

PATAKA



THE MAGAZINE OF THE RNZAOC

FOREWORD

Kia Ora. It has been said that the only constant in this world is change, and we, the Corps, as individuals and as a team face many changes in the months ahead. Those changes will occur in New Zealand's political, social, economic and commercial life and affect Defence, Army, the Corps and its members. The changes cannot be entirely credited to political philosophy, because the pressure has been building for some years, and like a good earthquake, it had to come, in one form or another. Some feel threatened by change, others see opportunities.

Change can be brought about by crisis or in a planned and timely manner. It is hoped that we can see the changes needed, and plan ahead, and reduce the impact of them. Our organisation's ability to adopt and implement change has a lot to do with morale, being part of the team, and communications. It is in this area that PATAKA has and continues to play a key part.

Your continued contributions not only keep us all informed, and amused, but also maintain the link between our many members RF/TF and civilians in Corps units, small subunits or staff appointments and our common goal, to provide a better Ordnance service to the Army. We are now spread far and wide, from Washington to the Sinai, in UK and Australia, and through all echelons of Defence and Army. Your many achievements both individually and collectively, some recorded in the manuals of PATAKA, are being recognised by Defence, Army and the other Corps. Together we have the ability to exploit the opportunities that future changes offer and, in so doing, improve our service to the Army.

1987 has started with some significant announcements. Operation Kupe: the forces are to be withdrawn from Singapore. Both NZAOD, NZ Wksp Stores Section and RNZAOC personnel (in 1 RNZIR) had foreseen the possibility and have been actively preparing for the eventuality. Plans in 5 Comp Sup Coy are also well advanced.

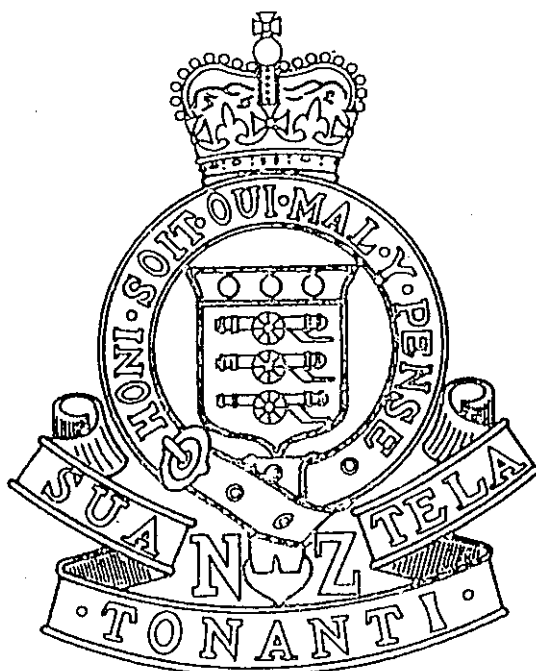
The new super scheme has been introduced. This will improve retention and provide some compensation for the sacrifices a career soldier, and family, must endure. For those who may be considering leaving; you have marketable and sought after skills, don't undersell yourself. Prepare, plan and leave for the right reasons. I have our best wishes. For those who remain there are more opportunities and many challenges.

The 1987 Defence Review has been published. While its full impact is yet to be felt, its emphasis on more self reliance must lead to improved stock holding levels and improved Corps operational capabilities.

Finally, I have in the last three months had the opportunity to visit many of you, and have been impressed with your high standard of professionalism and the excellent morale that has been maintained through trying times. I commend you all for your achievements and spirits, and foresee many exciting challenges ahead.

Sua Tela Tonanti

DOS



PATAKA
THE MAGAZINE OF
THE ROYAL NEW ZEALAND ARMY ORDNANCE CORPS

Edition 1/87

April 1987

Three months have elapsed since the last 'PATAKA' and I thought that there would not be as many contributions for this edition as was the case in the previous magazine. I am shocked and amazed to find that there are 'Heaps' of articles that have been sent in by Ordnance personnel. It is good to see that people have taken the time to produce some excellent articles and I assure readers an enjoyable hour of pleasurable reading.

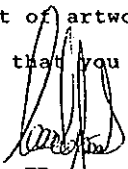
As time goes on change is inevitable and this year we are looking to you for a new cover. Any one who wants to design a new cover can send their art work to:

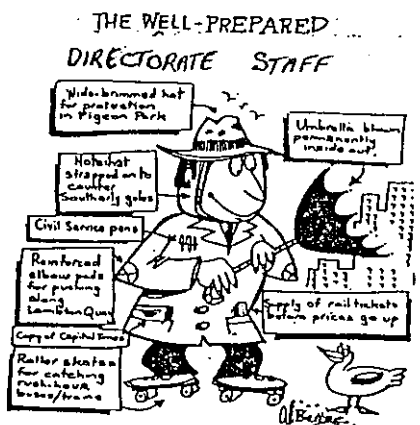
The Editor of PATAKA
New Cover Design for PATAKA
c/o RNZAOC Directorate,
Army General Staff
Defence Headquarters
Private Bag
WELLINGTON

There are only six guidelines that you must adhere to and they are:

- a. The design must be to the A4 paper size measurement.
- b. The design can be any colour.
- c. The design must be Corps related. The design has no limitations, however, could include the following:
 - (1) General Stores.
 - (2) Vehicles.
 - (3) Ammunition.
 - (4) FOL.
 - (5) Foodstuffs.
 - (6) Computers
- d. The word "PATAKA" must be displayed on the design.
- e. The artwork is to be sent to the Directorate by 30 Aug 87.
- f. There are no limitations to the amount of artwork that each unit can submit.

Until the next edition of PATAKA I do hope that you enjoy the following pages of your contributions.


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1 BASE SUP BN

Greetings minor units of the Corps circle, and fellow workers of 1 Base Sup Bn. PC&A continues its never ending struggle to subdue the ever rising scale of work put on to us. Alas everyone has their breaking point, particularly provision 7- where one such person broke under the strain and got a job in a tyre factory where she (whoops nearly gave her away) works hand in hand with her newly wed husband (I'm still wondering who he married; it must have been a shock to her).

Oh well Linda (did it that time!) you will be missed. Recently a certain Raewyn Cope was saved from a suicide attempt, committed with a faulty vacuum cleaner which blew up. She disappeared in a cloud of smoke and to everyone's disgust reappeared on the other side of the office looking rather solemn and white.

1 Base Sup Bn will be losing another MSC shortly, to a fate worse than death; Civvy St! We wish WO1 Varney all the best in his new found life style of the rich and famous!!!! Pte Kelly departs for Linton shortly, after leaving parts of his stomach in the bar (mind you it took two yards!!!), all the best in his posting to Sin City. Mrs Monty continues to plod along in Voucher Control, although a little greyer. We wish Heinz all the best with his piano playing as long as he keeps it at home. (Just a joke Heinz). He's bigger than Me!! Mrs Collier and her section continue to plod on thru the day getting VORs back on the road.

We also would like to take a moment to wish WO2 Emmens and the rest of the soccer boys all the best for their next game against Argentina in 1990, we are all sure nothing is too small for Billies Boys. A hearty pat on the back to Cpl Kareko for his work training the Band Twos in his section and what a winning team they turned out to be. (Who won the softball Mike?).

Not forgetting Cpl Canton, whose photography skill is still undisputed for indoor photos with that night time look. For that special occasion he's your man. And then there is Jeanne Manu, who sits in her corner "controlling Stores" and always has the answer before you have asked the question. Donna Kiddie (Mike's wife) looks after the clothing ledgers and makes sure hubby gets what he wants in DSS, (sound's rather kinky don't it). Then there is Jo Broad, the computer whizz, who looks after the requisition files and is oh so impressed when people decide to file the requisitions in the wrong order and in the wrong bin. (It wasn't me Jo, honest).

Marie Holmes (Nee Cameron) is busy knitting babies clothes for Brucie junior. Good luck Mrs Brucie. Marie please refrain from knitting in working hours!! Aubrey (Pte Murray) has trouble driving up hills in Mogs, perhaps you should change down from sixth gear, keep your revs up Aubrey. Toni (Pte Konui), the big 'Do--a', how many people can you fit in a wardrobe??? Answer: Depends who is at the door.

Mrs Annie Stockman - good party Annie - has everyone still convinced it was a wine and cheese evening. SSgt Tapuni we hope you have enjoyed your short posting to PC&A. Good luck with your new job in the Projects Section. Also good luck with your Tae Kwon Do Club, congratulations on the club's first blue belt.

So as you can see life is but a dream in PC&A 1 Base Sup Bn. Until the next edition.

ELVIS (And the rest of the gang)

P.S. Congratulation goes to Pte Elvis Love for his time and effort he put into the writing of this saga. 5 points goes to him for his outstanding initiative in going to the 1983 PATAKA and copying the article word for word changing names only. 10 points goes to WO2 Bill Emmens (the good looking one - (He told me to write that) for picking this up. 15 points goes to the people who had to finish compiling this for Elvis.

Cpl C and Jo B.

AND SO ARE THE DAYS OF OUR LIVES

*It's 8 o'clock and we've arrived, the civies have begun,
To start the day as we always do - a coffee in the sun.*

*It's 8:05 and Mrs Cope comes running thru the door,
"Hey I'm early today it's only 5 past" it's usually a little more.*

*It's half past nine and all is well, the throats a little dry,
Nearly smoko - a cup of tea and a bite of someone's pie.*

*Smoko's the time for a chat - "did you hear about" - "did you know"
15 minutes of flat tack yak until it's time to go.*

*It's quarter past ten Mr V starts ringing on that bell,
"Smoko's over you lot come on - you know the timings well".*

*Pri ones arrive, we fight and strive to get the stores away,
Can't find the card - we've tried very hard, it must have gone astray.*

*Lunch time's here, I'd love a beer but that's against the rule,
So we'll just sit and wait a bit until our noodles cool.*

Half an hour is all we've got to tell what we've to tell,
The gossips' getting really good - then he rings that bloody bell.

So it's back to the grind but we don't mind - we know that we can hack it,
More paper war is sent to the store so they can select and pack it.

It's half past 2 the pot's a brew, todays been really hell,
Now all we need to top it off - is to hear that bloody bell.

It's 3:15 the guys in green all get set to go,
It's PT day and they're away - you can see who runs this show.

An hour to go and time goes slow, we'll soon be out the door,
It's into our cars and off the the bars to prepare for tomorrows war.

Mrs B, Mrs C and Mrs S.

WO1 Varney	The phantom bell ringer.
WO1 Rolleston	Anyone seen my golf balls.
WO2 Emmens	The Clayton Kid.
SSgt Tapuni	The Karate Kid.
Mrs Collier	Who mis-filed this bloody card.
Mrs Kiddie	I made it last night.
Mrs Treviranus	What's the exchange rate for a Deutchmark.
Mrs Cope	Sorry I'm late (again).
Mrs Broad	Can you fix this damn computer.
Mrs Stockman	Anne get off that phone.
Mrs Holmes	(Mrs Brucie) I promise it was all planned.
Mrs Montieth	The traitor that went to CATO.
Miss Manu	Ask Jeanne she'll know.
Cpl Canton	What are you up to Elvis.
Cpl Kareko	Anyone seen Mike?
Pte Fergusson	The Ninja.
Pte Konui	Oh Aubrey!
Pte Kairua	Oh Annie!
Pte Murray	(Elvis) What can anybody say about Elvis.
Pte Kelly	This frog had nothing to do with the Rainbow Warrior.

THINGS WE TAKE FOR GRANTED IN SINGAPORE/NEW ZEALAND

SINGAPORE	NEW ZEALAND
#####	#####
GO TO BOBBY'S FOR TEA	# GO TO THE CUPBOARD AND GRAB A CAN OF WATTIES
	#
SHOPPING IN TRANSIT RD	# SHOPPING FOR SPECIALS IN LD NATHANS AND O/D THE CHEQUEBOOK
AND BLOWING \$500	# 'CAUSE YOU SPENT \$50.
	#
BUY A NEW CAR AND PAY	# BUY A FIAT BAMBINA AND HAVE IT
IT OFF IN HALF A YEAR	# REPOSSESSED AFTER 2 YEARS
	#
DRINK A CARTON OF	# DRINK A FLAGON OF DB AT HOME AND
ANCHOR AT A HAPPY HOUR	# YOU'VE GOT A ONE MAN PARTY
AND LEAVE AT 1630 TO	#
FIND A PARTY	#
	#
BARBQUE AT BILLY BECK'S	# SPAGHETTI AT HOME FOLLOWED
1200-1500 FOLLOWED BY A	# BY AN AFTERNOON OF WORK
HAPPY HOUR	#
	#
DRIVE UP TO A.W POTTERY	# DRIVE TO A SELLY HANDYMAN BAR
TO BUY A DINNER SET	# TO GET GLUE TO FIX BROKEN PLATES
	#
GO TO SUNNY TAILOR AND GET	# CHECK OUT RSDS FOR GOOD SECONDS
NEW UNIFORMS MADE UP	# OR BUY SOME NEEDLES AND GREEN COTTON
	#
THE SMELL THAT WARNS YOU	# THE SMELL THAT TELLS YOU THAT A SEAGULL
BEFORE IT RAINS	# DIDN'T MISS
	#
LOCALS ON VESPAS	# FOREIGNERS DRIVING TAXIS
	#
LOCALS SPITTING EVERYWHERE	# BAND TWOS THROWING UP AT THE BAR
	#
#####	#####

Oh well I suppose NZ is not such a bad place after all. At least we don't have snakes and the like. And then there is the issue of pulling out..... Yes, I agree..... We should pull out, what with all this money we are supposedly getting. What about our perq's.....too right pull us out, pull us out of New Zealand right now!!!!!!

So for all you people over there in S'Pore who can't quite remember what NZ was like, don't worry...you're not missing much.

To quote a famous NZ saying.....

"Man does not live on fish and chip alone,
Everyone does 'cause everything else costs too much!!"

Welcome to Godzone country (Ain't it good to call it home)

Cpl Canton (Ex S'pore)

1 BASE SUPPLY BATTALION INTER-COMPANY SKILL AT ARMS COMPETITION

The Inter-Company Skill at Arms competition was to determine which team best displayed:

- a. Initiative.
- b. Section team work, and
- c. The maintenance of a high level of weapon training standards.

The events carried out on the day started off with the assault course followed by a run, then the falling plate shoot. The teams met face to face, and with a lot of previous training each team was determined to have their name engraved on the trophy this year. There were five teams listed as follows:

- Stores.
- Services.
- PC&A.
- Band TWO's.
- The old Warrant Officers.

Well it was 1200 hours and the gun was fired. Through the assault cse went the first team. Once finished they then moved onto the run, and the second team started the assault cse. All the events ran in sequence so once your team was finished one event it was onto the next. This made it hard to find out which team was ahead on points.

Once all the teams had completed the assault cse and run, no mistakes could be made on the TOETs or any falling plates. (That is how close the points were.) Each team was watched by the following team so that they could pick up any mistakes. When it was their turn they didn't make the same mistakes. After the shoot we headed to the Barracks for a shower, then over to the BPO's for a Happy Hour where the trophy was presented to the top team this of course being

STORES

Sorry we are unable to show the results but most of the judging information was misplaced and the finger has been pointed at LCpl MJ Wilson, so thank you very much.

CONFESSIONS OF A DRIVING INSTRUCTOR

The English Dictionary has four different meanings to describe a truck. But after a week's worth of intense Band Two Driver Training as an instructor using, you guessed it, RL Bedfords, I can think of quite a few more, all not too pleasant I assure you.

I suppose my involvement really began when the BSM (nice chap that he is) approached me one day and said "Corporal, you look real bad. How about a holiday. I told him I felt fine, but he kept insisting that I didn't.

Well maybe a holiday wouldn't be too bad. I asked him what the catch was and he said three weeks off work doing (wait for it) HT driver training. Ha ha I said, bad joke Sar Major. Later on I discovered that it was no joke. You know that's what I like the most about the BSM, always trying to look after his soldiers sick or not. The man should have been a doctor.

Anyway, the first week found six of us heading north to Sylvia Park to drop off V8 Rovers and bring back the dreaded RLs that we were going to use for our training. What a trip that was. Thirteen and a half hours to get from Sylvia Park to Waiouru, but I think the less said about that journey the better. I must ask Josh Wineera to show me how he does those 45 degree angle skids when stopping behind other vehicles. Something even Knight Rider would be envious of.

After a cosy night in Waiouru in our Ministry of Works Huts, it was on the road again for the final leg home. That leg was not as bad as the first, possibly because we all managed to find another gear (fourth gear I think). Anyway, we were all glad to get back to Trentham I assure you.

The second week was when the fun really began. Training Band Two's to drive the dreaded RLS. Lucky for me I was assigned to the van. I think my age played an important part in that bad nerves and a bad heart are quite common in one so old (So Mike Kareko keeps reminding me.), besides the thought of teaching soldiers to drive in a van inside the BSB compound and not being allowed to venture outside helped to calm my nerves somewhat. (Boy was I wrong.)

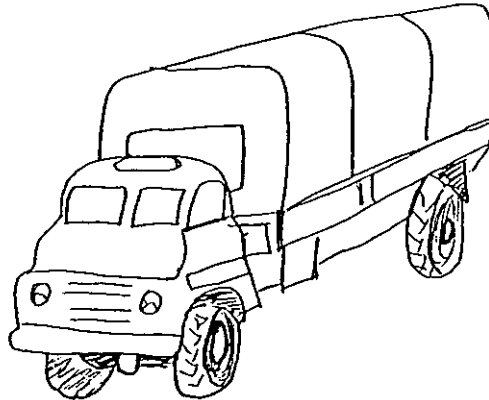
And so it was that with bad nerves and a bad heart I took my three soldiers out on their first ever drive on any sort of vehicle. Again let me say the less said about that performance the better. I must ask Pte Gerling how he manages to slow down, stop and take off again all in fourth gear, something even Josh Wineera would be envious of.

Overall, I think a lot of the driving was of a good standard. The pass rate at the end of the course proves that. The instructors should be given a pat on the back for a job well done.

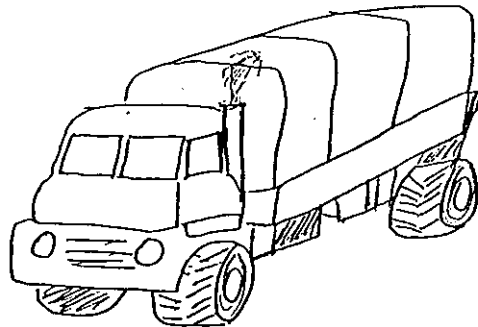
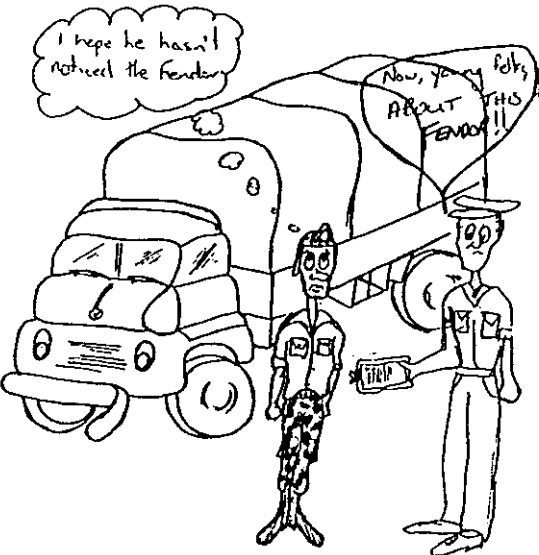
In closing let me tell you a story I heard the other day about an Aussie who was knocked down as he was crossing Queen Street in Auckland. The Police asked him if he had managed to get the number of the car. "No." he replied, "But, I'd know that laugh again anywhere."

The Instructors:

- Sgt (Blondie) Owens
- LCpl (MJ) Wilson
- LCpl (Alex) Alexander
- LCpl (Peka) Woodard
- Pte (Josh) Wineera
- Pte (Marcus) Irwin



RLS AS INSTRUCTORS SEE THEM



AS THE BAND TWOS SEE IT

54 SUPPLY PLATOON - TRENTHAM CAMP

They say "An Army marches on it's stomach" and in the case of a small band of military/civilians at 54 Supply Platoon, Trentham, this is indeed true. Daily, our task is to keep that ever empty void, known as the stomach, filled. Personnel at Trentham and Fort Dorset reap the benefit of our efforts.

Basically for those who don't know, we run a small supermarket from which the cooks at Trentham (2 Messes) and Fort Dorset (3 Messes) draw their ingredients to prepare the meals for daily catering, formal dinners etc. We also supply tea, coffee and sugar for morning and afternoon teas to all other units within the BAW area including AGS.

The supply of ration packs for various exercises is another aspect of our busy schedule, as well as purchase of various 'exotic' items required for special functions at any of the messes, which adds an interesting side to our daily routine.

