

THE OBSERVATION POST

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PALMERSTON NORTH, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1942.

PRICE 1d.

A COMMANDO RAID

(Condensed from an Article in "Service News," England).

The British raid on Vagsoy, a coastal point, opposite the Faroes and only 220 miles from the Shetlands, where the German troop convoys head around Norway to the fighting front in Finland, was a lesson in co-ordination and timing.

It was really another rehearsal in the long, hard training of a smart, fast manoeuvring, heavily armed British Army being fitted to invade Europe.

It was perfectly executed; bombers appeared on time; gunfire began and ended on time and every man was in the right place at the right time; and there had been no leak beforehand. In the dawn muck of 0831 hrs on December 27th last, one minute behind schedule, an assortment of small vessels, guarded by escorting warships, sailed up to the Norwegian coast. With the roar of approaching Hampden bombers coming faintly from seaward, the warships opened fire on the village of South Vagsoy and its offshore garrison island of Malloy. Beautifully timed, the Hampden bombers rolled overhead and following the coast and fjord line, dotted the shores with smoke bombs to blanket the landing.

Already the armoured landing barges were speeding towards the beaches from the shelter of their parent ships. It was still dark as the attack opened and the Germans, first appraised of the raid by a warning from their light-house keeper at the mouth of the fjord, were shooting blind in the smoke and muck of the dawn.

THE LANDING.

Crouched in their beetle boats, guided by a helmsman in the eye-slitted armoured tower, the raiders were safe against small arms fire and, to the bagpipe skirling of a British major, the Britons set foot on Hitler's Europe. One man in his excitement to be the first to set foot on the hostile shores, jumped too soon and was run down by the heavily armoured bow of his boat.

The landing successful, every man knew he had six hours and six hours only in which to complete the task. Like a battalion on parade the force split into two groups; orders were not necessary; every man knew his allotted position, and with the first half skirting the shore to get behind the village, the remainder charged up the slope under the snowy crags of Vagsoy to the main street.

In the meantime the Hampden bombers had finished their task of laying a smoke screen and had turned south to Herdla Island, the nearest Nazi airfield, and crossing and recrossing the runways, rendered the landing ground unfit for use for some time to come. The first man to enter Vagsoy was a six-foot five British Captain who, hearing the crackle of a machine-gun in the dark, halted his company and went ahead himself to silence it. It was located in a hut, a few yards from where he was standing and bursting in he shot the gunner and his number one, only to meet his end at the hands of a third German crouched in a corner.

Edging cautiously up the street, the raiding force proceeded to carry out its allotted tasks.

SYSTEMATIC DESTRUCTION.

As each building, or installation, noted for destruction was reached, those previously detailed off to attend to it, left the main group and soon the street and the surrounding area resounded to the crash of dynamite and falling buildings.

By now every bush, window and vantage point spouted fire from the German garrison. One British Colonel, marching up the street as if on parade, was barely missed by a grenade dropped from the window of a house bordering the street. The German, unable to resist the temptation to view the effects of his act, poked his head out, only to receive, squarely between the eyes, the full impact of a .303 fired from point blank range.

Slowly, but methodically, the work continued, each demolition squad attending to its pre-allotted task, and, their work done, they took up sentry posts, keeping up a continuous fire against the German snipers. From house to house, the Commandos moved in groups of at least three men, the leader armed with a Tommy-gun and all weighed down with a plentiful supply of grenades. As the houses spaced out, the task of mopping up became more difficult. The Germans fought stubbornly and efficiently, but against the drumfire of groups of Commandos, they were gradually wiped out. Here on the outskirts of the village, a three-storied house holds out, while on the hillside above, two snipers give covering support.

"KNOCKER" WHITE

And The

THREE-STORIED HOUSE.

"Orders is orders," says "Knocker" White, a British corporal, "we gotta turn 'em out. Lets knock them b—s off the 'ill first." And with that he takes up a regulation firing position behind a heap of stones and proceeds deliberately, like Sergeant York, of picture fame, to pick them off. Behind him stands his Commandos, every eye on the alert for danger. "Yes," says one, as blat-blat-blat goes his Tommy-gun, and a sniper, from a side window of a house, shows himself for a second as he takes a snap shot at White and then slowly tumbles out of the window to fall to the ground riddled with bullets. They now turn their attention to the three-storied house and under the protection of the concentrated fire of his mates, "Knocker" runs across the open space to the wall. From the bag at his side he pulls a grenade and hurls it at the top window. It misses and he presses close to the wall while the jagged bits of metal from the bursting grenade spatter around him. One piece pings on the edge of his tin hat. Too risky, he decides, to try again at that height. Meanwhile his mates keep up a hot fire on every window. "Knocker" pulls out five grenades from the bag and lays them on the ground. Measuring the second story with his eye he carefully takes aim and, counting three he lets fly with the first grenade. It's a bull's eye and quickly the other four follow it, to be followed by five shattering bursts in quick succession. Soon the inside of the building is a raging inferno and as the enemy snipers jump from the windows, they are shot down by the British. No time now to take prisoners, they are six minutes behind schedule, and there's one more job to do before its time to trek back.

EVACUATION.

In all, the demolition squads blew up the radio station, several factories, one lone tank, several gun batteries, the barracks, oil tanks, stores and eight ships totalling 15,000 tons. While the catch of Germans was 120 dead men, 95 prisoners.

