

# PATAKA



THE MAGAZINE OF THE RNZAOC

FOREWORD

This edition of Pataka is being published at a time when there is considerable change on the horizon as a result of the Quigley Review and the introduction of new systems such as DSSD.

I am aware that many of you will be feeling considerable disquiet as to how these changes will affect you and your families. The command chain will no doubt keep you up to date with things in general and I undertake to keep you informed on how things will specifically affect us in the Corps.

On a positive note, I was more than pleased with the high standard of professionalism that I observed on my visits to Exercise Golden Fleece. Mistakes were made but that is what Exercises are for. On the whole I believe the Corps did an excellent job. Well done!!

E.W.G. THOMSON  
Lieutenant Colonel  
Director of Ordnance Services





## PATAKA

### THE MAGAZINE OF THE

### ROYAL NEW ZEALAND ARMY ORDNANCE CORPS

Edition 1/89

March 1989

Well here it is the Christmas edition PATAKA, arriving at units a little later than a Christmas issue might normally be expected, but don't worry, all the "Merry Christmas" greetings throughout have been amended to read "Happy New Year". So all is still in order.

This edition of PATAKA probably looks pretty much like any other edition of PATAKA, with the usual articles about what we did when we didn't feel like working ... ie, we organised a few days away or even a week if you are from a particular Sup Coy and gave the trip the name of Exercise something or other so that we could call it Adventure Training.

The only change which will hopefully be an interesting one, is the addition of postings, promotions and releases for the year ending 1988. This is designed to keep the reader aware of personnel changes within the corps. However I don't intend to fall into the trap of rabbiting on about the obvious and not telling you anything you don't already know.

So if you're still reading this then get those fingers turning the pages. This is your magazine, you wrote it and if you are not satisfied with whats in it then you know that you can do something to improve the next edition.

Editor

'T WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE XMAS  
AND ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE,  
THERE WERE BOTTLES 'N BUTTS  
LEFT AROUND BY SOME LOUSE.  
AND THE BEST FIFTH I'D HIDDEN  
BY THE CHIMNEY WITH CARE  
HAD BEEN SNATCHED BY SOME BUM,  
WHO'D FOUND IT RIGHT THERE.  
MY PALS, GUYS 'N GALS, HAD  
BEEN POURED IN THEIR BEDS,  
TO WAKE IN THE MORNING  
WITH HUNG OVER HEADS.  
MY MOUTH, FULL OF COTTON,  
DROPPED DOWN WITH A SNAP  
BECAUSE I WAS DYING  
FOR ONE WEEE NITECAP



WHEN THRU THE SOUTH WINDOW  
THERE CAME SUCH A YELL,  
I SPRANG TO MY FEET TO SEE  
WHAT THE HELL...

AND WHAT TO MY BLOODSHOT  
EYES SHOULD I SEE,  
BUT EIGHT DRUNKEN REINDEER  
CAUGHT IN A TREE.



WAY 'MONGST THE BRANCHES,  
WAS A MAN WITH A SLEIGH  
I SAW IT WAS SANTA  
QUITE OILED AND GAY.

STAGGERING NEARER THOSE  
EIGHT REINDEER CAME,  
WHILE HE HICCUPED AND BELCHED  
AND CALLED THEM BY NAME:

"ON WHISKEY! ON VODKA!  
WE AIN'T GOT ALL NIGHT!  
YOU TOO GIN AND BRANDY  
NOW ALL DO IT RIGHT!

CLAMBER UP ON THE ROOF  
GET THE HELL OFF THIS WALL,  
GET GOING YOU RUMMIES!!  
"WE'VE STILL GOT A LONG HAUL!"

SO UP ON THE ROOF WENT  
THE REINDEER AND SLEIGH  
BUT A TREE BRANCH HIT SANTA  
BEFORE HE COULD SWAY.

AND THEN TO MY EARS LIKE  
THE ROLL OF A BARREL,  
A HELL OF A NOISE THAT WAS  
NO CHRISTMAS CAROL.

SO I PULLED IN MY HEAD  
AND COCKED A SHARP EAR,  
DOWN THE CHIMNEY HE PLUNGED  
LANDING SMACK ON HIS REAR.

HE WAS DRESSED ALL IN RED  
AND WHITE FUR FOR A TRIM,  
THE WAY SANTA SWAYED  
HE WAS TANKED TO THE BRIM.

THE SACK ON HIS BACK HELD  
NOTHING BUT BOOZE  
AND THE BREATH THAT HE BLEW  
ALMOST PUT ME TO SNOOZE.

HE WAS BOTH PLUMP AND CHUBBY  
AND TRIED TO STAND RIGHT,  
BUT HE DIDN'T FOOL ME  
HE WAS HIGH AS A KITE!

HE SPOKE NOT A WORD  
BUT WENT STRAIGHT TO WORK  
AND MISSED HALF THE STOCKINGS,  
THE PLASTERED OLD JERK.

THEN PUTTING HIS THUMB  
TO THE END OF HIS NOSE,  
HE FLUTTERED HIS FINGERS  
AS HE QUOTED PROSE.

A SPRING FOR HIS SLEIGH  
AT SO HASTY A PACE,  
TRIPPED HIM UP ON A SHINGLE  
AND HE FELL ON HIS FACE.

BUT I HEARD HIM BURP BACK  
AS HE PASSED OUT OF SIGHT,  
MERRY CHRISTMAS, YOU LUSHES,  
NOW REALLY GET TIGHT!"



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RNZAOC POSTINGS 1988

Ssgt M.T. Heemi	LAW	to	4 ATG Wksp
WO2 P.A. Searle	CATO	to	RNZAOC School
Pte D.H. Coyle	1 Base Sup Bn	to	3 Sup Coy
Ssgt L.D. Murch	1 Sup Coy Hopu Hopu	to	1 Sup Coy Papakura
Ssgt W.T. Bray	RNZAOC School	to	CATO
Cpl M.J. Kareko	1 Base Sup Bn	to	4 Sup Coy
Sgt B.R. Law	1 Base Wksp	to	3 Fd Wksp
Pte R.W. Ruwhiu	3 Sup Coy	to	1 Base Sup Bn
Ssgt J.K. Weeds	1 Sup Coy	to	RNZAOC School
Lcpl S.J. Philips	4 Sup Coy	to	1 Sup Coy
Cpl A.G. Geerkins	WTD	to	5 Comp Sup Coy
Cpl T.A. Mathews	5 Comp Sup Coy	to	WTD
cpl H.M. Thomas	5 Comp Sup Coy	to	Spt Br
Cpl M.R. Lee	LAW	to	Sylvia Park
Cpl C.B. Gawler	Spt Br	to	LAW
Pte T.E. White	4 Sup Coy	to	1 Sig Sqn
Pte I.J. Fletcher	1 Base Sup Bn	to	4 Sup Coy
Cpl S.P. O'Brien	Sylvia Park	to	1 Base Wksp
Lcpl P.R. Corke	1 Fd Wksp	to	Hopu Hopu Wksp
Ssgt T.W. Wipiiti	HQ FMG	to	7 Wn HB
Ssgt S.F. McIntosh	1 Base Sup Bn	to	RNZAOC School
Sgt G.P. Smith	RNZAOC School	to	1 Base Sup Coy
Pte D.T. Gallyer	1 Base Sup Bn	to	RNZAOC School
Cpl M.D. Clements	RNZAOC School	to	5 Comp Sup Coy
Pte A.P. Murray	1 Base Sup Bn	to	1 Sup Coy
Sgt R.D. Ashton	Army GS	to	HQ Hopu Hopu
Cp B.A. Marsh	5 Comp Sup Coy	to	1 Sup Coy
Cpl M.C. Thorby	WTD	to	4 Sup Coy
Cpl P.A. Allen	4 Sup Coy	to	WTD
Pte E.F. Fitzpatrick	1 Base Sup Bn	to	3 Sup Coy
WO2 R.B. Armstrong	RNZAOC School	to	Spt Br
Lcpl S.A. Lui	1 Sup Coy	to	5 Comp Sup Coy
Lcpl T.R. Witton	1 Sup Coy	to	4 Sup Coy
Cpl G.S. Rolfe	5 Comp Sup Coy	to	4 Sup Coy
Ssgt P.J. Byrne	4 Sup Coy	to	5 Comp Sup Coy
Sgt P.B. Short	CATO	to	5 Comp Sup Coy
WO2 W.C. Emmens	1 Base Sup Bn	to	4 Sup Coy
Lcpl D.J. Tairi	RNZIR	to	1 Tpt Wksp
Cpl N.J. Kearns	1 NZ Scots	to	1 RNZIR
Cpl R.M. Clark	3 Fd Wksp	to	3 Tpt Wksp
Cpl S.G. Morgan	3 Tpt Wksp	to	3 Sup Coy
Cpl J.W. Coleman	1 Base Sup Bn	to	NZAOD
WO2 J.M. Clarke	NZAOD	to	4 Sup Coy
Sgt A.J. Newton	NZAOD	to	1 Sup Coy
Sgt S.S. Bourne	1 Base Sup Bn	to	NZAOD
Lcpl J.P. Browne	1 Base Wksp	to	1 NZ Scots
Lcpl J.L. Mills	4 Sup Coy	to	3 Sup Coy
Pte R.W. Plas	1 Base Sup Bn	to	4 Sup Coy
Ssgt N. Ure	3 Sup Coy	to	HQ Burnham
Cpl M.M. Wilson	1 Tpt Wksp	to	3 Fd Wksp
WO2 R.J. Morrison	3 Sup Coy	to	HQ 3TF
Pte J.A. Perry	WTD	to	1 Fd Sqn
Sgt R.C. Fearon	1 Sup coy	to	5 Comp Sup Coy
WO2 D.F. Pescott	HQ 3TF	to	3 Sup Coy
WO1 A.J. Walker	1 Sup Coy	to	HQ 3TF
WO2 E.K. Mason	3 Sup Coy	to	1 Sup Coy
Pte M.J. Dyson	1 Base Sup Bn	to	4 Sup Coy
Pte M.N. Birdsall	1 Base Sup Bn	to	4 Sup Coy
Pte M.P. Coddington	1 Base Sup Bn	to	4 Sup Coy
Pte D.J. Howorth	1 Base Sup Bn	to	4 Sup Coy
Ssgt P.J. Roche	5 WWCT	to	4 Sup Coy
Sgt R.G. Trundle	4 Sup Coy	to	5 Comp Sup Coy
Cpl N.P. Gibson	5 Comp Sup Coy	to	4 Sup Coy
Pte K.M. Payton	1 Base Sup Bn	to	4 Sup Coy
Sgt W.T. Barret	1 Base Sup Bn	to	NZASDC
Sgt R.E. Rolston	NZASDC	to	1 Base Sup Bn
Cpl A.J. Jury	5 Comp Sup Coy	to	Spt Br
Ssgt M.P. Lawrence	4 Sup Coy	to	3 Sup Coy
Ssgt M.G. Kiddie	1 Base Sup Bn	to	1 Sup Coy
Lcpl K.J. Shields	4 Sup Coy	to	1 Sup Coy
WO2 S.J. Driver	5 Comp Sup Coy	to	Army GS
Cpl H.M. Thomas	Spt Br	to	NZAOD
Cpl S.M. Gray	NZAOD	to	5 Comp Sup Coy
WO1 W.B. Myers	1 Base Wksp	to	1 Base Sup Bn
Ssgt T.W. Shattock	4 ATG Wksp	to	NZ Wksp

WO2 J.A. Shaw	NZ Wksp	to	1 Base Wksp
Lcpl S.W. Anderson	3 Sup Coy	to	4 Sup Coy
Sgt A.C. Pugh	1 Base Sup Bn	to	1 Sup Coy
Sgt N.C. Mason	1 Fd Wksp	to	1 Base Sup Bn
Pte M.D. Poll	CATO Br	to	1 Sup Coy
Pte R.J. Ellis	1 Base Sup Bn	to	CATO Br
Cpl S.G. Vartha	5 Comp Sup Coy	to	4 Sup Coy
Cpl P.G. Cooper	4 Sup Coy	to	5 Comp Sup Coy
Lcpl R.D. Bidois	5 Comp Sup Coy	to	4 Sup Coy
Lcpl J.F. Gage	5 Comp Sup Coy	to	1 Sup Coy
Lcpl C.J. Ratahi	3 Sup Coy	to	4 Sup Coy
Lcpl T.P. Cane	4 Sup Coy	to	3 Sup Coy
Ssgt P. Rutledge	4 Sup Coy	to	5 Comp Sup Coy
Sgt R.M. Lloyd	4 Sup Coy	to	1 Sup Coy
Cpl T.R. Te Uira	1 Sup Coy	to	5 Comp Sup Coy
Sgt S.A. Bruckner	3 Sup Coy	to	4 Sup Coy
Sgt J.G. McBride	1 Sup Coy	to	3 Sup Coy
Sgt M.T. Sweeting	Army GS	to	3 Sup Coy
Cpl I.R. Rolfe	3 Sup Coy	to	1 Base Sup Bn
Lcpl S.D. Kinnaird	3 Sup Coy	to	1 Sup Coy
Lcpl D.R. Eade	1 Sup Coy	to	3 Sup Coy
Cpl J.A. Corkran	1 Base Sup Bn	to	3 Sup Coy
Sgt S.P. O'Brien	1 Base Wksp	to	RNZAOC School
WO1 R.T. Neal	NZAOD	to	4 Sup Coy
Lcpl P.R. Corke	1 Fd Wksp	to	Hopu Hopu Wksp
Cpl B.K. Gillies	Hopu Hopu Wksp	to	QA Sqn
Ssgt J.F. Dunbar	RNZAOC School	to	Spt Br (EDP)
Sgt R.W. Taylor	QA Sqn	to	1 Fd Wksp
Pte W.D. Inkpen	1 Base Wksp	to	LAW
Pte D.M. Verney	4 Sup Coy	to	3 Sup Coy
Sgt E.D. Jack	4 Sup Coy	to	1 Sup Coy
Pte K.B. McDowell	1 Base Wksp	to	QA Sqn
Pte B.A. Cotton	1 Base Sup Bn	to	4 ATG Wksp
Pte W.M. Twiss	4 ATG Wksp	to	1 Base Wksp
Lcpl S.D. Tait	1 TF LAD	to	1 Fd Wksp
Lcpl R.T. Gaines	25 Const Sqn	to	LAW
Sgt K.J. Pittams	25 Const Sqn	to	LAW
Cpl C.B. Gawler	LAW	to	25 Const Sqn
Lcpl S.T. Browne	1 Fd Wksp	to	16 Fd Regt
Pte G. Southon	1 Base Sup Bn	to	1 Base Wksp
Lcpl C.S. Trillo	QA Sqn	to	4 ATG Wksp
Pte D.J. Bridgeman	1 Base Sup Bn	to	1 Sup Coy
Pte P.G. Hopa	1 Base Sup Bn	to	1 Sup Coy
Lcpl M.P. Duffy	1 Base Sup Bn	to	1 Sup Coy
Pte L.G. Habershon	1 Tpt Sqn	to	1 Sup Coy
Pte D.A. Coffin	1 Base Sup Bn	to	3 Sup Coy
Pte R.I. Greenaway	1 Base Sup Bn	to	3 Sup Coy
Pte B.M. Morre	1 Base Sup Bn	to	4 Sup Coy
Pte D.H. Noho	1 Base Sup Bn	to	4 Sup Coy
Pte C.M. Paenui	1 Base Sup Bn	to	5 Comp Sup Coy
Pte L.T. Houia	1 Base Sup Bn	to	5 Comp Sup Coy
Cpl T.D. Huirama-Osborne	Spt Comd	to	5 Comp Sup Coy
Pte S. Farnsworth	1 Base Sup Bn	to	CATO Br
Sgt J.O. Harris	1 Sup Coy	to	1 Base Sup Bn
Lcpl N.P. Simoneck	1 RNZIR	to	4 Sup Coy
Pte J.G. Hay	WTD	to	NRCC
Lcpl T.F. Read	NZAOD	to	1 Sup Coy
Ssgt S.N. Sanders	NZAOD	to	1 Sup Coy
WO1 A.A. Thain	HQ 3TF	to	NZAOD



RNZAOC PROMOTIONS 1988

PROMOTION TO LCPL

Pte T.R. Konui	1 Base Sup Bn	wef	26 Jan 88
Pte T.E. White	1 Sig Sqn	wef	29 Jan 88
Pte S.M. Beckman	RNZAOC School	wef	11 Feb 88
Pte J.J. Dalleston	1 Sup Coy	wef	12 Feb 88
Pte J.L. Ferguson	1 Sup Coy	wef	7 Mar 88
Pte K.A. Gray	1 Sup Coy	wef	7 Mar 88
Pte C.J. Simpson	3 Fd Wksp	wef	28 Mar 88
Pte D.T. Gallyer	RNZAOC School	wef	19 Apr 88
Pte S.D. Tait	1 TF LAD	wef	1 Jun 88
Pte M. Kelly	5 Comp Sup Coy	wef	28 Jun 88
Pte D.M. Madgwick	5 Comp Sup Coy	wef	28 Jun 88
Pte N.J. Healey	4 Sup Coy	wef	12 Jul 88
Pte L.J. Wendleburn	4 Sup Coy	wef	12 Jul 88
Pte K.L. Seebeck	1 Base Sup Bn	wef	28 Jul 88
Pte L.M. Dellow	4 Sup Coy	wef	16 Sep 88
Pte B.A. Kareko	4 Sup Coy	wef	16 Sep 88
Pte W.W. Ruki	4 Sup Coy	wef	16 Sep 88
Pte A.G. True	4 Sup Coy	wef	16 Sep 88
Pte D.M. Verney	4 Sup Coy	wef	16 Sep 88

PROMOTION TO CPL

Lcpl L.R. Bray	LAW	wef	29 Jan 88
Lcpl M.R. Lee	1 Fd Wksp	wef	29 Jan 88
Lcpl P.H. Gleeson	4 Sup Coy	wef	10 Mar 88
Lcpl I.W. Hay	1 Sup Coy	wef	27 Mar 88
Lcpl J.A. Corkran	1 Base Sup Bn	wef	11 Apr 88
Lcpl E.S. Slight	Spt Br	wef	18 May 88
Lcpl D.J. Tairi	1 Tpt Wksp	wef	18 May 88
Lcpl S.W. Williams	WTD	wef	6 Sep 88
Lcpl R.S. Tyler	NZAOD	wef	30 Sep 88
Lcpl G.V. Salmons	Burnham	wef	4 Nov 88

PROMOTION TO T/SGT

Cpl R.M. Lloyd	4 Sup Coy	wef	18 Jan 88
Cpl P.A. Wijlens	Spt Br	wef	18 May 88
Cpl M.M. Wilson	3 Fd Wksp	wef	19 May 88
Cpl B.K. Gillies	QA Sqn	wef	8 Sep 88
Cpl S.M. Gray	5 Comp Sup Coy	wef	14 Oct 88
Cpl C.M. Thorby	4 Sup Coy	wef	25 Oct 88
Cpl L.M. Gallahar	4 Sup Coy	wef	3 Nov 88