UNIT SECURITY EX 28 OCT - 1 NOV 86

Aim: To practise RNZAOC soldiers in a close security role.

Featuring: 1 Base Sup Bn Sgts and below. (SSgts and above were the enemy)

Location: 1 Base Sup Bn Compound.

Training: Pre-exercise training was given by Lt Fisher and WO2 Campbell from MP School. Their tuition covered:

- Protection of an installation.
- Handling of POWs.
- Method of searching vehicles.
- Actions on discovering of unidentified objects.

The exercise started on 28 Oct at 1600 hours for group one. Group two started 24 hours later. Each group worked from 1600 - 0800 hour next day, with the civvies and the enemy working normally during the day. The compound was split up into 3 sectors. There was one section per sector. Observation posts were placed in various positions around the compound and were manned by half the section, whilst the other half patrolled the perimeter looking for enemy or suspicious objects, which meant, in some cases, calling up the IED team.

Starlight scopes made night observation easy and patrol after patrol paid off when someone cornered an intruder at DSS. We were all aware the enemy were going to be SNCOs but this bloke looked scared stiff and none of us recognised him, so Pte Ned Kelly and I genuinely thought he was a thieving civvy who had picked the wrong night to break into DSS, so Ned shot him. However, because of some convention, we pretended he wasn't dead and took him away for interrogation. So the MSC was smacked around the head with a wet sock and had baked beans eaten in front of him.

Two Section's first night involved the RSM turning up at the gate with a fake Pri One, the enemy getting in through the back gate and driving around the compound in a rover until the shoot up outside the BPO's. Probably the most well thought of plan was when the bread van turned up at 0200 hours to deliver bread. However, once he got in, Flo from 54 Sup realised that Tip Top is not our bread supplier. With a misunderstanding from the security guard, he got out of the gate and we found a bomb he had planted near 54 Sup, and so the IED Team dealt with it.

There were numerous embarrassing instances including LCpl Daffy Duffy who, when being shot at by the enemy, hid behind a 209 Lt Drum of Kero. Then there was Bojo Kareko, who while searching an enemy he had nabbed, heard rifle shots toward his direction, dropped his rifle and ran. (One of Bugsy's Band Twos)

Overall a good chance to practise something different and it beats stocktaking at bulk. And the Bread? WO1 Poka owns a dairy.

LCpl Worm Wishart

SAILEX_86

Whilst sitting in PC&A reading a copy of Army News unobtrusively beneath my desk I heard a yell "Who wants to go on Sailex?". I quickly volunteered my services, it was unknown to me what Sailex actually was, but it sounded preferable to sitting behind my desk for another week. I was soon to find out it was a kind of Inter-Services Adventure Training. This struck me as somewhat of an experience, as I had never sailed before. On my first brief I met the rest of the crew, our Skipper Sgt Chilman (Pratt), LCpl (Woody) Woodard, fellow inexperienced crew members, Pte Marcus Irwin, Lt Blackie Black and Pte Seagull Robinson. Seemed a pleasant enough lot, should be good.

We arrived at Tamaki Naval Base later that night, accommodation was found and we set off to the bar to sink a few ales. The next day was all go, and we set off on a bus for Pahia. On arrival we had a quick brief and the Skipper ran us through the boats' equipment. There were two types used for this exercise, Cutters and whalers, not the classiest of boats, but they did the trick. The cutters were bigger and faster than the whalers. Our crew number meant that we had to use a whaler, and it became affectionately known as the BSB K9. Pleased with our little boat, we took her for a leisurely spin around the harbour. After a few hours everyone got the hang of their particular job on board, so we sailed off to the local. This is my kind of sailing exercise.

The next day we were on our first leg-Paihia to Ohakuoa. The big test was to see whether we had 'sealegs'. The first to go down was Pte Robinson who spent more than a few minutes over the edge feeding the fish and talking to seagulls. (Note her nickname) A quick transfer to a navy patrol boat the "Medla" and all was well. Reduced to a 5 man crew, we set on deeper into the gruelling seas of the Bay of Islands. There were no more major incidents and we lay down to enjoy the sea air and sun. On arrival in Ohakuoa, we ate, drank and got merry. Looking back on our first experience of sailing, we realised we liked this leisurely life and looked forward to the next day's leg, Ohakuoa to Tutakaka. Bright and early at the crack of dawn, we heard the Navy awakening call "Wakey, Wakey".

Struggling out of bed still feeling the effects of the previous night, we set off with a full crew once again. Who would be feeding the fish today. Fortunately no one was sick and we had a very pleasant journey. Tutakaka! Well here we got two days rest, great lets hit the local. The hands searched the pockets but nothing was to be found but fluff in the deepest recesses. Lady Luck was with us as it was pay day. Souvenirs and T-shirts were bought in Whangarei and then it was back

to Tutakaka where a Disco had been organised. We found out the Disco was fancy dress. What to wear? Ahh, the Seagull underwear!!

The next day was rest and recreation. We played some volley ball and went on a sightseeing trip. The day ended in a party and barbeque which went into the early hours of the following day with more than a few drunks getting thrown off the wharf.

The second to last leg, was from Tutakaka to Leigh. We set off once again, this time it was pretty rough around the Heads and Pte Irwin fell ill. Unfortunately it was too rough to transfer him to a patrol boat, so Woody decided to have some fun with the ill Marcus by swaying the boat. Consequently Marcus nearly went for a swim. This disturbed him further and he curled up into a ball and slept, in between filling the yellow bucket 'Our Toilet'. We were back to a 5 man crew. On arrival at Leigh we were fairly tired so we went to the pub and had a few quiet beers in the lounge bar.

The last leg was to Auckland. The crew got the boat ready as well as eyeing up the enemy. (K11, a HMNZS Waikato team, who had proven themselves faster in the previous legs.) The race was on and we the fearless crew got off to a bad start. We were sixth over the line. This position deteriorated once we rounded the heads and we were 10th out of 14. No faults were found in our crewing. We put it down to being the boat's fault!! We ended 10th not ashamed because we had beaten two Navy crews, the Police and the Airforce.

Pte Kelly

Soldiers help soccer club

DRILLING 5000 bolt holes yesterday gave 15 soldiers from One Base Supply Squadron a change from their usual jobs handing out blankets and ammunition and managing army stores.

The army was building a grandstand in Lower Hutt's Te Whiti Park for the new Rolfe Hutt Valley United Soccer Club, club deputy chairman Steve Minogue said.

A combined team from Stop Out, Petone and Lower Hutt was accepted into the national soccer league last November and planning was started to create the high standard of ground required for national games, Mr Minogue said.

The 4000-capacity ground was modelled on English clubs where spectators were closer to play than in the 15,000-capacity Basin Reserve or Newtown Park, where a small crowd of 1500 was lost in stands 200 metres from play, he said.

Lower Hutt City Council supplied the materials to build the grandstand but time to complete it was running out, with the first game to be played this Sunday.

So the army was asked to help, with technical expertise supplied by army engineer Lieutenant John Peacock.

The stands could not be bolted together and put in place till the cricket season finished this Saturday because Te Whiti Park's cricket and soccer grounds overlapped.



DRILLING 5000 bolt holes yesterday gave 15 soldiers from One Base Supply Squadron a change from their usual jobs handing out blankets and ammunition and managing army stores.

1 SUP COY AND 12 FD SUP COY - ANNUAL CAMP 1987

General

For the last four to five years the Ordnance Corps emphasis has been on updating our peacetime accounting systems. Technology has made great leaps forward in the last decade and the Corps has been at full stretch to modernise its systems. This has now been achieved to a large extent and the emphasis is shifting to modernising field accounting practices and the revising of all basic supplier field skills.

This shift from modernising peacetime accounting, which has occupied the Corps for the last five years, to field accounting should not take this length of time. The necessary technical basis already exists. That is, the Corps is now familiar with computer accounting and its transfer to a field setting, using portable computers, is something that should occur over the next 24 months. A first step in this new emphasis on field operations was the production in 1986 of the NZP107 - DOS Procedure Instruction for Field Operations - issued to every officer in the Corps.

12 Fd Sup Coy

The renewed emphasis on field operation is reflected in both the manning and level of equipment that was made available to 12 Fd Sup Coy for this year's Annual Camp. For 12 Fd Sup Coy to fulfill its role, which is to provide a range of 2nd line supply support and ancillary services for a brigade of up to 6,000 troops, the following manpower and equipment was available:

- a. 70 pers consisting of 3 Officers
15 SNCOs
52 ORs
- Supplementation 9 pers 1 Base Sup Bn
7 pers 3 Sup Coy
2 pers 4 Sup Coy
- b. 50 vehicles and trailers, including 6 x 6-ton trailers (new).
- c. 1 x shower unit.
- d. 1 x laundry unit (new).
- e. 6 x containers, binned (new).

Aims and Objectives

With these resources available, the aims of the Company over Annual Camp were to:

- a. Practice the Fd Sup Coy in the withdrawal phase of war.
- b. Practice all soldiers in field accounting.
- c. Practice all soldiers in Ordnance field skills.
- d. Conduct regimental training.

These aims were achieved by use of the following objectives:

- a. Objective 1: To deploy four times prior to the BDE exercise. Fd Sup Coy deployment procedures are essentially the same as those of any other unit or sub-unit:

- (1) Issue of Wng Order.
- (2) Issue of Preliminary Orders to the O Gp.
- (3) Comd Recon.
- (4) Issue of Final Orders.
- (5) Execution of Deployment.

The Company deployed for the first time with the new containers and 6-ton trailer. The fourth deployment was by night.

- b. Objective 2: To put into effect the following defensive measures;

- (1) Active.
 - (a) Defence Posts.
 - (b) Security Pickets.
 - (c) Ready Reaction Force.
 - (d) Obstacles, Minefields.
 - (e) Patrolling.
 - (f) All Arms Air Defence.
- (2) Passive Defence:

- (a) Dispersion of Vehicles and Stock.
- (b) Camouflage and Concealment.
- (c) Comd and Control.
- (d) Cleared Fields of Fire.
- (e) Weapon Pits.
- (f) System of early warning.

c. Objective 3: The revising of Manual Ledgers - something that will be phased out as field computers are introduced.

d. Objective 4: The introduction of new equipment:

- (1) New binned containers.
- (2) New 6-ton trailers.
- (3) New laundry unit.

All of this equipment required 'FAM' Courses. As well, old equipment usage was also revised. That included:

- (1) The simple actions of lighting Coleman lamps and chuffers.
- (2) Erection of toilets and familiarisation with the chemical treatment of the 'product'.
- (3) The use of the evergreen shower unit.
- (4) Maintenance checks required for all vehicles.
- (5) Tent erection.
- (6) Camouflage, especially the containers.

To give all personnel an appreciation of the benefits of good camouflage a helicopter lift for the whole Company was arranged so that they could assess their efforts from the air.

e. Objective 5: To re-introduce all Ordnance Soldiers to a field routine within a Fd Sup Coy, to be achieved in part, by carrying out issues on a 24-hour cycle, and by practicing a series of deployments. Additionally an RFL Test and a BFT was held. The BFT saw both Regular Force and Territorial Force Soldiers take part.

Training

Training conducted by 12 Fd Sup Coy over the Annual Camp period in addition to the supplier training, which classified as "on the job", was as follows:

Serial	Date	Time	Activity
1	10 Jan	1545	RFL
2	11 Jan	0800	Trade trg - Intro to Laundry Unit
3	11 Jan	1300	First Deployment commences
4	11 Jan	1315	Historical Study. Battle of Rangiriri 1863
5	12 Jan	1300	Tentage Lecture
6	13 Jan	0800	Trade trg circuit <ul style="list-style-type: none">a. Wpn revision and Maintenanceb. Coleman Lampc. 6 man toiletd. Laundry Unit
7	13 Jan	1800	Infantry Tactics <ul style="list-style-type: none">a. Patrolling lectureb. Section Battle Drills lecture
8	13 Jan	2100	Night Patrol - Estb LP
9	14 Jan	0730	Section Battle Drills
10	14 Jan	1800	Veh Cam Lecture Helicopter Emplane/Deplane Lecture
11	15 Jan	0630	BFT

12	15 Jan	1300	Trade Trg Circuit - a. Laundry b. Container binned c. Shower Unit
13	15 Jan	1800	Deployment Revision Lecture
14	16 Jan	0730	Veh Maintenance and Period Checks Lecture
15	17 Jan	0730	Second Deployment Commences
16	17 Jan	1400	Sup Coy Area Recon by Helicopter
17	17 Jan	1800	Work routine throughout night
18	18 Jan	0730	Third Deployment commences
19	19 Jan	0900	Fourth Deployment commences
20	21-23 Jan		Bde Exercise
21	24 Jan	0730	Clean up

Conclusion

To conclude, Annual Camp 87 was a very demanding one from the training and tactical view. As an individual unit camp it allowed 12 Fd Sup Coy to exercise independently and practice deployment drills. This the Company did well which was reflected by the competency displayed in the night deployment. Looking forward to Annual Camp '88, for 12 Fd Sup Coy this will be a Formation Camp. The skills required in 1988 will emphasise both the deployment drills and the ability to satisfy demands. Annual Camp 87 will be seen as a step in the right direction to Annual Camp '88.

* * * * *

ANNUAL CAMP 87 - FRIEND OR FOE

12 Fd Sup Coy (1 TF's Ordnance Contingent) entered a phase of intense deployment activity, over the 11 - 25 Jan period. This year Annual Camp began with a scenic drive to Woodhill State Forest. We encountered the usual admin problems facing the organisation of such a large exercise involving both equipment and pers.

The aims of Annual Camp 87 for our Company were to practice the withdrawal of a Fd Sup Coy in war, to practice all soldiers in field accounting, to practice deployment drills, and finally conduct regimental training.

Take heart fellow patriots. An IEF is drip fed by both RF and TF pers. We as regular soldiers and indeed the officers are forever expanding our boundaries of knowledge through normal yearly duties. For our Territorial "Bros" who only attend weekends there is obviously a need for them to mature their field skills. Unfortunately a noticeable absence of TF people has produced a saddle amongst our company. Highly trained officers and senior NCOs at one end, and highly trained junior NCOs at the other. Those essential 'needies' to be found in the centre.

Many of the newer troops were faced with new and challenging obstacles over the camp. The training programme pushed us through the basics, camouflaging of vehs, stores and dependant articles such as tent lines, latrines and wpn pits. We were aided with these techniques by a lift from 3 Sqn RNZAF. They made it possible for us to fly above our scaled down Fd Sup Coy. No matter what pride we achieved 'caming' our Coy on the ground, we were obvious as a deployed Coy from the air. Veh cam was visible, partially dug gun pits a target and even a blue rubbish bag the size of half a sleeping mat making its presence animated. We needed more people and a little more speed and efficiency. I do feel however that we should be given our dues. The little time to learn, take in and practice our skills was quite bewildering, though a little illogical at times, we finally achieved a very creditable standard.

This year saw the introduction of new and wondrous items of equipment. The new bin containers, for use as bulk and detail holding bays, replaced the sort after RL Bin Truck!! The Containers are easily mistaken with their hard solid matt appearance. But actually it is made of flexible capabilities. When the trucks travel over rough terrain the bin's shape will mould with the vibrations. There however is one small problem, we as yet do not have an MHE capable of lifting the containers off the vehicles. With only a few Micanto lifting devices currently in 1 BSB, we were forced to immobilise our vehs in order to work with the containers.

Also added to our collection was the new laundry unit. A few electrical trouble spots prevented the use of it on the camp. With a lot of luck the 1988 Camp (a major formation camp involving the entire IEF) will see???? the laundry unit in action.

This year 1 Fd Wksp with a magnificent brainstorm 579'd vehs and specialists inspected wpons at the end of annual camp. Although we did not get to sleep until the early hours, the work they did aided us greatly in our clean up chores. The repeated cleaning and recleaning of gear was avoided. Thanks to the EME boys.

Annual Camp 87, a camp to remember, an exercise to learn by.

CHEERS.

LCPL Ansell

* * * * *

MY IMPRESSION OF ANNUAL CAMP

This year's annual camp was a success in that it was realistic and we knew what we were doing a record 4 out of the 12 hours of the day. The lectures were well taken and advice was given to those who needed it. I especially enjoyed Sgt McBrides's lecture on Night Vision, I know now how a burp, cough, sneeze and other human noises sound in the bush at night.

For the first time in a number of years we deployed a Supply Company several times. The first few times were a bit confusing but after a while we got it down pat. The BFT was another big achievement of the camp. Everybody put in a good effort. Especially the female soldiers. I understood one managed to complete a mammoth 1.5 km. Say no more.

Another exciting event for the boys, and girls was the helicopter rides, which went off with a minimum of confusion thanks to LCpl Ford's well conducted and enlightening lecture. I was working on the shower unit, and we got it going finally, but I got a sweat up quite a few times. The inexperienced members of the shower unit also got an in-depth study on things that aren't taught in the book by SSgt Finnerty.

Another aspect which was a morale lifter was the game of touch rugby in which we saw the Services Platoon "BLITZ" Stores Platoon. Last of all, thanks to Sgt Murch for his support, staying up all hours serving liquid refreshments and in the typical 'Barman' tradition lending friendly ear to his regular clientele!!!!!!! The cheque is in the mail, Dave!!!!!!

LCpl S Moses

Contributed by the late LCpl S Moses who died recently in Ngaruawahia.

IMPRESSIONS OF 12 FD SUP COY ANNUAL CAMP 10 - 24 JAN 87

Annual camp, I felt was a great benefit to me, what I learnt in the space of time spent in the field, enhanced my knowledge of how the Ordnance Corps functions. With the trade training periods slotted into the programme, (that was also a plus) it gave everybody the chance to see how the other sections within the Company worked. Being a newcomer to the green machine and this being my first annual camp, I looked forward to the challenge, and found it was of great value to my career as an Ordnance Soldier. It also made me appreciate the time and effort that went into the planning of Annual Camp. All the lectures I felt were well presented by all lecturers especially Section Battle Drills, "Chopper" Drills and Vehicle Camouflage. They were new to me, and it gave me the opportunity to learn. Another opportunity I had was to watch and listen to our section heads, where they thought the most appropriate position would be for our gun pit, shell scrapes and other important decisions. Also the 'pep' talks the Platoon Commander gave the Section which pertained to reaction when contacted by the enemy, and other things for our general knowledge.

We learnt all basic soldier skills, but sometimes it is the basic things we tend to forget, and when the section had contact with the enemy during a simulated attack, it was good to see them work as a team.

Another learning experience was the night patrol and actually going out and doing section battle drills. All of these things will help me during my years as a soldier and overall I felt the camp was bliss(ter), and look forward to many more years of annual camping.

Pte C. De Thierry

* * * * *

IMPRESSIONS OF 12 FD SUP COY ANNUAL CAMP AND BFT

The BFT was supposed to start at about six o'clock on a beautiful morning. It did start eventually, at a fast pace, but by the end was down to a slow walk. The majority who passed deserved to, not because there had been no training, but because they tried their hardest. An unnamed Lance Corporal with a buggered knee finished the walk, climb, carry, wall and 9 ft jump ahead of those with no ailments. This goes to show what can be done with a bit of determination and a lot of sweat.

We started off as two squads and ended up as one squad with hangers-on trying to catch up. The biggest problem I found was the carry. Carrying someone who must have had a big breakfast consisting of two packets of wheat-bix and a few loaves of bread was quite a strain. Being carried was also an event, having what one values most of all being excruciatingly squashed.

The illustrious rope climb was next. However this was not too bad. Some really interesting techniques came out of it, with people using various ways to ascend the rope. People were also trying not to descend too fast so as to turn hands into pieces of raw meat.

The six foot wall was strategically placed on the side of the road with plenty of sand on both sides. This I found a bit more difficult than other six foot walls because when you went to take off you would instead sink into the sand and end up giving the wall the famous Boston Kiss with your forehead. After a lot of struggling and tugging at webbing on top of the wall, (webbing always manages to get into those embarassingly painful places) it was over the other side.

The last obstacle was the nine foot ditch. This seemed to have shrunk somewhat with people jumping over in and around it. By the time I arrived it looked more like a nine foot wall. I put this all down to that damned sand.

Alas, all was not finished. The twenty-five metre range was next on the agenda. This was down on the beach "somewhere". After miles had been covered in the back of a Unimog we eventually arrived. Covering off my respective target, I loaded a ten round magazine on my weapon and shot at a target 25 m away. To pass this part of the BFT test you are required to get eight shots on the target. I found twenty holes which must put me in the running for the Queen's Medal shoot for next year.

This was at last the end.

I won't forget this BFT in a long time, not because it was a one off experience, but because you can't get too many BFTs like this!!!!