Norwegians, too, fought beside the British, and to reduce Nazi reprisals, they and other patriots who wanted to be taken to England, were evacuated, together with their whole families. At 1430 hrs. the evacuation started and by 1445 hrs. the last man stepped aboard the barges. Quickly and carefully the few casualties that had been sustained were hoisted aboard the convoy ships, and the beetle boats again securely stowed, the troop ships moved off under the protection of the escorting warships. As they moved down the fjord, German mobile artillery opened up from the mainland, but a cruiser quickly silenced every gun.

As the light failed and the shores receded in the darkness, the patriots of Norway drank a toast to victory and sang a Norwegian Christmas song, while in the hold forward the Quislings cowered in terror.

Sidon fell because the French didn't know which side to Sidon.

"Safe and Well" Out of the Usual

MAORI CONCERT.

Unfortunately time did not permit us to report last week the excellent concert presented the previous night by a Maori Concert Party brought to us by Mrs. Wilson.

Without any shadow of doubt this concert ranks exceptionally high in standard and will long be remembered by the Regiment.

The announcer, Mr. Cakeek, is to be congratulated upon the whole presentation. The talented Hapeta family were prime favourites, their imitation of the Home Guard on parade being particularly amusing.

The final item "Hoki Toki," in which the audience took part, was an absolute riot.

The programme was:—
Opening chorus: "Uta i nga mai"
(Song of Welcome: Action song by the company).

"Toia mai te whaka" by the Hapeta Family.

Single Poi by the Girls.
Humorous sketch: "The Black and White Bootblacks" by Mr. Bunny Carkeek.

The Hapeta Family in "Rukuhia," depicting the boys sailing overseas, also a series of encores.

"Tahimiti." An action song depicting life on the "Tainui" and its conductor in happy mood.

A Novelty Poi by members of the

When you're sucking at your pencil,
And don't know what to say,
And you wish the flaming censor
Had never seen the light of day,
There always is one "item"
That's considered safe to tell,
It doesn't take much telling,
"Dear Pop, I'm safe and well."

The tucker may be very rough,
And the water pretty crook,
You haven't tasted XXX
Since Wavell took Tobruk,
You've been before the skipper,
For being A.W.L.
But take your pen and write it down
"Dear Pop, I'm safe and well."

You've marched o'er rocks and pebbles,
And swallowed tons of sand,
Till you wonder why the blinkin' place
Is called "The Promised Land"
The nights are cold as charity
And the days as hot as hell
But write the same old message,
"Dear Pop, I'm safe and well."

You've heard the howl of jackals,
And the braying of the donk,
You've bargained with the Arab
For his eggs and fruit and plonk;
You've lived with sheep and camels
And the everlasting "smell,"
But still you write the same old words,
"Dear Pop, I'm safe and well."

You've heard the Jerry Stukas
As they twist and zoom o'erhead,
And it isn't the best of pastimes
To go dodging their lumps of lead.
As you crouch low in slit trenches
Mid the hail of shrap and shell
You still find time to drop a line
"Dear Pop, I'm safe and well."

There's an old and anxious father
Who stands by the old bush track,
Waiting for the mailman with news of
his soldier lad,
And a smile lights up his careworn face
With a joy no word can tell
When he reads the old familiar
phrase,
"Dear Pop, I'm safe and well."

—Mailed by Ivan Bond, of the 2nd. N.Z.E.F., to his father in Nelson.

Christmas Cards

The Regiment is placing an order for a supply of Crested Christmas Cards which will be available shortly from the Canteen. This advance advice is given so that all ranks will be able to regulate their buying from outside sources.

Vale

Again it is our task to say farewell to another member of our unit who is well known to everyone. The doctor, Captain Giesen, left our company during the past week for some unknown destination.

There are few indeed who have not received sympathy and excellent treatment at his hands when feeling under the weather.

His prowess in the field of sport was well known to all of us as soon as we first heard of his name. His performances in the realm of sport amply justified and surpassed our hopes notwithstanding the fact that we have only seen him in action at tennis on one occasion.

The whole Regiment desires to express through this paper the best of luck and good wishes. Everyone hopes that he will be as happy with his new comrades as he was in our midst. We all wish we could go with him or he with us.

Many thanks, Sir, for all you have done for us in various spheres, we will never forget you.

Engagement

REED—TAIT.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Tait, Lower Hutt, wish to announce the engagement of their youngest daughter, Irene Mary, to 2nd. Lieutenant Samuel L. Reed, only son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Reed, Wellington.

Hearty good wishes and the best of luck for the future. Could say a lot but we want you to be happy.

Hapeta Family.

"Roll out the Barrel" in action time by the Girls.

"The Home Guard" by the Hapeta Family.

"Whaka Poi," an action song by the Girls, depicting the migration from mythical Hawaiki.

Duet "How to make that Chicken Pie," by Messrs Jacque Hapeta and Bunny Carkeek.

"Pakeha" by the Girls.

Hoki Toki by the Girls, assisted by the Regiment.

Come back soon.

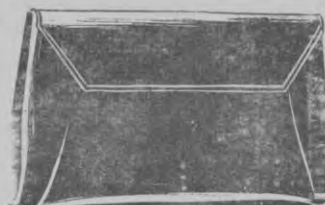
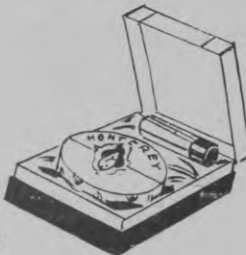
Members of the cast were:—Mrs. Hopaea Te Hana, Miria Te Hana, Hemaira Tehiwi, Bonnie Hakaraia, Diana Johnson, Noelleen Johnson, Lea Blackmore, Kia Reiri, Myra Ransfield, Hemi Hakaraia, Helen Aomare, Lorraine Enoke, Ruth Veronica Ransfield, Peggy Carkeek, Mr. and Mrs. Hapeta and six members of their family.

