

THE OBSERVATION POST

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PALMERSTON NORTH, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1942.

PRICE 1d.

REGIMENTAL BALL Dancing Pleasant

The long-awaited Regimental Ball held last Friday evening was voted by all who attended an unqualified success. Owing to the fact that the warmer weather has arrived the Committee decided to limit the number of dancers and that invitations were essential, more than half as many people as were present were regretfully refused admission. The wisdom of their decision was obvious. The hall was not packed with the result that dancing was possible under ideal conditions.

Everyone had an enjoyable time, the floor was perfect, the music excellent and the supper beyond praise. The success of the evening was proved time and again by simply looking round the floor and seeing the multitude of happy and smiling faces. Many of the unit, together with their friends, have expressed their thanks to the organisers of the evening for an excellent show and it is to be hoped that functions of this kind will continue. These evenings are as important as gun drill, as they foster a true spirit of co-operation which is so necessary in these present days. Occasions when the unit can get together in order to entertain its friends provide not only relaxation for all concerned but also strengthen the spirit of goodwill between the units.

It is the wish of the committee that all those volunteers who worked so

hard for such long hours be thanked per medium of the O.Pip. It is without doubt that but for the co-operation of all concerned, an evening of such a high standard as was had last Friday could not have been attained.

We also wish to thank the orchestra for its wonderful exhibition. We all know only too well just how important is the musical side of any evening and it is with grateful hearts that we realise just what a success the orchestra was. The players were:—Piano, Bill Downs; drums, Allan Brown; alto sax, Cliff Wilson; violin, Jack Andrews; trumpet, Sid Woods; trombone, Ron Woods; string bass, Jack Creighton.

Lastly, to all those visitors who graced the ball with their presence, we thank you. After all, it was the guests who danced and without them the ball could never have been run.

How to Recognise Aircraft

The Curtiss Kittyhawk.—This fighter has done much good work. The engine has a characteristic note which is easily recognised with a little practice.



CURTIS P-40 KITTYHAWK

Principal Structural Features.—A single-engine low-wing monoplane with retractable undercarriage. The wings are highly tapered with nearly all the taper on the trailing edge, and have considerable dihedral. The fuselage is very slim in plan but deep in profile, with a bulky nose. The top of the engine forms a horizontal straight line

FACING TROUBLE

"Wisdom is simply Truth" Well then, a wisdom-tooth proves this old remark a cert "The truth can — well hurt."

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.

Regimental Ball

The recent ball was a very enjoyable function most capably organised and run.

This is the third ball the regiment has arranged since being quartered in this area and was easily the best effort so far. They are a necessary part of our camp life as a compliment to the many patriotic citizens and organisations catering continually for our entertainment and welfare in the local city.

May I compliment the hard-working committee led by Lieut. Reed and Sgt. Mist and ably assisted by our very good friend, Mrs. D. Honore. Our cooks deserve a special word of praise also all the lads who unselfishly volunteered and worked hard as fatigues at the dance and as camp guards, etc.

The excellent conduct and bearing of all ranks maintains the reputation of our Regiment and Division. The thanks of all our guests and my own to all concerned.

Lt.-Col. C. F. LOWE, N.Z.A.

Noted in Passing

AT THE REGIMENTAL BALL

A number of wives.
Several very new chevrons.
A bombardier with a blissful look.
A B.S.M. with a very blissful look.
Several officers looking benevolent.
A large number who did not have their photo taken 'a deux'.
A vacant chair in the official corner circa 2400.

A lot of hard workers in the fatigue party.
A procession of pianists.
An entire disregard for the morning after.

The results of excellent organisation and of hard work behind the scenes.

A German airman who had been sent to bomb London returned to his base with his rack full of undischarged bombs. His commanding officer was furious and demanded the reason.
"Herr Raupmann," replied the airman, "just as I was about to discharge my bombs, the 'all clear' was sounded, so I naturally returned at once."

Bombardier: Where did you get that black eye?
Gunner: I went to a dance and was struck by the beauty of the place.

Wednesday's Concert

HUGE SUCCESS

On Wednesday night, "The Good Companions" under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Nicholls, entertained us to a superlative concert. They have chosen an ideal title, as they were indeed good companions. Their performance was presented in true professional style to an enthusiastic audience.

Some of the items had been seen before, but were so good, that the repetition was more than welcome.

Those two prime favourites, Peggy Wilson and Greta Barrett (Nelly Kelly) were in strong demand as indeed were all the cast. Unfortunately the "O. Pip" is too small to sing the praises of individual artistes, particularly as without exception, they were all excellent, so below we give the programme as it was presented and hope that Mr. and Mrs. Nicholls and their Good Companions will pay a return visit in the very near future.

At the conclusion of the concert, the C.O., on behalf of his officers and hand-some territorials, thanked the party for coming out and congratulated them on their performance.

The guests of honour were Mrs. D. Honore, the Misses O. and A. Honore, and Mrs. W. C. Nicholls.

Opening Chorus, "Rise and Shine." Solo by June.

"Another Day," by Dorothy.

"Up the Wooden Hill to Bedfordshire," by Leslie.

"She's in Love with a Soldier," by Greta.

Tap Ballet by Peggy, Shirley, Alice and Joyce.

Piano Duet, "Polly," by Enid and Joyce.

"Sad Affair of Mangle Street," Milly, Gay, Lois, June and Margery.

"Mem'ries Live Longer than Dreams," and "Never Break a Promise," by Joyce.

Choruses, "The Memory of a Rose" and "I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire," Solos by Von and Greta.

Community Sing with Greta and Enid.

Humorous sketch, "Silly Milly," with encore, by Peggy Wilson.

