



# THE OBSERVATION POST



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## "MEMORIES OF PINOCHIO"

(By R.W.S.F.)

If the O.C. 2nd. Survey Troop, N.Z.A. was in the habit of issuing communiques, that of the 27th May, 1942 would have read after this manner:—

"The Troop has just completed a most successful trek northwards to Pokeno an important town 40 miles south of Auckland. All the lessons of the month's encounters were well assimilated. Notwithstanding some desperate skirmishes with examinations every Saturday morning, all our surveying personnel emerged from the ordeal of fire unscathed.

It is regretted however, that casualties among the civilian (female) population are believed to be high. Neutral observers report many cases of broken hearts after Monday 25th May.

Gaily we waved goodbye to Linton mud, the R.H.Q. boys and the cook-house. The convoy rumbled north—destination vague—somewhere about Pokeno.

One convoy trip differs little from any other. That night as we "bivvied" at Raurimu we fell asleep to the sound of snorting trains puffing asthmatically up the Spiral. Reveille came at 5 a.m. sharp (ask Sergeant Ryan). Seven sorry 0700 hours and still rubbing col-wabs from their eyes the troop turned their backs and their trucks on the three mountains silhouetted against a glowing sky and framed by the crooked limbs of the dying bush.

While the convoy roared through Te Awamutu the population gazed open mouthed—not at this new manifestation of New Zealand's military might, but at the sight of a red headed Sergeant (remember? 5th Battery) his face well lathered, a razor waved nonchalantly in one hand and a mug balanced on the other.

### "Journey's End"

Tucking away the trucks beneath the giant oak trees, we congratulated ourselves—a fine hall to mess in, a piano, and a dance in that very hall the same night in honour of our arrival. Well wouldn't it fair rotate yer!?

By midnight several of our members were well organised, in fact they departed into the moonlight as escorts to their respective damsels. Baffled the Don Juans of 1st Troop turned away to drown their sorrows in Ginger Ale while the manly misogynists of our troop sought stronger consolation.

### Wine Women and Song

The dances that were held in the hall—well ask our sergeants if they were a success.

That small dance (organised by the troop in return for the hospitality shown by the residents of "Pinochio") "fulfilled every expectation."

That is every expectation save that of a maiden who toiled by day in the local Post Office. Alas the dark and handsome Sergeant made a premature farewell in the morning for that night his presence was required on the Limited bound for Dannevirke and O.C.T.U. Good luck! Boyd.

## "The 2nd. Survey Troop"

### "Crooks Tours"

(By M.T.)

A recent "acquisition" to the Artillery has been the new "Survey Troop" whose technical knowledge it is hoped will be of great value to the "Gunners" if, and when the time comes for us to do our bit in defending our native shores.

Under the able command of Captain J. F. Tasker (affectionately called "censored" by his "boys") the troop has just returned from a training period in the Northern District in conjunction with the 1st Survey Troop.

True to the style of "Central Boys" the members of the troop did very well with the ladies of Pokeno while stationed there. There is certainly no

## Highlights of That Farewell Evening---

Our jovial skipper and his partner performing a solo military two-step with vigorous abandon; Ah Fang's rendering of "Three Blind Mice"; our sober married men all bedazzled by the charms of the fair-haired lassie from Hamilton; Tomato Blonde gazing into the eyes of his latest, a young lady who had just received her first Social Security book.

Despite all the above goings-on we worked hard. Will we ever forget that first lecture?—clutching new note books and sharp pencils we filed into the hall. "Sandy" (Lt. Neville Sanderson, O.C. 1st Survey Troop) gaily splashed Sines and Tangents; as one line after another appeared in lightning time—the faces of the surveyors (would be), lengthened still longer.

However after that first breath-taking dive into the seas of surveying, we regained breath. Struck out bravely through the stormy waters of Resection—Semi-Graphic, and All.

At night Forms, G.S.G.S. 23, G.S.G.S. 15 etc. floated before our eyes in dizzy circles; in the daytime with screws adjusting we gaily proceeded to level the jigger or theodolite by means of the bubble spirit and with face right, swing right to the mighty pinnacle Trig Muriel.

Did the ex-specialists blush at Sandy's tales concerning some members of their species. The 'spec' who light-heartedly fixed his R.O. on the backside of a cow, but the wretched animal wouldn't play and walked away. The officer who "seated astride the ruddy gun trail," compass prismatic in hand proclaimed his pivot gun to be correct to a degree. An entire regiment turned out to hunt for a missing pivot artillery.

Memories of field work return; our first thrill on an unknown hill as the first trig was at last shoved, tugged, talked and argued into position; the bewilderment of two observers whose round of angles to one trig disagreed by 4 degrees. A sigh of relief—they had laid on different trigs. I remember "Old Bill" casually informing the Boss, "by the way we left the jigger in the field!!! triumphs, over 1st Troop when our results were accepted in preference.

The tales that were told on return from our first equivalent of an "R and O". How our Daniel raced his heavy trucks under enemy fire along the Whangarata straight; gas alarms at the computing centre; observing parties lugging theodolites and stands crawling close (too close sometimes) to gorse hedges, mindful of the Great One's hatred of skylines and finally the verdict: "Quite a good show." Day and night, night and day, the cry went out "all out for lecture." Clear and concise lecture notes were elaborated by explanations which dispelled "any points not quite clear." (We hope.) We all will remember Sandy's lectures and these made the starting point for our real job of work, now about to begin.

doubt about their popularity. In fact the 1st Troop boys were well "Done in the eye." Here is part of a conversation overheard at a recent dance in the village hall at Pokeno.