It's only 6 weeks to Christmas !

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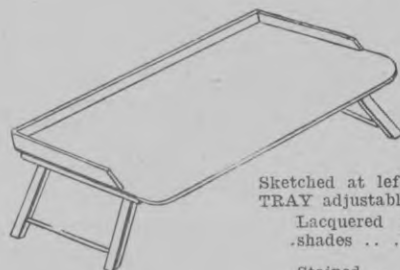


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The Observation Post

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1942.

Regimental Ball

The long-awaited and much-looked-forward-to Regimental Ball is scheduled to take place a week to-night in the A.N.A. Ballroom, George Street, Palmerston North.

This Ball is run for the benefit of the Regiment as a whole, not for one or two or any particular set of people, it is run for everybody, and it is up to everyone of us to take a keen interest in it. There is plenty to be done both before and after the event and help will be very much appreciated by the Committee.

Mrs. D. Honore (Mother of the Regiment) is Hostess again, and anything she has anything at all to do with is always a success.

The Ball the Regiment organised in July was a grand success because every man in the Regiment took a hand in it. Many non-dancers volunteered for fatigues and guard duty that night. The fatigues who arranged the hall, washed up, waited at table, door keepers, in fact all the helpers were volunteers.

The Committee is assured that a similar happy state of affairs will exist this time.

Dancers — it is YOUR Dance. The Orchestra is a combined one—and a good one too—so roll along and bring your girl friend in perfect safety. Ladies are coming as partners for those who have not yet found a friend in the district.

You are assured of a good time!!

Some Bits and Pieces

By "The Gaddy."

I have often declared that the on-looker sees much more of the fun than do those who take part in the so-called festivities. In fact, I agree with the sage who said that Life is a tragedy to those who feel, and a comedy to those who think. In that case, Life must be a tragedy to so many people, for it would appear that there are so few who do the thinking. I was travelling in a train a few days ago, and there was a large number of soldiers in the carriage. They all appeared to be talking, and none of them seemed to be listening. For the most part their conversation centred around the amount of beer that they declared they had drunk, or would drink, given the opportunity. Some, as a side-line brought women into the general discussion, and of course, races, and racehorses weren't far behind, in the hub-bub.

One little khaki clad figure, sat opposite me, and surveyed the crowd with a mischievous gleam in his eye. I leant across and asked him what he thought of all the uproar. "Aw, it's great," he said. "These chaps are protecting Christian culture and civilisation."

THE WRITING ON THE WALL

It is wonderful in what queer places wit and wisdom may be found. Some find them in the writings of the sages, and look for them only there. Yet there are many gems to be seen where least expected, if one only keeps the eyes skinned. The other day, I had occasion to go to one of those places, which are provided, especially for the convenience of men, and I duly parted with the necessary penny. Wit was written on the wall, but not all of it was printable. One little piece caught my eye. Somebody, with a grouch had scrawled the following:—

"This bally convenience is no good at all, The seat is too high, and the hole is too small."

This had earned the reply, written in a different hand:—
"Your silly complaint deserves this retort, Your rump is too fat, and your legs are too short."

Now, say what you will, there WAS wit and wisdom in that neat reply.

SO POSITIVE

I think it was Josh Billings who once declared that half the trouble in the world was caused by people being so positively certain about things that really weren't so. I believe that to be so, too. Just how certain some folk can be about things that aren't so was well exemplified a few days ago. My business took me to the railway station. A troop train had just pulled in, and a large number of soldiers flocked into the refreshment room. I breasted up to the counter, and procured a cup of coffee, and then quietly strolled over to one of the wall-counters. A little further along were two khaki clad fellows, one of whom had a grouch. He was declaiming against a certain Cabinet Minister. I picked up my ears... and later I gasped, for I heard him tell the other that this Minister was once one of the poorest men in New Zealand, and to-day he received some thousands a year, and the informant ended up by declaring that the same honourable gentleman could knock back the whisky by the gallon. I did a big grin, and finished my coffee. I have known that Minister over many years, and I knew that he was never poor, in

the generally accepted sense of the word; that his salary was but a fraction of the figure mentioned by the positive person; and that the Minister had been a total abstainer throughout his life. Still, the positive person will remain positive, come what may, Josh Billings or no Josh Billings.

PARADOX

The following lines were found inscribed on the wall of a shelled house in a devastated French village during the First Great War
War provokes pillage,
Pillage brings ruin,
Ruin brings patience,
Patience produces peace;
Thus does war produce peace.

Peace provokes abundance,
Abundance brings arrogance,
Arrogance brings war;
Thus does peace produce war.