"The Shrine of St. Cecilia," by Von, with "Rose O'Dea" and "Song of the Islands" as encores.

Choruses, "The Maori Lovers' Lullaby," "Handsome Territorial," and solo by June.

Tap duo by Shirley and Alice.

Melodrama in three acts, "She Was Poor But She Was Honest," by Margery, Dot, June and Leslie.

Tap solo by Shirley.

Three Choruses, "It's a Great Day for the Irish," solo by Greta; "Tonight My Heart Will Sing"; "Does She Love Me," solo by June.

Duet, "Not That Sort of Person," by Leslie and June.

Final Chorus, "Cheerio."

Congratulations

Congratulations to 2/Lt. S. H. Reed and Gnr. Ford who were 21 last Wednesday. Many happy returns, and may you have a lot more of 'em.

Congratulations on your 18th yesterday Peggy Wilson—we can't believe you have never been kissed—but it is rude to contradict a lady—may you have many more happy returns.

Also to Nancie Brougham who was 18 on Wednesday. It is no use you saying you haven't been kissed Nancie, because the Editor is also in the Sgt.'s Mess! May the years bring you all you wish yourself.

DISCLAIMER

Bdr. Abbott denies the fact that he has been teaching any members of the Concert Party Army shang, e.g. Wouldn't that Rotate you!

Au Revoir From Capt. Geisen

It is with a certain feeling of homesickness that I write to say farewell to those of the Regiment I did not see personally before leaving. The Regiment provided for me some of the best comradeship I have ever enjoyed and I would like to thank you all for the unstinted assistance that was always given and the kindly tolerance with which my troubles were received.

I shall always remember my early impressions of the 2nd Field Regiment. It was in the days of the "Linton Mud" and I arrived prepared to find things tough and difficult to handle. Things were certainly tough but it was the atmosphere of the Camp that impressed me. Everyone was dirty and damp and often cold but everyone was cheerful and there were no "squealers" and, stranger still, hardly any sick parades. The atmosphere was what I can only describe as one of complete friendliness. The moral was never more clearly borne out: it is not the state of a place but the state of the people in it that makes it.

I have said enough to show that I had become very attached to the Regiment. As we cannot go overseas together I hope we can meet when we get there. In any case I will always have a kindly spot for Artillery in general and the 2nd Field Regiment in particular.

AU REVOIR!

Valedictory Capt. Babbington

Another of our old, well-trained, well-liked and popular officers leaves us for an appointment overseas in the person of Capt. Babbington. The Skipper was commissioned in 1929 as a gunner in the old 17th, now 6th Bty., has served continuously ever since and is one of the old faithfuls who helped to hold Territorial Batteries together during the disarmament, derision and depression period.

His varied gunner and technical experience is a distinct loss to the unit but he is getting his wish in having a go at something more useful. We regret we can't all get into it together, but we hope to close up and bung them in the same direction later on, George. In the meantime, Good Luck, Good Shooting and not too much Hoki Toki.

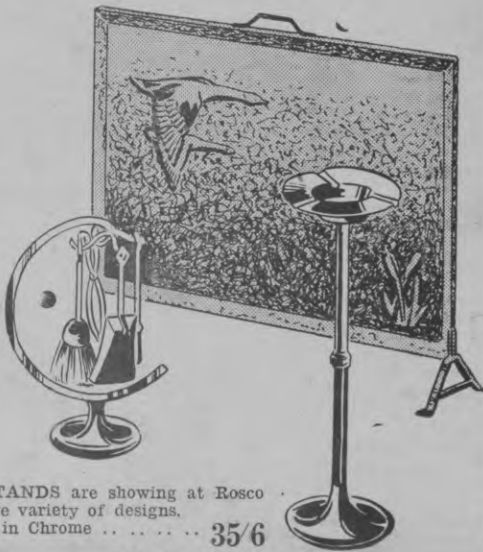
Definition

A baby is an Alimentary Canal with a loud speaker at one end and no control at the other.

Some men stay away from home fire-watching. Others are merely seeing an old flame.

Gift Ideas for the Home

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SMOKER'S STANDS are showing at Rosco in an attractive variety of designs.

As sketch in Chrome 35/6

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Information Room

Hut 107 has been in existence as an "Information Room" for some little time now but very few people have made the use of it that was hoped for.

As we are in the Army for the duration we might just as well learn as much as possible about our job—when all is said and done ours is an interesting job—and the Information Room can and does afford the opportunity to improve our knowledge.

The Regiment has been presented with a number of really interesting Artillery war photographs, also a number of pamphlets and books dealing with various phases of war. These will be added to the collection in the Information Room early next week, and it is hoped that everyone will make a point of looking them over.

There must be a number of people within the Regiment who have data dealing with this or other wars which would be of interest and educational value to all of us. If this is so and they can be spared, the Regiment would be very grateful for their inclusion in the collection.

Now that wing training is over there should be more time for study and self development—here is one way of helping oneself. Anyone who has the impression that with the cessation of wing training he can forget what he has been taught or even do nothing towards continuing his studies is worse than a fool. It is essential to every man's safety that he be conversant with all branches of soldiering and keep himself up-to-date otherwise he stands a good chance of featuring in the casualty lists when he goes into action.

So information from the "Information Room."!!!

Answers To Questions

Lucky 6th

TWO WINNERS

Congratulations, Miss Peggy G. Palmerston North, and Gur. G. Wood, of 6th, who tied for first place when answering "The Gadfly's" questions. As you will both see, you didn't get them all right but you made a good attempt. If Miss Peggy will write in giving her address she will be posted (or delivered) immediately, and if Gur. Wood will contact 2/Lt. M. Kemp he will collect a similar amount.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

With some comments, where necessary.