ANNUAL CAMP 1987 - WOODHILL STATE FOREST, NORTHLAND

Sunday 25th of January saw an impressive convoy heading north to Woodhill State Forest with pers from all over NZ.

At Rangiriri we stopped to views the intrenchment of the 1860s Battle defended by the 700 strong Maori Waikato Tribe. Three quarters of an hour later and several games of cards saw us straining for a glimpse of Queen Street, Auckland out the back of the dusty Mog. Three hours later and still shuffling the deck we bumped to a halt deep in Woodhill State Forest. The ground was very sandy and soft but the 8-tonners eventually made it. This sandy pine forest was to be our home for the next three days until we deployed. We were organised into sections with 3 - 4 Ptes and a Section Commander. Strangers in the forest we immediately set out erecting "hoochies" and 2-man tents while we chatted away to each other.

That afternoon a fire sentry duty roster was announced - 2 hours on, then hurray, we could sleep. Next morning at 0500 was a jab in the ribs and PT. Breakfast followed afterwards at the huge field kitchen tents with lots of forms to sit on and good food. "Great" we thought, this is sort of going to be like camping at the beach: cards out and more UKA.

During three days here it became the social event we looked forward to with lots of laughs as the girls from Burnham taught me to play UKA (they obviously didn't teach her how to spell Euchre!). We were in a good frame of mind to begin work and later on the second, we day started setting up our various sections. Two days later saw a whole Field Supply Company ready to roll. As a novice, it was all very interesting and the pieces of the jigsaw began fitting together to make a whole picture. Just as we were feeling quite settled and becoming familiar with the whole area, Sar Major announced that the "Holiday" was over! The kitchen disappeared and breakfast the next morning was a mountain of rat-pack stew and crackers.

This was to continue for the next three days during which our main topic of conversation was what the next fresh good meal would be. There was much talk about the forthcoming BFT. With 25 kilos of sandbags on our backs, we were soon left in no doubt as to what BFT stood for..... it must be bloody exhausting, I thought!! Suddenly an epidemic of tummy aches, head colds and sprained ankles swept the camp. This was my first BFT experience. Cripes I thought it must be pretty gruesome. Determined that my high spirits were going to remain I prepared myself for the worst.

We formed up in a platoon formation and marched off along the hot dusty metal road that wound endlessly through the pine forest. My little stride just could not keep up with the giant males in front and behind me. The metal on the road loomed up like huge boulders as I stumbled along, the weight on the back keeping me permanently hunched. Around 7 km I heard the engine of the pick-up stopping and starting. A mate had told me not to panic at the thought of 15 km because they did send a truck out to collect the exhausted bodies. I was soon to experience the back of that truck personally and join several other fallen victims. Up ahead I saw Nikki, sweat-drenched and swaying but still determined to put one foot in front of the other. The truck pulled up along side her but no, she was not going to succumb. Further on the remnants of the stragglng platoon disappeared out of sight. 15 long hot kms finally was the end where I struggled wearily out the truck to encourage Nikki who had indeed made it, to carry me 100 metres, fireman's carry, but alas her leg gave way and we very nearly didn't make it. Then the ropes, where a crowd of sweat-drenched bodies stood hunchback, waiting their turn. Then the 6ft wall and yells of encouragement from those hardy bods collapsed along the bank amongst the fern and teatree, and one last effort over the 9ft ditch saw the finish of the notorious BFT. I'm afraid some of us died long before. Congratulations to many courageous pers who drove themselves beyond their expectations.

The following day saw us rather zombie-like but we did manage to enjoy very much an exhilarating helicopter ride to view our cam. Oh dear, it could be seen for meters - a bit disappointing since we had put much time and effort into camming - we do indeed need those new nets, which we hear we will be getting sometime this year.

The following days saw us deploying several times by day and by night, with an attack on Workshops early one morning around 3 a.m...."Pte! You are not supposed to be 200 metres behind the firing line!" Oh dear, that's me.

During one deployment, I remember Sar Major standing right in the firing line of sand and soil as it sprayed through the air while the tyres of the Rover churned deeper and deeper into the sandy turf, revving its way up the rise into its allotted position. There was our Sar Major covered - eyes, ears and head to toe.

Camming our vehicles during our several deployments was sometimes amusing. Here was our Section Comd proceeding to give the novices a demo, when suddenly his boot got caught in the cam on the wet bonnet of the mog - THUG, Sgt Q. tumbled to the ground. Beetroot-red, he turned quickly to see if anyone had witnessed his demise. Often foot-sore and weary, my female companion and I had many laughs.

Sentry duties and lack of sleep became the order of the day and night. One very humid afternoon while on gunpit duty and looking so very forward to a shower that was not to be, I presented myself for duty at the pit armed not only with bullets, but to brighten and hasten those 2 hrs in purgatory, some soap and cloth. Now, I discovered one could have an excellent bubble bath from just one canteen water bottle, an hour in the gun pit plus one piece of rather gritty, grubby soap from somewhere deep in the trouser pocket. I scanned the area - no pers to be seen, but just as a safety measure I'd turn my back to the camp and face out toward the "enemy". So, if your shooting is no good, try this to scare away the enemy! Off with the shirt and on with a lovely cool, clean refreshing suds-up. Alas, I later learned that Mr W was not snoozing as I had thought but in fact had witnessed the whole incident through binoculars. Oh God, I started praying fast. How could I escape being charged. Well, My only consolation was that he couldn't have me for being dirty in the field! My mate later screeched at me "You're not a b..... pacifist, are you?" maybe it was time to change to a non-combatant Corps? Our final deployment saw us 30 km from Whangarei. The weather blew up windy and wet. Thursday saw us in brigade formation driving towards Papakura where a rifle check was made. (Good grief, how was I ever going to get it clean, after all the dirt, sand and cow manure my rifle and I had lived with during those onerous two weeks?) I spent hours cleaning every little component and finally decided to wrap my big baby up in rags-old until after the inspection. It must have worked because I went straight through the long inspection line. Then, hurray and yippee, some fresh food.

Midnight and very tired we departed for Hopuhopu excited at the thought of showers and flush loos. At 0130 hours, we were leaping through the barrack doors and springing on to the nearest bed - such luxury we all slept like logs.

Saturday began the massive clean up operation. Capt held a "summary of annual camp" meeting; the outcome being that we had achieved our objectives but for me the meeting was highlighted with two promotions - Sgt Emery, to Staff Sergeant and LCpl Paekau now Cpl. Congratulations to them both from all their friends at Hopuhopu.

Pte Julie Brockelsby

1 SUP COY INDOOR CRICKET

Name:	BOOTS	
Players:	Sect Comd	Jose Cooper
	2 I/C	Morris Thorby
	Radio Op	Aussie Mason
	Gunner	Glen Alexander
	No 2 Gunner	Steve Ansell
	Lead Scout	Dave Murch
	Cover Scout	Jim Lydiate
	Tail End Charlie	Ferge Fergusson
	Rifleman	Bruce Ford
	Rifleman	Derek Eade

The team was gathered, (or should we say bullied) together by Aussie Mason back in late January 87. Nobody really wanted to go at first, but after the initial game you couldn't keep the boys away or Lydiate quiet.

So far the team has played three games and come a close second each time. We would've done better the last game but the mascot was on exercise and the team humour level was two points down and two tinnies up.

What is indoor cricket like to a beginner?

Well friends, readers and others, the game of Indoor Cricket is bloody terrifying to a beginner. There you are standing there, two feet away from some clown with a big, big bat and all he wants to do is smack a cricket ball so hard that you grow a third eye. When batting, the other team forgets about the wickets and does their best to hit you with the ball. (Body Line) ?

I think the game should be called "BRAND HIM"!!!!!!!

I asked Aussie Mason how the game was played, and he said,

quote: " When you are out, you stay out until you go in.
When you go in, you go out, but you stay in until it's time to go out.
So that's the batting done.
Now when you are fielding you go out to put them out when they are in.
But they don't go out when they are out, they stay in until they go out and new ones
come in!!! Do you understand Jim?" unquote.

" Yes Aussie, I sure do. It's just like SEX."

J.L. for BOOTS

P.S. Any challengers???

TITBITS BY TATTLER

Maj "C" may be the OC of 1 Sup Coy, but "Mo" drives the JAG more than he does.

Lt "W" has an answer to "Stars and Stripes"..... A 12 ft catamaran towed by V8 Landrover.

WO1 AJW recently attended a fam course on Ford Sierra cars. Points to note, you do not need a screwdriver to open the petrol cap, just pull the lever beside the driver's seat. The course was conducted by Pte Eade.

LT Dan "B" recently renewed the decor of the Finance and Purchase Cell. Very nice it is too...if you like pink. (What next Sir? Mirrors on the ceiling?)

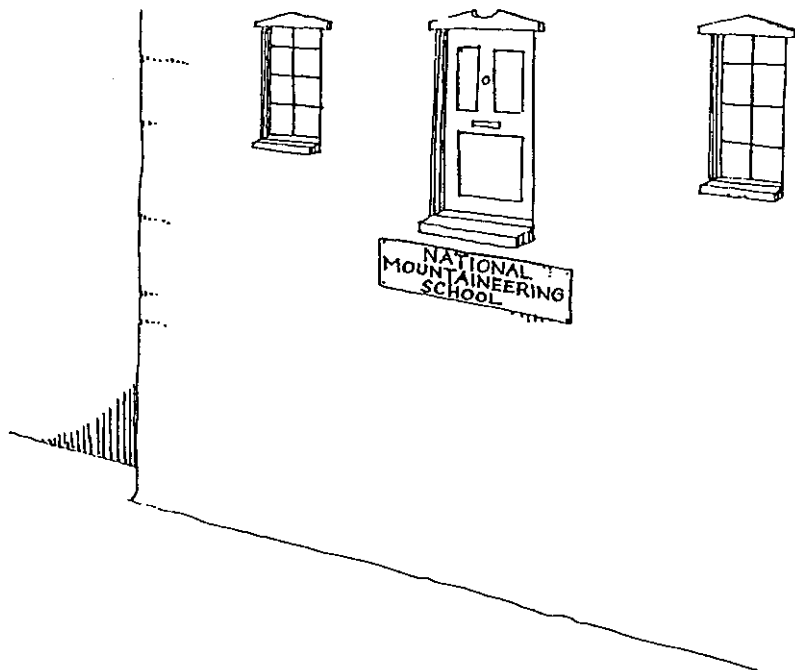
CSM (don't cry for me) tried all morning to return an important phone call... result... he now knows all about DANIEL AND THE LIONS, and still calls a DIAL A PRAYER at least once a day just to find out what happened next.

A shortage of boots strikes the Waikato for a least four days after every BFT.

Sgt Murch (or should we say Munch) was heard to utter forth "I am a very young looking Sgt". If that is the case we have graded his body as ten. Dave recently took up indoor cricket as a sport, after two overs and three resusitations later, we let him try it with a bat. His batting partner Ssgt (fix the tent) Fowell has to run twice to gain one run.

SSgt Finnerty is now barred from wearing dacron shorts. In Singapore white legs are called MILK BOTTLES, in Pete's case, let us say YOGHURT.

The servery in the smoko room has just been painted. The OC has been requested not allow Lt "B" loose in the paint store again.



15 COMBAT SUPPLIES PLATOON, 1 TRANSPORT SQUADRON, RNZCT

KIA ORA

Hope everyone's year is going as planned, Staff Tommo and myself have had and will have a busy year ahead of us. For Xmas Tommo tackled a paddock of hay bales and the wife and I drove to Christchurch (what a beaut place).

Got back from leave and straight into action, organising Annual Camp 87. Thanks 47 Pet Pl for the loan of pump gears, and to our Workshops Sgt Field for getting them to start easily. A few hiccups with refrigerated containers but all went well eventually. The Platoon marched in on Friday night and were all briefed on the exercise. We spent the next two days loading stores, Squadron photos, and a presentation on Lebanon "really worthwhile".

Annual Camp went off well, the Platoon had five young guys who had not yet done a basic, but they all got stuck in and worked together. Sgt Puru couldn't make Annual Camp so Staff Olsen was delegated as Platoon Sgt, and Tommo acting Platoon Commander "AGAIN". At the last minute it was decided that I would work with Pet Ops team - "CHOICE". It was a low profile camp, not too busy as we were only supplying 600 personnel and refuelling 160 vehicles.

The Pet Ops had a good team with Johnny Mead as IC and JJ Henry as 2IC, we all worked together well and had a good time. Apart from the barbecue ending early, Annual Camp was a success.

A few weeks later the Platoon had a maintenance weekend for vehicles, and stores, and stored 1500 jerrycans successfully. On the Sunday we played a game of cricket with Tommo as wicket keeper, taking plenty of catches. I got clean bowled for nine runs - what a joke. Later in the day we had a barbecue for our wives, girlfriends, boyfriends etc, most of us brought one or the other, one of us brought one of each.

The Platoon will be running round the Bays this year, it should be a good day out.

Lately our lanyards have been causing people to notice us, funny what you have to do to get people to realise you are still part of RNZAOC. Just to let you know what our strength is, two RF (full strength, sorry guys and gals), 29 TF with eight being processed (established strength 35).

What we've got planned for this training year is as follows:

- Apr: ANZAC Day Parade
- May: RNZCT Corps Day, Minor Tactics, Bill Gray Shield Match (rugby)
- Jun: TBA
- Jul: DP/PPs
- Aug: Licence Testing/RFL
- Sep: Range Shoot
- Oct: Recovery
- Nov: Field Accounting/RFL
- Dec: Xmas leave
- Jan: Annual Camp
- Feb: Unit Maintenance
- Mar: TBA

As well, members of the unit are attending promotion courses, Pet Ops courses, V8 Fam, 17001 Unimog Fam. That makes up the year, not forgetting the Exercise Craftsman Progress II. Staff Thompson and myself take this opportunity in wishing everyone a successful year.

SUA TELA TONANTI

Pte L G Habershon

KING TUT

By Glim



3 SUPPLY COMPANY

SYSTEM OF SUPPLY

Progress ?? or a case for centralised control to be returned to AGS??????

Prior to 13 Mar 87 RNZAF Demand on 1 Base Sup Bn for Qty 14 Black Duffel Bags. 1 Base Sup Bn had nil stock.

AM 13 Mar 87. Warn 3 Sup Coy of issue requirements.

AM 13 Mar 87. 1 Base Sup Bn Signal (Spt Comd info 3 Sup Coy)

AM 17 Mar 87. 3 Sup Coy receive info copy of signal sent by Spt Comd to LF Comd.

PM 17 Mar 87. 3 Sup Coy receive info copy of signal sent by LF Comd to 3 TF.

18 Mar 87. No release authority.

19 Mar 87. Still no release authority.

AM 20 Mar 87. Due to closedown for 100% stocktake MSC contacts 3 TF by phone for release.

PM 20 Mar 87. Action copy of 3TF signal received 3 Sup Coy.

WHAT DO YOU THINK????? The first correct answer to questions above is guaranteed a 7 year posting to 4 Sup Coy with all expenses paid for his family.

Warrant Officer Class One AA THAIN
3 Sup Coy

3 FIELD SQUADRON ANNUAL CAMP 87

3 Fd Sqn annual camp was conducted in the Marlborough Sounds area over the period 15 - 31 Jan 87. In support to this exercise, 3 Sup Coy, 34 Sup Pl was to provide a rations NCO. My TOD, as you might call it, actually started a week before the main exercise. First priority was to establish a contract between the Army and our suppliers of fresh veges, meat and dairy products. This, once established, was to be our main source of supply. As for the likes of dry rations, and ration packs, these were taken with us from Burnham.

With everything on my part all set to go, the advance party departed from Burnham and headed for Otatara Bay, a drive of almost 10 hours. We reached Otatara Bay at 1700 hours with just enough daylight to erect our base camp and give the cooks some shelter so they could cook us tea. After tea we had a quick tidy up of the area and went to the OC's O Group. The main item discussed was the arrival and transportation of the main body from Burnham to Otatara Bay. This was to be done in two stages. The first stage was by bus from Burnham to Havelock and the second stage was by assault boats from Havelock to Otatara Bay. Both stages went off pretty well with only a few soldiers getting wet in the second stage.

With the main body settled in, and everything seemingly running smoothly, it was time for me to sort out my part in this annual camp. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays would see me journey into town (Havelock) and uplift the rations from the contracts I established before the exercise. Tuesdays and Thursdays would see me catch up on all of my paper war; that is working out my next orders to uplift, filling out the MD 131 (which is just accounting for all the rations that were eaten) and giving the CQMS a progressive debit or credit total. Apart from the whole week being taken up with town runs and paper war, there was a time when swimming, fishing and riding around on the boats were part of my weekly tasks as well (not that I didn't do anything until all my work was finished).

Joy rides on the boats would see the boys bring back fresh fish (snapper), pauas, kinas, mussels and crayfish, which were eaten as pre-course dinners when the boys didn't feel like waiting around for tea. No wonder they had PT everyday. With the exercise coming to an end, my last journey into town was to finalise the accounts with our suppliers. The butcher was pretty happy when he knew he was to receive a cheque for \$4 566 dollars in the mail and the foodmarket people gave a smile when they also knew they would receive one for \$4 023.60.

As a young supplier working in the Supply Platoon this was my first exercise using Frequency of Issue and it is easy to follow, so boss how about another exercise aye????

G Haami
Rations NCO

EX TE HOKI DRIVE 12 - 16 MAR 87

Pers who attended:	Lt	KI Johnson	Ex Controller
	Sgt	RT Clarke	Convoy Comd/Driver
	Sgt	DM Chapman-Stone	Driver/Cricket Manager
	Cpl	GS Makutu	Packet Comd
	Cpl	PJ Lee	Packet Comd/Driver
	LCpl	PL Innes	Driver
	LCpl	GD Haami	Driver
	LCpl	SD Kinnaird	Co-Driver
	Pte	MP Moran	Co-Driver
	Mr	O Huta	Driver
	Mr	JR Hill	Driver
	Mr	P Milner	Driver

The exercise was put together for two reasons. Firstly to deliver 8 x MB 2228's to 5 Comp Sup Coy Veh Group, and secondly to give the extremely efficient but ultra hard working staff of 3 Sup Coy a well deserved break in order to thrash BSB and 5 Comp Sup Coy in cricket.

Prior to the move it was agreed with DFO ChCh that we would take up as much freight as possible to save some \$\$\$\$ for Defence. Originally we thought it would be only one, possibly two trucks involved. As it turned out we left Burnham with 5 trucks loaded, made up of general freight, U/s ammo, u/s vehicles and u/s weapons. Also when the rest of camp heard of the move we had about a zillion cuzzies, all wanting to get their gear up north. Naturally we had to break a few hearts.

Preparations were made for our stay at Woodbourne, Trentham and Linton with only a few hiccups. Also prepared was our illustrious and unbeatable cricket team. At 1630 hours 12 Mar 87 we arrived and all pers assembled at the Veh Gp and inspected their trusty steeds for the journey north. Loads were checked, personal kit (and ghetto blasters) were loaded into the cabs, TV dinners were uplifted and coffee flasks were filled. All was ready. At 1700 hours the first vehicle started to roll, truckies quivered in fear and little dogs left little puddles. The BOYS were on the road. Destination Woodbourne, ETA 2330 hours.

We arrived slightly ahead of schedule, and thankfully the Airforce had itself sorted out. Trucks were parked and all pers were guided to their barracks for a few hours kip. Next morning most of us made it to breakky, then after first parading our vehicles we took a stroll around the Supply Squadron. No wonder the flyboys were looking after the installation of DSSR, every desk had its own terminal. We were quite astounded by the size of their operation: 36 000 line items, 800 - 900 transactions on an average day. They even had a complete room just for voucher control. (We are lucky to have a desk.) Still some time left so we had a quick swan through the repair depot. Several Skyhawks were in different stages of being updated, the only part that we understood, was the fitting of a star wars screen that they called a dead-up display. Also in the shop was an Orion that was starting its servicing. As we were allowed inside this one it was almost a race to the pilot's seat. For those of us that missed, we had an interesting look at the electronics. Then it was time to head off to Picton and wait for the Snailways boat. This was when the panic buttons started.

The first packet arrived at the ferry and the carpark attendant started to sweat. Railways had made the mistake of booking on 8 Mercedes Cars!!!! Not only that, but of the 100 spaces available, they had booked 137 cars. Corporatisation had not helped the railways yet and you should have seen the eyes pop when they saw the explosive signs plastered over the ammo truck! Anyway, after making them feel a bit on the guilty side, we rolled onto the ferry and immediately got into position in the bar, for the mandatory OJ's.

Arrival at Trentham was well organised, stores were offloaded, vehicles for return to Burnham were uplifted, the ammo vehicle left for Makomako, and accommodation was allocated. We quickly dumped all of our gears in the barracks and scattered to the four winds. (In Wellington, there is no shortage of that.)

