

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 DIRECT 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

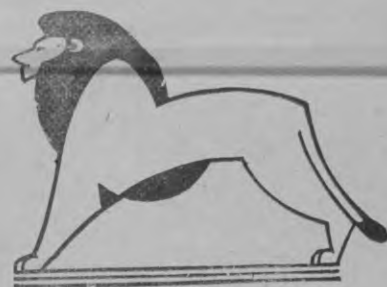
Heavy quality white satin is the lustrous fabric portrayed in a gorgeous lingerie set which embodies Slip, Vest and Seantoes. Each piece is delightfully fashioned with dainty lace and embroidered trimmings. W. size.

PRICE 52/6

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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.