we got to Hunterville their smiles were getting bigger and bigger.

We reached Waiouru around 0930 we met at 4 Fd Sup Coy's smoko room where we had a few speeches and more to drink. At 1030, we hit the road again in two buses. Our next stop was the Turangi RSA.

A lot of people misjudged their bladder volume and looked to be in a bit of trouble at this stage. I don't know what time we reached Turangi but as soon as the bus stopped there was a big rush to the toilets. At the RSA, the advance party, who were sent by mini-van 20 mins ahead of us from Waiouru had drinks on the tables waiting. This was mainly to save time and our own money. This routine was to happen at all the RSAs we were to visit. To show our appreciation Maj Charlton presented a plaque to the Presidents of the RSA, this too, was a procedure for all RSAs. From Turangi, our merry travels took us through Taupo,

Tokoroa and then we rocked into the metropolis of Cambridge. After sinking a few more ales we were on the bus again and our final stop, the peaceful city of Hamilton. It wasn't to remain peaceful for long.

Everyone was glad to be in Hamilton, and the party kicked into a higher gear. It was then discovered that one of our number was missing in action. A search and rescue team was sent to find our lost comrade. After asking around about a drunk bald headed man, "Grieff" was found crashed out in a hotel room in Cambridge, and was quickly returned to Hamilton where the party was in full flight. Later that night the more frail of us retired, while the true party animals went into town. A new Travolta was discovered in the outback night club when Sam was seen to be hogging the spot light. Lucky for the young ladies present, he didn't have his scoring shirt on, giving us younger fellas a chance. After many rounds of toasting the Corps and anything else we could think of, we called it quits in the early morning of Saturday.

Saturday

Saturday started slowly with some people heading off to the market, but most of us spent the morning preparing for the day's activities. Around 1030 we jumped on the bus and headed to the winery.

The one man band entertained us while, you guessed it, we drank a selection of fine beverages. After Friday's effort, some people had to dig deep to carry on. But, like true soldiers they persevered. A huge feed laid on, but for some of us our lunch was pure liquid. We mounted up again around 1330.

From the winery, we moved onto Ngaruawahia RSA, where we were warmly welcomed and a lot of the green

stuff was exchanged for a lot of the brown stuff. It was well after dark when we returned back to Hamilton, where a disco was organised at Knox Street. We all got down and got funky, but there were a few who got down and didn't get up. As the disco wound down, a few sturdy people made their way into town to carry on the celebrations. Others made their way to their sleeping bags, all partied out.

Sunday

Sunday morning found us tired but anxious to get home. We quickly packed our gears, gave our humble home of two nights an Emu and jumped on the bus for the long journey home.

There was a stop in Taupo for lunch and then onto the Waiouru RSA. A tab was put on the bar but the colour of the drink was not brown anymore but orange. From Waiouru it was a quiet ride back to Linton. As soon as we arrived everyone was quick to find their beds. Corps Day had come to an end.

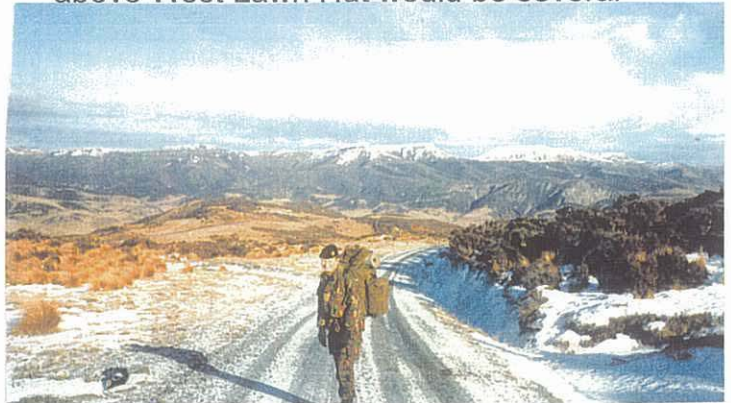
The weekend was a fitting final salute to the Corps, one that will be long remembered by all those who attended. I can only hope that the new regiment will celebrate its birthday with the same vigour as the Royal New Zealand Army Ordnance Corps.

SUA TELA TONANTI

Pte Hirini

EXERCISE TOO FAR 1995

Ex Too Far was a section navigation exercise run by 21 Field Supply Company, 24-27 July 96. The aim of the exercise was to test personal navigation skills and to foster team spirit in the gentle undulating countryside of the north-eastern quarter of Waiouru training area. Wintry weather was always expected and was intended to add to the testing nature of the exercise. No-one however envisaged that New Zealand would be in the middle of one of the worst winters on record and that the snow above West Lawn Hut would be several



feet deep.

An advance party, comprising the CSM Tombleson, Cpl Iraia, and the Trg Officer, 2Lt Harrop, were sent out at the weekend to set up a base camp and assess the weather conditions. Having abandoned their Landrover at West Lawn Hut, for fear of it becoming stuck in the snow, they set off on foot. It was soon apparent that the snow was more suited to Huskies and sledges than the LPC (Leather Personnel Carrier) and that retracing the steps of R.F. Scott's ill-fated expedition of 1912 was not the aim of the exercise. Alas, their game of snowballs was cut short by a fierce blizzard and they only just made it back to the safety of their Landrover.

Rather than cancel the exercise some frenzied re-organising was carried out, bringing the exercise area closer to Waiouru and to slightly better conditions under-foot. The sections duly arrived in Waiouru, where they were briefed on

their new check points and set off just after lunch. Each section was allotted a

DS member to ensure that they actually radioed in to Ex HQ from their check points which were quite imaginatively situated at the top of large hills. Apparently, walking up large hills with a heavy pack on your back is character building; this being the case there are now many extremely well developed characters within 21 FSC.

As the sections navigated their way out to West Lawn Hut and back again, the weather was particularly variable. One section even reported that they had seen a large fiery globe in the sky, possibly that rare commodity for Waiouru called the sun, I must have blinked at the wrong moment! Mostly I saw rain or snow or both, coming at me horizontally and even once from below as we crossed over a ridge line. Despite the weather conditions, all the sections did very well.

the section for which he was DS did collect the most points.



As everyone had such a great time it was decided to make the exercise an annual competition. The first winners were LCpl Burke's section. And they proudly received the unusual prize of Lt Shannon's sledge hammer, now safely mounted. All in all, everyone taking part in the exercise gained more confidence in their navigational abilities and I am certain that they will all be looking forward to next year's competition! Not!



While others were trying to lighten their packs by eating as much food as possible, Lt Shannon found a 7lb sledge hammer which he decided to carry with him. The reason for this is still unclear but it has been suggested that it may have been used as a gentle persuader to visit just one more check point. After all,



EXERCISE TROPIC ASTRA 96

Okay before I carry on with my story, let me tell you about the people involved that you should know about:

Sgt W. Ruki (Ruks)
 Cpl W. Campbell (Cam)
 LCpl D. Cunningham (Del, Cunni, Ish-Ish,
 and many more)
 LCpl P. Tioke (Tee)

I arrived home and started work on the 22nd of July to be told that I had to write about our trip to Fiji, and like anybody else who is usually told this, my response was "Okay", but under my breath I said words which I put to paper. So, on with the story.

We arrived in Nadi on the 4th of July, "we" as in Del and Tee, at about 1200 hours to a nice 38 °C. After clearing customs we preceded to the camp area where we were organised into work parties and put up 14 x 14s for accommodation. Ruks and Cam turned up with the UBREs (Unit Bulk Refuelling Equipment) they had come over on the 1st with the Army contingent who were based around Suva. After work parties we had to do a few cold refuels of the Helos. We all were attached to 3 Squadron RNZAF which meant that it was going to be a real hard Exercise, eh! That night we settled in to a few rounds of Fiji Bitter and everything that happened that night seems to be a little bit foggy.

We awoke the next day at about 0630 for morning routine and breakfast. During the day we would do a few refuels and sunbathing, lunch and then a few more refuels and sunbathing, after an exhausting day of mahi (work for you pakehas). We would say hello to our friends, Fiji Gold and Bitter. This routine carried on for a couple of days, until we got a tasking to Suva. 3 Sqn had to take building supplies to remote villages up there. I think the name of the village was Morewa or was it Manutuke? Well anyway, we overnighted at Queen Elizabeth Barracks, home of the Fiji

Military Forces, we didn't know how far it was to the village, so we asked one of the local soldiers, who said it was a 4 hour trip. So, believing him we left the next day at 0400 only to arrive at 0600, yes that right 2 hours later. It might have been even earlier if our great navigator Ruks knew how to read a map. On completing our task we returned to QEB. We had one more task the next day in Navua. 3 Sqn were doing the same thing as before, and so were we, refuels and sunbathing, but this time we had company. A tribe of little Fijians, I think their names were Bojo, Ray and Tim. Anyway, they were getting bored so one of them grabbed some more kids and started playing rugby with a jandal, upon setting this Del gave them a plastic Coke bottle and they continued playing.

Once the task was finished, we returned to Nadi. For the next couple of days, it was back to the old routine. Sometimes 3 Sqn didn't have many tasks, so we would go for a swim at the Nadi Airport Club or go into Nadi city itself. On the 12th July the Air Force had a change over, and they also had a cocktail party - well you know the Air Force. This also being RNZAOC's last Corps Day we were very merry at the end of the night. I could tell what happened that night, but I think that it would be better for you to see one of us personally. We carried on the next day as usual. Del and I even had a chance to go out to a village and work, unloading building supplies. We met the Chief, who told me his name which I couldn't pronounce so I just called him Aubrey. We had Fijian version of Jim Beam, Kava. People told me about Kava but you have to try it to know how horrible it really tastes.

Del's a movie star in Fiji, he made it on Fiji One News, refuelling a Helo on another task in Navua. We continued to do our job until we left and the last couple of nights, were - well, a little foggy.

Anyway, the things that stand out on this trip were:

the Fijians who are very friendly people,

kava suxs,

take lots of money,

Fiji is hot,

Air Force girls are hot, and

Fiji should be renamed the Island of the Jackson Five.

P.S. This is only the condensed version you'll have to come and see me if you want to know more.

LCpl P.A. Tioke (Tee)

PETROLEUM OPERATORS COURSE 3 APRIL - 9 MAY 1995

Well, here we all were in Trentham Camp, some new faces amongst a few old ones. The first introduction for the long stretch of the Petroleum Operators Course foremost on all of our minds.

Eager with youthful interest to learn new skills and an ever intense desire for our first taste at being petrol heads.

During our first long day (with many more to come), we busied ourselves settling into Helwan Camp. When we saw the programme we realised it was going to be a long course, no holds barred and plenty of fuel to go around.

With that in mind we jumped feet first into our first task, erecting a 30 by 40 tent under the guidance of Sam Iriaia and his faithful sidekick Rox. A simple task that

became a complicated mission, - YO Training! Cheers!!

After the first few days we transformed Helwan into a comfortable abode and settled down to the real task at hand - the Course. The first week or so consisted of paper war, technical funky jazz that made most of us feel like a fuzzy ball of fluff sitting in a corner regurgitating all the jargon that was force fed into us. Still, with an iron will we waited in anticipation for all of the hands-on experience we were going to get.

And when it came, that was when the fun and games began.

It was so easy to understand the mechanics of the equipment when it was black and white, but add a little colour.... When we stood confronted by a mass of hoses, valves and other things (alien to us at this time), we were awe struck. One question kept popping up - "How does it work again"? Under the instruction of such prolific tutors as Sgt "Have I said that already" Rennie, Cpl "Adopt the position" Murray and Sgt "Click" Hay the impossible almost seemed possible.

We all stepped forward and engaged in our tasks with varying degrees of success. From Delboy and Moks who surpassed most of us by taking steroid "Swot" pills and hiding in their notes, to others who hid away altogether in the shadows, eh Sam! Visits from those who found interest in watching others run around like headless chickens was far and wide. The visitors ranged from those almost original Pet Ops who strapped 210 litre drums to their backs, instead of our technologically advanced UBREs of today to some budding youngish Pet Ops who needed a refresher or just had nothing better to do.

Thanks to Mike Te Hau and Thomo for the entertainment, also Cam who made a damn good corpse on our First Aid terminal.

SOLI'S

by Pte Cross

As time rocked on, so we all or most of us became confident with all the equipment. Until finally the instructors were convinced (obviously after too many beers) we could operate under our own steam. Just as we thought we were onto a good thing they closed the Waiouru POL point, and in came the vehicles.

After the first day the novelty wore off, but hard work never killed anyone. Now we all knew why Pet Ops are worked to the bone. All work, no play - Not!! Work hard, play fast, and drink plenty of beer. A few pints and a few eyebrows later, we all saw the light at the end of the tunnel.

After the final terminal testing phase, it was time to pack up and move out, back to Trentham for our course reports and debrief. Back in Trentham Camp it was time to reflect and find out that maybe being a swot can help and large amounts of alcohol causes gradual loss of body hair.

After that, it was over. With our goodbyes in the wind, it was time to return home. Farewelling the comradeship we had found, until we next meet.

A thanks to all those whose names I haven't mentioned, your laughter still echoes in the ears of all who were there. A special thanks to Sgt Haami, our Course Manager, Staff Sergeant Hapi for the killer PT sessions, and to all the members at 47 Pet Platoon who made the course a success.

Kia Ora Bros
Pte Karl Bloomfield
47 Petroleum Platoon

From marching out on the 1st of May, to becoming a father on 20th July, and completing my Band 2 in between, you could say I've had quite a busy year. But, that's not all, after just 3 months and 28 days I find myself sitting, comfortably, in the middle of a Herc.

After 8 hours in the plane we finally arrived on Guadalcanal, the major island of the Solomon Islands. Fortunately, for the 40 of us on the first chalk, it was wet and getting dark so we were able to stay in a half built resort for the first night. The next day we moved to where our base camp was to be for our 4 week stay. It was on a beach about 30 minutes east of the capital Honiara. Once our houses were built and a track plan started it was about lunch time. It was decided it was too hot to do anything but swim. This same routine carried on the next day until the 2nd chalk of about 80 arrived late in the afternoon. The next two days went slowly as we had to do the pre-deployment training that we had not had the time to do before the deployment. Pepper potting on a sandy beach and platoon battle drills in the middle of the afternoon was not at all my tomato, but we got through.

Six days of speeding about in the water in little run-about was more like my tomato. As was the civil aid task I was totally unqualified to assist in - a boat course for 10 locals and running in three new outboards was not what I was taught on my Band Two. I can't complain, who would when you spend hours on the water, basking in the sun.

With three days to fill in before our TIC course, we had planned recreation

activities which included a battle field tour of most of the sites of the World War Two battle for the airfield. That was not the most exciting, the rafting expedition down a flat, slow river took the award, if you enjoy paddling for 3-4 hours. The diving was worthwhile, swimming around old wrecks with brightly coloured fish was an awesome sight.

Back to camp for a duty day was a great thrill and very worthwhile to the cause.

The TIC course involved basic jungle craft with a night spent in the J with our mossi nets and a machete. At this point I must add that the Fijians are very good at building a good shelter and bed. The next day the locals put down a Motu, a hangi on top of the ground, where we had to kill the food before we ate.

Into the field we march, non tactical due to the heat, we had soldiers falling around us without even contact with the NME. We arrived in our AO a day late and my section were sent away to do an OP. We sat around for four days, observing a river which was a great place to swim. On the fifth day, we were told that for the past four days we were in the wrong place so up we hopped and strolled another 750 metres up river. After three river crossings, we had the word on the radio to stop where we were, as we had to join the rest of the platoon.

The final battle was ever so exciting sitting around again stopping the NME escaping in a cordon at the top of a hill.

Time to get ready for the trip home. Cleaning our equipment on a beach was a mission in itself but with everything done we loaded the plane I jumped in that lovely Herc for another exciting ride home.

We touched down at about 1800 on the 24th September and managed to get

home. An abrupt end to a long, but in the end, enjoyable exercise.

TAUMARANUI VISIT

by LCpl Phil Burke

Over the period 10 - 12 February, Training Cell, along with a few hangers on, journeyed to Taumaranui, taking with them a laundry unit and a UBRE. Their mission was to establish a small display at the annual Taumaranui AMP Show. The team consisted of the Training Officer, 2Lt Gillies, his two off-siders - Sgt Windleburn and Cpl Iraia, resident Pet Op - Cpl Murray, and two specialists in public relations - LCpls Stockman and Burke.