A fairly sick looking lot greeted the eyes the next morning, but most of us managed to rise prior to 11 o'clock. As arranged we met the 1 Base Sup Bn cricket team at 1300 hours and proceeded to have an enjoyable game of cricket, the result of which was a draw, 103 each. The usual after match function helped most of us look like death warmed up the next day, but by then almost all of us had made the pilgrimage to the hallowed shrine of the Big Mac.

Sunday dawned with what looked like a red sunrise (or was that the bleeding eyes). Everyone was packed and ready to go, so we rolled out of Trentham on time. At this time Cpl Makutu and Pte Moran took off for Burnham with a rebuilt V8 and a new Datsun Twincab ute. This left us with 10 for a cricket team, but that was okay. The trip to Linton was a good one that kept the drivers busy and alert, so only the co-drivers got to think of their hangovers. Only one incident slowed us down. In Masterton a lamb got out of its paddock and tried to head butt the front wheels of the last truck. LCpl Haami got to claim the only death of the trip.

The arrival in Linton made Railways look like an efficiently run operation. No accommodation available (even though it was confirmed only 4 days earlier). Two hours after arriving the vehicles were delivered and pers had accommodation in the housing area and the SNCO transit barracks. Straight to the gym for a game of indoor cricket which we duly won by -46 to -26. After the cricket 3 Sup conceded to giving 5 Comp Sup Coy a chance to even it up with a game of touch rugby. Again we trounced them 5 to 1. The after match function followed and most of us missed the early night we had been looking forward to. Up early the next morning, we delivered the taxi back to WO2 Kereama and boarded the bus to Ohakea. What luck we had the jet and not the Herc.

All up it was a good trip. The trucks performed well, as did the sports teams. Our thanks to the pers of 1 Base Sup Bn and 5 Comp Sup Coy who helped organise the receptions. We'll probably see you next year when we come to bring the trucks back to the mainland and we'll be unbeatable then too.

Sgt RT Clarke

3 FD REGT ANNUAL CAMP 12 - 30 JAN 87

The Third Field Regiment RNZA held their annual camp on Patearoa which is about 80 km from Dunedin. I was sent as the rations NCO in charge of local purchases and demands back to 34 Sup Pl. The advance party left on the 12 Jan 87 to set up the echelon at the Patearoa Domain. Everything went well with all the tents, the cookhouse and the BAR being set up during the first two days. A relaxed atmosphere prevailed with the advance party dress of the day being T-shirt and shorts.

On the 17 Jan, the rest of the regiment arrived and went straight into the field where they started the deployment phase of the camp. They also had some live firing with the help of a helicopter as a spotter. There were 240 personnel on the camp at its peak and I spent \$18 000 on local purchase rations from Ranfurly 12 km away.

One of the highlights of the camp was when a transport driver wrote off a new Sigma and three sheep. The camp was one of the most enjoyable I have attended.

EX HERMIT PARK
2/1 RNZIR - GOLDEN BAY. 4 - 25 FEB 87

My job on this exercise was to supply rations for 2/1 whilst they were exercising around Golden Bay. After a late night on the 3 Feb 87 getting all the rations organised, we left at 0300 hours the next morning and arrived in sunny Nelson. We uplifted our dairy products, butter, cheese, and eggs from Farm Products and then it was off to Golden Bay.

My first job was to visit the Tasman Electric Power Board, so that we could get our ISO fridge up and running. The container was on the ground and ready by 1645 hours. The next job was to uplift rations for the advance party. The rations were meat, veges, bread and milk, which was supplied by local contractors. Setting up the dry rations store, which was situated on the tray of a MB2228, was another task to be completed before the advance party arrived. When they did arrive, they worked on erecting the cookhouse, mess tent and sleeping accommodation. After dinner we carried on setting up our base camp. We worked until about 2200 hours.

The following morning we were dressed in PT Kit, and proceeded to put up more tents and cam nets. The camp had to be up by Sunday night. My ration break for three days was ordered and ready for uplift on the 5 Feb 87. There was just enough room to store all the rations. I was feeding approximately 500 pers. (Heaps of tucker in the fridge.) We had a couple of fast balls. Try feeding 500 pers on Frequency of Issue when they decide to come out of the field a day earlier than expected. We had to get extra rations rather rapidly (4 and a half hours from the time I was told, to the time the rations were ready for uplift). The other fast ball was to get strange items for the cooks, who needed needed them for a buffet.

As teh rations Storeman on a field exercise. I enjoyed myself. It was my first exercise and as it was with the largest unit in Burnham Camp I was a bit nervous about making a mess of the account. With help from the Battalion Quartermaster and the cooks, everything went along smoothly.

Mike Tetteroo
Rations NCO

IS THE SPIRIT OF COMPETITION ALIVE IN THE ARMY TODAY?

Is the spirit of competition alive and well in the Army today? That was the topic given to me by our CSM for this issue of 'PATAKA'. After a lot of thought on how to approach this topic I discovered that when you talk about competition it can cover a lot of ground - not only sports but job and home lifestyle.

I can only write as I see it. If anyone strongly disagrees with my viewpoints I am sure that your unit will let you write your points of view for the next 'PATAKA'. To start with I have only been in the Army for four years after spending ten years in the cold hard world of civvy street (You really have to work for your pay there), so I think that I can write this from an unbiased point of view.

The RFL is a way of showing how competitive soldiers are today. Some do only enough to pass while others try to better their level or compete against somebody else at a similar or higher level. This is a very good type of competition as it is self induced and helps to install pride in oneself.

Band and promotion courses are another reflection of an individual's competitive nature. The written comment at the end of a course report is more important than the marks. Comments like "only did enough to pass, can do better" shows a lack of personal drive and competitiveness. I have

been on courses where it is more important to go out and drink than to study and swot.

If soldiers of today were as competitive at their work and soldiering skills as they are at drinking and wasteful spending of money, they would help to create a more highly skilled and motivated Army second to none. They are too busy trying to out drink each other to see why they are being left behind.

I have left sports out of this article as most people are competitive when playing a game or sport.

In conclusion, I would have to say that the spirit of competition is alive and well in the army, but needs to be directed and channeled into the right areas. Not all soldiers are the same but a big majority demonstrate the signs given here. Once again, I state that this is my point of view and I hope to read other soldiers' views in the future.

Cpl C Stainger

SOLDIERING: A WOMAN'S VIEW

Females have come a long way since 1911 when the first women Territorials served in the NZ Army Nursing Service. In 1942 the NZ Army Auxiliary Corps (NZWAAC) was formed, performing a range of occupations in NZ and overseas, enabling the release of men from those occupations for operational services. Even since 1977, when the NZ WRAC Corps (formerly NZWAAC) was disbanded and the soldiers transferred to other Corps within the Army, the female population totalled 5% of the NZ Army strength.

This subject to me is quite difficult to write about mainly because my views may be a lot different, to those of my fellow female soldiers. For this reason, please remember that the comments below are one person's views and should by no means be reflected on all female soldiers. Just like males, we have different points of view.

Today as a female soldier, you have to be a lot "thicker skinned" than you would have to be as a civilian. On one side of the fence, we are rubbished that we aren't feminine enough, and on the other, the dead opposite, we aren't "warry" enough. It isn't hard for both male and female soldiers to work in the same environment and to realise that each sex has a different weakness - For the male, paper work (or desk work), and for the female, physical strength. As there are more male soldiers than females, the male weaknesses are forgotten and the females' are dramatised fanatically and our good points are used to the common chauvinistic advantage, when it suits the males, i.e. extra typing, being put as a secretary on committees, sewing, making afternoon teas etc. Chauvinism is a big battle, which we have to fight almost every day, and which most females have to accept as soon as we sign the dotted line.

It isn't socially acceptable at present to deliberately involve women in combat, although weapon training is given to take part in a defensive role in unexpected situations during combat operations. We have been given training and can operate weapons, dig gun pits, and do all the other tasks for survival in the field. Digging gunpits takes a lot more energy for a female and needs of course 100% more effort. Yet still it's done at half the speed of a normal male. The main reason for this is that we are not built as strong as the males are. Females find it hard going to the toilet out in the field, it really is difficult finding a bush or secluded spot in comparison to just turning your back as a male, (using less effort).

Cleanliness and hygiene in the field as a female has to be of a much higher standard than a male. The main difficulties are that most males don't understand this and forget the fact when faced with being in command. A good idea may be to introduce a few pointers on dealing with females' difficulties at the Junior NCO level, so that everybody is aware of them.

Admittedly, with such a subject as the one I was given, I have only tipped the iceberg. I only hope this will start an understanding of how and why females are in the army, so that we, as soldiers, can work together as one instead of soldiers and soldiers (W)!!

ANON

A FISHY STORY FROM 3 SUP COY

On the 28 Jan 87, 3 Sup Coy held their annual unit fishing competition at Coopers Lagoon. The typically fine summer's day was slightly marred by a poor turn-out of Sup Coy people. With the afternoon came a run of Kawhai which most fishermen took advantage of. WO2 Preston and LCpl Pope each caught a 2.5 kg Kawhai, so pulling a number out of the hat was required. The following personnel won prizes:

1st Prize - WO2 Preston

Lucky Entry - LCpl Pope

Most Aggregate - LCpl Pope

Smallest Fish - Sgt Sinclair

A second competition was held on 1 March 1987 at the same location. Influenced by Maj Thomson, the turn-out was a dramatic improvement on the first competition. All those who attended had an enjoyable days outing. The following prizes were won by personnel:

1st Prize - LCpl Pope

Lucky Entry - Jim Glanville

Most Aggregate - LCpl Pope

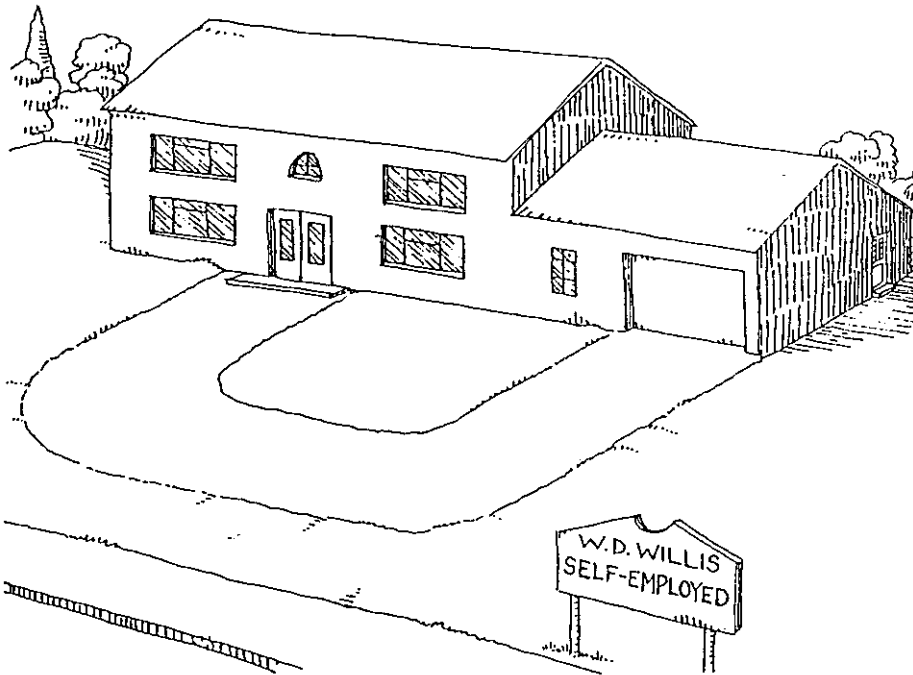
Smallest Fish - Sgt Sinclair

Many thanks to Jim Glanville who put a lot of time and effort into the competitions.

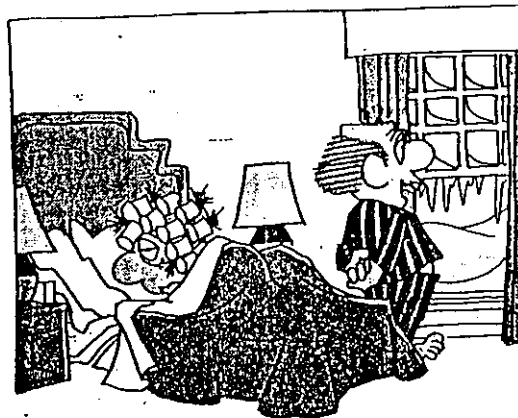


REMEMBER FISH FOR THOUGHT, FISH FOR NUTRITION

Signed JAWS 5



"I MARRIED MISTER RIGHT....
MISTER ALWAYS RIGHT!"



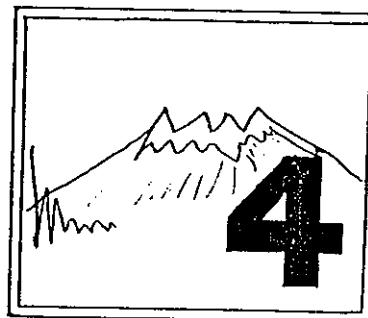
"HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO EXERCISE
EQUAL RIGHTS, LORETTA. THERE
MUST BE A FOOT OF SNOW."

REFLECTIONS FROM WAIOURU

From the shadow of the mountain.....

During the past few months 4 Sup Coy has participated in a variety of activities, both sporting and regimental. These included;

- 15 Nov 86 : Round the Mountain Relay (RTMR)
- 27-29 Jan 87 : Inter-Unit Shoot
- 31 Jan 87 : Inter-Unit Skill At Arms
- 14 Feb 87 : Inter-Unit Endurance
- 25 Feb 87 : Inter-Unit Top Town
- 28 Feb 87 : Unit Grenade Practise
- 1 Mar 87 : Unit Classification Shoot
- 20 Mar 87 : Unit BFT
- 25 Mar 87 : Inter-Unit Marathon



The RTMR provided the unit with the opportunity of inflicting a crushing, humiliating defeat on 21 Sup Coy, much to the latter's embarrassment especially Capt D Hayden who couldn't be found after the event! Never mind, RTMR 87 is another race.

The regimental activities involved a considerable amount of training, organised by various members of the unit. Whilst the intention was to provide competitive teams in each activity, most of the unit had the opportunity of participating in an event, particularly with active encouragement!!! The following articles record the dogged determination of unit members. The three months of training culminated in the unit BFT which was successfully completed in 1hr 42 mins. Let it be known that no-one wore jandals or carried walking sticks following the event, as I believe our northern friends might have. The activities provided everyone with a challenge, and the unit worked well together to achieve their objectives.

Due to the absence of a field training element within the unit, every effort has been made to get the junior soldiers away on exercises. Two soldiers deployed with 32 Fd Sup Coy on Ex LOTH-LORIEN in Greater Canterbury during Nov 86, two to 1 Sup Coy's annual camp in Jan 87, and three to 21 Sup Coy for the FMG annual camp in Feb 87. The training was well worthwhile and provided the opportunity to undertake some field training, and get away from Waiouru for a change of scenery. Our thanks to the host units for their co-operation and assistance. The unit is conducting a junior leadership exercise on 1 Apr 87 to practice the junior ranks in fieldcraft, navigation and leadership skills. An adventure training exercise is planned in mid-Sep 87 in the Ruapehu-Ngauruhoe-Tongariro area.

From a personnel perspective the unit is a little more healthy now with the outflow of people to NZAOD stemmed by various postings in over the last few months. Other RNZAOC unit personnel may note with concern that 4 Sup Coy is almost flush with manpower albeit junior, but then I'm sure that they would not begrudge us our level of manning since apparently few NCOs and WOs seem prepared to come to Waiouru....

Morale is high within the unit as we prepare for Winter and the Defence Auditors in May/June 87. Remember, if you want to work in a military environment or wish to be a member of a growing colony of expatriate Cantabrians, then 4 Sup Coy is the place for you.

OC

ROUND THE MOUNTAIN RELAY - 1986

"Stand by, one minute to go"

"On your marks, get set".....

'BANG'!!!!

Time: 0500 hrs, Saturday 15 Nov 86;
Place: Waiouru

"Yes folks, it was that time of the year again when only the stupid and fit get dressed up in their fast gear and young and old pit themselves against the weather, the clock and each other, trying to prove a point or just for the hell of it, risking life and limb in the Annual Round the Mountain Road Relay".

4 Sup Coy had two teams of 'volunteers' (hmm, bit suspect that word) this year and this is a report on the Men's Open team.

Our first guy away was one of the all time favourites and a regular participant in such events, young Tama 'Eat my Dust' Hiroti.

Now, young 'Eat My Dust', being a good strong runner, was soon up there amongst it with his, as usual, casual smile and form, eating into the miles like most eat their first meal when they come out of the bush. Plenty of "good going mate", "nearly there Cuz" from the supporting team and 'Eat My Dust' was soon up to Bargush just before the long hard climb up the Deviation. The Reporter is not sure why, and 'Eat My Dust' won't say, but the call went out for 'the roll' and he disappeared off to 'look at some bushes'. Minutes ticked by and then half a roll later and several pounds lighter, up and into it again.

(A point to consider at this time is that it was still dark, so Tama, you must have good eyes mate, as I don't reckon I could've done that. Find the road again I mean.)

Soon it was along the top with the finish in sight and passing more runners. Up to the line and the welcome moment of the handover. How he found me in the dark, I don't know, but he did! (Curses!). Away I went, off into the sunrise? Not looking forward to it, but mind you, it was good out there on the road by myself, but then I guess I'm strange like that, eh????

I remembered young Tama's last words of "bloody cold out there!", before he was last seen huddled into a blanket. So I tried to put that from my mind and concentrate on the scenery. Unfortunately I could see the next couple of runners and before I knew it, My bloody legs had taken off after them. Now, being quite attached to my legs, the rest of me didn't have much to say, but had to go with them.

Next thing I know, I was passing a runner, so I have the customary "keep it up mate, not far to half way", (3 more miles) and sped off past him. Then, away in the distance I spotted HIM! HIM, who belonged to our dreaded arch rivals. HIM, who, even if it killed me, I had to catch and pass. Yes, HIM who belonged to those rouges in 4 Comp SqN (Tpt).

Up to 4 Comp's runner and more customary remarks (see you at the finish mate, etc,) and away. I'm sure they kept extending the bloody finish line as the distance seemed to get longer and longer. Suddenly, when nearly all hope was lost, there she was, the most beautiful sight in the world, (next to my wife) (I know you other marridies' will understand), the finish line and young Pete 'Legs' Mascoe waiting there.

Up to the mark, "get into them Mate" and into the blanket. Away he went in a cloud of dust to do battle with the dreaded TWO & A HALF SISTERS. (Fortunately, those kind men from the MOW had been out earlier in the year and dealt severely to one of the 'sisters' making her more like a young 'daughter'). Young 'Legs' was soon into his road eating pace and out there amongst them. Good training for his league games and SAS selection.

Half way and young 'Legs' was starting to sweat a bit, but still giving out free waves and smiles for the crowd. Down the long final straight to just before the Rangipo Prison and across the line to the welcome hands of young Rodger 'Rabbit' Tombleson.

Away goes 'Rabbit' with that determined (as always) look and bugger anything or one who dared get in his way. Now, young 'Rabbit' is an old hand at these types of races and the first (of many) that the young 'Rabbit' passed was one of our composite team runners so that was an added bonus for him. 'Rabbit' being one of the unit APTIs' (Tama is the other) had soon made short work of one of the more difficult legs of this race and was soon in sight of that elusive finish line. Final sprint, hand over, grab a blanket and can, then onto the back of the truck to join the other unconscious bods.

Now it was young Gary 'Carve Em' Up' Carver and with the scent of the pack in his nose, and away he went. By now the ol' sun was out to see what was going on and it wasn't only the race that started to get warm. Young 'Rabbit' had been into the sponges previously and so young 'Carve Em' Up' decided to follow his example, plus into the cold drinks of water as well. (Those who had finished or done similar races could really 'feel' for those out on the road and so we gave as much support as often as possible and not only to our own guys).

Well young 'Carve Em' Up' had really been gaining on another of our arch rivals. Those elusive guys from 21 Supply Company. 'Carve Em' Up', it was a good try mate, but unfortunately by the time you had surmounted that last 'bloody' hill, and the finish line was in sight, 21 Supply wasn't. Never mind mate, it was a damn fine run anyway.

Now it was up to Thomas 'I can do it Team' Cain. Away like a bullet after those elusive 21 Supply guys. Up hill, down dale, on and on he slugged searching for 21 Supply mile after mile, sponge after sponge until the long flat drag to National Park. (Young 'I can do It' was down to bare skin by now, he still had his pants on, so don't get excited! We are still not sure if it was because of the sun or the females). Around the corner and up to the line to pass on the Graham 'Tracks' Langley.

Now young 'Tracks' may be little, but boy, can that guy run! 'Tracks' had to contend with the Viaduct section of the relay and I can personally sympathise with you mate. It looks easy, but by crikey, I'd sooner do it in a car!