PROMOTION TO T/SSGT

Sgt G.S. Rolfe	5 Comp Sup Coy	wef	2 Feb 88
Sgt A.B. Pullen	4 Sup Coy	wef	8 May 88
Sgt N.T. Merriman	4 Sup Coy	wef	9 May 88
Sgt T.E. Gibbons	1 Base Sup Bn	wef	16 May 88
Sgt T. Waitere	5 Comp Sup Coy	wef	18 May 88

PROMOTION TO T/WO2

Ssgt L.G. Davidson	5 Comp Sup Coy	wef	20 Jan 88
Ssgt W.T. Bray	Army GS	wef	22 Mar 88
Ssgt D.W. Knebel	5 Comp Sup Coy	wef	22 Mar 88
Ssgt J.K. Weeds	RNZAOC School	wef	22 Mar 88
Ssgt M.F. Vaurasi	Army Schools	wef	17 May 88
Ssgt T.W. Wipiiti	7 Wn HB	wef	17 May 88
Ssgt M.P. Lawrence	4 Sup Coy	wef	26 May 88
Ssgt P.J. Roche	4 Sup Coy	wef	1 Nov 88
Ssgt G.D. Moore	1 Base Sup Bn	wef	28 Nov 88

PROMOTION TO T/WO1

WO2 R.J. Stewart	Spt Br	wef	1 Jul 88
WO2 P.J. Tocker	1 Base Sup Bn	wef	3 Oct 88
WO2 K.B. Fairbrass	1 Base Sup Bn	wef	25 Nov 88

RELEASES 1988

Pte	S.C. Jamieson	1 Sup Coy	wef	4 Jan 88	2 yrs	5 mths
Ssgt	T. Tapuni	1 Base Sup Bn	wef	11 Jan 88	21 yrs	8 mths
Lt Col	P. Puohotaua	Def Army	wef	14 Jan 88	20 yrs	
Pte	M.J. Mountain	4 Sup Coy	wef	22 Jan 88	1 yr	9 mths
WO2	D.M. Knap	BAW	wef	1 Feb 88	21 yrs	
Pte	C.P. Butler	4 Sup Coy	wef	14 Feb 88	2 yrs	
Pte	K.R. Blackman	1 Base Sup	wef	24 Feb 88	2 yrs	3 mths
WO2	P.W. LeGros	4 Sup Coy	wef	28 Feb 88	22 yrs	
WO2	S.H. Kereama	5 Comp Sup Coy	wef	1 Mar 88	30 yrs	8 mths
Pte	J.H. Kukutai	1 Base Sup Bn	wef	4 Mar 88	3 yrs	5 mths
Sgt	D.M. Chapman-Stone	3 Sup Coy	wef	8 Mar 88	8 yrs	9 mths
Capt	D.K. Hayden	RNZAOC School	wef	9 Mar 88	20 yrs	
Cpl	W.J. Fenton	5 Comp Sup Coy	wef	31 Mar 88	13 yrs	8 mths
Lcpl	B.R. Ford	3 Sup Coy	wef	6 Apr 88	5 yrs	3 mths
Sgt	W.A. Thomas	1 Sup Coy	wef	9 Apr 88	13 yrs	3 mths
Cpl	C.D. Stainger	3 Sup Coy	wef	12 Apr 88	4 yrs	11 mths
Pte	A.J. Gander	1 Base Sup Bn	wef	12 Apr 88		9 mths
Pte	B.D. Orme	1 Base Sup Bn	wef	15 Apr 88	2 yrs	3 mths
Pte	Q.J. Matson	1 Base Sup Bn	wef	29 Apr 88	1 yr	8 mths
Pte	R.Q. Kareko	4 Sup Coy	wef	5 May 88	2 yrs	1 mth
Ssgt	L.G. Fowell	1 Sup Coy	wef	6 May 88	15 yrs	9 mths
Pte	T. Roberts	3 Sup Coy	wef	6 May 88	2 yrs	6 mths
WO1	A.A. Rogers	4 Sup Coy	wef	8 May 88	25 yrs	4 mths
Lcpl	A.D. O'Neil	5 Comp Sup Coy	wef	14 May 88	5 yrs	3 mths
Cpl	P.J. Marshall	4 Sup Coy	wef	1 Jun 88	6 yrs	9 mths
Lcpl	A.A. Welsh	AATC	wef	3 Jun 88	7 yrs	5 mths
Lcpl	K.A. Marshall	5 Comp Sup Coy	wef	24 Jun 88	14 yrs	7 mths
Pte	D.A. McGowan	1 Sup Coy	wef	24 Jun 88	2 yrs	11 mths
Ssgt	P. Finnerty	1 Sup Coy	wef	16 Jul 88	2 yrs	SSL
WO2	K.D. Cryer	1 Sup Coy	wef	21 Jul 88	2 yrs	SSL
WO2	M.D. Bird	1 Sup Coy	wef	21 Jul 88	20 yrs	
Pte	M.P. Wilkins	1 Sup Coy	wef	21 Jul 88	2 yrs	3 mths
Maj	J.S. Bolton	Army GS	wef	29 Jul 88	25 yrs	6 mths
Sgt	G.L. Hughes	1 Sup Coy	wef	4 Aug 88	20 yrs	
WO1	D.L. Hawkins	1 Base Sup Bn	wef	12 Aug 88	20 yrs	
WO2	R. Christie	HQ 3TF	wef	17 Aug 88	27 yrs	3 mths
Pte	S.W. Benge	1 Base Sup Bn	wef	25 Aug 88	2 yrs	8 mths
Pte	M.P. Coddington	1 Base Sup Bn	wef	25 Aug 88	1 yr	8 mths
Pte	S.W. Ruwhiu	1 Base Sup Bn	wef	25 Aug 88	2 yrs	6 mths
Pte	D.A. Swarbrick	1 Base Sup Bn	wef	25 Aug 88	3 yrs	2 mths
Cpl	A.G. Curtis	1 Sup Coy	wef	1 Sep 88	6 yrs	8 mths
Pte	G.J. Bennet	1 Base Wksps	wef	1 Sep 88	1 yr	1 mth
Lt Col	E. Adams	Def Army	wef	5 Sep 88	11 yrs	8 mths
Lcpl	C.J. Van Gerven	5 Comp Sup Coy	wef	10 Sep 88	2 yrs	11 mths
WO1	K.L. McPhee	Army GS	wef	11 Sep 88	20 yrs	3 mths
Capt	H.J. Carson	Army GS	wef	12 Sep 88	8 yrs	
WO1	C.W. Roulston	1 Base Sup Bn	wef	23 Sep 88	21 yrs	6 mths
Cpl	L.S. Dzugasvilli	4 Sup Coy	wef	25 Sep 88	4 yrs	5 mths
Ssgt	D. Campbell	1 Base Sup Bn	wef	29 Sep 88	20 yrs	
Lcpl	C.D. Marsh	Def Army	wef	30 Sep 88	5 yrs	6 mths
Cpl	C.M. Morris	1 Sup Coy	wef	2 Oct 88	8 yrs	7 mths
Sgt	W.L. Mason	1 Sup Coy	wef	8 Oct 88	20 yrs	
2Lt	A.J. Blair	1 Sup Coy	wef	16 Oct 88	3 yrs	9 mths
Cpl	P. McCormack	1 Base Sup Bn	wef	7 Nov 88	16 yrs	6 mths
Capt	D.C. Bernie	1 Sup Coy	wef	20 Nov 88	20 yrs	
Pte	D.W. Brown	LAW	wef	23 Nov 88	2 yrs	11 mths
Pte	M.G. Irwin	3 Sup Coy	wef	7 Dec 88	3 yrs	1 mth
WO1	B.T. Kukutai	Def Army	wef	15 Dec 88	27 yrs	9 mths
Cpl	S. Mua	5 Comp Sup Coy	wef	19 Dec 88	8 yrs	1 mth
Maj	N.A. Hitchings	LF Comd	wef	23 Dec 88	7 yrs	2 mths
Cpl	C.R. Haami	4 Sup Coy	wef	24 Dec 88	7 yrs	2 mths
Lcpl	N. Simoneck	1 RNZIR	wef	27 Dec 88	4 yrs	3 mths

Footnote. Lt Col E R Adams, RNZAOC (Retired), wishes to thank the RNZAOC Officers for their farewell gift on his retirement from the RNZAOC on 5 Sep 1988. (Editor)



SUBMISSION FOR PATAKA

OK you lot. Having called loud and long for 'quality' submissions for Pataka, and receiving the same pitiful pleas of "I'm busy" or "What'll I write about anyway?", it behoves the Directorate to write its' own article.

The Directorate/Headshed/All Seeing and Knowing or whatever adjective we're using to describe ourselves this week is ably manned by those reprobates who, having been paroled from Wi Tako are stilled deemed 'undesirable' to let loose on the unsuspecting, so called, 'real' Ordnance world.

The Ringleader: (Southern Shepherd and sole subscriber to Farmers Own)  
Lt Col Eion Thomson.

The 'Occker' to be: (Where's mee boo-meringue?)  
Maj Lou Gardiner.

The Storeman: (What's a Pataka Project; some magazine?)  
Capt Kevin Joyce.

The Trainer: (Why can't we have pink snow?)  
Lt Wendy Field.

The Hoarder: (We've got one of those! Go ask 2Lt McBeth)  
WO1 Arthur Keeler.

The Wardrobe: (Course I've got no samples. I'm too honest.)  
WO1 Keith Thompson.

The Woper: (Promotions! Postings! Never!!!)  
WO2 Mike Bade.

The Supplier: (Uhh! What's a baked bean look like?)  
WO2 Steve Driver.

The Coordinator: (Ha Ha Ha. You want to travel when?)  
Miss Carol Smith.

Quite a variety you may say, but there's one thing we all agree on; no one wants to be here. For those of you unfamiliar with The Shepherds Headshed (variation on Woolshed), we are located on Lambton Quay in central Wellington. Great I hear some of you say; sure, where else can you pay \$2-00+ for a wizened up, stale bread roll for lunch that even the AGI wouldn't accept. Just think; you too can aspire to great heights in this job (8th Floor Old, and I Mean Old, State Insurance Building). The thrills of Army life; one day the lifts may actually work properly and civilians may use them other than going to and from one floor at a time for a cup of coffee. Admittedly, life on the 8th is far preferable to that on any of 3, 4, 5, 6, or 7, as from here one doesn't have to climb the stairs just too leap from tall buildings.

The rumoured move of Army GS (and us) remains just that, rumoured. One day, Roger Fitch, One day. With everyone else moving or rumoured to be, have you heard the one about the Directorate moving to Trentham this year. Don't tell anyone. It's a secret.

Capt Kit Carson and WO1 Karen McPhee have called it quits. Kit off to increase the population of Adelaide (by how many, he wouldn't say) and Karen to take up horse breeding and improve the farming economy of the Wairarapa. It's also rumoured that Maj Lou Gardiner is in training for the ACT (Australian Capital Territory, for those not in the know) first fifteen or whatever. You know what they say; age shall not weary nor the years low down. Maj Boyd Squires form the, repeat the, school will be joining us at Xmas, or just after, following his UK leave. That is the plan as at today, but as we all know, don't things change.

If any readers think we are of a mildly negative view; you are sorely mistaken. Despite the above ..... (can't think of the right word, ask Col Log), it's not too bad here. As in all postings, it is what you make of it. So hurry up you lot, only the first dozen or so AFNZ 49's will be accepted.



THE LOCOMOCO

(A flight of Ordnance imagination not to be taken too seriously).

Intimate ordnance support to the Division could be provided by the establishment of a Mobile Ordnance Replacement Pool (MORP). The pool would consist of motorized stock holding platforms (MOSP) which would continually motor around the Divisional area in linked convoy. Replacement "A" vehicles would lead, three and five ton vehicles would follow towing replacement field guns, and all other stock items would follow up in group class order mounted on their MOSPs. The CO of this mobile column would be known as the Mobile Ordnance Control Officer (MOCO). He would be in radio contact with the CRAOC and the various BOOs. The attraction of this concept is that:

Nobody would know the stores are in the country because the MORP would look like just another stores convoy;

CRAOC could totally control the delivery and satisfaction of unit demands by rerouting the convoy to the chosen address and having the appropriate items out onto the units front door.

This MORP full of MOSPs would be followed by a second convoy of MOSPs called a Mobile Ordnance Replacement Pool of Unserviceable Parts and Equipment Repairs (MORPUPER). The MORPUPER would consist of a field workshops and its stores sections and would be responsible for keeping the MORP mobile and for holding any unserviceable equipment returned by units.

A third convoy would be required to back up the MORPUPER to provide a mobile refuelling service, casualty and legal advice in the event of catastrophies, calamities and the like. The convoys would be joined by additional columns of MOSPs depending on the degree of mobility required of the Division. Eventually this would result in:

chocking all the customers off (with dust);

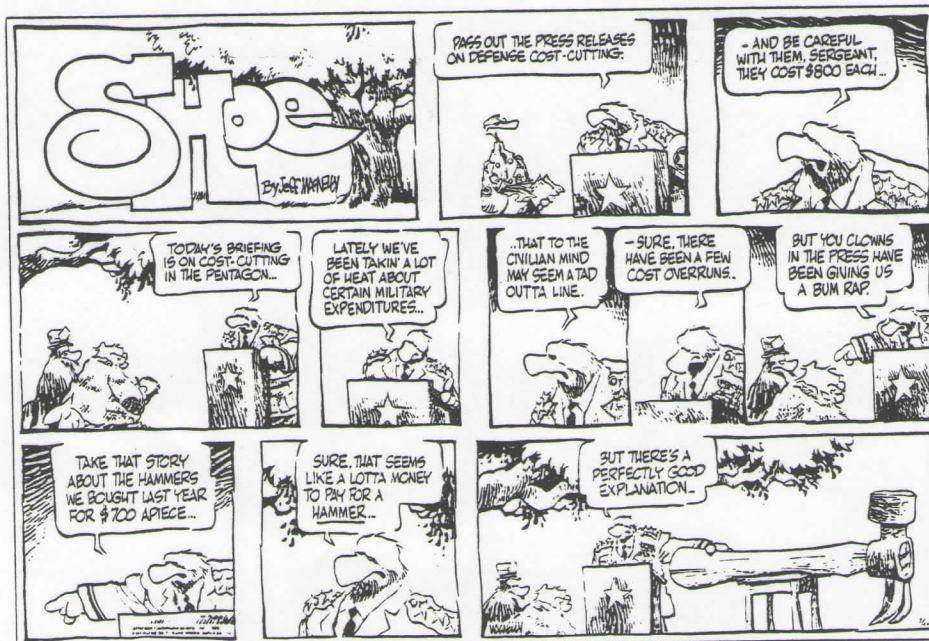
confining all the combat elements to their unit areas as they would be unable to cross the routes to get to an LZ. They would not be able to move out on operations because all of their supporting vehicles would have been withdrawn for convoy duty;

diminishing the requirement for logistic support of the combat elements, since they would never get a chance to go out and damage, lose or wear out any equipment.

If all ordnance support was organised on these lines then the officer detailed to control the combined MORPs, MORUPERS and such would be known as the Leader of Convoys of Mobile Ordnance Control Offices (LOCOMOCO). The power and prestige of the LOCOMOCO would be such that no rank below Field Marshal would be appropriate. It follows that RNZAOC would thus have the highest ranking officer in theatre and take over would be completed.

"and they all elected H.G. Wells as their next Colonel Commandant".

Resurrected and submitted by Col Log





A WARRANT OFFICER'S PRAYER

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

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

Help me reach and to train the uninterested and dim witted, without ever losing my patience and my temper.

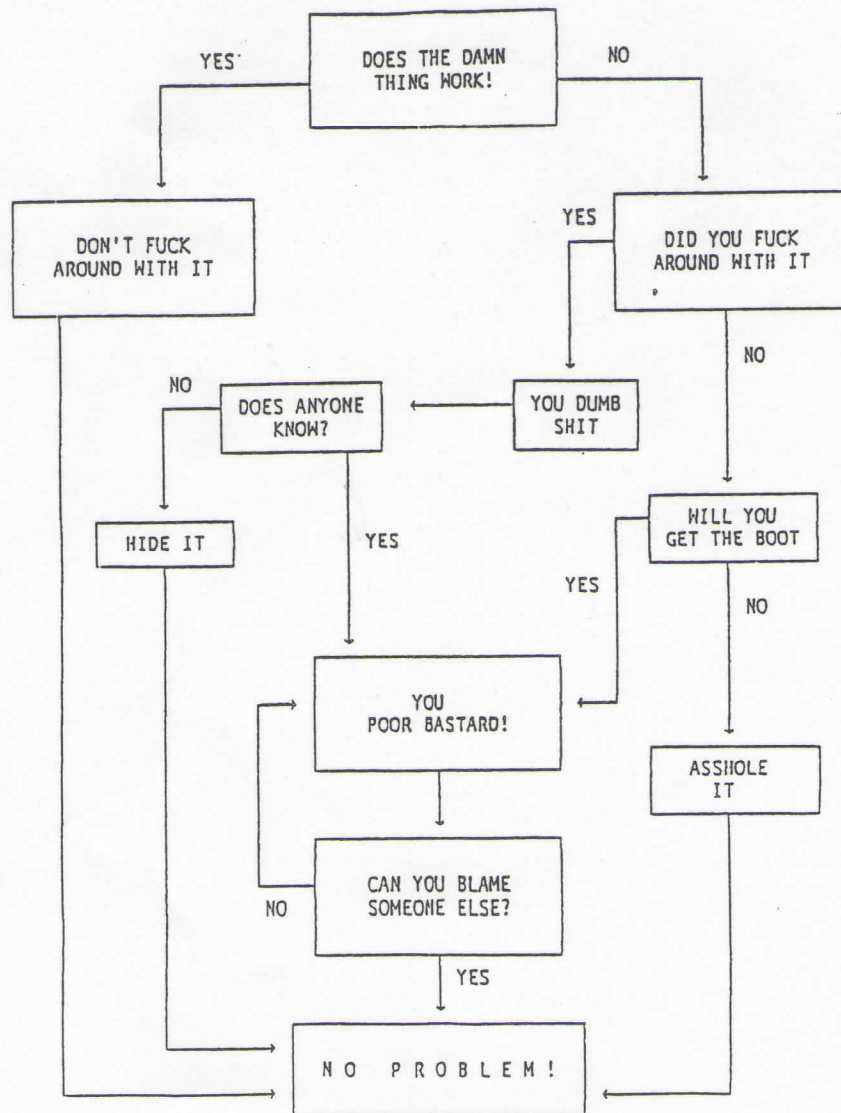
Give me that love for my fellow men which passeth all understanding, so that I may lead the recalcitrant, obstinate, no good soldier into the path of righteousness by my own example and my soft persuading remonstrance, instead of busting him on the nose.