(By "The Gadfly.")

Question 1: The soldier who commanded a British Fleet was Robert Blake (1599-1657), Parliamentarian and Admiral. He was elected to the "Short Parliament," and in the clash between King and Parliament, declared for Parliament, and served under Sir John Horner. He had many brilliant military successes, and with Colonels Dean and Popham, was, in 1649, appointed to the command of the fleet, with the title "General of the Sea."

Questions No. 2: The insignificant lawyer who was the father of four kings was Charles Marie de Bonaparte (father of Napoleon). When Napoleon conquered the various kingdoms of Europe, he placed his brothers on the thrones of the vanquished territories. A king-maker, I should say!

Question No. 3: You surely guessed this one. There has only been one woman who "became a wife the first day of her life." It was Mother Eve. Being created, she was never born, and therefore "died before she was born." Simple, isn't it?

Question No. 4: The nearest city to London is Westminster! There's no argument about it! A ten minute walk from the City of London will take you there!

Question No. 5: Khaki is so called because it is derived from an Urdu word, meaning dust. It was originally a dust coloured fabric, of the character of canvas, drill or holland and was used by the British and native troops in India. It was first used by the Guides, a mixed regiment of frontier troops, in 1848. Some of the British troops had khaki uniforms during the Mutiny.

Question No. 6: Surely it would be out of place for a civilian to tell a soldier what every soldier ought to know, but here it is:—Unless otherwise ordered, a soldier should ALWAYS carry his rifle UNLOADED. D'you remember what the instructor told you?

Question No. 7: It was the right arm that Nelson lost at Santa Cruz.

Question No. 8: It's quite true Napoleon was NOT a Frenchman, he was a CORSICAN. At the time when his father decided to send him into the army Napoleon was almost entirely ignorant of the French language!

Question No. 9: The charge of the Light Brigade took place during the Battle of Balaklava, which, of course, was a phase of the Crimean War. Responsibility for the "blunder" remains obscure. Lord Lucian received orders to prevent the withdrawal of certain guns taken by the enemy, but the aide carrying the message was killed by the first shell. Lord Cardigan led the charge.

Question No. 10: It is generally agreed that the first use of cannon occurred at the siege of Constantinople by the Turks. On May 29, 1453 they stormed the walls and entered with the aid of their gunpowder.

France

NOVEMBER, 1942

A weakly boy that once was strong
Fell on the king's highway;
A giant plucked him from the back
And set him forward in his track
Donner und blitzen, run along,
This road you take is wholly wrong,
Your feet have gone astray.

I am not weak, the youngling said,
But only sad and lone;
To earn my bread I had to roam,
Leaving my precious toys at home,
My guns, my ships, my aeroplanes
Upon the Southern sunny plains,
But now my strength is gone.

I will be surety for your toys,
The youngling giant shouted;
Your guns, your aeroplanes and ships,
Even the boats on the slips,
I have them all again in my care,
To steal them nobody would dare,
Or quickly they be routed.

Just then a stranger hove in view,
Another mighty giant;
Upon his head a helmet shone,
His face was good to look upon;
His sword was sharp and bright and new,
His banner in the breezes flew,
His manner suave and pliant.

Whither away, my little one?
And who's that nasty fellow
That pushes you along the road,
Carrying such a blanking load?
He looks a beast of blood and bone,
His heart, be sure, is hard as stone,
His voice a bullock's bellow.

My aeroplanes! my ships! my guns!
The plaintive boy replied;
He wants them all, my pretty toys;
He does not understand that boys
Love that which flies, that sails, that
runs

Upon the ground with noise that stuns;
They are his very pride!

Nay, come with me, the stranger said,
I'll show you something fine;
A man shall you become to wield
A sword to make the devil yield;
A fleet of ships, and overhead
More aeroplanes than you could spread
A hundred miles in line.

Between the two the boy confused
Stood impotent, yet proud,
His heart was with the stranger, but
His fear-filled eyes he could not shut
Against the fiend that roared so loud,
Around his head a thunder-cloud,
With lightning interlused.

And so to-day we wonder where
His faltering steps will lead him;
Whether to choose the weaker part
And sacrifice his head and heart,
Or independently declare
His pride to suffer and to share
The lot of those that need him.

H. E. GUNTER.

SWITCHED OVER

On visitors' day at the local A.E.F. camp, a woman was telling another in no uncertain tones that her dear son William ("Pinky") to the mob, had given up a good job in the Government to join the A.E.F.

This got under "Pinky's" skin, and he said in a gruff voice:
"I didn't throw up, mum."

Mother looked at him as if he'd taken leave of his senses.

"No, I just shifted to another department," he said.

THE ONLY OBJECTION

Weary voice from the doorway: "My dear sir, I have no objection to your coming here and sitting up half the night with my daughter, nor even to your standing on the doorstep for two hours saying goodnight. But out of consideration for the rest of the household who wish to get to sleep, will you kindly take your elbow off the bell push?"

The Padre's Column

CHRISTIANITY AND WAR

This week I am writing about a question that is perplexing a number of people. It is one that has caused me a good deal of concern myself, and I do not claim to have found the final answer even yet. So now I am "thinking on paper," as it were in the hope that my thoughts may help others to think the question through for themselves.

Not long ago I heard of a soldier who said that he was convinced that his duty was to take his place in the army. It was the only thing he could do with a clear conscience, but at the same time he could not square the idea of fighting with the teaching of Jesus about love for one's fellow men, even one's enemies. So he had come to the conclusion, very reluctantly, that he would have to let his religion go, for the duration. There are a number of men who feel very much the same way and that is my reason for writing on the subject.

