

The Colonel's Message

May I congratulate Gnr. Mist and all concerned with the production of this journal and add a warning to all ranks re behaviour "As now ye will find a man among ye taking notes and see your deeds in print."

Some really clever suggestions were forwarded in the Title Competition, the first prize has been decided as long week-end leave with a trip to Wellington. Second prize, a walk back with Gnr. McAvoy if he can be found.

With the talent available in the unit, Observation Post will provide both a humorous and serious record of the activities of the Regiment during this critical period in the history of our beautiful little country. Send your lines and sketches along boys, and give the paper every assistance. It is hoped to increase the size and scope of the paper similar to the publication Dial Sight of the last war. The unit is fortunately in possession of the blocks and records of this paper and can oblige the veterans with any reproduction desired.

To the hundreds of old gunners from the 2nd Brigade, the 4th, 5th and 6th Batteries, and in particular our old commanders Lieut.-Colonel G. Lyon, M.C., and Lieut.-Colonel McQuarrie, D.S.O., M.C. Greetings. I can assure you the Regiment is fighting fit, has excellent weapons, can shoot, and now only wants an opportunity to take some of the knobs off Mr Wattienobbie.

All the best for Observation Post, may you find the line, first round, with each series.

Retrospect

(By Major Nelson.)

With the rapid and continuous reorganisation of artillery units it is difficult to keep track of the antecedents of present Batteries. However, subject to minor exchanges with other Batteries the adding and subtracting of Troop, we find that 4th. Battery as at present organised incorporated D Troop of 8th. Battery and A Troop of 37th. Battery. In turn, the first-mentioned troop was formed from the 19th. Medium Battery, which connects the present organisation with that existing before the war.

The 19th. Battery was first equipped with 60-pounders and in those days was horse-drawn, thus a large part of the Battery personnel were drivers and as a result it was a "tough" unit. The last night in camp during the annual training was a hard experience, but, as the Battery had the pick of each year's batch of trainees, it was one of the smartest units in Wellington. The next innovation was the appearance of four 6-inch howitzer and two "Holt" tractors. Trill horsed as far as the Battery staff were concerned the unit clung jealously to its identity as a mounted parade, using its "advance in column of sections" against the infantry's "column of fours," rolling its puttees downwards, wearing its bandoliers instead of web, and clinking its spurs in high disdain. Hard days were in store, however, when compulsory training was abolished and the Battery mounted itself lucky if it could muster for its annual camp. This was all in numbers, every man knew his job, and the p. of a Golf Col. (then Capt.) R. S. a B. as Gun- nery Instructor was an extra incentive to do good work.

Then came the war and the recall to the active list of Major (then Lieut.) G. R. Powles to take over command from Major Jenkins who proceeded overseas with the First Echelon and later died

Lt-Col. C.F. Lowe "Our Colonel"

as the result of wounds received in the Greek campaign. As was natural, many serving members of the Battery joined the N.Z.E.F., and as far as is known three of these—Gnr. Livingstone, Gnr. Liidemann (later Sgt.) and Sgt. Bannerman have lost their lives on active service.

Mobilised in September, 1940, as D Troop, 8th. Battery, the unit underwent three months' continuous training concluding with a week of mud and snow at Waiouru which added the expression "when we did that show in Totem Valley" to the Battery vocabulary.

In January, 1941, the 37th. Battery was mobilised, A Troop being composed of Wellington men and in three months the Battery became a very efficient fighting unit. Reorganisation and N.Z.E.F. postings created some disorganisation until finally 4th. Battery with D.E. and F. troops emerged in May, 1941, and splashed its way through the manoeuvres held that month, adding incidentally, "Perin's Ridge," "Bidwell's and "Porirua" to our vocabulary with, of course, suitable adjectives.

Then finally with the Regiment reorganised into three two-troop Batteries, E Troop became the nucleus of 6 Battery, D and F became respectively A and B Troops of 4 Battery, while 3 Battery resumed its old number 5, and here we are.

Through all our wanderings and numberings and letterings we have gained and lost many fine soldiers, and it is due to our own self-respect that when they return as veterans of the Second Great War they will not be ashamed to claim association with their old unit.



Sergeants' Dance

R.H.Q. LEADS THE WAY.

The R.H.Q. Sergeant set a very high standard for the Batteries to copy last Monday evening when they ran a most delightful dance in the Linton Hall. A most enthusiastic committee of ladies under Mrs. D. Homer put on a supper that would have made a Hunt Club Ball look like a 1/- hop. A large body of beauty was supplied by the W.W.S.A. under the command of Mrs. White. These girls certainly disillusioned many members of the 2nd Field Regt. who had the wrong interpretation of their initials. In fact some males have been longing for the opportunity to revisit the city during the week-end and look advantage of the Pansy Parade to month dates for Friday, Saturday AND Sunday. It is rumoured that the Padre's text on Sunday will be the seventh commandment, R.S.M. Ruffall W.L. as Organising Hon. Secretary demonstrated his ability as organiser and piper par excellence.