Firstly, for those readers unfamiliar with Taumaranui, here's a very quick geography lesson. Taumaranui is a small town in the heart of the North Island's pumpkin country, situated about 90km North West of Waiouru.

On arrival in Taumaranui on the afternoon of Feb 10 we were immediately approached by a number of locals who had come across a small problem. The tent which was to be used as the beer tent for the duration of the show had been especially delivered all the way from Hamilton. A monster of a tent, there was no doubt that it would be a most impressive sight once erected, that is, of course, if anyone had thought to ask for instructions on how to erect it. It was only natural, therefore, that since we were the Army, and everyone knows that the Army has some tents, we would know how to put up this one. Thus, after a short meeting we were duly elected as chief tent erectors. So began what was to be a most eventful weekend.

After eventually overcoming the tent obstacle and Stocky befriending a couple

of the local ladies, we were able to set about establishing our own site, a simple task by comparison. Our display consisted of a 14 x 14 with extension and cam nets, a Laundry Unit and UBRE. The tent was the centre of the display and contained a C9 and a Steyr, some RNZAOC display boards and a recruitment video that never seemed to end. Once the tent was set up and the Laundry and UBRE were in place, we had some time to unpack our bags and prepare to meet the people. Special thanks must now go to our professional and selfless TF peers. If it wasn't for their willingness to provide security overnight at the display site, we may never have had the chance to meet the public and speak with them on an informal basis.

As Friday night began at the Taumaranui Cosmopolitan Club, we were impressed by the friendliness of the local people, and as time went by they just seemed to get friendlier and friendlier. In fact, if it weren't for 2Lt Gillies' attempt at Karaoke, the night may have gone on much longer than it did. So by the time Sam and Aubs had finished their attempt, we felt that our recruiting drive at the Cossy Club was over and decided to move on to a new site. A nearby club (everything is nearby in Taumaranui) had been highly recommended to us so, taking some local guides with us, we set off on what promised to be another productive meeting with a younger audience.

It was obvious upon entering the club why it was so well respected by the townsfolk. This place just oozed class. It didn't take long for the locals here to take us under their wing.

Once again we were immediately impressed by the warmth of the people we met and they seemed equally impressed by us. Stocky in particular,

seemed to have a healthy rapport with the younger patrons, he listened patiently to their questions and demonstrated his professionalism as one young lady gave him a particularly sound ear bashing. As the night drew to a close, we bid our new friends farewell and headed home secure in the knowledge that we had made an impression on all the people we had met. As the sun poked its head up early on Saturday morning, our intrepid explorers were already up and at 'em. An early morning run (from the bedroom to the shower) cleared the cobwebs. A hearty breakfast (tooth paste and mouth wash) and we were on our way. Bidding our generous host "Tracker" farewell, we mounted up and headed off to the showgrounds.

The show started at about 0900 hours, and as soon as the crowd began to make their way into the showgrounds, the display began to attract attention. The younger kids in particular flocked to Stocky with his Steyr and C9 and I'm sure if it were possible, we could have signed up almost all of them. While Sam, Aubs and Windle caught up on some well deserved rest after their recruiting efforts the previous night, Phil tried to convince the locals that he was sitting on a Laundry Unit and not some flash piece of refuelling equipment. Young Private Glasgow seemed to only have eyes for his girlfriend (as did Stocky) so we had to write him off after only half an hour or so. Special thanks to our TF soldiers who, after a long night of "Sentry" managed to maintain a continued presence throughout the day. On reflection, it seems that although they were the ones who were up through the night, they seemed to be the only ones who didn't disappear at some stage during the day??

On a serious note, the reaction from the people did nothing but justify the entire trip. The Army display was, without a

doubt, one of the most popular at the show. In fact, as a tribute to the Training Cell who put the display together, at the conclusion of the show we were awarded the trophy for the best display, a competition we didn't even know we had entered. It was also encouraging to see that we were attracting some serious interest from potential recruits. The only down point of the day was that although the Prime Minister visited the show, he didn't make it over to have a look at our display. Rumour had it that he had heard that 2Lt Gillies had jotted down some points on Defence spending he wanted to discuss with him, so it's not surprising really. In the end, it was a very successful outing which will hopefully be repeated many times in the future.

Once again, special thanks to Sgt Bates for the co-ordination at his end. Also to Cpl Shaw, LCpl Wells and Pte Glasgow for their assistance throughout the weekend.

3 FIELD SUPPLY COMPANY

EXERCISE TROPIC TWILIGHT 96

Waves lapped upon the sandy beach, numerous coconut trees swayed in the gentle warm breeze, SLAP, and another mosquito had achieved its mission, leaving its own reminder of where I was The Solomon Islands.

I arrived with the first chalk and had a brief overnight stay at a large covered Solomon Marae. The following morning we moved to our base camp for the next 4 weeks. There were approximately 40 pers in the first chalk and after a briefing from the Exercise CSM, WO2 Morris (RNZCT), who had arrived along with Capt Currie 5 days earlier, it was into sorting out our platoon areas. The heat took some getting used to within those first 2 days, but with the beach a mere stones throw away, any excuse was accepted to down tools and chill out. Not that some work was not done.

The work was done, and so all that was needed was the rest of the participants. They were welcomed as the Boeing was low over our Kiwi beach on its final approach with a 21 bum salute by most of the first chalk...apart from the mature ones like myself.

In all, the following pers represented the RNZAOC on this Exercise -

Capt Currie, WO2 McBride, Cpl Woods, Pte Cross, Pte Gray and myself.

Pre-deployment training was conducted first, covering -

BASIC - First Aid, RTP, Cam & Concealment, Battle Drill, Fire Control Orders and Pidgin English Intro (which took some getting use to).

For approximately the next two weeks the four to five squads within each of the four platoons were given their periods of work which covered their Civil Aid Task (CAT), TIC phase, Recreation and Duty day. I will now endeavour to explain each of these briefly...

CAT

Our task was to refurbish the Giffu Battlefield. It was a hill that was fiercely fought for between the Americans and Japanese. It consisted mainly of redigging numerous foxholes, machine gun pits and a CP Bunker, complete with OHP (using sandbags, sticks, bamboo and flax). We were assisted by two villagers who I referred to as Aubs and Ray (the similarity was unbelievable). This was to be an ongoing task even after we left, and when finished it was to be a tourist stop with all proceeds going to the village. That was not to say that it wasn't a tourist attraction already as we had a few bus loads of Japanese veterans visit and worship the Foxholes while we were there. Whilst digging we uncovered a lot of rounds, tin cans, a Japanese water bottle and a few ends of mortar shells. The mortar shells were a bit of a shock, especially when you're digging with a pick and unearth quarter of it, and you're not sure if it is still intact with the rest of the mortar. Overall, it was a very rewarding and interesting task.

TIC

This consisted of 3 days in a semi-jungle environment learning about survival, and what the jungle can offer you in the way of foods, water, medicine and shelter. This was finished off with a night in the jungle with your squad, with a mossi net, machete and your imagination. Needless

to say it was an interesting night and with that, its not recommended to live on a diet of unripe bananas for any period of time. Especially when a roll of toilet paper needs to go around 5 pers, enough said. The following day the TIC phase was finished with a traditional Solomon Motu. Very much like a hangi and the taste very similar. Of note was that one of the guys found a Dog Tag belonging to an American marine. We tried to find out if he was still alive whilst we were there but to no avail.

RECREATION

This was pre-planned by HQ Coy and was met with some very mixed reaction. One of the activities was snorkelling and scuba diving on some of the wrecks of the war. This was totally awesome to say the least, and considering that the Solomon's is ranked the 3rd best area to dive in the world, we were more than fortunate. The wreck itself was a Japanese supply ship, with the urgency to get the supplies it had ashore, the order to go full steam and ground the vessel was given and there it still lies today surrounded with abundance of tropical fish and plant life.

The other rec activity was WHITE WATER RAFTING (not). The scenery was picturesque and the chance bathe in fresh water was refreshing but the rest is better left in the Solomons. Before the rafting we were given a tour of battle fields and areas of the war which was very interesting and gave an insight of the difficulties both sides went through. Even today stock piles and scattered ammunition is being found and/or exploded, whether correctly or by accident.

DUTY

This was for a period of 24 hours and mainly involved security of the base camp and the weapons, dropping off and uplifting squads from tasks etc and anything else as directed. This was shared with another squad so individuals had the chance for pers admin, letter writing. Those who were lucky enough to drive anywhere were introduced to the Soli's way of driving, a mix between Tomo driving with a UBRE trailer, Cookie coming back from Ohakea and Tweekie driving anything. No accidents occurred, at least none were reported to HQ.

It was then on to the Field Ex. There were four separate AOs for the four platoons. The mission was to clear the AOs of dissidents and the ever popular Mussorians. This was done by Ops, Recces and by chance contacts. The jungle environment proved an interesting yet challenging change for most and a lot of new lessons were learnt. Attached to most squads were pers from the NRSF (National Recon & Surveillance Force) and they were full of interesting facts about the jungle, tracking etc and hit it with most people. The finale to the ex was a Cordon and Search with each platoon given certain specific tasks. Ours was to receive the prisoners, search and detain them whilst trying to get info on their force, missions etc. This was done very well with a lot of fun being incorporated. The enemy consisted of the OPFOR pers, people who had the easy side of the entire Ex, like the CAT Task organisers and Ex PTIs. (The people who whilst we worked, also workedon their tans.) On viewing our part of the cordon and search, some might have said we were doing a pay back. We would say that we were doing our job with the seriousness and professional approach it deserved. In all it was a valued and remembered experience. Although I cannot speak for all the platoons eh "One Shot".

CONCLUSION

A lot of people were more than keen to leave the Solomon's and get the hell home, referred to as Day Counters, who were despised by other pers including myself. Most regarded where we were, and what we were doing as a very valuable and unique experience. Sure the heat and insects took some getting used to, but with that aside anything was enjoyable and a good memory if you got yourself involved. Being able to purchase the refreshing Sol Brew beer in the warm evening proved to be an enjoyable and involved time for most.

The people especially the kids, the way of life, the food, the stories and the exercise will be a good talking point for a while yet. Tata.

Cpl R.C. Ferguson
3 Field Supply Coy
"THE MIGHTY SOUTH"

P.S.
A big kia ora to the boss and bros of the Corps at TAD. Stay hard fellas. Kia Kaha.

GLENTUNNEL AMMUNITION AREA

Greetings from the Glentunnel Ammunition Area, 3 Field Supply Company. Contrary to the rumours we are still here!! The last couple of years has been rather hectic for the small staff at this location.

Update

"Well what have you been up to?" I hear you ask. Well...

After only two months from arrival, Lt Craig Calkin managed to raise the profile of the Ammunition Area by having a security alert that ensured television coverage. Three months later he was able to alert ECNZ by activating the earthquake sensors in Twizel whilst conducting demolitions in the Tekapo training area. All in all, a good effort by one individual in a six month posting, although more like a Commander's nightmare.

Capt Fletcher was involved in the clean up of a malfunctioned airdrop of ammunition over the Tekapo training area during Exercise Salamanca in October 1995. "Never jump with a parachute supplied by the movements guys."

WO2 Lyes completed an advanced IED course in Trentham in preparation for the Commonwealth Heads of Government Meeting (CHOGM) and the Royal Visit in Nov 95.

All depot staff were involved with the Royal visit to Christchurch and CHOGM in picturesque Queenstown for a week (well the bosses did, Smithy manned the depot). Both of these tasks were in support of the NZ Police.

During February 1996, 3 Field Squadron RNZE were tasked with the reconstruction of the Traverses between the Explosive Storehouses. This task took about a month; winter will show the effectiveness of their work.

Capt Fletcher and WO2 Lyes assisted the Ammunition Wing, TTS with a 'blinds disposal' course. All depot staff and Maj Tregear (currently OC, Log Coy, 2/1 RNZIR) conducted two 'blinds disposal refresher' courses, "yet another job the school has managed to get rid of".

We have supported the US Navy, NZ Police, NZ Red Cross and the Army Recruiters by way of providing storage facilities or giving lectures and demonstrations.

As well as all of this, the workload of the Glentunnel Ammunition Area, since opening in 1991, has increased by 340% with a reduction in manning of 50%. In the 95/96 trg year the production output of this little depot was roughly half of what the Waiouru Ammunition Depot was producing, not bad with a staff of only three.

A bit off the track now, LCpl Smith was married in February 1996 and a son arrived six weeks later, all family are well.

Postings In:

Lt Craig Calkin in Dec 94 from 4 Fd Sup Coy.

LCpl A.N. Smith in Dec 94 from 21 Fd Sup Coy.

Capt Paul Fletcher in June 1995 from CATO Branch, HQ Spt Comd.

WO2 Dave Lyes in June 1995 from HQ Coy, 3 Log Regt.

Posting Out:

WO1 Dave Theyers retired from the Army in March of 1995 and is currently working in his own stationery outlet in the Edgware Village area of Christchurch, so if you need a Lotto ticket he'll be happy to sell you one. Dave, Denise and family are all well.

Lt Craig Calkin was posted to CATO Branch, HQ Spt Comd in June of 1995 (must have needed the publicity).

Current Manning:

Currently the manning of the Glentunnel Ammunition Area is:

- ATO - Capt 'Paul' Fletcher
- CAT - WO2 'Dave' Lyes
- AT - LCpl 'Aaron' Smith, and
- Supplier - Position currently not filled

Although this is all changing with the introduction of the New Zealand Logistic Regiment, as the AT position is being upgraded to a Sgt position and the vacant (since 1993) supplier position will become a civilian position.

Well that's about it from the staff of the Glentunnel Ammunition Area, we wish everyone the best and hope everyone has a smooth transition to the forming of the New Zealand Logistic Regiment.

Sua Tela Tonanti

The staff of the Glentunnel Ammunition Area.

OPERATION ANTARTICA

New Zealand Army Support Group (NZASG). First rotation October - December 1995.

The first rotation team consisting of total 14 personnel and broken down to:

- 10 Army
- 2 Airforce, and
- 2 Navy.

This was another opportunity of a lifetime that I greeted with both hands which in fact were itching to get stuck into both the

pre-deployment training and real job that was to come.

The team assembled at Burnham Camp in late September 1995. Once the introductions were made, it was down to the tasks at hand, such as, the team building (most important), and familiarisation of cargo handling.

Much of the pre-deployment training was carried out at the Deep Freeze base in Harewood. Under the guidance of Sgt "Brilly" Brill and WO2 "Spud" Murphy we were quick to learn the does and don'ts of working around aircraft as well as the many tasks involved with cargo handling. These tasks being:

- the loading and unloading of aircraft,
- driving of associated material handling,
- equipment and building of aircraft loads, including multiple pallet marriages,
- Pallet construction and techniques of load restraint,
- tensioning equipment.

We also grew accustomed to social side of the American-Kiwi way of life, for instance, by being invited to the Southern lights for a session of drink..... I mean team building which proved to be a very enjoyable night enjoyed by all.

The final two days of our pre-deployment were put aside for the ECW clothing issue and personal admin which included the change of currency, duty free shopping and some more team building. Finally the big day arrived. We were split into two groups. One group would leave today and group two would tomorrow.

I, being part of group one would travel down on the C141 Starlifter, while Group Two would travel down on the more comfortable C5 Galaxy. Never the less we were on our way. It took us 8 hours to get down to the ice and the first thing I noticed upon stepping off the aircraft was

the whiteness and the biting cold wind, thank god for our ECW clothing.

Before we knew it, we were on the vehicles heading for McMurdo Station. Upon arrival I could see why they called it Mactown. This place was just covered in buildings with roads leading here, there and everywhere. Every person from the first flight was welcomed and briefed on the layout of town, its rules and general admin.

From there, Spud gave us a guided tour of the town, this town had everything. Ten pin bowling, coffee shop, weight room with some state of art stuff such as expensive treadmill machines, rowing machines etc. Our faces lit up when we saw the 2 pubs, which were, in fact, next door to each other and 10 metres from our rooms. These and other places became more familiar to us as time went on. Especially all the other party rooms, I mean barracks, across the road.