WAR

In the first place it needs to be said that the whole ideal of war is abhorrent to anyone who has the slightest understanding of the waste involved, and of the intense misery it causes both to our own people and to our enemies. Think of the waste of money. According to a League of Nations report the last war cost £40,000,000,000 in materials, equipment and wages. This time it is far greater—all used for destruction. What a waste of resources of the world! And what great blessings for all people could have been accomplished had the money been spent on constructive purposes.

But when all is said and done, the waste of material things is insignificant compared with the waste of human lives and with the harvest of suffering and misery reaped by the soldiers destined to endure life-long pain, or blindness, or insanity—to say nothing of the anguish caused to mothers and fathers, to wives and children. When we compare these things with the tender sympathy of Jesus for all who suffered, we must admit that war is a devilish thing, and all for which it stands cuts right across the Master's teaching. Anyone who in these days can glory in the thought of war lacks two things—a heart to feel the intense anguish of those who suffer by it, and an appreciation of the Master's teaching.

WHERE IS GENERAL FOCH?

G.H.Q., Somewhere in France. The matter is urgent. M. Poincare, President of the Republic waits, and the Generalissimo cannot be found. Officers scatter everywhere—and one turns towards the little village church.

Sure enough Foch was there kneeling before the Altar, deep in his devotions. As he made no move the junior officer knelt beside him and endeavoured to worship with his Chief. Time went on and on until at last the liaison officer bent over and whispered: "Mon General, we are making M. Poincare wait." Foch made no reply but continued steadfastly in prayer.

There was a long silence and then at last the Generalissimo of the Allied Armies arose, and turning to the staff officer, said: "What do you mean—'making M. Poincare wait'? Am I expected, then, to say to our Saviour: 'Sorry, there is somebody more important than You outside. I'll finish praying another time when it is more convenient.'"

Thus did General Foch pay supreme homage to God.

THE ALTERNATIVE

Well then, is the Christian Pacifist right? Must a Christian man, if he is to remain a Christian, have nothing to do with this horrible thing called war?

For a long time, even after war broke out I thought I could never take up arms without denying my Lord, although I was ready at any time to take up non-combatant service to do what I could to help man in need. But as time went on, I felt more and more that the only alternative to war was something even more horrible to contemplate.

If the system of living against which our nation stands was to dominate the world it would enslave all peoples for generations. Its harvest of misery would far exceed even that of war. The highest and noblest things of our civilisation would all but perish. This enslavement would not last forever—I have too much faith in God even to believe that it would.

There is, however, one thing that

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overthrown in the end only at the cost of a far more difficult and bloody conflict than war to-day. The alternative which confronted the nation in 1939 was not war or peace, but war or passive submission to tyranny and to a philosophy of life that denies all that we hold dear and sacred.

One of the great principles of Christ was that in God's sight every human soul was of infinite worth. It mattered not a bit if a man's skin was white or black, brown or yellow, he was precious to the Heavenly Father. The Nazi doctrine of the superiority of the Aryan over the others is diametrically opposed to all that Jesus taught. That any person or nation should have the right to be the final voice of authority over all God's other children would make God's care for all a monstrous lie. That a man's highest loyalty was to the State and not to God, would make the Christian Faith meaningless.

All these evils are basic principles underlying the Nazi Creed; and over and above their inhumanity is their opposition to God and His will for mankind.

Under the circumstances which confront us, we must either fight or let the whole world be given over to tyranny. There is no doubt in my mind as to which of these two great evils is more in accordance with God's purpose for the world. If there were a third alternative the choice may have been different, but we are in a situation where we can do one of only two things, and in such a position the only thing we can do is choose the lesser evil.

It comes to this—and let us say it in all humility, admitting that we ourselves are very far from perfect, acknowledging that we ourselves must share part of the responsibility for the fact that Hitler ever got control of Germany—it comes to this that God has called our Empire and our Allies to be His instruments in preventing the enslavement of the world and in preparing for a new and better world order.

THE GOAL

There is, however, one thing that

must be remembered at all times if our action is to measure up to Christian standards. Our purpose in fighting is not to save our own skins, or to preserve our old ways of life. Least of all is it to keep on top ourselves, to dominate others, and to impose our wills on them. If it is Christian in any sense, it is to enable all people, including those of our enemies, to be free from oppression of body, mind and soul; to uphold the principles of truth, and justice for all; to preserve the conditions whereby each man or woman of whatever race or creed may know God and worship Him. All this will not be accomplished when the last shot is fired. That day when it comes, will mark the beginning of a new and extremely difficult phase in the ordering of higher and nobler ways of life for all men.

The job for to-day is only the preliminary to the establishment of truly Christian relationships between people and nations. It is a necessary preliminary, so let us do our part, as far as we are able to in the Spirit of Christ—without bitterness or malice or hatred, but with the ultimate goal of mutual understanding and respect between all nations ever before us, so that when war is over they and we may work together under the guidance and in the strength of our God, to achieve a peace that will endure and in which all may live in harmony and goodwill.

READ

On MONDAY
— TUESDAY
— WEDNESDAY
— THURSDAY
*
— SATURDAY

*READ THE OBSERVATION POST

It's Printed by "THE TIMES."

"THE TIMES"

The Miracle of Wireless

THIS HAPPENED BEFORE THE WAR

(By W.O. II, L. V. Winks.)

There was once a nightingale who sang more beautifully than any nightingale had ever sung before; she was certainly the queen of all nightingales. A great poet had discovered her deep in the forest of the Bavarian mountains.

