

PATAKA



THE MAGAZINE OF THE RNZAOC

FORWARD

Lt Col G.M. Corkin
Director Ordnance Services

I am pleased to have this opportunity to express my appreciation of the kind wishes that have been passed to me on my recent visit to the Corps units. It has been a pleasure to receive such loyal support to the DOS in spite of recent suggestions that the Army doesn't need Directors. During my career I have seen the Army change its structure four times and in spite of the turmoil and confusion that each change created we, the RNZAOC, have continued to soldier on. You have steadfastly maintained an allegiance to the Corps and in each case the DOS has made every effort to reciprocate. Irrespective of being regular, territorial or civilian there are special bonds that make our Corps unique and to me, a source of immense pride.

Every DOS would like to make his own impact on the Corps and in my time we have:

- a. published our field operating procedures;
- b. mounted guard over our Colonel in Chief;
- c. seen the return of Corps sport;
- d. completed the adoption of DSSR;
- e. had combat clothing accepted as protective dress;
- f. achieved the first female soldier parachute descent; and
- g. introduced the first specialist containers into service.

I cannot, nor would I like to, claim personal credit for any of those. They were only achieved by Corps team work. While none of these events may have shaken the world; which other corps has a better record? The thing I look back on as a personal achievement was bringing Quality Assurance into our supply procedures. It would be great to think that we may one day achieve the ideal of "do it once and do it right".

To the Junior Soldiers. You should know that as RNZAOC soldiers you belong to a Corps that has earned the right to hold its head up and walk with pride in any company. That right was earned by the Corps and passes to you for safe keeping. Renew it often as you can by meeting each challenge with enthusiasm and a dedication to excellence. You need to exercise patience when dealing with the 'green machine' and don't 'put down' what you don't understand. Lastly you must learn about traditions and why they mean so much to us.

To the Civilian Staff. I am pleased to have the opportunity to acknowledge the considerable contribution you have all made to the Corps and to the Army. You are not obliged to show us any loyalty but you do and I have got great satisfaction each time I was able to sign a 20 year scroll for presentation to the longer serving ones. I am very conscious of the trials and tribulations the soldiers put you through. In spite of the demands of the supervisors place on you, and the arrogance of junior NCOs, you keep on working with us and passing on your experience. I would like you to know I respect the contribution you all make irrespective of being senior grade or tea-lady, thank you for being one of the team.

To the Senior NCOs and WOs. Contrary to popular rumour the DOS does acknowledge the critical contribution you make to the Corps and to the Army. That is; you make the systems work! As well, you are the keepers of our traditions and the makers of new ones. As you approach the end of your terms you may wonder what else the Corps can expect of you. You own a treasure of experience, and experience is the invisible factor that turns shambles into successes. But most of all; you are the role models for your subordinates. You have the responsibility to train those junior leaders to become the future managers and leaders in the RNZAOC. This is a great responsibility and requires persons of exceptional ability; I have enjoyed working with such a group.

To conclude I would draw your attention to the problems that we must solve in the future. We have to formulate a policy that lays down what is to be acceptable for people who marry or establish a de facto relationship and want to serve on. What rights do they have over single soldiers or other married soldiers when postings occur? We must make every effort to prepare for operations, that preparation must concentrate on developing third line support skills. Finally, the computer age is here. We must take every possible opportunity to exploit what it offers and explore what else can be done. We, the Corps must seize the initiative to lead the Army in the development and introduction of this aid to logistic operations.

"Sua Tela Tonanti"

PATAKA
THE MAGAZINE OF
THE ROYAL NEW ZEALAND ARMY ORDNANCE CORPS

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As promised, we have managed to produce and edit the Xmas issue of PATAKA. Thank you for your contributions for this edition and I believe that you will find it quite entertaining.

If you look at the last page of the previous PATAKA, you will see a message from DOS. This was actually an unsolicited contribution !!! I must say that you had the Directorate in fits of laughter, because we know WHO is the DOS's favourite unit ???

DOS and the Directorate Staff wish you all a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.
Sua Tela Tonanti.

Ed

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HANDOVER OF DIRECTOR OF ORDNANCE
SERVICES



Pictured above is the handover of Director of Ordnance Services. Lt Col J.F. Hyde (standing) officially took over as Director on 1 Dec 86. Lt Col G.M. Corkin is posted to the New Zealand Embassy, Washington DC as the Chief Purchaser.



BUCKINGHAM PALACE

2nd July, 1986.

Dear Air Commodore Neville,

Thank you for your letter of June 25th addressed to Mr. Fellowes, containing a message to The Queen from the Royal New Zealand Army Ordnance Corps.

This was laid before Her Majesty who had commanded me to send you the following reply. I would be most grateful if this could be transmitted to the Colonel Commandant.

"I warmly thank you, the Director of Ordnance Services and All Ranks of the Royal New Zealand Army Ordnance Corps for your kind message of loyal greetings sent on the occasion of your Corps Day. As your Colonel-in-Chief, I greatly appreciate this message and hope that the day is a great success.

ELIZABETH R."

Yours sincerely
Robert Fellowes

(ROBERT FELLOWES)

Air Commodore P. Neville, O.B.E., A.F.C.



Geared up and ready to go. Soldiers, mostly from the 1 Base Supply Battalion at Trentham, before boarding the Andover aircraft to jump from 300m (1000 feet) above Waitemata Harbour near Kauri Point.

EXERCISE

Field: 3 days consisting of:

1. Shelter construction: (1) Choice of site:
 - (a) ground layout
 - (b) availability of building materials
 - (c) ease of construction (eg) use of natural standing trees.(2) Type of shelter
 - (a) revolves around (1)(c)
2. Fire construction: (1) layout of fireplace in relationship to shelter (2) ground preparation (3) choice of type of fire (4) supply of wood (5) methods of cooking and various other implements to go with cooking.
3. Foraging: (1) What to look for eg various 'food' types to be found in the field and the preparation ready for consumption.

Other points brought out were minor details such as a 'walking stick' to be used for defense, stunning animals, reaching 'food', checking traps (see 4) and general purpose. Improvements to camp sites; continuous wood gathering. Checking surroundings.

4. Traps:
 - (1) show various styles of traps and how they work.
 - (2) construct own one
 - (3) basic principals to remember
5. Interrogation:
 - (1) Brief intro to interrogation techniques with pupils as guinea pigs.

Overall, a good exercise with only a couple of minor 'faults' in my opinion:

- (1) too much 'food' given to us
- (2) too much equipment
- (3) no incentive to forage
- (4) lack of individual abilities,
(every one worked as a team)

Para Jump: 3 days consisting of:

1. Equipment:
 - (1) what equipment was necessary eg parachute, life-jacket reserve chute.
2. How equipment worked:
 - (1) we had a look at the 'chute' in the open position and what to look for plus the construction of the 'chute'
 - (2) life jacket break down
 - (3) reserve chute and what it was for.
3. Practice with the 'chute':
 - (1) in a mock up of the plane
 - (2) in a harness
 - (3) how to get out of twists
 - (4) how to activate reserve
 - (5) how to release from 'chute' on arrival in the water
 - (6) the lead up to actually standing in the door way.
 - (7) position to adopt on decent
 - (8) what to do on arrival
4. Jumping:
 - (1) Into the plane
 - (2) Up to 1000 ft
 - (3) Stand up
 - (4) Move up
 - (5) Prepare to go
 - (6) Go
 - (7) Decent
 - (8) Arrival

Overall comments: Very good build up with maximum emphasis (?) placed on safety plus checking. Instilled a sense of calm over the whole course. Full credit to instructors.

P. COOPER
L/Cpl

COMBAT SURVIVAL TRAINING
10 APRIL - 16 APRIL 86

To me this course has been the highlight of my Army career to date. I can honestly say that I enjoyed myself thoroughly and that at the completion of the course I had experienced and gained knowledge in the principles of survival.

We were shown how to construct shelters using natural materials around us and standing trees as our support posts.

Where to position shelters depending on conditions eg: wind and or rain/snow.

How to build different types of fires depending on what you are going to cook on it and to obtain optimum heat.. Construction of traps, once gain using as materials the natural surroundings.

What plants, trees, insects are edible and which parts of are?

Where to forage for these foods and how to test if something is edible or not.

We were also shown how to kill and gut chickens and a sheep using methods least distressing to the animals. Most importantly however, we were able to understand that the major principle of survival is the individuals will to live and their ability to make the best of worst situations. Preservation of their sanity if forced to survive alone and how not to let yourself go.

Introduction to Interrogation. Basically we experienced how an interrogation is run, minus physical and or great mental abuse and how it is important to abide by the Geneva convention and give only your name, rank, serial number and date of birth. If you give more than this eg: place of birth you tend to talk even more with the slightest prompting. I personally was able to experience how frustrating it was being interrogated and how easy it is to lose control and hit out at your interrogaters. In fact if it had been a real interrogation I would have been killed and thus not survived in a combat situation.

The second part of our course was the waterjump. To me this was the best part not only was it my first time in a plane it was like many others, my first time parachuting. I also appreciated the fact that myself and the five other females on the course were the first females in the Army ever to go parachuting due to the fact that we are non-combatants. Hopefully I will get another chance to go parachuting one day. Although when I first heard about this course I was apprehensive when it came to actually jumping I was not in the least bit scared as the Air Force instructors had instilled in us that something can only go wrong if you panic and forget your training. Thus I just jumped and enjoyed the scenery and the feeling of falling on the way down. Something I will never forget, in fact it's quite indescribable.

Pte Lowe

"DAYS OF EXCITEMENT!"

Combat Survival Training is something most people would think of as a war-like escapade. But it's not.

Combat Survival Training is a type of training a lot of people would never get a chance to learn about or even get a chance to do.

The first three days were spent in the field. We were given a piece of string, a pocket knife, and four matches. We weren't allowed watches, smokes or any other perks. We had to get our own food, such as berries, leaves to make tea. We had to make our own sleeping quarters which were just like primitive houses using the natural surroundings. We lived like this for three days. On our final night in the bush we were caught as captives and interrogated. This was done to give us an insight into what could and would have happened in real wartime. This phase was very rewarding because we learnt how to survive on the barest of needs and if it really happened at some stage it would be a great asset to have behind you.

The last two days of our training was undertaken by doing a water parachute jump. This also was a great achievement.

The first day was taken up doing parachute drills in the hanger at PTSU Whenuapai. Inside the hanger we carried out drills on what to do when we hit the water. We also did reserve chute drills, and practised jumping out of an indoor mock-up. That afternoon we performed practise jumps out of a 30-ft tower which gave us the feeling of height.

The day after.

This was the day we actually jumped from the aircraft. It was a beautiful fine day and hardly any wind. Firstly we went out to the middle of the airfield and watched some other people jump. We then went back to the hangar and did our chute drill revision. Soon we were flying at 1000-ft. Everyone was very quiet. Once out of the plane and the chute open it was fantastic. The most exhilarating thing I've ever done. Those were "THE DAYS OF EXCITEMENT."

Pte Windleburn

CBT TRG : 11-16 APR

My opinions on the whole of the adventure trg cse held 11-16 Apr are that I consider it to be a very rewarding experience.

It was a good chance for pers from Corps that don't have much to do with survival situations, as that is left to 2/1 RNZIR, 1 NZSAS and other Teeth Corps of Armed Forces, to get out there and do it themselves. For the two days outfield, the knowledge gained from our Instructors of 1 NZSAS on surviving with just a pocket knife, matches, a sack and living in a shelter provided from natural surroundings, was of great interest.

I thought these guys were crazy. How could I survive on just that alone? With help and co-operation from my group and Instructors I managed. The Interrogation phase expertly done by pro-interrogating pers from 1 NZSAS, was a very frightening experience. Something I wouldn't want to encounter again real or pretending.

The second part to the cse was a water jump from an Andover aircraft 1000-ft up in the air. The one day preparation before the jump included a jump from a tower 30-ft high which was designed to give a feeling of height. Parachuting drills were taught and further practice jumps were done from an indoor mock-up. The staff of PTSU were of great help to all of us and instilled a lot of self-confidence into everyone, who were obviously starting to wonder what they had opted themselves in for. At 10.00 on 15th Apr we all sat in the Andover, quiet as mice, waiting to be called by our Instructors to the door, for the jump.

The feelings experienced are hard to describe. It was harder leaping out the doorway, which was to be expected, but when the chute opened and you slowly coast to ground the feeling was fantastic.

Many thanks should go to 2Lt Blair who gave us all a chance to do this Adventure Trg Cse. Hopefully further cses will be available in the future. Being one of the six females to have ever jumped for NZ Army is something I shall remember.

Pte(W) Tokona

"ADVENTURE TRAINING 1986" 1 BSB

For me this adventure training was an excellent experience. It was a real eye opener to try and survive the wilderness in a combat situation.

I think the most exciting, but toughest part of the field was the interrogation. At first I thought that the SAS guys were just out for a bit of fun with us. But after about an hour of the interrogating, I realized, they weren't playing games. That was when it was pretty ragged.

Overall, the field part of the exercise was great and I think we all enjoyed it. My biggest thrill was yet to come. That was the second part of the training the water jump. After all the training for the jump you didn't feel scared. I felt really safe. Mainly because my harness was so tight and because I'd been really reassured that nothing could go wrong. The water when I landed wasn't as cold as I'd thought it would be, and by that time I'd forgotten to watch for sharks, so that was really good.

I think the whole exercise was well planned and carried out. I hope another 'adventure training' programme will be available again some time. I feel I have got a lot out of it, and others should have the same opportunity.

Pte(W) McMullen F.C.

The Combat Survival Course was very interesting and taught me a lot.

The lectures at the beginning were very interesting and taught me a lot about survival hazards and ways to combat these dangers. They also gave me my first lesson on the Geneva convention.

The bush phase was entirely different from anything I have ever done before. I have spent two weeks living in the Fiji bush but this was totally different.

The first thing I learnt was the making of the hut. It had to be big enough for the whole section. It also had to be fairly solid as opposed to the one man temporary beds we made in Fiji.

The next lesson we got was the need for us to carry our equipment with us at all times. We were then taught how to construct fires and to kill various types of animal life.

The biggest lesson that night was not having enough firewood for the night. It made me see the necessity of planning for the future. The fact that we did not have watches seemed to make the night last forever.

The next days lesson was on edible vegetation and different types of snares.

The days activities showed us that no matter how tired you felt there was always something to do. Either setting snares, collecting firewood, finding food or improving the living quarters.

The nights interrogation was a real eye opener. I did not realise that I could put up with so much abuse and discomfort without striking back.

The parachute training was straight forward except for jumping out of the high shed. I was not sure I was going to jump out of the plane till I was out of the door. It at least proved I could do it.

On the whole a very interesting and educational course.

LCpl Corkran

Our recent trip to Auckland was probably the best we ever been on.

The highlight of the trip had to be the single water jump out the side door of an Andover, I think it was harder to jump out of the training tower than it was out of the plane, on the plane I was very nervous until I got to the door. Once at the door it was really easy to throw myself out the door. It was a great feeling to look up and see the canopy open above me. The fall down was really tranquil. I didn't seem to be moving, then all of a sudden the water rushed up to meet me. It was all over too soon and the 40 odd seconds was no where long enough. Another highlight of our stay with PTSU was their mess. It really put the Army Mess to shame with every one pigging out on their ice cream freeze machine.

The other parts of our adventure training consisted of a three day combat survival course run by NZSAS. We were given one set of clothes, a knife, four matches and a piece of string to live on. We were shown how to build shelters, make snares, build fires, and what plant life we could eat. Later on a couple of convenient chooks and a sheep appeared on the scene. They were quickly disposed of. This is where one misses the luxury of electricity as our group found when our chook happened to turn a bit dark, the survival course was rounded off by an ambush and night of interrogations. This was hard stuff, but well worth it. I would hate to go through it during wartime but that night would make it easier if I ever came to that sort of situation. It's the sort of thing every soldier should have to undergo.

A great week was rounded off by a good night out on the town and a sore head for the trip home.

ANON

COMBAT SURVIVAL TRAINING : 10-16 APRIL 1986

We left for Papakura on Thursday night for our combat survival training with SAS. We left with a good note from Sgt Fisher. We jumped into the bus to find it was so warm and our 'sir' got us the bestest bus, but that wasn't so bad. We were left with no lights just when we were arriving at Turangi, but even that wasn't so bad. Arriving at Tokoroa we found that we had to change a tyre. Finally arriving at Papakura, we were told that we had to be paraded outside the SAS compound at 0745 hours.

The course started off really well. Getting taught tactical lessons on how to survive in a combat situation. Learnt things I never realised would be of usefulness if I ever was in a combat situation. The lesson on the Geneva convention was of real use. I learnt that as a prisoner of war we have our rights but whether or not they are enforced was to be seen. I can honestly say I have learnt more in those three days than I could of learnt if I had stayed back. The interrogation night was a night I shan't forget. I really learnt a lot about myself which I think will help me in the future. The most memorable will always be the para jump. I'm really glad that I did it and I really appreciate 'sir' that you took the time to arrange the course for us.

Pte DEVLIN

ADVENTURE TRAINING

When we got to Papakura we went to lectures about the Geneva convention and interrogation procedures with 1 NZSAS Gp. We were sent into the field to put the lectures into practice. In the field we were taught about snares traps and food foraging. This gave us a basic picture of how to survive in the wild with only the bare necessities. The second part of our adventure training was a parachute jump with the Air Froce.

For the second phase, they trained us on the ground and the jump trainer. The second day was the actual jump. We went up in an Andover. When we worked out the door I think everyone would've been a bit nervous. After the jump the nervousness seemed to vanish. I enjoyed adventure training and think more people should get a chance to do it.

Pte Benge

On arrival at Papakura Military Camp, we were briefed on Survival and the Geneva Convention, by 1 NZSAS Gp. This covered the Code of Conduct and what information we were allowed to disclose under interrogation. We also learnt:

- the principles of how to survive in the bush without food, water and shelter.
- how to make shelters, snares and traps, and
- how to find edible plants.

On completion of our survival training set off we to Whenuapai Air Base. where the PTSU taught us the principles of parachuting and then practical lectures on jumping. The day came for us to jump and there were not too many who were worried about it. Once in the air there was silence from the crowd. The adrenalin started pumping and the next thing we were jumping out of the plane. The feeling was great, 1000-ft above the earth!

I will never forget our Survival Training and Parachuting and I think other units should apply for this training.

Pte Kelly

ADVENTURE TRAINING
(OR JUST PART OF THE JOB?)

During the period of 10 Apr - 16 Apr 86 I was fortunate enough to be able to accompany 1 BSB new comers on what I was later to find out was an exercise, titled - Adventure Training, Alias-Combat Survival Course.

For myself I saw this as a great opportunity to get out of the office and to be able to leave my desk behind me for a few days. To forget all the boring mundane tasks, which of course somebody has to do, for just a little while.

Unfortunately for me I was later to learn this wasn't going to be quite the holiday I had expected, and the rewards and satisfaction of this short course were going to be far greater than I had imagined.

To start the course off on the right foot, we departed Trentham in a traditional way, in the comfort of an old BUS which came with that famous reliable well known Army Guarantee (guranteed to keep you praying that you actually make your destination). Anyway we only had two major upsets which were handled in good spirit and the trusty old bus got to Papakura 11 hours later.

A few hours after our arrival we entered the SAS compound to begin our survival phase of the course. To begin with we received a little theory on the principles of survival and the art of interrogation. Armed with a trusty pocket knife, four matches, a length of twine and a plastic bag, we set out to try and keep ourselves alive for a couple of days.

Firstly came shelter, then came tucker time and the challenge of preparing one live chook for supper, which after practicals from the instructors gave us no excuse for ignorance and going hungry.

After our first night, which saw the cold night air drive most of us out to try and get some sleep around the fire, we soon saw the faults in our ill-prepared shelters. The next morning we tried to remedy practical problems.

This, our second day we had a further two lessons, one on traps and snares and the second on edible plants, which were both quite new and informative. Later that night we were to receive a lesson in star navigation, or were we? After being taken to this lesson we were soon to have practical experience, in interrogation. This was one experience I think I will remember for a long time to come, even if it was tamed down as far as interrogation goes.

That basically was the extent of the first part of the course and I can honestly say, I came out of the field knowing I had learned something practical and would be the wiser soldier of my new found knowledge.

The second phase of the course was to prove both exciting and unique. With the help of PTSU, we were all going to parachute 1000-ft from a plane to hopefully land safely in the sea below. Exciting because all parachuting is unique and we had the first females to ever jump military style, in NZ. After a day ground training, the next day saw us all belted in the Andover prior to our jump. The flight before brought out a lot of peoples inner fears and questions. But the result speaks for itself, a 100% jump. Can I say more?

I would like to finish by thanking 1 BSB for this opportunity and may I say for support pers like myself, experiences like this enable me and others I'm sure, to at least hold our heads up a little when some people keep insisting we're all soldiers first, and its only this sort of training that can make you at least feel like a soldier and proud enough to call yourself that. Plus its a challenge, which I'm sure many other people joined the Army to do. Things don't get very challenging behind my desk?

LCpl T.T. HIRST

COMBAT SURVIVAL TRAINING

. 11 - 13 APRIL 1986

10 Apr 86

When I awoke this morning I had a strange feeling in the pit of my stomach; was it nerves, excitement or maybe a bit of apprehension? I don't really know. Besides being my birthday it was also the day we departed Trentham to commence a survival training exercise with 1 NZSAS Gp in Papakura. I really don't know what to expect. These are some of my thoughts throughout the exercise.