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

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

And when dear Lord thou hast helped me to achieve the high pinnacle my Commanding Officer has prescribed for me, and when I have become the paragon of supervisory virtues in this mortal world, dear lord - MOVE OVER!

**PROBLEM SOLVING  
FLOW CHART**



### IT IS REALLY QUITE SIMPLE

Dumb civilian, I said to myself, but openly I said, 'The system is really quite simple.' You see, all people in the Army are Soldiers, and all privates are soldiers, but not all soldiers are privates. Some are officers who are commissioned, but some are officers who are not commissioned. Obviously if every private was called private it would be confusing, so some privates are called things like trooper, driver, gunner, craftsman, sapper or signaller. Not all of the drivers actually drive because some of them cook, but we don't call them cooks. For that matter not all the drivers are called drivers - some of them are privates or gunners. Gunners as I'm sure you know are the guys who fire the guns, unless of course they are drivers or signallers in which case we still call them gunners rather than drivers or signallers just to make it clearer. All gunners belong to the artillery, except that in the Infantry we have gunners who are called privates because they fire a different sort of gun, and for the same reason we call our drivers and signallers private as well.

A Lance Corporal is called Corporal, unless he is a Lance Bombadier when we call him Bombadier to distinguish him from a full Bombadier, who is just like a Corporal. All other ranks are called by their rank for the sake of simplicity except that Staff Sergeants are called Staff, but they are not on the Staff, and some Warrant Officers who are not officers, are called Sergeant Major although they are not Sergeants or Majors. Some Warrant Officers are called Mister which is the same thing we call some Officers but they are not Warrant Officers. It is the Lieutenants who are called mister because they are all subalterns, but we always write their ranks as Lieutenant or Second Lieutenant and second comes before first.

When we talk about groups of soldiers there obviously has to be a clear distinction. We call them Officers and Soldiers although we know that officers are soldiers too, and sometimes we talk about officers and other ranks which is the same as calling the soldiers. I guess it is easiest when we talk about rank and file which is all the troops on parade except the officers and some of the NCOs - and a few of the privates - and the term is used whether everyone is on parade or not. A large unit is called a battalion, unless it is a regiment but sometimes a regiment is much bigger than a battalion and then it has nothing to do with the other sort of regiment. Sub units are called companies unless they are squadrons or troops or batteries for that matter. That is not radio batteries and don't confuse this type of troop with the type who are soldiers but not officers.

Mostly the Army is divided into Corps as well as units, not the sort of Corps which is a couple of divisions but the sort that tells you straight away what trade each man performs, whether he is a tradesman or not. The Infantry Corps has all the infantrymen for example and the Artillery has all the gunners. Both these corps also have signallers and drivers except those who are in the Signals or Transport Corps. Both these corps provide a special service and that's why the Transport Corps provides all the Cooks. In fact, the Signals Corps is not a service at all because it is an Arm. Arms do all the fighting, although the Signals don't have to fight too much, rather like the Engineers who are also an Arm but they don't fight much either.

So, now you can see that it is really quite simple.





### EXERCISE ORANGE ROUGHY

The RNZAOC School and members of the RNZAOC Corps Directorate participated in an Adventure Training Exercise in the Cape Palliser and Haurangi State Forest Area.

The Exercise was conducted from the 11-18 December 1988 and included diving, hunting, navigation and map orientation skills.

The Exercise has been summarised by the following poem.

#### THE BALLAD OF WHITE ROCK

We travelled out to White Rock  
with Stores and tentage stowed  
to go Adventure Training  
down a long and dusty road.

We camped out in a clearing  
the air was hot and stuffy  
The tents were pitched and set up  
on Exercise Orange Ruffy.

The weather turned inclement  
The wind it howled and blew  
Tents, dust and tempers  
through the air they flew.

The wind it caused some problems  
Contingencies not planned  
From cookhouse to the tent lines  
so baked beans then were banned.

We then checked out the ocean  
The sea was far from balmy  
These weren't gentle lapping waves  
but a dirty great Tsunami.

The hunters went deer stalking  
filled with anticipation  
The hills surrounding were so high  
They're topped with a trig station.

The ridges they were rugged  
and hard upon our feet  
We came across a base camp  
and Sir Edmund we did meet.

We came back empty handed  
sat down and had a beer  
No luck was shining on us  
its far too rough for deer.

You're shooting in the wrong place  
explained a helpul drover  
Down just past the shearers sheds  
accessible by Rover.

We had an early morning start  
to fill our tucker bag  
and an early morning contact  
brought down a fine young stag.

We dropped it on the Rover  
The ground was cold and damp  
and woke up all the sleepy heads  
by driving round the camp.

With horns and voices blaring  
and smiles etched in so deep  
the only comments made to us  
was to to B \_ \_ \_ \_ Y Sleep.

Whilst sitting eating Rat Packs  
We thought there's something missing  
We'll set the nets and bait the pots  
and try our luck at fishing.

We pulled the nets and towed the pots  
The waves were so much smaller  
with Moki, Butterfish and Crays  
The beach looked like a trawler.

Once the net was hard to raise  
The boss thought that he oughta  
check to see if it's a shark  
and tried to walk on water.

The ocean surging past the point  
Our nets caught in a funnel  
Sharks and seaweed made a hole  
The size of Kaimai Tunnel.

Promoting Army Goodwill  
An invite, we were bearers  
Social drinks down at White Rock  
and out came all the shearers.

One team member was sad and flat  
with disposition lousy  
To cheer him up we did liaise  
and jacked him up a Rousy.

She impressed him with her repartee  
of sheep and dags and clats  
He wasn't fooled and asked straight out  
Where are all your Tatts.

He looked her in the eyes  
acting very wary  
Till she bid him fond farewells  
He thought that she was scary.

He hung his head in shame  
into his beer did weep  
For 23 long years  
He thought a rousy was sheep.

Families came to join the fun  
The air was full of Banter  
The shepherds lent a horse or two  
We took them for a canter.

We loaned a Vee Dub Genny  
It took two men to crank her  
It ran about a day at most  
but made a good boat anchor.

We heaved and cranked and cursed and swore  
And cried up to the sky  
My body looks abnormal now  
with one arm like Popeye.

We broke our camp and travelled home  
The sun you couldn't fault  
We blew a tyre at Featherston  
And ground right to a halt.

So if you go to White Rock  
One thing you must be sure  
Nail your tent into the ground  
with lots of 6 by 4.

Mistakes they taught us hard you know  
some were quite a dag  
You can't go hunting anything  
without a flaming mag.

First parading vehicles  
Sitting in a Rover  
Fuel gauge rises up you know  
if you switch it over.

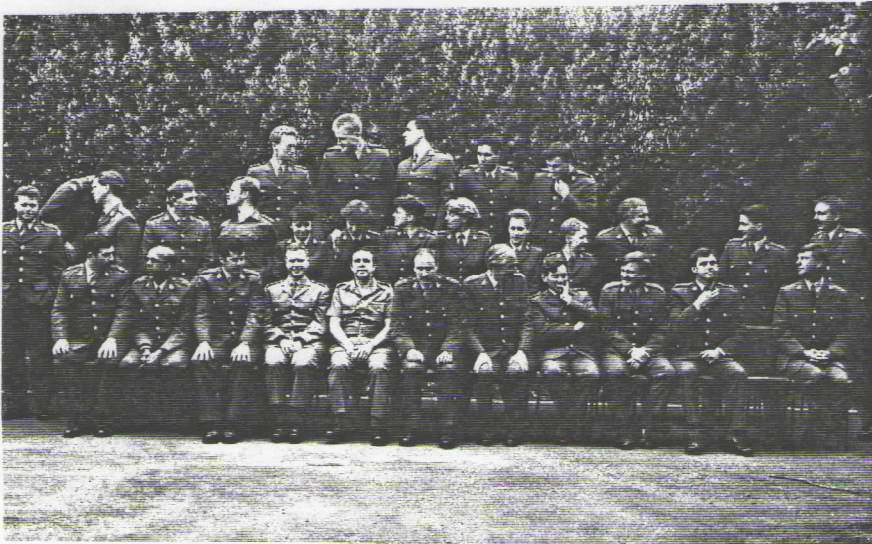
Arrived at last in Trentham  
Far from Wellington's smoke and steam  
The Ordnance School and others  
form the mighty Green Machine.

With apologies to Banjo Patterson  
by Ukelele OB



EXERCISE PARTICIPANTS

Capt	Cockburn	"You've always said that"
2Lt	Boustridge	"I'll start the Genny"
2Lt	Brennan	"Hardly a Challenge"
WO1	Porter	"Can't fault that"
WO1	Thompson	"I'm off fishing"
WO1	Keeler	"Beats working"
WO2	Searle	"No true, there's no rip"
WO2	Weeds	"Proud"
Ssgt	Thomson	"Its on your side fix it"
Ssgt	McIntosh	"Bars Open"
Sgt	Henderson	"Where's my tea"
Sgt	O'Brien	"I've always said that"
Lcpl	Beckman	"I'm not going out there"
Lcpl	Gallyer	"Rousie, What's a Rousie"



RNZAOC Triennial Conference - October 1988





ADVENTURE TRAINING - 3 SUP COY

EXERCISE TRIAC (PHASE ONE)

Between the 19-23 Mar 88, half of the military and a sprinkling of civilians went on Adv Trg to the West Coast.

On the 19th everybody arrived at work by 0730 hrs to load the trucks and leave by 0800 hrs. By 0800 we were on the road to Kumara to begin the first phase of the exercise.

We arrived at Kumara just before lunchtime in brilliant sunshine - we were quite relieved as on the trip over it had rained most of the time. We had a quick lunch and then off into the first phase - a 48km bike ride to Aitkens Base on State Highway 73.

The ride was most enjoyable with the ground being undulating and with a slight headwind. However, most people were finished in two and a half hours less those whose bikes fell apart with such minor things as no gears or bicycle chains plus the odd wheel that fell off. There were no casualties except that most people found it very hard to sit down due to their bike seats not being as comfortable at the end as at the start.

We stayed the first night in two man tents and hutchies. The next morning we began the second phase - a two and a half day walk to Lake Sumner.

The first day of the hike was from Aitkens Base to Lochstream Hut, a walk of roughly 6 hours with lunch at Kiwi Hut on the way. The walk consisted of a lot of boulder hopping as it was up the Taramakau river bed. By the time the last group reached Lochstream Hut at 1630 most people were wishing they had not brought so much gear. We stayed that night in the hut and the next morning prepared to move to Cameron Hut, a walk of roughly 8 hours.

The walk was easy going and slightly uphill until we reached the last hill. The last part to the top of Harpers Pass was a 9.6km, 45-20° rise. Once at the top we stopped for a brew and to regain our strength. We then moved on to Cameron Hut; the last four hours was very easy as we walked downhill. The last group reached Cameron at 1700.

The last day was a 4-5 hour walk to No 3 Hut where we were to meet the trucks with a stop off at the hot pools on the way. This was the most enjoyable day of the hike due to the track going downhill and through the forest.

Once everyone was out it was on to the trucks and off to Lake Taylor huts for the night. The next morning was the start of phase three - rafting down the Hurunui River. This was the best possible end to the adventure training as there was little or no work involved. The rafting took 5-6 hours with a stop off for a bit of body-surfing down the rapids and water floating. Once again thanks to the two instructors WO2 Frank Bahler and Cpl Pierre Lee for a most enjoyable time.

It was then into dry clothes, load the trucks and home.

At the end, the exercise was one of the most enjoyable I have been on and was a great success.

Cpl Dean Rutter





ADVENTURE TRAINING - 3 SUP COY

EXERCISE TRIAC (PHASE TWO) 24-28 MARCH 1988

ATTENDANCE

Drivers:

Sgt Vern Pomana  
Lcpl Stu Kinnaird  
Cpl Pierre Lee  
2Lt Black/Malcolm Campbell

Section One:

Pte Eddie Blackburn - "This bike is nicer than the other three I rode"  
Pte Roger Inwood - "Sorry guys, it slipped out!"  
Pte Grey Rooney - "At least we're getting paid for this"  
Pte 'Simmo' Simpson - "Must be time for a smoke"

Section Two:

WO1 'Sunray' Steed - "Where's the damn truck?!"  
Lcpl Brent Haami - "Who's turn to carry the radio"  
Lcpl Steve Ansell - "It's getting late - I'm off to bed"  
Pte Mark Irwin - "I'm sure the track's around here somewhere!"  
Pte Dave Smith - "It's my pack - it's falling apart again!"

Section Three:

Sgt Ian Bovey - (Blown to the weeds)  
Peta Milner - "I'm not a bloody mountain mule!"

Section Four:

Sgt 'Haps' Hape - "If the sandflies bite - bite them back!"  
Pte Tina Kendall - "I'm not resting - I'm helping the guys at the back!"  
Lcpl Dion Rennie - "What's this tape - flip side of Ruby Turner?!"  
Pte Simon Taylor - "... and we're doing this for fun?!"  
Pte 'Brownie' Brown - "I might come here next weekend"

Day One

We were chauffeured out of Burnham in mogs bound for Kumara shortly after 0800. Reached our destination around 1130 and got ourselves ready for the 48km cycling phase. (I must say, Roger looked pretty in his pink cycling outfit!). After a couple of hours puffing and panting we all managed to finish the bike ride (even those who got off a number of times to push their bikes up a few hills). Still, everybody seemed to have enjoyed themselves, some having the opportunity to catch a free ride by hanging on to the back of the mog, (How come Peta travels faster going up hill than coming down?)

After a bit of a rest we were all set to pitch up and collapse for the night at Aitkens Base. After settling our stomachs with some nice, tasty, Army rat pack ... um food, the sensible ones (or was it just one) went to bed for a well-earned rest while the boys decided to have themselves a party and eased into relaxation with some light refreshment.

Day Two

Awoke after what I called a good nights sleep in which others could only describe as "too short and too uncomfortable" (as they lift an arm to their throbbing head). However, we managed to drag ourselves out of our sleeping bags and after making a feed and a brew (and with the guys feeling and looking a bit better) we gave the place a quick clean up and got prepared for the next part of the 'adventure'. This was shortly to become our nightmare.

We started our walk by crossing a river. This soon became habit and after a while nobody cared about trying to keep their feet dry. At least we had a tape deck with us to keep us amused but, alas, only two cassettes. That soon changed to one as someone tripped in the river and in went her walkman so Randy Crawford ended up going for a swim. We were then only left with Ruby Turner. We heard Ruby Turner for six hours that day while we tramped; listened to Ruby Turner as we ate our meals; Ruby Turner sung to us when we went to bed and in the morning we woke up to the stressed sounds of Ruby Turner.



We finally managed to reach Lochstream Hut. (How? I don't know) but after being there for a while, Haps left to go and retrieve two people we had lost in our travels, (Where are you Eddie and Simmo?) The ones who were lucky enough to be able to walk, grabbed themselves a bunk and we all ate and rested. Very tiring day. Early to bed for most - slightly stuffed to say the least. We nodded off while Ruby still droned on.

### Day Three

Left Lochstream around 0830 on our way to No 3 Hut. Thought we'd listen to Ruby Turner for a change as we made our way (very slowly) up Harpers Pass. Came across a wire bridge that didn't look to be much trouble until six of us crossed it at once. Since I was leading I wasn't impressed when the guys started acting the goat as I was nearly half way across. Believe me, it's not fun when the bridge is swinging furiously and you're hanging on for dear life (I didn't know I could scream that loud!) It wasn't until we reached the other side that we saw the sign stating, "For safety purposes; one person to cross bridge at a time." Good one guys!

Arrived at No 3 Hut around 1500. Had a long rest and big eats before hitting the sack rather early in the evening. Some of us anyway while others remained up playing cards till early hours in the morning. Most enjoyed their sleep, however, an un-named Pte (Brown!) decided to practise his soccer skills by kicking a poor unfortunate (sob, sob) peer in the head all night! Meanwhile, a Lcpl (I won't mention any names Brent) was heard to be grating his teeth all night in his sleep. (Well done guys).

### Day Four

Awoke to the sound of (how'd you guess) Ruby Turner. Had no breakfast this particular morning as we all wanted to make an early start. We had it planned that we would stop at the hot pools and cook up for lunch so we packed up our gears - getting rid of our canned foods (not for any particular reason!) and pushed on our way. Who's that in the yellow and black striped hat? (No wonder Mark is getting molested by all those bees.) Because we walked up the river bed instead of following track, we missed out on the hot pools. Feeling rather annoyed, a few guys back-tracked but came up with nothing. Started out again and Simon preferred to walk an extra km (following the track) rather than getting his feet wet by crossing the river (must by TF!)

Found a sign stating that we were 10 minutes away from the Hurunui Hut. (The guy who put up that sign must have had a sick sense of humour because 20 minutes later we were still walking). However, we finally came across the hut and stopped off for a feed. Fresh food was left there for us by Ma'am Black (with a pleasant little note attached saying something like this: "This bread, butter and milk is for the Army Personnel coming from Harpers Pass, However, if it is still here by midday - first in means first served")!

We carried on and got rather excited as we soon spotted the mogs down the bottom of the bank. Somebody got a little over-excited, I think, and bounced all the way downhill (and I've got the bruises to prove it). When we reached the vehicles, we rested our aching bodies and had another bite to eat before piling on to the mogs which took us to Lake Taylor. Most took advantage of the usage of the bunks in the hut there while others who missed out either slept in the vehicles or pitched a tent. Everyone cheered when Ma'am Black pulled a case of cassettes from her vehicle. All right! After a while though, it didn't seem the same without ol' Ruby - so we put her on again! Most settled down to play cards for the rest of the night.

### Day Five

Woke up feeling a bit different this morning. No more tramping - what a blessing. Today was the day for the white-water-rafting. After packing our gears away, we travelled to the Hurunui River. The guys went out in two rafts while I watched from the bank (guess who whimpered out?) We then drove out a bit and cooked up a lunch and waited for about an hour before the guys arrived (what was that food anyway?). They then carried on for another three hours to Balmoral Forest. Boatman Pierre Lee was playing demolition Derby with the rocks and poor Steve looked like a drowned rat.

That just about put an end to our Adventure Training weekend - everyone enjoyed the rafting (Smithie only screamed through half of it). It was now time to pack up and head back to Camp. Totally buggered, we all managed to crawl on to the mogs and fell asleep almost immediately arriving back at Burnham at 1730.

### Conclusion

All in all the exercise was a great experience and was thoroughly enjoyed by all. In conclusion, I think it is fair to thank the following people:

2Lt Black - thanx Ma'am for providing us with a (cough) fun weekend;  
WO2 Frank Bahler - thanx for helping out with the rafting;  
All drivers - good job guys, well done;  
All who attended - good teamwork fellas; and  
Ruby Turner who stuck with us through thick and thin.

Pte Tina Kendall



REPORT ON THE 21 SUP COY ANNUAL RANGE SHOOT

The 21 Supply Company Annual Range Shoot, which was held in the last weekend of November was memorable. Grenades and jokes exploded simultaneously on Saturday, but like some of the grenades, the jokes never went too far.