The area that we worked from was known as Kiwi cargo which was situated on the ice runway. The aircraft worked with during our deployment were USAF C5 Galaxies and C141 Starlifters flown by the US Navy also the Air National Guard, Italian Air Force and RNZAF C130 Hercules. On occasions we were required to work in severe weather conditions with temperatures as low as minus 70 degrees Celsius.

Most of the work involved loading and unloading the aircraft as well as pallet load construction. To allow the 24 hour operation of the runway we were required to work twelve hour shifts, six days a week, including 2 weeks in every 4 on reverse cycle.

Overall, most of the work that was carried out on our deployment training was put to the test during the actual deployment and

I think everyone got something out of it whether it be work or socially.

The social side of the tour will be remembered for years to come and summed up in one word 'Awesome'. If asked to go again, I would not even hesitate.

LCpl Steve Anderson
(Horse)

SOUTHERN

Postings in/out and farewells from the unit are:

The following pers have been posted into the unit:

Capt Ruth Currie in the 4 Dec 95 as new 2IC.

WO1 Ross Fearon on the 11 Dec 95.

WO2 John McBride on the 2 Oct 95.

LCpl Sam Futi on the 15 Feb 96.

Cpl Russell Ferguson on the 20 May 96.

Pte Tim Cross on the 31 Apr 96.

We have farewelled from the unit:

Miss Marylyne Tilleys short to HQ Coy 3 Log Regt.

Capt Grant to 4 Fd Sup Coy.

SSgt Clair Leeden to the Camp Q.

Sgt Ian Rolfe to 4 O South.

Cpl J.J. King to the Army Depot.

LCpl Futi to 4 Field Supply Company.

We have farewelled from the unit to civilian life:

WO2 Barry Kearney on the 14 Nov 95 after 20 years of service.

SSgt Paul Rutledge on the 14 Aug 96 after 20 years of service.

Pte(W) Nicky Fulcher on the 31 Apr 96.

We have promoted:

WO2 Ross Fearon to WO1.
SSgt Brian Donnelly to WO2 (TF).

Cpl Joe Whakatihi to Sgt.

LCpl J.J. King to Cpl.

Pte Steve Anderson to LCpl.

Also since the last period, 3 Fd Sup Coy has been evicted from the old HQs building and relocated within the warehouse with 3 Log Regt Q Store staff.

Due to the workload, the functions within the unit have been few and far between, as well as very quiet and dignified. Corps Day was also celebrated late due to work commitments and was very successful with wives and children attending. The actual day consisted of busing to Greymouth, a couple of hours to wander round the town and then returning on the TransTasman Express.

In closing I wish to say that the big news of the year wasn't that the following people:

returned from Op Radian II in Bosnia (Sgt Joe Whakatihi and Cpl J.J. King), or

that LCpl Steve Anderson got a 3 month TOD to Antarctica, or

that WO1 Ross Fearon got a free trip to Aussie to play water sports, or

that various unit personnel attended 3 Log Regt exercises overseas since the last Pataka, but

that Sgt Joe Whakatihi appeared on television in November 1995 with Jason Gunn and Thingee. On the 30th Oct Joe got to kit out Jason and Thingee in DSS for a DAY IN THE ARMY for children's television.

TOUR OF DUTY TO BOSNIA 1995

I am Sgt Joe Whakatihi, I was one of the fortunate pers to have served on the United Nations Protection Force (UNPROFOR), Op Radian 2 to Bosnia during the period 26 Feb 95 to 1 Sept 95.

Op Radian 2, this would be the pinnacle of my career, all the training I have received in the NZ Army would not prepare me for the experience of working with United Nations (UN) operations. During this TOD I was posted to Bosnia as the Auto Parts NCO as part of HQ Rear Echelon.

Our HQ was situated in a UN compound called Divulje Barracks, 3 km from the Airport of Split and approximately 30 mins drive from Split. While we were in Divulje Bks, we shared the camp with French, Dutch, Italians, Swedes, and the British contingents. During this time I made quite a few acquaintances that would in time prove to be a great asset to not only those pers that worked in HQ Rear (NZ),

but to the whole of the NZ Force in Bosnia.

My job not only involved demanding Auto Supplies from NZ and the Brits for the workshop pers in Santici Camp, but also helping out with all the other trades that worked in the Rear Ech such as Q store, Move Ops and the day to day running of the HQ Orderly Room. The experience with working with the UN was made easier with the help of a Mr John Shaw who left the NZ Army Ordnance Corps back in 1990-92, a special mention about John must be said, due to the fact that he not only helped us with the supply of stores from the UN, but he also helped us locate a lot of places to obtain stores with the help of his interpreter.

A lot of my time was spent driving from Divulje Bks to Split and to the main British warehouse Dalma to uplift and check stores, this was a full on tour and without the help of certain pers, this tour would probably have been a lot of pressure. A special thanks to LCpl Allan Ward (Old Wardy) and to my compadres in arms. We not only worked long hours, but came through a lot of personnel problems, and hassles but still became quite good friends.

I could write a book on the exploits we got up to, but that would be telling, memories are only good to remember.

Cheers.

52 SUPPLY PLATOON

Cpl Langi Q Store
 LCpl Cook IC Rations
 Pte Grace Q Store

5 FORCE SUPPORT COMPANY

MOUNT WELLINGTON BARRACKS

Workers (Civilian) of the unit

Mr Ashton Civil Trade / Local Purchase
 Mrs Hale DSS
 Mrs Horne Tailoress
 Mr Hura Customer Services
 Miss Phillips Local Purchase
 Mr Read R/I Clerk

Yes I know a lot of you will be now saying where is this unit? And who does it work for and what is their role? Needless to say the small elite team that makes up this unit at times have difficulty in coming to grips with all of your queries. 52 Sup Pl is what was left after the TF element was removed from 12 Fd Sup Coy and moved across the building to form the new, but old, 15 Combat Sups Pl, 1 Log Coy. The remaining pers formed a new unit called 52 Sup Pl and has also incorporated the Q store staff and roles from 1 Log Regt and not to be out done they to move down the corridor into the "Fish Bowl" of the Mount Wellington Barracks. The manning for this elite team is

5 Force Support Company (5 FSC) consists of 51 Composite Platoon, 52 Supply Platoon and 53 Workshop Platoon and is still housed in the old FP factory at Panmure. No one is quite sure of the date for the move out of Panmure or for the sale of Papakura Camp which is still used to some extent on a daily bases i.e. accommodation and messing.

Lt Rogers Platoon Commander
 WO2 Sweeting Supply Warrant Officer
 SSgt Johnson Company Quartermaster
 SSgt Gleeson Chief Ammunition Tech
 Sgt Haami IC DSS
 Sgt Mills Ammo Section Hobsonville
 Sgt Pullen IC Q Store
 Cpl Hopa IC Local Purchase
 Cpl Jarvis Q Store/ SWOs Lacky

Corps Day this year was celebrated with 21 Fd Sup Coy and Waiouru based pers at Hamilton . A very successful weekend with a lot of friendships renewed.

5 FSC has contributed to a number of exercises over the past year in the form of "Topping Up and Rounding Out" with the entire unit assisting 21 FSC over Exercise ANZAC Cove, an exercise with less said about the better as far as the players were concerned. Thanks to the members from Trentham who assisted us in assisting 21 FSC!

5 FSC recently took part in adventure training which will be covered by Cpl Hopa now

ADVENTURE TRAINING 1996

The Groups

Group 1: The Babes

Pru "Trust me I know where I'm going"

Hopa

Quirina "Look at my knees, they're covered in bruises" Parry

Tash "Pictionary queen" Kessler

Manaia "I know I'm pregnant - leave me alone" Peters

Tehuna "Hurry up - let's go" Fahey

Group 2: The Suspects

Mike "Martini or matinee?" Diamond

Rick " Pictionary cheat" Tawhiri

Ray " Just go hard out man" Lindsay

Kerry "That's my bag - yeah the heaviest one" Allan

Jason "What?" Redwood

Terry "I'm driving this bus so shut up"

Blair

Brad "Let's go into town"! Alves

Group 3: The Moaners

Leon "I'm going for a run" Wirihana

The rest of the guys

Bikini's, Sun Block, Moisturiser, NIKE Cap, Sunnies....oh and a soft pillow and sleeping bag.....Hope I haven't forgotten anything. Yep - I'm ready. " See ya kids, play hard and be good to your father! Back in a week".

As I cruise along the North Western motorway in Auckland the thought of leaving this bumper to bumper traffic for glorious Sun, Surf and Sand - Oh yeah, Adventure Training 1996 here I come!! Fortunately I happened to be the only one from 52 Sup Pl who is lucky enough to adventure.

"Load the bus boys, let's get outta here", the order of the day as everyone loads their gear - (some more than others - Quirina " I had to bring the kitchen sink guys" Parry not to mention Kerry Allan) - onto the bus outside Mt Wgtn Bks.

1300 - Finally, heading towards Rotorua. It is Tuesday the 15th of October and not a cloud in the sky. What a way to start the week. 5 Force Support Company out - Civi Mode in.

1440 - Whew! Smell that sweet smell of Thermal Nature as we absorb the air while unloading the bus into Rotorua Army Hall. Sgt Walter Dewes greets us with that massive smile of his and gives us a quick brief on what the haps is. Basically, be cool, have fun, enjoy and just relax. I couldn't have put it better myself!

Early evening took us to the Polynesian Hot Pools. It was certainly one way we didn't mind working up a sweat. Once we'd relaxed up a sweat Leon "Follow me, I'm from here" Wirihana took us to the local ice-cream parlour. The click of cans, the boot of the sounds and the chatter began back at the bar of the Army Hall.

Day 1: A late night for some saw the rise of Wednesday morning not so sweet. The rest of us rose with thoughts of mountain biking, tramping and kayaking. There were 17 of us put into 3 groups. Five babes in one and the rest of the guys in 2 groups. One group would do mountain biking, one kayaking and the other tramping and a sort of round robin system each day.

We managed to get on kayaking first and whilst the truck was been loaded with all equipment the posing & clicking of cameras has already started.

A scenic drive took us to the beautiful Lake Tarawera. Once unloading was completed the intro lesson from Walter commenced. "And should you fall in, do this...." *Fall in?* Who said anything about falling in? Oh no; maybe I don't want to do this after all?... Suddenly the beautiful Lake looked like an evil ocean of water just waiting to swallow me whole! "Let's go".... What - no practice kayak first? Suddenly my life flashed past my eyes. "Don't worry, we'll have a practice kayak first so you can get used to it"... Yes! Oh way to go Walter - you're onto it. After mastering the art of kayaking it didn't seem to be too bad at all. "Well girls I'm ready - how about you"? After a scoff of the best cut lunch I've tasted we were cruising the Lake which once again looked beautiful. About 1.5kms later we stopped at a small sandy beach where the girls had an hour break while Walter and I carried on to Hot Water Beach on the dinghy to offload equipment for the next group - that was another 8 kms away. Once we were back on land we headed back to our new accommodation - the Shearer's Quarters outback of Rotorua. It wasn't the Sheraton Hotel but it had a shower!

Day 2 - Once again the boss turned on a beaut day for us. Today we mountain bike the forestry trails. Dean Aitken lead the way....
 "We'll stop at this small motorcross track just so you can get used to the bikes and there's a few rules when biking"... Rules? Hey, I know how to ride a bike - how hard can it be? Great - wouldn't you know it - I must've grabbed Leon (6 ft tall) Wirihana's bike - the pedals looked further away than the ground itself! After much screwdriving and wrenching the seats to our heights we were ready. Since there were only 3 bikes we shared turns to go hooning up and down the track. When the confidence was gained on the bikes and the track we headed out to the "real" thing.

Getting used to changing gears on the hilly bits was becoming a bit of a job on the first Mountain Bike Trail however before too long we seemed to get the hang of it. You may think Mountain Biking is easy but there is a little bit of skill involved. With the changing of gears, braking the rear brakes before the front ones, sitting as far to the back of the seat as possible when going down the *vertical* parts and controlling the bike in general takes a bit of concentration. When going at a rabbit pace you tend to forget and end up either walking the bike or kissing the ground - which I did a lot of! The first trail was 4 kms, the second 6kms. On the second one it was a race to see who could fall off the bike the best. Way to go Q - top of the list - came out with a beaut scar. But I had the worst fall - I found out what it was like to somersault with a bike only the landing resulted in a probable score of zero. With Tash & Dean helping me up and wiping the dirt off my back - thank god for bike helmets! - we finished the trail in 40 mins. Not bad for amateurs. There were a few limping babes after that lot but we still managed an awesome game of Pictionary that night with a few ales - way to take it out Dean, Tash, Terry and me (of course).

Day 3 - The sun just looks better every day... Probably our hardest day ahead - Tramping the great Mt Tarawera. As the guys gave us their version of encouragement - "Have a nice walk girls - don't get lost" or "Don't forget your Rat Pack - you may need it"! Thanks guys. With cheerful spirits and our cut lunches we set off, oh yeah, better not forget the map!

A game of eye spy saw the time go a little faster but the gradients seemed to be getting steeper and steeper and the corners tighter and tighter. We finally made it to the top and the views were worth the walk. A bite to eat, a cigarette

for some, more poses for the camera and we were off back down the mountain. Walking, walking, and more walking..... Hmmm - I better check the map but I won't say anything if I don't need to. "Where are we going Pru"? "Are we going the right way Pru"? Why all of a sudden am I the one who should know where we're going? "Don't worry girls - trust me" - the only response I knew without setting panic or fear in! Okay, so we took a small detour and I'm sure if we go this way we'll get back on track. After a bit of discussion with the rest of the group we were back into it. Reaching our destination after a tiresome walk we were glad to get to Hot Water Beach and made it in time with Walter pulling up in his dinghy. "Hey girls - how was it"? Don't ask! He pulled out a casket of wine and some plastic glasses and with a smile "I knew you'd be feeling a little bit tired so have a glass and relax in the sun"... Gee, will some-one give that man a medal!! Sun soaked, wine soaked, camera soaked and hot water all around us - an excellent way to finish a long, beautiful walk.

It is Friday - our last night in Rotorua. I guess the next thing on the agenda is to take a look at the night life in this city. We started off at the Army Hall where they had a DJ playing - he should've got the sack - and by the wee, small hours we entered Rotorua's night life with a bang! 0530 - God, forbid, where did the time go.

"Good Morning everyone - let's go. We have one more activity to go - SLEDGING" Go by yourself Dean "At least I never went out last night" Aitken. Self inflicted I managed to drag myself up and organise my gear to be loaded onto the bus - Wwhhooaa, head is spinning. All dressed in our wetsuits we headed towards Rangataiki River, Murupara. A classy Frenchman gave us a quick intro to sledging - head is still spinning - and

the game pers went down the bigger rapids first while the three of us left met up with them further down. After hesitating to get into the ice cold river, the rapids came thick and fast and I had no time to nurse my spinning head. It was a devil of an experience....

Motorways, traffic lights, tooting horns - we must be back in Auckland. After the "See-ya's, and good-bye's" it was time to go home and share the awe-inspiring, fearful, exceptional experience to the family. What a buzz. Look forward to Adventure Training 1997.

15 COMBAT SUPPLIES PLATOON

PATAKA CONTRIBUTION

TITLED: 15 COMBAT SUPS SPITTOON -

THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE DOWNRIGHT UGLY.

In the beginning (mid 94) we were few. But times have changed and many innocent civilians fell into the clutches of the evil Dr Recruiting NCO and the sinister Mr Training NCO, thereby forfeiting their souls to the whims and fancies of those that led, by a fortuitous twist of fate casting their lot with the lost and forgotten members of an ancient order.

And so time went by swiftly. Training became more interesting and intense. Soldiers went on courses, some were promoted like Cpl 'Baza' Samu to 2Lt, L/Cpl Taku Neha to Cpl, Pte Todd Brooks to L/Cpl, Pte 'Cummy-Dunny' to L/Cpl, and Pte Vince Layton to L/Cpl. Of course, many unwary soldiers fell ill of the evil Dr Recruiting NCO and sinister Mr Training NCO and were banished from

the land of happy smiley faces, first being spanked in a severe and forthright manner and sent to spend the rest of their undeserving days (may they be short) with the remainder of the great unwashed. They are the Untouchables, whose names are spoken only on pain of death!