11 Apr 86

Here we are in Papakura, 15 1 Base Sup Bn and six BAW personnel. What a team, marching produly to the SAS compound. Straight into the classroom, two and a half hours of lectures. I wonder if they will allow us to go to the dry canteen - no way, change into field dress - boots, JGs, socks, shirt and Swandri, nothing else. Field kit issue as follows: 1 sack, 1 pocket knife, 3 feet of string, 3 matches and 1 striker, Waht, no sleeping bag, or tent? Where can I hide my cigarettes? Too late, "on the trucks".

Well, we have finally arrived. God knows where we are. Our first field lecture begins - Improvised shelters. These SAS guys are good alright, look at the way all the branches and twigs are interwoven just like a flax basket; I am impressed, my shelters never look like that, I've learnt something here.

It must be getting close to lunchtime, my stomach is grumbling. Was that Sergeant having us on when he asked where our cut lunches were?

I hear our kai coming, chickens squawking and a sheep bleating. So who is going to kill the sheep? I know it will have to be one of us. No he didn't pick me. Pte Lowe steps forward and mounts the sheep with a machete in hand and proceeds to cut its throat. Here I was, not three feet away, warm sheep's blood steaming off my boots as it spurts from the jugular, thinking of mutton for dinner, great. I'm so hungry and not only mutton but chicken as well, as the instructor demonstrates the effective way to kill a chicken. Are these guys for eal? They make things look so damn easy.

12 Apr 86

The feed is great, now maybe we can make a hot drink from the Manuka leaves as we were taught. It certainly tastes OK or maybe it is because I'm so thirsty. I'm wondering if the Manuka has a sedative effect, I'm feeling really tired and it's only 1700 hours.

2200 hours and I'm wide awake now. Am I dirty or what, but not too uncomfortable just yet, wish I had a toothbrush and a smoke.

2230 hours - oh well, one more day to go. I wonder what the Sergeant is doing at this time of the night. What!, night navigation lectures! Our section proceeds to follow him down to join the rest of the group to commence lectures. Hey! what's happening? My hands are being tied, my face is masked, my boots and socks are missing. What are they doing, I'm so confused; we've been set up.

Man, I'm cold. I wonder how long I've been sitting here with my hands on my head. My arms are aching. I have my boots back minus my socks. So this is what interrogation is all about.

They have taken my boots again and my Swandri. "What's your name?" "What's your unit?" "Who is the boss?" "UNSWORTH, LCPL, W762171, 10 APR, LCPL. Why are they swearing so much? Is it necessary? Man, I haven't been called those names before. "Are you cold Lcpl Unsworth?". I remember thinking what a stupid question, and felt like screaming at him, of course I'm bloody cold you jerk! Still I'm not going to answer him. Name, rank, regimental number and date of birth, that's all they need to know. The big four and no more. I wish they would stop yelling at me, I can hear OK.

Finally, it's all over and someone says, "Well done girl". I guess that means I did OK. I wonder what the time is, I'm tired and cold. Hot coffee, how thoughtful, maybe these guys aren't so bad after all.

Considering the experiences we have been subjected to over the duration of the exercise, I felt it a great achievement for suppliers, drivers, clerks, cooks, stewards and storemen involved. I know personally I have learnt the finer techniques in regards to basic survival, these include: building improvised shelters, traps and snares, food foraging and, of course, a basic introduction to interrogation - certainly a worthwhile experience.

Lance Corporal
C.H. Unsworth

SUBJECT REF: COMBAT SURVIVAL TRAINING
: PTSU PHASE

In my opinion the concept of adventure training provided had a two phase aim.

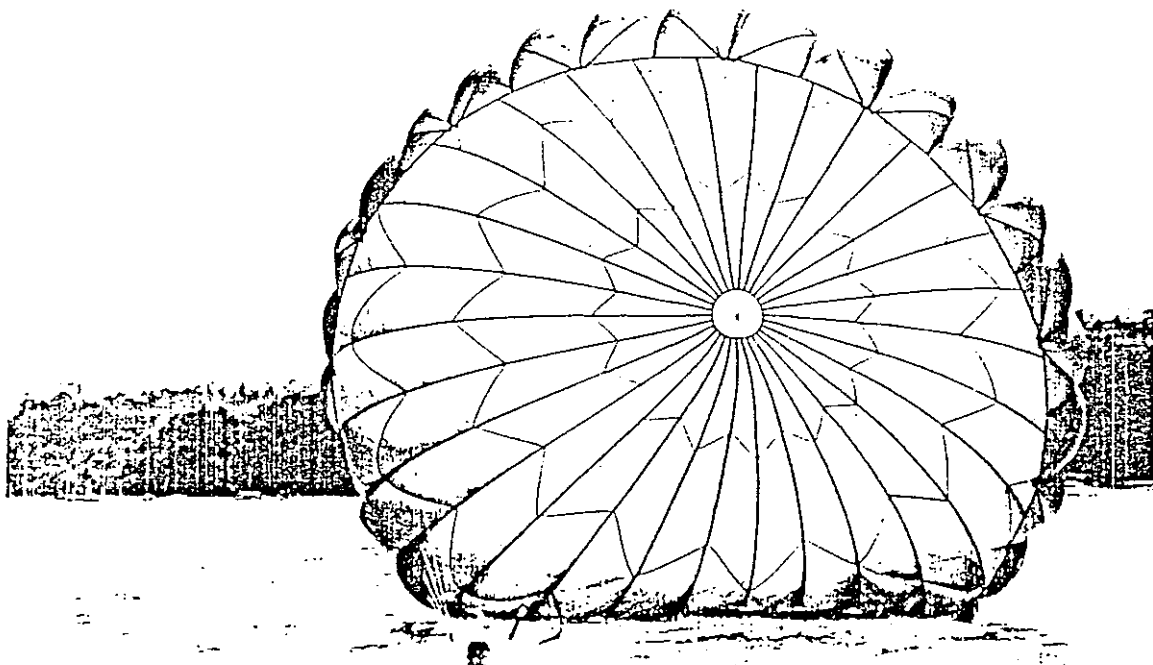
Firstly the younger members of 1 BSB and members of other Corps took part in the exercise aspects of combat survival in an environment designed to encourage students to use their initiative and knowledge taught to their best advantage. The training also gave the students a brief introduction into the aspects of the Geneva Convention and an introduction into some of the methods of tactical questioning in the event of capture in a wartime situation.

Secondly the PTSU phase instilled into the students self confidence in being able to overcome personal fears to complete a task. I think this will benefit them in the future and give them more confidence in themselves to perform their day to day work duties. Because of these reasons I feel the course was successful and will benefit both units and students in the future.

Cpl M. Fisher



Only a parachutist knows the feeling of standing in an aeroplanes open doorway waiting for the green light. Dispatcher Warrant Officer Class Two Allen Robbie steadies Private Christine Devlin with a shoulder grip, while behind Private Fiona McMullen readies herself to jump after her. Christine is the first woman out of the plane. This is the first time that this type of training has been conducted for women in the New Zealand Army. Well Done Ordnance!!!!



BAW VS FMG

A sporting fixture was organised on the 8th of Oct. It included the following sports:

a. BASKETBALL/MENS -

Venue - Trentham Camp Gym

Score - 64-48 to BAW

A good strenuous game from both teams, but a well deserved win by BAW. (This had NOTHING to do with the tact that BAW was graced with the presence of 'SLAM DUNK' Ex Checker Staint's coach 'Craig Furlong'. On that they had two Service players 'Johnno' and Nigel Watene. Overall, it was a great game from both sides. Special thanks goes to that 'Twosome' player "BEAR" (Terry Snider) ha ha, for coaching the BAW boys.

Good game.

b. BASKETBALL/WOMANS

Venue - Trentham Camp Gym

Score - 26-17 to BAW

Well done BAW, Good hard game from the womans teams, but the strength of BAW females was too great, and with that I mean player from the winning team 'PTE DEVLIN'; FMG didn't stand a chance. The game was played in good spirit making it enjoyable to watch, and just as enjoyable to play. Congratulations BAW.

c. RUGBY

Venue - Devis Field Trentham Camp

Score - 36-4 to FMG

A good 'clean' spirited game (but how PTE PAKINGA got a black eye leaves a lot the unanswered. A lot of good hard, mean Rugby playing from FMG and despite valient efforts from BAW - A win for FMG - A hiding for BAW.

d. NETBALL

Venue CIT Courts, Trentham Tech

Score - 38-22 to FMG

Dominated by FMG females and although a fight was put up by BAW, it was a great game - a win for FMG.

The meal and refreshments were held in the golf club after the days events and it was obvious that the day was thoroughly enjoyed by both Camps. Thanks for the great spirit FMG, lets do it again next year.

MEN IN YELLOW

2/1 RNZIR VERSUS 1 BASE SUP BN (COMBINED EME)
DAVIS FIELD
OCTOBER 14TH 1986

There is an old Rugby Saying!

"The Irish play rugby because they like fighting
The Scots play rugby because it costs nothing
The English play rugby because they invented the game
But the Kiwis play rugby because it is better than working."

How true that is because Work. I'm sure was the last thing on the minds of players, coaches and spectators alike on Tuesday the 14th October. First priority is to congratulate Coaches WO2 Ratama and Major Gardiner for a fine job in knitting a team together so well at such short notice. Congratulations must also go to the fifteen players and supporters for such an enjoyable game.

Of course history will show that 1 BSB took the game and trophy. But more than that, must be the hope of everyone including players that they saw a great game played essentially for fun. To 2/1, we trust you have very pleasant memories of your visit to Trentham, and I know I speak on behalf of the entire 1 BSB rugby team in saying it certainly was a pleasure having you here.

In closing I think the performance of the BAW side was summed up well during the after match function when the player of the day awards were announced it wasn't one individual player that received it, it was fifteen players all dedicated to prove one point that when it comes to playing rugby, there's no difference between the Services and teeth Arms Corps of the Army.

Final Score 1 BSB 22 - 2/1 RNZIR 16

Lcpl P.W. Tane

CORPS DAY

The 12th July as all will know
is Corps Day and in Wellington it doesn't snow
The annual rugby attendance is poor
so tenpin bowling we go with Staff Moore

One hundred and twenty start off in buses and cars
Bev's Team from provision favourites by far.
The teams are all standing there in the right lanes
The gun goes off Oh my the pain

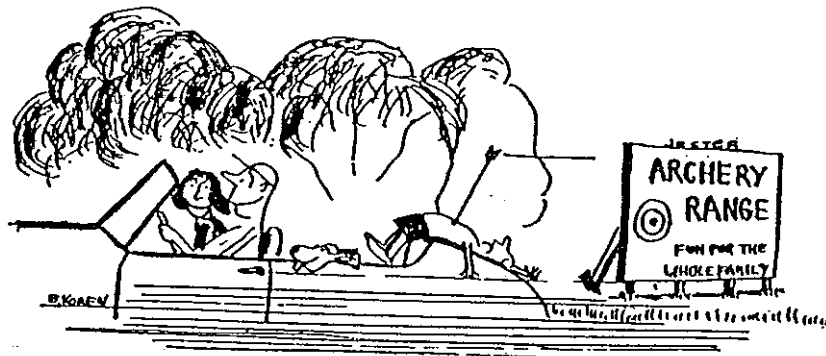
Down the gutter they go with style and grace
The pins are still standing my the red lace
For two hours solid they rolled the ball
The noise was quite deafening there in the hall

The pins were flying here and there
No one really giving a care
Trophies were to be won by all
But 169 was good from Pete Yulle

Jan from the Machine Room best lady by far
Her score of 156 not matched by Roi TePaa
The recruits from Stores Section took men Hi game
With low going to provision on the last lane

Margret Mitchell scored 30, lowest of the day
Her first game ever, but at least she did play
Congratulation to everyone for the game
Maybe next year we can do the same.

STAFF GD



WOMENS RUGBY LEAGUE
ARMY VS OTAKI STRYKERS

Never before in the field of Human conflict has so much been done for so few for such little results....

The pre mentioned statement is not in reference to the noble endeavour of politics but that of Rugby league. On the 18th of Oct 1130-hrs Trenthams finest ladies took to the rugby field full of confidence and enthusiasm. Standing before us were 13 "MEN" in drag by the name of "Otaki Strykers." At the first glance of our opposition our enthusiasm and confidence was shot to pieces. However being the courageous soldiers we are, we bravely faced our battle. Leading us onto the field was our Captain, Toni with our team quite a way behind her. Meanwhile on the sideline our guys were whole heartedly cheering us on and picking up pointers from us on how they could improve their game. Getting into the first quarter of the game, Otaki scored a runaway try and gave us a glimpse of things to come.

Not long after a couple of girls ... (Workshops') were taken from the battlefield with injuries after having played an excellent game. Despite some brilliant tackles from TK and Roi the enemy continued to gain ground.

The game continued with more tries from Otaki and more injuries for us. By this time "Help Wanted" signs were appearing on the Hospital Vehicle.

With the final score of .. (Too embarrassing) we could say we gave it our best shot and I'm sure I can safely say the game was enjoyed by all for good spdrtmanship was shown all round.

Pte Stafford
Halfback or was it fullback

DAVID (1 BSB) AND GOLIATH (JOHN HILL AND 3 SUP)

They came, not by wagon or foot but by V8 Rovers to our humble little village of Trentham. We eyed them up... and up... and up, but of course size was not a problem. The usual sizing up of the opponent took place in the appropriate place (the JRs).

On the dawn of the BIG event BSB was up bright and early, the 3 Supply team was not to be seen. With the kick-off at 1.30, 3 Sup were changed and ready at 12.30, while BSB wandered in at about 12.50. The 'psyche up' was an awesome sight and sound, while we waited for the ref who was about 20 minutes late.

BSB ran on the field, a small but mobile team. 3 Supply steamed on with John Hill (the basketball player) sticking up somewhere in the clouds and a couple of others not too far below. From the kick-off BSB scored in the first minute with a try to Pete Tane. 3 Supply came back with their heavies and committed us to some rough stuff up front. It was pretty even with both teams scoring points but 3 Supply had the upper hand in the lineouts. The first half went to 3 Supply with them leading 12-11 at the break.

The second half began with our cheerleaders giving us the old "who are, who are, who are we?? We are the team from BSB" This time BSB went out to show the Southerners what the North is made of. We took the game from the big guys and hustled in the tight and tackled in the open. The forwards were duly led by Tony Harding into mauls and rucks and all forward play.

The backs ran and tackled like All Blacks and were decisive in their play. Kevin Broad, the team captain, had a good game until he was injured and left the field, then the captaincy was taken over by Mike Kareko who also had an excellent game at 1st five. Pete Tane bagged two more tries in the second half to get his hat trick.

The two props, Tom Te Aho and Phillip Pakinga had outstanding games in the tight and worked well together. The game was played in good spirit but the best was still to come.

The after match function was as good as the game, maybe even better. This gave us a chance to mingle with old friends and meet new ones. It was an excellent night had by all.

1 Base Supply Battalion would like to thank 3 Supply Coy for the game which was won in fashion by BSB 28-12.

ANON

BAND TWO FIELD PHASE - 4 AUG - 24 AUG

AIM: To become familiar with the duties of a RNZAOC Supplier out in the field during a wartime situation.

FEATURING: Thirty of Trenthams most courageous Band Two Suppliers especially selected from all over the country.

INSTRUCTORS: Five of the best. Lt Hayden, WO2 Meha, Sgt Bennett, Cpl Gallahar, LCpl Cooper, and a special guest appearance by 2Lt Raureti.

LOCATION: Santoft Forest, along the West Coast, 11kms from Bulls.

PHASE 1: Began 0800 hrs 4 August 86 with a Unimog Course under the guidance of our RSM (WO1 Terewi). Congratulations to those involved and the high (100%) pass rate that was achieved.

PHASE 2: (Friday 15 Aug - 24 Aug). 10 days in Santoft Forest. Morale was pretty high among the brave soldiers and their eagerness to learn was admirable. Lectures both practical and theory were conducted on the following:

- (a) Erection of tentage
- (b) Camouflage of stores and equipment
- (c) Sighting and setting out of field stores
- (d) The basic use of an ANPRC 77 Radio Set

Each day included drill, with every soldier having a chance to lead their squads. And believe me we have some pretty spicked on Trentham Band Two's. (YES, we have a few loud, authoritative voices amongst us too).

Section Commanders were changed daily, to ensure that everybody had a turn in charge, and build up their confidence.

PHASE 3: The real BANG stuff. The moment we've all been waiting for. A party of black overalled unmentionables out to destroy us, and our stores. Thunderflashes, smoke grenades, rifles blasting everywhere. With section commanders yelling their commands for everyone to obey. YES, things were pretty heated up. (We'd like to congratulate LCpl Cooper on his ability to have 300 rounds in his body and still run around throwing thunder flashes. Good Skill's Hose).

Also congratulations to Cpl L.M. Gallahar for her gallant effort and expertise in capturing Sgt Bennett (one of the unmentionables), in his attempt to destroy our stores. Good skills Buggy. Also to our morale booster, WO2 Meha, who's singing ability leaves much to be desired. (ha ha ha - Doi!). Last, but by no means least, 'Our father who art in Linton', yes Lt Hayden, we couldn't have had a better Daddy for our platoon. THANK YOU.

Back to the war, and the front line. The enemy was progressively getting closer we were forced to move camp twice, with the final showdown taking place about 500m from our base. Although we put up a good fight, and LCpl Cooper died only 4 times that day, we lost our stores and vehicles. We had only 28 injuries, of which; 3 died, 2 lost legs, and the rest lost their minds. A valuable lesson was learnt from this; 'You don't leave your stores and vehicles, and advance on one enemy while the other one comes up from the rear and blows up all your stores and vehicles.

PHASE 4: Saturday morning we reached Linton, and the BIG 'put everything away' exercise began. Most of this was completed in time for the second Rugby Test, of course. Along with the watching of the Test, a few beers managed to infiltrate the area.

The end of the field phaze booze up took place in the RNZAOC smoko room in Linton. (and we will not say anything about the goings on of a certain Pte McMullen on her arrival, will we Mac.).

Sunday saw the final clean up and the soldiers on their way back home to Trentham Camp; all a lot wiser, a lot tireder, and a lot more confident in their abilities to perform as an Ordnance Supplier in the field.

THANKS TO THE INSTRUCTORS INVOLVED FOR A KNOWLEDGEABLE AND ENJOYABLE FIELD PHASE

ON BEHALF OF THE TRENTHAM BAND TWO'S

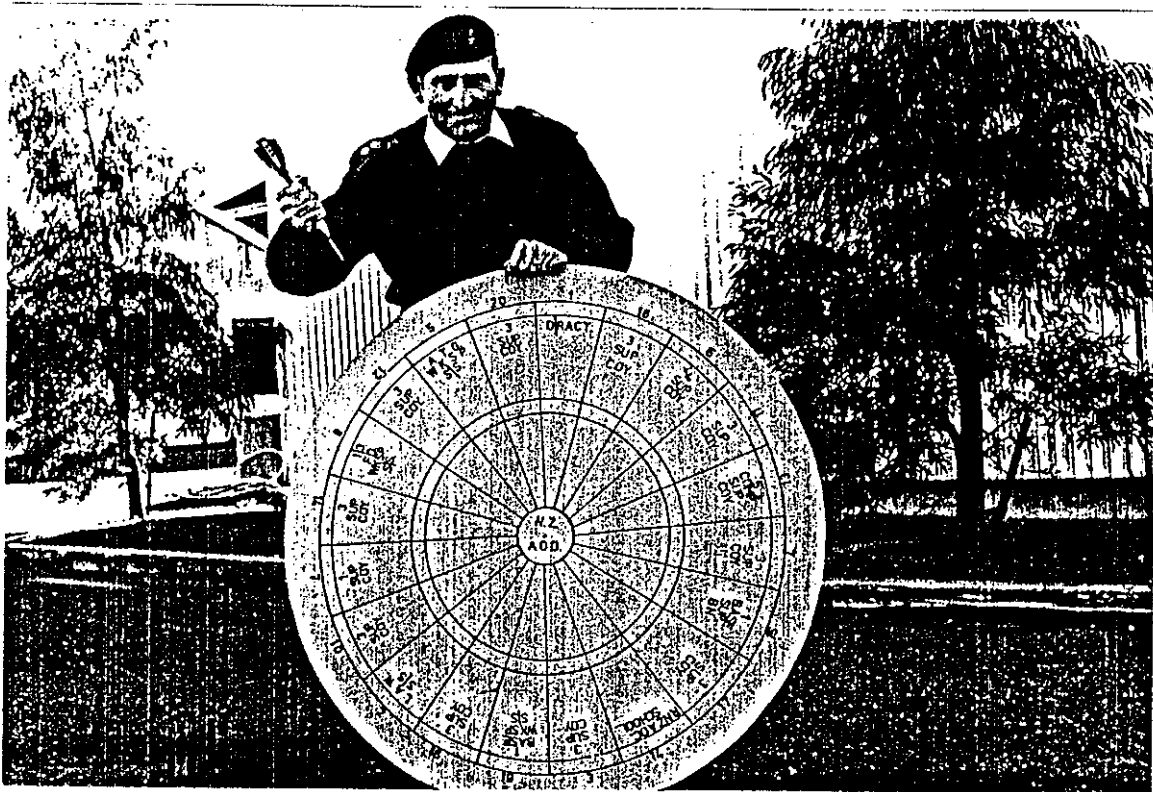
Pte Gray
Pte Kairua
Pte Wilson

POSTINGS IN THE RNZAOC

OC 3 Sup Coy suggested that the best way to sort out postings in the Corps, is to use the POSTINGS BOARD. By the way, this Board was produced by 3 Sup Coy. (Note: 10 of the 20 sections are 3 Sup Coy.