"ALLITERATION'S ARTFUL AID"

An Austrian army, awfully arrayed,
Bolted by battery besieged Belgrade.
Cossack commanders cannonading came,
Dealing destruction's devastating doom;
Every endeavour engineers essay,
For fame, for fortune fighting-furious fray!
Generals 'gainst generals grapple,
gracious God!
How honours heaven's heroic hardi-
hood!
Infuriate—indiscriminate in ill—
Kinsmen kill kindred—kindred kins
men kill;
Labour low levels loftiest, longest
lines,
Men march 'midst mounds, 'mid
moles, 'mid murderous mines,
Now noisy noxious numbers notice
nought,—
Of outward obstacles opposing
ought,—
Poor patriots! — partly purchased,
partly pressed,
Quite quaking, quickly "Quarter!
quarter! quarter!" quest;
Reason returns, religious right re-
ounds,
Swarrow stops such sanquinary
sounds.
Truce to thee, Turkey, triumph to thy
train,
Unwise, unjust unmerciful Ukraine!
Vanish, vain victory! vanish victory
vain!
Why wish we warfare? Wherefore
welcome were
Xerxes, Ximenes, Xanthus, Xaviere.
Yield, yield, ye youths, ye yeomen
yield your yells
Zeno's, Zampatee's Zoroaster's zeal,
Atracting all, arms against acts
appeal.

THE HIRE SYSTEM.

There was an old man of Tarentum,
Who gnashed his false teeth 'til he
bent 'em,
When asked what the cost,
And how much he had lost,
He said, "I don't know. I just rent
'em."
Ed. Note.—Many thanks "Gaddy."
Big Brains Beget Better Brighter
Batteries.

The Padre's Column

WHAT ABOUT OURSELVES?

This week I want to pass on to you some thoughts about man. By "man" I mean you, and of course, all other human beings as well.

How often have you thought to yourself "I wonder what all this life is about"? When life is working out the way we want it to, and when we are getting more than a little happiness out of living we are not so likely to ask that question. We go on from day to day content to take things as they come. But this existence of ours is not always a bed of roses, and when some really hard blow connects we begin to wonder if life is worth the living. What is it about anyway? We are born, we live for a little while, and we die. At least we can expect only a short time in this world (even 70 years is only a passing moment when we think of the millions of years since the world began) and often that time is well nigh filled with suffering and trouble. . . . Then is it worth it? And what is its real purpose, if it has one?

THE IMAGE OF GOD.

Again I am going to take you back to the first chapter of the Bible, because there we are given a clue to the answer. We are told that when the world was made and the trees and animals were established on the earth, "God created man in His own image." That does not mean as so many people think that God is just like us in all things, because obviously He is not. What it does mean is that we are made in such a way that we can enter into a very close relationship with Him. Last week I said that God was the Father who sought the highest good for each one of us personally. And when the Bible declares that we are made in the image of God it means that we are capable of responding to His love and are able to know Him intimately and personally.

Not only are we capable of knowing Him, each one of us has also the urge to know Him, to reach out to some higher being than ourselves. That is true alike for civilised people and for those we call savages. I think everyone has that desire at some time or another (although, of course it can be, and often is stifled in various ways). If this is so it is reasonable to believe that this urge is bound up with the purpose of our living. Don't make any mistake about it — there is a purpose behind your life. Just as God had a plan in His mind when He established the earth, and everything was created to advance that plan, so each of us was given life by God, because He had a purpose for us. What that purpose is in detail, is for each one to discover for himself; not always the easiest thing to do. But remember what I've said about knowing God personally.

Strange as it may seem to some, it is a fact born out in the experience of countless people, that the Father does guide and direct their lives, when they are willing to seek His guidance and direction and when they are prepared to follow His leading. If we sincerely wish to know God's plan for us, never doubt that He will show it!

FREEDOM.

Although God had a purpose when He gave us life, He does not compel us to fulfil it. There is nothing to stop us from ignoring Him if we want to. We can even set ourselves to wreck His plan for us and our fellows if we want to. We won't succeed, but there is nothing to prevent the attempt. Strange as it may seem, this is one of the marks of man's greatness. If we were compelled to live in a certain way, and to fulfil the highest plan God has for us because we could do no other, then we would not be human persons. We would be much the same as cogs in a machine, moving and acting because some force made us move in exactly that way. Great as is God's plan for us He will not compel us to do the things He wishes. We are free to serve Him, and to love Him — or to do exactly the opposite.

So then we are made in such a way that we can respond to the Fatherly care which God has for each of us; we are "made in the image of God." He has a purpose for each. We are free to fulfil that purpose or not.

There is just one other thing I want to say. If we want to find the real meaning of life we can do so only as we set ourselves to know and to fulfil God's plan. Each of us has the urge within him to reach out beyond himself to God, and until we allow that urge full play we cannot experience the richness and the thrill of living to the full. God's purpose is our highest good and deepest joy.

A Welshman who was very proud of his bass voice was describing a wonderful dream he'd had.

"I was in a mighty choir," he said. "5000 sopranos, 5000 altos, 5000 tenors — all singing together double forte."
"It must have been wonderful," said the listener. "But what about the basses?"

"That was it!" said the dreamer. "Suddenly the conductor stopped the choir and, turning to me, said: 'Not quite so loud in the bass, please, Mr. Jones!'"

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RISE AND SHINE

A soft answer may turn away wrath, but it takes the hard word to get a tired Digger to turn away from the warm blankets in the early hours of the winter morn.

The "Show a leg!" of the sergeant usually produces louder snores and blankets pulled off are easily retrieved.

I heard the story on Salisbury Plain of one Australian sergeant who put in the necessary hard word and got the desired results. The newcomer's first "Show a leg!" produced nothing better than the usual sonorous echo from the occupants of the hut. Then the storm broke.

"I suppose you ruddy blokes call yourselves Diggers! Why, yer no more true to label than water in a whiskey bottle. If you don't want to disgrace the badge of the Rising Sun that you wear—Rise and shine, yer buzzards."
The hut rose as one man—and cheered.