Everywhere this poet sang a hymn of praise of the little nightingale, and as he was a great and very famous poet, people the world over read with great interest what he had to say about the magic voice of the insignificant troubadour.

We want to hear it, they said. Thereupon a famous broadcasting company sent its engineers up into the Bavarian mountains to instal a microphone secretly, very carefully, so that the already world renowned nightingale should on no account notice it. They crept very closely to the old elder tree from which she sang her love song every evening. Over the microphone they hung a few scented sprays of blossom in order to conceal the glitter of the metal. The great transmission took place the next day. All wireless companies the world over had asked to be allowed to relay the magic song of the little bird. Gramophone records were to be taken. It was a really important experiment in broadcasting.

As the sound controller of the great broadcasting station listened, careful that he should not miss the right moment, people in countries thousands of miles away turned the knobs of their sets to tune in to a unique programme. At the right time, the tuning of a few controls and the festival concert died away, to be succeeded by the beautiful pure notes of the nightingale. It was movingly simple that little song, full of melodious sweetness, a refreshing change from the blare of a concert orchestra, that even the sober engineers of the broadcasting station stood enraptured. "Marvellous," said one, how the high frequency comes through.

He got no further. The syllable stuck in his throat, for from the loud speaker, there suddenly came a long, ugly, extremely unmusical humming which drowned the delicate voice of the nightingale. It was an extremely awkward moment. There was humming in a world transmission. What was to be done? The chief technician rushed to the control panel, put on the headphones, connected both plugs direct to the cable which ran to the distant

microphone, and shook his head despairingly. "The humming is coming through alright." That was bad. They waited another few minutes—perhaps the humming would stop—but it went on. Thus the novel world transmission had to be interrupted prematurely, "on account of electrical disturbances." It was very disappointing. Only the engineers still sat and listened.

"Perhaps the wind is blowing into the microphone," one suggested. "Or perhaps some small boy has discovered the microphone and is humming into it, advised another. But this explanation didn't seem reasonable for was not the microphone very carefully hidden and covered with sprays of blossoms. "With what?" The chief technician sprang up humming the disturbing note and hurried from the room. Somewhere in an empty studio he could be heard striking notes on a piano. When he returned, he was not humming any more.

"How many cycles is B below middle C," he asked?

"240," answered the sound controller. "That explains everything," replied the chief, "you and your sprays of blossoms, what we have just heard was the humming of a bumble bee."

"But how do you know?" someone asked. "From the frequency!" The wings of the lady bird are moved up and down 90 times per second in flying, those of the housefly 190 times, and those of the bumble bee 240 times.

Now how is sound produced? Vibrating bodies produce sound. We only hear such oscillations when they are neither too quick nor too slow. For instance, if you could make the pendulum of a clock swing to and fro so quickly that it makes about twenty such movements per second, you would hear it. It would be the very lowest sound we are able to perceive. We would also hear it if the pendulum swung to and fro a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand times per second.

Now the spray of blossom gave the chief technician the idea of an insect—perhaps a bee, a wasp, or a bumble bee, and he searched on the piano for the right note. It was the so-called B below middle C, and as he knew exactly the number of vibrations per second, he was able to identify it as the humming of a bumble bee. An ordinary bee only makes 200 vibrations per second, a wasp 110. Cycle mean vibrations per second, so 240 cycles would be 240 vibrations per second and you have it. (To be continued.)

Things We Want to Know

Which R.O.O. was so keen on his job that he arose at 0430? Did he meet a lady?

What made the Y Bloke blush when told that Mem'ries live longer than Dreams?

Which officer was embarrassed during the singing of "Dolores?"

Why was Sgt. Mist under the water tower with three girls last Sunday night?

What did the Y Bloke hope to see that he knelt on the floor during the finale?

Why did Sgt. Baird insist on blankets in the trucks Wednesday?

Has Gnr. Pottinger a weakness for the name June?

Were 4th in trouble with dive-bombers last night?

Does a C.P.O. of 4th think his new 2 I/C looks after him?

Has a certain B.C. found his pipe?

What is the time of flight for charge Three. What does the flying? Did anyone have to bail out?

Was the Hawke's Bay earthquake felt in Linton?

Who had a watery back after barking?

Which T.S.M. in 4th was caught ambulating through the Square Gardens on Friday evening? Was it fresh air he was after?

What does L/Bdr. Murphy of 5 know about "88"?

What made a certain new Sgt. of 5th jittery when he heard visitors were coming to the camp last Sunday? A bit close to the "bone," Roy?

Did the "Y" Bloke leave another officer gnashing his teeth while he saw this officer's girl friend off at the station last Saturday morning?

Which signal expert talked about 'aying down a hook-up?

Who was involved in the episode of standing on mythical street corners for indefinite lengths of time? Whose girl friend was also involved?

Who is the 14 stoner who rides a 6 stone motor bike?

When was the "Y" Bloke told to wash his face, and why?

Which senior officer couldn't hit the target with a pea-shooter?

How many of someone's left-overs did a certain senior officer dance with?

Which short fair sergeant is playing tennis continuously with a short brunette? Is this leading to a short engagement?

Was it 10 pretty girls or was it 11 that led a certain subaltern astray last Saturday night? We regret to say that there were no saucy little red-heads.

Did a certain junior officer require any assistance during his long, long, LONG wait on Saturday morning early?

In what way does R.H.Q. resemble the Grand Old Duke of York?

Which S/M of experience needs lessons in dressing? Did he anchor his braces to the ditch?

good cricket in him if he would only step out.

S.M. Winks, of the 4th, has been skipper and has a hard job on his hands not knowing his men, and besides making some mistakes, has made some shrewd moves.

Kelly, of the 5th, has proved himself behind the wickets as has been seen by the low figures of byes.