So to all of you that were posted to 3 Sup Coy in the last year, TOUGH !!!

I wonder what the next DOS will use as a basis for postings within the Corps !!!



The posting plot won't take long at all.

EXERCISE 'TE HIKOI POI'

7-11 MAY 86

Ex Te Hikoi Poi is a four day adventure training exercise consisting of three days tramping, and a hay day of white water rafting.

The exercise was conducted in the Fiordland/Mt Aspiring National Parks. Those attending the Ex were:

2Lt K.I. Johnson
SSgt M. Moylan
Cpl(W) S. Henderson
Cpl(W) J. Waititi
LCpl G. Haami
Pte S. Iraia
Pte(W) S. Parkinson
Pte S. Hendriks
Non-member Sgt A. Hill - Driver

After spending a day of work/sport the above pers climbed aboard the unit custom made, air conditioned, sleeper-berthM2228 truck. Rolling out of Burnham at approx 1730 hours, we were off for Dunedin to rendezvous with our refuelling point in mind (never mind Buka Hill, we'll find it next time). We decided to stay overnight in Gore, not as a precaution, but to rest our Driver's eyes.

Five hours later we were on the road again heading for Te Anau, the gateway to the Routeburn track. Arriving at the start of the Routeburn track, we unloaded our equipment and made ready for what we had come here to do - Adventure Training.

1st Day: What a day for walking, the weather was fine, birds trying to sing oops - whistle, and the views of the native forest were breathtaking, but don't for one minute think it was all fun. As we were nearing the end of the trek, beads of sweat had joined in the walk and all we could think of was a cuppa.

We reached the huts at 1500 hours (still 1st day), after a change of clothes, wash and a tasty gourmet meal (Real Fresh Air and Bubbles), plus issue Rat Packs prepared by Shirley, June and Sarah. We started to unwind.

Already at the huts were a group of inhabitants of the state of Israel taking in the sights of New Zealand. Anyway, after a few rounds of cards and the call of nature, it was kip time.

3 more days to go...

Walking and trying to wake up next morning was just like being home in Burnham B..... cold! but with something warm in our bellies and a nice brisk walk, things started to look on the up and up (and I mean UP!). As we were moving from the McKenzie huts to Routeburn Falls, we passed a memorial where two children perished in a storm in 1963. The highest point in our walk that day was the WALLIS SADDLE 4700m above sea level. Weather was changeable so the NEW wet weather DPM clothing was worn. Proved succesful but moisture formed on the inside. Reaching the huts at 1500 hours we rested before doing anything else. Our cooks gave up on us, so it was pull the OLD finger out, and cook it yourself.

Bacon and eggs, with french toast seemed niced compared to lamb and green peas. After cleaning up we were down to a serious game of cards, playing for matches. Kip time was pretty early so good-night KIWI.

2 more days to go...

Reville was at 6.30 am, so with a splash of water on the face and a nice hot cuppa we headed off for the end of our trek. About 10 km away, Sgt (Bukit) Hill was waiting impatiently for us to return. Return we did, and never before did something green seem so good - yes, our air-conditioned home away from home, 2228.

We loaded all our gear on the back of the truck and headed off to Queenstown for a night on the town. Thanks to Sgt Bukit he had a shower already jacked up for us. I've never seen our girls move so fast!! As we were patiently waiting for the girls to finish their showers, a group of foot sloggers turned up heading in the opposite direction to us.

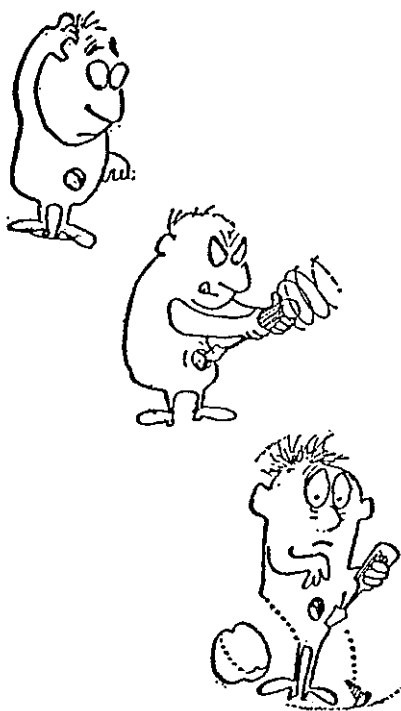
As soon as the girls arrived, smelling like something out of a rose garden, we were on our way to Queenstown.

Next time we go to Queenstown, remind me to bring a millionaire. The prices for a good night out, made our wallets disappear with the sights. Even though, with a lot of cuzzie bro talk, the night turned out to be quite good, even though we didn't get through the doors of a so called nightclub!

1 day to to...

Waking up in the morning with a thirst and slight hangover, we were off to tackle the mighty Kawerau River with our white water rafts. Being prepared for the worst, and hanging on for your dear life, we all came back wet through and suffering from the cold. We all looked back to see tonnes of thundering water breaking against these mounds of boulders (better the boulder than my head). A good day white water rafting and a hot dog supplied by our host, and we were off again for Burnham. As we were travelling back, jokes came forth from what we had just done, and the biggest joke of all is, I had to write something for a contribution to PATAKA.

Thanks must go to all those pers who made it an exciting and somewhat unforgettable adventure training, and I hope the next one is just as enjoyable.



CRAFTSMANS PROGRESS : 8 JULY - 8 AUGUST 1986

SSgt Thompson (Tomo)	15 Combat Sups	RF
Lcpl Pope (Popie)	Sylvia Park	RF
Lcpl Tetteroo (Mike)	3 Sup Coy	RF
Lcpl Skudder (Greg)	12 Tp Whangara	TF
Pte Havershom (Larry)	15 Combat Sups	RF
Pte Haami (Pinecone)	1 BSB	RF
Pte McKenzie (Mac)	15 Combat Sups	TF
Pte Jackson (Jacko)	15 Combat Sups	TF
Dvr Whanga (Sid)	13 Tpt Tp Hamilton	TF

Ex Craftsmans progress was an exercise for 1 Fd Wksp, Papakura. The aim was to go through in a warlike scenario, of 3 Auck North and 6 HAU to repair all their equipment. 15 Combat Sups went along to supply all rations, and pol for the exercise. The ex was divided into 2 Phases.

Phase 1

This phase started by leaving 1 Fd Wksps to go to Kiawa which is about a 1½ hrs drive on the Firth of Thames. We stayed there for 2 nights. Later we moved to Woodhill State Forest, up by Helensville. All the driving was night driving and moving tactically. The Wksp also moved tactically and moved into their new location and 'canned' up all before daybreak. (15 Combat was part of the HQ/Control element). We then moved 2 days later and off to Kamo, refuelling when and where the DP was organised by the Control Staff. Three days later, we were off to All Taia Army Office. The Wksp element was 40km down the road. Next day, we travelled to Opouri State Forest. We refuelled the Wksp as they passed into their new loc. The second night in this particular loc, we played enemy party and raided the Wksps that night.

The Rations Pers went to Helensville to uplift rations for the last few days of Phase 1. The POL Pers went to Kamo and waited for the Wksps to come through and refuel. Once all vehs had gone past we then went to the Lookout at Woodhill State Forest. The OC MAJ KNUDSON said that we were not required for the last day at Phase 1, so we went back to Papakura to get ready for Phase 2.

Phase 2

With a new member joining the Wksps the exercise carried on to Kiawa. The rations truck went to Rotorua to uplift rations and met the Wksps at lake Rotoma. The wksps did a night drive to their new loc. Stayed at Soda spring for 7 days. Set up base camp and again when needed went and refuelled the Wksp veh's. Then moved down to Taupo to Ewatahi, there we refuelled wksp as they moved into their new loc. From there we moved to Kaiangaroa to the forest settlement. Friendly people and no work that night, so given time off. Went and had a few ales with the locals at the firestation club rooms, a good night was had by all. Moved next day to Kamai Range for a ex debrief. Moved to Papakura by Rover that night. The rest of the 15 Combat Sup camb back with the Wksp the next morning. Two days in cleaning all equip and vehs. As a Pet Op it was a good exercise in refuelling vehs on the move. We had two ubre's setup on the back at 1700 mags. DPs were run by Tomo and were getting better everytime we did one. We travelled 4,000 km approx in four weeks. I saw a lot of New Zealand that I had never seen before.

Mike Tetteroo
PET OF
Ex CFNIS PROGRESS

RAFTING

On 22 September, Burnham Camp organised a Rafting course for pers in the 3rd TF Region.

The course was taken by Value tours based in Queenstown and they supplied two Instructors. The instructors were trained guides and were qualified in instruction.

The topics of the course in which we covered, were white water swimming organising trips, Running Rapids correctly and manouvering the boat down a river.

The course spent roughly 60-hrs on the water, and learnt a lot of skills. The whole course enjoyed the training.

"EXERCISE RAPID MOVE"

Dates: 3-6 Oct 86

Day One

Although there was so much to do in a limited amount of time, the deployment began exactly to plan.

Convoy driving was new to quite a few soldiers but soon everyone got into the rhythm, and spacing and speed were soon sorted out.

It was a long drive with the usual admin halts but no difficulties were encountered.

The first deployment was at the RV point where everybody went to ground. The problem of vehicles being too close was later rectified. After repositioning the vehicles, the cam phase began. This phase went well, then it was into the navigation exercises.

The objective of the navigation exercises was to navigate to a designated area and then back to Base, hopefully giving everyone an opportunity to learn the basics of navigation. This worked well for two sections. My section arrived back in Base slightly late, however we did achieve the objective.

Our night driving started off well, but as time passed the foot took over. Apart from the rumoured accidents and separation of the convoy everything else went according to plan.

Day Two

This started with morning routine and the tidying up of stage two cam, then it was more convoy driving to a new position. Finding the next RV point took longer than usual due to the fact that two roads had the same name. We finally ended up at the right RV point and things hurried as we arrived in the deployment area.

Day Three

Today was normal routine procedures with the added incentive of air photos during the cam process. Also incorporated into the day were CPX procedures with the issuing of stocks, namely the V8 Landrover carburettor in the shape of a baked bean tin etc.

Night routine followed.

Day Four

Awakened by the sound of gunfire, all sections combined to form a well controlled attacking force, which over-ran the enemy with a delightfully nil casualty state.

Afterwards it was the return home to wash up, clean up and pack up.

The exercise was overall a most trying and learning experience but one that I enjoyed immensely.

Cpl G. Makutu

UNIT SPORTS

3 Supply Company actively takes part in a varied Wednesday Afternoon Sports Programme, ranging from Orienteering to Ice Skating.

The first Orienteering exercise was more like a warm up for an up and coming RFL, my partner was more interested in winning than anything else and I spent the afternoon trying to catch up to him, and we still didn't win.

On another occasion the Unit had the opportunity to play Indoor Cricket, it was an enjoyable afternoon for all except for Cpl Henderson who WO2 Te Whata knocked to the ground so a sure catch wasn't dropped. WO1 Neal knew it all but couldn't quite put words into practice, losing all of the games with a high score of about minus 35.

Ice Skating at the Big Apple was 3 Supply Companys version of "Swan Lake" or should I say "Slug Lake" starring our very own Lcpl Kinnaird, who need I say provided us with more than a laugh or two.

Recently a Headquarters vs Stores Section Softball Game was staged, at the end of 19 Innings the score was equal. WO1 Neal proved to be an expert on the game, he did a lot of swinging but I don't think he actually hit the ball. WO2 Te-Whata obviously watches too much TV, every time he caught someone out he did a little victory dance.

All in all everybody at 3 Supply Company looks forward to Wednesday afternoons, it's almost as good as TV Bloopers and Practical Jokes.

Pte(W) S. Parkinson

RAROTONGA MY WAY
(Ex Joint Venture '86)

It was a cold New Zealand Saturday morning when I flew out of Whenuapai bound for the Cook Islands and a month in the sun, as the shower operator for the Exercise. It was a warm Rarotongan afternoon when we landed, no not Saturday afternoon but Friday afternoon.

During the four hour flight we had passed through several time zones, so it was with a little jet lag that we listened to the welcome speech from the RSM WOI McKinny. The main point of this was that you shouldn't hassel the guy on the mo-pad it'll probably be the Prime Minister of the Cook Islands. After this gem of advise we were informed that 4.30 was not knock off, so we worked into the night putting up the vital necessities (bogger, kitchen).

When we were finished it was into town and recce the night spots. It was on our way into town that we discovered another fool about the locals, their unguarded friendliness, a local fisherman stopped and gave us a lift into town and even pointed out the night spots. This information was of no little importance and was later put to good use.

The next day was all go, tents erected, messes set up, the first few days included open air meals. But my first priority was the setting up of the shower unit and getting it operational, as the RSM put it "Get it going or you're catching the next plane home". After a few mechanical problems and some confusion over what fuel to use in the unit, the showers opened for business.

The next week consisted of daily morning O Groups and improving and enlarging the camp in preparation for the arrival of 2/1. For me this involved showers in the morning 6 - 8am then evening 6.30 - 8.00pm, so while I slaved over a hot shower unit most of the rest of the camp discovered the delights of our Tropical Wonderland, which brings us eventually to the subject of the weather, contrary to popular belief it wasn't all sun and fine weather. In fact one week before the end of the exercise we had a rather rough time. The winds only got up to 50-60 knots and the rain water was only 6 inches deep in the tents. It was at this time that the question was asked "What time is the showers". At the time the shower unit had been forceably relocated by the rather strong winds. At the other end of the scale, at times it was so hot that activity around the camp almost completely ground to a halt, for to venture out would invite instant exhaustion.

It was on these extremely hot days that everyone thanked Air New Zealand for setting up their snack bar, which provided almost everything from ice-creams to motorcycles. At night for those who for reasons beyond their control, and there were a few, there were always videos to watch curtesy of the welfare section, or you could request one of the three bars that were set up.

One of the few inconveniences of having the Base Camp located at an international airport was that three times every week there was a early morning wake up call. This service came with no extra expense curtesy of Air New Zealand's new 767, which landed 20 metres from my tent at 6.15am, then left just after 7am. Anyone who could sleep thru that must have had a really good night at one of the night clubs.

But the high-light of the whole exercise wasn't the trips to the outer islands where we were treated as honoured guests, or the openness of the locals. No the real high-light was the Ordnance Corps Day. This consisted of a three course meal followed by several rounds of the local home brew and floor show. After which it was a short stagger down the road to "the Rising Sun", one of the more frequented establishments and finally home. Breakfast the next morning consisted of Corps colour scrambled eggs, which got more than a few comments from other eaters.

But like all good things the exercise came to an end, just when my tan was coming along nicely. So with a saddened heart I boarded the C130 for the long slow cold six hour trip back to New Zealand. Yet even a bone rattling trip like that one had its high points, for as we neared Gods own, the comment was heard "there's the Coramandel" the afore-mentioned Real Estate was in fact Great Barrier Island.

Thirty minutes later with a bump, and spray from the Ministry of Ag and Fish, a quick trip through Customs, I was home, back from sunny Rarotonga to winter bound New Zealand.

Gratefully submitted by
P.C. Michie

THE FABLE OF THE DRY DAM

In the mist beyond the swamp of Ngamatea, there works a group of men dedicated to the keeping of the holy bombs.

One fine day in the month of August their leader the ATO; Captain called the Sergeant-Major, Theyers and said,

"We need more water for when the Gods are angry, and the fire doth burn and torment us and the sacred area."

The Sergeant-Major, Theyers, sent for The Jack, Corporal, for it was known that he was wise and full of wisdom in the art of dam construction. The Jack, Corporal said,

"It must be wide at the bottom and curved to hold back the magic of the water."

A site was selected where the banks of the magic stream were high and the stream was narrow, where the magic waters could be captured.

And thus it was that parts of the Mother Earth from the Sacred Area were brought forth by trogs (of the tribe MWD) in their orange and white carts along with bountiful bundles of bags sand non-hessian and many a shovel, long handled GS.

And so on the Friday 29 of August, the AT's did go forth and begin their toil at the selected site. They were all there: AT's, the civvies two of the tribe ALF, and even a visitor, Wells, Staff Sergeant of the tribe Longlook. And together they did set to and fill many a bag sand non-hessian. So it was that under the guiding eye and hand of The Jack, Corporal, the bags were placed in the magic stream one by one, one upon the other in intricate patterns for strength. Iron stakes from the sacred forge were added for even more strength as the magic of the stream was great.

All day did the AT's toil, with bent and aching back they did fill the cursed bags sand non-hessian. Even the ATO, Captain, did toil among the lesser beings and great unwashed. As the dam rose, so were the waters of the magic stream trapped and they too rose, but very very slowly.

The Jack, Corporal, did state,

"The dam will settle and the magic waters of this stream will cease to flow through this strong and well-sited dam."

And so it was, that with bent back and parched throat, the AT's did call it quits for the day and retired for the sacred two day rest period where none but the marriedies shall work, confident that the wisdom and knowledge of the Jack, Corporal, would prove true and that the magic waters of the stream would be trapped by the strong and well-sited dam.

The days of rest passed quickly, and upon their return on that most terrible of days Monday, it was found that their dam was dry with barely a damp clod of earth to be seen.

"Who hath done this!?" they cried!

It was the cursed bag-sand non-hessian. With devilish power and aided by the magic of the stream water, they resisted the forces on them and did not compact thus allowing the magic waters of the stream to trickle through the otherwise strong and well sited dam. What did not trickle through was reclaimed by Mother Earth as her own.

To this very day the dam stands dry, a tribute to the wisdom and knowledge of the Jack, Corporal.

But fret ye not, for the tribe of the sacred area are strong and wise in the ways of magic and this fable of the Dry Dam is not over yet.

The author would like to state that all the characters and plot of this fable are fictitious. Any resemblance to real persons or activities is merely coincidence.

TOWERING INFERNO III
OR A TALE OF TWO VICTIMS

Now heres a dilemma that everybody in Ordnance must have faced at one time or another. What to do with an empty storehouse. Most prudent RNZOAC persons would almost certainly consider filling the offending storehouse with items of pertinent stock.

We ammunition technicians at 21 Sup Coy ammo area have, however evolved a novel use for wayward storehouses. We burn them down. Well, not exactly burn in a literal sense, but real enough to fool the Waiouru Fire Brigade.

You see one of our storehouses was to be the stage for a fire exercise involving the Camp Fire Brigade, Explosive Storehouse No. 28, two burn victims, (This writer and Pte John Mills), 20 smoke generators and a couple of CS grenades.

The scenario was that while working in No 28 two ATs become victims of exploding plastic packing pieces which turned the store into a towering inferno. The Fire Brigade was to receive a panic stricken call from the ammo area requesting assistance.

The scene looked set for a spectacular display of fire fighting and rescue skills. We two victims were suitably bedecked with burnt overalls and burn wounds, (Kindly donated and applied by a member of the Camp hospital) and No 28 was set alight.

On cue the Fire Brigade came bursting into the ammo area just in time to be greeted by clouds of bellowing smoke erupting from the storehouse. If they had been a bit quicker they might have seen two critically injured burn victims rapidly departing the scene in order to avoid the CS gas mixed in with the smoke.

Anyway they found us victims conveniently flaked out on the road side. Unfortunately for us the view of the fire was somewhat obscured by smoke. I'm sure though, that the Fire Brigade bravely fought the blaze and saved our storehouse.

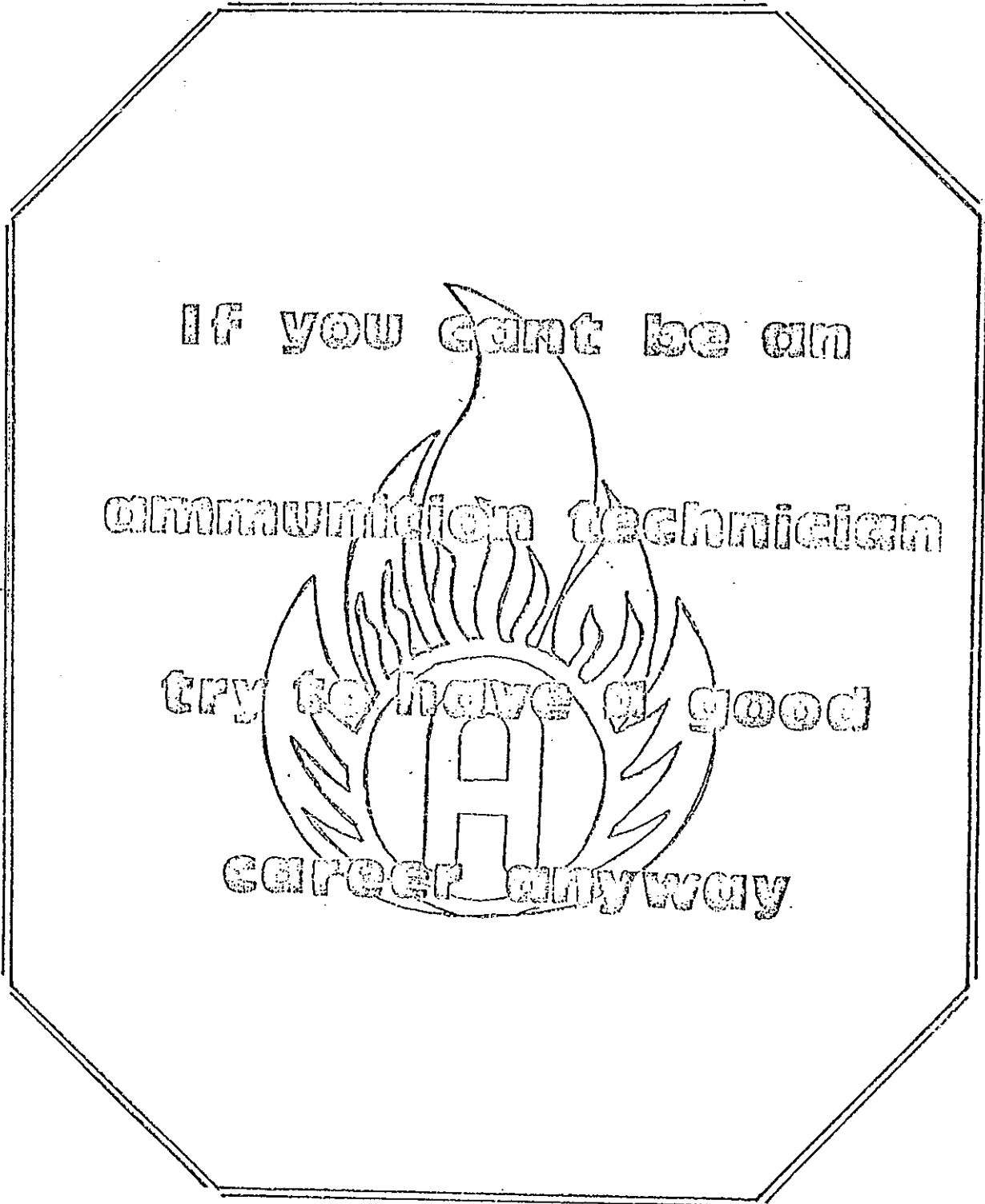
That the Fire Brigade was heroically fire fighting could be heard from the shouts coming out of the smoke. Things like "Which line?" or 'Whos inside?' or 'What victims?' could clearly be heard.

