

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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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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