FALSE PRETENCE

Natural inclination to stutter and an inability to carry the extra amount of rum pinched by the platoon "serounger" brought an unexpected holiday to a member of an infantry battalion just before the capture of Tobruk, last January.

The stuttering Digger, known to his mates as "Minnie-ha-ha," advanced under the barrage, and, as the rum took effect, stumbled into a newly made shell hole and went to sleep.

He woke in an ambulance labelled as a shell-shock case, and when he attempted to get out and explain, his stutter only convinced the ambulance driver that he was a dinkum case. On the principle that silence is golden he kept his mouth shut, and had a month's holiday in a hospital near Cairo, before rejoining his unit.

STONE CRAZY

Some of these snappy blondes from King's Cross seem to suffer from a

LOST

OR

STRAYED.

One Pair White M/C Gloves.

Finder please chase home to 2nd. Lieut. H. Keenan.

BLISSFUL IGNORANCE

We were in action outside a small town the other day, and "Spider," my offside, went away to get water. On his way back he came across an unexploded 6in. naval shell. Of course, he gave it a reasonably wide berth.

After covering about another 30 yards, "Spider" happened to glance round, and there was a Wog about a yard behind him with the shell on his shoulder.

With much cursing, Spider told the Wog to go places in a hurry. Much to his disgust the Wog just heaved the shell away there and then. Spider dived for a shell-hole and when he eventually looked up there was the Worthy Oriental Gentleman sitting on the shell wearing a wide grin.

SELECT YOUR XMAS

GIFTS EARLY THIS YEAR.

Xmas is but only a short distance away, and of course it calls for gifts for the folks at home. Manhattan have a full variety.

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The First 1000 Bomber Raid

(Condensed from an Article in "Service News," England.)

In the northern dusk on May 30, 1250 British 'planes roared down the runways of English airfields, lifted 3000 tons of high explosives across the English Channel and delivered against Germany the greatest mass air bombardment in history.

The objective was Cologne, fifth largest city of Germany. Bombed at the rate of 30 tons per minute, 90 minutes in all sufficed to leave an inferno "too gigantic to be real." Five hundred anti-aircraft guns were overwhelmed, 20,000 people killed, 54,000 wounded and chemical, synthetic oil, explosive and rubber industries were smashed to atoms. Five days later Cologne was still burning.

Days later, a traveller from Cologne reached Switzerland with a copy of the Koelnische Zeitung, Cologne's leading newspaper, now struggling to carry on amidst the ruined city. The Zeitung wrote: "Those who survived the night of May 30 and who on the morning looked at the city were fully aware that they had said Farewell forever... to their Cologne. . . . The character and even the traditions of the city are gone forever."

Wellingtons, the two-engine standbys of the British Bomber Command, Stirlings and Halifaxes, four-engine improved 1941 jobs, and the still secret Lancasters made "the sky over Cologne as busy as Piccadilly Circus." The great Hohenzollern Railway bridge over the Rhine was smashed with a direct hit and the many tracked railway yard leading to the station was shattered. The Vulcan, Rheinfeltz and K. G. Mauser munitions factories, the Kalk and Humboldt Deutz engine plant, the Koln-Nippes railroad works and the Franz Clouth synthetic rubber plant were laid to waste. The whole of the city, west of the river, was a mass of flame six miles wide and under the hellish glare, the British bombers had gone home, was broken only by the roar and crackle of great fires that burned for four days or more. Yet, standing serene and unscathed amid the blazing inferno reared the beautiful High Gothic Cathedral, the monument of the old un-Prussian Germany of the Holy Empire, deliberately avoided by the R.A.F. who in so doing gave up a chance to smash the railroad which sheltered close behind it.

BACK TO THE CELLARS

The Nazi Propaganda Ministry, more accustomed to gloating than to glooming, first claimed that a mere 70-odd British 'planes had started a few "at-tie fires which were soon under control" and that "the burned-out remains of the raiders lined the fields of Cologne." In actual fact the British losses were 44 "failed to return," about 4 per cent of the striking force.

The Nazi S.S. added fuel to the flames of hatred, already stirring amongst the masses, by ordering all people back to their cellars where many were roasted to death by the fires. At least thirteen firemen were burned to death in synthetic asbestos suits.

Back in the briefing room of an R.A.F. station, the boys of a Lancaster bomber, Britain's super 'plane which carried

the heaviest bombs of those flung on the target, told a first-hand story of the raid.

FIERY GLOW

"We took off like a fairy. It took me all my time to keep the Lancaster on the ground until she had flying speed. As soon as we gained altitude we could see the fiery glow of our target. I know that sounds incredible but the Wellingtons had done their job so well with their incendiaries that the area was just one great landscape of fire. Our job was H.E. and we merely did the work of demolition squads. There wasn't a point that wasn't on fire."

We heard that the flak at the start was heavy, but within a few minutes of the peak of the raid, the ground gunners and searchlight crews were blown out of their holes and it was the quietest time I've known for months over Germany. Our crowd was everywhere, to our port, behind us, in front of us, in fact wherever you looked and all at different heights. We came in from the north-west at our operational height and, with the smoke luckily blowing to the east, we could see the burning city in good relief. We dropped our first big one and lifted a good four hundred feet on the release. We could not spot our hits even though some of our bombs were the biggest ever, the flashes were completely lost in the roaring mass below. Although talking between 'planes is taboo, someone on the radio kept up an incessant "Oi, Oi," and it was "Oi, Oi," alright, too. One of my chaps got the hiccups and although I searched the 'plane on the inter-com from the front bombardier to the rear gunner, I couldn't find who it was although, whoever had them kept saying, "turn her on her back and I'll drink my coffee the wrong way up; that'll cure the bloody things."