O Yea, times have changed. We were a band of about 45, most of whom were discharged painfully leaving a core of seasoned and motivated veterans who took pride in the shape of the new unit and saw fit to jump in boots and all and give Harry Hun trousers down and six of the best! And those veterans (whose names will be forever spoken in awe - The Immortals known simply as Lt 'Debs/Plod' Dench, 2Lt 'Wanna-by-a-sellfone/Gota-c-thawarryers-game/Cucumber Sandwich' Baza Samu, S/Sgt Terry 'Great Outdoors' Brown, Sgt Adrian 'Ivegotabigfatmustache' Martin, Cpl Jimmy 'Leave me alone Taku' Waaka, Cpl Taku 'Choice - fresh meat (recruits)' Neha, L/Cpl Cameron 'Petrolhead' Dunn, and of course the split personalities of the evil Dr Recruiting NCO & the sinister Mr Training NCO encompassed within Sgt Richard 'Rich/You Great Unholy Enslaver of Righteous Evil' Plas as the Cadre NCO) have worked tirelessly and unceasingly in their efforts to brain-wash all into the doctrine of the new unit. This passage of time, known to all who survived it as the Years of Tribulation, Great Fortitude and Determination, did produce a unit consisting of 2 Officers, 3 SNCOs, 6 JNCOs and 20 Privates.

And we have become 'Known By Our Actions' already, as proven capably by increasing attendance ratings at AFEs, by the quality of our soldiers attached to our parent unit of old - 21 Fd Sup Coy (known in the inner circle of The Immortals as Sodom and Gomorra), and by the happy smiley faces of all who

leave our sanctum replete in the knowledge of our girded loins being ever ready for the fray, and that we fight evil, slackness, ineptitude, corruption and stupidity in a tireless manner!! Yes peasants, though we are less of number we are stronger of constitution and the TF Efficiency rating has gone from 23% to 86% at the last Annual Numbering Event.

And it has come to pass that we were cast out of the fold, through no fault or sin of our own, and placed in a den of evil with the likes of other Corps to whom the word Service is a mere fable. We were forced to partake in sacrilegious ceremonies and extremely rude activities and found that things weren't so bad after all, in fact they have been getting better all the time. It is fair to say, indeed, that the animal known as 1 Logistics Company which embodies the TF elements of Ordnance, Transport and Workshops, is a healthy animal which shows great promise for the future.

Upon that note of happy bumbling simplicity I must bid all a fond farewell, and trust to the outrageous winds of fortune that unit which has become all for my own humble aspirations and hallucinations, and pass to another arena in which to play life's sports.

R.W. PLAS

Sgt

Cadre NCO (AKA the evil Dr Recruiting NCO & the sinister Mr Training NCO, Giver and Taker Of All, He Who Sees All, Him Who's Evil Knows No Bounds and The Grand Purveyance Of Perversities).

5 SIGNAL SQUADRON

TECH WKSP STORES SECTION

possible relocation of 5 FSC to Hobsonville, and Land Force Command to Whenuapai.

by Sgt. Steve Tait

Life at Club Hobsonville, 5 Signal Squadron goes on at its leisurely seaside pace. Unfortunately some of us have to earn our living and we've been busy training and exercising. Here's a brief outline of what's been going on recently.

December 95 - Squadron deploys to a beach near Coromandel for Adventure Training. Brilliant weather and we had a great week Sea Kayaking, Mountain Biking and Abseiling.

January 96 - Squadron deploys to Dargaville Race Course for Annual Field Ex. Very hot weather and the Troops kept busy hooning around Northland practicing their various procedures and breaking their radios. The Wksp was kept busy keeping the equipment going.

May 96 - Fletcher Marathon Rotorua, a quick lap around the lake, then party at various hot pools, pubs and the Army Motel.

June 96 - Various Cross Country Races including a win at the Army Champs held in conjunction with the Inter Service Cross Country, Woodbourne.

September 96 - Manning Mt Eden Prison during strike, bit of an eye opener but quite interesting for a couple of weeks.

5 Signal Squadron is always busy with commitments to various UN missions, exercises and courses.

In the future we are looking forward to changes with the formation of the Logistic Regiment, Trade Changes,

1ST NZ Special Air Service Gp

Ammunition Storeman

Support Squadron
Hobsonville
Base Auckland

It's 0315 hours Sunday 18 July and the pager has just gone off. You ring into the unit and they tell you that it's a callout and you have to come in. You have to report to work with all the keys and access cards needed to do your job. Your wife just rolls over as you say you've got to go and don't know when you'll be back or where you are going.

That's reality of being in a unit dedicated to specialist tasks within New Zealand and in all other areas of operations that involve our country.

My name is LCpl Willie Cronin, I am employed primarily as the 1 NZSAS Gp Ammunition Storeman but also have the dual role of working as part of the Q Store team doing pretty much the same jobs as the other storemen when the need arises.

In my capacity as the ammunition storeman I deal directly with Sgt Mills who is the ammo tech for the Northern Area and is based here at Hobsonville with the Air Force in their ESIS Bomb Dump. The roll I play in the unit is an important one because if I can't provide the necessary ammunition when it is required then it can have a direct effect on the way that this unit handles its training and operational capabilities.

To make things simple I have broken my job into 6 main areas, these are as follows:

Store

Ammunition that is required to be used by the unit in a set period needs to be stored so that it is readily available, to that end we have our own ammo store within the ESIS Bomb Dump.

Maintain

We have a holding of certain types of specialist and normal ammunition that needs to be maintained at a certain level. Therefore, I have to demand the amount that I need to maintain that level and also any amount that needs to be ordered to cover issues.

Rotate

All older lots of ammo must be used before new lots and unserviceable ammo needs to be replaced with serviceable lots. The exception to this rule is that all operational ammo must be the same lots and old lots cannot be used.

Issue

An ammo demand comes in, the ammo is set aside and when the time comes it is issued to the teams as required, also the ammo MD 201s are raised when the ammo is expended.

Receipt

All demands placed on Northern ammo are issued to us and the receipt for that ammo is then done by me and stored in accordance with the demand it was raised for.

Stocktake Monthly stocktakes are to be done of selected types of ammo and is usually only one page at a time. At certain times though 100% stocktakes are required to be carried out of all ammo held by the unit, including that which is on exercise or pending action.

This is a basic overview of the specific jobs that I or anyone else is required to do while posted as the ammo storeman for this unit. Also to be noted, the person filling this position is on call 24 hours a day, 7 days a week except when they are on leave, course, or sick. When coming to this unit you must ensure that you are physically fit, or failing that you will end up fit after being here for a very short time.

That's all I have as I will shortly be leaving the Army for better and brighter things. This posting has been one of the best highlights of my military career and I would recommend anyone who likes to keep fit and enjoys working in a close knit unit should apply for a position here. The job at times can be demanding but the rewards can be just as good.

Keep the faith, tradition and honour of the Royal New Zealand Army Ordnance Corps alive as you change over to the Royal New Zealand Army Logistic Regiment.

LCpl Willie Cronin
Ammo Storeman
1 NZSAS Gp

TRADE TRAINING SCHOOL

AMMUNITION WING

Greetings from the Ammunition Wing, TTS. The time has come to put pen to paper for the final RNZAOC Pataka magazine.

Firstly, who's left at the wing you may ask? Following the departure last December of Maj Wayne Boustridge and Sgt Stu Beckman, that left WO1 Lindsay Davidson and Sgt Matt Dyson to run the fort and, of course, move offices again.

If you're visiting Trentham and for some ungodly reason want to find us, we are now fully entrenched in the old RNZE BD Troop building /compound. The last act of defiance was the removal of the Wing sign from the old wing office/Training Aid store (TAS) building.



Photo 1.

The main classroom and now re-established TAS are in the same building as the TTS Orderly room.



Photo 2

May/June this year not only saw the forcible removal of ourselves, but also the Supply/Quartermaster wings found new homes in old relocated buildings. The old HQ RNZAOC School, Wesseldine room, Sup/Q offices, Ammo & Sup/Q classrooms and computer room all upped sticks (literally) and parts thereof were either relocated or removed from camp

Photo 2 shows the Wesseldine room separated from the Ammo classroom with the CI looking on with interest.

Photo 3 shows the Old HQ/Sup/Q offices getting prepared for removal from camp.

As for courses, well, we are currently running a Junior Ammo Tech Cse which started on 15 Jul and will finish on 13 Dec, 5 months of fun you ask yourself. The two students, Cpl Dennis Wanihi and



Photo shows part of the display before the crowds.

Well that's about it from here, I urge you all to look to the future and accept the change to the Logistics Regiment, but also remember the past and Esprit De Corps and at all times "Keep Your Powder Dry"

L.G. Davidson
WO1
WSM(A)

Photo 3

Lcpl Simon Thorpe still have their sense of humor and haven't developed writers cramp yet. We are still waiting to hear from AGS whether the JAT & SAT training will be conducted at the RAAOC Centre, Bandiana in future.

A very successful Trentham Camp open day was conducted on Sat 30 August. The wing had a very popular display with EOD, IED and conventional ammo displays along with a live IED disposal conducted on the parade ground in front of about 3000 spectators. A popular hands on activity was driving the old Mk7 Wheelbarrow around a short slalom circuit. This was very popular with the kids and Lcpl Thorpe.



Photo 4

Supply / Quartermaster Wing

Trade Trekking School

Ensigns log stardate 200696 S2 Hape reporting.....

Since our last encounter (301094)I have undertaken the duty to inform the supply galaxy of what's been hap'ning on the Starship **TTS Sup / Q Endeavour**. With the ownership of the TTS Sup / Q Endeavour, were the adoptions of ensigns (WO2) Ridley (Gary), (SSgt) Lawrence (Red), and (SSgt) Milliken (Spike). The following mates have been beamed to various places:

Ensign (Lt) **Curry** to OC (Capt) 3 Fd Sup Coy.
 Ensign (SSgt) **Corke** to QA, 5 Log Regt .
 Ensign (Sgt) **Lawrence** to Recruiting in Taranaki.
 Ensign (Sgt) **Duffy** to Customer Services, 5 Log Regt.

Live long and prosper.....

Exiled from the planet Linton, and undergoing a fusion transformation on the Endeavour is:

Ensign (Sgt) Windleburn (Lance).

Where no person has been before.....

As we are well aware, we are experiencing changes for the future and for the better, although there will be the need for small adjustments along the way. Our input into the change is the updating and development of our future training via combined supply and quartermaster residential courses, also working with the other Logistic Corps using training or exercises in order to

utilise the available equipment, and the implementation of Job books which will be the suppliers first initiation into his / her career beginning at the end of 1996 (*at this stage*).

Courses have ventured into our sphere with the majority of personnel qualifying (*It must have been a lapse on our part*), however well done to all of you. To say the least we have enjoyed the company of you all, whether your visit was purely social or stress orientated. For the Log record, the following have been duly noted for their hard earned efforts:

LCpl C.A Wallace RNZIR
 Top Student Jnr Stmn Course Jul / Aug 95

Cpl D. Wanahi and Cpl P. Comer for Joint Top Students of the RNZAOC Section Commanders Course 1995

Sgt B.A. Marsh for completing the Supply Supervisors (where's my diary?)

Cpl Nicol QAMR
 Top student for Jnr Stmn Course 96

Pte Edwards 5 Log Regt and Pte Baker
 21 Fd Sup Coy Joint Top Students RNZAOC Basic Corps Trg June 28 - July 22 1996

Pte Drylie and Pte Haami
 Joint Top students 21 Fd Sup Coy RNZAOC Basic Corps Trg 22 July - 15 Aug 1996

In case you are unaware, we have been jettisoned across the milky way and are now located on the north end of the Trade Training School Compound.

The Starships latest voyage Stardate Jun 96.....

Sua Tela Tonanti

Our latest voyage was a mission of no return. An away team of ensigns, Lawrence, Milliken, Read, Haami, and Windleburn were dispatched from the wing to the planet Whitianga to capture and return the Fusion Integrated Ships Hollowdeck(**FISH**) and to carry out a study of the planets natives within the dwelling of the Politically Underrated Busybodies Section (**PUBS**). To the crews credit, the mission was a success with a better understanding of the natives and the FISH returned. Many thanks to their contact Mr Milliken Senior, who assisted in their mission and the confirmation of the one that got away.

Well, who's flying this beast?. At best it could be said that it has a self drive mode implanted in its hard drive warping through unchartered XL screens, however this has been with the careful guidance of its incumbent ships captain and his commander, where we have ventured through to the unknown and challenging star system with no problems. The latest roll call on the bridge is as follows:

Ships Captain and Senior Instructor WO2 Gary **Ridley** destined for RQMS 16 Fd Regt Waiouru and replaced by Capt Phil **Gardyne**
 Commander and Wing Sergeant Major WO2 Jose **Cooper**
 Ensign SSgt Tau **Hape**
 Ensign SSgt Red **Lawrence**
 Ensign SSgt Spike **Milliken**
 Ensign SSgt Terry **Read**
 Ensign Sgt Brent **Haami**
 Ensign Sgt Lance **Windleburn**
 Science Officer and Training Development Warrant Officer WO2 Locky **Cameron**



As holders of RNZAOC Corps History, Friday the 12th July 1996 will see the end of a stardate, and the oncoming 4th December 1996 will reboot with a new history and possibly, the largest Logistic Corps known in NZ History (**but, not as we know it**),..... no doubt we'll see you in the millennium.

'Til whence our Space Shuttles cross, and there is natural light in our star system, may we grow in knowledge, wisdom and maintain the will to do good.

.....**make it so**..... Ensigns log
OUT.

HEADQUARTERS 2ND LAND FORCE GROUP

ORDNANCE LIAISON WARRANT OFFICER

Hi there from bull**** castle, well that's not what I call it, but many units do, no really, it's HQ 2LFG. This article may be a first for this unit, so as the OLWO (no, not old lazy Warrant Officer) or Asst S4 Services, I thought I'd contribute an article.

Since my short time posted here (approximately three years), I've been quite involved in not only learning what one does in this position and carrying out those duties, but also in carrying out the following activities:

- a. Co-ordinating the collection of equipment for NZFOR UNPROFOR deployment to Bosnia. Preparation of the in-survey documentation for the United Nations and assisting in the loading of equipment on the ship, and dispatching of documents to Bosnia.
- b. Providing advice to 2LFG units on Combat Service Support (CSS) supply matters.
- c. Advising units on entitlement for supply equipment.
- d. Advising the S4 of supply deficiencies that may effect the operational outputs or capabilities of 2 LFG/7 (NZ) Brigade units, and
- e. Ensuring the implementation of logistic policy and accounting procedures as directed by this Headquarters or Command Headquarters are actioned by units.

Major Johnson is the only other Ordnance representative within the Headquarters, he has been employed as

the S4 since arriving in Dec 95. In this position he provides the Commander 2 LFG with advice on CSS matters as they affect 2 LFG. He also provides advice on the management of 2 LFG CSS resources and assets. He actions CSS planning for 2 LFG operations and exercises. Finally, he implements CSS policy as directed by the Commander.

HQ 2LFG is the peace time name given to the Headquarters, 7(NZ) Brigade. Since the demise of Operation Radian III, the Headquarters has been involved in a number of major exercises, the following is a breakdown of activities during a typical training year:

- a. Silver Cobra (Singapore) or Kiwi Cobra (New Zealand) usually held in Dec.
- b. AFE 27 Jan - 4 Feb 96,
- c. Silicon Safari (Australia) 24 Mar - 2 Apr 96,
- d. Black Diamond (Waiouru) 26 Apr - May 96,
- e. Tropic Dusk (Fiji) 1-21 Jul 96,
- f. Swift Eagle (Australia) 21 Aug - 11 Sep 96,
- g. Silicon Kiwi 21-29 Sep 96

So, if you are a SSgt/Warrant Officer or a Senior Capt/Major and have a keen interest in the implementation of policies and CSS matters, forward your AFNZ 49 to your unit commander and hopefully you'll be lucky enough to be posted to the only operational Headquarters in the New Zealand Army.

Before I finish this article, I would like to express my thanks to 5 Logistic Regiment and its staff for the assistance provided over the period of Operation Radian and during my posting here. I would also like to express my thanks to the 2 LFG units for their support.

I myself am posted to Waiouru in Dec 96, however, Major Johnson has volunteered

to remain here a little longer. WO2 Tombleson is posted in Dec 96 as my replacement.