The ladies' committee consisted of Mesdames Honore, Algie, Ash, Fowler, Smith, Sheridan and Miss Young. Sergeant Bill Harris was the most efficient M.C.

Now then B.S.M.'s Still, Glover and McCluggage a party each from you please!

Y.M.C.A.

Congratulations 2nd Field Regiment; So another newspaper makes its debut.

In this, the first issue of the "Observation Post", a word of appreciation of our worthy friend, Mr. Harvey of the Y.M.C.A. would not be out of place.

There are many difficulties associated with his work—far more than the average chap realises. Yet Mr. Harvey has always shown himself to be keenly interested in anything that affects the welfare and well-being of the Camp.

The fact that sports are now organised is just one way in which he has put his enthusiasm to practical use. There are many other instances also. Just bear this in mind next time you are in the hut and by accident walk away with an ink pad or pack of cards tucked away in your pocket. That has happened, you know, and is a very poor way of showing appreciation.

Arrangements are in hand for a night by the P.N. Repertory Society; details will be given later. Any suggestions for entertainments please leave, in writing, with the Editor and they will receive every possible consideration.

Pride of the Regt.

HIS IDIOSYNCRASIES

To a man, the Regiment is proud of 2/10—Rex, our mascot. He is friendly and not too proud; this admirable trait he derives from his aristocratic ancestry; it is only the social climber who has to adopt an unnatural demeanour to impress. Rex commands respect, never needs to demand it. But there are some things about him with which many are not familiar. Here are one or two examples.

Many of you may have noticed that the C.O. has been looking rather hurt lately; some have attributed this to "Orderly Rooms," but they are completely wrong. Those who have been escorted to the aforesaid "Orderly Rooms" will agree that the C.O. is always fair, and yet—and this is the cause of the hurt—Rex gave him a look the other day, expressing disgust that the Colonel should work such a fast one so unjustly. What happened was this:—The C.O. had occasion to visit the rumour department (so called by the officers, the men using a less polite name) accompanied, of course, by Rex, who, when the C.O. sat down, did likewise, but unfortunately HE sat on a lump of chloride. Hence the look. The poor old chap was last seen headed for Haumoana with everything turned down. Rumour has it that Bdr. R. Wilson is trying to overtake him with the object of handing in his stripes.

The Union Jack.

We all know that the composition of the Union Jack indicates the cosmopolitan character of the British Isles, but it was not until Rex went to work on it that we knew its history. It is further alleged that Rex is expecting a further supply of coin mats in the very near future. Thanks, Rex!

More news for the Army!

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Our Editorial

Well Chaps, here we are. Our own Newspaper!!! Just how good or bad the future issues will be, depends entirely on you. Your editor will do his part, but then you must remember he is only human not Divine (many of you have heard his language when he is peeved, so it is useless claiming Divinity). There is any amount of talent in our Regiment and this is the opportunity to make use of it. Don't forget that a certain amount of advertising has had to be sold to provide finance for the effort and we cannot expect to receive continued support unless we make the paper interesting. Let your editor tell you just how much work has gone into the effort to date, then you will probably realise how necessary it is that every man does his damndest.

The Colonel has given an extra week-end leave to the man putting in the best title for the paper; all the officers have gone out of their way to do something or other, N.C.O.'s and men have contributed items, articles, poetry, sports jottings and anecdotes. Your editor has been to town to sell advertising. (Yes! and to buy matches.)—Wake up the canteens. The profit from the paper is going into a fund to provide social life for us all. But before all these things were done, arrangements had to be made as to ways and means. Lieut. J. Ham was invaluable here, we found that the cost of printing was only slightly higher than cyclostyling. Newsprint is scarce as hens' teeth, newspaper employees all in the army (mostly in our Regiment) and the first day was disappointing. But we stuck to it, and here we are.

Editor Stumped

I have been asked several times "what sort of articles do you want?" Well, the answer is easy. All sorts. Try your hand out. Particularly jot down some of the humorous happenings of the day, some chaps have the idea that that is hard. Let me tell you the story of a certain editor who was fed up with the literary efforts of one of his cadet reporters.

Editor: "For God's sake, take this blasted rubbish away and burn it. Go to your room and seat yourself in your chair, then imagine you have the most stupid, ignorant idiot you have ever met in your mis-spent life, sitting opposite you. Tell him the story in words you think he will understand. When you have done that, write it in those identical words and you may get somewhere."

The kid went away but returned in about an hour, handing in his copy all neatly typed. The editor read it through and exclaimed.

"Excellent, excellent, couldn't be better. Did you take my advice?"

Cadet reporter: "Yes, sir, I did as you said. I went to my room and imagined that it was you I was talking to."