The weather was 'Waiouru-like'. Clear, so the beauty of the mountain was appreciated; cold, so that the close proximity of the selfsame mountain could be abused. Ski-ing was out, but swimming was in, as we discovered after making a team effort on the Waiouru Assault Course. Four crazy, but enthusiastic sections raced the clock, fought fatigue and tight overalls to complete the challenge of the course. It was a cold, wet experience, but one that had a lot of team spirit and photographs in it. We scaled walls, crawled through drums, and waded chest high in water while an incredible number of 'action' shots were snapped of us for the unit photo album.

The Range Shoot, held on the Saturday went well with fair weather, and a full shoot by everyone. Everybody must have qualified, even the very short sighted (and Cpl Rukuwai who broke his glasses) because all celebrated well Saturday night.

The Waiouru Camp cooked us up some memorable gourmet meals. The arrived regularly for each meal, were always varied and exciting, and by Sunday we had written a great new book "101 Uses for Mince". It goes to the publisher's Thursday. The buddies were impressed by the weekend. My buddy was persecuted to join, so they obviously felt the joys of the army needed sharing.

Overall a really good weekend, lots of laughs, holes in the range (and the sheep), and encouragement from the irrespressible RF from 5 and 21 Sup Coy.

3 FIELD WORKSHOP STORE SECTION

Compliments of the season to all RNZAOC personnel from the southern-most Store Section.

Personnel on strength: Ssgt Gus Crichton  
Sgt Bazza Law  
Sgt Willy Wilson  
Lcpl Ho Hohua  
Lcpl Simo Simpson  
Pte Dutchie Van Barneveld  
Mr Don MacKenzie

The last year has seen this store section's personnel prepare for many engagements:

Jan-Feb	Safari Fleece - RRF build-up for Golden Fleece Dutchie Band 3
Mar-Apr-May	Unit Exercise - 2 groups Ho JNCO Cse then married off Gus to ex Joint Venture, Western Samoa
Jun-Jul-Aug	Vanuatu mobilization Ho Band 4 Willy arrived Simo Stage 2 A&P Cse
Sep-Oct-Nov	Ho Ex Ivanhoe Bazza married off Simo Band 4 Dutchie TC A&P Cse Willy and Gus A&P Management Cse
Dec	The most production being obtained by our unit due to increase in Wksp establishment by 50%. Doesn't feel like Xmas - 3 days before Xmas knock-off we were out fighting fires at Dunsandel with WO1 Blackburn RNZE.

From all the staff here we would like to thank all the personnel in units 1 Base Sup Bn, 3 Sup Coy etc, who have helped us to supply a service to the largest Task Force in the country over the last 12 month period.



4 ATG WKSP STORE SECTION

Well it's that time of the year again when the stores sections around the country drop a few lines in the local spoonie rag to remind everyone who's the best in the corp.

Since it's been a while, due to an extremely hectic work load, that we've put something together for Pataka we had better start off with DA team.

Ssgt	Heemi	"Markus"	(Jan 88)
Sgt	Corkran	"Sixfoot"	(The Year X)
Sgt	Shattock	"Three Sum"	(Jul 87)
Lcpl	Flynn	"New Boy"	(Apr 88)
Lcpl	Garthwaite	"Garth"	(May 86)
Pte	McIntosh	"Mac"	(Mar 87)
Pte	Twiss	"Spu"	(Dec 86)

OUTS

Cpl	Behrent	"Grim"
Lt Col	Collins	"DC"

It does look on paper as if we've got a reasonably full team but due to some exceptional ghosting abilities we always seem to be short staffed. Markus leads this list without a doubt but with a track record like this who could come close. Since his arrival in January he has been at work for four weeks with the rest of the time being spent on courses, (don't worry Mark we won't tell anyone that it was the juniors), sprinkled with large doses of leave. Rumor has it that he will be back to work around December.

Other than that things are still the same around here. Sixfoot is still making home brew and hasn't got rid of that mystery illness that gets him off PT & Parades. His latest sport apart from golf is getting Bill to "come round for a couple of glasses" which leads to great displays of his new nickname.

However he has slipped once and in a momentary lapse of reason he's let Garth and Mac move out of the barrack's and into a couple of houses behind the "O". Those of us that know of Garth's rumored nightly habits may realize that it could be a bold move.

Terry is off to Singapore in August which leaves us in no doubt that directorate has cracked under the pressure. To take his mind off his TOD he's been doing civvie trade since January. He's been doing a grand job of public relations with photos included and has even had time to buy the odd spare or two for the Wksp. Mac replaces Terry in July and he'll be doing his best to keep his end up.

Well that's about all from our elite band so until next time.

Hugs and kisses Mac.

PS Garth has taken up fishing and was last seen harpooning a whale outside the "O".

LINTON AREA WORKSHOP STORES SECTION

Generally

Things here are getting busy with houses popping up like mushrooms and grunts multiplying like rabbits. But like normal the hub of the workshop goes on keeping the workshop and FMG alike HUMMING.

Almost Matches and Commings and Goings

Craig and Maxine	- Maybe, Maybe not
Minties and Clare	- Hard to say
Bic and ½ a Escort	- Definitely
Keith Pittams	- in from 25 Wksp
Richard Gaines	- in from 25 Wksp
Bic Inkpen	- in from 1 Base Wksp
Blair Gawler	- out to 25 Wksp
Dean Brown	- out to smoke hooch on civvie st

Projects and Happenings

Boss Ballard returns from Australian Gun run team and moans like hell about lack of work done by the only two people left in the store. Bic gets 14 days CB and goes to Australia for four days. Ladies dining in (circus in skirts).

FROM THOSE THAT HAVEN'T GOT A CLUE TO THOSE THAT HAVE. ALL THE BEST WISHES FOR THE NEW YEAR.



1/88 Australian Inspector Foodstuffs Course  
13 Sep - 18 Nov 88

By Sgt Ross Fearon

After arriving in Bandiana, home of the RAAOC Centre (Ordnance School) at about 8pm it took approximately half an hour to unload my bags, iron, a set of gears for the next day and then off to the bar to meet the rest of the course.

There were 15 on the course, two PNG, two Aust Navy, 10 Aust Army and myself K one W one.

#### First Problem Pronunciation

It didn't take long for my shout to come round and they made sure I was buying six beers. Well you should of seen the barmaids face when I went and asked for SEX.

So the old Kiwi/Aussie rivalry had begun. For some reason Aussies have some fascination about a combination of sheep, gumboots, edge of cliffs and Kiwi's. From the beginning until the end it was just continuous sheep jokes. If not that then every time we saw a sheep it was 'hold Kiwi back' and 12 Aussies baaing. What a sight and they thought I was laughing at the joke (more like them).

We spent two weeks at Bandiana mainly learning what we had to do if we qualified as Inspector Foodstuffs at the end of the course.

The remaining eight weeks of the course were held at Hawkesbury Agricultural College, Richmond NSW. We were accommodated at HMAS Nirimba, Quakers Hill, NSW, which was about 35 minutes from the college. HMAS Nirimba is nowhere near water, it is the apprentice school for the Royal Australian Navy, although it does have four swimming pools.

Our first day was an introduction to the college and of course why not start with another Kiwi joke (I'm getting sick of this, even coming from the lecturers now).

The subjects we coverered were:

- Seafood Quality;
- Nutrition;
- Cereals;
- Chemistry;
- Canning Technology;
- Meat Technology;
- Microbiology;
- Dairy Products;
- Fruit and Vegetables;
- Industry Inspections;
- Poultry;
- Beverages; and
- Refrigeration

Briefly the course covered all subjects from manufacture through to retail sale and storage. The chemistry, microbiology and refrigeration were covered to identify problems/dangers that can effect the quality during the chain.

All this may sound easy BUT!

Lecturers were used to lecturing to high school graduates and that, we were not. We either had to get a room with a lower ceiling or higher seats so to stop all this possible input going over our heads.

College lecturers are something else. Most give you a paper written by them and copied from about four or five books. Then if given two hours, talk for two hours non stop. No questions to see if you were taking anything in, we just had to go back at night and read through what information he had given us or find a book in the library that covered it. We did learn one thing when we attended a lecture with some full time students, if you want a break, just walk out.

All this was unheard of in the Army, even Navy training system. We wanted to grab all the lecturers by the throat, sit them down and give them lessons on 'Methods of Instruction'.

There were several sporting fixtures during the period: Olympics, Melbourne Cup, rugby league and soccer.

Olympics, I was well reminded that we were winning all our gold sitting down though I did point out that their first was won laying down doing the CRAWL.

Melbourne Cup, nothing to be said, Aussies just expect a KIWI horse to win.  
Rugby league, do you think I could change the subject to the Rugby World Cup.  
Soccer, well. But didn't Fiji beat them.

One consolation was the great Aussie joke book that my wife sent me. Armed with this powerful tool, I was going to get my own back. My mistake, they all took a vow not to laugh at any of my jokes though I'm sure the two PNG's enjoyed the goings on.

Overall, it was an excellent course and I thoughtly enjoyed myself, though I do recommend to anyone going over to West New Zealand that they at least be armed with the Great Aussie Joke Book.

Signed K ONE W ONE.

PS If you do see an Aussie try this one on him:

A Kiwi went into the bar asked for one pint and two liqueur glasses of beer. The barman interested in the Kiwi followed him out to the car and watched him give the two liqueur glasses of beer to two people only one foot high.

The barman amazed asked the Kiwi, "Are they leprechauns or something."

Replied the Kiwi, "No mate, they're just two Australians with the shit kicked out of them."



# INSPECTOR FOODSTUFFS COURSE



EXERCISE LONG LOOK 1988  
(as seen through the eyes of an impartial Ammo Tech)

The flight to Aussie by RNZAF took 3 hours 20 minutes and was to prove to be more comfortable than the next four legs of the journey flying by RAF. Our accommodation in Australia was at Bardia Barracks, about one hour out of Sydney by train. Our hosts must have been getting their own back for the recent hidings dished out to them by the All Blacks as the accommodation was atrocious. We stayed for two nights awaiting the arrival of the RAF Tri-Star and its contents of 120 poms, and the Aussies which were to make up the contingent going to the UK/BAOR. During the day we were let loose on the un-suspecting Sydney public and traditional tourist traps and night spots. (Please not that elaboration on night club activities is not possible due to wife's ready access to Pataka).

When the Brits finally arrived, it allowed me to meet my UK counterpart for the exercise, WO2 Colin Beyer. Together we managed to squeeze in a few of the dreaded tubes of Fosters on our last evening at Bardia Bks and tried to convince each other that each must be on punishment detail as he was going to Waiouru, and I was going to the UK equivalent, Kineton.

The following day we flew out on the first leg to the UK which was an eight hour flight to Singapore where we stopped for an hour or so for re-fueling before continuing on to Bahrain on the next eight hour leg of the flight.

Bahrain was an interesting place where we were greeted by dark skinned men with machine guns when we stepped off the plane. Although we arrived at 0220 hours local time, the temperatur was an incredible 32 deg C. I hate to think what it would be like during the day.

After a stopover of one and half hours and the usual re-fueling we flew on to Germany where we abandoned those pers who were to spend their time with the BAOR. The remainder of us then flew onto England, a mere one and half hours flight.

My host unit for the exercise was 'A' Coy, Central Ammunition Depot (CAD) Kineton. CAD Kineton is the largest bulk holding ammo depot in the UK and covers an area of approx 2640 acres of land, and employes over 250 people to run it. The depot has undergone massive re-furbishment since the 70's, with the completion of the final 400 Explosive Store Houses (ESH) being finished in March 88 and officially opened by Her Majesty the Queen in the same month.

The depot is so big that it was not realised until after completion that they had 'forgotten' to build ESH number 55. Although this ESH does not exist, if any ammo cannot be located, it is all assumed to be in ESH 55. (The giant computer which runs the ammo account actually has ESH 55 listed as an existing building!)

My first two weeks in Kineton were spent doing inspections and repair tasks on guided weapons (GW). Two types of GW required working, the first was the removal of Swingfire Missile H E warheads and replacing with Practice heads for training purposes. The second task was the rebuilding of Rapier missiles which had been returned from the Falklands damaged and 'time expired'. Both tasks were not as difficult as I expected, although the tasks are definitely made easier by having all the right jigs and associated tools and equipment.

After those first two weeks in Kineton I travelled down to the Directorate of Land Service Ammunition (DLSA), the UK equivalent of our own CATO Branch. The Ammunition Directorate is a large establishment with 'CATO' being a Brigadier. These two weeks were to be the most hectic of the trip as I rushed around in a vain attempt to research material for my terms of reference for the exercise. A brief lull in this period allowed me to venture into London to be systematically ripped off by everyone who had something a tourist would like to see.

It was then back to happy Kineton to prepare for exercise 'Bold Grouse 88'. This exercise was to test the rapid deployment of the UK Mobile Forces (UKMF) in the build up to war. The exercise involved the deployment of 14,000 men and 4,000 vehicles to Denmark where the exercise was to be conducted. It took two days to reach Denmark and included a 20 hour boat trip on a Scandinavian luxury cruise liner, of which several were chartered by the Army to ferry troops across the North Sea.

I deployed with 9 Ord Battalion, 92 Ord Coy. Our location was on the Island of Zealand in Denmark at a place called Hillerod, which was about 35 km north of the capital Copenhagen. The forward ammunition site we established covered some 15 km of road circuits and stored some 3000 tonnes (approx 3000 pallets) of simulated Ammunition Stocks (SIMMO).

The first week of the exercise was spent inloading then outloading the entire stocks of ammunition held, several times. Mostly this was by road transport but there were two big airlifts by 'heaps' of Chinook helicopters.



92 Ord Coy running the ammo site consisted of 68 pers. This included five Officers, two Warrant Officers, three Staff Sergeants, eight Sergeants and 'untold' junior ranks. These pers were divided into three shifts which spent time either working on the various tasks, sleeping, or on sentry duty/security patrol. The company strength also included three cooks and two vehicle mechanics.

If I thought the first week was tough, it was nothing compared with the second as we geared up for 'war'. The enemy aircraft were RAF Jaguars and Puma Helicopters. Enemy on the ground came from the local Danish 'Paras', and soldiers from the Regiment of Royal Fusiliers. All were to ensure we spent almost all of the last four days of the exercise in our NBC suits. It wasn't so much about the NBC suits themselves, but rather the wearing of our respirators and trying to sleep with the things on which I could not get used to. It was not until the return trip after the exercise that I was to learn that I was probably the only mug to actually wear the mask as directed. All the more seasoned chaps would sleep on their stomachs, low in their maggotts (sleeping bags), with the respirator reversed on their heads which fooled all but a close inspection. Next time!

The return trip to Kineton was quite pleasant, marred only by the fact that the trucks on the vehicle deck were pilfered, presumably by Danish seaman and a lot of uniforms were lost.

After five days back in Kineton I went on course at the Army School of Ammunition, also located in Kineton. The course was the Advanced IED Disposal Course which was to take two weeks off my life prior to my successful passing of it. A great course and with great guys. Brit AT's are just like ours' good looking, extremely polite, and haters of the amber liquid.

No sooner had the course finished than it was time to reassemble my webbing to partake in Exercise Western Encounter, which involved approx 6000 UK based personnel. Kineton was to be tested on their ability to mobilise all the war reserves of ammunition. This was not unlike the exercise in Denmark except that ammo left Kineton on dozens of 17 carriage trains. The 'enemy' were a little more professional than those in Denmark with the boys from 2 Para doing the 'business'. Unlike some unfortunates, I managed to avoid the pleasure of meeting them in the early morning mist and drizzle. This exercise only lasted a week, but it was good to get it over with and get back to some sort of 'normal' routine.

To recover from all the stresses of the previous six weeks I then ventured into the dreaded Scottish Border country in a bid to seek out long lost relatives and re-establish comms with those whose men wear woollen skirts. I am now back in Kineton trying to recover from those very traumatic few days in the hills. I must have enjoyed myself as I returned; broke, speaking funny, and with severe alcoholic poisoning. The crazy thing is, I'm going back again next month (I'm determined that they can pay for a round of beers this time!)

At the time of writing, I have approx five weeks left prior to RTNZ. My remaining time is almost entirely taken up with other tasks and visits. A brief rundown of my remaining time here is as follows:

24-28 Oct	assisting in the proof firing of mortar ammunition at sennybridge in Wales
29-31 Oct	observe the proof firing of Javlin surface to air missiles at Manobier, also in Wales
03-17 Nov	visit to 11 Ord Battalion, including visits to 521 Coy at Cattrick and Edinburgh
17-23 Nov	leave
25-30 Nov	London

In addition to these visits etc, I have been lucky enough to obtain a ticket to the Rugby International between Australia and the 'Bab Ba's' at Cardif Arms Park on 26 November 1988. Needless to say, I will not be in the Aussie supporters stand.

The flight home by RNZAF will take five days with stop-overs in the USA and Hawaii.

Finally, my overall view of the RAOC and the comparison towards our own RNZAOC. The RAOC is very large, and is in fact larger than the entire NZ Regular Army with over 8,000 soldiers in the Corp. Obviously with such a large Corp, problems which we would dismiss in NZ as being trivial, are really big problems here in the RAOC just due to the sheer size and scale in which tasks are done. Similarly, systems which are ideal for the RNZAOC would not work in an outfit the size of the RAOC, and vice versa.



Size and scale aside, I must say that I have been very disappointed in some areas of the RAOC. I am told that it is not a true indication of overall standards, but passing visits to other RAOC units does not convince me. The RAOC soldier now has so many 'rights', that at times it is difficult to tell him apart from a civilian. Apart from his uniform, there are few standards in regards to regulation lengths of hair cuts etc, male soldiers may wear as much jewellery as they wish, including necklaces, various rings and bangles, all of which do not have to be hidden from view. Far too many male soldiers have fingernails that would be the envy of many a woman. But as I am told, there is nothing against it in the Queens Regulations. Obviously with such low standards of dress, the general bearing of the soldiers has dropped as well, as can be seen by the way soldiers get about camp. That is to say that soldiers do not march and do not even 'walk' in step when going from point A to B. Hands in pockets and the odd cigarette are also not uncommon occurrences.

Weapon drill in the RAOC is practically non existent, and as I found out whilst on the two exercises I attended, soldiers, including SNCO's could not even shoulder arms with the SLR!

There is no doubt that the RNZAOC soldier is more than a match for his UK counterpart. This includes both suppliers and ammo techs. Although there are some obvious areas in which the RAOC soldier is far more experienced than we in the RNZAOC will ever be, such as knowledge on guided weapons etc, the RNZAOC soldier is by far a more professional soldier in my view.

Other areas where the NZ soldier is far luckier than his UK counterpart are in such areas as accommodation, mess facilities and welfare. In the UK these are far below those standards which we now take for granted in NZ.

The NZ soldier enjoys a special kind of comradeship and excellent service facilities. If anyone is still reading this at this stage, he should take reassurance in the fact that he/she is probably the best all round Ordnance soldier in the world.