SUA TELA TONANTI

WO2 BLAIR GAWLER

RNZAOC RUGBY

The final chapter of Inter-Corps RNZAOC Rugby was played in 1995 after many years of minor success and near misses. Given the Corps strength of RNZAOC, the depth of good rugby players has always been strong. We may have been the smallest Corps in numbers, but we were never lacking in team spirit and commitment. This was never more evident when the Inter-Regional tournaments were being played, both on the rugby field and in recent years the netball court.

There have been many memorable moments during Corps rugby tournaments both on and off the field. Without a doubt many of us can recollect an enjoyable and disappointing moment or two. The competitiveness for Brigadier Andrews trophy has always been strong, which has been reflected in the efforts displayed by all Corps regions over the years.

The efforts of the soldiers and civilians in the Wellington area who have hosted the tournaments each year deserve special recognition. As without these workers and organisers behind the scenes, the battles would never be fought. They always ensured the teams were well looked after and made the competitions a huge success.

The achievements of the Corps players who turned out for the Ten's tournament in Waiouru, also warrants mention. Over the last three years they have made the final's, only to miss the final hurdle. A credible effort against teams from all Corps. Especially the commitment from a

couple of players this year to choose to play in this tournament over their selection in higher representative teams.

Over the years Corps Rugby has been served well by its management committee, of worthy note must be the recent chairmen. Maj Govan, Maj Weeds and Capt Gray who each have played an important role. Special thanks also on behalf of the players to Col Campbell who has also been a very supportive of Corps Rugby. His incentives to achieve another overseas tour was appreciated, but unfortunately the end desired results were not.

What would be an article on rugby be without knowing Col Gardiner, the man who must have joined the Army to play rugby. Over the many years he has been a dedicated Corps player, supporter, administrator and player again. Through his efforts and other unit commanders in allowing their soldiers the time to train and play in the tournaments, the Corps has benefited. Especially the other soldiers of the Corps who did not play rugby, but gave their support to their comrades by maintaining units work commitments.

Finally thanks to Clarkie for his recent efforts as manager, hopefully you have finally learnt something about the game. On behalf of all coaches of the Corps Rugby teams, special thanks to all the players from the "FRC" to the reserves who have represented the RNZAOC Rugby Team. The honour behind playing for the Corps has always been upheld over the years by every player.

Tony Harding
RNZAOC Coach 1995

**RNZAOC RUGBY MANAGERS
REPORT**

by SSgt R.T. Clarke

Linton Rugby Club Sevens

The 95/96 season started with a 7's competition at Linton on 20 Jan 96. The tournament was run by the Linton Rugby Club, and was a first for both the club, and the Corps team. The tournament started with three preliminary games for each team in the four pools, all of which we lost, but only once convincingly.

This placed us in the Plate championship once the seedings were worked out. In the Plate championship we had a bye (we won), so we were in the semi-final. The semi was against Wksps No 2 team (we won) which put us into the final.

The final was against 1RNZIR, who had beaten us by 3 points in the preliminary games. We started the scoring with a converted try, then did it again. 14-0 at half time. The second half saw 1RNZIR score a try (unconverted), and then again. 14-10 with a couple of minutes left. In the final minute 1RNZIR scored again and this time converted it. The final whistle was blown almost immediately.

We therefore finished a credible second in the Plate championship, but at least two Infantryman will remember the game for a while.

A tournament in its infancy, which holds a promise for the future.

Waiouru Tens

The next tournament was the Waiouru Rugby Club 10's held over the period 15-17 Mar 96 which, funnily enough, was held in Waiouru. This was the second year that the Corps team had attended, and we hoped to earn a better placing than the second that we achieved last year.

We had five games in the initial round. One was a bye (we won) and two other teams failed to show. Of the two games where we had an opposition, the first was against Huia (we won 24-17) and the second was against QAMR (we won 15-12, and they won't ever call a loggie team pogues again). We did have another game against the Barbarians after they eventually turned up from Linton on the Sunday, but the organisers had already credited us with a win and we only went out there to try the moves out (we won 12-5)

Our unbeaten record put us in the cup knockout competition.

The semi-final saw us pitted against 16 Fd Regt, who we had lost to in the final last year. If anyone had said this was a grudge match I would have called them a liar, however the team went onto the field with only one thought in mind. A win. We did (17-15) but it was a nail biting final couple of minutes for those of us on the sidelines.

The final was therefore an all loggie affair between us and Transport. We held them off 15-0 until the half, but I think the guys were spent by then. It didn't seem to matter how much they

chased or the offensive efforts they tried, CT's youngsters just seemed able to sidestep us and score. A well deserved win to CT (41-15).

The Future

This years inter-corps tournament as well as the future inter-corps tournaments have basically been cancelled due to the move to unit based sports.

Last year we finally saw an (unofficial) inter-corps netball competition, which won tremendous support and approval from the spectators. I would urge all who are involved in the command chains to remember that an inter-corps sports match/game was not just about rugby or netball, but it included the promotion of esprit-de-corps, and inter-corps rivalry and respect. I certainly hope that that attitude continues with the unit based sports fixtures, and that those fixtures are expanded to include other sports.

I would like to finish by thanking all who have been involved in the Rugby Team, in the past. This especially includes the pers who filled the gap for players and officials away from the work face for those few days a year. The pride and esprit-de-corps that has been raised has seen other major corps personnel regarding us quite jealously. The inter-corps rivalry has continued to grow, especially between the loggie teams, but now includes the gunners, tankies and grunts, and with it, so has the inter-corps respect.

ARTICLES FROM PAST ISSUES OF PATAKA

The articles that follow are extracts from past Pataka magazines. The first item is the complete first edition of the RNZAOC newsletter. This is followed by the submission made to name the newsletter the Pataka.

ARMY HQ

October 1968

ORD

Distribution below

RNZAOC NEWSLETTER NO. 1

Introduction

1. It is the intention of DOS that a newsletter containing information about activities in the RNZAOC be published on a quarterly or more frequent basis.

2. Information contained in the newsletter will usually be of a general nature as the aim of its distribution is to keep members of the Corps, particularly those serving overseas, 'up-to-date' on Corps matters.

3. Initially the subjects covered are to be:

- a. Organisation and Staffing.
- b. Training.

c. RNZAOC major procedure changes.

d. Miscellaneous matters of general interest.

4. Recipients of the newsletter are invited to contribute to it or to make suggestions as to improving its scope, content or format.

Organisation and Staffing

5. Ord Directorate

a. Lt Col J. Harvey, MBE has retired and was replaced by Lt Col G.J.H. Atkinson, MBE.

b. Maj W.B. Robson, RAAOC, has been appointed Special Projects Officer to the Directorate and Maj R.G.H. Golightly has been appointed DDOS.

c. Capt M.D. Hunt has taken over command of 1 COD and the new SC Ord is Capt R.L. Cross.

6. The DODs You may have wondered: "What was that '1 COD' bit in the preceding paragraph". As from 1 Oct 68 the DODs became Central Ordnance Depot, 1 at Ngaruawahia, 2 at Linton and 3 at Burnham, with MOD also being renamed 1 Base Ordnance Depot. Establishments for these units are currently being reviewed.

7. 1 OFP New located at Ngaruawahia, taking 2Lt M.F. Newnham Sgt Behague M.D. and some others of its staff with it.

8. 3 CFP Was relocated to Burnham.

9. 1 Comp Ord Coy This unit has concentrated in the Mangaroa/Trentham area with 4 Ammo PI at Mako Mako and 6 Bath PI at Burnham. Ssgt A.P. Bezar has been commissioned and is now their O i/c PC and A.

10. DPD Capt J.S. Bolton has replaced Maj Golightly as DADPD (Distribution and Disposals).

11. NMD Maj H.P. White has retired and was replaced as DADOS by Capt C.R. Duggan.

12. OMD Maj A.J. Campbell from NDOD is the new DADOS.

13. Overseas Lt J.B. Finnerty has replaced Lt T.D. McBeth at 2 Advanced Ordnance Depot, Vung Tau. Also there are Ssgt Staniford R.H., Sgt Todd D.S. and Cpl Miller P.R.

Training

14. RNZAOC School Activity at the Corps School continues at its usual hectic pace. The programme has recently included Star Courses, NZ Corps Trg, a Lt to Capt Promotion Course with participation by two Malaysian officers and attachments to the RAO School and various UK Depots by WO1 A. Wesseldine whilst in Britain on leave.

15. Field Force Units These are preparing for this year's Formation Exercises and are continuing training in their new locations.

RNZAOC Procedures

16. Symposiums The RNZAOC School has been host to three symposiums this year which have produced the basis for some of our new DOS Procedure Instructions. They covered Stores Section Procedures in July, ADP Accounting Procedures in September and Ammunition in October. The efforts of the participants should soon be indicated by the issue of the new instructions.

17. Reorganisation Changes to Procedures The relocation of our Field Force units heralded the introduction of new systems of demand and supply of ordnance stores wherein Field Force units will mainly demand through 1 OFP and 1 Comp Ord Coy for their requirements. These units, currently working up their stocks will now have an ordnance supply role in peace time.

Miscellaneous

18. Dress Members of the Corps have rejected the instruction of stable belts.

Honours and Awards

a. Capt D.R. Huges, DATO at CMD HQ, has been awarded an MID for his service with 161 Bty RNZA in SVN

b. Ssgt Anderson K.P., 1 Base Ordnance Depot, has been awarded the MSM.

Conclusion

20. In the past, members of our Corps have felt that they are not 'kept in the picture Corps-wise'. It is hoped that these Newsletters may help correct this situation but it is up to all members of the Corps to assist this project if our members are to benefit from it. If you, the individual, have suggestions, then

please forward them through Corps channels to your directorate.

21. In this inaugural issue of the RNZAOC Newsletters, the Ordnance Directorate sends greetings to all members of the Corps and extends the invitation to every one to contribute.

Cpl	Miller	2 AOD
LCpl	Moriarty	HQ NZ V Force
Pte	Murton	1RNZIR
Pte	Paki	1RNZIR
SSgt	Staniford	2 AOD
Sgt	Todd	2 AOD
Sgt	Thompson	2 AOD
Cpl	Taylor	2 AOD

Lieutenant Colonel Atkinson

36373 Ssgt M.B.Nicholson MEB
RNZAOC
1 BOD

Distribution:

NMD (8) incl JSPE and Stores Section
 CMD (6) incl JSPE and Stores Section
 SMD (4) incl " " "
 1 BOD (10)
 1 COD (8)
 2 COD (10) incl Waiouru Det
 3 COD (8)
 RNZAOC School (4)
 EDS
 1 OFP
 3 OFP
 1 Comp Ord Coy
 File
 Spare (15)

Personal Copies to:

Lt Col H. McK. Reid
 Lt Col Bishop
 Lt Col Harvey
 Maj Marchant
 Capt Burns
 RNZAOC Personnel Serving Overseas see att list.

DISTRIBUTION
OF RNZAOC NEWSLETTER NO1.

OVERSEAS

Pte	Bourne	1RNZIR
Cpl	Collier	HQ NZ V Force
Cpl	Docherty	NEWZARM
Lt	Finnerty	2 AOD
Sgt	McCormick	1RNZIR

TITLE FOR RNZAOC NEWSLETTER

1. I would like to suggest that the RNZAOC Newsletter be given a Title or Heading in place of the present plain statement of fact - or in addition to it.

2. The name or title that I suggest is:

“P A T A K A”

This Maori word translates as ‘Storehouse’, and as such offers an excellent title for an Ordnance journal such as the RNZAOC Newsletter.

3. If adopted, the future newsletters could be headed:

“P A T A K A”
NEWSLETTER NO ** OF THE RNZAOC

4. Purists may argue that that a Pataka was primarily a building for storing food and perishing and as such belongs more properly to our friends in the RNZASC. However, the work “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 UK - in which event the title will be even more appropriate.

5. Subject to your approval, could this suggestion be forwarded for consideration please in terms of para 4 of Letter No. 1.

Ssgt M.B.Nicholuson

the hell's that, MD 310 eh, 79615 - come again sir.

You mean to say sir, that to order a pair of pliers from 1 BOD I have to start a procedure using all the sheets of paper that my desk would accommodate?

I never thought it would be like this, but determination always wins through and I'll try my damn hardest to pass this course especially because I got myself into it in the first place. The main two words that I will never forget are "PAPER WAR" - now I know there is such a thing.

Pte A.J. Weston

Pataka, 1973

And an impression from one of our TFV.

WHAT THE ????????

This was the question I asked myself when I joined the National Servicemen or TFV in Basic Training at Burnham. Understanding the principles of fighting - How to fire and clean rifles and guns - no sweat.

My final destination was to go into Corps Training at the RNZAOC which seemed fairly straight forward - just the every day maintenance of stores - not much to do. 3 OFP seemed to be a little holiday camp according to my train of thought.

Alas, finishing my Basic I was forwarded to TRENTHAM to train in the RNZAOC School - seemed to look easy enough -perhaps they would teach me to dust stock on shelves and sweep floors - no such luck eh! Upon reaching Trentham Camp I was informed that I was to be barracked with my one TFV chum in a vintage barrack built about 1000BC, give or take a few thousand years.

Now off to class, HELL! I'm enrolled in a one star Regular Force course. What are all these funny numbers and papers that this chap up front is raving on about - MD 515, what

RATIONALISATION OF THE LOGISTIC SERVICES

"One change always leaves the way prepared for the introduction of another.

Machiavelli"

INTRODUCTION

1. The logistic services of the British, Australian and New Zealand Armies, evolved progressively as the organisation and equipment of the combat arms developed. Services were formed, modified and expanded as and when the need arose. It was inevitable that this process of evolution and modification would produce some overlaps and inconsistencies in the functions of the service corps.

2. New Zealand Army policy since the Second World War 1939-1945 has been to adopt organisations and doctrine compatible with that of the British Army

and since 1965, the Australian Army. However this has not as yet been extended into the fields of logistic services and systems.

3. The British and Australian Armies have both established a form of logistic Rationalisation and it is now suggested that the New Zealand Army do likewise in order to complete the policy detail in paragraph 2.

AIMS

4. The aims of this paper are to:
- a. Examine the British and Australian Armies logistical systems; and
 - b. Make recommendations regarding the rationalisation of the New Zealand logistical system with those of the British and Australian Armies.

DEFINITIONS

Logistics

5. Logistics is the science of planning and carrying out the movement and maintenance of forces. In the most comprehensive sense, those aspects of military operations which deal with:
- a. Design and development, Acquisition, Storage, Movement, Distribution, Maintenance, Evacuation and Disposition of Material.
 - b. Movement, Evacuation and Hospitalisation of personnel.
 - c. Acquisition or Construction, Maintenance, operation and disposition of facilities.

- d. Acquisition or furnishing of Services (1).

Rationalisation

6. Rationalisation is the reform by eliminating work in labour, time and materials (2).

BACKGROUND

McCleod Report

7. In March 1963 a committee under General Sir Roderick McCleod undertook a complete review of the logistic organisation. The existing basic principles were examined together with the corps system and integration of the British Army, Royal Air Force and Royal Navy.

8. The proposal of the report was that there be a functional readjustment between major corps and a resultant rationalisation of logistic functions. The report was accepted and upon implementation the Service Corps assumed certain functional responsibilities.

9. The RAOC undertook supply and accepted responsibility for the training of all arms clerks and storemen.

10. The RCT undertook transportation.

11. The REME undertook repair (3).

Hassett Report

12. In 1969-1970 the Australian Army assembled a committee to examine logistic rationalisation in that Army, this committee was chaired by Lieutenant General Hassett which made

recommendations similar to the McCleod report on rationalisation of the Army logistical tasks into three functional corps. (These are summarised in Annex A to this paper.) It should be noted that the new Directors of Transport, Supply and Electrical and Mechanical Engineers retain full Head of Corp responsibilities (4).

- Notes:**
- (1) JSP(AS) 101 (Glossary)
 - (2) The Concise Oxford Dictionary fifth edition 1974
 - (3) Report to the British Army headed by General Sir Roderick McCleod commenced March 1963
 - (4)

A Logistic Corps

13. Both committees examined the feasibility of establishing a logistic corps which assumed the command and control of all transport, supply and repair functions of the three Armed Services of each country. This was considered undesirable because of the operational roles of each Armed Service are different and therefore present different logistical requirements.