Well, that is what you should do. Let me have anything you think amusing or interesting. We are going to run a problem column for those who want help with anything connected with our daily routine, the specialists will be only too pleased to assist. Whilst on leave you may meet someone in whom many people within the Regiment are interested. Let us know so that it can go in the personal column. You may meet a chap returned from overseas. He may be able to tell us something which will not offend the Censor. Birthdays, engagements, sports, fiction, anecdotes, in fact, anything at all. Send it in and if there is not room for it in the next issue it will be held over until the next, and so on.

Now a word as to circulation. Owing to paper shortage we can only print a limited number, so get in early and order your copy regularly from your Battery representative. It is intended as a soldier's out camp publication not a day school text book, so although we ask you to use your

Sports and How We Play

THE SECOND FIELD REGIMENT RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB

With the advent of winter, Rugby minded members of the Regiment turned with alacrity to their favourite sport and it soon became evident that the unit possessed the talent necessary for a strong Rugby side. Mr. Harvey with his usual keenness for all sport quickly set about organising the game and arranging for a suitable ground. A provisional committee of Messrs. Fisher, R. Wright, Symon and Gnr McBride, were called in to assist and later Captain Read, Mr. Martin and Mr. Keenan were added in different capacities. As the result of their joint endeavours the regiment finally fielded two teams for the opening series of the Manawatu R.F.U. Championships. In turns these teams proved their worth by running out winners. Seniors v. Air Force, Ohakea, 16-6, Juniors

Having made this progress it became evident that a more permanent organisation would be required to maintain the two teams and so take advantage of an excellent start. A general meeting of all those interested was called and after formal business the following officers were elected:—President, Lt. Col. Lowe; vice-presidents, Regt. Second-in-Command and Battery Commanders; secretary-treasurer, Mr. Durbin, club captain, Major Nelson; selector coaches, Senior, Captain Read, Junior, Mr. Mitchell; management Committee, Messrs. Fisher (4th Bty.), Wright (5th Bty.), L/Bdr. Pettigrew (6th Bty.), Gnr. McBride (R.H.Q.).

Undeterred by the extensive organisation thus created the Seniors won their second match against A.S.C. by 27-5 while the Juniors helped themselves to 41 points without conceding any to the Engineers.

It would, however, be unjust to conclude without mention of those enthusiasts who, clad in motley garb do battle for the honour of their Batteries every Wednesday, and while the matches to date have been more in the nature of a work-out some strenuous encounters will surely develop when the competition commences in earnest.

Notes and Comments

The most formidable opponents yet met by the Senior team have been our own Juniors, who held them to a draw. Any Senior player will tell you how this happened but it's a long story—

WANTED by Junior team a few more tries converted. After all, three converted tries equal five unconverted. Answer—more practice.

Too bad that Mr. Keenan and Gnr. Hepburn and Love should have been injured so early in the season, especially as a supply of female Zambuks is not yet to hand.

BASKETBALL AMERICAN

For the last three weeks a team has travelled to Palmerston North and played in the league and, showing the keen second field spirit have won two games and lost one, the scores being: Wins 12-7, 21-4, loss 13-9. For a team without practice this is a fine showing as each week so far the team has been a different one. A small club has been formed and a practice field will help us select from about 20 players. The team name is a good one, being called the "Marmosets," and they are pushing along although it's heavy going.

discretion, don't be afraid of offending the susceptibilities of your maiden aunt, she'll probably be dead by the time you are out of the army.

In conclusion, I know I can rely on every man to help. So the long hours that I shall have to work to bring it out will be made much easier. Also I ask you to be tolerant in your criticism. If you are not satisfied, don't tell your pals, TELL ME!

RUGBY RESULTS

SENIOR FIXTURES, M.R.U.

Result Saturday, May 16, 1942: Artillery 27 v. A.S.C. 5. Scorers: Gnr. R. Wright 3 tries; Lieut. Martin, 1 try; Lieut. R. Wright, penalty and 3 conversions; Lieut. Fisher, 1 try.

An excellent match in which Artillery backs and forwards all played well. The game was played at a fast pace throughout, the ball being thrown about in great style. It would be difficult to single out any member of the Artillery for special praise as each man played well. Mistakes of course, were made but that must be expected. One man who deserves special mention is Alan Wright; his play on the wing was definitely first class. Artillery have only to keep on with this type of football and they will make a very good name for themselves in Manawatu rugby.

BATTERY RUGBY

Results Wednesday, May 20: 6th Battery 11 v. R.H.Q. 5.

This game was played with plenty of enthusiasm on both sides. There were plenty of snappy movements and good individual play, but over-keenness spoilt many of the attacks. Nicholls played well in the forwards and Pettigrew in the backs. R.H.Q. players who caught the eye included Cooney (backs) and Pottinger (forwards).

The scorers were:—6th Battery, Mincha (2 tries), Haste (try), Nicholls (1 conversion and try); R.H.Q., Hunt (try) converted by Cooney.

4th Battery 6 v. 5th Battery 6: This game created spirited back-racking from the side line and the players, particularly 5th Battery seemed to be spurred on to greater heights. As in the former match there were plenty of good movements and individual dashes but team work was not good. Two players who caught the eye were Burborough (5th Bty.) and Reilly (4th Battery). Scorers: 5th Battery, (? / ?) (try) and Patterson (penalty); 4th Battery, Laws (try) and Reilly (try).