With his legs going ten to the dozen, young 'Tracks' was fair eating into the miles and knowing he had to hand on to the 'BOSS', he sure as hell didn't keep him waiting and before he, (the 'BOSS') knew it, there was young 'Tracks', glasses and all racing towards him with the yells of "give it to them mate", "yay, 'Tracks'" ringing in his ears he handed over to

Young Dave 'Boss' Watmuff and with a quick, "thanks mate", away went the 'Boss', out to do business with the rest of the racers. Young 'Boss' was new to this 'game' but had (like the rest of us "volunteers") been busy previously in getting himself into shape by clocking up untold hours and miles pounding the road.

The 'Boss' had leg eight, which was 5 miles to the Ohakune turnoff and 5 miles to the dump and this leg was considered by many (including yours truly) to be the easiest leg of the race. By the time young 'Boss' had reached half way, he was looking good and was heard to remark "where's 21 Supply?". "Not far ahead Boss" I replied. (I know you should tell the truth always, but he looked so determined!). 'Boss' had been hitting the sponges rather heavily (like the rest) by this stage, but he still 'soldiered' on, setting an example that made us all damn proud to be his 'men'. (This no way reflects the fact that soon after he gave the author his second stripe). Up to the line and hand on to young Roger 'Locky' Cameron. Now, young 'Locky' had been looking forward to this all day and with his usual speed and efficiency away he raced. He was also in search of those 'guys' from 21 Supply. (Unfortunately the author left the race at this stage, due to prior commitments, but he had made arrangements with some of the 'team' to finish the missing details).

'Locky' really got down to the job ahead and slowly but surely, step by step, he ate into the lead 21 Supply had on us. Young 'Locky' is another of our favourites and was expected to do well on this leg and by crikey, we weren't disappointed either. Although he didn't catch 21 Supply, he sure put a dent into their lead. Around the corner and up to the finished line and only 10 more miles to go. The big sprint and young 'Locky' handed over to young Shane 'No Sweat' Bray.

Well, they say you leave the best to last and in 'No Sweat's' case, no truer words were ever spoken. (In previous years, rumours had floated around that this leg was actually only 9.8 miles, but I can honestly state that I have measured the distance and it is the full 10 miles, hence the finish at the museum). 'No Sweat' did the impossible for our team. 'No Sweat' did what no one else in our team could do no matter how hard they tried.

'No Sweat' passed 21 Supply!!!!!!

Yay 'No Sweat'.

Well done mate, damn fine job!! If they had to pick a 'Man of the Race' I know young 'No Sweat' would surely get it for the effort he put in to get the result he got.

Well folks, I would just like to say 'Thanks' to several people who made this event as enjoyable as possible and I know the rest of the team feels the same.

SSgt Steve Saunders : Team Manager, supporter, time keeper and truck driver.

Sgt Carol Smith : Supporter.

LCpl Robert McKie : Supporter.

WO1 Willie Simonsen : Chief person responsible for ensuring fitness of team previous to the race.

Maj Dave 'Boss' Watmuff : Chief reason for volunteering.

plus many more behind the scenes peoples. 'THANK YOU'!!!!!!

Unofficial Times were:

Tama 'Eat My Dust' : 72 mins

Me 'Noddy' : 66 mins

Pete 'Legs' : 71 mins

Rodger 'Rabbit' : 71 mins

Gary 'Carve Em' Up': 70 mins

Tom 'I Can Do It' : 72 mins

Graham 'Tracks' : 71 mins

Dave 'Boss' : 70 mins 3 sec*

Robert 'Locky' : 75 mins

Shane 'No Sweat' : 67 mins

* The Boss had decreed that anyone coming in over 70 mins would not go to the function on the night of the race and I would like to say that even though I was taking the times, no matter how I tried Boss, I just couldn't get the clock to go that 3 seconds slower.

Well folks, I'll leave the last words up to the team on the general feeling of the race:

NEVER A....BL---Y --GEN !#\$*%#&\$!!!!

(See you all for the next one)

NODDY

SKILL AT ARMS BY THE SUPPLIERS OF ARMS

The 1987 ATG Skill At Arms Competition was once again graced by the attendance of the 4 Sup Coy team. The members of this elite team were hand-picked by the OC and CSM. All volunteers and training for the event started on the return of personnel lucky enough to have been granted Xmas leave. The training consisted of boot running with webbing and rifles, practice grenade throwing, confidence course practice and weapon drills. The team comprised:

- Maj D H Watmuff
- WO1 W D Simonsen
- SSgt G Langley
- SSgt M Lawrence
- Cpl R F Camerson
- Sgt J R Tombleson
- Cpl T E Hiroti
- LCpl A. Evanoff

The day arrived when our training was put to the test and our luck stayed with us as we drew 18th position and had to start in the sweltering afternoon sun. The team managed the 5th fastest time over the run, grenade throw and concourse, but unfortunately the competition was won or lost on the weapon drills. We were placed 14th out of 22 teams beating some of the teeth arms in the process. At the end of the day one thought ran through my head, 'We are all soldiers first but unfortunately we can't all be the first soldiers!!'

SUA TELA TONANTI.

SSgt M Lawrence

THE WAIOURU SKILL AT ARMS
(Views of a participating victim)

1987 has certainly been an active year for the writer. My usual cowardly knack of being able to avoid physical exertion was foiled by the OC wanting a fit, aggressive 4 Sup Coy team entered in the Skill At Arms competition.

Having watched other competitions of this sort, I knew that teams entering would have to negotiate horrendous obstacles, run huge distances, perform manual acts of great dexterity on rifles then use the said rifles to punch holes in innocent targets. All of this didn't sound appealing but weighed against the OC's persuasive comment of "you will do this", I thought it better that I join in the fun.

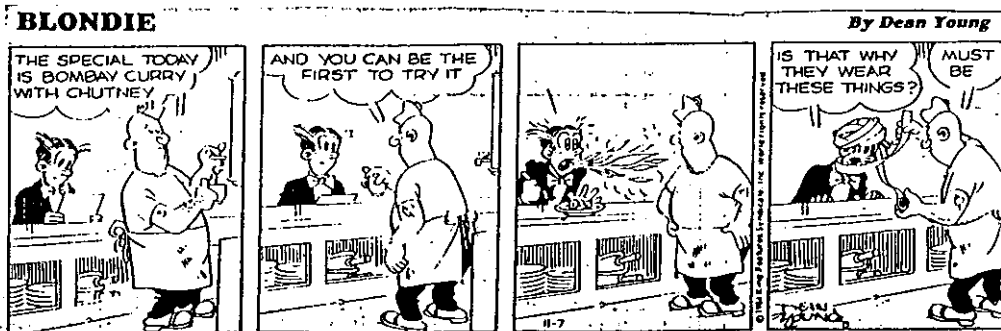
Anyway, to cut a long story short, after many weary hours of preparation the big day dawned. The 4 Sup Coy team went into the competition confident of being victorious against the best that the rest of ATG could put up. You see, our team had a cunning plan for hauling the last man in our team over the 12 foot wall. We started in the blistering heat of the early afternoon and yours truly was up front, making the pace. Unfortunately the pace set by my brain didn't match that set by my body, and by the time we had reached the confidence course I was ready for the after match drinks. This was not to be as the rest of the team attacked the concourse with great fervour. I managed to stumble through the first half of the course to the 12 foot wall, where I was to be the last man over, hauled by a rope attached to my webbing.

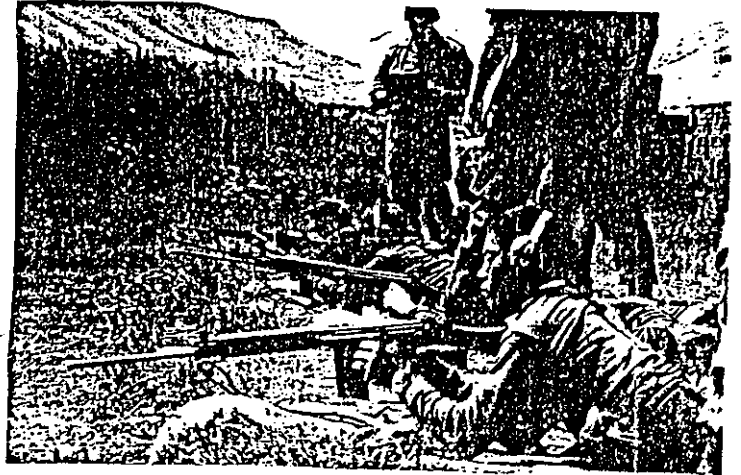
All worked well and we finally made it though the course, romped through to the grenade throw, which involved heaving a grenade through a window. I managed to roll mine part of the way to the window but failed to get it through. Shortly after that the 4 Sup Coy team stumbled to the falling plate shoot where a total of six targets were downed by the sharpshooters in the team.

After the shoot, the team thankfully (for me) downed tools and ended a hard day's endeavour.

LCpl A Evanoff

(OC comment: The fact the LCpl Evanoff is taking his release from the Army is purely coincidental!!)





THE INAUGURAL WAIOURU ROSEBOWL INTER-UNIT ENDURANCE COMPETITION

All past serving members of 4 Sup Coy will have fond and endearing memories of that quaint annual ATG pastime know as the 'Regimental Training Period' (RTP). You know, that two weeks of every year where morale, dedication and keenness are built up (... at a slightly slower pace than your IN tray which doesn't get touched for two weeks because your feet can't get off the parade ground, confidence course or RFL circuit). That two weeks where we really get to see the best that the regimental types can offer with their diverse programme of parades, PT, parades, PT, more parades, PT and, yes, more parades.

Well I'm sorry to be the bearer of bad news and I apologise to unit commanders for the morale problems that my next statement will create, but the old RTP is no more. Finished. Kaput. El finito. Scrubbed. But all is not lost!! To replace the Old RTP we have.....(dramatic pause).....THE NEW RTP!!!! Now, instead of having two weeks of concentrated fun and excitement, the powers that be have split your fun and excitement up into smaller lots over a longer period of time, so that you don't get too much of a good thing all at once!! There are also a lot of new activities involved in the RTP, one of which is the Inter-Unit Endurance Competition which I'll tell you about now.

The date set for the competition was Saturday 14 Feb 87 which was an interesting date for two reasons; firstly, the organisers obviously wanted the teams to be at their regimental best so they chose a Saturday which must be when your regimental biorhythms are at their peak because these sort of events are always programmed for Saturdays. Secondly, it was the only wet, cold and windy day forecast in an otherwise unbroken four week period of total drought. Good skills all round.

An instruction for the activity was issued from HQ ATG detailing the requirements for the event. It went something like this.....

- Start on Hamilton Field
- Run to the Confidence Course
- Go over the Confidence Course (what a surprise, how novel)
- Run to Helwan via the north of Waitangi
- Uplift the world's biggest scraper tyre, roll it down the hill and roll it back up the hill
- Run to the airfield
- Push a V8 Land Rover around a slalom course
- Change a wheel on a V8 Land Rover without a jack
- Move on foot (note, not run) to BP 27 which is a nondescript delightful little pile of tussock-covered dirt near Lake Moawhango
- Perform first aid for a compound fracture of the lower leg
- Carry patient by stretcher to boat ramp
- Paddle across part of the lake and back again
- Move from boat ramp to Baggush Camp
- Unpack, erect, collapse and repack one 14 x 14 tent
- Pick up PT log and carry to another hill
- Move to Waiouru Rubbish Dump
- Fill two water jerrycans and carry them to Abbassia
- Finish at Abbassia
- Collapse in exhausted heap making funny little burbling sounds

The total elapsed distance for this activity was around 32 km.

Well, the first thing to do was to select our best team of ten. This job was made easier for us by our OC, Maj Watmuff. On reading the instruction for the activity he immediately volunteered himself for the Skill At Arms team and volunteered me, as the only other officer available, for the Endurance Team. (It's good to be king!) He also made Sgt Ron Bisset the Fitness Training Officer for the team and instructed me to brief the unit on the activity and call for volunteers. Now, in all seriousness, having been briefed on a 32 km Cook's Foot Tour of the Waiouru Training Area, and with the added prospect of four weeks training (every day) under the guidance of Ron Bisset, would you volunteer? Well suffice to say a team volunteered and training began. The team was as follows:

Capt M R Taylor	Team Captain
Sgt R Bisset	Fitness Officer Biscuit
Sgt K Sigglekow	Siggy
Sgt A Pullen	Bugsy
Cpl C Haami	
Cpl G Carver	
Cpl S Bray	
LCpl S Phillips	Big Boy
LCpl R Tyler	
Pte L Windleburn	Windle

Reserves

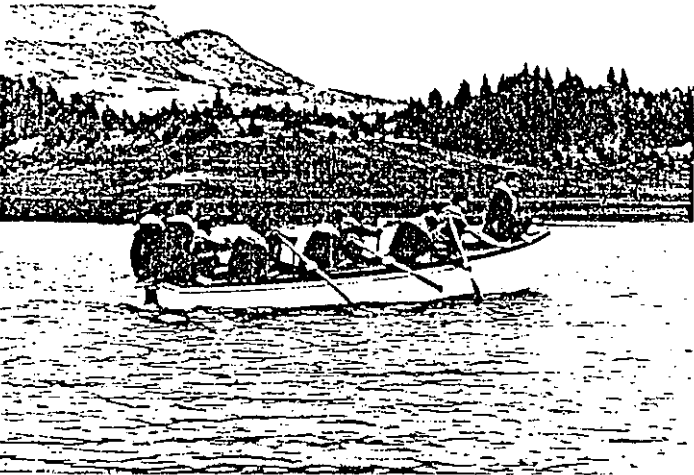
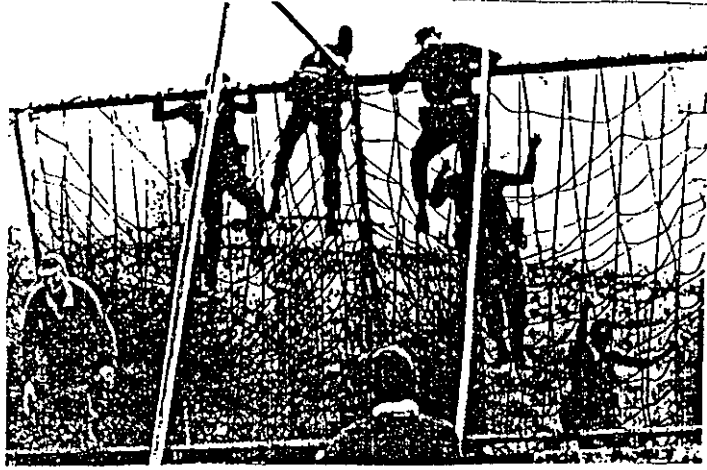
LCpl A Gordon	Flash
Pte S Beckman	Stu
Pte J Mills	

The team assembled at the start point and we got under way at 0740 hours. The overcast conditions were a great boost to morale! The following photographs will give you an idea of what the competition involved. At the end of the day, footsore and wet, cold and tired, we managed a very creditable 5th place being only 17 mins behind the winning team, with our time being 4 hr 53 mins 50

secs. Not a bad effort for 32 kms. Next year should see us do even better.

So, for all you people out there that are clamouring for that perk posting to 4 Sup Coy before the next RTP, I wish you luck.

Capt M R Taylor



4 SUP COY ANNUAL CLASSIFICATION SHOOT AND GRENADE PRACTICE

The OC and his lieutenants (WOs and SSgts) decided it was time that 4 Sup Coy conducted an Annual Range Classification Shoot. As this shoot was held over a weekend it was decided to make it worthwhile and have a grenade practice as well.

The grenade practice was held on Saturday 28 Feb on a wet, windy Waiouru day. The Friday before the OC, ATO and four SNCOs threw their grenades with the Warrant Officers' Course; this was to make them current to hold the key appointments during the conduct of our grenade practice. It was reported that the OC's grenade throwing arm had much improved since his 3 Sup Coy days (it would bloody need to!)

On arriving at the range everyone was briefed and the range was set up. Then someone discovered that there was nothing in front of the throwing bays to throw at. Several suggestions were made, but no-one volunteered. Once someone had begged or borrowed two targets the practice commenced. The ATO was the Range Conducting Officer perched up in the tower giving commands to the troops below, and other obscene remarks as necessary. There was a bottle of beer on the best and worst throw; the best throw went to Pte Bojo Kareko who was trying to kill the sheep a mile away on Three Kings. The worst throw of the day belonged to Cpl Paul Allen and an ex-infantry soldier, now a WO1 in the RNZAOC. WO1 Kevin Blackburn threw two grenades for the first time in approximately 18 years of service. Where has he been all these years?

Sunday 1 Mar 87 the Annual Classification Shoot; a fine day at last. The Company was divided into three groups, one doing TOETS, one to the butts, and the third zeroing and firing practice seven. Each group changed until all had fired. The practice proceeded smoothly until an hour before lunch when it was noticed that there were insufficient cut lunches to go around. Now as we all know the person responsible for cut lunches is the CQMS who had disappeared in the morning for the RNZAOC Officers' and SNCOs' Management course at the School. He must have known something. The saying is, that the Army marches on its stomach - it looked like there were going to be some empty senior stomachs in 4 Sup Coy that lunch time. But to the rescue came Mrs Watmuff and Mrs Taylor who hurried home and back again with a basket of food for the officers and warrant officers. It was very nice thanks very much.

On Sunday evening the unit had a few ales and a barbecue at the Sunrise Club. The general conversation went like this....."I must have fired on your target" and "who was the pussy who threw that grenade....". All in all, it was a worthwhile weekend enjoyed by all.

WO1 W D Simonsen

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 excuse 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

ATG INTER-UNIT HALF MARATHON : 25 MAR 87

Some forty 4 Sup Coy personnel were selected to run in the half marathon, or either the five or ten mile runs being held in conjunction with the longer event, in the ATG Inter-Unit competition.

Ah... the bleats!! The excuses for not running would bring tears to an RSM's glass eye. These included:

- too busy at work
- just came out of hospital
- my wife just came out of hospital
- running shoes are dirty
- weather is to hot
- weather is to cold
- PTIs want me to be a marshal

Obviously not all these were good enough and the person who said he was too busy at work had to come back at night for some overtime!!

And so all the ephebes and their elders hit State Highway One to complete their various distance. While not being able to speak for others, the fickle stabs of pain from various parts of my body that were vying for my attention slowly receded as the miles passed with boring uniformity. Six Cross to Waiouru is not the most scenic route on foot.

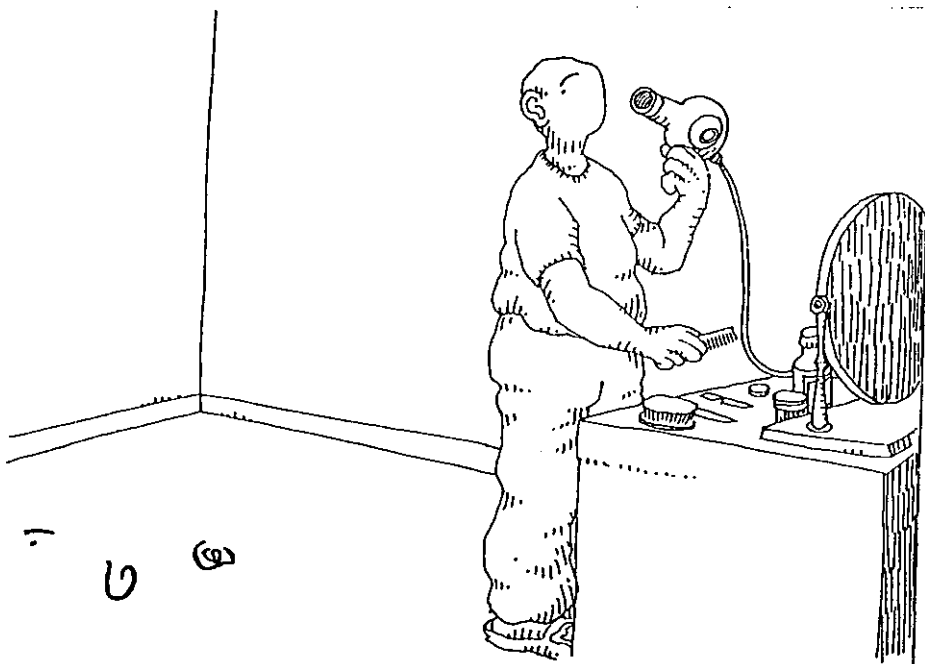
Times ranged from Sgt Bisset's 1hr 19 min sprint (less than 10 mins behind the winner) to a sedate 1 hr 53 min from a senile WO1. Other times worthy of note included Pte Lawrence's 1 hr 27 mins for 12 miles (the PTIs forgot where the 10 mile start was), and LCpl Tyler's 34 min 21 sec for 5 miles being first home for 4 Sup Coy.