As for the victims, well we were left in the tender care of two medics who seemed intent on curing our burns by near complete immersion in water. A nice drive by ambulance back to Waiouru hospital finished the victims involvement in the great ammo area fire.

Funny thing though, the hospital wanted to keep us for a while. Something about medical experiments to find out why ATs are a cut above the rest.

A. Evanoff
Lcpl
Ammo Tech

Post Script: If you want more information about how to burn down your storehouse, don't come to me I'm sick of fires.



If you cant be an

ammunition technician

try to have a good

career anyway.



Greetings fellow Ordnanciers(?) from the chilly tropics of Singapore. At present it is the monsoon season and a very wet and cold 29 degrees outside.

We've just come under the hammer of a new OC and cracker stacker to boot, MAJOR IAN JUNO who arrived on the 11 Aug 86.

In May we did something right, we posted Sgt Jim Lydiate (off to 1 Sup Coy). We were getting embarrassed with Jim/Sgt Fixit/Goffa/SWOB because as we were busily avoiding work like the plague and he was round the corner creating it. That's bad for our long standing image.

SSgt Pee wee Haerewa is the other side of the stick. When he is posted to Support Command he's going to have to wear a uniform. The CGS visited NZ Force and thought Pee wee was a new boy because of a new looking uniform. He's been here two years plus but never got round to wearing it. The only thing that's faded is his desire to wear green (TOD to Navy six weeks).

Andy Canton became a dad for the first time or that's what he told us. How the hell could Andy create anything so cute beats us. Bradley Keith's his name.

We play a lot of SPORT over here, not that we've got nothing to do it's just that we have to fill in the time from when we finish work at nights to starting work in the wee hours of the morn. (That's dedication for ya) or if you're like the single chaps you go to either Thailand, Bali, UK, Hong Kong or Aotearoa.

Gluttons for punishment we compete on a regular basis with GESTETNER SINGAPORE who've defeated us - 3 out of 4 times - twice in 10 Pin Bowling once in Badminton then we punished them in Soccer. The next game is Tennis and since the departure of Bill Emmens and Brian McOscar last year things are looking good? Then its Squash!! and our new Air Force guy Grame Ellis, is primed to clean them up.

We played Soccer against RFA Forte Grange a British Supply Ship. They, by heritage are the better players but to be sure of victory filled us up with COURAGE BEER before the game then killed us. So with tails between our legs we dragged ourselves back to the Social Club and then - a ray of hope - challenge them in darts!! A team of about 8 pairs were made up and away we went and got done 6-2.

Not in the least bit daunted we challenged HMS ILLUSTRIOUS (aircraft carrier), Britains answer to HMNZS CANTERBURY, to Volleyball this time. We were finally victorious and again HMS Beaver in Basketball.

Don't get me wrong we have outstanding sportsmen in AOD. When there's a competition on we're usually outstanding by the Field or Court cheering them on. Jacko Jackson and Wayne Boustridge and good for that.

Seriously though, Swampy Marshall plays Cricket for the Singapore National side (comes to Monday morning parades in his whites, padded up, wicket stick under the left arm) Incidentally I think his team can be likened to the central Region team (Linton/Wgtn) of 83.

"Carrom" is a game of finger pool and is not in any way similar to the pocket billiards played by 3 Sup Coy. Carrom is played quite a bit with great dexterity. There is a unit competition due to finish soon. They had to finish as the Q Store ran out of 'Lemon Pledge', the JNCO's got sick of WO2 Sonny Rangī flicking their ears for practice, and WO1 (Cdr) Buzzard got sick of Red Finlay's flukey shots.

Recently NZ Force went to Penang to challenge RAAF Butterworth (Dingo's) at sport. Wayne Le Gros and Pom Newell (Soccer), Pee-wee Haerewa (B Ball), and Swampy (guess).

Bill Vince represented NZ Force at Softball and he went to Malaysia (KL) for a tournament. CLUB TEAMS ONLY!!! The Chinese Taipei team is a club team; guess who came off second best.

Enough on Sports - there's more but I guess you get the picture.

Visits. As part of the Unit Training Programme, we went to a drug rehabilitation centre - where we witnessed the most cruel act of punishment ever - NO SMOKING, NO ALCOHOL and (I'm not sure of this one but) NO SEX and well definitely No Drugs. (Red wasn't impressed).

After that the natural progression was to go to Changi Prison. Andy Canton was relieved to find out that contrary to popular belief you don't get fed fish heads and rice every day.

The next article is an interesting trip that part of the unit went on. Pom Newell was compelled to write about (The 2IC compelled him) their trip to Hong Kong to meet our Allie Ordnancers of the Royal Kind; Composite Ordnance Depot.

EXPLORATION HONG KONG 86

On the 14 June 1986 nine members of NZAOD plus a couple from NZ Tpt Sqn left Singapore for a nine day visit to Hong Kong.

Our day started at 0545 hours when we were uplifted from outside Dieppe Barracks by a formidable White Elephant (for those unfamiliar with this term we'll just call it a bus), belonging to the Tpt Sqn to take us to Changi Airport. After checking in our luggage and doing a piece of duty free shopping we boarded our MAS flight (Mass Aerial Suicide) to Kuala Lumpur.

We had about an hour and a quarter stopover in KL and we then boarded our connecting flight to Hong Kong. Shortly after take off the bar was opened and the boys got down to some serious business of trying to drink it dry. I have a sneaking suspicion that the stewards and hostesses were glad to see the back of us (eh Pom and Red).

On arrival at Kai Tak Airport we were met by members of the Composite Ordnance Depot who were to be our hosts for the next nine days. Apart from the drinking and socializing that went on throughout the time spent in Hong Kong, here is a quick run down on some of the happenings that occurred:

New Territories. On Sunday 15 June nine of us set off on a sightseeing tour of the New Territories. All this land is reclaimed and from the remarks I overheard, those that went had a very enjoyable day.

OCEAN Park. Monday 16 June saw us visit Ocean Park. This magnificent place is situated on the Hong Kong Island itself and is a must for anyone planning a holiday to Hong Kong. It cost you HK\$77 to get into the park and once in all amusements are free and you can have as many go's as you like. There is a marine show twice a day at the marine pool and here you see Killer Whales, Dolphins, Seals and a very entertaining American Diving Team. On the far side of the hills is another park called Water World which is just a mass of swimming pools. You can reach this place by catching the cable car to the hills and on the way you get a spectacular view of Hong Kong. By the end of a very long day everyone was looking forward to a good nights entertainment.

Macau. A day trip to Macau was arranged for those who wished to go, and from what I could make out, those who went had a great time. Macau is best known in these parts for its casino and of course the Crazy Paris show, which by all accounts is a must if you're in the area.

China. An organised tour for a day was set up for those that wished to have a look at China. As I didn't attend I cannot comment on the exploits of the others as they kept it all hush hush. All I can say though, is that if you get the chance, do go as it means another stamp in your passport (eh guys).

Markets. We visited many markets to do our shopping and I believe this was the fun part of the trip. You can haggle prices with the stall owners and if you don't agree you just walk away. Also another nice thing about these types of places is they're open during the evening so you can do your shopping when there is a nice breeze blowing.

Stonecutters Island. This is a small island off the coast of Hong Kong where the Brits store their ammunition. We were invited out to partake in the annual Stonecutters Island relay. Seven of us participated with six making up the NZAOD team and one running for the POMS.

The AOD team were last to cross the finish line but were given praise by fellow runners and supporters for entering on the spur of the moment. My heartiest congratulations to the following for taking part and keeping up the good name of AOD in the region:

WO2 Ray Symons	RNZCT (5th lap)
Sgt John Christie	(4th lap)
Cpl 'Maddog' Madgwick	(1st lap)
Cpl 'Red' Finlay	(2nd lap)
Cpl Andy Canton	(3rd lap)
LCpl 'Pom' Newell	(Anchor)
LCpl 'Butch' Hay	(Ran for the Brits)

(at least we can say been there done that).

Junk Cruise. I think I am fair in saying that this was the highlight of the tour for everybody. The COD organised a cruise aboard their Unit Junk for us and supplied refreshments throughout plus a bar-b-que prepared by the unit cooks. It was a great way to round off a very busy and tiring week. Thanks lads.

We departed for Singapore on June 22nd. In rounding off, I would on behalf of our group give special thanks to three people who really made this holiday something to remember.

Capt 'Gov' Govan	(AOD)
Capt Simon King	(COD)
WO2 Pete Docherty	(COD)

These three took it of their own backs to organise a fun filled nine days in Hong Kong. THANK YOU.

And to the following I wish to say thanks for making our tour party very enjoyable, and a laugh a minute; eh Andy. Here's an example of one of Andy's jokes.

"What's green and sit in the corner all day. ANSWER: The Incredible Sulk."

Capt 'Gov' Govan and wife Annette
WO2 Ray Symons and wife Pat (RNZCT)
Sgt John Christie and wife Chris
Cpl 'Red' Finlay
Cpl Andy Canton
Cpl 'Maddog' Madgwick
LCpl 'Butch' Hay

Thanks again one and all. Until next time.

Yam Seng from the Pom, alias LCpl Newell.

A few words on some of our recent training activities which have been conducted. Training - is the last topic, boy is this dis-heartening.

By the way

Does anyone want an old silver thing called the 'HIGGINS CUP'. It has been here for so long that we've graciously consented to let someone else toast and boast they're the RFL Kings, Just This Once !!!

Annual Range Shoot

We had our annual range shoot in July and Gee Whizz - I hope that if we go to war the enemy use the size of a Barn Doors otherwise don't even bother giving us a rifle.

Adventure Training

In a bid to make themselves a true Super Supplier WO1 Cdr Brian Calvey and Cpl Brian May have another one of those compelling stories about a TOD with GRUNTS!??? What follows is an interesting tale, by Cpl Brian May, of their Adventure Training Trip with 1 RNZIR.

TAMAN NEGARA

MALAYSIA EXERCISE

INTRODUCTION

Care for adventure, do you enjoy the great outdoors, travel in the most unconventional way, then see us; NZAOD. WO1 Calvey and I, Cpl Brian May, were fortunate to be attached to 1 RNZIR for a combined water expedition called 'Bamboo Sailor'.

Eighteen of us were tasked to travel from Singapore to Kg Tembeling by road, Tembeling to Kuala Tahan by bum boat, to the border of Taman Negara National Park located in Pahang State of Malaysia.

THE JOURNEY

We had a two day hike through Taman Negara to an RV at Kuala Jenut where we climbed aboard the bum boats to our final destination at Kuala Campok; in all a distance of some 130 km from Tembeling.

Our objective once the base camp was set up at Kuala Campok was to cut bamboo and build bamboo rafts capable of carrying three people down the Tembeling River to our final destination at Jerantut, approximately 150 km. This had to be completed in five days.



The following is an extract of the days activities on the raft in the land of leeches, tigers, elephants and yes crocodiles.

DAY 1: - Breakfast 0430 14 Jun 86

- Depart 0500 14 Jun 86
- An uneventful trip up by bus, approx 6½ hrs (plenty sleep)
- Arrive Tembeling 1145 hrs
- Boat arrived 1400 hrs
- Scenic trip up the river (approx 2½ hrs), scenery included: water buffalo, vegetation and the local people washing their clothes and themselves in the river.
- Sawmills dragging logs across the river using an old truck minus the rear wheels as a wind.
- We finally got to Kuala Tahan which borders Taman Negara National Park where we camped for the night.

DAY 2: - 0800 hrs (boat ride across the river). We went for a 1½ hr scenic walk to the limestone caves. There we had the rare experience of coming across a tribe of orang Asli, a race of Malays that are nomadic and travel with virtually nothing.

- 0930 hrs we reached the caves and spent an hour going through them. A strong smells of bat droppings but it was worth the trip. Some of the things we saw were:
 - (1) Cave Snake with no eyes
 - (2) Bats
 - (3) Limestone Outcrops
- We then wandered back to the camping grounds. We arrived back at 1030, then had a 2½ hr break for lunch and a relaxation period before starting a 26 mile walk.
- An interesting footnote is that the walking distances calculated by the rangers within Taman Negara are based purely on map calculations. In reality we calculated the distance to be 40-50 miles.
- Finally it was time for a very anxious Cpl and his team to move off, at a very brisk pace. The scenery was very familiar to the NZ bush, and very pleasant. However, after three hours walking we were soon not worried about the scenery. It was a case of keeping one foot in front of the other. The boys from Battalion were setting a very brisk pace and I was determined not to drop back. We were carrying full-pack and webbing - something the Battalion do all the time, however I wasn't used to it.

- We were supposed to make camp at Gua Telinga (a camping ground), about half way. However we were all getting tired by 5-30 and when we came across this cold fairly deep river it was down packs and into it. We soaked our weary bones for about an hour and decided this was the place we would stay and blow the camping grounds.
- By this time three other groups had joined us and they also decided to do the same. The DS staff came along and informed us that the camping ground was five minutes away. They carried on, and we decided to stay put. We were plagued by sweat bees until it was dark. (An ongoing problem as they seem to love sweat). A very quiet evening was spent talking, eating and playing cards. Bed about 2000 hrs.

DAY 3: - Ready to go by 0745. Our group was ready first and first to go. About five minutes out we came to an intersection. Without consulting our map it was decided to take the right fork. 1½ hrs later we came upon a small settlement on the river bank. There appeared to be no trail to take us on. We consulted our map and the ranger who was the only person to speak English informed us we had alas taken the wrong turn 1½ hours back.

- Realising that we had to backtrack for 1½ hours, everyone let out a groan. After short rest we set off back. It took about an hour and then we set off on the right track at the same brisk pace, one I was starting to tire of.
- At this point we met a Frenchman on the trail who was worried whether he would make the end by night-fall as he didn't want to stay out overnight with only a sleeping bag. After reassurances, he decided to stay with us for a while. Although he didn't speak much English we struck up a fairly decent conversation.
- He in fact stayed with us from about 1130 hrs to 1300 hrs, at which stage we caught up with Capt Ralph, Mr Calvey, and their group having a cuppa. We stopped and, and shared it. The Frenchman stayed about five minutes and then left us. My group stayed for about 15 minutes. By this time I was tired and sore. I decided to move on with the slower group. A wise decision, because even their slower pace was taxing me. (Although at that stage unknown to me I was coming down with a bug that virtually put me flat on my back).
- Finally after many breaks we came across (at about 1345 hrs) a cluster of limestone rocks. We were at the meeting place and sure enough the other groups were waiting for us. Most had been waiting at least one hour.
- Although we were supposed to check out a limestone cliff the expedition OC decided we had run out of time (thank God it was 1½ hours out of our way) and the first groups should push on - while those just in should have a brew. Once again we were buzzed by hundreds of sweat bees. We took off at 1430 hrs for the final 2½ hour trek. I took no notice of it as I was exhausted. All I can tell you about it is there were plenty of hills and I was thankful to get to the end and jump in the river for five minutes before jumping on the boat for a 1½ hour trip up river.
- The river was low and we bottomed at least twice. It was quite clean up there and the water was quite drinkable.
- We camped at Kuala Campok where we established our base camp. A very nice spot. Hooched up and had a meal and then relaxed on the beach until bed time; about 2100 hrs for me.

DAY 4: - Work began at 0800. At this time I was very crook and vomiting a lot. Couldn't even keep down water. I was given a jab, you know where, and sent to bed.

- The task for the morning was a chop approx 300 x 20 ft lengths of bamboo. It went very well and was finished by 1100 hours. Then it was a three hour 'Siesta' in the heat of the day until 1400. At 1400 hrs I thought I was well enough to get up and help out. It was a bad mistake as I was crook all next day too.
- After the bamboo cutting; the next step was to build the base of the raft. This consisted of bamboo being tied together with rattan.

NOTE: The Base consisted of two outside runners of four, and seven inside runners of three. So overall the Base consisted of 20 x 30' poles of bamboo.

- The guide we had hired to show us all this and accompanied us from beginning to end, made the job look simple. The way they handled the machette and the saws we loaned him was incredible. When it came to our turn we realised just how easy it wasn't.

- Fortunately for Mr Calvey (after some minor adjustments to crews). Doc Hurdell and Dave Cockers and I were moved to the admin raft. This was the one our guide was building. This enabled us to help out the other groups.
- Bamboo is full of fibres and it wasn't long before we were noticing a rather uncomfortable tingling sensation on our arms, legs and cheeks which turned to a rash and lasted about 3 days after the rafts were finished.
- We finally finished the base at about 1800 hours. Had tea, washed and relaxed until bedtime.

DAY 5: - Up at 0645, breakfast, wash and start again at 0800 hrs. I was crook again and spent the whole day in bed. However I can relate from what the others told me. My instructions were to rest and get as well as possible before taking off the next day. The others started building the floor - about 5-ft long and the width approx 3-ft. This consisted of a frame with bamboo base which was quite comfortable. The flooring itself was bamboo split in half and then split as much as possible all round and flattened out. Next came the rudder, a very ingeneous affair but hard to describe as you can see when you look at the diagrams attached.

- Next came the shelter. It consisted of half pieces of bamboo bent backwards into hoops and fitted into slits cut into the rudder framework and tied with rattan. This was then covered with a half shelter. This took us till about 1700 hrs. Then it was tea, wash and relax (if you could) as it was action stations the next day.

DAY 6: - Reveille 0645; break camp, breakfast, and move to the riverside for a briefing at 0800 hrs.

- Nobody was allowed money apart from \$10 for safety reasons. Two water bottles, a cup canteen and one shelter. You should have heard the moans. We were okay, however as the admin raft was authorised to carry emergency spares.
- 0900 hours came and the first rafts were able to move off. You should have heard the laughs until those left realised it would be their turn shortly. We left at 10 minute intervals, and at 0950 hours it was our turn. We pushed off and found ourselves less buoyant than the others and quickly realised it was because we had an extra man with us. Every move threatened to tip us over, however we finally got the hang of keeping our balance.
- Everything was quiet, and we moved fairly rapidly. We soon got the hang of propelling the raft through the water with the use of the rudder.
- The admin raft was supposed to come along at the rear and this meant that every time a raft stopped we had to stop and if possible help out. We were only an hour into the rafting phase when we came across the first raft pulled into the bank with 'Engine' trouble. We pulled alongside; "Ahoy there, what's the problem." It turns out their raft is not buoyant enough and they were going to add some more bamboo. As there were three of them to do the task we decided to go swimming. As we got into the water a cry of pain was heard. The 'Doc' rushed over to see what was wrong, and seeing the cut on Gus's hand he decided it needed stitching so we hailed the first boat going in that direction and they cadged a ride to the safety boat. We then helped the guys repair their raft and gave them a 10 minute start. (Swim time again).
- After leaving it was uneventful until the end of the day. Our raft floated a lot better with only three and as there was a spare Kayak with the safety boat we kept only three on our raft which allowed the fourth person to scout ahead for banana crops and fish nets.
- At about 1800 hrs we started passing rafts that had pulled in for the night. We were to keep going until we met the safety boat. At about 1815 hrs we could see the crew and also hear a loud roaring noise. As we got closer we realised it was white water and we had to go down it before we got to our camp. As we got closer a shiver of apprehension ran through us, also excitement.
- Suddenly it was upon us and we were enjoying a lovely last ride when we suddenly snagged on a rock and were stuck fast. With tons of water crashing over us we only had minutes to free ourselves or break up. After about three minutes trying to push off and me telling everyone I can't swim, the radio op trying to push off and Mr Calvey swearing at the top of his voice (and pushing off also) we finally came free and got down to the bottom of the rapids. Our problems weren't over. We then found ourselves in dead water and after a further five minutes of getting nowhere we all jumped in and swam the raft to shore.

Once we got to shore and we looked at the raft and found it was badly damaged so we decided to repair it in the morning. We all had a brew and a feed (without feeling guilty for the others had nothing but a bit of rice and what they got off the land), put up our mosi nets and fell into a deep sleep. Once on shore and with our eyes closed it seemed like we were still on the raft, rocking to sleep.