HOCKEY

The Regiment formed a hockey club and have enough players to form five inter-unit teams for a unit competition. The ground is well marked out. A team travelled to Palmerston North on Saturday and played in a tournament for the first time together, playing four games winning two and losing two a good performance for the N.Z.A. The scores were: Wins, 2-0, 3-0; losses 2-1, 2-0. We will hear more of these boys.

SOCCER

The Regiment has formed a soccer club which has had enough players to form four teams for an inter-unit competition. The standard of play is good and will develop with practice into a good competition. A team travelled to Palmerston North on Saturday and played together for the first time, going down to a good side 4 to 3—a splendid showing. Our Regimental sports officer had a letter from the Palmerston North Association congratulating the unit on the fine sportsmanship of these boys. Keep it up fellows, the N.Z.A. to the fore.

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N.Z. Dental Corps

Once more the N.Z.D.C. has shown enterprise and ventured out into the wilderness and it looks as if they will be stuck here for a while. The aim of the N.Z.D.C. is to see that every soldier is dentally fit and kept dentally fit and to this aim have been supplied with well-equipped huts which are situated next to the Y.M.C. The Dental Officer is a man of very good extraction and does not get on your nerve and makes a very good impression. There is a tremendous amount of dental work to be done and to this end you would facilitate matters by carrying out the following instructions when presenting for treatment.

1. All urgent cases to present for treatment between 0830 hours and 0930 hours.
2. All repairs to dentures to present between 0830 hours and 0900 hours.
3. When you have been called see that you are there on time.
4. Bring your pay-books with you.
5. All ranks must clean their teeth before treatment.

By observing these instructions you will be helping in the smooth running of the N.Z.D.C., thus improving the health of the Regiment in a minimum of time.

Patient: How much do you charge for one extraction?

Dentist: Five shillings.

Patient: Five shillings for five minutes' work!

Dentist: Well, I can take one hour to do it if you like.

R.A.P.

The R.A.P. which stands, incidentally for Regimental Aid Post (not Rest and Peace) can now guarantee treatment to all comers in almost waterproof conditions. It boasts an I.P. tent, electric light, half a floor and an R.A.P. sign (as yet unhung). The personnel are always on the spot and will guarantee free attention to the needy and boot to the not-so-needy and those that come out of hours. For those that do not already know, the R.A.P. is situated within a few yards of the Y.M.C.A. This is not purely for the benefit of the M.O., nor is the R.A.P. to be regarded as a form of parasitic outgrowth from the Y.M.C.A. even if the occupants of the former are frequently seen behind the counter of the latter. It might also be noted that the R.A.P. is placed on the windward side of the Y.M.C.A. and all past beneficiaries are invited to attend should a gale spring up. The regimental ambulance is always available for any patients requiring urgent transport. We can guarantee that at least two-thirds of the patient and stretcher will be inside the ambulance even if his legs and undermost pair of stretchers rattle stick out behind.

Finally, let it be noted that the R.A.P. is increasing daily and, although it can at present only deal with lumps, bumps and bruises, it looks forward to the day when major surgery may be performed beneath its quaking canopy.

—Signed R.A.P.

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5th. BATTERY

CAPT. I. DIXON, B.C.

With the inauguration of our Regimental Newspaper comes an ideal opportunity for me to say something to my fellow gunners on a subject which although not entirely overlooked, does somehow these days become relegated to the background in the course of our many and varied daily and sometimes unpleasant and non-understandable tasks.

After 19 years of continuous service in the finest section of the British Army I find that I have done all sorts of jobs and met all sorts of people, and from this one gains a very firm appreciation of the principles which must guide a gunner along his path of duty.

Although warfare to-day demands very practical training and thinking, there still exists that pride of Regiment which has been such an important feature in the life of every British soldier. The pride and respect that is paid to such on occasion as the trooping of a Battalion's colours, must mean something more than merely a colourful ceremony—it does, it stands for the moral outlook to duty of every individual soldier in the unit concerned, and his willingness to stand or fall by his word and actions to his comrades and to the cause which demands his being a soldier.

The "Regiment of Artillery" carries no colours on which to emblazon its honours but nevertheless still respects and reveres that age-old pride of place, "the right of the line." How badly we all felt when Army orders recently demanded the removal of our hat badge which is in itself a battle honour and which places in every gunner a moral obligation to duty. How many of you know the true meaning of our motto "Quo fas et Gloria Ducunt"—"Whither honour and glory lead." "Ubique"—"Anywhere or Everywhere."

Every engagement fought necessitates the use and support of Artillery and we therefore have a duty to every soldier in the various branches of the Service—we must understand and appreciate his problem as well as our own. That by no means implies a spirit of super-importance or supremacy over other arms—it stands for a natural realisation of our ability to help and co-operate with others—a natural inclination to think of the other chap first and to apply ourselves and our knowledge to the very best advantage.