14. However with the British governments subsequent decision to reduce defence spending a further logistic rationalisation study is now underway (5).

NEW ZEALAND SITUATION

Background

15. The corps in the New Zealand Army were, in the past functionally inspired. However over the years with more specialisation, the logistical corps

have virtually become multifunctional, for example RNZASC have both transport and supply functions. (Fuel, Oil, Lubricants, Rations And Catering.)

Overseas Involvement

16. As New Zealand policy since 1965 has been to adopt policies similar to the Australian Army it follows that a knowledge of the Australian organisation is essential. Problems were encountered in the ANZUK Force setting were due mainly to, lack of compatibility.

Combined Service Consideration

17. During the Defence Reorganisation of 1970 it was recommended that Support Branch work towards common supply policies to satisfy the needs of the three Armed Services. The systems and procedures of all Army logistic corps have been and will continue to be affected by this common rationalisation. The eventual objective is that the three services would continue to command their own logistical organisations, but all would be functionally similar and under centralised policy direction. Such a concept is considered to offer the greatest scope for meeting a single service needs in full.

- Note:**
- a. Reorganisation of RAAOC Project Paper No 1
 - b. 3/21/24 (classified registry)

A LOGISTIC CORPS FOR NEW ZEALAND

Amalgamation

18. An examination of an amalgamation of the three service corps into a single Logistical Corps must include the following:

a. If a Logistic Corps organisation was adopted a sub-division by functions corresponding to the actual operational requirements of supply, transport and repair would still be necessary and the result would be:

LOGISTIC CORPS

Comd and Controlling Staff (Home Comd)

Supply Branch (RNZAOC)	Transport Branch (RNZCT)	Repair Branch (RNZEME)
------------------------	--------------------------	------------------------

- b. The present Corps system, is mainly a reflection of functions.
- c. The continuance of the Corps system enables any reorganisation to be built on the foundation of existing Corps, thereby preserving traditions of service which have been factors in creating high morale.
- d. An organisation based on function gives added cohesion by virtue of the professional and technical expertise of its members
- e. The trend towards integration of the three Services can best be served by the retention of functional Corps which can then be better filled into their own service counterparts.
- f. With the complete integration, manpower and overhead savings were not evident. (6)

Functional Rationalisation

19. The advantages to the Army in a rationalisation of Logistical functions will finally enforce a move towards function rather than amalgamation. The desire to become compatible with Australia must be of prime importance as New Zealand continues to draw doctrines and techniques that now originate from a functional corps basis. In the New Zealand context the only differences being from the smaller logistical activities.

Note: (6) Army 220/3/29/SD of 12 Aug 71

CONCLUSION

20. The McCleod and Hasset reports both examined the logistical services and concluded that any reorganisation should be based on a functional manpower. This has resulted in savings in overheads and manpower. The New Zealand Army cannot afford both economically and operationally to continue with its inefficient and incompatible organisation.

RECOMMENDATION

21. It is recommended that the New Zealand Army rationalise the existing service corps towards functional compatibility with the Australian Army organisation

Pataka Jun, 1978

THE RNZAOC REORGANISATION

Question: Rumours are widespread within the RNZAOC that a Corps reorganisation is

- planned. Can you confirm these rumours?
- Answer:** Certainly. A reorganisation has been proposed which will help to rationalise the supply chain.
- Question:** In broad terms what is involved in this reorganisation?
- Answer:** Briefly the reorganisation will involve the amalgamation of 1 COD with 1 OFP to form 1 Ordnance Company (1 Ord Coy) 3 COD with 3 OFP to form 3 Ordnance Company (3 Ord Coy) a field element being added to 2 COD to form 2 Ordnance Company (2 Ord Coy), and lastly 4 COD and 21 Sup Coy combining to form 4 Ordnance Company (4 Ord Coy).
- Question:** Where does 1 BOD fit into the proposed reorganisation?
- Answer:** 1 BOD will become 1 Base Ordnance Battalion (1 Base Ord) and will essentially become a bulk-holding unit. It will have a field element as part of its organisation and this will be known as 15 Composite Ordnance Company (15 Comp Ord Coy) and will be commanded by a major.
- Question:** What changes will this produce in relation to dependencies?
- Answer:** Dependencies will benefit considerably with the new organisation. 1 Ord Coy's dependency will be all units north of a line drawn across the middle of the North Island above Lake Taupo. 4 Ord Coy will support the Waiouru Camp area, while 2 Ord Coy will support units in the lower half of the North Island. 3 ord Coy's dependencies will be all units located in the South Island.
- Question:** Does this mean that 1 COD Veh Sub Depot at Sylvia Park and 1 COD DSG Papakura will be relocated at Ngaruawahia Camp?
- Answer:** No. Both units will remain in their present locations but will change names to 1 Ord Coy Veh Sub Depot and Direct Support Section (DSS) Papakura; they will remain as part of 1 Ord Coy. This means that for all clothing and expendables demands in the Northern region, units will demand on the DSS Papakura; demands for vehicles will go to 1 Ord Coy Veh Sub Depot.
- Question:** What happens to 1 Comp Ord Coy?
- Answer:** This unit will cease to exist in the proposed organisation as it will be absorbed into 1 Base Ord Bn in the form of 15 Comp Ord Coy.
- Question:** What units will be able to demand directly to 1 Base Ord Bn?

Answer: Obviously all four Ord Coy's will demand on 1 Base Ord Bn. Additionally 1 Base Workshop Stores Section, ATG Wksp Stores Section, and the four second line stores sections of 1,2,3 Fd Wksps and 1 Engr Wksp, and all units located in the Wellington area will demand on the Bn's DSS for clothing and expendables. QA Sqn LAD will demand on 1 Base Ord Bn for Class A vehicles only. Until the end of life of the M41, spares for that vehicle will be demanded from ATG Wksp Stores Section.

Question: Will 4 Ord Coy in Waiouru meet all demands for stores in the Waiouru Camp area?

Answer: Yes and no. All units in Waiouru will place their demands on 4 Ord Coy for all stores except Tech and MT Spares; units requiring those items will demand on 2 Ord Coy.

Question: Will this reorganisation mean a saving of manpower, possibly resulting in a need to cut positions?

Answer: No, not really. As far as RF positions are concerned a saving of seven is expected. The largest saving is in the number of TF employed in the Corps.

Question: What about the elimination of any NCO positions, or down-grading of appointments?

Answer: There will be no changes to the present rank structure.

Question: If there isn't a large saving of manpower, what then is the principal benefit of the reorganisation?

Answer: The principal benefit is the rationalisation of the supply system; additionally, there will be a reduction in the number of stocking points which will reduce time taken between demand and delivery. This will mean a cut in the quantity of stores held resulting in a saving of money for procurement and storage space, and simplifies accounting procedures. There is a rearrangement of positions which will mean that each individual's talents will be put to more 'profitable' use. When one says that there won't be a major saving of manpower, this can be misleading. As far as TF are concerned there is a large saving - 61 out of a total of 291; this means a reduction in manpower posts of 20%.

Question: What will happen on a major exercise when RNZAOC units are required to deploy?

Answer: Each Ord Coy comprises a base and field element. The field element has exactly the same role as the current OFP's; so, when Ordnance support is required the field element detaches itself and deploys

with its full complement of stock and vehicles.

Question: Are there any changes in the RNZAOC School organisation?

Answer: An additional Staff Sergeant has been included on the new establishment.

Question: There have been suggestions that the Directorate may be moving to Auckland. Is this true?

Answer: You must remember that everything that I've told you so far hasn't been formally approved, so its still at the 'planning level' only. If the proposal is accepted, but all of Home Command, to Auckland where HQ NZ Land Forces would be established.

Question: It appears that the overall Army reorganisation is in the offering - rumours naturally! Perhaps we will see three Task Forces replacing 1 and 3 Bde, and HQ LSG; if this happens, will there be any RNZAOC representation?

Answer: You are well-informed! If such an organisation is established RNZAOC representation would probably take the form of an OLWO. An OLWO is an Ordnance Liaison Warrant Officer and is a Warrant Officer Class Two. This is only a proposal, please don't accept it as fact.

Question: Of course not! Well finally, when do you think we will hear about the reorganisation?

Answer: Parts of the reorganisation are progressing now and we are looking at a target date of 1 Sep 78 for implementation. It is unlikely that we will assume the supply functions of RNZASC until somewhere around mid-1979. Well I'm sorry but that is all I can tell you at this stage, but I trust it has satiated your curiosity?

Question: Yes, thank you very much for your time.

Answer: That's quite all right. You realise that this sort of information cannot be bandied around?

Question: Naturally.

Answer: Good. Sergeant! Take this man outside and shoot him.

Pataka, Nov 1974

Letter to the Editor

The Editor
'PATAKA'

Dear Sir,

We, being of the quiet, friendly type of person, not much is heard or seen of the AMMO TECHS throughout the Army. Publicity is only asked for when

recruits are required and as it seems this is one of them.

Published in various newspapers throughout NZ over the last few days, is a recruitment poster. This poster contains a photograph of a possible impostor, to which I am sure all Ammo Techs regardless of star grading would take umbrage.

This (supposedly) Ammo Tech is not known within the Ammo organisation throughout NZ, and therefore our No 1 Leader would very much like to get his claws onto him, for suitable posting and employment within the ammo group.

Should you be able to identify the possible impostor we would be very much obliged.

Signed "Nonstirrer"

Editor: Is it possible that of all Ammo types in the Army we cannot find one who is a good recruiting image? Do we conclude all AT's are ugly? (1996 Editor - in a word, yes)

Pataka, Nov 1980

The Captain

YOU CAN TELL A BOMBARDIER
BY HIS LOOK OF GRAVE ALARM,

YOU CAN TELL A SERGEANT-MAJOR
BY THE BADGES ON HIS ARM,

YOU CAN TELL A MAJOR-GENERAL
BY HIS GRACES, AIRS, AND SUCH,

YOU CAN ALSO TELL A CAPTAIN
BUT YOU CANNOT TELL HIM MUCH.

KIPLING
NOV 80

Pataka, Jul 78

DOS XV vs DEME XV

On Friday 7 April a NZR bus pulled away from HQ 1 BOD carrying members of the DOS Fifteen on their way to Linton. This trip was to be the culmination of a challenge issued by DOS to DEME, for the latter to produce a team of rugby players capable of holding the DOS fifteen on the field of battle.

We knew as we pulled away that this would be no easy journey that we were setting out on and that EME still smarting under the crushing blow dealt to them last year, would not hesitate to pull out all the stops. No one forgets a drubbing of 58-3 which was what our scratch team did to our sister corps back in 1977.

Under the auspices of Maj Sweet, a paper team was assembled a couple of weeks previously and due to various factors was unable to physically assemble until a few hours before the game.

This of course gave the EME warriors a great advantage as they had been assembled in Linton for several days sorting out the workshop team to challenge 1 Inf Wksp for the Probert cup.

The trip to Linton was uneventful and we arrived at 2 COD at ten fifteen to be greeted by Peewee Haerewa, Pete Dellabarca plus one or two other 2 COD personnel. We were ushered into the 2 COD Cafeteria for a very welcome cuppa and then Peewee handed out an itinerary

which would cover our complete day in Linton.

After morning tea all team members gathered together in a bunch and each guy called out in a loud clear voice his name and position he normally played in. It must be noted that many of the players were meeting for the first time and it was decided that this was an ideal way for everyone to get to know each other. It remained then for the coach, manager and captain to go into a huddle and produce a machine capable of devastating the DEME XV once again.

After fifteen minutes or so the team was announced and then until twelve o'clock the time was spent in discussing tactics.

The team then moved off to the 600-man mess to a very enjoyable meal and at twelve thirty it was back onto the bus and over to the changing rooms to change into our brand new gear. A couple of enterprising people from 2 COD had arranged for a complete set of gear to be purchased with payment to be arranged later through raffling a colour television set. This highly commendable act enabled our team to run on to the paddock dressed in a way which made every Ordnance soldier present feel very proud to be a member of the Corps.

The uniform comprised blue socks, blue shorts and red jerseys with the Ordnance badge on the left breast.

The idea behind getting changed at this time was to have a team photo taken, and this took place in the very delightful setting of the rose garden adjacent to the Sgts Mess.

After a bit of careful camera work executed by a civilian photographer from Palmerston North it was off to the bus

and back to the 2 COD cafeteria for a further team talk on tactics.

Whilst having our photo done we were informed by some EME people loitering in the vicinity that the game was on at 3 pm not two thirty as we originally thought. This information was a little disconcerting for some of the team but after a few mutters about psychological warfare they soon forgot about it.

The team talk at 2 COD was over all too soon and then it was off to the No 2 ground for a quick warm up then over to the main ground where the game was to be played.

Kick off was right on three o'clock and under the watchful eye of referee Lt Len Robinson, the Camp Adjutant, Pete Dellabarca booted a long high kick up the paddock and she was on for young and old.

Play see-sawed for much of the first half with some patches of brilliant football from individuals and generally very little in it between the two teams. Thirty five minutes into the half Peter Roche took a hard bang in the back and left the field on a stretcher.

We all wish you well Peter and hope by the time this edition of Pataka is out the injury is just a memory. Pete had been in the machine room locking with Dave Murch from Base Workshops and his replacement was Jack Tuheke. Play resumed and five minutes later it was half time with no points on the board for either side. Half time, oranges, team talk, swill out the mouth and away again.

Fifteen minutes into the second half K.J. Moore, Veteran hooker, was forced to leave the field and things were not looking too good for our guys; Kjs replacement was Orchard from 2 COD and he performed creditably right through

to the final whistle. Then the pain from twenty five metres out the EME backline set themselves alight, the full back came into the line took the overlap and went over in the corner. The kick missed and it was 4 Nil to EME. Then attack, attack defend and drive, then virtually the same situation, virtually the same spot. A difficult kick for EME and the score was 8 nil. At this stage there were about ten minutes of playing time left and things were looking rough for us then suddenly the try was on. From a scrappy bit of play the ball flew out through the backline to the left with a couple of the backs handling twice, and oh joy, Dick Eden was over in the corner. The kick from a difficult position missed and then the battle was on again. The EME team worked a drive deep into our territory and an infringement by a member of our team thirty five metres out saw the score change to 11-4.

At this stage with about five minutes of play remaining Mike Steed, who had played one of the greatest games I have had the pleasure to see for some time had to leave the field his place was taken by Gary Tranter from 1 BOD and he, like the other replacements, performed creditably in the time remaining.

Play then moved back in the EME 25 and an infringement by an errant EME player allowed Jacko Jackson to kick a beautiful penalty from in front about twenty metres or so out 11-7. A minute or so of play and the final whistle blew. It was all over and the score was now a game each.

It would be very difficult to pick out the players of the match as in my opinion every man involved played above himself that day.

However, at the risk of becoming involved in controversy I must say that

my picks must be Dellabarca and Eden in the backs and Gardiner and Steed in the forwards. These chaps played with a dedication which is becoming rare today and they must be worthy of special mention. It is a sad fact that Pete Dellabarca may have turned out for the last time but I am hopeful that he can be convinced to turn out against an ASC Tema which we are due to play in about a month's time.

The after match function was held in the 600 man mess and was up to the usual high standard that Linton is known for good food and good brown staff.

It now remains for the whole Corps to get behind the team which is eventually selected to play against the RNZASC team in a month's time, and allow them to enhance the corps' reputation as an emerging force in the Army rugby scene.

The Team

Capt	Lou Gardiner
Vice Capt	Dick Eden
	Fred Phillips
	Doug Keown
	Ray Morrison
	Peter Roche
	Ben Moss
	Peewee Haerewa
	Willy Jack
	David Murch
	Kevin Moore
	Tony Orchard
	Terry Walsh
	Brian Kearney
	Jacko Jackson
	John Thompson
	Gary Tranter
	Mike Steed
	Jack Tuheke
	Pete Dellabarca
Coach	Stu Neshausen
Manager	Dave Orr

Edition 3/76

October 1976

EDITORIAL

The calendar informs us that spring is once more in the air, winter is past, the rains over, and blossoms bursting forth to herald the new season. So much for the honesty of the ancient sage. To the believer this is the ideal time to attack all the odd jobs that have been allowed to accumulate through guile and low cunning, the time to spruce up the place, cultivate crops, and plant the patterned rows.