Juniors

Kaye, of 5th, has proved himself useful as an all-rounder, especially his bowling, keeping good length and the batsmen quiet.

Murphy of 5th, has showed himself as a batsman of good calibre, who can face up to any bowling, and as a change bowler is very good.

Hansen and Quinlan of 4th, show that they are capable of big things, and will bear watching for the future.

Bishop, of the L.A.D., is another boy worth watching, a good all-rounder and capable of good cricket.

The following will represent the Regiment on Saturday:

Seniors.—Kelly, Guthrie, Palmer, Stevens, Steele, Martin, Haseldene, Clifford, Boyd, Winks, Murphy.

Juniors.—West, Schwass, Wright, R., Kaye, Mear, Bishop, Potter, Hornblow, Shadbolt, Patterson, Wood, Jenkins.

Any player unable to play, please communicate with Mr. Harvey immediately.

Regimental Cricket

The Seniors were defeated by Kia Toa in the first innings and the Juniors, after a hard tussle, were defeated by three runs in the first innings. Both games were enjoyed by our boys, being played in a true sporting spirit.

We hope to have a practice ground for you soon, boys, so that the standard of cricket will go up in the Regiment.

The following are the results:—

REGIMENT SENIORS (First Innings)				
Stevens, b Downes	11			
Thorne, c and b Shailer	9			
Guthrie, c and b Shailer	0			
Clifford, c and b McNair	5			
Wright, A., c and b Downes	0			
Kelly, c and b Mullins	2			
Campbell, c and b Mullins	0			
Schwass, b Mullins	1			
McLean, b Mullins	9			
Wright, R., b Mullins	5			
Winks, not out	1			
Extras	14			
Total	57			

Bowling				
O.	M.	W.	R.	
Downes	5	1	2	10
Shailer	4	—	2	17
Mullins	4	2	5	8
McNair	3	1	1	8

REGIMENT (Second Innings)				
Stevens, c and b Shailer	13			
Clifford, c and b Ormond	22			
Kelly, run out, b McNair	0			
Winks, c and b McNair	12			
Guthrie, not out	14			
Campbell, not out	11			
Extras	11			
Total	83			

Bowling				
O.	M.	W.	R.	
Downes	3	—	—	20
Lynne	2	—	—	10
Shailer	2	—	1	13
Ormond	2	—	1	14
Otter	2	—	—	10
Oakley	1	—	—	4
McNair	2	—	2	10
Weston	1	—	—	2

KIA TOA (First Innings)				
Lynne, c and b McLean	10			
Downes, st., b Guthrie	20			
Mullins, b Wright, A.	28			
Otter, c and b Guthrie	12			
Oakley, L.B.W., b Wright, A.	27			
Ormond, b Thorne	3			
Haxton, c and b Guthrie	0			
Shailer, c and b Guthrie	0			
Weston, not out	44			
McNair, c and b Schwass	6			
Evans, c and b Guthrie	3			
Extras	3			
Total	160			

Bowling				
O.	M.	W.	R.	
Downes	3	—	—	20
Lynne	2	—	—	10
Shailer	2	—	1	13
Ormond	2	—	1	14
Otter	2	—	—	10
Oakley	1	—	—	4
McNair	2	—	2	10
Weston	1	—	—	2

KIA TOA (First Innings)				
Lynne, c and b McLean	10			
Downes, st., b Guthrie	20			
Mullins, b Wright, A.	28			
Otter, c and b Guthrie	12			
Oakley, L.B.W., b Wright, A.	27			
Ormond, b Thorne	3			
Haxton, c and b Guthrie	0			
Shailer, c and b Guthrie	0			
Weston, not out	44			
McNair, c and b Schwass	6			
Evans, c and b Guthrie	3			
Extras	3			
Total	160			

JUNIORS v. 2nd R.M.T. REGIMENT (First Innings)

Goldsack, b Bryan	2			
Nichol, b Strang	2			
Murphy, c and b Taylor	47			
Hornblow, c and b Smith	9			
Kaye, b Bryan	13			
Quinlan, b Smith	1			
Wilson, c and b Taylor	0			
Crozier, c and b Bryan	14			
Clapp, b Strang	0			
Lamon, c and b Sharp	15			
Hansen, not out	1			
Extras	9			
Total	113			

Bowling				
O.	M.	W.	R.	
Bryan	8	—	3	27
Strang	4	—	2	10
Sharp	5	—	1	25
Lester	3	—	0	5
Taylor	5	—	2	24
Smith	4	—	2	9
McNeilly	1	—	0	8

R.M.T. (First Innings)

Sullivan, c and b Nichol	12			
Taylor, L.B.W., b Kaye	15			
Mansford, b Kaye	15			
Sharp, c and b Hornblow	18			
Bryan, c and b Quinlan	9			
McNeilly, b Quinlan	0			
Simes, c and b Kaye	1			
Smith, b Hansen	6			
Strang, c and b Kaye	20			
Menew, not out	4			
Leete, b Hansen	4			
Extras	4			
Total	116			

Bowling

O.	M.	W.	R.	
Goldsack	2	—	—	6
Wilson	2	—	—	7
Kaye	7	—	4	37
Nichol	6	—	1	24
Hornblow	3	—	1	8
Murphy	2	—	2	0
Quinlan	3	—	2	15
Hansen	2	—	2	10

COMMENTS BY SPORTS OFFICER

Seniors

This Saturday's game showed us the need of practice as can be noticed in the Senior game. Six were caught out. This is due to mistiming. Stevens, the 6th boy, has proved that he is a good bat, who will improve as the season goes on. Guthrie, the 5th boy, showed how he could tie up the batsmen with his bowling. He is a good all-rounder. Clifford is showing that he has some