True, a gunner is selected as such for a certain amount of technical ability—a battery organisation is built up from many varying phases of civilian life—our problems are probably more technical than in any other branch of the service, but all that only more naturally adapts us to an ability to help the other fellow and think of and for him—it places in our hands a very sacred duty.

In addition to all this we must never lose sight of the non-combatant arms which enable us to fulfil our duty to the fighting arms.

In the 2nd Field Regiment it is possible to trace the history of each Battery back to some volunteer Battery or military unit of past years and it is there that the pride of a unit has its inception. Many of you no doubt have no idea of the first history of these units and I hope it will be possible through our Regimental newspaper to give you a brief resume of the history of these units. I always think of a formation of Artillery in terms of a brotherhood as much as a military organisation and you can find very good analysis for such a condition if you stop and think things over a little.

Taking a battery as a basis there is firstly no one person in this formation without a job of comparative and equal importance and one individual's training is locked up in a separate compartment—at all stages of the operation, whether it be camp routine, training, or active operations, can one individual or section function without the other, and this in itself creates the ground floor on which a true spirit of comradeship is built. Secondly every soldier who becomes an Artilleryman must be well balanced. Perforce he even commences his training and invariably we find that he has been posted to a Battery with some particular qualification which immediately imposes on him an automatic and I am afraid sometimes unrealised duty, and lastly, the realisation of an inter-dependence produces in us what is probably the greatest factor in our ability to combine as a team—from Commanding Officer down, we all enjoy the one common rank "Gunner" irrespective of appointment.

Even without a detailed knowledge of our Regiment's history it always surprises and pleases me to talk to a new recruit and find that he has expressed some desire to be posted to an Artillery unit and a few questions usually produce the fact that he has some particular civilian occupation or hobby which fits in our organisation and frequently some relative or friend has seen service in an Artillery unit, or perhaps the same battery and that person, possibly a lad's father, knowing the true requirements of a Gunner recommends his joining a Battery or Regiment and thereby starts the flame of enthusiasm which creates the element necessary to produce a good gunner. There is nothing more contagious than enthusiasm and it is the bounden duty of every Gunner, Officer and man alike to see that a good keen recruit is encouraged in every way and when conditions are bad, then, that is when we find the true Gunner—there is nothing

better to produce the right stuff than tough going and we like it.

Now do not at any time confuse grumbling in bad conditions with moaning, grumbling is a vital part of any soldier's life—after all he is fairly well socked up in the many and various phases of discipline and he has just got to give way to his feelings in some way or other, so he grumbles about nothing in particular and everything in general—but he still gets on with the job, in fact as far as grumbling is concerned I am pretty good at it myself and get a lot of relaxation out of it. A moaner is very much different—he persists in complaining about petty things and tries by devious back-door methods to stir up dissent amongst his fellow mates and generally undermines the show—how he came to be here is a mystery and he will not stand the test anyway—he does not attempt a decent job of work, he is far too busy moaning. It is this odd sort of chap who has to be the subject of very definite treatment from every right and true minded gunner.

You will find that the hardest part of your job as a true gunner is to keep the real issues which I have tried to depict constantly before you in such a way that they influence you in the right direction when things don't seem so good. It's easy to go off with a flare of trumpets and then decide that you have done your share towards this ideal and then sit back because Gnr. Misfit does not appear to be putting his weight—two wrongs never made a right—such a happening provides the right-thinking gunner with a great opportunity and he can adopt one of two courses (1) talk the other fellow back to his old form or (2) make his conscience worry him by showing particular attention to training and duties whatever they may be. You must remember at all times that in just the same way that enthusiasm catches on, a rot can set in and the time to think of the Battery and what it means is now. "What a great show it is!" not "What a great show it was." Why deal with a major problem when it can be handled easily as a minor one.

I know that you cannot put an old head on young shoulders, but clearly understand that you became eligible for mobilized service in the N.Z. Army at the age of 18, but as a soldier and a gunner you are doing the job of a man which demands that you commence thinking and acting like one. We are now receiving older men into the Regiment and in addition to all the qualifications that go to make a gunner, these people by their maturity in years, closer understanding of the national problem and broader outlook on life, have an immediate task in keeping a steady balance on their younger comrades and thus keep the unit on the right track. In your every-day duties, constantly think of the other chap and if you can do anything to help him—do it—you can help the efficiency of the unit by jumping into your fatigue duties and perhaps cutting down the numbers required, which will release more men for training—think your work out before you start, if it is well planned it will mean quicker and better results.