As soon as we finished our run, the Bombardier reported "all gone" and we went upstairs to our return level. There was nothing to see, at least, you know what I mean, everything was a flaming mass wherever you looked and there were many others lined up waiting their turn to drop their eggs, so we hopped it. As we left for home we did have time to see the silly fake fires started by the Germans some miles from Cologne, but they were so obviously camouflage and out of keeping with the real job it was a waste of time lighting them.

On the way back we had a scrap or two with M.E.'s, but we all felt so blamed fit that nothing got within talking distance, our concentrated fire was too warm for them whichever way they came. Our tail gunner seemed to think that it was his job solely to guard us. Even when they were beyond his arc, he kept asking "more port, sir, and I'll just get him." Once, when a lone M.E. came at us from below, he yelled, "On her back sir, and he's mine." I think he was the one who had hiccups. We were all racing to get home and in the clear moonlight we passed Halifaxes, Stirlings and Wellingtons, all going hell-bent for their bases. The whole trip of 680 miles there and back was just an evening's reconnaissance and we landed in the dark not more than three hours from take-off to landing. They gave us egg and bacon for breakfast.

Things We Want to Know

Which Y.O. specialises in horse destruction?

Why did Little Eric of L.A.D. swipe his girl friend's slippers?

Does Sgt. Jim Williamson specialise in heroically rescuing babies from cots when bedclothes have caught fire? Isn't he an excellent wet nurse? We are proud of you Jim!

What makes hair grow?

If ties can be bought at 5/- a time, what is the price of a pair of braces?

Did Rosy rise as a result of a hot tip?

Which S/Sgt. went to sleep in the Allied Services Club recently? Did he have his teeth in his hand?

Which B.S.M. required 11 assistants to buy crockery in Wellington? If you needed all that help you will surely need the Regiment to help you wed!!! So a military wedding, Reg.

What part of which Sgt. went BLUEY when he had a bath with Little Audrey?

Isn't Jonah a dark horse with the ladies?

Who is Paul Kelly and who Andy Devine? In fact shouldn't the Regiment be called "Hollywood's Own?"

Is a Servery Orderly flattered or otherwise to be likened to Clarke Gable?

Who earned the title of a "nice little boy" by writing a love letter in the presence of two ladies?

What is an "umba?"

Should Adjutants be caught with their pants down?

What did the Y.M. bloke mean, when outside a dressing room door, said "No! we are not ready yet?"

Which Officer took on an unusual job as T.C.P., and what signals did he use?

What are the advertising rates in The Dominion?

Why does NAG want to be a Provost?

How did an Officer crack a finger?

Which B.C. didn't get home till 0300? Was he learning a Nursing Song? And what was the famous order at Trafalgar?

Is it true the YY when dancing has a VICE-like grip?

Why did an Officer come to the concert first on Friday. Did he sleep well that night?

How many times did Hughie entice the girls out of the car on the way up?

Regimental Cricket

The Regiment had its first practice on Saturday, a wicket being loaned to us at the Sportsground. Some good all round play was seen. Some twenty players took part and 4 and 5 Battery played 6 and R.H.Q. The following is the result:—

6th and R.H.Q.

Stevens, c Berryman	43
Palmer, c Guthrie	26
Boyd, l.b.w. b Winks	43
Bishop, b Guthrie	6
Clifford, l.b.w. b Guthrie	0
West, b Guthrie	0
Potter, b Winks	2
Potter, not out	0
Steele, l.b.w. b Hornblow	0
Hansen, run out	0
Extras	7

Total 126

Bowling Analysis

Overs	Wickets	Runs
Murphy 2	1	14
Nicholas 3	0	27
Wright, A. 4	0	27
Berryman 2	1	16
Guthrie 5	4	23
Wright, R. 2	0	9
Hornblow 3	1	6
Winks 2	2	8

4th and 5th Btys.

Kelly, b West	7
Wright A., c West	2
Hornblow, c West	67
Wright R., b Bishop	11
Berryman, b Potter	0
Guthrie, c Potter	15
Winks, b Palmer	5
Nicholas, b Clifford	11
Murphy, not out	6
Extras	7

Total 131

Overs	Wickets	Runs
West 7	3	40
Stevens 3	0	10
Steele 2	0	20
Bishop 2	1	8
Clifford 2	1	2
Potter 3	2	23
Palmer 2	1	8
Hansen 1	0	13

The result was a win for 4th and 5th Bty. by one wicket and five runs.

Comments

Both teams showed good all round fielding and batting but lacked fast bowlers, but with those players who were on week-end leave we will be able to find some good fast bowlers.

Stevens showed himself as a good forceful bat, as his score indicated—four sixes and two fours. Partnered with Palmer they ran up 69 in 40 minutes. Palmer, a more patient batsman had four fours to his credit.

Boyd, the next wicket down, showed good style and splendid execution of all shots. His total included six fours and one six.

Hornblow, the star of the day, showed style as well as force and only gave one chance. In his total was eight fours and one six.

Guthrie, the best all-rounder on the day, never got set all through. He looked like scoring well. A loose one gave Potter his chance.

The Manawatu Championships will be starting to-morrow (Saturday) and Regiment will field a junior and a senior team. So here's to a good season's cricket.

