

FRIDAY, JUNE 5, 1942.

Regimental Pride

The other day in a shop a young lady asked, "Why is it that the chaps in 2nd Field skite about their outfit?" The reply naturally was, "Because we ARE the 2nd Field N.Z.A. and proud of it." Her question was a compliment, but there are still a fairly large number of chaps who appear to be lacking in their sense of Regimental Pride. If you don't know the past history of our outfit after the articles published in "The Observation Post" by the C.O. and B.C.'s, ask older members. We are proud of the men trained in this Regiment who have given their lives gloriously (we hope to run a Roll of Honour of them soon). We are proud of the men trained in this Regiment who are still leading others, both in Artillery and other units, AND we are proud of ourselves from the C.O. down to the rawest recruit. If any man is not proud of this Regiment it is only because he doesn't know anything about it.

The first essential to pride of regiment is pride of and in self. This can only be obtained by pulling one's fair weight, by personal cleanliness and smartness. Remember, we are known as the "Spit and Polish Brigade" by instant obedience of orders, by a staunch determination to be 100 per cent. efficient in one's job. Nothing can put us out of the Army until the war is over—then 100 per cent. co-operation and team-work is the better thing. By loafing or going adub, our mates have to pull harder on the fatigue drag ropes and carry us. Some are new to Army life but the old soldier or rookie eventually realises that the more he runs his head against the wall, the more solid that wall becomes. In the long run pride of regiment carries us along a comparatively smooth stream.

Evidently from the remark passed by the aforesaid young lady, our boys have a pride of regiment when in town, but let's carry it further. It is an honour to be an Artilleryman. Find out for yourselves the history of the grenade we are entitled to wear in our P.S. caps. Find out for yourselves the history of the broad stripe on dress uniform trousers—if you are interested you WILL find out and it will stiffen the old backbone.

You have read or heard how the Artillery saved the day on the Western Front when one of our armies cracked. Prince Rupprecht, of Bavaria, one of Germany's greatest generals in the last war—we'll say he was qualified to express an opinion—we'll say he was qualified to speak about the quality of the soldiers who fought against Germany on the Western Front—declared that the New Zealand Division was the finest that the Allies ever possessed.

The test of an Artilleryman is when he is firing over an open sight—when he is attacked on each flank—from the rear and from the air—as many of our boys have been. Hear some of the recently returned men from Libya, Greece and Crete. We in this camp can and will live up to the high standard set—that is why we are proud of our Regiment.

A Leadswinger's Confession

(By "The Gadfly.")

In World War No. 1, I swung the lead. I tell you that, frankly, openly and without shame. But whether it was worth my while to suffer so much to gain so little (as the Workhouse kid said when he had mastered the alphabet at the end of the birch) I leave you to judge when you have heard my story.

It all happened in this wise. When, in the early portion of 1914, a crazed student had hung a bomb that sent a worthless monarch to the bosom of his fathers, there to give an account of his own handling of the Divine right of kings to do the wrong thing so often, he started something that had its repercussions right round the world, and one of them was to smash up our cosy little home, some 15,000 miles from the spot where he had cluttered up a stinky little throne. Wheels in the war machine commenced to turn, and in turning, tore four of my brothers from the family table. Two of them were ex-imperial service men, and of those, one, very early in the scrap, left part of himself on some barbed wire entanglement, somewhere in the Persian Gulf, while the rest of him was blown to parts unknown by an enemy bomb. The others volunteered early in the struggle. I, alone, was left, and it was agreed that I should stay put. Therefore when the ballot caught me, my mother appealed. It was heard before a magistrate. She told her story, pointing out that father was a retired Imperial soldier with 25 years' service to his credit, she was a soldier's daughter, married "on the strength," and that four out of the five sons had enlisted voluntarily, and that one had been killed. The magistrate listened attentively, then gazing at me, his bosom swelled and he said that this was one of the finest records he had ever heard; it was a credit to all concerned, and if every home in the country had done its duty as well as ours, there would have been no need for conscription. Ad-journed sine die. Newspaper men present sent their pencils scurrying over their copy paper, and marked their reports "B/I," and next day the news appeared in startling black type.

Tempus Fugit.

Well the war went on, and now it went, and in what direction, may be judged by the fact that daily the papers told of the special decoration which had been conferred upon Brass Hat Ramrod for his "masterly withdrawal" from Dunneken Heights, or upon General Splatter-Splash of Herring-gut, for the outstanding stand at Bludensnot Corner, where he had withstood assault with the loss of only 150,000 men and four transport columns. The achievement of the latter had moved the editor of the Christchurch Chimes (who had carefully tied up his little finger in sticking plaster to avoid infection from a kitten scratch) to assure his readers in his editorial that in the holding of Bludensnot Corner "we could well afford to lose 500,000 men, if necessary." The war situation looked sticky, and the repeated references to the advances of our troops, when verified by the map, left one to wonder if our army didn't move crabwise.