Just at present with so much Artillery expansion afoot, opportunities for advancement are coming thick and fast which demands of you all an immediate appreciation of your principles as a gunner—the recruit to-day is possibly an N.C.O. to-morrow and he must start off with the right objective firmly fixed in his mind. Those of you who will of necessity be transferred to other Artillery units either as Officers or N.C.O.'s have a great opportunity to create the right spirit in your new units, always remembering the old Regiment which put you on the rails and we of the Regiment will look on you and your new homes with a complete confidence that you know what is wanted—after all the type of equipment you happen to be handling does not alter the principles for which you stand—its the badge and motto together with the rank of "Gunner" that matters. I do not suggest that you have given no thought to this side of soldier life, far from it—there is very strong evidence in conduct on leave. I can hardly recall an instance of really bad conduct and believe me it is very pleasing to an old gunner to see you chaps, not lounging about streets or improperly dressed at dances. Your conduct when on leave during the recent manoeuvres proved that you knew your drill and after all it should be part of your make-up to conduct yourself at all times—as a gunner should.

In conclusion I do hope that these few remarks will be of some material help to us all, particularly with the uncertain days that lie ahead. If we constantly remind ourselves of our first duty to our Regiment then I feel that there is no difficulty which will beat us. So let's tee things up the right way.

Which Battery?

With a gloomy look the Gunner came down the steps of the military hospital.

"Hello, Bill," said a passing gunner. "How is the B.S.M. to-day?"

Gunner — looked glum.

"There's no hope," he groaned. "He returns to duty to-morrow."

Things We Want to Know

Who was the Officer who obeyed the orders of the N.C.O. prodded on by remark of his ex-batman? A good sport, anyway.

Who was the B.C. who went on Dress Parade with two V.C.'s showing on the front of his trousers. Tut, tut, Sir. This won't do, you know.

What had Gunner R.P. of 5th. Battery been up to the other Saturday night?

Who is the Serg.-Major whose nickname could not be printed in Smith's Weekly, The Pink 'Un or even in this journal? Sh! Sh! Don't let on.

Who was the Bombardier, acting Orderly Serg. whose language shocked the Sergeant's mess?

Why does a certain N.C.O. going to O.C.T.U. shortly, want to leave a taste of officiousness behind him?

Is he going to O.G.P.U.?

Is the R.H.Q. bugler fond of animals; if so, does the fact that Rex has been restless about 22.00 hours account for the fact that "Last Post" has not always been sounded lately.

Who was the man at Terrace End, down the drain who was "Happy in his work"? Was it a very mucky drain?

Who was the ex-Imperial Army gunner, thinking the slung rifle rather sloppy, whilst on sentry duty at the gate, decided to show Diggers how it should be done, stood at ease, jumped to attention when a certain Major's car arrived, sloped arms, saluted, inspected the Major's pass. Sh! Sh! All done with his pipe still in his mouth. Thanks, Major!

Who was the 5th. Battery Orderly Officer who scratched his head smartly on parade when the B.S.M. appeared before him?

Is it true that several gunners smiled and that one actually chuckled?

Was the cause fleas or anticipation on the part of muscular reflex action?

LONDON

Over London comes a Blitz, Planes fly over called Messerschmitts, "Man the guns," the Sergeant yells, While lights go out amid ringing of bells.

Into the breach goes a six-inch shell, No. 3 pulls the cord and lets go hell, On a mission of death shoots a little black dot, At a moving target that looks like a spot.

All you see is a big red flame, And more scrap metal comes down again.

The bulldog breed zooms through the night, After a Nazi for him to bite.

The "All Clear" warning has given its cry, Once more we go to sell and buy, While the cliffs of Dover are still white.

The people of Britain are forever bright.

—Gnr. O'Connor, H.P.,

2/10/45.

TITLE WINNER

6th BATTERY DRECT HIT

Congratulations, Gunner Potter, of 6th Battery! You have won the Colonel's prize of an extra week-end. Stay sober, old man, but have one for, not on, the Editor!! Gunner Fuller, of 5th Battery is designing a heading incorporating your title. He also will be doing defaulters' elbow bending exercise. We'll all be thinking of you. Tell the girls where you both got your inspiration.

Lingerie ---

THE PERFECT GIFT SUGGESTION

A Nightgown that would bring sheer delight to the most discriminating young lady is featured in delicate Honey-toned "Iris" fine weight Bemberg. Exquisite lace and satin motif trimming. W. size. PRICE 30/6

For the girl with the daring taste—a pair of exotic Scarlet Pyjamas in Luxury Mylanit. Beautifully fashioned with dashing Black and Green applique trimming. S.W. size. PRICE 32/6



Don't let a little thing like choosing a present give you any trouble! We have plenty of good ideas and are only too glad to add you in your selections.