DAY 7: - Breakfast as we watched the other rafts coming down the river. We were disappointed no one snagged. We repaired the raft by adding additional bamboo and then off we went at approximately 0800 hours. This was it. Most of the rapids were in this day. There was nothing to the rapids, just like riding a horse. A few mishaps like getting stuck in dead water and hitting trees. You always know when a rapid was coming up, as you could hear it from a distance when travelling at a slow speed. Sometimes half an hour before getting there, we always had to follow the current which ran from bank to bank. One current in particular we couldn't get past, just kept going round in circles. After about 45 minutes and a lot of swearing we managed to clear the obstacles and get on our way.

- That night we spent roughing it with a fire and a gruber pack each and plenty of sand.

DAY 8: - Off again at about 0730. We estimated we were about five hours behind the others and determined we would keep going until we caught up with them. The river at this point was getting wider, slower and dirtier. An uneventful morning. In the afternoon we stopped at Kuala Tahan to re-establish the Doc's medical supplies. Here we also enjoyed a couple of lemonades and cokes. With a bit of skilful navigation we crossed the river and pulled in at the 'Hospital'. With some fast talking we managed to procure a few syringes. One and half hours or, in the middle of nowhere we came across a couple, (man and woman) obviously about to trip off and go for a swim. To our disappointment only the guy did. The girl modestly waited until we were nearly out of sight.

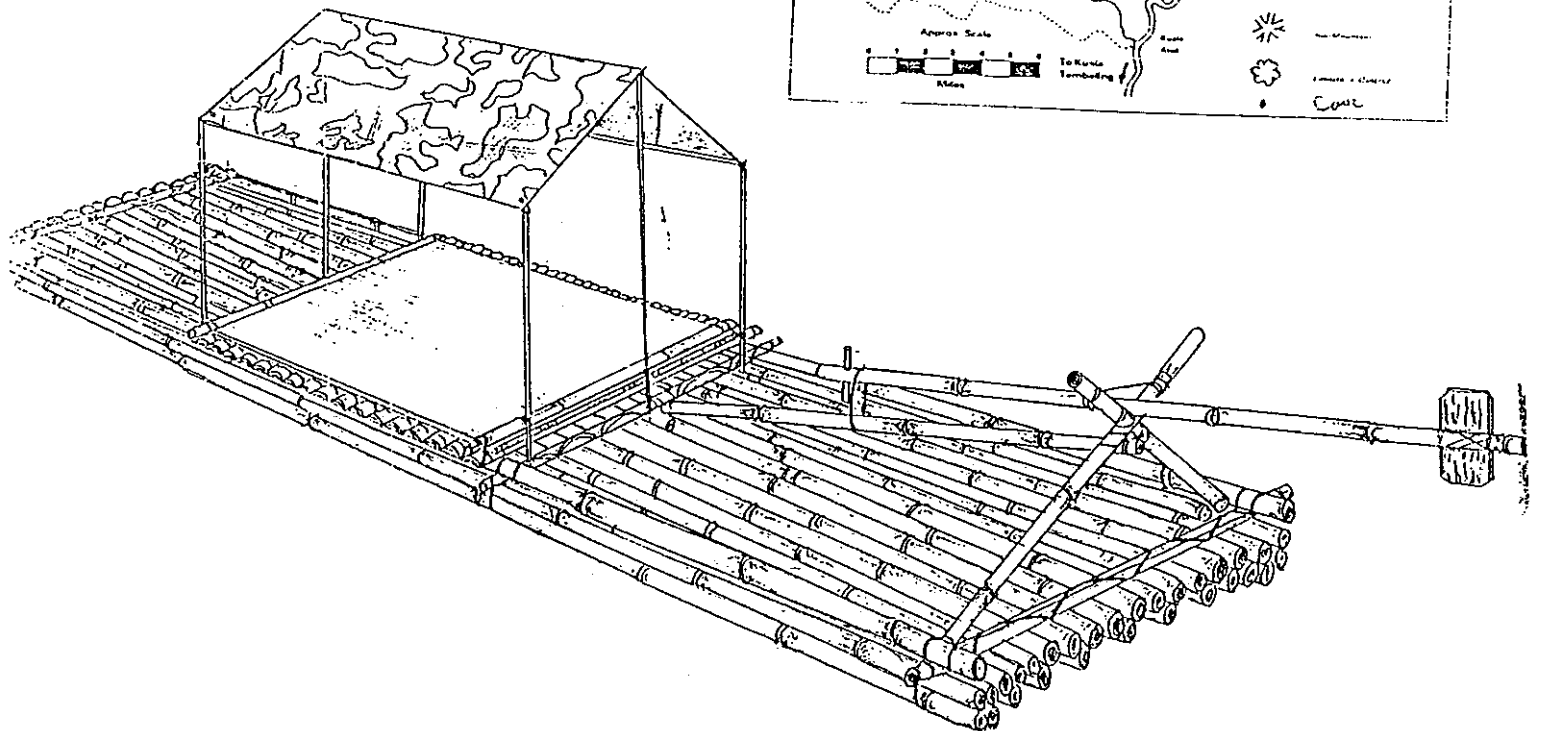
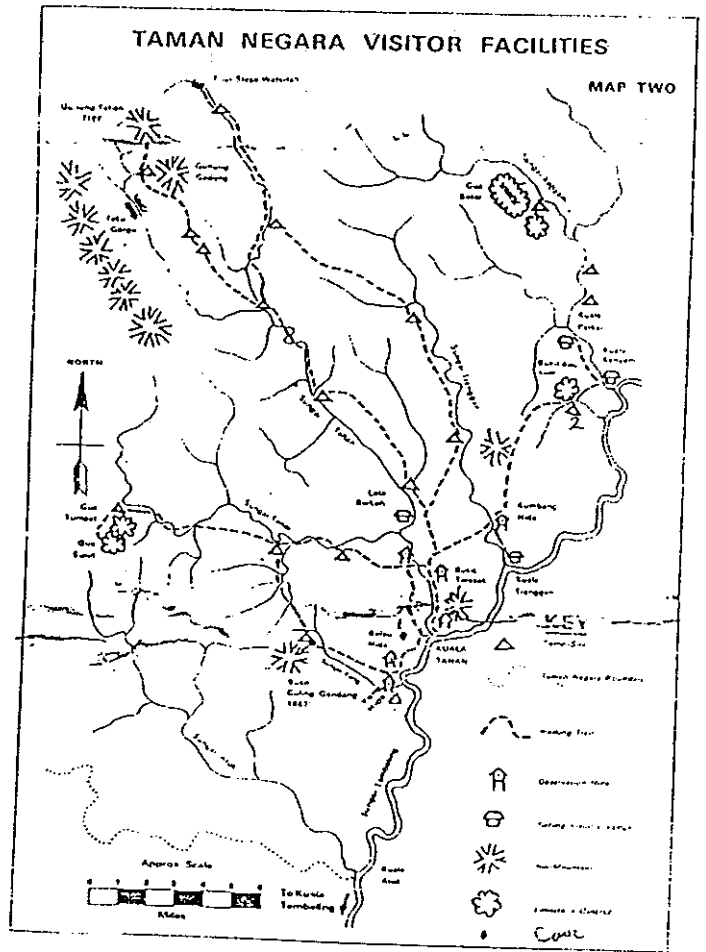
- Just a couple of hours before dark we heard that ominous roar again. Sure enough rapids both sides with an island in the middle about half an hour away. There was plenty of time to decide which way to go. By mutual agreement it was 'straight down the guts' and worry about it later. When it was too late to change course an old guy in a boat came along and obviously was trying to tell us we were going the wrong side. We were going straight for this big rock in the middle and it was obvious we were in trouble. There was nothing we could do but hang on while the current pushed us along. Instead of hitting the rock we went over the top of it. Once we were through we found the raft sitting low in the water. Obviously it was damaged. The old guy came down to see if we were alright and to our surprise made us pull into shore so he could help us repair it. We were starting to learn sign language pretty well by now. Doc was feeling crook for some reason and the Malay gun wanted him to go up to his house for medication but the Doc refused. It was getting dark when we left there and we were determined we would carry on until Jerantut. We never got there. Around 8pm we saw a roaring fire on the beach. After yelling out we were surprised to hear Kiwi voices and we pulled into shore.

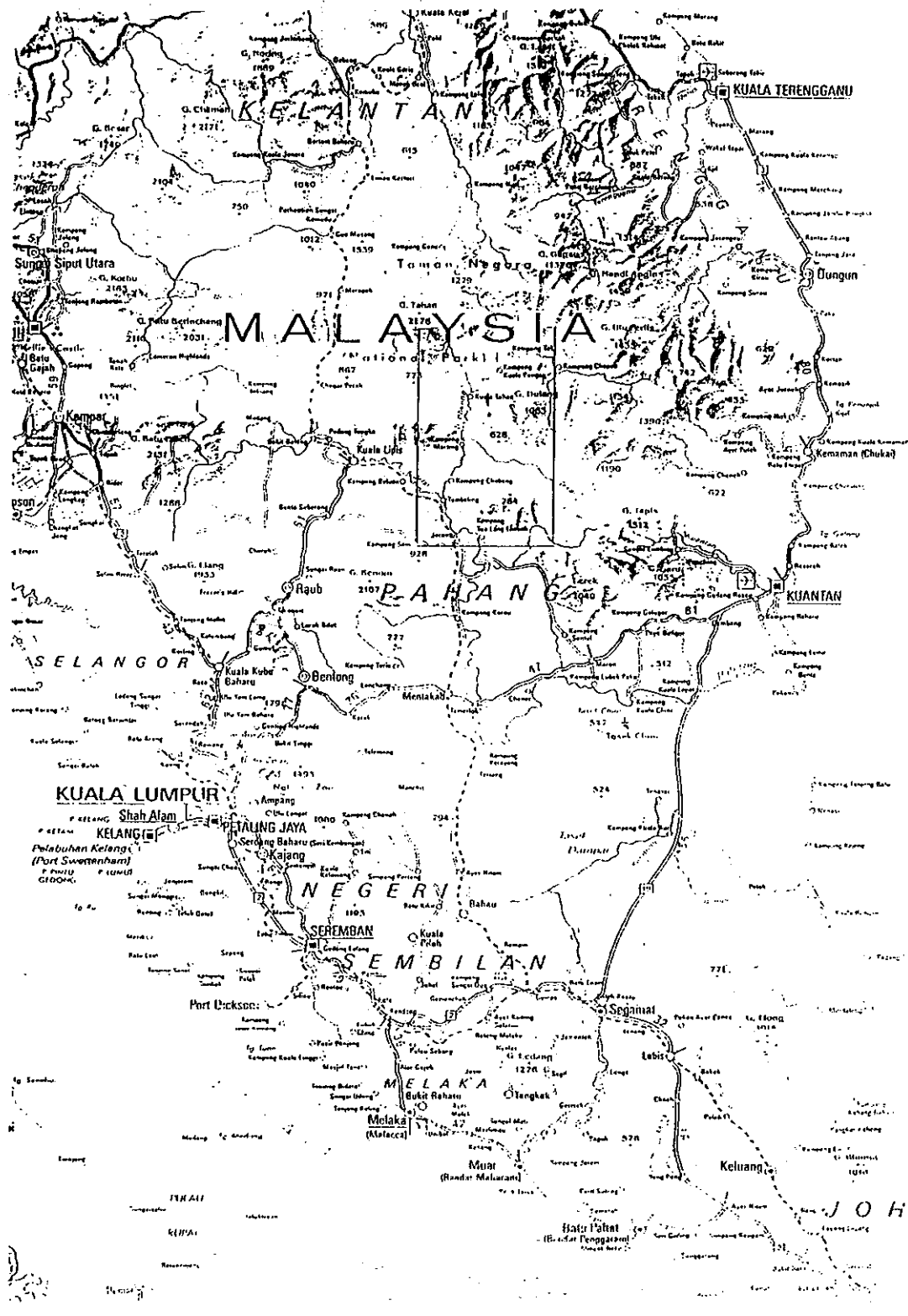
NOTE: We learnt that they had been run over and capsized by a motorised bum boat. So it was admin to the rescue by providing the hot drinks. We had a cup of coffee and a last sleep on the beaches, this time really roughing it with nothing but our life jackets and clothes.

DAY 9: - We rose early to get an early start, and very uncomfortable after the night spent. We were only on the water for half an hour when we came across Jerantut where the Tembeling and Pahang Rivers meet. To our surprise everyone else was there too. The water by this time was filthy and undrinkable and we had to buy water to drink. At this point the local kids started giving us a hard time. Mr Calvey and Doc calmed them down with their rendition of the limbo rock. The damaged rafts were joined together to make them more stable, and we slowly made our way down river. On the way we stopped to cook lunch, and also snagged local fishing lines catching the fish on the end. At last we also hit the Jerantut bridge, pulled the raft out; dismantled them and caught a taxi 7km (no buses running) into Jerantut and stayed in the local resthouse. We all showered, had few beers and watched a video of our journey down river. We all had few laughs and a lovely lunch. Some of us watched soccer and others had an early night.

DAY 10: -The bus was delayed (from 0900 to 1200 hrs) so we went into Gorantan. I bought a few things to take home and then waited for the bus and a long trip home. The bus blew radiator hose which caused a 45 minute delay. We got home at approximately 2030 hrs and had a good sleep.

To appreciate the event the old saying "Been there done that" applies. The only real problem encountered was water immersion which caused your feet to rot however suitable medication and dry land soon cures all ills. As a footnote NZAOD are going to conduct their own version of Bamboo Sailor in Feb 87.





TAMAN NEGARA
GENERAL INFORMATION

Taman Negara (National Park Malaysia) comprises 4343 sq km. It is situated in the centre of the Malay Peninsula, astride the boundaries of Kelantan, Trengganu and Pahang States. Altitude ranges from 60m up to 2200m.

There are no roads in Taman Negara. Extensive travel is possible by river, and many overland walking trails are available.

Taman Negara originated from legislation in the state of Pahang in 1925, which set aside 1300 sq km of land designated "The Gunung Tahan Game Reserve". This became a National Park in 1939 when the Sultan of Pahang in cooperation with the sultans of Kelantan and Trengganu set aside the present area. It was named "King George V National Park" and later changed to "Taman Negara" on Malaysia's Independence.

The most notable feature of Taman Negara's wildlife is the abundance of birds. Some 250 species have been recorded in the park. Other wildlife within the park consists of: Seladang (wild ox), sambar and barking deer, wild pig, tapir, elephant, tiger, leopard, sun deer, Sumatran rhinoceros, monkeys, monitor lizards and the usual run of snakes, leeches etc.

The rainfall varies, but on average some 2260mm fall annually with temperatures being fairly constant: 30° - 35°C.

I would have to confess after spending only 10 days in Taman Negara that only a portion of the wildlife was observed (apart from those leeches which make their presence felt anywhere) and the most striking thing was the lack of overseas visitors, which accounted for the no litter scene.

I guess in summary the declared purpose of the Park remains, "to utilise the land 'in perpetuity', for the propagation, protection and preservation of the indigenous flora and fauna".

WO1 BRIAN CALVEY

CAPTAIN WILLIAM THOMAS BECK, DSO, MID
(1865 - 1947)
NZ & A DIV HQ ORDNANCE

"it is ironic that the first New Zealander ashore at Gallipoli was ORDNANCE"

The above words are taken from Lt Col Chris Pugsley's book "GALLIPOLI, THE NEW ZEALAND STORY".

The actual details of the first landings on that fateful day 25th April 1915 read thus:

'Godley's headquarters was the first ashore of the NZ & A Division. Lieutenant Colonel Fenwick, ADMS, was with this party: "We were all ready to land but were kept waiting and waiting until about 9.00 am. Some barges were moored alongside and a string of boats outside of these on the starboard side. Hughes came along and told the staff to get into the boats. Colonels Braithwaite, Chaytor and Manders, Major Hughes, Captain Beck and I got into the first boat. We were frightfully hampered by our kit - overcoat, revolver, glasses, map case, haversack, three days rations, firewood, Red Cross satchel, water bottle - like elephants. It was a certainty that we would drown if we got sunk.

"After waiting, a steam picket boat came along in charge of a very fat rosy midshipman. He took our string of boats in tow and we were off. Our boat grounded about 50 feet from the shore and we all hopped out. Of course I fell into a hole up to my neck. I could hardly struggle ashore and when I did the first thing I saw was Beck sitting on a stone, roaring with laughter at us. Billy Beck was the first New Zealander of Godley's force (there were New Zealanders serving in the Australian Division) to get on to Gallipoli."

So not only was Capt Beck the first ashore it would appear as though he was also a bit of a character.

Where is all this leading to one may ask?

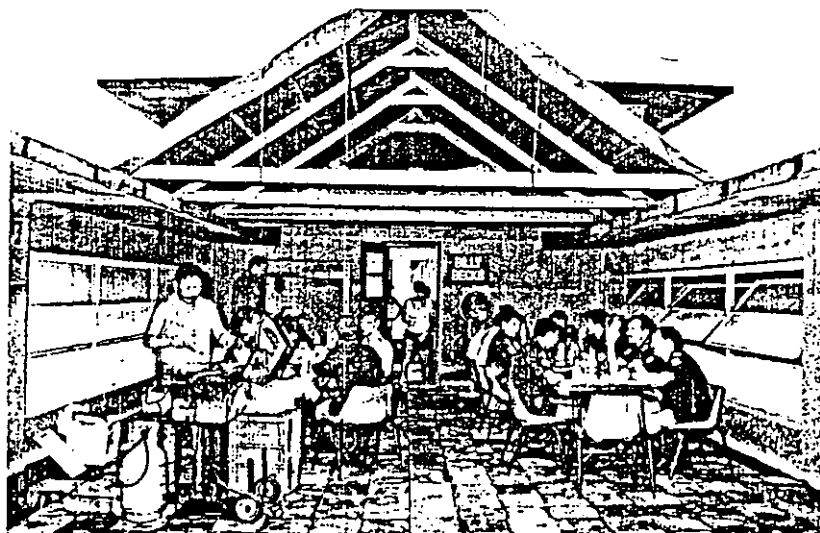
Here in NZAOD there does not exist a Henry Tucker Club. As we are over the waters so to speak we could find no affiliation with the first New Zealand Storeman. So, another facility in NZAOD was officially opened on the rooftop of RSDS on the 28 August 1986, called "Billy Becks". This is a small club where once a month all the RNZAOC Military in Singapore meet for a barbecue lunch and a few drinks.

As an added attraction an act/skit/song or some form of entertainment is required to be performed by a nominated member. To date, two meetings have been held, both proving very successful.



FOUNDATION MEMBERS

Back row Brothers, Hiroti, Finlay, Marshall, Rangit, Canton, Newton, Ellis.
Middle row: Brothers, Sweetman (PTI), Pom, Crafts, Goddard, Juno, Pom, Le Gros.
Front row : Brothers, McIntosh, Haewera, Clarke, Govan, Christie, Madgwick.



Barbecue lunch cooked by SSgt Joe Clarke

DRIVING IN MALAYSIA - AN EXPERIENCE

Well I arrived in Singapore late August this year (85) and very soon became accustomed to the local driving. A combination of say; Palmerstonites, Wellingtonians and Aucklanders with a sprinkling of Cantabrians in there as well. Impatient, ignorant and daring to say the least.

But really driving in Singapore is a breeze, it doesn't take you long to boost your confidence and alertness - but as for Peninsula Malaysia is concerned, now that is a different story.

My first introduction to driving on the Malay Peninsula was an "Exercise Pemburu Rusa" (2 Oct - 31 Oct). Having first driven the escort vehicle (L/Rover) for the RT-25, I was soon to drive the RL (1x500 gal tank mounted) on about 4 refuelling runs to Singapore return. Each trip was about 2 hours one-way (I managed a 1½ hours trip first time), although the distance was only some 60 odd miles the roads and traffic contributed to the slow driving time.

Driving in a truck is not so bad, but you must be that bit more wary than in NZ. Overtaking is done only if your're 150% sure you'll make it, they won't slow down for you unless you beep your horn or flash your lights. Beware of 'head ons' i.e. if someone overtakes you and you know he doesn't have enough room, you have to let him in because:

- a. he'll wipe you out;
- b. he'll wipe all three out (oncoming as well); and
- c. he'll go off the road and you can be charged with negligence (yest that's right).

Speaking of 'head ons', my second trip to Malay Peninsula was a drive up to the Royal Malay Naval Base at "Lumut" and back (13 hours each way). Lumut is approximately 450 miles from Singapore, 90 miles south of Penang on the East Coast of Malay Peninsula. Believe me this place has almost everything an olympic specification swimming pool and stadium, a nice little 'Country Resort Inn' and heaps of seafood.

Myself and Capt "Stirling Moss" Govan plus Sgt "Crash" Allan and Cpl "Nikki Lauda" Bull (both NZ Tpt Sqn) spent two days there packing Lt Cmdr Quency's (Chief Instructor - Naval Training School) housepack and also carried out the Inventory/Handover of his quarters. If you ever get up there go over to Pangkor Island and say hello to the reptiles (I mean dogs) and the beggars at the village. Now back to the roads and the 'head ons' (well almost). The 13 hours were not all spent on the roads, this includes meal stops, refuel and shopping (whoops) probably about 10½ hours driving. You cannot sleep at all there's too much action. I think both myself and Capt Govan were starting to turn into the Jekyll and Hyde syndrome. On the way back we were driving just like the Malays, but I think you have to in order to survive without any mishap. You became sort of aggressive and very daring sometimes but also very attentive and alert. The driving is very fast and sometimes unpredictable, but you must never pussy foot because they'll just squeeze you out left right and centre.