Different Story.

Eventually, all "sine die" cases were reviewed, and my case came up before

the same magistrate. Mother told the same story about dad and his 25 years' service, about my brothers going and about the one that was killed.

Again the magistrate listened attentively, and again he gazed at me. Again his bosom swelled and he said that this was the most disgraceful thing he had ever heard. Here was an able-bodied man skulking behind the splendid services to the country of his father and his brothers. Skulking and attempting to evade his duty, even though one of his brothers had given his life that he might have freedom. It was deplorable that there should be such a specimen in the country, and if every person did as he was doing, where would the Empire be? Appeal dismissed.

Newspaper men present sent their pencils scurrying over their copy paper, marked their reports "B/I," and the next day the news appeared in startling black type!

In Camp.

Well, I was soon in camp. But I hadn't finished yet. I had defective eyesight, and I had a doctor friend, a specialist and a Sinn Feiner, who had given a certificate that my eyes could see pink elephants and blue cats, without the aid of "Black-and-White" whisky, and that taken all in all, I was as useful to the army as the New Testament in Arabia. This was duly presented to the C.M.O. with the result I spent many weeks travelling between Palmerston and Wellington, seeing the eye specialist, and, incidentally "swinging it" for all I was worth. This went on for a considerable time, until some one higher up got tired of the game and I was presented with a chit to give to the C.M.O. What was in it, I never found out, but the result was a call to the "big noise," who told me that I was to be assigned to light duties for the duration. I was elated, but I look back in pity for myself because of my unsuspecting innocence!

Cook-house.

Early one morning I was called to go to the cook-house, to commence those same light duties. Now bear in mind I had defective eyesight. My first day at that cook-house was spent in peeling SIX BARRELS OF ONIONS. My second day there was spent in peeling another six barrels of onions. My third, fourth, fifth was spent in peeling half a dozen barrels of onions. . . . And so it went on for weeks and weeks. On the first day, I wept. On the second, I wept some more. And on the third I wept again, but after that I lost count, for the weeping became quite involuntary, and the only satisfaction I had was the knowledge that if the war was won on the stamina of the troops, given to them through the medium of the never-ending stew, I, at least had played my part.

I went into the army, with eyes that were defective, and I left it in due time thoroughly convinced that there were more ways than one of dealing with the maslady. Mine was a "way they have in the army," surely. I told you that I swung the lead, but let me assure you, gentle reader, that, not even to my hated enemy would I say "Go thou and do likewise." The acquisition of wisdom, can sometimes be a most painful process. Believe me, DON'T SWING THE LEAD!

These Attached Units

Oh yes! I was a gunner once—that was before I got sense and joined the L.A.D. The only trouble is that I had to get detached from the regiment first and then attached again or something like that. I don't really know. Perhaps the Army does, but it doesn't matter anyhow and it's about your other "attached" that I want to talk.

After all we L.A.D. have been detached, and pinned on again for a very long while now and we thought you were satisfied. Just because a war broke out, though, you Artillery have gone in for collecting more and more "attached" yes sir—and then some. Did you just want to increase your ration strength or (now honestly!) DID YOU WANT TO MAKE MORE WORK FOR US!

But getting back to these extras:—first of all there were the Home Guardies whom you taught gunnery to—good chaps all, but that was long long ago—yes before we used to think of mud at Linton, and you know how long ago that was.

Then some survey chappies attached themselves. You left them behind when you went on manoeuvres—left them behind to clean up the camp, didn't you?—and did they—or did they? Then they disappeared into the blue and returned for an hour or so last week and now they're gone again. Oh! Very, very detached!

Then there's the Padre. He's attached too, isn't he! Anyhow he's attached himself to two tents in the best possible camp—and that's not bad going in the 2nd Field Regiment.

There there are the Dah-Dits. Somehow or other even gunners get on well with the Sig. Section attached. Perhaps its because you think they're nearly intelligent enough to be gunners or perhaps (listen carefully) it's because they are experienced "at tachees" like us L.A.D.-ites and have acquired that tolerance and forbearance so necessary for successful attachment. You know—putting up with the likes of the gunner nosing round their wireless sets who wanted to know how you could talk and speak at the same time. Oh yes! We detached get very attached to your "attached."

Then there's the "Y.Y." Well! You know what he does to you when you try to get some of your own back on R.H.Q. at rugby. I'll stop there though I know you wouldn't like me to offend him. He might go and take his Y.M. but with him. Then what would you do?

Then there's the M.O. He's attached too. A very nice chap to talk to—all that but I can't make out the look in his eye when he dishes out that pill—a very detached look—there's a twinkle there that I like to find.