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The Bet Was Sound

This is the story of a New Zealander who joined the Air Force and who was being taught how to make a graceful parachute landing from an aeroplane. As he moved towards the aeroplane from which he was to make his initial descent he was told his "harness" included two parachutes and that nothing happened when he pulled the rip-cord of the first he was to pull the rip-cord of the second. He was also told that he would have to make his "jump" over a certain cross-roads and that when he landed he would find himself near an Air Force truck in which he would return to camp. Having had experience of State control in New Zealand he climbed into the plane with some misgivings, but being a New Zealander, was prepared to carry out his orders. The plane took off and in due course the pilot said: "This is where you 'fade.'" The parachutist, the son of an Anzac, "faded," and after a couple of loops he pulled one of the rip-cords. Nothing happened, because the parachute did not open "according to plan," as the Army Corps commanders have it when anything goes wrong. The En Zedder then pulled the second rip-cord and, again, nothing happened. He was now travelling earthwards at 743 miles an hour and gathering speed very, very quickly. His last thought was: "I'll bet they have forgotten to send the truck."

Lady: "I think I'll take one of those large lobsters."

Clerk: "Very well. Shall I wrap it for you?"

Lady: "Yes, it doesn't know me well enough to follow me home."

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How to Recognise Aircraft

Mitsubishi Type 97 Torpedo-Bomber.—This aircraft is replacing the earlier Makajima Type 96. Both types were used in the raid on Pearl Harbour. It bears a close resemblance to the United States Navy's Devastator torpedo-bomber, but may be recognised by the slope and shape of the tail unit. It is one of the Japanese types most likely to appear over New Zealand.



TYPE 97—MITSUBISHI

Principal Structural Features.—It is a single-engined low wing monoplane, with retractable undercarriage. The taper of the wings is uniform on both edges, the tips are rounded, and there is a large wing-root fairing on the trailing edge. The engine is a radial and the fuselage is rather slim, with a "conservatory" extending from above the leading edge of the wing to about half-way along the fuselage. The fin and rudder, which are on top of the fuselage, have a straight-sloping leading edge and a curved trailing edge. Each side of the horizontal tail surfaces has the same general slope as the fin and rudder, but is rather longer and narrower with less curve on the trailing edge. There is no cut-out and the end of the fuselage projects a short distance behind the tail-plane. The main wheels retract, but the tail-wheel is fixed.

Special Recognition Points.—Tapered wings with rounded tips and large fairing; "conservatory" on fuselage.

Dimensions.—Span 50ft., length 35ft. Mitsubishi Type 96 Dive-bomber.—Like the Nakajima type 96 torpedo-bomber (described in an earlier article) this aircraft is an older type which may, however, still be used by the naval air service of the Japanese.

Several weeks went by, then Bluey began to wear a worried look.

When we inquired the "waffor" of this, he said: "It's the wife. If I don't send her some money she's going to sue me for resuscitation of convivial nights!"

The orderly officer received a complaint about the issue of bread.

"Soldiers should not make a fuss about trivialities, my man," he cried. "If Napoleon had had that bread when he was crossing the Alps, he'd have eaten it with delight."

"Yes, sir," said the Lance-Corporal, "but it was fresh then."

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

PRICE OF GLORY

A wounded man was being carried across "No Man's Land" on the back of a perspiring comrade. Rifle and machine-gun fire was heavy.

"Ere," suddenly exclaimed the wounded soldier, "what abaht turning round an' walking backwards for a spell. You're getting the V.C. but I'm getting all the blukin' bullets."



I'll give you a frying pan—What size do you want it?

The car was a thing unheard of to a mountaineer in an unfrequented community, and he was astonished one day when he saw one go by without any visible means of locomotion. His eyes bulged, however, when a motor-cycle followed closely in its wake and disappeared like a flash round a bend in the road.

"Great guns!" he cried, turning to his son. "Who'd 'a' supposed that thing had a colt!"



It may be Xmas, but don't be greedy, John!

HE WAS WATCHING

The tale was going round of an Aussie soldier who was sent to a part of England. By some freak of the war machine, he was the only soldier from down under among all the Tommies there. He put up with all their chaff and leg pulling in silence for a long time till one day someone said:

"Anyway, Aussie, what are you doing here, the only Aussie among all us Tommies?"

"Well," answered the Aussie, sotto voice, "I'm here to see you b—cows don't sign any separate peace."



We Haven't Changed Much.

THE URGE

Recently, one of our chaps, spending a few days' well-earned leave in Haifa, visited, with a number of his cobbles, the baths of that port.

His pals, all good divers, did their stuff from the tower diving board and, although he ventured up to the platform, he could not quite pluck up the necessary courage to make the dive.

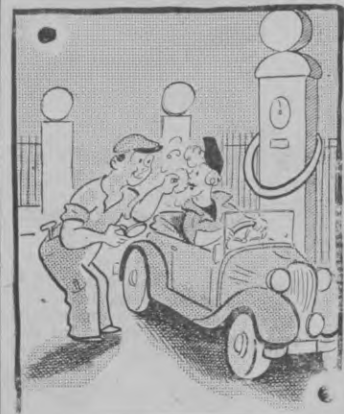
Suddenly, and without warning, ack-ack fire was heard, followed almost immediately by the bursting of a bomb.

"Gord!" gasped our hero, and dived. Not so bad either!

We proudly exhibit him now as our high-diving champion.