Overall 4 Sup Coy finished 5th in the half marathon (the only competitive distance) with the first six placings counting towards the team effort. These six were in finishing order:

- Sgt Bisset
- Cpl Bray
- Pte Mills
- Sgt Tombleson
- Capt Taylor
- Maj Watmuff

A pleasing effort!!!!!!

WO1 A A Rogers



MAKOMAKO AMMUNITION DEPOT

The Makomako Ammunition Depot is situated in the Northern Wairarapa about 25km from Linton Camp. This depot covers an area of 262 acres and as well as administrative facilities has 39 explosive stores. Construction of Makomako started in 1942 and was completed a couple of years later. During this time a staff of over 100 lived and worked at Makomako.

After the Second World War the stocks held at Makomako were slowly reduced until only 12 of the explosive stores were in use by the late 1970s. By this time the staff had been reduced to three.

Recently a need for an ammunition war reserve was recognised. With most of the available storage space in other depots already committed, it was decided to re-open the empty stores at Makomako. As some of these stores had been unused for 30 years this was quite a task.

As well as the refurbishment of explosive stores a number of other tasks had to be carried out to bring the depot as a whole up to the required standards. To this end the following works were carried out:

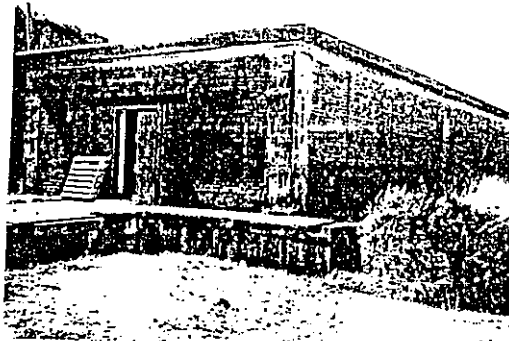
1. Sealing of all roads and approaches.
2. Repainting of all stores (interior and exterior).
3. New lighting fitted and all stores re-wired.
4. New lighting protection system erected.
5. Ramps and landings to enable MHE to enter stores built.
6. Asphalt floors laid and painted in explosive stores.
7. New locks and bolts fitted to all doors.
8. Intruder alarm system extended.

The staff of three at Makomako, SSgt L. G. Davidson, Cpl C. J. Thomas and Cpl F. R. Archer, were using a room in the 1942 vintage mess block as an office. This block has been re-lined and generally upgraded. The snooker table on which nearly every AT has played at some time or another is also in the process of being refurbished.

Being so isolated the depot staff have gotten into farming in a big way and over the last year have erected a number of new stock fences and upgraded the yards. To improve the efficiency of the farming operations, and in line with modern farming techniques, a diversification programme was undertaken. The depot staff now run deer, cashmere goats, sheep, pigs, chickens, cats, dogs, guinea pigs and assorted children. A change of name to the Makomako Zoo seems quite likely.

In conclusion, farewell to SSgt B. I. Evans who had all the hassles of the refurbishment but was posted before he could see it completed.

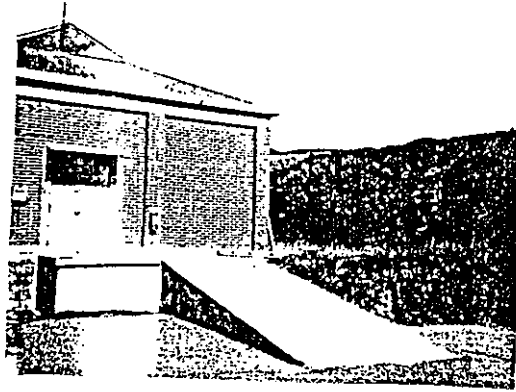
Cpl C. J. Thomas



EXPLOSIVE STOREHOUSE PRIOR TO REFURBISHMENT

FOLLOWING REFURBISHMENT





MHE RAMP

TOWN & AROUND

February 18, 1987

Rearmament revives ammo dump

MAKOMAKO ammunition dump near Pahiatua is being brought back into use for the army's replenished stocks of ammunition.

The dump was built during the Second World War to service army bases in the lower North Island from Napier and Linton through to Trentham. But as ammunition stocks were run down and dwindled to only a few rounds for the artillery the

dump fell into disuse.

Following Defence Minister Frank O'Flynn's revelation that the army was almost out of ammunition in 1984 the army is spending \$1.5 million to bring the ammunition dump back into use.

The Defence Department's public relations manager Major Mike Wickstead said the refurbishing at MakoMako included the building of plat-

forms and ramps to allow easy access to the 39 explosive storerooms as well as roading, lighting, painting and the installation of an "intruder detection system". The army considered it more economic to refurbish MakoMako than build a new ammunition dump, Major

Wickstead said.

"Basically it is only for army use at present and there are no plans that I am aware of for that to change."

Army personnel are stationed at the MakoMako dump and the only civilians permitted are Ministry of Works maintenance crews.

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 hangin.

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 McDonalds) Te Paa and Maureen (My Names Daffy not Debbie) Duffy and Debbie (Call me Daffy and I'll Thumpya) Robinson, and not 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 your 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 Taumararui 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 feeling there was brilliant. I even got a few of our pale skinned bro's to give them a testdrive. 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 DP's 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 wary 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 us 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.

Wee 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 was 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 our enemy party for the tactical phase. B.A. Marsh and Wayne Connelly, two well known Pet-ops come overstayer-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, that 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 RNZAO systems 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 buddy 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 Coopers'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 125's 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 its not the place to go. They play music that Her-man 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.

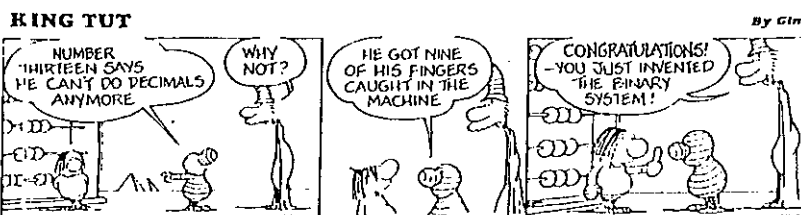
Anyway Mother dear, our course finishes on Wednesday and Tuesday night is our End of Course P...-Up, hopefully we're all gonna pass the last test and go home as qualified Band 3's.

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!!!!!!!!!!!!



21 SUPPLY COMPANY

FMG Annual Camp 1987. 21 Supply Company and 10 Transport Squadron of Linton were both located at Marton Racecourse. TF and RF personnel began this year's training exercise on Sunday 8 Feb 87. Saturday morning saw the units dispatch to annual camp where gear was unloaded and necessary equipment uplifted. I eyed my 'necessary' equipment somewhat dubiously. Two blankets thin enough for the cooks to sieve their veges through, dishes and cutlery from the fossil age, and an M16 rifle accompanied me to my tent. For the remainder of the day we discussed schedules and rosters, and contemplated holidays in Hawaii without flies and boots.

By the following night each supply unit was organised. I had been allocated to the services unit of Ordnance Supply, or in other terms I was the one who ran the showers. It was quite interesting really, and so I sat watching gauges at 2330 hours that night as the petroleum operators took late showers.

47 Petroleum Platoon stretched out along the racecourse, and as I did a picket duty on Monday I watched their activities. Concerned with refuelling various vehicles from various units, supplying petroleum products, examining quality of products, and ensuring their products are fire safe, the Pet Op people looked hot, tired, dirty, and oddly happy. I thought maybe the sun had been a little too hot, but on further observation I decided the operators were well aware of their roles in the unit and enjoyed them.

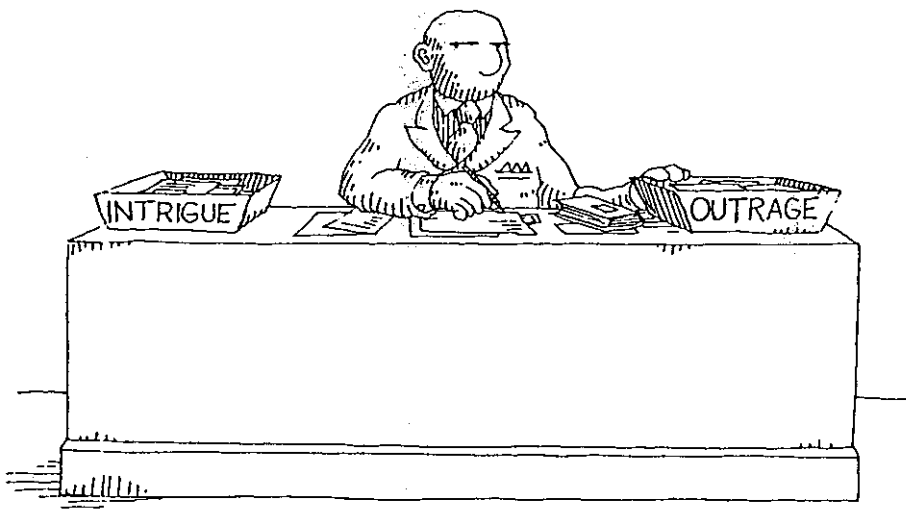
Vehicles rolled past the picket point all day, refuelling, receiving rations, carrying signals or the occasional enemy. It all seemed to go very smoothly, demonstrating the army working together as a team, able to implement operations and have the Force Maintenance Group run as a whole. Within Marton the concern is mainly with the supply and transportation needs of Annual Camp, while in Bulls, Sanson and Ohakea other units apply their individual efforts towards the smooth running of annual camp.

This year Annual Camp has been described as 'a fairly regimental one' and along with the ever lurking enemy is also a reasonable realistic one!!!! Enemy have gallantly been attempting to infiltrate training areas, keeping soldiers alert to strangers and unauthorised personnel.

An opening address given by the Commander of Force Maintenance Group, Lt Col Young on Sunday was attended by all FMG members. In the address plans for TF training in the ensuing year were covered. These included plans for subsequent years, the emphasis being on mobilization and battle efficiency within FMG. Further developments will undoubtedly follow regarding these objectives.

Despite cold nights here in Marton, the days are hot, busy, and full of showering people. I now return to my shower unit and hope everyone has a good annual camp.

PTE VJ Sive



THE 24 HOUR GRUBER RATION PACK

To those who have been posted to the tropical environment of South East Asia, you will know of my existence. For those who have not, or are likely to in the future; I would like to introduce myself: "I'm Willie, the Gruber Pack, commonly referred to "As the greatest thing since sliced bread."

How was I born, or evolved is probably more correct. As far as I can remember; I date back to the Vietnam era where the idea to introduce me originated. In those days the American Army used to provide a combat Composite Pack monthly to each company. It contained all those extra "goodies" such as cigarettes, gum, fruit juice, tins of fruit, etc today termed jack rats.

After Vietnam the first stage of my evolution began so to speak. New Zealand soldiers stationed in this theatre started to take "Bits and Pieces" into the field - potatoes, onions, curry etc to supplement the meagre "ration pack".

Eventually someone gave me a name and enhanced my content to give the soldier living in the field weeks on end a New Zealand supplementary pack based on tropical needs. That person was Warrant Officer Class Two Gruber, the man whose name I have today. WO2 Gruber was the Catering Warrant Officer 1 RNZIR in 1976. He designed me to supplement the existing 24 hour ration pack and I was to be consumed (Ugh) on the ration of one Gruber to five 24 hour packs. How gruesome!!!!

To proceed; I am manufactured by NZAOD personnel in Singapore from locally purchased components on an as required basis. I am made up from the list of components attached, which varies slightly each time. I am an individual ration to be eaten over 24 hours; for use when individual feeding is necessary. As you can see I am a combination of tinned and dry items and I am based on the daily nation Allowance for Singapore which is currently S \$6.11.

Us GRUBER'S need half a litre of water to reconstitute the beverages, and we have a nutritional value of 2433 Kcals, but alas we only have a shelf life to two years.

The components which make me are carefully packed into plastic bags to keep us dry and safe; and then we are placed into a fibreboard carton, ten of us to each one.

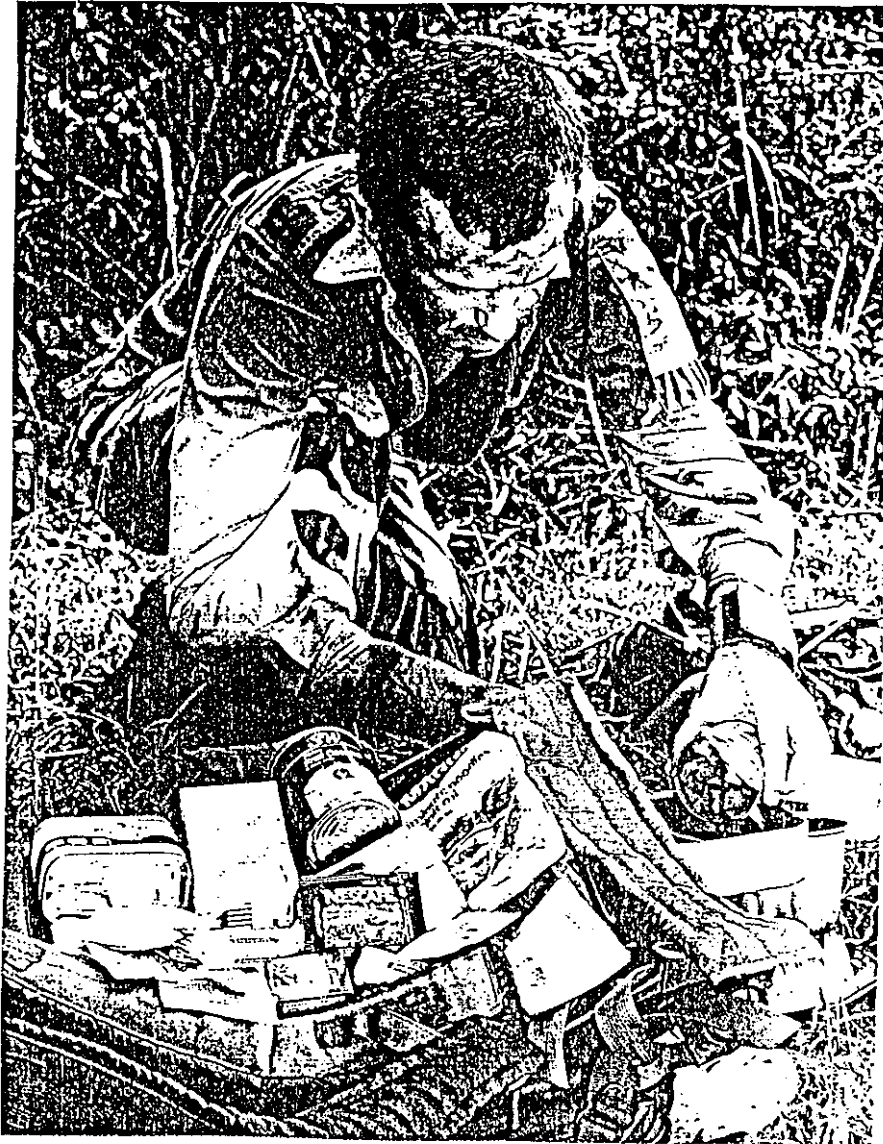
Our physical data, for those of you who are technically minded is;

- * Gross weight 10.2 Kg or 22.5 Lbs per carton.
- * Pack Measurement 16" x 13" x 9.5" or 40.6mm x 21.4mm x 33mm.
- * Volume .028m³ or 1.14 cu ft.

So, for those that have tasted me and those that will, share a thought for me. I may be small and insignificant but the pleasure I bestow upon those in need is something to be seen; especially when they "RIP" me open.

MENU

1. Chicken Curry/Beef Curry/Mutton Curry	170gm Tin	1
2. Pea/Mixed Vege	184gm Tin	1
3. Fruit Cocktail	248gm Tin	1
4. Cornflakes	60gm Pkt	1
5. Instant Noodles	85gm Pkt	1
6. Herring in Tomato sauce/Pork in Tin/Luncheon Meat	98gm Tin	1
7. Tea Bags	Bags	2
8. Instant Coffee	Sachet	3
9. Milo	Sachet	2
10. Raisins	42gm Pkt	1
11. Chewing Gum	Packet	2
12. Non Dairy Creamer	3gm Pkt	6
13. Toilet Paper	Sheets	5
14. Salt	Sachet	2
15. Pepper	Sachet	2
16. Sugar	Sachet	6
17. Fruit Drink	Container	1
18. Tomato Sauce	Sachet	2
19. Chilli Sauce	Sachet	2
20. Matches	Packet	1



SGT STU MCINTOSH NZAOD SINGAPORE
PREPARES A HEARTY BEEF CURRY MEAL FROM "WILLIE"

This article was extracted from the RAOC GAZETTE. Major D.R. Marks RAAOC was a participant of EX PEMBURA RUSA which was conducted in Singapore *****.

EXERCISE PEMBURA RUSA

A hand, unseen, grips your shoulder purposefully "Get up" and moves on. You lie there for a moment hearing the sounds of an unfamiliar dawn chorus and feeling the cold damp of the early morning. As the faint light grows stronger you become aware of small movement around you as men carry out the ritual of daybreak. You emerge from your sleeping bag, collapse your 'hochie' and crouch by your bergen packed the night before ready for an immediate bug out. Quickly now the scene takes shape as the daylight breaks through the overhead canopy accompanied by the eerie cry of the howler monkeys. The noise reaches a crescendo and ceases abruptly. For several long, silent minutes you watch the figures around you, alert and impressive, then the stand down is passed from man to man and you make the preparations for the day ahead.

Some weeks previously one of 'those' signals had fluttered into my IN tray asking for volunteers to umpire a New Zealand Army exercise in Malaya. Considering myself admirably qualified having seen most of Tenko I applied for leave of absence and volunteered my services. I hardly had time to finished The Jungle Is Neutral before I found myself in Hong Kong undergoing severe acclimatisation training in Blackdown Barracks at the mercy of such worthies as Colin Tennant and Mike Murphy. Two days later the total British complement of thirty, comprising umpires and FOO parties, embarked on an RNZAF C130 and arrived safely at Dieppe Barracks, Singapore, home of 1st Battalion Royal New Zealand Infantry Regiment (1 RNZIR). To say that at this stage we were totally in the dark as to what to expect is no exaggeration, however, on arrival, we were taken directly to the briefing room and given our orders by the Training Major. I was appointed Chief Umpire of Charlie Company. We were to leave barracks at 0700 the following morning and would emerge from the jungle, or the 'Jay' as it is called, some two weeks later. I don't know which timorous soul volunteered the revelation that he hadn't actually done much in the jungle before - spent most of his service on Hohne Ranges as a matter of fact... an evil, knowing smile crept across the briefing officer's face as he gave us the low down on tropical survival; 'Don't worry boys ... you'll pick it up.'

That afternoon was spent drawing up kit and meeting the Company (with a Big C) personalities. My lasting impression of the Kiwis is of happy smiling faces, always ready to help, never critical, ever professional and very, very good at their job. The battalion personalities were introduced at Happy Hour and those we missed were encountered that evening at the Regimental Ball which, very sensibly, is traditionally held the night before a major exercise.

Next morning rations and ammunition were issued. A word about the rations at this juncture would not be wasted; there were three type's of rat pack, lightweight, 'ugly' and goody. The lightweight was similar to the arctic ration in that it consisted of dehydrated food and snacks; the dehydrated sachets were totally commercial and were exotic compared with our comp. The snacks were similar but contained a large tube of delicious honey which we all thought was great but which, for some reason, was discarded by the Kiwis. The ugly was entirely tinned food and therefore much heavier; it did however provide substance and variety to the diet when circumstances allowed it to be carried. The goodie was a unit produced pack containing the canteens best - cans of coke, stickies and the like. Thus resupply orders were given as, EG, tow lights, an ugly and a couple of goodies. Cooking was entirely by GAZ.

We left in Bedford RLs, crossed the causeway into Malaya and headed for the training area twenty kilometres north of Kota Tingi. No sooner had the MT dropped us and departed than the heavens opened soaking us and our gear and ensuring that we attained, as quickly as possible, the condition we were to enjoy for the next fortnight. Battle preparations was carried out at this point the most remarkable part of which was the liberal use of cam cream. Being mostly of Maori descent the Kiwis applied the black and green cream with artistic relish creating exotic masks which were maintained religiously throughout the exercise. Some of the young Gunners adapted this new craze ... I do feel it would look out of place in BAOR. We were to be airlifted into the heart of the J and set off on a brisk two kilometre march to the LZ. Within minutes the glamour of the whole gave way to reality. Heat, humidity, and the weight on your back. Jungle training started right here.