Yours etc.

K.D. LYES  
Acting WO2  
Ex Long Look 88

NEW ZEALAND ADVANCED ORDNANCE DEPOT

Throughout the 1988 NZAOD has continued to provide "To the Warrior His Arms" in spite of shrinking budgets and, lately, staff reductions. The unit supports NZ Force in many ways, from high profile activities such as Exercise TAIAHA TOMBAK and PEMBURA RUSA to smaller, less visible activities. Almost everything that NZ Force does requires NZAOD support in one form or other, emphasising the vital support role of the unit.

The unit will be very busy in 1989 preparing for Operation KUPE, and seeing it through to completion as a key player in the redeployment process. The work will be extensive and demanding, and will provide a major challenge to NZAOD. Already we have reduced our inventory to approximately 3 900 line items by outscaling and disposals. This exercise would have to have been conducted anyway regardless of OP KUPE, as stock levels of many items are far in excess of requirements, evidenced by a large SMIR.

It is sad to think that NZAOD has but 12 months to live before being disestablished, however it is pleasing to note that the DOS intends allocating a classroom at the RNZAOC School to preserve Singapore 'memorabilia'. This will indeed provide a suitable reminder to all those RNZAOC personnel who have had the privilege of serving with the unit.

Our congratulations to the RNZAOC School on winning the Higgins Trophy for the last period, but a small word of caution - don't get used to the idea of keeping it; we are reasonably confident that the trophy will find its way to Singapore next year.

We extend our best wishes to all RNZAOC personnel and their families for a prosperous New Year.

Maj D.H. Watmuff



NOMINAL ROLL

Maj D.H. Watmuff  
WO1 R.T. Neal  
WO2 D.G. Theyers  
Ssgt S.N. Sanders  
Sgt J.R. Tomblason  
Sgt R.T. Clarke  
Sgt S.S. Bourne  
Cpl F.N. Tamehana  
Cpl G.K. Carver  
Cpl R.S. Tyler  
Lcpl R.N. McKie

Capt C.A. Ngatai  
WO1 W.D. Simonsen  
Ssgt W.F. Davis  
Ssgt B.C. Kearney  
Sgt A.M. Reid  
Sgt C.L. Smith  
Cpl H.M. Wiersma  
Cpl J.W. Coleman  
Cpl H.M. Thomas  
Lcpl T.F. Read  
Lcpl P.W. Tane



NZAOD ACTIVITIES THROUGHOUT 1988

- 18 Jan - 29 Feb: Exercise LITTLE LOOK 1988 welcomes Cpl D. Stout from RAOC in Hong Kong. Sgt A.J. Newton went to the unit in Hong Kong.
- 25 Jan - 28 Jan: Theatre Indoctrination Course held today with five NZAOD personnel participating. Capt C.A. Ngatai, WO1 W.D. Simonsen, Ssgt B.C. Kearney, Sgt R.T. Clarke and Sgt C.L. Smith.
- 20 Feb - 01 Mar: RAFTORD 1988 an adventure training exercise run by NZAOD with participants from the NZ Force Spt Units. The Exercise was held in the Taman Negara National Park area of Malaysia. NZAOD personnel who attended were Capt C.A. Ngatai (Exercise Controller), WO2 D.G. Theyers, Ssgt S.N. Sanders, Ssgt W.F. Davis, Sgt R.T. Clarke, Sgt J.R. Tombleson, Cpl H.M. Wiersma, Lcpl P.W. Tane, Lcpl R.N. McKie and Lcpl R.S. Tyler.
- 29 Feb - 20 Apr: Lcpl T.F. Read did an exchange to Compord Depot in Hong Kong. Read's replacement was Lcpl Woods.
- 18 Apr - 22 Apr: Eight personnel from NZAOD, FHQ and NZWSU set off on a weeks trip to Kuala Lumpur and Penang (Malaysia). The purpose was to dekit and rekit houses in Malaysia. Personnel who participated were: WO1 B.R. Teatonga (FHQ), WO2 J.M.H. Clarke, Ssgt W.F. Davis, Sgt B.C. Powell (NZWSU), Cpl F.N. Tamehana, Cpl H.M. Wiersma, Lcpl R.S. Tyler and Lcpl R.N. McKie.
- 09 May - 29 May: A group of 12 RAOC personnel travelled from 41 Ord Coy in West Germany to take part in Ex KAMPONG QUADRANT. This is the same exercise NZAOD conducted for adventure training.
- 01 Jun - 21 Jun: Exercise TAIHAH TOMBAK X was conducted in Malaysia, in the Taiping area. Taiping is about 800 km away from Singapore. The unit personnel who attended the exercise were, Maj D.H. Watmuff, WO1 R.T. Neal, Ssgt W.F. Davis, Sgt R.T. Clarke, Cpl G.K. Carver, Cpl S.M. Gray, Cpl Coleman, Lcpl T.F. Read, Lcpl R.N. McKie and Lcpl P.W. Tane. Attached to NZAOD for the exercise were Cpl R.T. Woon, Lcpl N.P.J. Siemonek, Lcpl B.J. Skinner and Cpl B.L. Eaton.
- 17 Jul - 31 Jul: Cpl G.K. Carver attend Exercise ULU KINTA with personnel from C Coy, 1 RNZIR.
- 05 Sep - 16 Sep: Lcpl R.S. Tyler assistd A Coy, 1 RNZIR as the Detached Rationer. Ex ARNAB MELAKA was held in Terendak, Malaysia.

PROVISION, CONTROL AND ACCOUNTS



Front: Simon, Shirley, WO1 Neal, Balan.  
Centre: Elsie, Judy, Mr Tan, Cpl Tamehana.  
Back: Ssgt Kearney, Cpl Carver, Lcpl Read, Sgt Smith, Mr Razili



## Written Biography of our LECs

### Khng Hong Kiat - Simon

Simon has been working for Allied Forces since 1959 starting at \$190.00 (Singapore) a month as a supply clerk, GCO2, for the Royal Navy. He was promoted to GCO1 in 1964. Between 1971-74, Simon worked in IAS for the ANZUK Forces. His designation was Higher Clerical Officer (HCO) and he was the procedural auditor. As such he was in charge of two Warrant Officers as well as eight LECs.

In 1974, NZ Force SEA was established and Simon came to work for us as supervisor in the Claims Section. Lo and behold, he is still there. Simon will be looking for another job when he leaves here. He is too young and too poor to retire.

### How Seow Inn - Shirly How

in 1966 British Naval Headquarters was situated in what is now the Drug Rehabilitation Centre. That's where Shirly How started work as a \$220.00 a month clerk. She joined the ANZUK team from 1971-74 and was promoted to GCO1 during that time. In those days PC & A used to be in the No 4 transit shed - no air-conditioning - long distance to toilets. From 1974 onwards she worked for NZ Force and is now in charge of voucher control. Shirly doesn't know what she will do when NZ Force closes down but has hoped on cornering the share market.

### Mohd Razali Bin JH Anuar - Razali

Mr Razali worked for the Royal Air Force at Seletar Air Base from 1955-70, as a clerk. Still a clerk, he joined the ANZUK Forces from 1970-74 working in our present day gym. Since joining the NZ team in 1974 he has been promoted to GCO1. Mr Razali plans to retire after working for us.

### Tan Yong Khim - Mr Tan

Coffee was five cents a cup and Tan Yong Khim was 17 in May 1946. That year, Mr Tan, asd he is known, started work for the British Army at 1 Sub Depot, 3 BOD, in Bukit Timah. Six months later he was promoted to clerk GCOII. From 1963-71, Mr Tan worked in the pay records office of CEPO which was situated in Tanglin Barracks opposite the Botanic Gardens. In 1967 he was promoted to GCO1.

Mr Tan worked in the central registry office in Attap Valley for the ANZUK forces. From 1974 onwards he worked as a provision clerk in PC & A, RSDS and has been in claims since 1978. Mr Tan is going to retire in January 1989 and live the good life in Toa Payoh.

### Loo Choon Moi - Elsie Loo

Elsie is a GCOII Clerk who started work for the British Forces 3 BOD in 1965, as a \$215.00 a month typist. After the British withdrawal, she worked for ANZUK between 1971-74, still typing away. The change to clerk came after joining NZ Force SEA in 1974. She says she loves us.

### Chay Heng Lan - Judy Chay

Judy can't remember what the starting pay for typists was in 1962. That year she started working in the combined statistical and records centre British GHQ Far East. From 1971-74 she worked for the ANZUK Forces as an NCR 33 accounting machine operator. NZ Force SEA was formed in 1974 and Judy continued to work for Allied Forces as a machine operator. In 1982 manual accounting was re-instated ad Chay Heng Lan was reclassified as a Clerk GCOII.

### Gopal Othran Balan - Balan

IN 1964, Balan joined the Royal Air Force Team at 747 Sqn, Sambang Air Base, which was opposite Dieppe Barracks. As a GCOII clerk, he worked in the PRO Labour office. The departure of the British Forces left him jobless for 13 days. He soon found another job with the ANZUK forces as a storeman in the Attap Valley Ammo Area. A month later Balan found another job in the supply section - still a storeman. He continued to work there after NZ Force took charge. It was part of RNZASC then.

In 1982, Balan and part of the Army Service Corps came over to the RNZAOC. Since then he has been promoted to GCOI and works in Local Purchase as a buyer. Balan wants to go into business for himself but isn't sure what type. I think he just isn't telling.



The staff level over the last three years has shrunk visibly, due in part to the introduction of DSSR and the staff reduction policy. Our numbers will again decrease early in 1989 so by late 1989, only the military element will remain.

Not for me the list of stats, ie, number of Issues/Receipts and line items, (if I gave them, who would believe them) but rather a special thanks in the main to all the LEC staff who have worked for me over the last two years. No forgetting the Sup P1 staff who were relocated to the Sup Sect some months ago.

1989 promises to be a very busy time, especially the return of other 'Force Unit Stores' and our own outscaling.

My only regret is that I will not be here to see the winding down of NZAOD but I'm sure my replacement will more than manage.

WO1 R. Neal

#### LOCAL PURCHASE

Tis, that time again to write about our hard working section. A section that needs really no introduction. For those Bro's and Broess's that have just joined, here is some interesting reading. Naturally we all know to start from the top.

In charge is of course no other than myself (Flo Joe Tamehana) whose job is to purchase hardware and handtool items. My main responsibility is to look after the interests in the section. My 2IC, (Toy Boy Read) well known throughout South East Asia for his mingling amongst the Asian people (preferably the prettier sex). His job is to purchase all medical and Dental Items. A bit frustrating at times for this young fellow, but I know he can handle it.

Moving on down the line, Barry Kearney, a guy very seldom seen because of various commitments. His job, well I'm not quite sure at the moment, but will let you know in the near future ... Seriously though, for the people that know Barry, he will make a great SNCO (Ssgt) one day!!!

The last person in this happy section is a guy who dreams of Thailand. His name is Mr Balan. Mr Balan deals with a lot of the contractors and spends a lot of the finance. A good person to get to know.

Well Bro's and Broess's, life in this section is wicked. We aim to please everyone. If we can't, that means only one thing. MONEY!!! We just have too much.

#### INTERNAL AUDIT SECTION

Giddy the Corps. Yes IAS has finally proved it existance, and come out of the dark hidey hole where we take methodically incorrect people in, to interrogate as to why they stuffed up, and have answered the call for Pataka articles.

The staff of this section comprises:

Sgt R.T. Clarke (The new Boy)  
Mr K.C. Coh (The older headhunter)

So far this financial year (1 Apr - 31 Oct 88), our section has been flat our stocktaking 2565 line items of which only 109 required adjustment. We say we have been flat out because it's hard to fit work into a schedule of PT, sports, happy hours, leave, numerous pblic holdiays, the odd parade, and visits to other places like visiting warships, Changi Prison, visiting warships, Drug Rehabilitation Centres and the ODD visiting warship. But somehow we manage.

We guess you all know what an IAS does so we won't bore you with those details, except to say that we do a bit extra here with things like 100% quartely ammo stocktakes and 100% six-monthly stocktakes of accountable forms (something that we may all see in the future?)

This section has also had its share of field work as well with the new boy taking part in his Theatre Indoctration Course, Exercise RAFTORD 88, Exercise TAIHAHA TOMBAK X, and probable some more next year.

That's about it, so until we see you all again about this time next year, take care and have a good time.

Sgt R.T. Clarke



## CLAIMS

It's time once again for a "Particle for Artaka". (Pardon?) This particular particle comes to you from Claims Cell, NZAOD. Here in Claims Cell, we make a lot of claims - we claim we're:

- 1 Underpaid,
- 2 Overworked,
- 3 Always busy, and
- 4 All of the above.

Seriously though, our job is to put the stores orders for the stores purchase, together with the firm's invoices, and forward them to Finance Branch for payment. Sound simple? Wrong! There's overcharges, undercharges, shipping charges, turnbocharges, etc. (Sounds like a build-up to Claim No 4 - Ed) We also have to keep an eye on the funds. And in these days of reduced budgets, it becomes a juggling act for the Claims Cell IC.

Claims Cell is manned by a small, hand-picked crew. They are hand-picked especially for their tight-fisted, "Scrooge McDuck" type of attitude towards money. The cell is currently manned by:

Simon Khng	IC Claims
Mr Tan	Rations and POL Claims
Cpl Gary Carver	General Stores Claims

The last was a replacement for Dorothy Inglis, who left in favour of an active retirement, rather than a slow death by overwork. With Operation KUPE getting underway, this cell is soon to start winding down. Cpl Carver will be heading for the Outscaling Team with no replacement forthcoming. A replacement will be coming in for Mr Tan, however, he is heading off for retirement in Jan 89.

In closing we wish to one and all, a Happy New Year and for those remaining in Singapore, a painless withdrawal.

Cpl Gary Carver

## AMMUNITION SECTION NZAOD

This section of NZAOD is manned (the last bastion of male domination) by the one military, myself, WO2 Theyers, and two LEC's (Locally employed Civilians), Mr Nordin Bin Mohamid, a senior storekeeper and Mr S Jeyaseelan, storekeeper. I have an office area within the Headquarters of NZAOD where the ledgers, Vols and records are kept.

Attap Valley Ammunition Depot has three Explosive Storehouses (ESH's), an Ammunition Processing Bay (APB), a box store and an office within the main office building, that are for use by the New Zealand Army. The ESH's store approximately two years supply of ammunition for 1 RNZIR and the Headquarters and Support Units. The only items not held are large calibre ammunition.

Attap Valley was built by the Brits as an Ammunition Depot for the naval ships that were stationed here in what was then the Far East Fleet. There are 12 ESH's that are underground and 10 above ground. When the depot was controlled by the Brits and Australians each ESH, the APB and Proof Centre were served by a railway system. This was only discontinued in the early 1970's. The railway tracks outside were uplifted and those inside each ESH filled in with concrete. Singapore Armed Forces control the Depot and store ammunition in the remaining ESH's.

1 RNZIR is the major unit which draws ammunition from our stocks. The Headquarters and Support Units each draw a limited amount to carry out their continuation training.

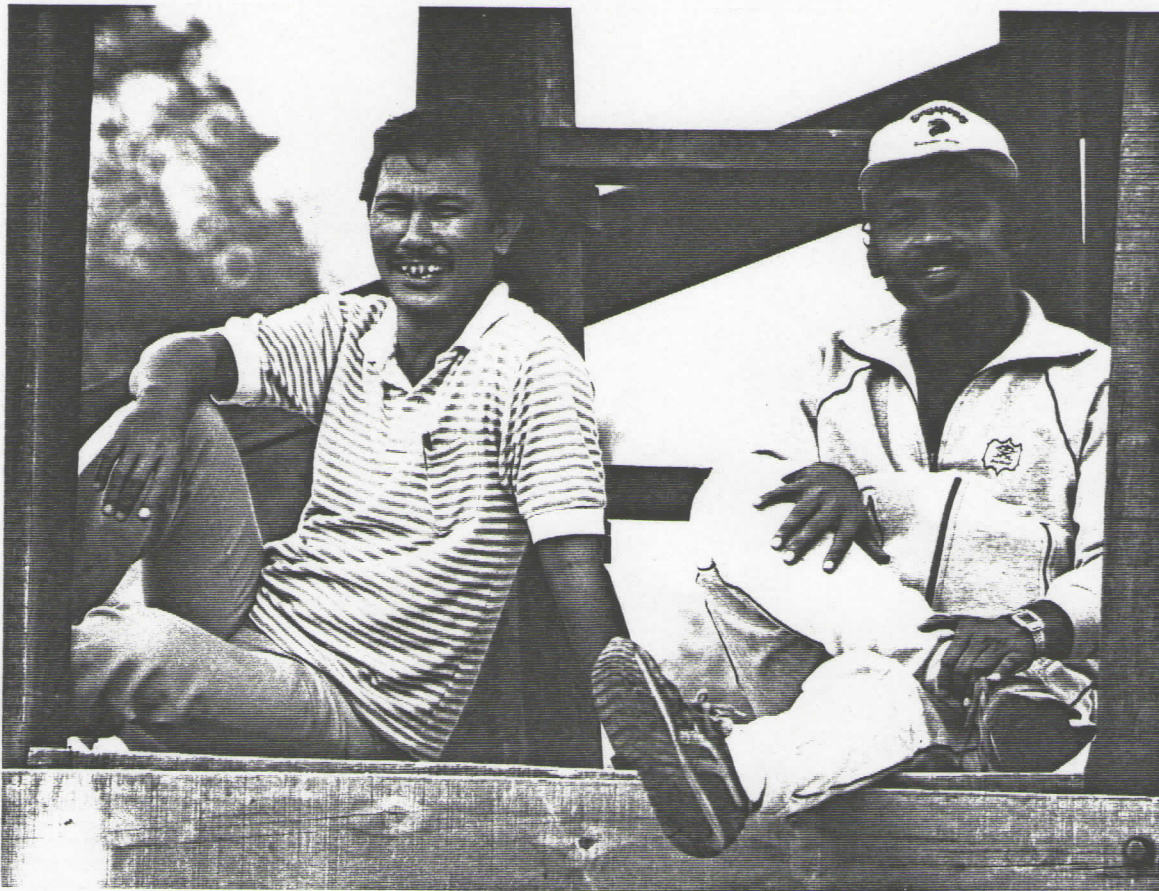
This last year has been interesting as it is now that the current ATO has come to realise the effects that a tropical climate has on ammunition, (it was never like this in Waiouru), and a large quantity of ammunition has had to be written off because of deterioration.

There were a number of trials and comparison tests conducted in conjunction with Chartered Industries of Singapore (CIS) throughout the year. (It's alright doing the trial etc, it's the "damned paperwork" afterwards that takes the time.) CIS supply most of the ammunition used by NZ Force here in Singapore.

How do I find Singapore??? Well after leaving Christchurch twice, because of fuel gauge problems on the Airforce Boeing and spending two nights in Darwin (because the Boeing broke down again) - hot, different, smelly, interesting and busy!!