A well-known philanthropist in East London gave, the other day, a slum child's version of the story of Eden. She was sitting with other children on the kerb of a public-house in Shore-ditch and her version of the story proceeded:

"Eve ses: 'Adam, have a bite?' 'No,' ses Adam, 'I don't want a bite!' 'Garn!' ses Eve, 'go on, ave a bite!' 'I don't want a bite!' ses Adam." The child repeated this dialogue, her voice rising to a shrill shriek. "An' then Adam took a bite," she finished up. "An' the flamin' angel came along wis is sword an' 'e ses to 'em both: 'Nah, then—ahstide!'"



A Gallon a Kiss.

IT MADE NO DIFFERENCE.

A city lad once went to dine with an aunt of his in the country, and as soon as he was seated he manifested a disposition to waive ceremony.

"Johnnie," said the aunt, "we are in the habit of saying something before beginning to eat."

"All right, Auntie, say whatever you like. I'm used to it at home, but it can't spoil my appetite."



Always See the Mother Before Popping the Question.

This is a tale of stiffness. Some-where overseas a number of A.I.F. men were paraded and volunteers were invited for military police duty. There was nothing doing. They had had a tough time, and a cushy rest would have been welcome but not on those terms. "Very well," said the Sergeant-Major briskly. "Every eighth man will take one step to the front." To the accompaniment of grins the men were marched away, the personification of dejection. But the boot was on the other foot when it was learned that they were wanted as guards on a ship on a trip to Australia. Wouldn't it?



Women in the Army?

ON THE JOB

During the trip over to England I happened to be on guard duty on upper deck one night when the Orderly Officer did his rounds about 11 o'clock.

I hailed him: "Who goes there?"

"Orderly Officer," he replied. I knew there was some more official routine but could not think just what it was, so I said:

"What the hell are you doing up here this time of night?"

"Seeing you Bees do your duty," he said, as he turned to depart.

(Continued from last week.)

PROFITABLE ASSULT

So far as the 3rd Battery was concerned, a succession of quiet days followed the big effort of June 4th. During the ten days following June 7th, the Battery expended on an average less than ten rounds a day. Then on June 18th, the guns were busy again assisting to repel Turkish counter-attacks on the left of the line, and on June 28th, they supported a most successful attempt to dislodge the enemy from his hitherto unshakable hold on the western coast. Pivoting upon a point in the line a mile inland from the sea, the assaulting troops took all their objectives, the attack being carried out in two phases. The greatest gains, of course, were on the coast furthest away from the pivotal point. There five lines of Turkish trenches were captured, and the British line was advanced nearly one thousand yards. For several days following this success, the Turks made strong counter-attacks, which led to bitter fighting, but he was able to press none of them home. For their close and accurate shooting in support of the infantry on these occasions, and particularly on June 5th, the Battery received the thanks of the Indian Infantry Brigade, and the congratulations of Brigadier-General H. Simpson Baikie, G.O.C., R.A., at Helles.

ATTEMPT TO ADVANCE THE RIGHT FLANK

On the 12th and 13th July, an attempt was made to seize the enemy's foremost trench system along the centre and right, and so conform with the advance that had been registered on the left flank. Two days' solid fighting, in which the French again lent the British the support of some of their batteries, achieved only a partial success. The 3rd Battery and two R.F.A. Batteries fired in support of a diversion by troops of the 29th Division on the left, the allotment of ammunition for battery, being 500 rounds. During the preliminary registration, the enemy opened fire on the 3rd Battery positions, and one or two casualties were incurred. The Battery was again freely shelled during the operation; more casualties were suffered; material damage was done to some of the wagons, and a fire was caused in the thick dry scrub in front of the guns, one of the wagons being burnt, and the position swept clear of cover.

3rd BATTERY'S DEPARTURE

The Battery remained at Helles until the middle of August, taking part in all the operations undertaken by the British troops in that zone. On August 17th, the Battery received orders to proceed to Anzac to join the New Zealand Division, and embarked the same night on the "Queen Louise."

THE AUGUST OFFENSIVE

At last, while the summer was yet at its height, events began to shape themselves for the great battle of Sari Bair, which was at once to set the seal on the heroism, the endurance and self-sacrifice of the soldiers at Anzac, and to mark the culmination of their hopes. Early in the campaign, it had been made apparent to the Commander-in-Chief that neither at Anzac nor at Helles were his forces strong enough to fight their way through to the Narrows. On May 10th, Sir Ian Hamilton had cabled to the War Office, asking for two fresh divisions, and a week later, another cable was sent, stating that if the force was going to be left to face Turkey on its own resources, two additional Army Corps would be required. The 52nd (Lowland) Division had been sent to Gallipoli, but whilst it was en route, Russia, owing to the serious turn of events on the Eastern front, had given up the idea of co-operating from the coast of the Black Sea, and as a result, several more Turkish divisions had become available for the defence of the Dardanelles. Finally, during June, Ian Hamilton was promised three regular divisions, plus the infantry of two Territorial divisions. The advance guard of these troops was due to reach Mudros by July 10th, and the concentration was to be complete by August 10th. A decision as to the method of employing these reinforcements was arrived at only after every practicable scheme had been exhaustively considered in all its aspects. These schemes were readily narrowed down to four in number, which may best be summarised in the terms of the Official Despatch:—

- (1) Every man to be thrown on to the southern sector of the Peninsular to force a way forward to the Narrows.
- (2) Disembarkation on the Asiatic side of the Straits, followed by a march on Chanak.
- (3) A landing at Enos or Ibyre for the purpose of seizing the neck of the isthmus at Bulair.
- (4) Reinforcement of the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps, combined with a landing in Suvla Bay. Then with one strong push to capture Hill 305, and working from that dominating point, to grip the waist of the peninsula.

(To be continued.)

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