The exercise scenario was realistic. Communist terrorists (CT) had infiltrated south Malaya and were successfully conducting insurgency activities. The CT were in fact Malayan Police Commandos whose role in real life is to track and eliminate terrorist to the north of the exercise area. The three Battalion Companies were allocated an area of operation in which they were to carry out search and destroy ops. 'C' Company was choppered deep into the jungle and we commenced our first real march to our first patrol base. The jungle is not flat. It is very, very hilly. The pace was slow (everyone needed to shake out) and we arrived at our destination only after dark had fallen. This is not the ideal time to learn how to make a hochie - a sort of basha constructed with lots of string and usually housing a hammock and an air bed thereby achieving one up one down status - but necessity is the mother etc and the Poms did their best to make themselves comfy. Jungle living is all about personal organisation and practice and we were still fumbling about with string long after the Kiwis were happily zizzing. I managed to lose all my cooking gaz into the night in one almighty whoosh and then, resigned to a cold buffet, discovered that the honey tube had spit turning much of my kit into an appalling mess. I was accompanied for much of the remainder of the exercise by colony of enormous ants.

The following days were spent establishing patrol bases and clearing the surrounding areas. No enemy sign was seen but we had enough to do learning the ropes and getting used to this novel environment and its surprises. An eight foot length of knotted vine cut from the trunk of a tree will drain to give two pints of water; these tracks were made by elephant last night - they passed undetected within fifty metres of the base; termites adore black plastic and consume lilos with relish which is one hell of a let down in the middle of the night; a Company will make a very wide detour to avoid a hornet's nest. We came across a cruel snare made from thick wire hawser probably set to trap a deer for food but which had sadly been sprung by a tiger. The efforts of the beast to free

itself were shown by the mass of claw marks on the trunk of the custodian tree; but to no avail. All that remained was the intact skeleton picked clean by ants and the point man of the leading patrol took the dreadful teeth as a souvenir.

Resupply was by air; the first time by C130 and parachute (which was incredibly accurate) and thereafter by helicopter. The latter means was the favourite as it meant the gash could be lifted out, it did mean however, that if no suitable LZ was at hand a fifty metre clearing had to be cut by hand.

On the tenth day enemy sign was seen by the recce platoon and a tracking team was winched in. This consisted of six local policemen complete with dogs, neither of which was the least bit concerned about dangling on a wire and being lowered through the jungle canopy. The trackers moved very fast and radioed back the location of the CT camp the following day. The CO decided on a battalion assault with 'C' Company securing the FUP. The final resupply was made and we commenced a hard two day march to reach our objective. Navigation in the confines of the jungle is unbelievably difficult and at the end of the second day we had to admit we were lost. As dusk approached the FUP was not established and the Company Commander signaled the CO to say the assault should be delayed until the following day. No recriminations were made, only encouragement to get it right next day and at dawn a recce patrol found the trackers and sent a guide for the remainder of the Company. By mid afternoon the battalion was poised and the action commenced. The drill was for two companies to assault in line with the third lying in ambush to cut off the escape routes. Suddenly all hell let loose. The noise of GPMGs, thunderflashes and cold curdling war cries in that close country was mind blowing. As we broke out of cover into the CT camp there appeared to be semblance of control, the Kiwis however were now well into their stride and their fighting-through and hut clearing drills were impressive. The immediate action lasted about five minutes and there then followed series of individual hut and body searches. Some time later we heard the noise of the engagement in the ambush positions.

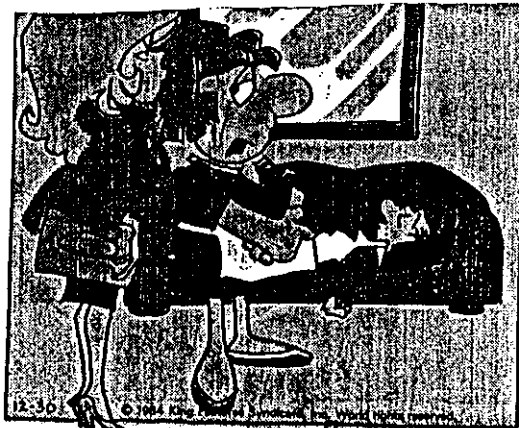
When it was all over the battalion and the enemy withdrew to a very pleasant riverside clearing where welcome baths were taken, ever more welcome beers were consumed and a gigantic Bar B Que was eaten as we watched the cabaret of traditional Maori dancing.

On returning to Singapore the British contingent took a well earned week's R and R; while some went to Bangkok at great expense to the pocket and health a dozen of us took a mini bus and pursued a more cultural route to the old Dutch colonial port of Malacca. The name conjured up visions of colonialism and we were not disappointed. The locals were extremely friendly and went to some lengths to show us their homes and way of life; it was extremely cheap and steamed crab washed down with a brace of cold beers on the Malaccan waterfront at sundown is a rare treat. The route back to Singapore took us from the west coast to the east, to the port of Mersing and a short sea voyage to the island of Tioman which is a true tropical paradise.

Thus cleansed of the rigours of the jungle we returned to Dieppe Barracks and were in time to sample the delights of Bugi Street before it was bulldozed to the ground. Having said our very fond farewells to our hosts we headed for Hong Kong to catch the flight home and while awaiting our flight met a group of soldiers returning from the jungle warfare school in Brunei. Experiences were eagerly swapped and, though less formal, it did appear that our training had equipped us just as well for survival in the Jay, and had certainly been a lot more fun. Of the thirty British participants not one dropped out through fatigue or sickness, a point which pleased and impressed our host unit.

Exercise Pembura Rusa was an opportunity not to be missed. Invaluable experience was gained in a potentially hostile environment and, sometimes more important, some long lasting friendships were forged. The Kiwis were fine hosts and their hospitality will be remembered. I still get abusive letters from OC Combat Company to this day.

Major D R Mark, RAOC



"HE NEEDS ME. WHEN HE WAKES UP HE ALWAYS LIKES TO KNOW WHAT YEAR IT IS."

RNZAOC SCHOOL
ADVENTURE TRAINING
EXERCISE IZETT BASE, TURANGI-TAUPO
29 NOVEMBER - 7 DECEMBER 1986

Another contribution from "The people that write the book and know the answers".

It was decided that the RNZAOC School would undertake some adventure training, so with WO1 Ryan at the helm, planning and preparation duly executed, the exercise was mounted. Participants:

Maj J.S. Bolton	- Now CATO
Capt G.P. Lindstrom	- SI (A)
Capt J.L. Green	- Now Mr
WO1 M.R. Steed	- Confederacy Bound
WO1 F.J. Ryan	- Misplaced Australian
WO2 R.J. Morrison	- Moving South
WO2 R.B. Armstrong	- Moving Up
SSgt W.T. Bray	- Ammo Instr
SSgt J.C. Jones	- Still here
Sgt R.J. Hodgetts	- AGS for now
Sgt J.F. Dunbar	- Computer Games
Sgt G.P. Smith	- Ex Scribe
Sgt J.P. Twiss	- SQMS
LCpl M.D. Clements	- Tpt NCO
LCpl P.H. Gleeson	- Ammo Instr

Day 1. School staff, two V8 Landrovers, three Unimogs and two GRP Dinghies departed Trentham at 0800 hours. The convoy had only got as far as Silverstream Bridge when the dinghy towed by Sgt Bob Hodgetts had a mishap. The board holding all his lights fell off the dinghy. This was soon rectified. The convoy refueled at Waiouru, and arrived at base camp at 1400 hours. The camp was raised, dinner cooked, the volleyball net set up, an impromptu game played, had an "O" Group and adjourned into the night routine.

Day 2. The compliment awoke to the sound of a fry pan being battered to death. Breakfast was top hole; baked beans, egg's, bacon and toast. There was a beauty frost on the ground too. Then down to the Lake; Bob was on hand with his video recording events for posterity. Teams alternated between the dinghies and canoes, skippers Green and Armstrong taking charge of the sailing. Needless to say, Green's Matloes made the grade on the water. In the arvo the heavens opened up, but we sailed and canoed again. All feeling damp and tired, a quick sojourn to the Tokaanu Hot Pools; "talent like you wouldn't believe". Home for tea, steak and onions, spuds and peas, then some liquid refreshment to replace same lost on the Lake. Supper was prepared by Chefs "John" Green and Mike Steed and heartily enjoyed by all.

Day 3. A shagged but contented scribe writing again. The heavens were still doing their thing, then it dried off, but with white caps on the Lake, water activity was out. So the intrepid band set out to walk around Lake Rotopounamu, a good jaunt. That arvo we intended to walk through the bush then come out by the Tokaanu Power Station. SURE!!!! With the Major leading blazing the trail we got bushed, then finally found the main drag. Another soak in the hot pools, then home for tea. Hamburger patties, good stuff.

Day 4. The compliment woke up to breakfast in bed. A quick Dhobi, then both Dinghies of intrepid matloes departed to sail across Taupo from our base camp near Omori, 27 miles. At 0900 hours WO2 Morrison took a boat trailer, the SSM, the others and Staff Bray and Scribe a Unimog all heading to Taupo to rendezvous with the sailors. Two of us canoed along the Lake front, then took in some sun and returned to camp about 1600 hours. At this stage the sailors had not been sighted. Some time later the boat crews returned, sunburnt and glowing, relating tales of the great voyage.

Day 5. The scribe rose at 0600 (his turn on duty) and fired up breaky; hash browns, bacon, eggs, baked beans and toast. The 13 budding climbers set off to conquer Mt Tongariro. We all tramped up to the Ketetahi Springs, the Ketetahi Hut and the Blue Lake. The swim in the springs was hot but fantastic. 'FJ' Lobster Legs Ryan made the trip complaining about his sunburn. Then it was another soak in the Tokaanu Pools eyeing up more jailbait. Home to a dinner of roast chicken and roast spuds, followed closely by refreshments.

Day 6. Woke up to breakfast served on the table, complete with table cloth and flowers. A splendid repast of scrambled eggs, bacon and spagbeans. Then it was off tiki touring, first stop Turangi Information Centre. Superb displays and models of the Tongariro Power Scheme, Tokaanu and Rangipo Power Stations. The second stop, a drive around Lake Rotoaira to Te Kooti's first stand, then onto his last stand. Next we travelled onto yet another historic site, eventually having lunch at the Trout Hatchery. That arvo it was all on for young and old, 'white water rafting'. Two large rafts and 'Little Toot'. Twenty kms of thrills and spills, all but a couple fell out. Francis J. Ryan tried to swallow the Tongariro when he fell out. Scribe here got tossed out by our luscious female driver. Adrenalin still pumping it was a soak in the hot pools and home to a meal of jacket

25 ESS WKSPS STORE SECT

Well, seeing how this particular unit hasn't submitted an article to Pataka in some time (if ever), I decided, along with a subtle hint from my OC, to write a piece. The RNZAO content of 25 ESS Wksp is:

Sgt K.J. Pittams (Keith)

LCpl T.E. Norris (Tony)

Tony Norris is posted to LAW Stores Sect in April prior to taking his discharge in July. Taking his place will be Richard Gaines currently at 3 Fd wksp.

The unit recently took part in the FMG Annual Camp which was held in Bulls/Marton. We were located just upwind of Ohakea Air Force Base.

NOTE: If any of you were intending to go to the RNZAF air display in April, I can recommend it, as I viewed numerous rehearsals that were conducted about 25 metres above my bin truck.

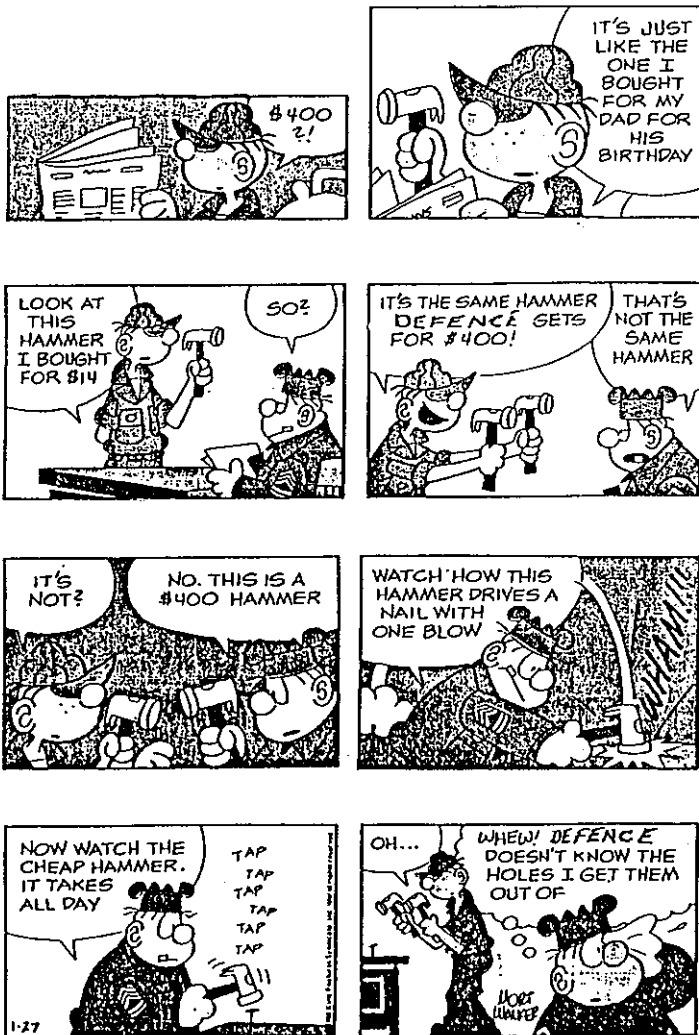
The Camp was your average "Annual Camp" although in our case, DRY.

At the end of the exercise, the Wksp carried out an inspection of all 25 ESS equipment. Including B and C vehicles, radios, weapons, stat motors. This was carried out over a 48 hour period and was done to ascertain equipment serviceability at the end of the exercise prior to a possible deployment to Tonga for 25 ESS.

Recently the Stores Sect and Q Sect of the Wksp swapped stores locations. This was done to effect a better use of facilities. Hopefully, we'll get our containers soon so we can set up the store properly.

Anyway, that's all from Lagoon Motors, Part Dept, Linton.

See ya.....



STORE SECTION
1 BASE WORKSHOP
TRENTTEAM



Postings:

In	Cpl George Topia	From 1 Stores Section
	Pte Kevin Slight	From 1 Base Sup Bn (Band 2)
Out	Cpl 'DC' Cossey	To 1 TF LAD
	LCpl Craig Trillo	To QA LAD Stores Section
	Pte Brown (The White One)	To LAW Stores Section
	Pte Mannix	To LAW Stores Section
	Pte Twiss	To 4 ATG Wksp's Stores Section
	Pte MacIntosh	To 4 ATG Wksp's Stores Section
	Pte Van Barneveld	To 3 Stores Section

Promotions:

Pte J.P. Brown to LCpl.

Marriages:

LCpl Craig Trillo to Ruahine.

Births:

Simon David Cossey son of DC and Wendy.

Reborn:

1962 Dodge 'Dart' to 'Bassa' LAW.

Courses:

Its all go on the 1st of April, Sgt Riesterer along with 8 others will go to the RNZAOC School to suffer for six weeks on the Band 5 course. More to follow in the next edition. Point to note, of the 9 on the course, 4 are Auto Parts.

Range Shoot:

1 Base Wksp's conducted its annual range shoot during the period 9 - 13 Mar 87. All SNCO's were delegated the duties of range conducting officers as part of unit training.

Nothing much can be said about the results from practise seven, but all RCO passed their tests and a lot of wind and sunburnt faces were the only other results.

Sitrep:

The workload has increased as a direct result of the workshop's increased workload. Tasks in hand are:

- a. Wabco D Pull Elevated Scraper Rebuild. This is the complete rebuild of one DPE within the Workshop Heavy Bay. Problems have been experienced in the supply of some spare parts. From Australia and USA, however the experience gained by our purchasing and stores staff in dealing with plant spares has been invaluable.
- b. M113 Rebuild. With the closedown of the M113 Rebuild Project in Turangi on 31 Mar 87, this workshop has been allocated the project of rebuilding the six M113 purchased from Australia. The first M113 is programmed to start its rebuild on 9 Aug and the second one on 12 Oct 87 and the remaining four will be rebuilt in 1988. Shed 14, was used for spare parts for the project. LCpl J.P. Brown is in charge of the project spares and was on TOD with Sgt Ian Jackson at Turangi for the period 16 Feb - 13 Mar, to co-ordinate the transfer of the spares to this unit and to 1 Base Sup Bn. A total of five 2228 and trailers, plus three Unimog 1700 Loads, choice eh!!
- c. Scorpion Transmission Overhaul. The overhaul of thirty eight Scorpion Automatic Transmissions is underway within workshop, with a special O/Haul Project Section being established to cater for it. The project repair priority is 'one' and consequently so is the spares requirement. This has therefore taken priority over other projects/tasks which have been back-squaded'.

d. Other projects in hand or programmed 87/88 are:

- (1) Scorpion Mid-life Overhaul.
- (2) Light Trailer Overhaul.
- (3) M816 Overhaul.
- (4) 2.5 KVA Generator Overhaul.
- (5) M101A1 Gun Overhaul.
- (6) 62.5 KVA Generator Overhaul.

New Detail Binning

The new Detail Binning (Maxi) has arrived and will be installed on the upstairs mezzanine floor. This will replace the existing Dexion Racking of which 80% will go and the remainder will be used for storage of bulky and awkward shaped items. With an inventory of 13,000 line items we have found that to accommodate it all we have had to utilise every storage method available in conjunction with good storage practices.

Blue Bell Residents

In addition to the eight RNZAOC pers employed in the Stores Section we have two RNZEME pers. They reside in what is commonly referred to as the "Finance office", and are SSgt Brian Lowe, NCO I/C Civil Trade Section and Seg 3 finance clerk, and Sgt Steve Liverton the civil trade NCO and Local Purchase courier man. Also in the office is Cpl D.C. Cossey who has just replaced Sgt Kevin Riesterer as NCO I/C Local Purchase and Seg 4 Clerk. A busy section who expend and account for both the workshop's and DEME Tech Staff's finance. This financial year the anticipated expenditure in Seg 3 - \$370 000 and in Seg 4 - \$300 000, totaling \$670 000. However, with the projects etc, next year finance is projected to soar upwards. The estimates for FY 87/88 are, Seg 3 - \$885 000 and Seg 4 - \$1 268 000 a total of \$2 153 000, big bickies, eh!!!

Sports

Pte 'Mac' MacIntosh was selected for the Army Cricket.

Team

Linton Half-marathon (77 participants)

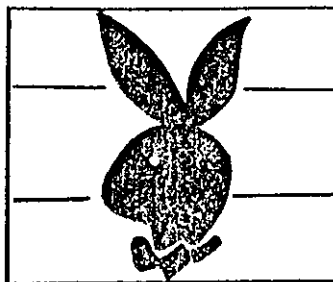
Pte Bill Twiss, 1st Open	1 Juniors
Pte 'Dutchy' Van Barneveld, 17 Open	5 Juniors
Pte Brown (The White One), 23 Open	7 Juniors
Pte 'mac' MacIntosh, 24 Open	8 Juniors
Pte 'Mani' mannix, 46 Open	13 Juniors

Gossip

Mannix	"Where's Dutchy?"
Brown (The White One)	"He's gone to the ...OP!..OP!..you know the glasses guy"
Mannix	"The Optician"
Brown (TWO)	"Yeah! That's the one."

6 Nov 86 JP Brown (Not the White One) birthday. Traditionally, workshop pers are tossed into the MT Sect water bath on such occasions as promotions, farewells, birthdays etc. So JB decided to lock himself into the stores security cage by chaining and pad locking the gates closed. Alas, our valiant birthday boy was out manoeuvred by a brilliant left flanking move through the loft via the ceiling's man-hole. Consequently, the tradition still lives on.

1 STORE SECTION PAPAKURA.



Kia Ora fellow counters, its that dreaded time of the year again, (no, not BAND 5 PREENTRY Sgt Mason), that's right the annual lie session I mean the contribution to the Pataka.

I should start the ball rolling by saying what hard, dedicated, trustworthy, diligent, happy and satisfied workers we are of 1 STORE SECTION but, that would be telling a lie. Instead I will tell you what the STORE SECTION has really been trying, and sometimes succeeding, to do over the past year or so.

First of all we of 1 STORE SECTION are pleased to announce the arrival of our newboy, or is it meant to be new boss? ("who cares" I hear from soon to be released Sgt Robinson). We are all hoping the BOSS will last a little longer than our previous two bosses who both thought this was a massive posting, so left ("now every one wants to leave" I hear Private Barnett saying).

The first to start the great exodus from the big chair was, WO2 R.J. Stewart (Robbie). This honorable WO2 has taken two years leave without pay, clever guy, and he is now presiding over a flock of fuzzy headed Automative Parts Storemen in Papua New Guinea.