A word of warning to the uninitiated gardener, don't over exert the body first time out, gardening can be hazardous, too often muscles seldom used, scream their defiance when asked to perform. This leads me on to a subject that has hit the headlines of all Camp Routine Orders: This is the big one, "Required Fitness Level".

Abbreviated down to RFL, it sounds like a commercial name for a sheep drench, and in my humble opinion just as poisonous; what are we destined for? A glance through the associated tables nearly brought on a hernia, my pulse rate quickened and only the timely opening of the Happy Hour session saved the palpitating heart and jaded nerves.

A quick appreciation of the tests leads me to on conclusion, our muscle bound muscle mechanics have deliberately set out to incapacitate us all, and they will succeed if precautions are not taken to combat this encroachment on our protective environment. To quote Napoleon, "There is but one step from

the sublime to the ridiculous" and what could be more ridiculous than a gasping sweat drenched editor hanging helplessly from a horizontal beam gazing towards this inverted bowl we call the sky.

I firmly believe that we can look to the RFL Test as a personal challenge if at first you don't succeed try, try again. To those of you who have passed and have your names recorded for posterity, I will try to emulate your success, if lucky first time up, then surely I will leave my footprints on the sands of time.

Editor
Patata
Ordnance Directorate

Pataka, Dec 1973

1 INF WKSP STORES SECTION

(FIGHTING AND STATIC)

As it is now some considerable time since we were in print, we think it worthwhile to refresh memories on just who have been wintering in the Sunny North. We weren't quite sure who was here until the warm weather cam along and some of the staff came out of hibernation.

Fighting

Peaceful
Static

IC WOII Ted Paterson

IC SSgt Doug
Lyle

2IC Cpl Shorty Ward

2IC Cpl Peter

3IC LCpl Greg Leslie

3IC Pte John
Christie

4IC Pte John Lee

4IC Civ Ash

Pitts

51C Pte Noel Mason

Training during the year has been fairly hectic but has now come to a close. Our last effort was in the KAIKOHE-RAWENE area where a bit of Public Relations work was carried out. Jobs undertaken ranged from repair and refurbishing of a childrens playground to the re-siting of a memorial gate. Our efforts were much appreciated by the community and this made it worthwhile.

The weather is improving - even though it is never really cold - and we have been in Summer Dress since Labour weekend. Which brings us to an interesting point. Brigade Units in Papakura have been instructed to carry out user trials of Pants Pregnant and Smocks Maternity (Combat Dress to the uninitiated) and some of the sights to be seen are weird and wonderful. Peter Reti reckons that after about two months he will be able to apply for discharge on account of his happy event and thus set some kind of record.

Annual Camp is rearing its ugly head again and we are preparing for another two weeks chasing daggy blondes. Last year we had excellent support from Base and Rear units and hope that they can carry on with the good work. (We'll do our own chasing, you do the stores bit.)

Annual Camp is rearing its ugly head again and we are preparing for another two weeks chasing daggy blondes. Last year we had excellent support from Base and Rear units and hope that they can carry on with the good work. (We'll do our own chasing, you do the stores bit.)

The staff generally get on well with one another, but get aggressive when a

tradesman has the temerity to ask for service. The following character portraits (or are they assassinations?) are presented for your information:

John plays darts - and other games - with himself,

Shorty talks to himself and gets replies,

Greg sits and thinks - sometimes he just sits,

Noel whistles and taps his way around the store. We're thinking of issuing him with a white stick.

Ted tries to get us working, gives up in disgust and smokes ten packets of cigars a day.

Doug has just come out of hospital after a gall stone operation and his normally evil temper is getting worse every day. He was heard to remark that he would rather have an operation every day than put up with his staff.

Peter missed out on a blonde last camp for the initiation tests which he will undergo at Annual Camp. We don't know what he has been told, but he has been in touch with the PSIS and the Klu Klux Klan.

Ash will - as usual - miss out on all the action, but says he can get all the brunettes - which he prefers - here in Auckland.

And a word to the wise. If you're stuck in a place where you can't get to a beach within 15 minutes, local pub in 3, Auckland in 20, car racing at Pukekohe in 20, stock cars in 30, Sauna in 20, hot pools in an hour and girls anytime, then you are obviously in the wrong location. At present we are up to establishment, but if you place your name on the waiting

list, we will consider you when we have a vacancy.

Pataka, 1981

CPL G.D. ROLFE

Cpl Rolfe joined the Army as a 1 star (provisional) butcher on 11 April 1978. In January 1980 he was granted a Civilian Butchers Apprenticeship and because of previous butchery experience in civilian street and with the Army he was accredited with 4500 hours towards the completion of his apprenticeship.

As an Army butcher, his day to day tasks only covered approximately 50% of the things that an apprentice butcher was required to know before sitting and passing any of the block courses held by the Manukau Technical Institute. Areas not covered in his day to day work were such things as customer service, trade preparation, window and freezer displays, manufacture of small goods, eg sausages, saveloys etc and the processing of cuts and joints not normally used by the Army.

To assist Cpl Rolfe before he did his 2nd Qualifying Block course he was sent on a three month TOD to Woolworths, Upper Hutt where he learnt some of the things he did not already know and which his civilian counterpart learnt as part of his daily job.

In May 1980 he attended Manukau Technical Institute for two weeks where he sat his 2nd Qualifying Block course which he topped. At the end of 1980 after all 2nd Qualifying Block courses had been completed, Cpl Rolfe was found to be the top 2nd Qualified butcher for 1980 for which he received the first prize of a set of butchers knives, a pouch and a steel. That he came first from all over

New Zealand is an achievement in its self, but that he gained first place having spent three months learning things that his fellow students on his course would have spent anything from 2-3 years learning, makes his an even greater achievement.

In August 1981 Cpl Rolfe again attended Manukau Technical Institute, this time to do his 3rd Qualifying Block course. Again he was sent on a TOD before attending his course and he spent six weeks with the Waiouru Butcher shop in the local shopping centre. In December 1981 Cpl Rolfe was found to be the top 3rd Qualifying Apprentice for 1981 and was awarded a trophy and an engraved pewterware tankard.

In November 1981 he also sat his Trade Certificate and a pass in this course will make him a fully qualified butcher.

Well done Gerry, and best of luck with your trade certificate.

Pataka, Oct 76

THE CHARGE REPORT OF SPUDDUST MURPHI

It is rumoured that OC 1 Comp Ord Coy and his right hand guide, are preparing for Annual Camp. Kit checks are now in vogue.

Now it came to pass that there came one bearing upon his shoulders 3 stars and was known as the ADJUTANTUM or THE CREATER OF BULL.

And he bellowed in a loud voice, crying "Come unto me O Sergeant Major". Then there came unto him one

bearing upon his arm a badge showing him to be greatly feared.

He of the 3 stars did say "On the morrow at the NINTH hour thou shalt parade before me one hundred men and all that is theirs will be laid on a blanket in the approved manner".

And on the morrow at the NINTH hour one hundred men each stood to his appointed sleeping place and that they had was laid on a blanket.

At the ELEVENTH hour, he of the 3 stars did arrive and he moved amongst his men saying "Where is this thing and where is that thing".

Some of the men did tremble as if with ague and replied "Sire, it cam to pass that we sent these things to the HOUSE OF TEARING known as LAUNDRY, from whence they did not return".

And so he of the three stars did move amongst his men until he came to one known as SPUDDUST MURPHI and looking at SPUDDUST he said "Oh man of little kit, where are thy boots ankle mark 1 pairs 1 and they drawers cotton, mark 1 pairs 1?"

Then SPUDDUST also did tremble and say "Sire, on the fourth day, at the eleventh hour I had a thirst. Not having the where with all to slake my thirst then did I take my boots ankle mark 1 pairs 1 and my drawers cotton mark 1 pairs 1 to my UNCLE of the tribe of LEVI.

"Give me I pray thee eight pieces of silver for these" and LEVI replied "Six pieces". "Then did I take my six pieces of silver and go to that DEN OF THIEVES known as N.A.A.F.F.I. where I did eat and drink and slake my thirst".

Then SPUDDUST MURPHI was placed upon a CARPET and taken in front of one bearing upon his shoulders a crown and a star, known as the CO or the CREATER OF WIND.

Loading at SPUDDUST he said, "SPUDDUST MURPHI in parting with, by making away with, thy REGIMENTAL NECESSITIES thy boots ankle mark 1 pairs one and the drawers cotton Mark 1 pairs one, hast done evil before us and shalt be banished from amongst us for a period of SEVEN AND TWENTY DAYS thus earning no remission".

From outside came the tribe of the REDDUST CAPPI who pounced to be flogged, it is better to enter it upon the SLATE until the day of RECKONING and so shall the Good Saint PAYMASTER smile upon you".

Pataka, 1980

THE SWO'S KNOB

Some years ago whilst RSM of the RNZAOC School, WO1 Barry Stewart developed the practise of assembling all the Senior NCO's of the School and BOD, in the WO's and Sgts Mess on Corps Day. Coincidentally the time of assembly coincided with the opening of the bar which was a most joyful event. The purpose of the assembly was the forerunner of what is known today as "The SWO's Shout". This practice was carried on through Mr Stewart's time at the School and on into the time he spent as SWO of 1 BOD.

When Mr Stewart was commissioned in 1978 he passed on the responsibilities of "The SWO's Shout" to his successor WO1 Bryan Jackson. Bryan carried the flag in the right spirit

through the next Corps Day after which he left Trentham for a posting to the Directorate.

Bryan in turn passed the responsibility and honour on to his successor WO1 Buzz Goddard. It would have been about this time that the "SWO's KNOB" began to emerge from the mists of secrecy. Much has been said of the origins of the "SWO's KNOB" and many tales have been told around bar room tables of this legendary symbol.

One story which I favour it that of a youngish Warrant Officer, mentioned earlier in this missive, who liberated the "Knob" from its rightful place in a drinking house in a Wellington back street. The identity of the liberator must of course remain secret as it is understood that the licensee of the aforementioned hostelry is still looking for the guilty party and the "KNOB".

Eventually the KNOB found its way to Home Command and thence to CATO's office. Incidentally the CATO of the day was Major Sweet. I understand through my sources that CATO had also obtained the "KNOB" by devious means from the original purloiner. After having a twinge of conscience about nicking the "Knob", CATO returned it to the WO and was heard to utter "Here's the SWO's Knob". This is then the origin of the "SWO's Knob".

John Goddard, on assuming the appointment of SWO, carried on the shout for two further Corps Days despite the fact that in the interim the SWO's appointment was dispensed with in BSB. In the Mess on Corps Day 1980, the Buzzard after shouting, made the announcement that the "Shout" and the "Knob" should never die and that he would then announce the name of his successor. The honorary SWO would be obliged to carry on the shout, maintain

the Knob in a serviceable condition and serve in the appointment from the Corps Day appointment to the next. It would then become his prerogative to nominate his successor for the following term.

At the time of writing the "SWO's KNOB" reposes in the RSM's office at the school and there it will stay until Corps Day 1981 when the new SWO is nominated.

Pataka, Jul 73

THOUGHTS OF A RETURNED EXILE

Maj Piers Reid has now returned from his course on Logistic Management which he attended at Ft Lee in Virginia USA. We have yet to hear all of his comments on the political/sociological traumas which he has experienced in the last five months but has been good enough to spend some of his time very early on RTNZ in penning a few words on a visit which he made to American "Ordnance" Depot. We ask you all not to share his desire for rebellion but merely to participate in his professional revolution. Who knows? - he may one day be successful in injecting some of the American finesse into our own system.

Perhaps the greatest shock in looking at the United States Army Logistic System is the realisation of its sheer size. In the five months I spent in the USA I had adequate opportunity to look over many different depots, headquarters and installations and continually I was impressed not only by the size but by the efficiency of the system, and organisation. In all I visited six different depots in the United States. These are termed Quartermaster Depots, but to clarify that description the United States Army Quartermaster Corps has an almost

identical role to the New Zealand Army Ordnance Corps, while the United States Army Ordnance Corps has a function similar to the New Zealand Electrical and Mechanical Engineers.

The largest of the Depots I visited was Letterkenny Depot at Letterkenny about 100 miles west of Philadelphia in Pennsylvania. This depot holds 810,000 lines of items composed mainly of automotive, tank, armoured vehicle and weapons and spares as well as ammunition. To do this a total staff of nearly 5,000 composed mainly of civilians is employed. The depot has its own internal railway, and airfield which frequently handles C130 and C5A aircraft. Each day the Depot freights out by air alone over 8,000 lbs of cargo, and by road 37 of the 40 ft containers of stores. Most items and almost all of the ammunition is moved by air.

The ammunition area set in 3,000 acres of grassed rolling country is a model of layout and organisation. 980 storehouses similar to the ESHs seen in NZ, surround a central workshop. The workshop covers 2 acres and includes a \$1.6 million X-Ray machine designed to photograph the largest shells in modern use. This building was completed in 1968 and is designed with every possible safety precaution in mind including close circuit TV, blast proof interior walls, a fabricated liftout roof and self sealing safety doors, as well as medical facilities. The full colonel commanding the ammunition area was justifiably proud of an almost perfect safety record, in an area which handled nearly 1,000 tons of explosives every day for the last six years.

The entire depot is incredibly highly automated as are most Quartermastered Depots within the United States Army Materiel Command. Stores are not handled by personnel

except for checking,. Extending automatic rollers reach out of the receipts building into the back of trucks to be unloaded.

Stores then move past a keyboard where they are checked by a storeman who punches the receipt directly into the Depot computer. The computer then sends back the location (or if it is full or alternative one) which the storeman marks on the items, and directs them by means of a switchboard system to the detailed or bulk location. The computer can also send them by direct line to the issue point if they are due out. Perhaps the most interesting storage locations are in the ADSSA (Automatic Discreet Small-Item Storage Assembly). Here is an area no larger than the main MT spares building at 1 BOD but several times as high, are 128,000 bin locations each measuring 12 inches by six inches. Mini-electrical forklifting operated remotely find each location when the number is punched on a keyboard and deliver the whole box location to the end of the building at incredible speed. The whole ADSSA is operated by 2 men, and in 14 months operation has yet to mislocate or lose a single item.

Similarly issues are largely automatic. A highly expensive trail machine was being tested during my visit. This machine took any item of less than 6 foot by 4 foot and (on a system of conveyors and tunnels) banded it with steel bands or wire, weighed it, calculated and stamped on the side the cubic capacity, measurements and weight and addressed it accordingly to the address fed in. The shrink-wrapping system is also widely used in the depot, whereby pallet loads of stores are completely covered in plastic which is then shrunk onto the pallet and stores to provide absolute protection against the elements.

Side-stacking forklifts were in common use in bulk storehouses, as were tractor pulling 3 or 4 flat-bed trailers each about 20 foot by 12 foot on four pneumatic tyres and are used for moving pallets and bulk items from building to building. Little documentation moves around the stores as each store has a keyboard feedin to the central depot computer and apart from the documents actually with the store no documents are used in the bulk area.

Centrally visibility of assets is obtained at any time, by simply asking the depot computer. Whilst this all sounds extremely easy, problems do occur, and I was assured the stocktake team is kept fully busy.

So far, I was professionally impressed and thought that I had sufficient on which to base a revolution in RNZAOC. But I wasn't finished at this - I was to be socially impressed by the Depot social facilities. An Olympic-sized swimming pool, eight cafeterias and restaurants and three large modern bars. I was assured that the bars were in use only after work but I gained the impression that the lunch hour is "after work" in the USA. If it was sufficient to have material on which to base a professional revolution I now had enough on which to base a social rebellion.,

HO HUM - BACK TO WELLINGTON

Pataka Apr 87

Dear Mum, Tribe and Tribelings

Surprise, Surprise! The Prodigal Son has decided to write and bless you with his news from the great beyond. Well I guess you've been wondering where I've been for the past two years since I last wrote so I thought I'd better drop you all a line to let you know how its hanging.