Qua Fas Ducunt Et Gloria.

An "Itty" Commando

FIASCO IN EGYPT

Fourteen Italians armed with tommy-guns, sacks of dynamite and grenades, landed on the Egyptian coast at night from a rubber boat, and tried to blow up the British railway lines running to the front. They failed. After that they met four British soldiers armed only with automatic pistols and meekly raised their hands above their heads and surrendered.

Thus failed one of the very few "Commando" raids that the Italians have ever attempted. After they had landed they reached the railway tracks and laid their charges of dynamite and then waited for results. Four army trains rolled over the spot where the charges had been placed and kept on rolling.

Nothing happened. Apparently the Italians' hands must have been shaking a little too much when they laid the charges.

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How to Recognise Aircraft

The Hawker Hind is one of a numerous and distinguished series of R.A.F. biplanes built by the firm which has since produced the famous Hurricane fighter.

Principal Structural Features.—Biplane, single bay. Staggered wings of unequal span, untapered, with rounded tips and dihedral. Single in-line engine; single fin and rudder; fixed under carriage.



HIND (KESTREL V.)

Special Recognition Points.—Wings are most characteristic. Note: (1) marked stagger; (2) unequal span; (3) upper wing swept back, lower wing straight; (4) absence of taper, wide rounded tips; (5) slight dihedral of upper wing, full dihedral of lower wing; (6) cut-away at centre-section of trailing edge, particularly noticeable over pilot's seat. Fuselage of oval section faired into engine, with distinctive pointed nose. Two open cockpits in tandem. Braced tailplane mounted on top of fuselage; typical Hawker wide fin and rudder with rounded top; radiator beneath fuselage between forward struts of braced under-carriage; unspatted wheels.

ZOO NOTE

It's easy to tell the difference between a monkey and a man. The man is the one that THROWS the peanuts.

OVERHEARD IN THE CAFE.

Waitress: "Hawaii, gentlemen, you must be hungry."

Soldier: "Yes, Siam, and we can't Roumania long, either. Venice lunch ready?"

Waitress: "I'll Russia a table. What'll you-Havre?"

Sailor: "Anything at all, but can't Jamaica little speed?"

Waitress: "I don't think I can Fiji that fast, but Alaska."

Soldier: "Never mind asking anyone. Just put a Cuba sugar in our Java."

Waitress: "Sweden it yourself; I'm only here to Servia."

Sailor: "Bring us some Turkey, and don't spare the Greece."

Soldier: "Denmark our bill, and call the Bosphorus. He'll probably Kenya. I don't Bolivia know who I am."

Waitress: "No, and I don't Caribbean. You Arrarat."

Boss: "Samoa your nonsense? What's got India? Do you think this arguing Alps business?"

Customer: "Less noise, Spain in the neck."

HE WAS FULL OF BULLETS.

The old soldier was telling of his thrilling adventures on the field of battle to a party of young fellows, one or two of whom were sceptical as to his veracity.

"Then," he said, "the surgeons took me up and laid me carefully in the ammunition waggon, and—"

"Look here," interrupted one of his doubtful listeners, "you don't mean the ammunition waggon. You mean the ambulance waggon."

But the old man shook his head.

"No," he insisted; "I was so full of bullets that they decided I ought to go in the ammunition waggon."

REGIMENTAL BALL

A REGIMENTAL BALL WILL BE HELD IN "THE A.N.A. BALLROOM

FRIDAY,
November 20th, 1942.

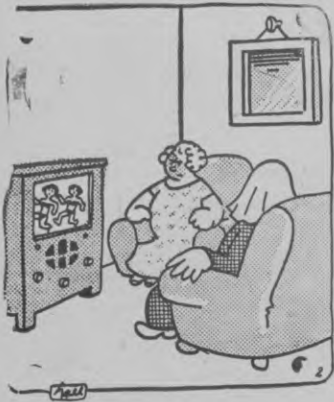
Tickets

Gentlemen 3/6, Ladies 2/6, Double 5/6.

Ask your Girl Friends this Week-end if they will be going with you.

Don't Say We Didn't Warn You The Landing at Anzac

A mortal blow to his pride was suffered by a newly-commissioned N.Z.E.F. officer in a city hotel recently. In all the glory of a brand-new uniform he was introduced to a charming young lady, who enquired sweetly: "Are you in the Home Guard?"



Dangers of Television.

COMPLICATED.

Bill Wayback came to the city to enlist. He was being examined by the M.O.

When he came to the eyesight test, the doctor pointed to the top line of a test card, letters of which ran—H P R T V Z D V F H K—and asked Bill to read it.

After the bushman had stared at the letters for some moments without making any remarks, the doctor said: "Can you read it?"

Prospective Digger still did not reply; he continued staring.

M.O.: Well, if you cannot see letters that size, there must be something wrong with your eyes.

Prospective Digger: I can see the letters all right but I can't pronounce the flamin' word.



Waiting for Reveille.

A colonel, who was a stern disciplinarian, gathered his officers about him and issued orders for the regiment's forthcoming train journey to the coast.

"I don't object to an innocent good time on the men's part during this journey," he said, "but you will see to it that there is no swearing, no skylarking, no card games, and no little cigarette smoking as possible."

"Pardon me, sir," said a timid voice, "but would you object if I took along a little plain sewing to occupy my company and myself?"



"Come on, Snap into it."

SOME KICK.

McTavish was in the pub when the sirens went, and the customers went outside, leaving their drinks. McTavish walked calmly round the bar, finishing them off. He was just tossing down the fifteenth or so when a German plane crashed nearby. The explosion blew him flat on his back.