WO2 Dave Theyers





Don't tell the Boss we're here. He thinks we're working!!

SWO'S THOUGHTS

From the SWO as I survey the scene at NZAOD, it all seems like the calm before the storm, as we prepare ourselves for Operation KUPE in 1989.

Some of the Stores Platoon personalities:

- Mr Raguaan - Chief Storekeeper who speaks four languages and sometimes a fifth, cannot be seen in the warehouse unless he smiles.
- Sgt Tony Reid - RNZAF trying to convert to the correct procedures of the RNZAOC. He is NCO IC RSDS and is also known as a mean soccer player and a 10 pin bowler.
- Sgt Sid Bourne - NCO IC of the Outscaling Team. Was heard to say after a PT session, "Get that bloody coffin out of stock please!"
- Ssgt Steve Sanders - QMS NZ Force Q Store. As the song says, "I'm going home I've done my time."
- Sgt Roger Tombleson - NCO IC Sup Sect. Part-time APTI and sometimes runner.
- Cpl Richard Tyler - NCO IC Veh Sect. A brand new Cpl who is trying to get used to the extra weight on his right arm.
- Lcpl Robert McKie - Outscaling Team. Has spent the last two months as an AA Stmn for the JNCO's Course run by NZ Force.
- Mr Morgana - Q Store. He is in the wrong job. Should have been an artist, if his handy work pictured on the walls of the DOAZN Club is anything to go by.

W01 WD Simonsen



NEW ZEALAND FORCE/NEW ZEALAND ADVANCE ORDNANCE DEPOT Q STORE

The NZ Force Q Store is owned and operated solely by NZAOD personnel. Our intelligent and highly skilled team consists of the following pers:

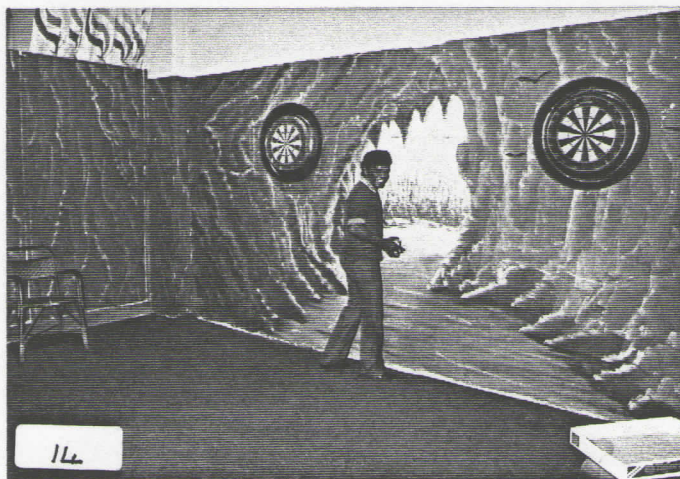
AO : WO1 Willy (The Blitz) Simonsen  
QMS : Ssgt Steve (They can't be serious) Sanders  
2IC/Ldg Clerk : Cpl Thomo (Sgt somebody called again Boss) Thomas  
Snr Stkpr : Mr Mogan (If you don't like it see the boss) Sundram  
GCOII : Mr WK (So! You want it typed a third time) Chong  
Stkpr : Mr CK (I'm only new here, ask Mogan) Mohan.

On behalf of my AO and staff, I wish all readers all the best in the coming year.

Ssgt Steve Sanders



NZAOD Q STORE STAFF





VEHICLE GROUP

Seasons greetings from NZAOD Second Hand Used Vehicle Group. Our experienced courteous shark sales persons are always pleased to rip you off and issue you the ideal vehicle for your exercise.

Mr Abdullah Bin Haji Ibrahim - Just going to Workshop Tyre Bay/Servicing Station.

Mr Boon Chui Peng - I'm at Workshop/Tyre Bay/Servicing Station.

Lcpl Richard Tyler - Just going to Workshop/Tyre Bay/Main Store/PC & A/Orderly Room/NZ Force/Bank/Dieppe...

The year started with a welcome to Mr Boon Chui Peng who defected from workshops and sought political assylum at the peoples democracy of NZAOD. Mr Boon being an ex-mechanic is very useful when either a vehicle breaks down or it requires a periodic service check (579 to old soldiers).

Trouble Shooting for Veh Breakdowns and 579's

Pre-Boon	Post-Boon
- Wheel is leaking	A hub seal has blown
- The engine makes a funny noise	The engine bolt mount is loose
- The vehicle has stopped	No fuel in the tank. Change fuel tanks

We've also become the surplus furniture and bedding store, that is, this is where all furniture items for sales are held - mind you it comes in useful if you want a nap at lunchtime.

In November this year the vehicle group will lose Mr Abdullah Bin Haji Ibrahim a stalwart of NZAOD who has worked here since its inception in 1974 - but take heart he may still be seen around the wharves - as he hopes to get a job driving for the PSA. All that's left for us is to say Have a good year in 1989 and safe motoring (especially in one of our vehicles).



For Sale

Toyota Corolla DX, one careful owner, compact vehicle, needs touch up paintwork and slight panelbeating, REG No NZ 44.

Cpl Richard Tyler



## NZAOB SUPPLY SECTION

The NZAOB Cold Store was reincarnated on the 18 July 1988 and is now called the NZAOB Supply Section. It consists of seven locally employed civilians and three army personnel. No one knows the father of this section but a fair guess would be a sailor! Why a sailor, you may ask. Well, awhile ago in about August 1988, there was an exercise called STARFISH...

There were at least 12 ships that this section rationed in the month. The buildings that this section operates out of are small and cramped, not ideally suitable for the amount of rations we hold. At the beginning there was a certain reluctance on our part and theirs. However we soon had them educated to our requirements. Long hours were spent by this merry bunch of men, and Helen, in providing craytails, extra large lobsters, jumbo prawns and other delicacies to these visiting warriors from over the seas. The stress was finally showing on our faces. But we didn't give in! Oh no! Fresh Meat was arriving daily.

The Kiwi ships arrived and with the usual hospitality they gave us a little something, which served only to give some headaches.

The only thing left was to balance the ration account.

The ships that we supplied food and fuel to were:

HMS Ark Royal	HMAS Derwent
HMS Edinburgh	HMAS Oxley
HMS Sirius	HMAS Swan
HMS Peacock	HMNZS Wellington
RFA Orangeleaf	HMNZS Waikato
RFA Olwen	

Quantities of rations were large, ranging from over 100 Kgs of craytails to 1400kg of T bone steaks and the total account for repayment was about \$253,000.00. The merry bunch from the Supply Section are:

Sgt Tombleson was greeted in PC&A with "Do you belong to this unit?" and "Welcome back, have you been on leave?".

Cpl Coleman found his checking tray empty - he thought it was bottomless.

Lcpl Tane emerged from the meat freezer and was surprised to see it was daylight.

Mr Param, the orders clerk, happily waved goodbye to the ships as he had no more last minute cancellations and no ridiculous orders for craytails or very large lobsters.

Helen Long sat back and combed her hair knowing that the costings could be done out of smoko times.

Mr Mutalib stopped losing hair when his ledgers balanced at the end of the month.

Mr Karim's legs stopped shortening when no more truck arrived to unload stores.

Mr Yaacob found lots of empty space in his store rooms and the pallet racking didn't sag under the weight of the stores.

Sam, in the POL Point, noticed his fuel wasn't being used as frequently as before and changed his deodorant.

Prior to this section becoming extinct in 1989 we hope to supply at least one more major exercise, a contingent of Gurhas from Hong Kong and Australia and supporting the famous Billy Becks Club.

Sgt Roger Tombleson





Col CJC Marchant, ED, Colonel Commandant of RNZAOC speaks with Mr Pajan Singh who retired from NZAOD this year

EXERCISE RAFTORD 20 FEBRUARY - 1 MARCH 1988

The personnel that participated on RAFTORD 88 are as follows:

'THE WAHINE'

Cpl Wes Wiersma	The Captain
Cpl Buzz Busby	NZMP Unit
Ssgt Steve Sanders	Lifesaver

'WORM AND THE TWO SMURFS'

Cpl Merv Trebes	Captain - NZWKSPS
Cpl Brian McMillan	NZ Force HQ
Ssgt Worm Davis	Assistant Lifesaver

'THE PIRATES'

Lcpl Wobit McKie	Captain
Dvr Mata Bennion	NZ TPT SQN
Sgt Woger Tombleson	Bilge Pump Operator

'THE TITANIC'

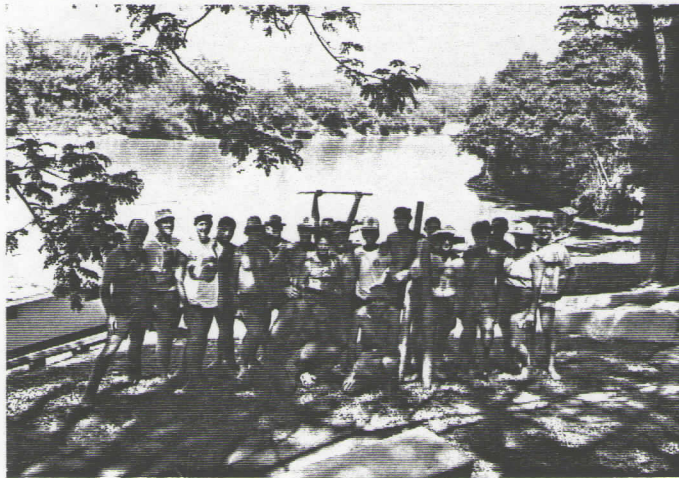
Lcpl Richard Tyler	Captain
Dvr Namu Maranui	NZ TPT SQN
Sgt Clarkie Clarke	Stoker

'BL BLACKS'S MIRACLE RAFT'

Cpl Blair Cozens	Captain
Sgt Pete Black	NZ Force HQ
LMA Griff Griffin	NZ Force Hosp (Medic)

'MIKHAIL LERMONTOV'

Lcpl Pete Tane	Captain
WO2 Dave Theyers	Engine Artificer
Sgt Pete Kil	NZWKSPS



FAMOUS LAST WORDS DURING EXERCISE RAFTORD 88

Mata	Bennion	Come on Worm, lets sit up the front of the boat, we won't get wet. (It poured with rain.)
Peter	Black	Sergeant Kodak. Hang on! Hang on! It won't take a minute.
Buzz	Busby	Let me at that red ant. (Swats ants on his arm with sharp edge of saw.)
Clarkie	Clarke	Phut! Phut! Don't lick your fingers when you've put that cream on them.



Blair Cozens Are you sure Force won? (Rugby against Force HQ and Battalion.)

Worm Davis I haven't got any clothes to wear? (Left all his clothes in his base kit.)

Griff Griffin A resection to me is ripping a toe nail out! (Griff was our Navy medic.)

Peter Kil These saws show no mercy! Hands swell up cause he is allergic to jungle?

Namoo Maranui You don't need a fishing license here! (Kuala Tahan, National Park HQ.)

Wobit McKie Can I put my own stitches in, please!

Brian McMillan Are you sure we need the radio with us on this walk?

Carol Ngatai Can we go back for my hat!

Steve Sanders I'm not allowed to wash, I'm not a confident swimmer. Oh dear, I've dropped my soap again!

Pete Tane Leeches don't make good bed partners!

Dave Theyers I've stopped the leech population from starving!

Roger Tombleson I wish I could have gone on the walk!

Merv Trebes Let's get going. We've got a long way to go. Now where are we again?

Richard Tyler No! You can't have your fifty dollars back!

Wes Wiersma Griff! Do you like cherries?

Other No shit! There I was, thought I was gonna die. (Logo on Raftord T Shirts.)

Cpl Wes Wirsma



### EXERCISE TAIAHA TOMBAK X

Exercise TAIAHA TOMBAK X is a Brigade size exercise held every year in conjunction with the Malaysian Armed Forces. States of Perak and Kedah. New Zealand Forces involvement included, 1 RNZIR, 141 Flt, NZ Force Hospital, NZ MP Unit, NZ Wksps, NZ Transport Sqn and the unit which the exercise would have otherwise fallen over backwards, NZAOD!!!!

The NZAOD Det had a strength of 14 personnel.

NZAOD pers 8  
1 RNZIR pers 3  
NZ Tpt Sqn pers 2  
NZ Force Comcen 1

The detachment was divided up into various sections for the exercise. The detachment can be shown as follows:

#### HQ Element:

Ssgt Worm Davis, Det IC  
Sgt Clarkie Clarke, Det 2IC

#### Pet Sect:

Lcpl Terry Read, Sect IC  
Lcpl Wobit McKie, IC Ammo Sect/Pet Op  
Lcpl Monkey Siemonek, Pet Op

#### Gen Stores:

Cpl Shayne Gray, Sect IC and Tpt NCO  
Cpl John Coleman

#### Rats Sect:

Cpl Gary Carver, Sect IC  
Lcpl Pete Tane

#### BMA Kitchen:

Cpl Brian Eaton  
Lcpl Skin Skinner

#### BMA Comcen:

LRO Jonah Jones

#### Drivers:

Dvr Shane Tall, Fridge Truck Driver  
Dvr Sooty Green, Water Truck Driver

#### Defence Sect:

George (Classified)

As can be seen, the Det was only a small one but it was most probably the busiest.

Preparation for the exercise had started as early as March, with Ssgt Davis and Lcpl McKie finding out what the units would likely need during the exercise. We took everything form expendables, clothing, ammo, water, POL and rations.

The Det departed Singapore at 0800 hours on a wet morning for the first leg of the journey to the exercise area. The move to the exercise area took three days with the BMA moving up first, followed by 1 RNZIR. The distance covered was approximately 800 km. After a long and slow trip, the convoy arrived at Tampins, which was the first overnight stop. At Tampins, the 1 RNZIR cooks set up a kitchen to feed the troops and at the same time the Pet Ops were busy refuelling the convoy.

On the first night, two UBRES were emptied and then refuelled in the township of Tampins. Next morning it was another early start with the BMA units moving north to Taiping. Terry and Monkey stayed behind to refuel 1 RNZIR. At Tapah, Wobit left the convoy and set up a kerbside to top up most of the vehicles so that they could make the distance to Taiping.



Terry and Monkey were delayed in Tampins because a number of 1 RNZIR vehicles got lost at Mersing. They finally arrived at Tapah at 0200 hours on Day Three. At the BMA, the Det had already been established in its lines and were settling down to the evening meal when suddenly 1 RNZIR and their thirsty vehicles arrived!! After filling the vehicles, we went back to have our dinner. Unfortunately the drivers, co-drivers and passengers had scrapped the pots clean and we missed out!!

Once the remainder of the Battalion had been flown up from Singapore and assembled, it was into the exercise proper. We were into such things as Stand To, Sentry Duty, Fatigues and other fun things. On average, the Det worked up to 20 hours a day. An example of a pet ops day is as follows:

Half an hour before first light: Stand To.

0700-0900 Wash, breakfast, first parade vehicles and morning briefing.

0900-1900 Drive to Butterworth for refuelling, taskings and unit duties.

1900-0300 Setting up Distribution Points.

For the guys in the other sections it was pretty much the same. The first person up, had to remember to make Ssgt Davis a cup of tea or else he would be in a S--- of a mood for the rest of the day. Ssgt Davis had it pretty bad. He had to liaise with BMA HQ and the other Unit Commanders, organise petty cash, trips and still come out on a DP. On rare occasions he was required to wake up everyone for Stand To. (He told me to write this.)

During the day if nothing else was on, the Det personnel would be busy carrying out unit duties, such as camming up, mess fatigues, rubbish duties (including toilets). There wasn't any spare time. Everyone knew that the Det was supposed to be a fully mobile unit, so as the grunts advanced the rumours started to fly as to when the Det was moving, and one day the movement order came through.

The BMA was to carry out a night move to a plantation 80 km north of its present location near a place called Kulim. On the day of the move, the pack up was carried out smoothly and the Det was ready to move by last light. For some reason, there was to be no move until 2200 hours. The Pet Sect volunteered to carry out a local purchase trip to purchase a later supper for when the Det arrived at the new location. After Worm hummed and arred, the Pet Sect set off to carry out this very important task.

After dropping off Terry and Monkey to purchase some necessitates and refreshments, Wobit ventured forth into town (during rush hour). Wobit says to the sales girl, "Can I have \$80.00 worth of food please?" The sales girl after taking Wobits money, shouts out to the back "One 50 piece pack." A voice from the back of the shop says, "It will be 15 minutes. Tell him to wait." The sales girl then replied back to the person in the back, something in reference to Wobits M16, and within five minutes the food was ready. Hah!!! The power of the gun.

The move went off without a hitch. The only problem was the area that we parked up in was not our new position. The next morning the stores had to be loaded up and moved 5km to the proper position. The new location was in a palm oil plantation, which usually meant lots of snakes and other creepy crawlies. Despite the perils, the Det was soon up and running and so it was back into the war. More DP's, rations runs to and from Butterworth and on a few occasions, the Pet Sect even got a few trips to Butterworth.

The trips to Butterworth are clouded in mystery. It was only meant to be an hour away but somehow the pet ops could depart in the morning and not return until just before last light. DP's were a chance to see how the Malays did things. Well after seeing how they carried out their refuelling, it was truly a sight to behold. A Malay UBRE is a 3 ton truck loaded with 44 Gal drums of fuel. The customer would pull up next to the truck. The fuel would be pumped into a jerrycan by rotary pump and then emptied into the vehicles. A soldier would then note down 20 litres and so on till the vehicle was fuelled, and of course everything was done by light of a Kero lamp.

Since it was a tactical exercise the Det was always ready for action and as the exercise was getting near the end, the enemy carried out a flanking movement around the front line using Armour (They cheated!). Whilst most of the Det was out on DPs, the remainder were standing to, waiting for the enemy to strike. When that game got silly, almost everyone went to bed apart from one soldier who thought he was playing a game of wits with the enemy patrols. He turned on the spotlight of the Lees forklift only to find that the Det was being probed by a herd of cows.

Next morning, there were a few annoyed soldiers because the enemy didn't hit us. They were getting ready to give a bit of their minds to Worm for making them Stand To, when all of a sudden just as they were to air their grievances, the enemy hit. The Det soon composed itself and repelled the attack chasing the enemy to their transport. It was our resident Sig who took on the enemys APC only to be told that he couldn't kill it because he didn't have any AT weapons.



Soon the exercise was finished and the Det received its movement orders to move back to Taiping to RV with 1 RNZIR for the move back to Singapore. It was at this time that George made his appearance. George had been around since the early days at Taiping but now that our Malay friends were moving to Sungai Patani for the end of exercise function, everyone agreed they should meet George. When the Det was at Taiping it was right next to a Malay Ordnance unit, and this unit took things like Stand To very seriously. On the second day they built a little bunker at the end of our lines and their boss told our boss to have it manned at all times. Our leader said "No problem, George will do it." The Malays were quite happy about this. To further refine George, Jonah our Comcen Op had a habit of telling the Malays little stories about George, so that at the end of the four weeks, George was a legend in his own time.