We had a couple of close shaves, but all the time in control, we had to go off the road whilst overtaking or kiss a big merc truck, but you knew in advance that you couldn't make it, and not being able to get back in line as the traffic had squeezed you out. It was the only thing to do. Never mind sir, it was a good laugh though (mind you the good Capt had his turn later eh!).

Well I could ramble on and on but suffice to say it was good to get up there so soon and experience not only the driving but also the people, food, shopping and sight-seeing - great.

And low and behold guess who's going to KL (Kuala Lumpur) this Thursday for two nights and driving again - yes its me. Well some have all the luck, mind you I'd recommend it to anyone comingover - if you get the change to go to Malaysia by car take it, but if you're offered a seat in a bus I'd seriously consider that too!

(EMERSON FITIPALDI McINTOSH)
Sergeant
NCO IC Exchange Store
Accommodation Services

PS: Myself and Stirling Moss had no mishaps but the two "truckies" Tut, Tut ie. they both kissed bumpers at a place called Muar, luckily only a minor scrape.

PPS: Just arrived back from KL alive and kicking, a great trip and I've also given up smoking. Haven't had one for a week now, now to travel on those roads and to defeat the urge, takes some will power. Also being the Xmas cheer period it's going to be hard to kick smoking for good, but I've stopped before (for 3 yrs) and I can do it again.

"EX LITTLE LOOK 86"

On the 11 Jan 86, two pers from NZAOD departed for a 7 week attachment to Composite Ordnance Depot (Comp Ord Depot) Hong Kong, who else but Sgt "Stu" McIntosh and Cpl "Barry" Madgwick. Eight other Kiwis from NZ Force (Tri-Service Pers) were scattered around various units in Hong Kong.

For us it was a once in a life time chance to observe the RAOC procedures have a look at their facilities and equipment and see how their operation compares to ours.

The two of us RNZAOC chaps were barracked at Blackdown Barracks on the Kowloon side, this being solely an RAOC facility. Comp Ord Depot has its own Officers, WOs and Sgts, and JRs Messes not to mention a large swimming pool and recreation areas, a tennis court, weight room, soccer and hockey field, athletic track, basketball court and so on. They have their own RPs, two unit buses, welfare car (for hire), a unit junk, and also a unit chalet (Lantau Island). The vehicle group has 600 odd vehicles (small compared to those in W/Germany) comprising MK Bedfords, SWB and LWB rovers, Saracens, Plant, m/cycles and CL vehicles. The depot is really quite an eye opener, it also has its own REME Workshop attached which is kept quite busy. All stock or PRE (Preserved Unit Equipment) vehicles go through a PIP programme and are literally coated with preservations just like a small weapon spare or vehicle spare does.

The general make-up of the unit is as follows:

- a. HQ, ICP (Inventory Control Point (PC&A)), Stores GP, Accommodation Stores, RSG, Veh Gp & Wksp REME and Trg Cell at Blackdown.
- b. Supply Sub Depot (SSD) at Orsborne Barracks (rations store).
- c. Ammunition Sub Depot (ASD) at Stonecutters Island. Incidentally this is the island the Japanese not only used for ammo storage but as a R&R facility (Geisha girls!!) after the fall of Hong Kong in World War II.

Approximate strength of Comp Ord Depot is as follows:

- a. RAOC pers - 80 pers (incl 1xLt Col, 4xMajors)
- b. REME - 6 pers
- *c. Other Service Pers - 65 pers
- d. Civilians - 800 pers

There are about 30 Sikhs employed at the ASD (they don't smoke) and about 35 Hong Kong Military Service Corps (HKMSC) pers employed around the various areas.

The unit supports approximately 15,000 troops in both Hong Kong and Brunei, the bulk of the force being the Queens Own Gurkha Rifles ie 6 Battalions. Also one regular British Battalion, currently the Coldstream Guards. Plus various supporting units ie Royal Engineers, Royal Sigs, REME, RASC etc.

During our tour we attended the following:

- a. Range shoot (Smg, Slr, Pistol).
- b. Ex Happy Hike - a 60 mile walk around Hong Kong, Kowloon Side Hills. (You think Ruapehu is bad!) Take a camera it's a must.
- c. 4 day Royal Navy Patrol on board HMS Starling a recently commissioned (12 mths) fast patrol craft. Armed with a 76mm Otto Melara semi-auto gun capable of firing 80 rounds per minute (Look out junks). Apart from the bad weather an excellent break away and an interesting spell on board. Don't worry Navy blokes get seasick too!
- d. A 40 minute helicopter flight on board a scout 4 seater compliments of 660 Sqn ACC. Somthing we'll never forget, this is the only way to see Hong Kong, New Territories and peer into China (Shenzen Province). We were the only two pers in the NZ Contigent to do this and also the very grateful to all concerned.

Another highlight was spending a day in both Macau and China (Zhengshan Province). My wife accompanied me here, (she also spent 10 days in Hong Kong) excellent value we'll certainly remember Macau for its casinos, shopping, sightseeing and Crazy Paris show. China was an eye opener, very interesting, a lot of friendly smiling faces, warm beer and expensive shops (beware). We found it a lot more relaxed than was led to believe.

Overall a great experience was had, the hospitality marvellous, night life unforgettable, shopping fantastic and the Carlsberg like nectar. If you get up to Hong Kong be sure to pay a call to the Jukebox, Redlips (girls are the same since Vietnam but 15 years older), Bottoms up and especially Beefys. All within close proximity in Tsim Tsui district. There are excellent bars for entertainment at reasonable rates, of course only to mention a few on our various sojourns.

That about wraps it all up.

Kong Hei Fa Chai

Sergeant Stu McIntosh

Corporal Barry 'Maddog' Madgwick

A QUIET DAY AT NZAOD OR THE TALE OF PEE WEE & JIM

At zero eight hundred hours the deep blue sky takes a tighter grip on the horizon. A great red orb erects itself from the tranquil Asian sea and starts its daily trek towards Malaysia.

At the NZAOD loading dock stand two white refrigerated trucks, their doors open in readiness to receive a load of fresh rations.

A group of men stand to one side talking quietly amongst themselves. They are awaiting the word of command, the phrase which will send them into immediate action.

A hush befalls them as Sgt Jim strides in their direction from the far end of the building.

The silence is broken by the loud orders issued from Sgt Jim, "Let's load 'em up guys, let's move, move, move!" Four people spring into the awaited, immediate action by disappearing into the Cold Store to collect the fresh and dry rations, frozen meat and dairy products required by 'THE BOYS IN THE BUSH'.

Uncle Tom Hollier from NZ Tpt Sqn was there to assist, so in no time at all the trucks were loaded, ready to go to Ex Taiaha Tombuk in Malaysia. "Hold it a minute!" exclaims Sgt Jim, "somethings missing, somethings not right". All eyes were turned on Sgt Jim in search of what it could be. Jim spun around as a quiet voice asked "Are you looking form me?"

Behind him was the missing thing ... Pee Wee!

"Well are we loaded, are we authorised, are we ready?" asks Pee Wee. In quick succession the answers came back to him in the affirmative.

"Then don't stand around here, lets get going", says Pee Wee.

With an LEC driver in each vehicle, Pee Wee and Jim left and Cold Store. The journey went well for a while, until the first truck reached the security gage at Deptford Road.

Pee Wee looked in the vehicle's glovebox, he looked in the RI's wallet, he looked on the dash board, he even looked at the LEC driver, but nowhere could he find the dreaded "GATE PASS". He walked back to the second vehicle and said to Jim "Hey pal, where's the gate pass for these vehicles?"

Jim sheepishly replied that they were still in the book at the Cold Store. There was a slight hold up as one of the vehicles returned to get the pass. No prize for guessing which vehicle it was.

From that point on the journey turned a corner for the better, things went smoothly. The usual Kiwi stop was made at Segamat for the Colonels delight, Kentucky Fried, Malaysian style.

Five and a half hours after the journey's beginning they pulled into Bahau, the scene of the exercise, to be met by the MPs. After having the RIs and authorities for the journey checked, they passed into the camp area. First stop was the BMA cookhouse, where the guys from 141 Flt unloaded their share of the rations. Having completed this task, Jim and Pee Wee went in search of the NZAOD Detachment Commander, John Christie and his crew: Billy Vince, Swampy Marshall, Andy Canton, Brian May, Tai Hiroti, Ian Hay and a Little Look exchange chap named John Gunn.

The lazy sods were found sitting around a table playing cards while drinking cups of tea. Apparently it was afternoon tea time!

Upon asking about getting some diesel for the vehicles Jim was told that to save refuelling time the said diesel had been delivered to a suitable refuelling spot near the BMA kitchen.

Having successfully refuelled the vehicles they were instructed that the Battalion rations were to be delivered to a position 100km east of where they were and to move into a convoy just down the track that was ready to depart in 15 minutes. As Pee Wee had Jim acting as 2IC, it was determined that two vehicles were not required to travel all that distance. A democratic decision was made and within 7 mins 56 secs, the contents of one truck was loaded onto the other.

Truck number one, complete with two LECs then headed for Singapore (five and a half hours away) while truck number two containing; one tired maori and one enthusiastic pakeha joined the tail end of the convoy.

It was dark when Pee Wee and Jim arrived at the RV point. After an hour's wait the Battalion cooks turned up to collect their rations, only requiring half of what was on the truck.

Conversation soon turned to Singapore, what was happening at home and other general world affairs like: girls, sex and what the Americans were up to. All too soon the visit came to a close as Pee Wee and Jim departed the scene to return to the BMA.

It was dark, muggy and very late when they arrived back at the BMA to refuel for their return to Singapore. The NZAOD Detachment looked much the same as it had hours earlier. The boys were at the same card table, playing the same game, drinking what almost looked like the same cups of tea.

After a good meal, provided by the Detachment, and a full tank of fuel, the very, very tired maori and the not so enthusiastic pakeha climbed aboard the white refrigerated truck to start their homeward journey.

After a mundane drive, they reached Singapore at 4am and proceeded to unload the unwanted stores.

I'll bet you are thinking, "that it's all over, and they went off to bed". Not so!

The two highly trained, intrepid AOD storemen carried on.

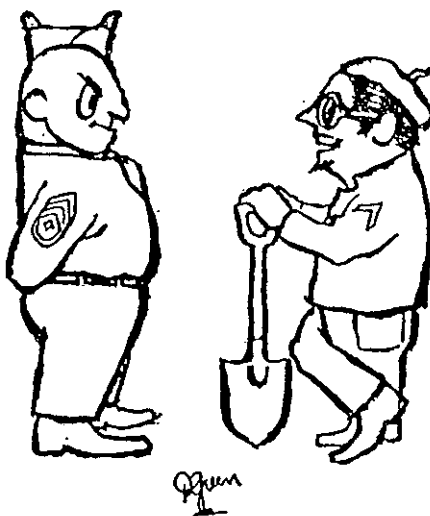
Before they had left the Detachment Pee Wee had been given a few Opdems for emergency stock items. Rather than return to work in four hours time they decided to issue the stores to a designated uplift area, there and then. Talk about the blind leading the blind!

When the lights were out and the place was in darkness, Jim couldn't find Pee Wee. When the light were on Pee Wee couldn't find Jim, because he was on a display bed, fast asleep. when they eventually found one another, the issues were issued, the transactions transacted, the deliveries delivered.

Pee Wee and Jim headed home for some well earned rest. As they pulled up outside Jim's flat, Jim commented that it was getting rather light.

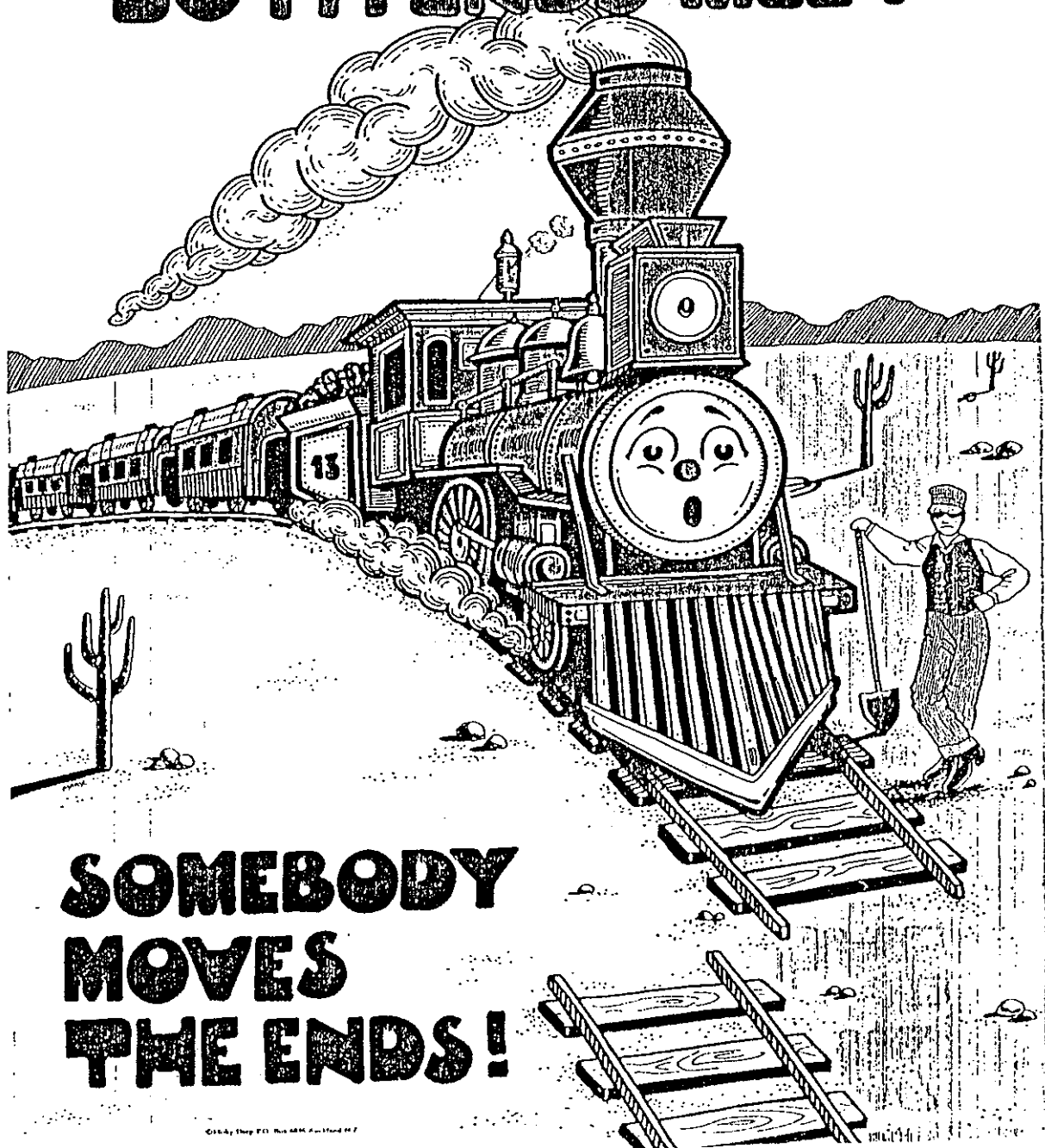
Sure enough there it was:

The deeo blue sky taking a tighter grip on the horizon, as a great red orb erected itself from the tranquil Asian sea and started its daily trek towards Malaysia.



"I don't DIG, man."

**JUST ABOUT THE
TIME YOU THINK
YOU CAN MAKE
BOTH ENDS MEET**



**SOMEBODY
MOVES
THE ENDS!**

CONTRIBUTION FOR PATAKA

RNZAOC SCHOOL

During our spare time at the School, which I might add is rather limited, we can sit and reflect on the courses that have passed through these "Hallowed Portals".

I could never understand why instructors at Schools always looked so haggard and old, and could never last more than two years at the job. Having been here almost two years myself I can now fully understand the reasons for this premature ageing process. After all would you believe the CI is only 28.

For the first time since Dec 85 the Supply Wing is fully Staffed. To this end we say welcome to Sgt John Dunbar and Sgt "GP" Smith, now the rest of us can take some time off.

For those who have had the pleasure of attending a course here at the School over the past two years, especially the junior soldiers, no doubt the vivid memory of seeing the S1, WO1 Frank Ryan enter the classroom with a shell/shells from the AT's Store and a bottle of Brasso is still all too clear. Let us take for example the Band Four Course run over the period of Jan/Feb this year, and one Lcpl Clements, who incidently is now a member of the School Staff, happened to digress from the beaten track. To his shock and horror WO1 Ryan produced a shell that was absolutely HUMUNGAS, and told to have it completed by the next morning, must still be etched into his brain. So for all those aspiring juniors who wish to make it to the School take note of the requirements.

As with all good courses one of the most enjoyable parts is the field phase. Although conducted by 5 Comp Sup Coy a representative from the School attends, usually the Course Sponsor. These are normally held in the Waiterere State Forest just north of Levin, an ideal situation as it encompasses all sorts of terrain and beasties, apart from the course personnel that is. On one such occasion Lt Carson and myself were carrying out a night attack on the known position of a section of the course. We set out from the Base Camp at about 20.30 hrs with the intention of conducting a "Hit and Run" attack. After leaving our vehicle some distance from their position we started to sneak through the undergrowth towards their outer perimeter. Out of nowhere we came face to face with a herd of beef stock that had settled down for the night in the same area. I don't know who got the biggest fright, them or us. Within seconds the stock had stampeded through the sections position and all hell was let loose. Just as well we were using blanks or there would have been a massive barbeque the next day with steaks all round.

During another such field phase one of the School instructors, who shall remain anonymous, was detailed with the task of setting an ambush for the course during a night exercise for a DP. The only problem was that during the course of waiting he nodded off to sleep and it was left to his offsider, who shall also remain anonymous, to initiate the attack. WELL DONE SCHOOL STAFF. During this same exercise a student decided that he and his razor should get together. This resulted in rather a nasty cut appearing on his chin. It was decided that this cut needed stitches so off to Ohakea for expert medical treatment. After the course of the healing process had passed it was suggested that WO1 Ryan MD should be the one to remove them. This proved to be too much for our brave fearless soldier who proceeded to faint. So for all you soldiers who have yet to attend a course at the School take heed and don't cut yourself shaving, or get conned into letting WO1 Ryan remove the stitches.

Earlier in the year we said farewell to the S1(S) Capt John Green. He proceeded on a TOD to Support Branch for three months prior to heading to the US of A for four years. Unfortunately for him but fortunately for the Americans his posting was cancelled. They do say that Auckland is rather pleasant during the summer and not as cold as Washington during the Winter.

During the Christmas break we are sending Frank Ryan to Perth. He thinks the reasoning behind this move is for him to see his family who have settled in Australia pending his discharge in June 86. The real reason for his trip is to act as a Sheet Anchor for Stars and Stripes, so that we can take the Americans Cup off the Aussies. Just don't forget to come back Frank.

In closing just a brief look at the movements within the School and the moves to come; also at just who is still here.

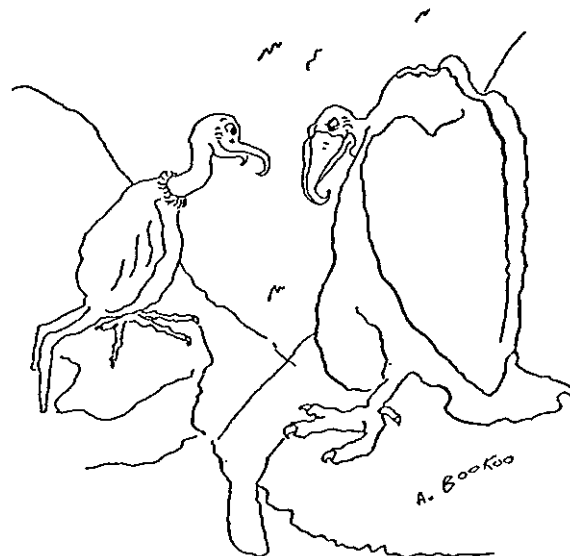
- | | | |
|--------|----------------|------------------------------------|
| CI | Major Bolton | (CATO wef 8 Dec 86) |
| SI(S) | Capt Green | (Auckland sometime) |
| SI(A) | Capt Lindstrom | (Slowly becoming domesticated) |
| WO1 | Mike Steed | (Still SSM) |
| WO1 | Bunta Steel | (BSB's gain our loss) |
| WO1 | Frank Ryan | (NZ's latest export to Aussie) |
| WO2 | Ray Morrison | (A1) |
| WO2 | Ron Armstrong | (S2) |
| | | |
| SSGT | JJ Jones | (??? next year) |
| SSGT | Wayne Bray | (Tied down as of 1 Nov 86) |
| SGT | John Twiss | (SQMS, ex Signals) |
| SGT | Bob Hodgetts | (Look out AGS) |
| SGT(W) | Sue Henderson | (Ex 3 Sup Coy, your loss our gain) |
| SGT | John Dunbar | (Ex recruiting FMG) |
| SGT | "GP" Smith | (Ex 1 BSB) |

LCPL Paul Gleeson
LCPL Clem Clements
MRS Vicky Lock

(A3)
(His real Corps is Truckies)
(Always there when needed)

To all a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year from the DOS's hardest working unit

SUA TELA TONANTI



"Know any good places to eat?"