"Oh, boy!" he cried. "That last drink had a kick in it."

NOT GUILTY.

The fussy officer-of-the-day came into "Greasy's" kitchen and began to taste everything in the pots, finding faults as usual.

"Ah, ah," he roared fiercely. "There's something entirely missing from this here stew in the coppers."

"That's where you're wrong," Greasy muttered mildly. "Me offside and meself put everything we could lay our hands on into it, even a dozen number nines!"



Somewhere Here Should be Comfortable

CATCHING.

Billo had made a date with a girl he had met only a few days before and took her to the pictures to 'make his alley good.' Feature on at the time was one of those all out love dramas which get down your backbone and cause funny sensations around the heart.

As the lights were low and love-making seemed to be indicated Billo put his arm around the girl's shoulder to draw her to him.

"Here, you can't do that, soldier boy!" the girl told him. "I've got scruples!"

Billo drew back as if he had been bitten by a death adder.

"Gosh," he said, "Is it catching?"



Woman's Revealing Knowledge.

THE PRESENT

The old Digger was worried as he read a letter just received from his missus.

"Blimey," he said at last, "I can't make that woman out. I sent the missus a present and now she is going crook on me and reckons I sent it to her by mistake."

"What gives her that idea?" he asked.

"I put in a little eard and addressed it to 'the sweetest girl in the world,' the old man explained dolefully.



Surprise Packets.

PERSONALITY NOTES.

A jeweller likes girls who sparkle. An iceman goes for the melting type. A punter just hates them slow. A card driver doesn't like his girls if now and then they stall. But a pawnbroker who's a good worker finds an interest in them.

(Continued from last week.)

STALEMATE.

The summer dragged on slowly enough. The strength of the force was slowly dwindling through the wastage from sickness and daily casualties in killed and wounded, and the prospect of making some decisive move without the addition of strong reinforcements became more and more remote. At every point the Army Corps was faced with wire entanglements and deep entrenchments which the enemy, strongly reinforced and enjoying every possible advantage that the position could offer, was daily making more formidable. For the garrison at Anzac there was never any rest. The inactivity of the force was only comparative. Because it was not called upon to make any prodigious effort there was none the less no lessening of the incessant and arduous fatigues, no respite from the constant dangers and alarms, the sniping, night patrols, and the fierce bombing encounters at those places where the opposing lines ran closely together. Before the commencement of the lengthy preparations for the August offensive gave them a heartening indication of big events at hand, the soldiers were inclined sometimes to wonder how much longer the depressing routine of "holding on" was to continue. The monotonous waiting during the hot summer weeks was calculated to do more to lower the morale of the soldier than all the exhausting struggles that had preceded it. In men of another temper it would have produced a fatal lethargy, and a decay in their fighting spirit, but in the Australians and the New Zealanders it bred only a restlessness and a growing desire for some decisive action to end the seeming 'impasse.'

SCENES OF ACTION.

In this frame of mind everyone turned with anxious interest to the theatre of operations at the southern end of the Peninsular, where the British and French forces were laying siege to the great natural fortress of Achi Baba. Those battles and the possibilities they suggested were a constant topic of discussion in June; and there were always at least one or two rumours in circulation that Achi Baba had fallen or was about to fall. Every time the noise of guns at Helles rolled up to Anzac in swelling volume, and the shoulders of the big hill were cloaked in the sullen gloom of war, it was freely prophesied that its fall was imminent. So strongly does hope spring up in the heart of the soldier! But the story of those heroic but fruitless struggles is now well known. Achi Baba did not fall, and at last, hope shattered and prediction falsified, those who had long and valiantly persisted in the belief of its ultimate capture, came to regard Achi Baba as some great indestructible barrier which barred the path to victory. And so in a measure it was.

The fighting at Helles, however, had a more immediate material effect on the affairs of the Army Corps, inasmuch as any big attack by the Allied forces in the south always found an echo at Anzac in the shape of a local operation undertaken in the hope of diverting some of the Turkish reserves from the real attack. In rear of his positions on the Peninsular the enemy possessed ample sheltered country in which to dispose his reserves, and with lateral communications was able to move men to either Anzac or Helles at short notice. A diversion at Anzac was liable to be of a costly nature; but at any rate it never failed to attract the dual object of retaining the Turkish forces opposite the colonials and attracting some portion of his reserves.

ATTACK.

On the occasion of the big attack at Helles on June 4th, the efforts made at Anzac to distract the attention of the enemy took the form of three distinct enterprises—a demonstration in the Direction of Gaba Tepe, and raids on a section of trench opposite Quinn's, and on German Officers' Trench opposite Courtney's Post. New Zealand infantrymen carried out the raid from Quinn's Post, the assaulting party numbering sixty men. They were to leave their own trenches at 11 p.m., under cover of artillery fire, make a dash across No Man's Land, and capture the selected portion of trench, which was then to be put in a state of defence, and linked up with their own line. The first phase was accomplished swiftly enough, the trench being successfully seized, and some Turks bayoneted, in addition to 28 who were taken prisoners. The raiders were supported by the 2nd Battery, N.Z.F.A., the 4th Australian Battery, and the 21st Indian Mountain Battery, firing on the front and left front of their objective, while a section of the 4th Howitzer Battery accurately shelled the enemy's main communication trench leading to the captured trenches. The 1st Battery engaged the northern face of Johnston's Folly.

(To be continued.)

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