Then there's "Rex." You know how attached he gets to the C.O.'s mat. Does he give you an idea for another attached 2/3/??

Then your latest collection is the Motor Merchants Section; What is the official army name? Ah yes!—Dental Corps. Well! I had a wonky tooth and did the attached get attached—that was till it was all over and I fell out through the side of the hut. They were still attached to my tooth though.

Then there's your C.O. Like Rex, I don't know whether he should personally appear in this, but sometimes he seems to be attached to us. Anyhow he's the only Colonel I know, who can and does ride a motor bike. But why pinch our jolly old bike when he goes for a ride? Oh yes! Gunners, you have offended us and gone in for collecting more and more "attached" but as they never seem to want to leave you, there must be something about you, and I know we something and attached again like your "attached" and I know you do too.

P.S.

Watch the queue outside our lines each morning applying for the loan of something to tighten up nuts with.

Editor's note:

Yes Sir, your Editor is very attached to the Regiment too. Presume he is attached to the attached by the attached—oh heck that could go on ad infinitum.

The following advertisement appeared in a newspaper in India: "Mahomedsmen, hair-cutter and clean shaver. Gentlemen's throats cut with very sharp razors, with great care and skill. No irritating feeling afterwards."

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W.W.S.A. Concert

HUGE SUCCESS

POPULAR SHOW

The entire Regiment, with the exception of the guards (and the guarded), oh, yes, and Rex, attended a magnificent concert given by members of the W.W.S.A. (Palmerston North branch) on Wednesday night. The cooks spread themselves and showed just exactly what they can do when the occasion arises. Thirty-six dozen pastries and 600 scones were "scoffed" in less than no time.

The party was under the leadership of the Chapman Bros., Messrs. Alee and Ernie, who brought the house down with some old 1914-18 popular song hits, besides leading the community singing. Mrs. Prince was a prime favourite with her piano-accompanied, ably assisted in the second half by Gunner Marshall who waggled the bones. Although it would be hard to pick out the best item, Miss Barratt with her charming smile and delightful personality went over big with the boys in a series of community songs.

Miss Nancy Robertson and Miss Smith sang a variety of songs in a manner truly professional. Miss B. Heath enjoyed her tap dance as much as the audience whilst Miss Peggy Wilson created much humour with her monologues.

Much admired grouped around the piano were the Swing Sisters, Misses V. Ward, M. Scott, J. Gilbert, G. Duff, D. Judd, L. White, L. Crosby, E. Wilson, E. Morton, J. Stagpoole and L. Wilson. Mr. Len Smith at the piano nearly lifted the roof on more than one occasion with his impersonations and clever manipulation of the keys. Mr. F. McLachlan accompanied Messrs. Chapman Bros. and the community sings.

Last but definitely by no means least the ballet (the Misses G. Duff, L. Crosby, L. White, E. Wilson and J. Stagpoole) worked with military precision and certainly won the hearts of their audience.

The guests of honour were Mesdames D. Honore, C. Quarterly, Bowler, Walker, Harrod and Miss D. Prince, the C.O. (Lieut.-Col. C. F. Lowe), Major Nelson, Capt. Burns, Capt. Gieson, Capt. Dixon, Lieuts. Page, Holmes,

In Reverse

BY THE W'S.

As my surname begins with a "W" I reckoned to our S.M. that now and again they should reverse these blooming alphabetical parades, and was seconded by the only member of our company following me. His name was Young.

Every parade to the "Q" store was the same. When it got to us: "Sorry, Dig, we've just run out of your size." Result: something smaller in shirts, bigger in hats, and whatever was left in boots, etc.

I started in to go crook last pay day, as by the time we were paid the darn canteen had run out of grog and Youngy and I were left again. When I mentioned it to our company commander he said: "I promise you lads that the next thing that's on we'll start at the other end of the line for a change."

We thanked him, and went back to our tent, very pleased.

Well, that O.C. kept his word (bless him!) Next darn parade was for vaccination. Anyway, I'm changing it to Aarons for the "duration." (The W's 5 Battery.)

FURLOUGH.

Whilst in the windy city recently in conversation with a sailor belonging to one of our biggest Allied Navies, it transpired that he had had 15 days leave in 4 years. Another had had 4 days in 3½ years. Any complaints boys?

BOIL IT DOWN!

Writer: "I have an article here on fresh milk."
Editor: "Condense it."

Kemp, Pavitt, Cornish, Cutts, Durbin, Cameron and Rees Thomas.

At the conclusion of the performance the C.O. warmly thanked the party and called for three cheers. After supper Mrs. J. Walker, vice-president of the W.W.S.A. replied. Hopes are high that a repeat performance will be given soon.