The next guy to come and go from the fast becoming vacant slot of boss was only here for one whole day before he put in his papers, talk about a clever guy, and that switched on guy was SSgt B.W. Good (Bryce). This is the culprit that forgot to send our last article for the Pataka, we all think that is why he is now the proud owner of a Dairy on Takapuna North Shore. Oh, and by the way, he gives out free ice creams to soldiers, just say that Dougie Nabbs sent you. Enough of our past fortunes, or is it misfortunes? It is time to get on with the present.

The STORE SECTION is happy as two Ordnance School Instructors are marking the BAND 5 PREENTRY, and at long last we are in possession of four brand new containers. The only problems we are facing now are, they arrived too late for this years Annual Camp, no lifting equipment has arrived, and to top things off, our containers are all grounded until further notice. Talk about getting f....d around, maybe we should have stuck to the RL/BD. ("not bloody likely" mumbles Pte Brown.)

To really get the STORE SECTION into the thinking mode, we had to start the year off with an Annual Camp. To say 1st Field Workshops is great at organizing anything is a load of bull. To make Workshops look really great, they managed to get wiped out in a single attack by 1 Sup Coy. That's pretty good for blanket counters. (This is a great stir for all the mechanics over at 1 Base Workshops, otherwise know as SPANNERSVILLE) The only thing that the Workshops got right was the day which we came out of the field. There was one, and only one, bright spot on this years Annual Camp, the STORE managed to have a manning list of 11 personnel. (10 Regular Force and 1 Territorial Force) This is a once in a life long occurrence, here was the STORE SECTION with six vehicles and at least one guy per vehicle to cam up and cam down. Believe it, or not!!!!!!! With the STORE SECTION manning as it was, it was good to see the STORE SECTION giving it their best and they're all and coming out of Annual Camp feeling they had done a job well done. We really didn't mind if most of our Pridems weren't met until we got back from Annual Camp. Just one small problem to be ironed out of the system, we hope.

To carry on with the rest of the story, work or bludge, which ever way you look at it, is really quite short and simple or so the boss says. (he isn't the one that is writing the article.)

At the completion of Annual Camp, the STORE SECTION tried to get stuck into the location changes from the R/L Bedfords to the Containers. Easy I hear you say. HA!! Shows you how much you know about working in a Workshop. It started off on the right track with the STORE SECTION closed down for a week and every one working flat out, (yeah we sometimes work hard, but not very often). All that was okay until we opened up shop on the following week and boy did all hell break loose, with work hungry mechanics queuing up to try and catch up on a weeks lost work, we even had guys going on leave of every conceivable type, guys going away for the hell of it, we even had guys going down South to compete in the Winter Olympics, guys going AWOL (joke), and we even had guys going over the fence to escape the pressures of working in 1 Field Workshops, (no Joke), and the list of excuses goes on and on and on..... While all this mayhem was going on jobs of issues, receipts, getting our daily printouts, and still trying to complete the change of stock locations it was a horror even Steven Spielberg would be proud of.

As you can see the store is having its fun as well as doing hard work, what a laugh. As well as fighting our way through our everyday work we are enhancing and sharpening our soldier skills. This month of March sees the store going out for a weekend doing a bit of escape and evasion, the only escaping we will be doing is from all the work that awaits us when and if we return.

Now is the time to introduce the bludgers (I mean bosses) and the hard workers, all two of us.

Sitting in the Big Chair is:

Ssgt M.J. Smith: Smithy our boss all the way from Linton Area Workshops where he has been hiding until someone 'up stairs decided to send him back to a real job, talk about a culture shock

(he is still trying to recover) he immediately arrived in amongst a loonie bin. But this is just an act for Smithy to see if he too would leave as fast as the previous two. Alas after four months he is still here. No Smithy I don't want to be a baggie for the rest of my career.

Sgt T.J. Robinson: Pinky soon to be another of the many to join the ranks of the dole queue on civvy street. He is currently the stores weirdo and he is into his triathlons in a big way. Funny type of chap isn't he?? He got his name PINKY because of the pretty pink colour of his new racing bike.

Sgt N.C.G. Mason: Casper is the greatest civvy trader this store has ever seen, he can go out all day and return only for smokos, lunch and then knock off at 1630. What really amazes us is that his Ord 4 tray is still full, what a buyer this guy is. He is the only guy in the army who spends more time away from work for sports or leave except for Cpl Nabbs.

Cpl D.H.J. Nabbs: Turbo outranks Casper in the amount of time he has off work. He is soon to be leaving our fair shores of the store to go to 1 Sup Coy (great sigh of relief from the rest of the workshops). He is going down there to enlighten them with his continuous jokes and tell them all about him up there (the one and only so turbo says). He got his name because of how fast he is at what ever he does.

Cpl P.G. Topia: Pooh Bear the new father of our store. His wife produced a baby girl Carla (teddy bear Topia). We all knew he had it in him. Pooh Bear is soon to be leaving us to go to 1 Base Workshops.

LCpl P.R. Corke: Newboy to be promoted at the store, he had to be posted out of the store and TOD back before they could give him his stripe (I wonder if a TOD to Civvy street will get me the same result???) Corkey is presently trying and succeeding in taking over Dougs place as the store clown and sometimes he even acts like him (Oh No I hear Smithy mumble)

Pte A.R. Barnett: Barney

Pte S.T. Browne: Brownie: We are the backbone of the store section, the two fine examples of soldiers are the only things stopping the store from falling apart. The two young men presently in a identity crisis with people throughout the workshops mixing our two names up. I suppose its easy to mix up Brownie and Barney, after all they did it with Laurel and Hardy.

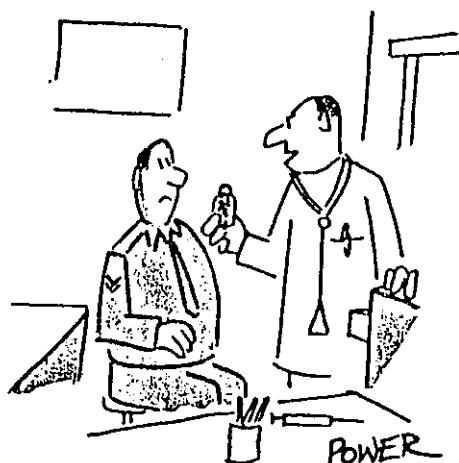
Some facts from the "THAT'S INCREDIBLE FILE OF MURRAY SMITH"

1. The store has got rid of its binnars and has at last got its containers. Who cares if they are grounded.
2. Noel Mason is still at work for more than 2 weeks in a row. (He could be going for his record of 26 working days.)
3. Doug has not said one of those sick jokes in over 1 hour. (Probably saving them up for 1 Sup Coy)
4. T.J. has missed his morning smoko for three days in a row. (See, I told you he was weird.)
5. Smithy has been our boss for more that four months. (Back to the drawing board I suppose.)
6. Ptes Browne and Barnett are still Privates. (That's what being a worker does to you.)
7. Pooh Bear has not got red eyes in the morning even with a new addition to the family. (He must let his wife Kath get up to attend to baby Carla.)

That about sums it up for you so until the next issue.

SUA TELA TONANTI

Pte A.R. Barnett

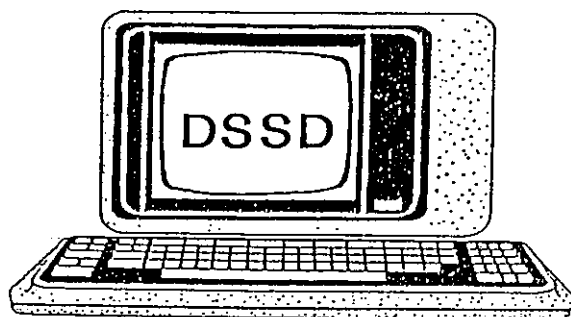


"Take one when you go to bed and one if you wake up in the morning."



DEFENCE SUPPLY SYSTEM

DEVELOPMENT



Within a couple of days-weeks-months-years DSSD will arrive. Only a few people have been involved in the DSSD project to date but for the most it has never been heard of or is just considered to be an enhanced DSSR for 1 BSB.

These few notes are intended to give all RNZAOC personnel a basic understanding of DSSD, what it will achieve, who it will affect, and when it will be implemented.

BACKGROUND

DSSD was initiated as the second phase of a project to replace the NCR accounting machines and ledger cards at stockholding units. The first phase, DSSR, was implemented during 1984/5. The urgency of the second phase is dictated by an inability to support the 299 accounting machines beyond 1988.

DSRP (Defence Supply Redevelopment Project) was initiated to replace the interim systems DSSR and DSSD with a modern solution, which would also address other long-standing problems such as repairable item management and performance measurement.

Resource limitations made it impractical to develop both projects (DSSD & DSRP) in parallel, and wasteful to develop both an interim solution on such a large scale as DSSD. Analysis of the basic problems with the supply system carried out during the first phase of DSSD point to reasonable simple and achievable solutions in the areas of data integrity and management.

DSSD has now been confirmed as the baseline supply system for later enhancement by DSRP. This has involved a change in scope to allow repair processing, retail functions (DSSD will replace DSSR), and more comprehensive processing.

On completion of DSSD we will have in place a stable on-line supply system, which will contain in basic form each of the essential features required of a supply accounting and replenishment system. It will allow us to meet our operating requirements until the full supply management enhancements can be grafted on.

In parallel DIDS (DCA Integrated Database System) will be developed. Its implementation will purify and open access to supply data fundamental to the success of DSSD.

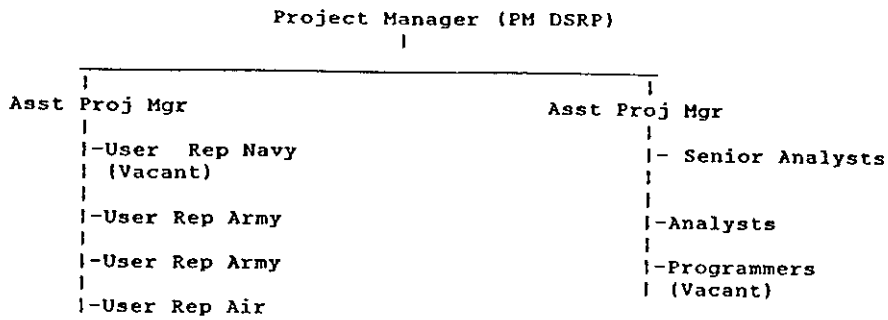
PROJECT CONTROL

Who is controlling the project?

DSSD is sponsored by ACDS(Spt) and direction is received from the UWG (User Working Group) which includes the DOS and his representatives.

At regular intervals a QRB (Quality Review Board) reviews, evaluates and approves continuation of the project. Representatives from the RNZAOC Directorate, 1 BSB, 1 Sup Coy and NZASDC are on the QRB.

TEAM STRUCTURE (AT PRESENT)



PM DSRP is project manager not only for DSSD but also for DIDS. Separate teams will develop these systems in tandem.

PROJECT PHASES

DSSD is being developed using a standard project development approach known as Spectrum. Spectrum has three primary project steps:

- Phase 1. System Definition
- Phase 2. System Design
- Phase 3. System Implementation

Status. We are at end of 1.2 Definition of User Requirements. The QRB on 25 Feb 87 confirmed the requirements, scope and gave approval for the project to continue.

This has now firmly established what is to be included in the subsequent phases of design and implementation.

Phase 1 should be completed by mid 1987 after investigating and selecting the best option and method of development.

RECORD STRUCTURE

Most of our problems and fragmented supply systems can be attributed to the present data structure, not only does it prevent the sharing of controlled data, it causes unnecessary workload and encourages each unit to maintain its own data.

The present Data Structure does not group the data in a manner which will ensure data integrity. Each account duplicates common data such as Description, DOQ etc which permits inconsistencies between supply units.

Standard Item Identification Information is critical so that everyone dealing with a stock item has a common set of descriptive data.

It is therefore proposed that DSSD will provide a three tiered record structure.

Item Identification Record (IIR)

The IIR will hold the key Item Identification details obtained from DCA files and certain components of the existing Supply database (NIIN, Description, NSCMs, REFNOs and Number Change information). There will be an IIR for Defence for each item with each service and unit sharing the same data.

Item Management Record (IMR)

There will be one IMR per Service, or for some items one for Defence depending on the control intended, and it will contain DOQs, EICs etc which are particular to that service. eg. all RNZAOC accounts will have the same DOQ.

Item Account Record (IAR)

There will be one IAR per item for each Unit or Depot accounting for those items. They will share the service IMR data and Defence IIR data. IARs will contain item balances, stock locations etc.

The benefits from the proposed structure are extensive:

Full Item Identification details will be available on-line at Item Manager and Account level.

Create process validation will be possible by computer - using the IIR.

Data Purity will be achieved by forcing validation and reducing duplication of data.

Single IMR will ensure consistent data.

Reduction in manual workload will result because the IIR will provide the key item details necessary for research and new item creates.

By capturing and maintaining the full DCA information in the IIR - stocknumber changes and associations will be more easily managed.

A spin off from the IIR will be cross referencing.

- eg Partno --> NIIN
- Desc (AIN) --> NIIN

This will provide a powerful online research tool.

Greater flexibility in the use of accounts will enable Item Management to be central where required, or shared between or across Services as required.

PROVISIONING

Provisioning in S2 is controlled by the 'System Marker', in DSSR the 'IMC' and in DSSD the term PMC (Provision Management Code) will be used. PMC has been adopted in order to:

- a. better reflect the purpose of the code, and
- b. remove any confusion with Item Manager Identification (IMID).

The idea is to reduce the number of codes to a minimum which will reduce the heavy software development load created by each one. The number of PMCs is dictated by the number of different processing/report paths needed, not by the type of item it physically is.

PMC TYPES

AUTO -

Take high volume, low value item workload (Class C items).
Accept computer calculated Management levels.
Accept computer calculated buy quantity.

MANUAL -

Items that require close management, e.g. High value, Controlled Stores.
Items with changing consumption patterns.
Provisioner can change management levels.

FIXED -

Items that are held as a fixed quantity and not affected by consumption.
Most items will be repairable.

RUNDOWN -

Items that have stock but no further management is required until Reserve level is broken or Dues Out.

DISTRIBUTED -

An interim PMC to enable the concept of depot level holdings at units.
Held and recorded at unit under DSSR with DSSD record at primary depot for reprovisioning only.

Not required when DSSD is available to retail units.

The main features of DSSD provisioning are:

- smoothing (take into account, trends)
- use FMD (forecast monthly demand)
- implement safety stock policy
- implement EOQ policy
- remove the manual calculations where possible
- take Earmarks into account
- provide for reserve and safety factors
- provide variable INBO
- monitor Reorder Report action
- provide online MPR

RECEIPTS

As well as addressing the processes of basic transaction recording, the team has also investigated physical warehouse actions. The ability to position computer terminals in a warehouse provides procedural options not previously possible.

For instance all goods can be brought on charge immediately they are unpacked using a VDU located in the transit section. Then, as a by-product, a binning slip can be printed as a conveyance note to forward goods to the applicable warehouse and notify the intended stock locations. On binning Stocktake can be undertaken and the result keyed in on a VDU in the warehouse.

The adoption of this concept was agreed to at the last QRB.

BINNING SLIP

One of the main advantages in using a binning slip for stock location and count is that the slip will indicate if stocktake is required.

The stocktake will only be undertaken if the item is being binned and the last stocktake date is (according to current policy):

- a. A + B class more than 12 months ago.
- b. C class more than 36 months ago.

This will reduce the repetitive checking of fast movers.

ISSUES

At this time there are no major changes to present day issue procedures. During the design phase however we will investigate the possibility of paperless transactions, review the requirement for signatures, and revise the voucher retention policy. Some discussion has been held with Audit on this matter who have shown support to our suggestions.

If the item is due out stocks could be automatically released by the production of CPIV in the transit section negating the need to locate stocks first. It is thought that there will be no requirement to retain a physical file of dues out vouchers, this could be retained on the computer and in every instance of a dues out issue a CPIV printed. This option will be looked at during the system design phase.

STOCKTAKING AND STOCK ADJUSTMENT

Stocktaking policy introduced Aug 85 proposed Stocktake on receipt plus cyclic stocktake of items not included by such receipts. This second aspect can only be achieved using computer programs which will not be provided prior to DSSD. A & B class items not stocktaken in the last 12 months are listed on a report for 100% stocktake, for C class; the period is three years but only a randomly selected 10% is listed, and if 90% correct than all will be considered correct.

If not, a 2nd listing will be produced on the same principle, and if the overall rate is still less than 90% then a full check will be required. This will reduce the manual stocktaking requirement considerably in units with low discrepancy rates.

REPAIRS

DSSD is to provide a replacement for the repair processing and management reporting currently operated:

- a. by Navy - using S2 and S4,
- b. by Air - using DSSR and RMS.

It covers repairs as they apply to the supply organisation and does NOT include workshop management requirements. Because of the different manner in which Army repairs are undertaken little or no use of the repair features by Army is foreseen.

LOT & BATCH

A major change which has affected most processes is the inclusion of Lot/Batch recording (mainly for Ammunition and Medical items). Batch recording facilities will provide for the recording of serial numbers, shelf lived stock and quantity of stock by stock location. Items subject to such recording will be identified by an indicator in the Item Management Record.

The main features of Lot/Batch are:

- Multiple stock locations (no limit)
- Multiple Batch, Serial Nos, Expiry Dates per stock location
- Balances recorded by location/batch/expiry date
- Multiple screens to display stock holding data
- System can automatically select next item for issue (oldest first)
- System can produce multiple IVs for one issue when stock in multiple locations/warehouses
- Stocktake Listing produced in Location sequence. All Location balances, for each item, must be provided to complete a stocktake. The presence of date expired stock will be highlighted on the ROLR. Disposal is by specific Location/Batch/Expiry Date. Any event in the life of a Batch can be recorded for later recall.

RECALL

The inclusion of retail has not required separate processes. Primarily, the activities at Depot and Retail are the same with different levels of holdings. The functions of DSSR have now been incorporated into DSSD, with the table of provisioning factors having separate entries by account type.

IMPLEMENTATION STRATEGY

1 BSB will be the prototype for Depot on-line activities. We are looking into the options for using distributed computers in the Depots whilst retaining a link to the central mainframe. Implementation will involve the parallel operation of current systems for sometime until each Depot is fully converted. This will not happen overnight.

Rather than having a long gestation period and delivering one large system; we plan to deliver successive phases of DSSD so that facilities can be made available sooner to the end Users. This concept of phased deliverables marks a change in Supply Project thinking. Previously Supply Projects were born to satisfy a requirement and then were laid to rest. DSSD plans to sustain the momentum for developing the Supply system with follow-on phases rolling onto DSRP.

DSSD PHASES

1. Construct item identification records and complete depot purification by Mar 88.
2. 1 BSB trial and conversion by Mar 89.
3. Enhance 1 BSB facilities and convert Air and Navy depots by Jan 90.
4. Retail prototypes by Sep 90.
5. Enhanced retail facilities and full conversion by Jan 91.
6. Develop future DSRP modules such as performance measurement starting 1990.

Much of 1988 will be taken up with the trialling and testing of DSSD at 1 BSB followed by full account conversion.

IMPLEMENTATION TEAMS

As 1 BSB will be the prototype for DSSD it is essential we get our act together now with the formation of at least a shadow Implementation Team. Air and Navy will be watching very closely how we handle the trial and implementation tasks, so this will be a good opportunity to show off the expertise gained during DSSR implementation. (This comment is really a hint for the DOS when selecting the team.)

CLOSING

In closing I must quote a comment made by an Army representative at the last Quality Review Board.

"When I look around the table and see so many Air Force people I wonder whether we are going to end up with an Air system"

The reply for PM DSRP

"Well Dan that's up to you and your masters to do something about it"

Grahame Loveday
Army Rep DSSD Project Team

HOW CAN YOU TELL IT'S GOING TO BE A ROTTEN DAY???????

You know it's going to be "one of those days" when:

- ... You wake up face down on the pavement.
- ... You put your bra on backwards and it fits better.
- ... You call Lifeline and they put you on hold.
- ... You see a "This Week" news team waiting in your driveway.
- ... Your birthday cake collapses from the weight of the candles.
- ... You turn on the news and they're showing emergency routes out of your town.
- ... Your twin sister forgets your birthday.
- ... Your horn goes off accidentally, and remains stuck as you follow a group of Hell's Angels on the Motor Way.
- ... Your boss tells you not to bother to take your coat off.
- ... The bird singing outside your window is a buzzard.
- ... You wake up and your braces are locked together.
- ... You call your answering service and they tell you it's none of your business.
- ... Your blind date turns out to be your ex-wife.
- ... Your income tax cheque bounces.
- ... You put both contact lenses in the same eye.
- ... Your pet rock snaps at you.
- ... Your wife says "Good Morning Bill" and your name is George.