STORE SECTION
1 BASE WORKSHOP
TRENTHAM



THE CREW
#####

WO1 Wayne Myers	New Boy "Boss"
Sgt Kev Riesterer	I've had a riesterer of a day
Sgt Barrie Law	Bazza the wizza
Sgt Tony Harding	Ching Ching
Cpl Dave Cossey	At 164 Club
L/Cpl Craig Trillo	She likes Rasta & she's not my mum
Pte John Brown	Body language man body language
Pte Craig Simpson	Simo 'New Boy'

BAND TWO SPOONIES SOON TO BE PART OF THE "ELITE"
=====

Pte Brown	Smack head
Pte Mannix	Minties
Pte McIntosh	Mac
Pte Twiss	Slim
Pte Van Barneveld	Dutchie

COMINGS AND GOINGS
=====

POSTING OUT

WO1 Varney to Spoonie land M.S.C. 1 BSB

POSTINGS IN

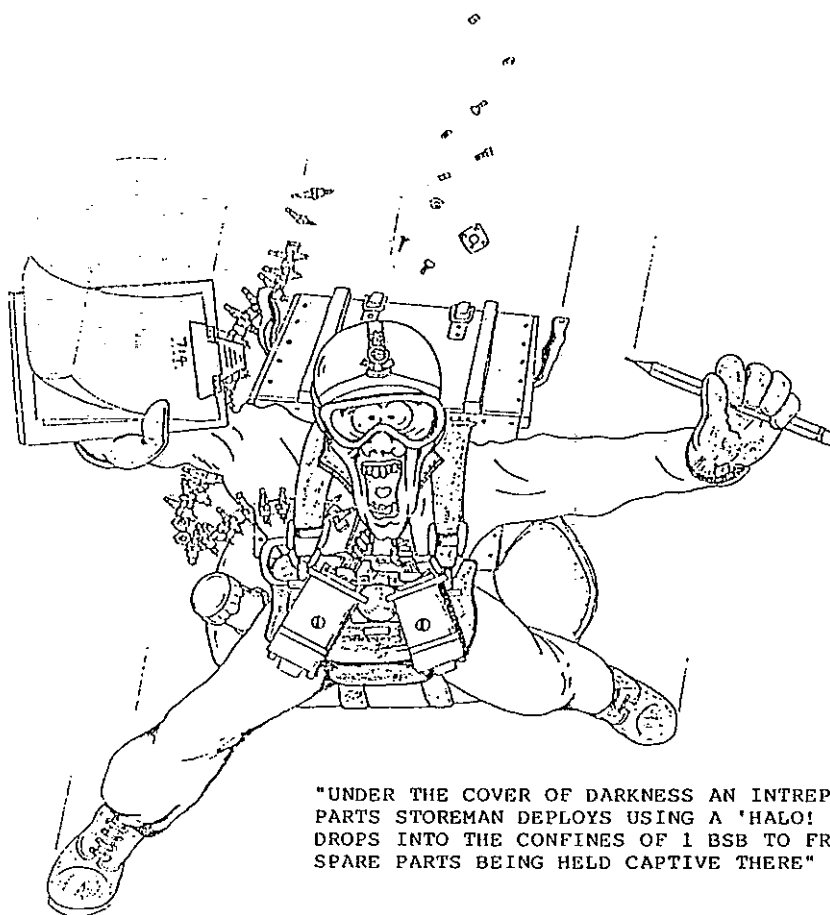
WO1 Myers	from Singapore A.O. 1 STS P1
Pte Simpson	from 1 Sup Coy New Boy

WHEN IS ADVENTURE TRAINING NOT ADVENTURE TRAINING?????

During the last few months we have had two adventure training exercises postponed after Bazza put a lot of work in organising them. The last postponement was due to the large amount of sporting commitments by the troops to Rugby League Regionals, Inter-Wksps Rugby and one of the troops running a marathon. Well you know what they say Bazza. Third time lucky!!

WAYNE RIPLEYS BELIEVE IT OR NOT!!!!

- #1. 1 Base Workshop Store Section is still second largest bulk holding Unit after 1 BSB. Believe it or not ::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::
- #2. 1 Base Workshop Store Section has had an increase in establishment we now have 8 pers. Believe it or not ::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::
- #3. 1 Base Workshop Store Section still has a 90%, Yes 90% satisfaction rate. Believe it or not ::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::



"UNDER THE COVER OF DARKNESS AN INTREPID AUTO PARTS STOREMAN DEPLOYS USING A 'HALO! PARACHUTE DROPS INTO THE CONFINES OF 1 BSB TO FREE SOME SPARE PARTS BEING HELD CAPTIVE THERE"

GOSSIP

1. Whilst reading his action packed news paper Mac missed his plane. How could you?
2. Dave and his wife have one on the way. Well done Dave.
3. Tony captained the Avalon Army J2 Rugby team which won their grade of the competition and also gained promotion to the higher grade next year. Congratulations Tony and the team.
4. Bazza's missus was waiting to sweep him off his feet when he went to Burnham on the Wksp Rugby trip. When will those two get married?
5. "Smack-Head" threw the Wksp production office into chaos when he took over as R&I clerk for a week. What job number comes after 4299/87 "Smack-Head"??? Still 5000/87!!!!!!
6. When Wayne finally got here, he was here for a week and gone again, on leave.
7. Trill bought a MK4 Zephur complete, less engine, gearbox!!!!!!
8. The 1 BSB team that played and beat 2/1 BN Contained no less than 11 Base Workshop players. Or did they all get Corps changes for the day ?????
9. The A.O. of 1 STS P1 signed and sent a demand to 1 BSB recently 1 STS P1 received an AFNZ 92 from MS.C. 1 BSB. Both documents were signed by the same man. You guessed his name none other than WO1 Varney.

FELICITY FERRET.

LIMITED SERVICE VOLUNTEERS
L.S.V.'S

To assist the No. 1 Stores Section with it's task of keeping Base Workshops running to it's usual high standard, two young ladies were employed in the store. Jillaine Keapa and Doll Bennett started off as two shy kids that never trusted anyone, but soon evolved into trusting hard workers.

During their visit they did stocktakes, receipts, receipts, stocktakes, stocktakes and receipts, needless to say, the high-light of their stay was spent doing stocktakes and receipts. Well done girls. Apart from the visits to the Military Police and orderly Sgt, I'd say they both enjoyed their time here.

But seriously, their help was very much appreciated by our staff. Their time after working hours was spent in the bar or the tote or in the barracks after being asked to leave the JR's club because they were LSV's.

I'm sure a few people around camp like Mark Irwin would have been very sorry to see them leave, but don't worry, has it that they have passed their test to join up as RF. In conclusion, it was an interesting experience.....

By HEAD

LIFE IN 1 STORES PLATOON (WHERE IT ALL HAPPENS)

1986 has again been been a busy time for the Stores Platoon. We were fortunate to have some of the 1985 Band Two trainees, not posted to their units until early on in the year, giving us much needed manpower at the beginning of the year when the workshops are extremely busy after the Annual Camp backloads.

March saw the majority of the "troops" off on their Band Three course at the school leaving us with five NCOs to do all the work during a very busy period.

We have been involved in supplying spares for a number of rebuild projects in the workshop. We finally saw the end of the 548 project spares in August. The first rebuild of a scorpion tank has been completed, in which they completely stripped down in scorpion to nothing and rebuilt it better than it was before. There is a continuous scorpion gearbox rebuild going all the time which has caused us and others numerous headaches but is running fairly smoothly now. At present there is the D-Pull (Plant equip) rebuild starting and a section reconditioning M818/816 M.U.A.S.

This year has seen an increased work-load in the workshop which in turn has increased ours, and it would seem extremely unlikely that we would have coped as well, if at all, without the use of D.S.S.R.

Recently the annual East/West challenge was held for 1 Base Wksps. It became evident early on in proceedings that about the only troops on the east side of the compound were store section pers. The morning activities were won by the east (or should I say J.B. & Mac who burned wests flag whilst standing on the roof of the tel's shop for all to see) as was the afternoons rugby match (with no less than 8 stores section pers) in which J.B. was the captain of the east team and Mack took out player of the day. (and won the skulling race afterwards.

Q. Can you say "Robert an Richard raped a rabbit" without pronouncing the letter "R"?

A. Bob and Dick F..... a bunny.

CLASS OF '86

Well, the start of '86 saw the 5 clubbies from pearce class make the move to BSB, where we swapped our rifles for brooms and began our Band 2 training.

The next 7 months saw us learning the ropes on how to be a 'spoonie', such as sweeping dust from one end of bulk to the other, quality control testing at 54 Sup and passing the advanced counting course at C.R.P..

Apart from the work at BSB we also partook in various activities including the queens guard, reverse cycle and various driver training courses. We were also the guinea pigs for the first Band 2 field exercise. The first week was held at Languards Bluff and the tactical(?) stage at Waiouru. (although two of us decided we didn't want to go to Waiouru and came back to Trentham).

The end of May saw us, and a few others, off to Petone Tech for a 3 week block course. Finally, after 18 months in the Army, something to do with apprentice training!! A good time was had by all. (perhaps a bit too good after looking at a few reports!) Time will tell how well we went.

Late July saw the move to Wksp where the real work started. Due to the amount of us 'new boys' in the store it was decided to send a few of us out to the 'floor' to get a bit of 'hands on'. Whilst there most of us sampled a few wksp traits (e.g. M.T. water-bath and recon's rag-bin) it wasn't all fun and games though as we all gained some valuable knowledge on various tasks and made a few mates at the same time.

Since coming across the 'fence' I've really enjoyed myself, the work is demanding but I'm learning heaps and having a good time as well, I just hope it pays off for our exams. If next year is as good as the last few months have been then I'm all in for a good time and I'm sure that goes for the rest of the guy's that are being posted out.

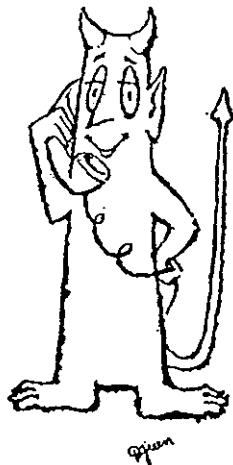
Pte Brown (The white one) Linton
Pte Van Barneveld (Dutchie) Burnham
Pte Mannix (Minties) Linton
Pte Twiss (Bill) Waiouru

MAC

NEWS FLASH ####
NEWS FLASH

Warning to S/Sgt M. Hemi, Keep an eye on your new storeman. He has a tendency to get a Smack in the Head. (especially after nigh-clubbing).

NEWS FLASH ####
NEWS FLASH



"Who in Hell
do you want?"

3 TPT WKSP S/S

HI DE HI TROOPS,

Well, I think an Intro is in order. I belong to a little unit in the deep dark heart of the South Island. This unit is so secret I don't even know about it sometimes. Yes, you guessed it, 3 Tpt Sqn Wksp StoresSection. As well as supporting 3 Tpt Sqn, I also support 3 StoresSection and other small units in this area eh, Gus.

The Wksp as a whole is small, we only number six;

- 2 x VM's - (Mutts) Pirini
- (Chappy) Chapman
- 1 x Foreman - Dave Ritchie
- PWF - WO2 (Chogi) Matchitt
- 1 x TQ Stmn - (Jock) Faye
- 1 x Stmn (Worker) - Mork (me)

"Although we are small our production is high." Beat that Derek and Gus. As far as Tpt is concerned we support a large part of the South Island. We have a troop in Burnham, Nelson, Dunedin and Invercargill. But with help from Derek Prescott and his boys we do all right. Over the last 10 months things have been fairly quiet. There was only one exercise this year, which was held in the Molsworth Lewis Pass area. This exercise was strictly transport orientated and came complete with several air drops and low level air attacks from the boys in blue. I found the exercise a relatively new experience to me as tpt operates slightly differently to a Fd Wksp.

Well there has only been one manning change in the last 12 months. I was posted in from 2 Store Section. (Being Max McLean and Derek Prescott trained) I replaced Keith Pittams, who was posted to ESS Wksp in Linton. Hope things are going well for you and Adriane.

Well work is all go here at the moment as we gear up for Exercise Lothlorian and as the troops do their last minute panic for repairs and parts. AS PER NORMAL. This may be the last major exercise in the Sth Island to see the Skippys and BD RL's in action. Lets face it, we need the RL BDs more than we need a third nostril.

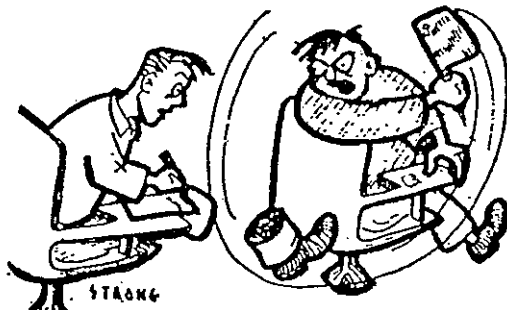
At the completion of Lothlorian I should receive my new storage container, which brings with it the big headache job of relocation as the container will be loaded permanently and positioned on the floor.

I think this is the first time a small unit like this has placed an article in the Pataka and I'd like to see other store sections from LADs do the same, so until next time.

Na Nu Na Nu

MORK FROM ORK

"Sua Tela Tonanti"



"Get your damn foot off my chair!"

4 ATG WORKSHOPS STORE SECTION

Here is our HAPPY team at the skull and crossed Pistons Store. If you don't know what we are talking about, have a look at our Store door when visiting next.

WO2 John Lee	Boss
Sgt Steve Corkran	Sixfoot
Cpl Mike Dench	Stench
Cpl Mark Anthony Pihema	JJ (ring him up and ask for Mark)
Lcpl Lyndsay Bray	Linds
Lcpl Dave Collins	DC
Pte Tony Garthwaite	Garth

Happenings

John and Mike made the Army volleyball team again.
 Tony made that "kick it with your head" Army team as well
 Lyndsay and Shirley baby girl Robyn
 Sixfoot and Anne Baby girl two foot Marie
 J.J. Band 4 passed APTI passed
 Mike and Helen - expecting No 4 next year

Hardluck Story

The Army's hardluck story must belong to Sixfoot, his young son got burnt badly so Sixfoot was required to tod down to Trentham while his son was in Lower Hutt Burns Unit at the Hospital. Whilst he was down there, ATG experienced one of its cooler snaps and Sixfoots plumbing burst in his roof flooding his house out. Wksps promptly went to the rescue and cleared his house and put it into our massive drying room. Everything was dried out, property officer allocated a new house (ceiling fell in, in old house) Insurance Agent assessed gear then wksp moved his gear into new abode. Sixfoot pleased but not delirious with joy moved back to Trentham to be with family. Then another one of those pre-mentioned snaps came along and you guessed it. Another little lake Corkran was formed so the previous manouvere was repeated. He didn't believe the phone call he received. If anybody has a better "hard luck" story, please put it in the next issue.

Skiing has played a major part in activities this year with great snow so Jean Claude Lee and JJ Killy have spent plenty following the sport.

Work has been work - enough said.

Quote

During a recent cricket match involving Graham Gooch batting, Dennis Lille was heard to comment about a particular delivery "Gooch did everything right about that stroke except hit the ball".

Any visitors pse ring and book ahead as we are always too busy doing range shoots, adventure trg, skiing, PT, round the mountain relay, command parades etc. Everybody very welcome. New ext 716. See ya!!!

ADS ARMY CELL

GREETINGS TO ALL

We in Army Cell in Support Branch Def HQ would probably be one of the lesser known units in the Corps.

The Cell is responsible for all procurement of tech spares and equipment from overseas.

The Cell comprises of 10 personnel, 5 military and 5 civilian staff members.

Our leader (Rangatira) just posted to the Cell is Maj Helm, he replaces Maj D. Watmuff who was posted as OC 4 Sup Coy Waiouru on 4th August 1986 (GOOD LUCK SIR).

Our 2IC Lt A.E. Martin is the Staff Officer in charge of main equipment buys, with his understudy, Miss A. Lash. Amanda is still trying to find time to do her receipts in betwe travelling overseas and having her hair done at the local hairdressers.

WO2 P.J.K. Tocker (BOANA) is Staff Officer in charge of over-seeing tech spares bought overseas. His staff consists of four civilian and two military staff.

Their jobs entail research, procurement, financing and hastening of items which are required to maintain tech equipment currently used in the NZ Army.

Military Staff:

Cpl C.B. Gawler
Cpl C.R. Haami

Civilian Staff

Mrs P LE Cren (Finance)
Mrs A Fretton (Administration)
Mr N.B. Nguyen
Mr G.E. Robbins

Before I sign off, I would like to thank all staff, past and present, from Army Cell for their friendliness and help during my posting there. Yes, I too have been posted to Waiouru (WHAT A LUCKY UNIT).

Arohanui

Cpl C R Haami

(P.S. KIA KAHU)



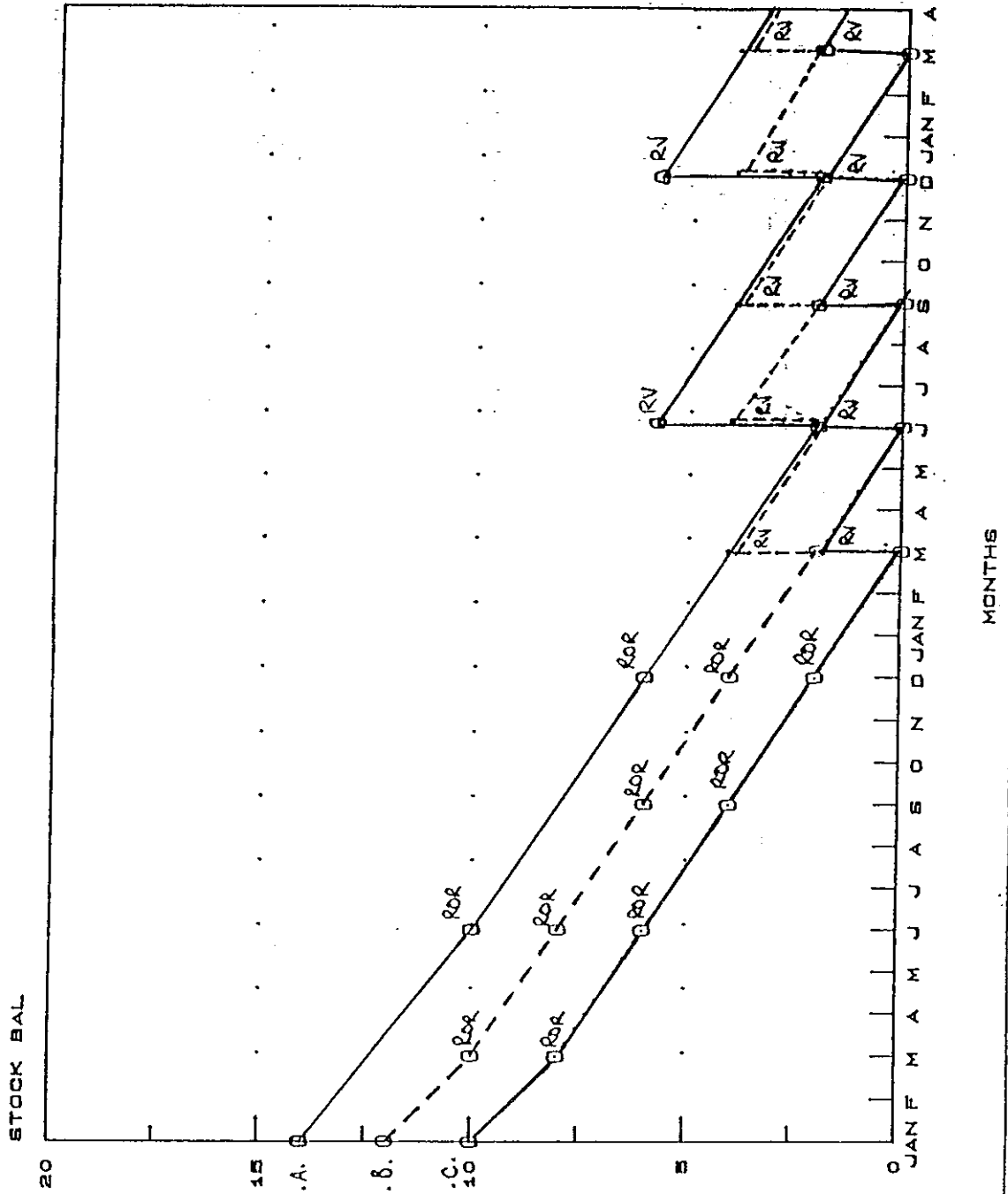
"Whaddya mean, 'eeeya'?"

INBO

1. The current provision policy for Defence is based on various needs and allows for a provision calculation based on changing factors.
2. One important factor which is fixed by Defence Stockholding policy is the INBO (Interval Between Orders).
3. Fixed at three months, the importance of INBO is not immediately apparent until one looks at a graph of an item with 'Perfect Issue History' over a number of years.
4. Plotted on the graph following are three examples of stock history using different INBO figures.
5. Line C shows the stock balance of an item purchased under the calculation used up until 1986. This calculation has a INBO of three months and a reserve stock/safety stock of nil. As can be seen the initial buy to MA was good but as the months go by and with the long lead time the theory is that the first receipt of replacement stock comes on to the shelf at the time of the last issue.
6. Line B shows an item where the reserve/safety stock has been raised to three months as is the current calculation. As can be seen the reserve/safety stocks act as a buffer against potential nil stock situations, but orders and receipts are still occurring every three months.
7. Line A shows the stock level pattern of an item when the reserve/safety stock is 3 months and the INBO is six months.
8. This calculation is not used, but would in my opinion be a better basis for ordering overseas than the same calculation used by Store Sections, Supply Company's and 1 Base Supply Battalion who source their stores locally.
9. With an INBO of six months the following will happen:
 - a. Less requisitions would be raised thereby reducing the workload, paper, postage costs by approx 50%.
 - b. Less frequent receipts from o'seas for the same item therefore dropping workload by 50% on an already hard pressed central receipts platoon at 1 BSB.
 - c. Freight costs would be lowered by a considerable amount.
 - d. Stock on the shelf at the depot would be raised by approx 15%, thereby providing a better service to the customer as is our aim.
 - e. The financial spending pattern would be changed over a period of a year but the amount spent would be the same.
10. As can be seen the benefits are huge, there is a need for the Defence stockholding policy to be reviewed in relationship to a flexible INBO. In the current economy the need for cost reducing measures is ever present.