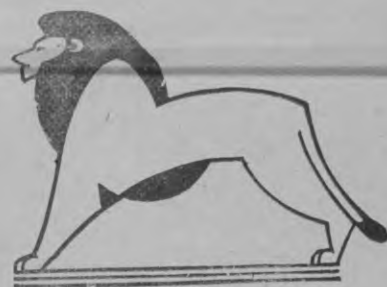
The daintiest of Peach tongs is chosen to interpret the loveliness of a lace woven locknit Nightgown. The draped bodice and the pretty frilled sleeves are special features. Figure flattering lines are achieved. W. size. PRICE 45/6

Heavy quality white satin is the lustrous fabric portrayed in a gorgeous lingerie set which embodies Slip, Vest and Seantoes. Each piece is delightfully fashioned with dainty lace and embroidered trimmings. W. size. PRICE 52/6

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During The Blitz

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Make a point of seeing this remarkable exhibition of photographs this week. There is no charge whatever... but if after seeing these pictures you feel inclined to put something in the collection box for the Lord Mayor of London's Air Raid Relief Fund you will have the satisfaction of helping a very worthy cause.

AN APOLOGY.

Owing to newsprint not being elastic we regret that Capt. H. Reid's address to his battery, has had to be held over until next week when it will hold pride of place. Several other interesting items have also had to be held over, please be patient, we are only human.

CONDOLENCES.

The Regiment extends to Gunner R. N. Collin, R.H.Q., its most sincere sympathy in his recent sad bereavement. Also to Sergeant W. Harris whose brother, recently returned from overseas, passed away on Wednesday morning.

The Regimental Orderly Officer

You can tell him at once by the look of weary dispiritedness that is characteristic of his kind. He slinks around the camp, viewing distastefully the grease traps, refuse pits and other noisome places that under happier circumstances would arouse no more than the usual platitudes. His Orderly Sergeant trotting faithfully in rear is the trusted scribe who records the reproaches, gentle or scathing as the case might be, that he deems necessary to pass on. And the Orderly Sergeant by some uncanny coincidence wears that same look of dejection, of unreasoning misanthropy.

Who is this man who is shunned by his brother officers, who betrays his own battery, who is never on time for meals? To sentries he is a nebulous figure that appears out of the night to ask a few inane questions and then disappears to the cooks, an awkward visitor, who so to speak, peers mournfully under the corners of carpets in search of hidden dust. The unit Orderly Officer sees in him a hovering fate that is liable at any minute to pounce on his own shortcomings with a shrill cry of triumph, while to the Adjutant he's just—"Hello, you again!"

But life is not perhaps so brutal as one might suppose. In the daily inspections, old scores against the other batteries can be fully and justly settled. To the officer who pines for the pearls of hypocrites in his endeavour to promote the welfare of the men, what better than the glorious two hours with the M.O. when the sickening stench of mud is transformed into the mysterious exhalations of another world where myriad algae and bacillus struggle for life; when a slab of cold, slightly blue, sheep is revealed as a hidden laboratory of proteins and hydrocarbons. While who is so base of soul that he cannot read the poetry of the stars in the early morning, when the wind slips off the mountains bringing the breath of snow to stir the limpid pools of liquid mire, translucent under the sky

I fear, however, that our Orderly Officer is on the whole, "of the earth; earthly"—such finer sentiments have no place in his own harsh world. This man of sewers, sumps and cesspools, of guano and fatigues, pursues his unhappy way through a trying day, striving to maintain an equitable temper and forgetting never that maxim: "Either make a man your friend, or put it out of his power to be your enemy." For the indiscretions of to-day may be visited tenfold to-morrow. Think not badly of him as he makes his way around the camp; observe how he walks with the gait of one who is accustomed to precarious footholds; see how he winces at the mention of details. He is one of you, ostracised for a day by his mysterious malady, but returning cleansed and purified, tempered in the fire of duty. What does it

Moaning, Mud and Slush, Blood and Sand

What the hell is the good of moaning? Is it really worth while making other people discontented by complaining that you had to "stand easy" for five minutes on mess parade because the adjetival truck had got bogged again coming over from the cookhouse? Does it really matter that your ruddy boots won't hold going down the bank? Need you tell the world because a few gallons of water leaked through the roof on to your blankets? It was probably only a quart and even if you did go to Hospital, you had comfy nurses and sick leave. Is there any need to make the position worse by exaggerating the crook side of things? Exaggerate the good things. Thank your lucky stars you were not in the last war, up to your waist in slush and mud, the stink of dead stock, both human and animal, in your nose for days and weeks at a time; thank your lucky stars you were not in Libya, in Greece, in Crete, in Egypt, in Russia, in submarines, on transports.

Young One Pips.

How often have we growled, "It wouldn't be so bad if we had older men as officers; it is pretty bloody having a youngster of 20 ordering about a man old enough to be his father." Come on, be fair, put aside personal feeling and analyse the young one piper or the young N.C.O. and you will find he has earned his rank, he is a better man than you, Gunga Din. He has got guts, brains, energy, and what is more—PERSONALITY. It was not easy for him to go on parade or to a lecture for the first time. Remember, he worked for his rank. Forget your bias and get on with the job; you may be a one piper yourself one day.

Chin Up.