On the second to last night, it was time for George to make an appearance. The problem was how? As it happens, one of the NZ MP's was a big lad and he agreed to play George. The Malays were phoned up and told that he was coming across. Over the Malay lines things were pretty tense. A bonfire had been lit and they were keen to meet the man from AOD called George. He was escorted to the Malay lines by most of the Det and some Provosts.. He looked fearsome - A rifle in hand, pistol belt (with pistol) slung over his shoulder, cam paint, hat low over his eyes, etc. As the group approached the first section, Jonah was already passing the word.

Ssgt Davis led the way to a chorus of Malay rumblings "George is coming." Such was the build-up to our man George, that they considered him as something of a rambo. We stopped at the first bonfire and leapt at the Malays. The Malays leapt at the trees, the trucks and their rifles. George was led away by his guards, still growling. We decided that it was so funny, we would push on. At the next group, who were all officers, Ssgt Davis almost stopped the festivities when he saw ammo being played with. Having seen their reaction once, we were not going to trust the same reaction.

The unit began to gather around to meet the legendary George. He was laughing so much it was obviously time to make him disappear again. We told the Malays that he had run off. We left it there for a while until two people went back, through the bush, acting like a demented gorilla. After five minutes of this the Malays were beside themselves with worry.

George had been built up as a psychopathic killer in army uniform, which our allies wholeheartedly believed, and now they thought it was their turn to meet with death from our "Ultimate Soldier". They arrived at the detachment 10 minutes later, in a state of worried confusion. It was some time before we realised that they wanted to help us look for the demented killer. It was at this point that George was well and truly taken care of, as we told them the next day he would be off on a secret mission.

This story is not told to poke fun at the Malays. Throughout the exercise we built up a camaraderie with our Malay counterparts, which very few of us will ever forget. They really did believe all the hype about our non-existent super soldier. Before they left our lines that night, we checked on their rifles and it had been loaded with live rounds, ready to protect its owner from George, the legend.

Next day, it was time to pack up the Det and have the night off before the move back. The Det didn't finish packing till around 0220 hours. Worm gave the order for the beer to be removed from the fridge truck and everyone had a well deserved beer for the first time in three weeks. (Except the guys who went on the local purchase trip to Penang on the 16 June. Sorry Worm). The celebrations went well into the morning. The two Roberts had built a rather large fire and were doing a good job of getting rid of the rubbish and anything wooden including palm oil trees.

The trip back to Taiping took forever and once the Det arrived it was back to work for the Pet Ops who set up a kerbside. Once Terry and Monkeys trucks were empty, they refuelled and set off down the line to set up a kerbside at tampins. Wobit finished refuelling at 2000 hours and departed to set up a kerbside at Tapah. Somehow, he managed to spend a night in Ipoh (Malaysia's sin city) and he said it was because he was tired.

The first vehicles left Taiping at 0600 hours and were due to arrive at Tapah at 0800 hours. At Tampin Terry and Monkey were busy from when the first vehicles arrived. They refuelled 120 vehicles!! The last day got off to a good start with Worm taking the wrong turn at Tampin and getting half way to Melaka before realising his mistake. Monkeys' truck died and had to be towed back to Singapore. The last vehicles arrived back in Singapore at around 1500 hours.

Here are a few figures from the exercise:

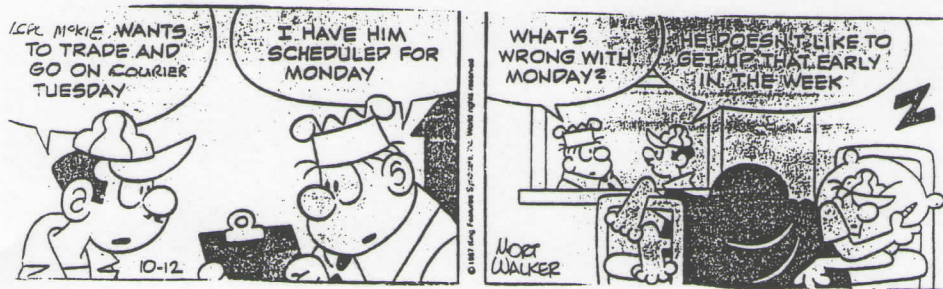
Total MT Gas issued, 55,000 litres  
Total water issued, 48,000 litres  
Total price of rats issued excluding rat packs, \$68,000  
100% demand satisfaction by Gen Stores.



Worm: OK it's time for another O Group.  
 Clarkie: I'll be in the CP writing another Duty Roster  
 Terry: I'm going to Butterworth, to Refuel  
 Wobit: I'd better go and show him the way  
 Monkey: I'd better go and show him the way back  
 Shayne: RI's are meant to be filled out every day, not once a week. OK, Pet Sect  
 John: I'm not telling anyone it's my birthday  
 Gary: Pass me another seven puddings please  
 Pete: I go to Butterworth for ration runs only  
 Brian: I think transport would like some more tomatoes  
 Skin: I need to get to a phone  
 Jonah: My comms stuff is so secret that if you see it I will have to kill you!!!  
 Shane: Nobody but me drives my truck  
 Sooty: I am not a Malay.

The Det would like to pass on their thanks to the rear ech of NZAOD for their excellent service during the exercise.

Lcpl Robert McKie



#### VISIT TO SEMBAWANG DRUG REHABILITATION CENTRE

On the 24 August 1988 ten lucky people from NZAOD were able to pay a visit to the Sembawang Drug Rehabilitation Centre. Once the security formalities were out of the way, it was up to meet the big boss. Everybody introduced themselves and then came a question that seem to make everybody suddenly look more refreshed.

"Who would like a cold drink?"

"Yes please" came the replies from everyone with visions of Coke and Fanta in their eyes (or in Cpl Tyler's case - Tiger Beer). But alas what we received was 'Bandong' which is a drink made up of rose syrup and evaporated milk. It is bright pink in colour and tastes like a combination of cough mixture and vicks vapourub and linament. Ten points must go to Cpl Tyler who was the only member of the crew to finish his drink.

We were then given a brief on the drug rehabilitation system used in Singapore. Basically inmates serve a three year term consisting of a drying out stage followed by a six month period of doing exercises and drill. They then do a rehabilitation stage where inmates are given jobs and can take courses to try and make themselves more acceptable in the outside community.

The Sembawang Drug Rehabilitation Centre deals mainly with the initial drying out period, although some areas are set aside for inmates who are permitted to work. Our tour started with the area where inmates are 'Dried Out'. Here there is no weaning people off drugs. The system is strictly 'Cold Turkey'. One week in a bare cell with 12 to 15 other inmates. As a place to stay, I definitely wouldn't recommend it. No running water, a wooden base for a bed, that you have to share, and no in room bar.

Discipline is very strict. Everytime we passed a cell the inmates were made to stop what they were doing, sit in rows on the floor and say "Good Afternoon Sir" to the officers that were showing us around. Next was a tour of one of the work areas. Here the inmates were constructing radio control cars. It was a case of one man - one job which to me seemed rather tedious. From the money earnt, 60% goes to the prison authorities whilst 30% goes to the inmates to allow them to buy canteen items.

We moved into the kitchens where gourmet meals were prepared and served up on the finest plastic trays. You even got two choices. There was a Chinese meal consisting of rice, some kind of meat and some green stuff. On the other hand the Malay meal consisted of rice, some of meat (excluding pork) and some green stuff. I'm not too sure if the meals are meant to be served hot or cold but it was 1430 hours when we were watching the trays being prepared and tea time wasn't until 1700 hours.



That fairly well concluded our tour, so it was back to the office to clear up any final questions. Once again came that question "Who would like a cold drink?" and the reply this time was a polite "No thank you" which was quite surprising, really. Everyone certainly looked hot, flustered and thirsty.

Once our final questions were answered we then departed for parts unknown. I think the thought on everybody's mind was "Nice place to visit, but wouldn't want to stay there".

Lcpl Terry Read

#### NZAOD TAMIL TIGERS COUP

On 19 May 1988 at 1430 hours, all is quiet. A blood curdling scream from Maj Juno's office disturbs the LEC's afternoon nap. After a brief struggle, the OC is led, blind folded to the Tamil Tigers lair, where he is placed in the stocks and a guard mounted. Word quickly spreads that the Tamil Tigers have revolted and taken the OC hostage. "Who cares" someone says. After approximately 20 minutes Maj Juno makes a desperate attempt to free himself, succeeding only because the bar had opened. Amidst cries of "shame, shame" the expected execution does not take place and instead Maj Juno is extradited back to NZ.

Ssgt Steve Sanders



#### EXERCISE ARNAB MELAKA TO THE WARRIOR HIS KAI/GRUB/MAKAN

Alpha Company, 1 RNZIR real soldiers with guns, green growths on their backs (Packs) and other Hi-tech merchandise of war (Insect Replant, Gaz Cookers and Foot Powder) require the services of NZAOD in the form of a detached rationer (Is this a person who rips chickens apart before cooking them?)

"You!" exclaims the SWO, "Will go, because you're the only member of the unit I can find. You'll be picking up rations from Malacca from the 5 September to the 16 September, and get out from under that desk. NOW!"

Malacca, sin city of Malaysia (Well one of them anyway) was first colonised by the Portuguese in the 16th Century as a trading port and is situated on the West Coast of Malaysia, approximately 300km north of Singapore. The city is a tangled mess of one way streets and mixed Portuguese/Malay heritage. it is famous for its woodwork furniture and antiques.

The purpose of A Coy's visit was firstly to devlote themselves to the principles of shooting straight, as they attempted to pass practice 7 and 8 on Terendak Camp Ranges, followed by a further week at Asahan camp trying their hand at live firing platoon attacks.

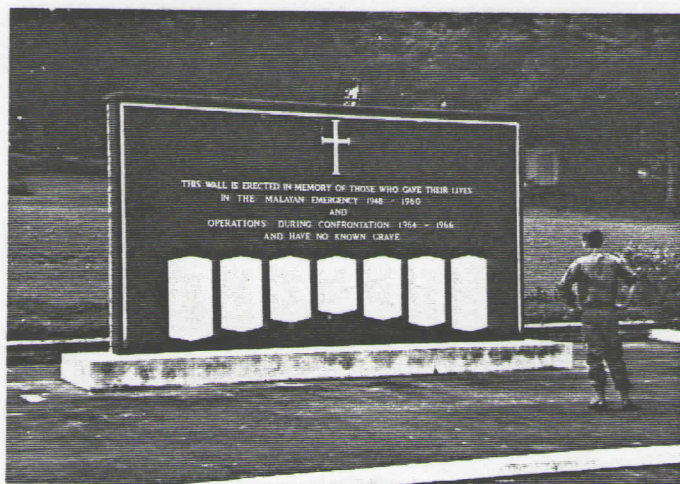


My job was to provide rations, POL and any other items they deemed as necessary to their operational requirements (Newspapers, Ice etc). Fresh rations were collected from Malacca three times a week. One break of dries for the entire period was brought from Singapore. The fresh rations are ordered through Adjits Enterprise and then myself and Chandra, the owner of the firm, negotiate the streets and lanes picking up the rations in a Hiace Van (because of the layout of the streets and the different suppliers it was necessary to travel around the one way circuit about four times each break.)

Malaysian Army refuelling stations were used for all POL requirements which meant that at Terendak Camp there was a fifty minute wait for fuel because of the system of supply and the number of Malaysian vehicles requiring fuel (A picture of this scene would have been printed, but I got caught taking it. Refuelling points are apparently secret!!!). At Asahan, the system is slightly different, fuel is decanted from 200 litre drums into jerricans and then the number of Jerricans emptied into the vehicle recorded.

While in Terendak Camp a visit was arranged to Wellington Lines. This is the section of the camp that was home to 1 RNZIR during the Malayan Emergency. The streets here are still named after New Zealand towns and there are over 200 native New Zealand trees planted in the surrounding area. Wellington Lines is now the home of 8 Ranger Battalion of the Malaysian Army (who A Coy beat 98-6 in Rugby, mind you A Coy got thrashed in the soccer and the volleyball was a draw).

Another Tiki Tour was arranged to the Commonwealth War Graves Commission Cemetery in Terendak Camp. This cemetery is the last resting place of New Zealanders killed during the Malayan Emergency.



Now for the history buffs, some more facts of interest about Terendak Camp. It was built by the British after World War Two and was designed to accommodate three battalions, during the Malayan Emergency (it was not called a war because insurance claims for terrorist attacks would have been null and void). The camp housed a British Battalion, an Australian Battalion and of course 1 RNZIR. During the fifties after a night on the town in Malacca (approximately 20 km from Terendak) it was necessary to take a pony express style Rickshaw where every few miles there was a staging post and the Rickshaw driver would swap over with another from the staging post to carry you further on your journey. There was also rumoured to have been 50 brothels by the road between Malacca and Terendak.



As for Asahan Camp, there is not much to really say about it apart from it being scenic, small and 60km away from Malacca towards the south-east. To tell the truth, Asahan is a camp in the middle of a palm oil plantation set upon a hill with several field firing ranges nearby. If you think Waiouru is isolated and without facilities (McDonalds) you don't ever want to go anywhere near Asahan Camp.

Finally here are some mind boggling facts and figures from the exercise:

- One night, Cfn Robinson collected 12 frogs and imprisoned them in his boots. It was renamed the "Black Boot of Calcutta".
- There are so many ants in Asahan Camp that it is a race between you eating your food and them carrying it off.
- I drank 72 cups of coffee during the 12 day exercise and I am currently suffering from caffeine poisoning (or it's a hangover from last night).

Cpl R S Tyler

#### RNZAOC PERSONNEL SERVING WITH 1 RNZIR

No fewer than eight personnel are currently serving with the First Battalion, Royal New Zealand Infantry Regiment.

Capt R	Moore, Quartermaster
Lt M	Mendonca, Assistant Quartermaster
Cpl R	Woon, Ammunition NCO
Cpl N	Kearns, Tpt Pl Store
Lcpl N	Siemonek, Tpt Pl Store
Pte P	Pakinga, C Coy
Pte S W	Iraia, A Coy
Pte K P	Cooper, Tpt Pl

Captain Rick Moore assumed appointment when young Captain Harry Cockburn was finally posted to the RNZAOC School in May 1988. The new QM's notable contributions to date include the conception of 'Arkwrights' (1 RNZIR's answer to Henry Tucker's) and the pioneer of new dress sense standards in South East Asia.

Corporal Neil Kearns replaced Dave Tairi in the Transport Platoon store in December 1987. Neil has continued in much the same vein as Dave - prominent in Log Coy Rugby and particularly social activities. A professional auto-parts storeman to the core!

Ross Woon continues to be the mainstay of Company Rugby and functions. In addition he seems to absorb much of the wayward flak directed at 1 RNZIR QM Pl and NZAOD. Lucky for us he is a thick-skinned AT!

Neil Siemonek and Greg Cooper have the ravaged Transport Platoon running as well as can be expected. "Coops" impressed A Coy with his physical strength, endurance, and hard trackling. Log Coy needed a winger, so he was drafted into Transport Pl in December 1987. "Monkey" has quite a reputation around South East Asia. He is renowned as a loving family man in Singapore, and for being extremely generous with his money in Thailand.

Philip Pakinga and Dog-Knob Iraia continue to acquit themselves well in their rifle sections. "Paki" is one of the tutors of the 1 RNZIR Tumatauenga Maori Culture Group. He starred on the groups's one month tour of UK earlier this year, and was a frequent feature on local and national media. Dog-knob featured in A Coy's impressive win in the Battalion Inter-Company Rugby Competition.

All of the above RNZAOC personnel have adapted well to Singapore and the green machine of 1 RNZIR - both can be very frustrating at times! Rest assured that we will do our utmost to keep the RNZAOC end up until our joyous RTNZ in August 1989.

Big Mike  
Pataka Sub-Editor



NZ FORCE WORKSHOPS STORE SECTION

Postings:

In: Ssgt Terry Shattock from 4 ATG Wksp  
Out: WO2 John Shaw to 1 Base Wksp



For those who are unfamiliar with NZ Force Workshops Store Section, we have three locally employed civilians (LEC's) which are supervised by one NZ Force personnel. With "Operation Kupe" well under way, the number of line items has been considerably reduced to 2,000. Combined with the financial budget our total amount of folding stuff in Seg 4 is now only \$154,000 (Singapore dollars).

I've been here for only two months, so there is little to tell in the way of workshop exercises and activities. Within the store section I've managed to combine religion with DSSR. Every morning the LEC's bow to "Allah" in front of the computer, praying the bloody thing to stay on'line for one whole day.

Observing civil trade has been a very educational experience. In a firm's car, piloted by Mr Neo (Kung Fu), navigated by Mr Sen (Interpreter-cum-travel guide), we head off into the rat race. At each firm they prise me out of the seat, fingers locked onto something and two feet firmly down on an imaginary brake pedal. Usually the firms try and force a can of beer into my hand, but being on duty I'm obliged to drink soya bean juice.

To complete their days entertainment, the LEC's or dealers take me to lunch. Obscure little eating houses, that serve foods I can't pronounce and dishes which is wise not to ask "What is it?" But revenge is sweet, never serve a KIWI, hot, spicy foods when you still have to travel home in an air-con sealed car.

The small back street firms we deal with never cease to amaze me. Our landrover firm has most probably lost more spares within the building that all NZ Landrover franchises have on their shelves. Extremely loud flatulence could cause an avalanche of rover "things".

With the year coming to its natural end the silly season has already started. The workshop pers have taken it upon themselves to show me the local night life (in-lieu of the TIC Course). I've been to places here I wouldn't take my Mum and places where Mum wouldn't take me!!

The planned close down of the store section is in August 1989, so next year will be a busy period, both outscaling and still providing a service, keeping our just about decrepit fleet on the road.

Must dash, the local Indians are pouncing up and down on hot coals in bare feet, what a way to cure tinea. Catch you later!!

Ssgt T Shattock

TE AWE

TE AWE is a maori taiaha presented to the Corps by Lt Col Puohotaua on his retirement. It is an award that will be made annually to an officer of the RNZAOC, not above the rank of Substantive Captain who is considered to have made the greatest overall contribution to the Corps.

The taiaha is the traditional instrument of challenge to all newcomers to the marae. In the context of its presentation to the Corps, it is a challenge to dare to challenge oneself.

TE AWE was presented for the first time at the Triennial Conference to Captain Simon Tregear.

---

RNZAOC's Roving Reporter recently paid an unannounced visit to one of it's far flung outposts and is pleased to submit the following photos of RNZAOC "Men at Work".



WO2 MM Robinson and apprentice Cpl JA Corkran, "recapping" used 25 pounders in the revamped APB at Fairlie.



WO2 Robinson, Managing Director of Winscombe Breweries, (Makers and Purveyors of Fine Brewed and Fermented Liquors since 1988) recharging an empty 25 pounder.