P. TOCKER
WO2

ACTUAL STK BALS USING DIFFERENT PROV CAL



A-INB06

B-INB03

C-NO RS

25.07.1988

MONTHS

WORKING IN PAPUA NEW GUINEA

BY

WOII R.J. STEWART

INTRODUCTION

Some of you picking up the PATAKA are probably wondering how an RNZAOC Warrant Officer can be writing from the remote Islands of Papua New Guinea. First of all let me explain. I'm still a service RF soldier not discharged or in the TF. I applied for leave without pay at the same time as I applied for a position with a firm called Ela Motors here in Port Moresby, Papua New Guinea. Both the Army and Ela Motors accepted my applications, so, here I am and have been since 6 April this year. Quite a bit has happened since the Jumbo landed at Jacksons Airport so I'll tackle each phase of whats happened in order.

ARRIVAL

The aircraft touched down at Jacksons Airport on Sunday 6 April at 1420 hours. We trooped off the plane to be met by chocolate coloured people with wiry affro's looking at the passengers probably as wonderingly as we were looking at them. The overseas Immigration formalities went surprisingly quick and I was met by my then future boss, Andrew Mortimer. He's an Australian, but then we all have our cross to bear. Luckily the car he was driving had air-con because the temperature was 31° and extremely humid. It was the rainy season and Andrew remarked how cool it was, while I drowned in a pool of my own sweat. We went for a quick tour around Port Moresby that had me lost from start to finish but was of interest for all that. The place that impressed me the most at the time was the "AVIAT CLUB" where we had a nice cool beer, in a fully air conditioned room. From the club we went to my new apartment overlooking the beach front, where I had a quick shower and change. The firm kindly had a dozen bottles of beer chilling in the fridge for me, so we scuttled a couple of those before leaving to meet Andrew's family and visit a Chinese restaurant for dinner.

THE FIRST DAY

No settling in period for this firm. In the country 18 hours and I'm on the job. Andrew picked me up at about 0800 the next day and drove to the Ela Motors Training Centre. The Training Centre is situated as an annex to the Port Moresby Ela Motors main branch. I was introduced to my fellow instructors, one a Kiwi and the other a national. Both are excellent people as it turns out and then more introductions to the training centre staff. From there to the General Manager and his staff. I'm still trying to remember all their names. Ela Motors employs about 100 people in Port Moresby alone so you can imagine the difficulty a person with my memory has after so many introductions. The inevitable settling in process started with a work permit to be applied for, a PNG liscence to be obtained, bank book opened and a dozen other little time consuming tasks that are obligatory when settling in another country for a long period. Those people who have been to Singapore will understand the officious pedantic ways of public servants in another country when applying for those small pieces of paper that you can't do without. The day came and went and I still haven't developed a twitch so perhaps it was all in my mind.

A TRIP TO RABAU

The next fortnight went without too many hitches in which I'd borrowed a TV and bought a car. The first to save myself from going spare and the second as a backup to save myself from going spare. The time dragged especially when I was told we were to go to Rabaul on 21 April. There's not a lot of organised entertainment up this way so you make your own. Socially its a little difficult arriving in a new country because of few friends. I was looking forward then to my first trip out of Moresby to Rabaul; a township on the northern coast of the Island of New Britain. The map with dots shows the various locations of Ela Motors branches.



TOYOTA



Rabaul saw a lot of action during World War II and there are hundreds of war relics scattered over the island. The object of the visit was for Andrew to conduct a Management Course and for myself to meet the branch Parts Manager and assess his staff's training needs. We stayed at the Travelodge for five nights and had a great week. The photo is of myself and Andrews' course at a Japanese war memorial close to the township



PNG is a nation of many sub cultures that may be identified occasionally by facial features and temperament. The predominant people in Rabaul are called "Buka" and are easy going, intelligent and remarkably dark; almost African in their pigmentation. The men in this photo were flown in from other parts. It was a pleasure walking in Rabaul at night without fear of being mugged. Unlike Moresby, there are no high fences with barbed wire in Rabaul and the people are much friendlier and outward going. I managed to do a night dive in Rabaul and that was quite an experience. Armed with assessment notes and some good memories we flew back to Moresby the next Saturday.

SETTLING IN

Once over the initial culture shock, settling in came as a matter of course. Within a matter of three weeks in the country, a local rugby team known as the Barbarians (Ba-Ba's) invited me along to train them for fitness. It meant leading by example so the first two training sessions were slow. As the season has progressed so has the team and my own fitness. Many of the players are Kiwis and the team has a typical New Zealand approach to after match functions, especially after a win. Rugby is particularly strong in PNG and the BA-BA's are about halfway in their league.

Those of you who know me also know of my keen interest in Scuba diving. My next door neighbour, also a Kiwi and working with Ela Motors, has a 23 foot ply boat with an 85HP Suzuki. We manage a dive most weekends out of the huge reef that protects the sea front and harbour to Port Moresby. Within 45 minutes we're in the water that has a visibility of between 60 and 100ft. The marine life up this way varies from small multicoloured tropical fish to the most venomous sea snakes. The waters of PNG are shark infested but sharks feed so well on the abundant sea life a diver in the area has never been known to be attacked. The corals and marine fauna makes each dive a different adventure that rivals some of the best diving I've done in Malaysia.

A VISIT TO WEWAK

With the initial settling in out of the way it came time for another branch visit, this time to Wewak. The visit was a short one starting at 1900 hours on 15 May until 1145 on 17 May. Air Niugini had aircraft problems and it was also a three stage trip. As a consequence the flight arrived at Wewak at 2330 via Lae and Hagen. After a hearty breakfast next morning, we walked the short distance to the branch site, to meet yet more people and be shown around the area.

Wewak's a clean and small township on the north east coast of the Papuan mainland, and has also seen much action during the last World War. The Japanese formally surrendered at a spot fifteen minutes drive from the Ela Motors branch. The branch buildings face the sea with only a road separating them from a sandy beach. A small Yacht Club also faces the bay and after a day of testing and evaluation the staff took us there for a few quiet beers. Once again bed was a welcome relief, especially as we had to be up by 0500 to catch our plane back to Moresby. True to form, Air Niugini didn't lift off until 0700 and we arrived back at 1145 on Saturday.

PORT MORESBY

Moresby is the Capital and main trading center of PNG. It also houses the Government in some extremely impressive buildings. The city originally was built sea side of its harbouring foothills but now extends for 15 km or so inland. The temperature averages about 30°C. Luckily it is also quite windy bringing some relief from the heat. The people living in Moresby to a large extent are villagers who have come to the city hoping for a better lifestyle.

PNG is not a welfare country so the people subsidise their existence as best they can. Jobs are scarce and unemployment is rife. There are many squatter villages scattered around Moresby and its not unusual to see a shanty close to a multimillion kina high rise. The Government don't spend too much on roads in PNG. To go from a major town to another is normally by air or sea due to the terrain. In Moresby the roading is always in an appalling state of disrepair. The motor vehicles suffer as a result and the average life of a vehicle is approximately five years. The state of a vehicle doesn't seem to bother the average citizen so three cars out of five require some form of panel beating.

The people are, by New Zealand standards, generally underprivileged. Schooling is not good unless they can pay for it. Even so I've been impressed by the personal hygiene when so many shanty villages only have a communal tap. The office girls always have clean pressed clothing and its only a small percentage of the populace that have low standards. Unlike most other countries in the South East Asian, Pacific Area, PNG doesn't have its own unique style of cooking. An average meal to a villager is roasted taro and bananas. For coastal people fish, crab, coconut, bananas and taro make up the main foods. Occasionally a coastal village will hunt for dungong, a sea mammel rather like a large seal. There is a large selection of restaurants in PNG that are Chinese, Japanese or Western in origin and also the fast food places such as Big Rooster. My own culinary skills are improving as a matter of necessity to the stage now where I hardly ever get heartburn. Having explained a little about the PNG capital, I'll move onto my last trip so far, which was to one of the remotest parts in the world let alone PNG.

TABUBIL

Tabubil is located 18 km inland from the Irian Jaya/Papuan boarder. The reason for Tabubil's existance, is gold. The Ok Tedi gold and copper mine was discovered there about 1967. It has one of the richest gold deposits in the world and a copper potential of 30 years mining. Ela Motors has a small parts department there supporting the many Toyotas owned by the mining company "OTML". The reason I spent time there wasn't to assess or train the staff but to stand in for the Parts Manager who was due for his four monthly R and R. Having finished a fortnight in this location I appreciate the need for a person to get away for a while. It took three hours to travel to Tabubil by plane going there. The pilot circled the airfield three times waiting for a break in the constant cloud cover. This area of PNG has the highest rain fall in the world; 10m, or "30 odd feet". It rained about 70% of my stay and that became very depressing. The temperature averaged 22° which was pleasant after Moresby. The township is quite large with its own shopping centre that caters for most items you could expect anywhere in PNG. Because of the high number of single people working at the mine and in Tabubil, which is the mine administration area, the OTML Company have a large mess hall run by a private catering company from Australia. The meals were always basic but good. The standard would be only slightly below most J'R's mess's around New Zealand. The main point about this mess hall is that there is no restriction on the amount a person is allowed to eat. Most of the miners work long hard hours and need the extra food, which the company is happy to provide. On the second to last day a Parts Manager from a rival car firm offered to guide me around the mine proper. The weather didn't look too good from Tabubil but it was the last chance so away we went. From the township of Tabubil to the top of Mt Fabian is 10 kms all up hill. The mine is all open cast and millions of tons of rock and clay has been removed already by huge front end loaders filling even bigger Caterpillar and Komatsu trucks. A wheel off one of the truck stands 3 meters. The trucks travel up and down a roadway, constantly being graded, for a distance of 1 km, where they dump their load for the crusher. The dirt and rock is turned into dust by the crusher that is then in turn mixed with water and pumped into a huge silo containing cyanide. The cyanide keeps the gold in suspension and travels through a further seven silo's gradually concentrating the gold to a stage whereby extraction is possible. The concentrated mixture is put through a heated process with carbon that separates the gold from the cyanide. The cyanide is dumped, the carbon is recycled and the gold is stored at a rate of 50 - 90 kg a day. The value is approximately K1m a day and at the PNG to NZ exchange rate of K1 - NZ\$1.9, you can see how valuable the mine is. Ok Tedi, to set up for running, cost K1 billion and at this stage the company is just breaking even. Security is extremely good. The gold storage building has an electrified fence surrounding it with cameras and other devices I couldn't identify. Needless to say I never left with any of the sponser's product, but I enjoyed the visit for all that.

Next day it was time to return to Moresby and surprise, surprise, its raining. No aircraft in or out. Luckily for me another couple of blokes from Moresby were as keen to get back as I was. We phoned through to Kiunga where the plane was waiting for a break in the weather and asked for them to hold the plane there. Reluctantly they agreed and we quickly appropriated a Landcruiser belonging to one of the men's firm and a driver. The trip to Kiunga took two and a half hours. It might have been a pleasant trip if I could have seen out of the dirty windows and hadn't imbibed to excess the night before. We finally made Kiunga and the plane. We three were the only passengers to board the 20 seat aircraft. From Kiunga we flew to Mt Hagen for six more passengers and cargo and flew on to Port Moresby arriving at 1645 hours. If nothing else, I'm seeing the country in all its variety.



SUMMARY

That covers much of what has happened up here so far. Many thanks to WO1 Tony Thain who kindly sent up a lesson plan from 1 Base Supply Battalion recently. Also thanks to WO1 Wayne Little for his envelope. If anyone wants to write to me up this way I'll try my best to answer your letters. My address is:

R.J. Stewart
C/- Ela Motors
PO Box 75
Port Moresby
PAPUA NEW GUINEA

CHEERS FOR NOW - LUKIM YU BEHIN

42.195 KILLERMETERS IN ROTORUA
3 MAY 86

Last year in a contribution to Pataka, I concluded my tale of the Fletcher Challenge Marathon with a statement about going back this year. Well, 'Been there done that' Two Marathons under the belt and three to go. My goal is a total of Five before I turn 40. Mind you, details to come later in this story; I felt like an eighty year old when finishing the last couple of km in this one. However, over the past twelve months and basing the training on my 1985 effort, I put in many miles, much effort and long hours preparing for the 22nd running of this event. There is no way - this side of hell - you would ever see me up amongst the first 1000 runners so the only person I was racing against was myself. And, to get plenty out, plenty had to be put in. I was smoking before the 1985 run and gave up just after. What a difference. More room for the oxygen eh! The twelve months passed quickly. What with work, having a beer on a Friday night, playing in a Dance band in Weekends, sleep, pounding the tarseal and eating, I thought the year would never pass. In due time, the car had a tune up, got itself packed and readied itself for its trip to Sulphur city real early on Friday morning, tooth of May. My youngest brother who had decided to be my unofficial coach, came with me. He claimed he was only going for the beer. So at 5am on Friday we departed, breckky at Waiouru. Just as well the pies were hot. It was the only thing that kept us there for a 10 minute break. Even a \$2 bet at the TAB across the road went down the drain. Big Brave Brother stated he didn't like the place. We gave a hitch-hiker a lift from Turangi to Rotorua. She was German and on a 6 week holiday. We were taking our time travelling, stopping at various sights along the way. I predicted an arrival time to 1pm. We parked the car in the motel carpark two minutes late with two hours to fill in before being able to uplift race numbers.

Friday night passed quickly. I had a feed at the pasta party put on for the runners and then put up the feet back in the motel. Brother went for a Tiki Tour in the DB pub across the road. Came home with a Bottle of Rum, a tee-shirt and key ring compliments of Coruba and the Raffles, about 10pm. And 3/4 drunk. He spoke reasonably well although he was having considerable trouble standing straight. Great coach! The city turned on a cracker serving of weather for running a marathon. Brilliant blue sky, no wind and just slightly cool. Compared to last year it was magic. I had the 4 ESSES and donned the running gears, OK Brother lets go. Even at the start people were bubbling away with excitement. 3,000 runners with many supporters and onlookers gathered in the Government gardens just before 10 am. The queues to the Ladies and Gents toilets were long. I got the last 6 inches of paper in the Bog I lined up for, and sported a big grin when departing. Just as well I had pinned a handful of paper to my singlet prior to leaving the motel, I would have missed out obtaining it from the Gents. Well, you never know if you have to have a constitutional somewhere amongst the hills out the back of Lake Rotorua!! 5 to 10 and I lined up with the centipede of humanity. What a difference to last year. The hum incredible. No rain, hail or wind to contend with. The Boom from the Cannon sent the runners away.

According to my brother, standing near the archway to the Gardens, the Leader and eventual winner was darn near sprinting going out the gates and just a little worse for wear when he came back. A sea of heads ahead of me and a couple of hundred behind me surged En Masse up past Radio Geyserland en route to the hospital and Fairy Springs. I felt good and was looking forward to enjoying the run. First drink station at Fairy Springs was crowded but I managed to obtain a drink anyway. Whether I required it or not the plan was to drink, whenever an Aid Station provided one. My brother and I had made an assessment of the course the afternoon before and planned on him giving me a drink (with 2 parts Glucose) at the drink stations at or near 14 and 35K. According to the Race Rules the only places anybody could have a supplied drink was at the Stations provided.

On throughout Ngongotaha we all went. 9km at the post office. First runner was scheduled to pass there in 28 minutes. The last in 1 hour. I'll bet the first runners never even saw the post office. Exactly 45 minutes for me and at that stage right on time. Not far past the shopping area I was dying for a comfort stop. Too much water before the start eh! Never mind, better to have more water inside than not enough. Where's a suitable bush? Nothing. Hell! Maybe around the corner. Then just the thing appeared. A cattle loading Ramp and pit. Beauty. Back on the road and only lost a few ticks. I met up with a bloke I had met some months earlier whilst competing in the Wellington to Eastbourne Clarrie Gibbons run (23km). He was ex Navy and using the 23km effort to test himself prior to Rotorua. A quick shake of the hand and we had decided to support each other, hopefully to the finish line.

Quietly we progressed on to the Hamurana Hills. Halfway arrived, and a drink. High up in the hilly parts of the circuit now, and the view to the South was breathtaking. Rotorua city stood out clearly, compared to last year when just trying to see the Lake was hard yakker. Sightseeing over and done with and we were back to the job in front of us. One or two runners were passing us and we passed one or two others. A lot of sweat had been dropped from my forehead by now but I was thoroughly enjoying myself.

Mike, the ex Navy Woller had ankle problems before the start and had straps ready to put on if required. His right leg was sore but we carried on regardless. Just before Ohau channel about 23 km, a chap half drunk and showing off his drinking vessels from the front porch, supported those passing his house. If the yard was anything to go by, I would have hated to have seen the inside. 2 km further turn right. The AA sign with a broken top half pointed to Rotorua. 18 km left. According to the chart the last runner was due at this sign at 1:30 pm. When I arrived, I was ahead of my estimated time but not ahead of myself. Up the Mourea hill or 'heartbreak hill' as it is known as and its virtually 'down' to the city. Twice now I've run that Bloody hill and I loath it even more. Stupid dam place to put one anyway!

Km after Km went by steadily, and the afternoon was becoming cloudier. Very welcome I'm sure by many others. The traffic on the highway was becoming heavier. Many vehicles travelling in both directions. Some of the vehicles were a welcome distraction as there had been little or no vehicular traffic through the Hills for Safety reasons. However there is always the idiot who wants to play 'get 10 points for a runner' and scare the shorts off you - by lining you up and only just missing. For those runners plugging on steadily it can sharpen the reactions and speed up the pulse rate dramatically. On more than one occasion I had to demonstrate the hurried side step shuffle, check on any extra weight in the shorts, and throw verbal abuse to no avail.

Rotorua, 12km sign went past. 7 miles to go and feeling pretty good. I must admit Mike and I had done an awful lot of talking for 30 odd km. It was getting to the stage where fewer words were being exchanged. Should darn well think so. One or two ladies supporting a jug of cool cordial or whatever, were frequenting positions along the road. Welcome change from water. Besides it was the sugar I was after. We arrived at the Airport still smiling and was joined by a lady who wanted support to keep her going. The tarmac was quiet and a couple of tourist busses were parked.

At 35km, my brother greeted me with my bottle and glucose. A quick walk and he got the message to keep the beer chilled and see you at the finish line. He passed us in the car shortly after, yelling from the window "Go Bro". At 37 km all was going nicely, looking forward to the finish and having a beer. We were just cruising along minding our own business when "Pow" it hit me like a car running out of petrol. Bloody cramp in both calves. All the curses this side of the Black Stump were expressed. I know I can't print some of the words I said and it won't take much imagination from the reader to guess what I was saying. Shit it hurt, but, I had come this far and no bloody way was I going to stop now. 12 months training was going down the drain if I didn't get to the finish line. How could I enjoy that beer by hitching a ride in a First Aid wagon. I had to keep going somehow. Even Mike was struggling a wee bit, with that crook ankle. Real slow, and I mean real slow I kept going. In absolute agony.

Down to the 40km sign and an almighty roar from the Rugby crowd filled the air. Somebody had scored a try, and here I am trying to drag my arse to the finish line in a marathon.

Fenton street approached very slowly and one Dam Kilometer remained. POW!! It hit me again at the traffic lights. A goodgrunt and I slowly moved: I had the Red Light but the obliging traffic officer waved me through. The chap with the green for go at my right showed no sign of objection. Too bad eh. It was decidedly cooler in town and Radio Geyserland was 100 yards ahead. Not far now thank God. Up to the Red cones indicating turn right here, and there's the finish line. My legs were like lead. Have you ever had to drag your arse 400 yards for a tee short and a beer? I shed tears going under the archway into the Government Gardens. I've known pain before but this was worse than being gelded. The photographer took my picture, a smile under protest wasn't possible. One hundred yards and I took off. I shouldn't have, but stuff it, what the hell. Across the line and it was all over. "Hey BRO" echoed in my ear as he presented me with a cold can of Instant feel better juice. A lady approached me and warned me not to drink that yet. "Have a tea or coffee first". Her advice was correct of course. Mainly to booster the blood sugar level in the body. One quick hot brew and I wrapped my throat around the beer. Beauty. What a nice drop. After changing into warmer clothing it was only a brief stroll to the car and a pleasure to sit down. I was absolutely buggered. A brief dip in the Spa pool was welcome. I could hardly walk, still, we managed to have a huge meal in town and present ourselves at the Awards Ceremony for a few more drinks and see the winners being presented with their prizes. I must give credit where its due and pass on congratulations to Tony Rogers (Wingnut) who not only finished but he beat me home. I thought I saw him go past earlier, and wondered if I could catch him, but when that cramp hit there's little one can do. As you can probably imagine, Tony lived up to his reputation. He must have. He looked a wee bit worse for wear when I briefly saw him the next morning. Must have been the jungle juice eh. Anyway congratulations on your effort. No doubt you have a tale to tell as well.

I had many beers in various hotels in Rotorua on Saturday night and was remarkably well on Sunday for the drive home: We tried to find out what caused the cramp. Was it too many Barley Sugars on Friday? Whatever the cause - too bad. It happened and I'll put it down to experience and just running out of Gylcogen. Had I gone too fast? I doubt it. Can't run that fast. I enjoyed myself and got another tee shirt. Go for the Hat trick next year.

I.W. HYNDMAN
SGT
NZDCA

29 May 86