5th. Battery sing "Old King Cole Was a Merry Old Soul," let us be merry. Camp life is the goods, no wives to nag us, no mothers to spoil us, no girls to lead us astray (PERHAPS), no booze, no clothes to buy; in short, camp life is kushy (unless you are the editor). Let us parody the old song, "Knees Up, Mother Brown," into "Chin Up, Soldier Brown."

matter if his unhappy countenance is the harbinger of contumely, if "leaden-eyed despair stalk in his wake. To-morrow he is free again, a cheerful smile is his greeting, and with the pitying expression of a woman saved from sin he watches a dejected figure shamble through the mud in the general direction of R.H.Q. "Hello, you again!"

"ROO."

Lieut. Bradshaw wishes to remain anonymous but "Never hide your light under a bushel!"

Padre's Message

It is with pleasure that I pen some small contribution for this, the first edition of the 2nd. Field Regimental Paper. May I offer my warm congratulations on this the latest enterprise of the 2nd Field. Noted already for its pioneering activities in many a camp the Regiment is running true to form in venturing out again, this time on that vast uncertain sea of journalism. Having survived with honour the enveloping mud of Linton, its lightsome breezes and soft and soothing rain, and what is more, having made a pathway through these wilds of the Manawatu, there can be little doubt that in this new field of enterprise, so tough a regiment having been tried, if "not by fire," then certainly by "mud," will achieve undoubted renown.

This, our latest weapon, having now been calibrated, we are ready for action, and with ample talent at our disposal we may confidently look for many a good bracket on the target and all in the spirit of good fellowship. May the journal of the 2nd Field become a worthy expression of the spirit of the Regiment, that "esprit de corps" upon which so much depends in the troubled days.

A friend of mine, anxious to improve his golf, bought a book on how to play that ancient game. It told him many things about golf, of how the thing should be done. It looked easy enough on paper but it was a mighty different thing on the course. The game of life is like that. Its when we come to put the rules into practise that we discover how difficult a thing it is to achieve the highest.

In this book that I speak of my friend came across this story.

A golfer departed from this life and woke up to find himself not in heaven but in that "other place." (I am not suggesting that that is where all good golfers go.)

This man was astonished to find what a wonderful place it was. There he found the most perfect golf house he had ever seen, the most perfect golf course imaginable. He was given the most perfect caddie and a most delightful day with an utterly wonderful set of clubs he was taken out to the most perfect golf course he had ever set eyes upon. Just as he was about to swing one of these perfect clubs for the first drive from the tee he was amazed to discover that there was no golf ball on the tee. On being asked for the ball with which to play the caddie replied: That is the Hell of it, sir, there is no ball.

We can't play the game without the ball. That is the Hell of it for so many in life, they lack the one thing that is essential. That is the trouble and the tragedy of our modern world men have sought everything else but the one thing that is essential and without that one thing you can't play the game of life and win.

It is the Christian message in the Christian fellowship that sup-

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Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Sparkling, Sophisticated and Daring Comedy,

"WHEN LADIES MEET"

— With —

Greer Robert Joan Herbert
GARSON TAYLOR CRAWFORD MARSHALL

— Also —

"CRIME DOESN'T PAY," PETE SMITH and NEWSREELS.

(Recommended by Censor for Adults.)

FRIDAY NEXT—

LESLIE HOWARD in "PIMPERNEL SMITH."

MAYFAIR

TO-NIGHT, 6.30 P.M.

Three Robin Hoods of the
Roaring Road.
8 p.m.:

"ROAD AGENT"

— With —

DICK FORAN

LEO CARRILLO

ANDY DEVINE

G-Men Versus Racketeers.

6.30 and 9.15 p.m.:

"TREAT 'EM ROUGH"

— With —

EDDIE ALBERT

and

7.30 p.m.:

Ep. 8, "SEA RAIDERS,"

With

Dead End Kids.

(Both Approved for Universal Exhibition.)

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— With —

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER as Tarzan.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN as his White Goddess.

JOHN SHEFFIELD as Tarzan Junior.

Tarzan's love call is your call to new adventures . . .

new thrills!

(Approved for Universal Exhibition.)

plies that one thing needful. It is Christ or chaos. Without Him we cannot win through to moral and spiritual manhood. He is the captain of our salvation and the conqueror renowned. To-day he calls us to the contest in His name and for His coming kingdom.

Every week we are holding a fellowship in one of the mess rooms to which we invite all the men. Our aim is to make this a real fellowship, and already we have made a good beginning. Our next meeting is on Tuesday night at 7 p.m. Come along and join us. On the great spiritual front of the Battle of Life may we march together, comrades in arms, standing for the things that are clean and just and true. Let us "Be strong and show thyself a man."

"This is the dew of the morning.

METEOR: "Tarzan's Secret Treasure" commences at the Meteor Theatre to-day and will be showing for six days. This picture offers new jungle thrills. Johnny Weissmuller as Tarzan again presents his breath-taking feats of swimming under water, diving off cliffs and swinging through the trees, while Maureen O'Sullivan offers a fascinating picture of a wife who can do wonders into transforming a tree-hose into a comfortable home.

oh Youth! Is the call of the Christ to you."

Your Padre,
MURRAY A. GOW.

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