"RECRUITING DRIVES"

OR

"IF YOU HAVE IT - FLAUNT IT"

During the May-June period 1 Supply Coy with all their equipment took part in exercise "Show It All" held in an area called "Claudelands Show Grounds".

"Claudelands" is the major show grounds complex in Hamilton and every year this unit is invited to go on display during the Waikato Winter Show.

The area allotted to 1 Sup Coy was approx 1,000 sq ft. (Stores Sections please note - 1,000 sq ft is approximately the floor area taken up by one three-bedroomed house).

First task was to completely cover this area with camouflage nets, then we could set out the display proper which consisted of:

All clothing in service. (Display boards).

Display of rank and all corp belts, RF and TF.

Ration boards.

Ammunition with main emphasis on safety and actions taken on discovery of unexploded ammo.

Weapons - M16, Styer, C9 Minimi.

All PSI.

RNZAOC Units Location Boards and a display board showing the role of the RNZAOC.

Field stacking.

Warehouse racking.

Vehicles display. (Outside).

Photo boards depicting RNZAOC in camp, in the field and RNZAOC at play.

All in all quite a lot to fit into a small area.

The total display was set up with scrub and trees forming a bush walk and lighting kept low to the floor gave a shadowy light effect. Total set up time was two and a half days.

The show was open to the public for six days, commencing at 0800 hrs and closing at 2230 hrs.

Highlights of the display were:

WO2 K.D. Cryer attempting to sell popcorn.

Ssgt Pete Finnerty trying to be serious.

The elderly gentleman who visited the show twice, second time with his photo album of WW2.

The NCO who put himself on display as a dressed dummy, then waited till 2-3 people were checking out his uniform, and scared the hell out of them by moving or speaking.

The aims of this display were:

To recruit potential TF soldiers.

To conduct a public relation exercise.

To upgrade 1 Sup Coy's display and display abilities.

One week after the Winter Show we set up our display at the National Waikato Field Days at Mystery Creek. This time we set the display under the two 20 x 30 tents.

Our main task was to provide shower facilities for on site stall holders which became a major exercise on its own. The shower, complete with accessories was set up and tested. All went well, until the first night when the transformer to the heat exchanger decided it had had enough. After many apologies and free cups of coffee, a new heat exchanger was located in Linton. A vehicle was dispatched from Field Days and from Linton with an aim to meet in Waiouru. Time difference on arrival of both vehicles was approximately 10 mins. Turn about time from Field Days to ATG return - 7¼ hours.

With the arrival of the new shower 1 Sup Coy swung into action to set up. A crowd of about 12-15 onlookers stood around watching Ssgt Finnerty set the machine in action. Sgt Aussie Mason explained to the onlookers what the machine did and how it operated. One remark Aussie passed to the onlookers was, "When this machine goes, it goes with a bang"! Those words should not have been spoken!

Whilst Pete and Aussie were fine-tuning the fuel and water pressure neither noticed that the electrodes had stopped arcing. When they did it was too late and the following occurred:

The petrol built up.

The electrodes arced.

A mighty explosion with soot and smoke covered most of the immediate area.

Pete and Aussie poo-pooed themselves.

Onlookers scattered in all directions.

It took 30 minutes to stop Pete and Aussie from laughing and set the shower in motion.

Visitors were very wary of two blackened faced things in cam gear.

Because the display contained Ammo and weapons a night picquet was mounted. This gave many on-site stall holders a chance to see our world, have a hot shower, (sometimes), enjoy a chat and watch our TV. Many of these people brought with them a magnificent selection of indepth study video tapes which created many debates on wherefore, whyfore and how does, theories.

During the four days we were on display an estimated 20,000 to 30,000 visitors passed through the display. On the last day of the show, four cadets from the Ngaruawahia Community Cadet Unit joined us at Mystery Creek. 1 Supply Coy is the host company to this unit. The cadets, although a bit shy at the start, gained confidence throughout the day in talking to people and explaining what cadets are all about.

Highlights of this display were:

The occasional hot shower.

Visit by the DOS and the CO, 1 Base Sup Bn.

The bedraggled look of the OC, 1 Sup Coy after being caught in a very rare Waikato thunder storm.

The look of surprise (or pleasure) of the lady who whilst having a shower found herself in the company of three or four males. (The shower operator did not arrange for this to happen).

WO2 K.D. Cryer roaring at a "Stag" on heat, much to the amusement of 20 onlookers.

The cold hot box breakfast which always seemed to arrive after 0800 hrs and the display was open to the public.

Both displays we took part in gave the public a good insight to the RNZAOC and also gave some of our younger soldiers a chance to speak to and get to know others from many walks of life.

The number of future TF soldiers, although not high, is a bonus to the public relations exercise.

As the writer of this article and also a participant of both displays, I hope the corps does not turn down any invitations to go on display in the future.

The build up, set up, manning and dismantling of a display can be a proper pain in the butt, but the satisfaction of knowing your display was one of the best, outweighs it all.

ANON  
"A"





CORRESPONDENCE FROM CATO's KINGDOM

The following exchange of correspondence took place between DOS and CATO. DOS's original minute was attached to a particular technical Defence Scientific Establishment (DSE), report on "Area 13 Component Defence Algorithms".

---

Minute

Subject AREA 13 COMPONENT  
DAMAGE ALGORITHMS

Department CATO  
Section  
File  
Date 2 Feb 89

---

To - Ref. NZ/KWA2/4008/dated Aug 88 (atch).

DOS

ARMY GS

1. Yet again I am in awe of the ability of my Director to grasp at a glance the significance of the reference. I, quite frankly gasp at your intellectual incisiveness that leaves a well honed rapier blunt by your perspicacity.
2. I did note this morning that DSE is manned almost purely by civilians, although I do believe that a soldier was once posted there eight years ago. After reading the reference in detail I now understand what Defence pay them for. The report was excellent, with the anomalies to which you refer, of minor significance.
3. It was however disappointing to see, what should have been a technical report lapse into jargon, albeit of a synedocial, rather than a vulgar variety. I was impressed however by the serious attempt at literary persilage by the scientists listed on page 152 in trying to write their own names.

On that rather humourous note  
I sign off

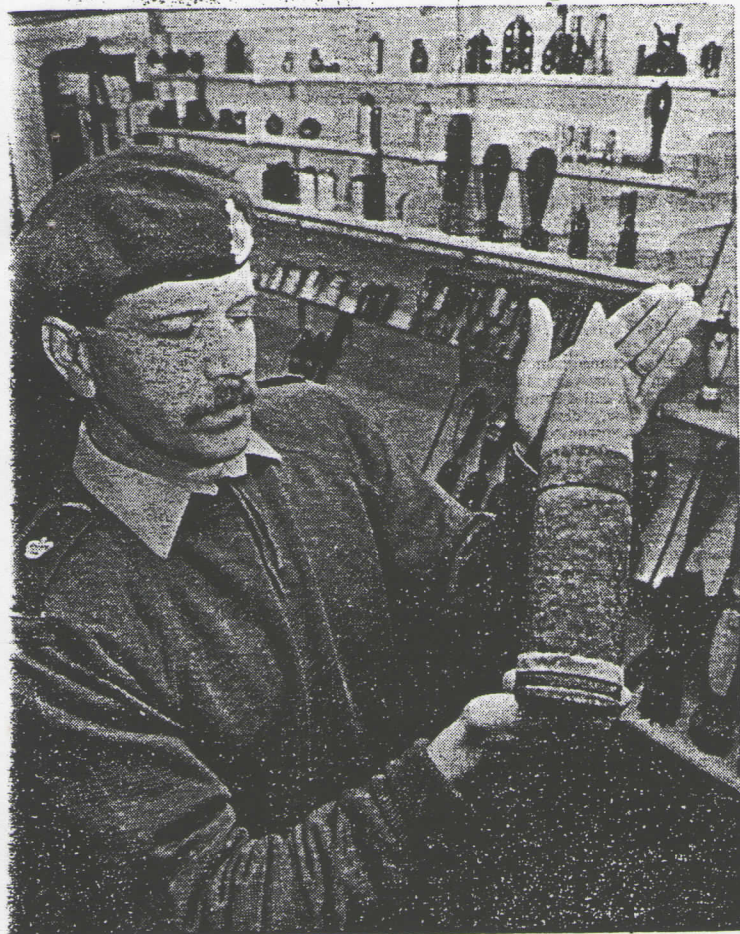
X

(Mark of CATO, THE GREAT ONE)



Damman 17-8-66

Reminder on shell dangers



AN ARTILLERY shell found under a Petone house on Monday night is displayed by bomb disposal officer Geoff Cain in front of a stand of ammunition typical of the type regularly found. Major Cain said yesterday that Monday night's episode where a woman drove around Petone with the 75-millimetre armour-piercing shell, which her son had found, trying to find out what to do with it, had highlighted the dangers of finding ammunition. People finding ammunition should leave it alone and call

By GRANT HARDING

Zealand, but a former British Army officer had told him of such accidents. "The law of probability says that if the ammunition is handled incorrectly your luck is going to run out." Major Cain said school holidays and the summer when young people were outside, were peak times for the finds. Two bomb disposal officers from the Trentham army camp yesterday returned to the site of the latest find but found no more ammunition.

police, he said. "The rationale is if it's dangerous enough, to call the police in the first place, then let's leave it alone." He said there was an average of two ammunition finds a week nationally, and in about 40 per cent of the cases the items had been moved before the army was called. Major Cain said he could not recall death or injury resulting from ammunition finds in New

Photo: Don Mitchell 2 July 88



LIEUTENANT BOUSTRIDGE with the practice mortar bombs which caused the scare when they were handed in to an auction company. — Photo, DON ROY

Bombs cause scare

THE ARMY bomb disposal unit was called to a Wellington auctioneers yesterday when a worker reported they were three 7.5 centimetre practice mortar bombs had been left for sale. Army bomb disposal unit member Lieutenant Wayne Boustridge said the bombs

contained no explosives but live versions could destroy a house. Wallace Double of Wellington auctioneers Harnett and Wedde said the practice mortars had been in a consignment from a Wellington businessman who had bought them at a garage sale.

the British-made mortar bombs were 46 years old. He said the propelling charge had been removed from the practice bombs, but they could have been re-loaded. Army assistant ammunition technician Warrant Officer Wayne Bray said it was important old ammunition was handed to police or army officials.

Lieutenant Boustridge said



# Army gives computer to blind foundation

Waimarino children who have sight problems have been provided with a new IBM computer to help them with their reading and writing.

The computer comes with a specially enlarged text screen, a voice synthesizer and various software packages.

Money for the computer came from a fund raising rickshaw

run by the Supply Company, Waiouru Army Training Group completed last year.

The company, whose code name is "Rickshaw", ran from Waiouru to Wellington towing a makeshift rickshaw.

Staff Sergeant Ian Evans presented the computer to the New Zealand Foundation for the Blind at Raetihi School, where there are presently two pupils who have sight

problems. Other Waimarino children who have sight problems will be able to use the computer as well as normally sighted pupils.

Inez Lister, of the foundation's Advisory Committee, accepted the computer, telling the children that while she was a running grandmother, she had never towed a rickshaw let alone one all the way to Wellington.



Richard Carmichael tries out the new computer while Michelle Dekker and Staff Sergeant Ian Evans help.



Staff Sergeant Tim Gibbons with the contents of one of the new ration packs.

## Variety On Menu For Soldiers

Perhaps too many soldiers were wilting with fatigue — or maybe someone sensed the troops were nearing a stage of desperate revolution.

But for the first time in 25 years, the New Zealand Army has decided to change the menu for its ration packs.

Those little parcels of mix-with-water powders are designed to give soldiers plenty of stamina to carry their backpacks, march and do battle for 24 hours without a kitchen in sight.

The experts felt the ration packs were not doing the job properly — they were lacking in nutritional and energy value.

So now, the boring, dry biscuits and the bland meat mixes in a can are being replaced by enough goodies of a variety to make a soldier relish mealtime in the wilds.

A project to prepare 75,000 ration packs is about to begin in Wellington. The co-ordinator for the project, Lieutenant Wendy Field, said the food technology research centre at Massey University had spent the past two years finding out what soldiers liked to eat.

Each pack will have a main meal of either canned sweet and sour pork or casseroles, snacks of freeze-

dried noodles, canned fruit, canned tuna, cabin bread, sweet biscuits, chocolate and barley-sugar sweets, plus a chewy fruit bar.

To pour on top, there is a variety of salt, sugar, cheese, butter, curry powder and tomato sauce. And it can all be washed down with either tea, coffee or Milo (mixed with condensed milk from a tube) or orange-flavoured powder mix.

"They will still need water to mix some of the things, but the good thing about this ration pack is that they will not need as much," said Lieutenant Field.

A can-opener is also part of the ration pack, along with a steel-cleaning cloth for the soldiers' utensils, and the always necessary toilet paper and matches.

Everything fits into a reinforced plastic bag about the size of a bread bag — and with room to spare.

Lieutenant Field said the Army made 190,000 ration packs to last each training year — the 75,000 new-look, new-taste varieties would be rationed with what was left of the old ration packs.

Those who taste-tested the new packs would be asked to fill out survey forms.

—Victoria Bartle



# CONGRATULATIONS ON OPENING OF NEW MILITARY WAREHOUSE



**Hawkins is proud to have been responsible for the construction of Trentham No 1 Base Warehouse**

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Regional Manager:  
Mr Tony Higson

Box 44135,  
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Telephone:  
Bus 691-355



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Hamilton Perry Industries are proud to be associated with the NZ Army in the design & construction of the Dexion high-rise pallet-racking system for the new First Base Supply Battalion warehouse at Trentham.

Hamilton Perry Industries offer their congratulations and sincere best wishes for the future operation of the complex.

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Architectural, Structural, Building Services, Civil and Landscaping Design, Contract Documentation and Contract Supervision.

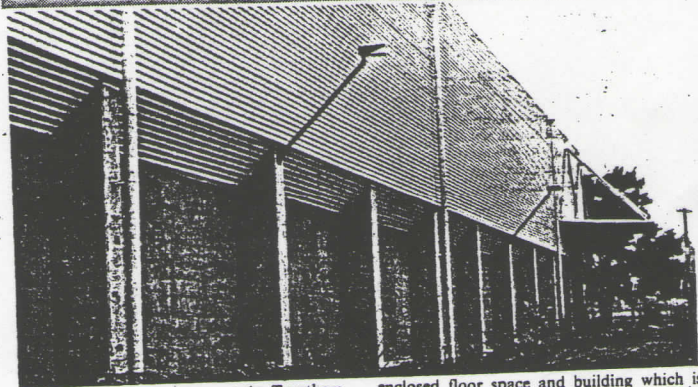
For the complete Design, Property and Facilities Management services contact:



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PO Box 3836, FAX 748-323,  
Telephone 748-399.

Isn't it just another warehouse!?

## Wonderful warehouse



The high stud warehouse at the Trentham Military Camp has won an award in the New Zealand Institute of Architects Pilkington Architectural branch awards.

The warehouse was designed by the Wellington Consultancy CAD Centre by using a computer.

It was awarded for the efficient use of the

enclosed floor space and building which is both functional and attractive.

The building features a nine metre high pallet racking system. These will function during and after an earthquake reaching 9mm (modified mercalli) on the scale, the same recording as the Edgcombe earthquake.

● Picture: Landscaping makes it an attractive setting.



NZIA PILKINGTON

AWARDS FOR ARCHITECTURE

AWARD

CITATION for

RNZ Army Warehouse

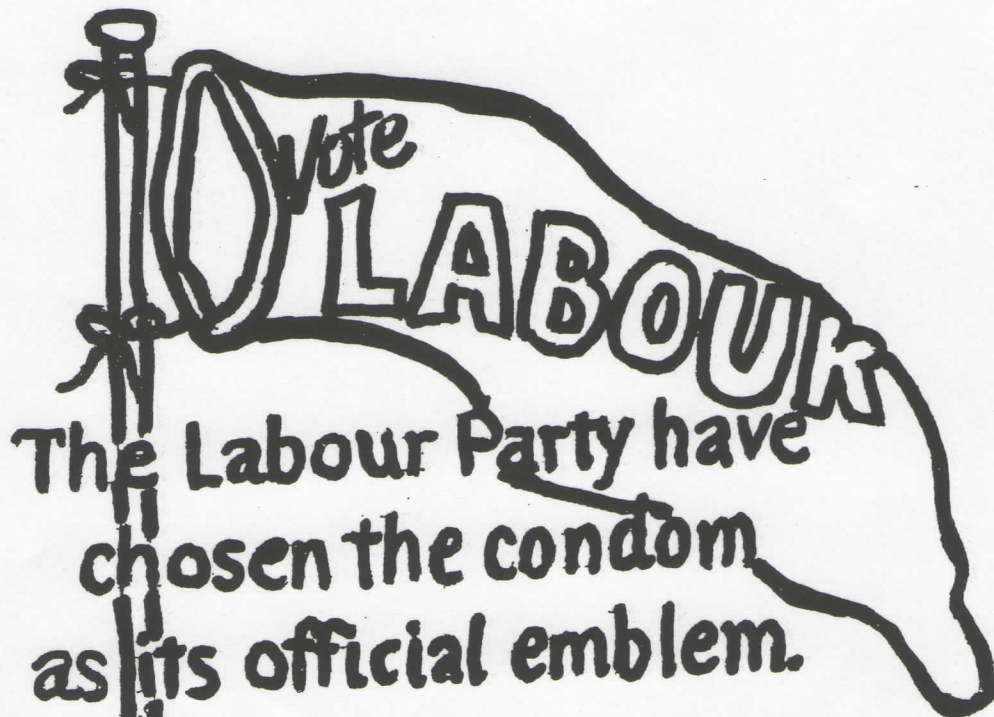
by Works Consultancy

What is impressive about this building is the virtue it makes out of the strictly functional. In less capable hands this storage building of enormous proportions could easily have become just another monolith.

In this instance a cool and consistent logic has been applied to the design task, reinforced by a self assurance in the use of plain materials and a fluency in handling the technical and constructional problems associated with both the huge building envelope and the sophisticated pallet racking system.

The impenetrable mass of the concrete lower wall panels imposed by the brief is nicely counterpointed at doorways by jaunty canopies and at four corners by deep "arrow slots" of glass. The reassuring glimpse they provide from within and the articulation they give to the wall planes without is exactly the personal touch that has elevated a potentially mundane engineering structure to a strong piece of architecture reflecting great care and attention from its designers.





The Labour Party have  
chosen the condom  
as its official emblem.

It stands for inflation,  
halts production,  
gives protection to a bunch  
of pricks and gives one a  
false sense of security  
while being stuffed.

**T**here were four people named Everybody, Somebody, Anybody and Nobody.

**T**here was an important job to be done and Everybody was sure that Somebody would do it.

**A**nycbody could have done it but Nobody did it.

**S**omebody got angry about that because it was Everybody's job.

**E**verybody thought Anybody could do it, but Nobody realised that Everybody didn't do it.

**I**t ended by Everybody blaming Somebody when actually Nobody could accuse Anybody.