Well I'm down here in this god forsaken town of Trentham working my buns off to pass the Band 3 Junior Suppliers Course at the RNZAOC School. We've got people here from all over the place, most of whom I've told you about in my last letter two years ago. So no doubt you'll remember them aye - there's Toss (Taxi Driver) Lawrence and Kevin (Old Man) Shields from the cold zone in Waiberia. Then there's Roi (I Wanna MacDonaldis) Te Paa and Maureen (My Names Daffy not Debbie) Duffy and Debbie (Call me Daffy and I'll Thumpya) Robinson, and ot to forget Craig (Can I hold your hand...) Simpson, from the half fenced-in enclosure of Trentham Camp. Heading south we've got, wait for it, Brent (You can only Hold my Hand if Sgt Dunbar isn't looking) Haami. Then last but not least from the sunny climes of beautiful Palmerston North, the city of beautiful scarf dragging females comes David (You're all faggots) Hack and myself you loving devoted son.

Well Mum, our course started on January 7th, 87 and to start with there were 16 of us sitting the test to determine who would stay and who would go home. Eleven of us passed and it was bye bye to the other five. From there it was up to Linton to 21 Sup Coy to start our field phase.

We arrived at 21 Sup Coy and Dave and I felt great 'cos we were on our

home turf. Everyone else seemed a little disorientated so we showed them the main features, for example, the bar, the mess, the bar, the road to Palmerston North and debauchery. We were off the next day to Taumaranui via Feilding and Waiouru and ended up on a dirt road in the middle of nowhere. A little shearing shed perfect for hanging up wet clothes and cooking our munchies was used to its fullest extent by us, the students while the DS roughed it in an abandoned house.

By the way Mum, you might know some of the DS from when you used to be a street kid in Wairoa. They are WO2 M. Meha, 2Lt Raureti, Sgt G.P. Smith, Cpl Cathy Tasker, Cpl Norville Gibson and Cpl 'Thommo' Thomas. Anyway back to basics, the place we stayed at was choice, the eeling there was brilliant. I even got a few of our pale skinned bro's to give them a test drive. It wasn't all a holiday camp though. We covered things like, running and maintenance of the shower unit, repair of camouflage nets, camouflaging vehicles, ambush drills, orders, siting DPs and other really educational stuff like that, which always slips my mind when I need it most. Some of us even learnt how to cook, whereas others had trouble making pots of coffee. We even found the perfect spot for nude sunbathing but try and convince the females to join us and you'd always get a short, sharp NO!!!

Why can't they be unconventional like the hippies back home. The inevitable happened a few days later and it was break camp, load the truck and ta ta stream, ta ta eels and hello tactical phase.

Our next location was high up in the hills by an abandoned coal mine. Our lessons continued with a CPX, covering little nasties like, battle maps, and tongue

twisting on K phones. No 77 sets for us, they all went to annual camp. Somebody did a sneaky one on us though, somehow the NZ Army latched onto a nuclear device and everyone around Levin got wasted. Mr Lange's not gonna like it.

After some well earned sleep it was on with the packs and down the road for a tiki tour into the wild blue yonder. Reminds me of the days when we used to carry bags of kinas and pipis back from the beach before the pakehas down the road got the new tractor.

As I was saying, we strolled off down the road with packs on and rifles at the ready, all 12 of us. Oh no, I remember now, all 11 of us. You might know this bird too Mum. Remember the time we took you to hospital with the gout and there was a bird in the other bed called Jo Paton. Well she was out there with us for a little while, but something went wrong with her foot and she went home. Maybe you should send her some of your gout tablets.

Anyway the 11 of us went down the road looking real warry and hoping to waste some enemy snipers until we finally reached our destination. We spent the night under the trees while light drizzle fell from dark skies and then some jerk snapped out of our peaceful slumber and started firing on our position. We spent the next few minutes shooting the enemy and hoping they would get lost so we could go back to sleep. Finally they did.

The next day was devoted to the walk home, back up the track to dry clothes and warm tents. Then some jerk started shooting at us again and we all got wasted, stuck out in the open like sitting ducks. We got lots more practice at shooting people on the way back to base camp. I learnt something that day. You can get really confused by hand

signals sent by people who don't know what they're doing. Someone sent us a message that a house was strolling up the road to zap us.

The rest of our time spent in the field involved the occasional DP in settings perfect for campers, jetboaters, kayak fanatics and drug addicts. We only saw two bikini clad figures while we were there and even they left the same day, but all in all we made the most of it.

Well Mum, I remember you telling me always to drink in moderation and for once I almost listened to you. We were parked up at Vinegar Hill and everyone was in high spirits. Way out of the public eye we proceeded to get mildly inebriated. Before all this started though we gave thanks to you know who for giving us enough money to buy our grog and then had a minute's silence for our friend and comrade Ross Lawrence who has holed up in the MIR at Waiouru with a gammy leg.

Everyone had a great time singing all those old songs that you taught me in the pub and the night finally petered out in the wee small hours. I woke up the next morning with camel droppings in my mouth and Sar Major Meha decided everyone would probably enjoy a nice cold dip in the river - Ha!! I love swimming but that was ridiculous. The move back to Linton didn't take very long and I was rapt. Real food, hot showers, cold beer, what more could a person ask for. Yes Mother dear, I'm still a virgin that's why I didn't mention hot women in my little list of priorities.

Anyway, the next couple of days was spent handing back stores and stuff and getting rid of Rodger Bidois who came to play soldiers with us during the field phase. He's alright I suppose, as a TF anyway. Our end of field phase tank up was held at Sgt Tony Bennett's place

and I'm sure everyone had a good time cos I did. I must thank Tony and Wendy for putting up with us.

There's a couple of guys I forgot to tell you about too Mum. They were out enemy party for the tactical phase. B.A. Marsh and Wayne Connelly, two well known Pet Ops come overstay bashers. I'm sure the locals would love to see them again.

Anyway, back to the story, our crew finally serviced and cleaned all the vehicles that we'd used and handed them back to Sar Major Kereama in the Vehicle Platoon. The best section that 5 Comp Sup Coy has ever had. (It has little to do with the fact that Dave and I worked there and that the old guy would've kicked us into tomorrow if they weren't up to scratch). After all the work was done it was onto the bus and down to Trentham.

We arrived at Trentham and the weather was stink, but there, hobbling to us on four legs was Bambi. I mean Roscoe. Freed from the hospital, with crutches, to support his frail little frame. We ran to him with open arms, he threw down his crutches and we were hoping he would fall. But he didn't. The next day, the real hard stuff began. Reading and writing. I know what you're thinking Mum, but I should've gone to school to learn the Queens england and how to cipher instead of going to spacy parlors but its too late now.

Well our first day at the school we got a growling because our uniforms were the pits, but that was no real biggy except that I was the worst one there and that means one thing. Into the SSM's office at half 12 to polish the dreaded Corps Silver. Lucky me I got to do it twice.

Well I spent the rest of the week learning the Organisation of the NZ Army

and the RNZAOC system of supply, trade publications, service publications microfiche and other stimulating subjects that I couldn't possibly go into lest I give myself a hernia. Then Friday came, glorious wonderful Friday, the best day of the week. We had to go to the bar and shake loose the cobwebs. It was while we were there that disaster struck and our numbers dropped yet again from ten to nine with the departure of our buddie Dion Rennie. I showed you a photo of him once Mum and you reckoned he looked like BIG TED off Play School. Anyway poor old Dion was drinking with us until he kinda went through the window and sliced his arm. He spent the next few days in the Lower Hutt Hospital and then they shipped him off back to Christchurch. Hope the big guy is alright.

The following Monday we had our General Phase Test. God I've never felt so dumb in my whole life, except for the time I did a Striptease at Jose Cooper's going away party and didn't charge the beggars for entertainment fees. Enough on that subject.

During the next few weeks, we covered practically everything you could possibly teach a person with a limited brain capacity like mine. I got things like telephone quotes and written tenders coming out of my ears, and TY 125s and financial delegations along with foodstuffs and POL accounting coming out of various unmentionable places. So as you can tell I'm in a pretty bad way. Life is hard when you're trying to scratch your way to the top. I wonder if anyone is looking for a part-time stripper.

Well Mum, we've only got a few days left on the course and it'll be great to get home to Linton. I like a place where people stab you in the guts instead of your back.

I forgot to mention that we went clubbing last night. We went to Basils in Johnsonville. Nice Nightclub, but if you're a dancing fanatic then it's not the place to go. They play music that Herman Munster would turn his nose up at. Talk about dead beat. However - if you want to chat up large married women and sweep them off their feet ... I must remember to ask Roscoe for some pointers.

Anyway Mother dear, our course finishes on Wednesday and Tuesday night is our End of Course P... up, hopefully we're all gonna pass the last test and go home as qualified Band 3s.

Well Mum, I really must go now cos I want to post this plus another letter for our Corps magazine, the Pataka, before the postie comes and empties the mailbox.

So until next time

Arohanui always

Your loving son the only innocent Gage left in the Country!!!!!!!!!!

Pataka, Apr 1987

UNIT BFT

"It came to me in a dream" explained Major Watmuff. "God said, "Let there be torture" and I thought of a Battle Fitness Test!"

On 20 Mar 87 4 Sup Coy completed a BFT. The morning was fine, or as fine as can be expected at 0530 hours. The RF Cadets were out in full force dressed in long johns and balaclavas (shortfall), yelling out "one, two, three, four" as they ran past the Mess.

We boarded our trucks at approximately 0645 hours and twelve minutes later we were at the start point of the BFT, eight kilometres up the Home Valley Road. The walk started at 0705 hours - downhill thank goodness. After about 700m we passed a slogan painted on the bank at the side of the road in fluorescent green which said, "Not far now Vanessa". If this slogan was at the 7 km mark, I wonder if it would have caused the same smiles!!!

Major Watmuff, being the Boss, led the walk because his legs were too long to take reasonable paces like the rest of us. His excuses for being out front was to catch up to Capt Taylor who decided not to join the squad but to race ahead to 'check for traffic'. Tidying up the squad a bit as we entered camp showed that we still had spirit, but the pressure was starting to show. Around the camp we marched. Trying to hide the strain and wipe the sweat off our foreheads. Past the Fire Station and Hospital and we were nearly there. The Boss was like a man who hadn't seen a girl..... and had to be told to slow down, those long legs again!

We reached the range having completed the exercises, and encouraged the last couple of people in. Well done men, Lisa and Pete. After the shoot we boarded the trucks and left the range. Cleaning weapons and handing back gear was done with the minimum of fuss, and everyone was back at work by 1100 hours.

Thank you Huey for a fine day.

Sgt Roger Tombleson

Pataka, Feb 1973

"WAS HER FACE RED"

Was Her Face Red!

There is a story circulating concerning the antics of a young NZWRAC Officer who was taking a cold shower on her day off. She was startled by the slamming of the gate at the entrance to the WRAC quarters and then remembered she had promised to lend her squash racquet to the Camp Commandant who was to call for it. Thinking quickly she slipped out of the shower and, splashing all the way she grabbed her squash racquet and popped it outside the front door. But then, consternation. Footsteps were drawing closer and her return to the shower was via a room in full view of anyone on the path to her front door. Why had she been so bereft of her presence of mind as to leave the shower without even so much as a flannel? What to do? Solution was at hand. Just off the passage was a large closet now vacant since the hot water cylinder had been removed for repair the day before. Without further hesitation she slipped into it and quietly pulled the door behind her.

There came a sharp knocking on her front door and after a perfunctory pause footsteps advanced down the corridor to stop outside the hot water closet. The door swung open to reveal the startled face of the Ministry of Works plumber.

Her remark at that point would rate high on Mr Punch's list of things which might have been better said: "Oh, it's you - I was expecting the Camp Commandant!"

The Case of the Missing Waka

Pataka, 1983

RNZAOC Directorate
Army General Staff
Defence Headquarters

30 June 1983

Commander F G George RNZN
Ward Room Mess President
The Ward Room
HMNZS Philomel

Dear Gil

In April 1981 the Royal New Zealand Army Ordnance Corps was most graciously hosted by the Royal New Zealand Navy in HMNZS Philomel when holding its annual co-ordinating and management conference. While most appreciative of the excellent hospitality provided by the RNZN particularly in the Ward Room, it is of note that the conference unfortunately "lost" a carved maori canoe which was to have been presented to a departing exchange officer from Australia. The loss was caused by the item being accidentally misplaced by an officer, and at the time was made up by donations from those present with an alternative gift being purchased and presented. I must make it clear that I totally accept that we lost the canoe by misplacing it somewhere at HMNZ Philomel and that nothing in this letter should be taken to mean that we consider it was deliberately or maliciously taken from us. Proof of the ownership of the "missing" carved maori canoe can be made by the documents in my possession relating to a special purchase from Fifth Avenue Jewellers on 7 April 1981, although of course this is not to insinuate that we have any idea of where it may have gone, or who may have found it.

During a recent visit to your outstanding establishment, my officers could not fail to notice a striking similarity between the long missing canoe, and one displayed in your Ward Room trophy cabinet. While I do not wish to imply that the items could in fact be identical, I fell duty bound on behalf of the officers of the RNZAOC, to state that we formally wish to register our claim of possession of "your" canoe, as a substitute for our "missing" canoe.

Realising that this could be taken as an affair of honour, and noting that current Service Regulations preclude me from challenging you personally to a duel, I have a proposition to make:

I on behalf of the Officers of the Royal New Zealand Army Ordnance Corps formally challenge you as the Ward Room Mess President of the Royal New Zealand Navy Ward Room at HMNZ Philomel, to a sailing match race in naval whalers for possession of the

carved canoe. The sailing crews to be of a minimum of five officers, and each crew to be drawn exclusively from the members of the disputing establishing namely, officer members of the Royal New Zealand Army Ordnance Corps. I will leave the selection of the course to you, but for convenience would insist it be within the greater Auckland Harbour. The winning crew to be presented with the carved maori canoe with no further claim from the losers.

I would request that a response be given to this challenge within fourteen days, or we shall be forced to draw our own conclusions. In the event of acceptance I will appoint my second to arrange details.

As always with the deepest respect for your proud Service and its traditions,

I remain
Your Obedient Servant

Yours Aye
Piers Reid

HMNZS Philomel
HMNZ Naval Base
AUCKLAND

PH 1700/2

13 Jul 1983

Lieutenant Colonel P M Reid RNZAOC
RNZAOC Directorate
Army General Staff
Defence Headquarters
WELLINGTON

Dear Piers

Thank you for your letter of 30 June 1983 enquiring about your lost Maori War Canoe.

I must confess my initial reaction to your courteous but nevertheless disquieting epistle was an outright rejection of your claim to the canoe and a zealous determination to take up your proffered gauntlet and let the best crew win!

However, I am bound to state that subsequent enquiries into this matter would appear to support your claim. The following facts are pertinent:

- a. The canoe was discovered by a cleaning lady in an empty cabin in the Wardroom following your 1981 conference.

- b. It was subsequently held in safe custody by the Wardroom Chief Steward, in his office, pending claim by its rightful owner.
- c. In the absence of any claim being made, the canoe was eventually transferred to storage facilities in the Wardroom, along with other trophies and silverware.
- d. Prior to the Commodore Auckland's June 1983 Inspection, the canoe resurfaced from storage and the Wardroom Mess Manager, believing it to be the long lost trophy referred to in NZBR 15 (List of Plates, Relics and Trophies) an extract of which is attached at enclosure, transferred it to the Wardroom Trophy Cabinet for display.
- e. It has since been revealed by the Custodian of the Naval Museum that the canoe referred to in the Trophy publication has in fact been stored in the Devonport Museum for some years. Owing to the lack of specifications or a description in the reference, this confusion of identity was not resolved until the enquiries initiated by your letter was carried out.

Thus, I'm sure you will appreciate that what appeared on the surface to be an "affaire d'honneur" was in fact a clear case of genuine mistaken identity compounded by the original absence of information as to the true origin of the canoe.

I sincerely hope that you will accept the return of the canoe to its rightfully owners as being in the best spirit of maintaining the state of "entente cordiale" which our two services have traditionally enjoyed!!

With regard to your Whaler Race challenge I am only too happy to meet it on any date you may choose to propose, but I would hope that the event would now be viewed as a social, sporting affair without any connotations of disputed honour being involved!

I trust that the matter has now been settled to your satisfaction and regret any inconvenience to yourself and your Officers. At least you will now be able to adopt the old French maxim "Pas de leur rond que nous".

Yours Aye
Gil George