Girlish Voice: "Are you going away too; what! You and You?"  
Answers: "Yes."  
G.V.: "Gosh! All the best chaps are leaving us."  
Get what we mean!!!

Let it not be thought, however, that the social side is the only side the Troop is successful in. As far as technical training is concerned the boys dug their toes in and certainly showed that they could make the grade. There was much keen rivalry between the members to make a good showing.

To return to the "Social Whirl" in which the troop excels, mention must be made of the farewell dance given

2/10/--- REX



"Pride of the Regiment."

Elmar Studios Photo.

## Regimental Ball

THURSDAY, 2nd. JULY.

Well here we are chaps the Regimental Ball is on its way. The Coconut Grove Hall has been booked and quite a number of arrangements made. Next week it will be possible to tell you a lot more. All we can say now is—it is going to be a good show—you'll enjoy it.

Now then please find out from your girl friend, wife or somebody else's if she is coming. If so let a member of the committee know in writing. If you haven't a partner or can't get one also write to the committee and one will be found for you. Don't leave it till the last minute, hop in now!

by the Troop to the citizens of Pokeno (their daughters) shortly before the departure of the Troop for Palmerston North. The dance was a huge success and so no doubt were the farewells. As no first hand knowledge has come to hand of these partings, no mention of them can be made here. Perhaps, if readers referred to our fair headed gunner they may obtain some information on the subject. During the course of the dance a few of the boys sang two songs of their own composition, one of which is published here. The other, well, let us say it is too long for publication. Here is one of the songs to the tune of "Two Lovely Black-eyes."

Sine Tangent and Cot,  
Reductions and bearings and what,  
A humbling for us as we go away,  
"Midst Sine Tangent and Cot.

Sec, cosec and cos,  
With Pinochio's lassies we was,  
As happy as Larry but we go away,  
"Midst Sec, cosec and cos.

Cot Tangent and Sine,  
No traverse resection we mind,  
Solutions all novel and varied we get,  
"Midst cot tangent and sine.

Cos cotan and tan,  
Upset a well prepared plan,  
For a very bright party on our week-  
and leave,  
—cos cotan and tan.

The boys will not forget "Pinochio" very quickly and it is a good guess that the local mail has increased considerably since May 25th, 1942.

The technique developed in Pokeno will now be brought into play in Awahuri where the Troop has established its camp for the time being. Let us hope that the technique meets with equal success with the new female talent coming under the eye of the Troop. One gentlemen in particular we're sure is positive that it will. Is he right? We wonder!!! Red hair is an attraction we think in the Survey Troop, almost equal in its power of attraction to fair or blonde locks. Progress reports will be published in these pages from time to time.

In reply to a note in last week's pages, let us say that our new gunner(s) "fit in" quite well.

Don't forget to watch these pages for progress reports on the "various" activities of the Troop. They will surely be interesting.

## WELLINGTON VISIT

### Rex's Reception

The trip to Wellington last Saturday should have taught us all something or other. It was more than just an impressive ceremony or even tribute to the Allied Nations. It was what might be described as a rehearsal and each man in the Regiment probably found he was deficient in something, drivers may have learned how to maintain distances and so on.

The Parade itself was inspiring but the reception Rex received was if anything more so. Perched on top of the cab in the care of Gunner Miller he looked himself, his salute at the saluting base was courteously acknowledged and the cheers which greeted him all along the route did not go to his head although sad to relate he became sick of them near the end of Courtenay Place.

As in action, a soldier can only describe his own immediate front, so with the Parade. The writer was in the Adjutant's car immediately behind Rex. Our Echelon went into action dead on zero hour immediately after a good breakfast and we were astounded at the organisation which had provided E.R.C. men at all cross roads. As some members of the Regiment have a well developed ability for scrounging, we were fortunate in having delightful hot tea at both meal halts, whilst a certain Don R made himself most adept at carrying jars of tea and sandwiches to vehicles fore and aft of us.

The parade in Wellington itself was a display of military strength, which

must have been a revelation to many of the general public as well as to ourselves. To all a reassurance of the power and ability of New Zealand to defend her shores. We did not see the infantry but from reports only a small section of 850 yards were on foot, the remainder being mounted. Altogether 800 vehicles, of which we were no flea bite, and 18 tanks took part. Included in the parade was also one 4 Battery gun which had a parade all to itself and is said to have impressed the natives of the capital city with its mobility.

For the benefit of those who travelled too fast to recognise faces at the saluting base, we reprint the names from "The Manawatu Times".

"The salute was taken by the Governor-General, Sir Cyril Newall, behind whom stood the General Officer Commanding the New Zealand Forces, Lieut.-General E. Puttick, C.B., D.S.O., the Chief of the Naval Staff, Sir Atwell Lake, the Chief of the Air Staff, Air Commodore R. V. Goddard and Colonel J. H. Nankivell representing the U.S. Minister to New Zealand; Brigadier General P. J. Hurley, Major-General N. W. McD. Weir, Central Divisional Commander, and Colonel H. M. Foster, Commandant, Central Military District were among the military executives present."

One of the features of the parade was the inclusion of a number of Indians, in native costume, representing part of the Mercantile Marine.

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