

ROUSEN ENEMY ROUTED IN MEMORABLE FIRST ENCOUNTER

The night of Friday, Nov 24 will go down in the history of 2 NZ Div. Sigs. as the occasion of their first engagement - a memorable clash between the Canteen Section and one of the invisible forces of the night. Here is our war correspondent's eyewitness account:

The location is the unit parade ground, the time 2200hrs, and the night - well, atypical Trentham evening. From our seat in the grand stand we can see, in the moonlight, the brown forms of the attacking party lining up in formation. Their objective is a heavily fortified trench, which can be discerned in distance.

The manly form of the Section Commander moves among his men as he exhorts and cheers them. The zero hour is near. The command "Smokes Out!" is given, and the commander stirs a few men who have been dozing in the rear.

THE FIGHT IS ON

Here it comes... "Charge!"... reverberating through the arena. The crowd cheers, Dorax barks, and the fight is on.

On the right flank the Tank Corps, manning a garden roller, is sweeping all before it. The commander, disguised as a culvert, stealthily approaches the enemy trench.

In the centre and on the left flank the attacking party are now being deluged by hand grenades (Shaped remarkably like crown tops), but they are impervious to these.

Though the battle waxes hot, the blue and blacks never falter. It is now hand-to-hand fighting, and the enemy is slowly retreating. A shout of encouragement from the crowd gives the attackers strength for their final push, and the enemy is in full flight. The canteeners consolidate their position, and the battle is won.

HERE ARE REASONS WHY DIV SIGS. NEEDS NO TRUMPETER

Clothes may make the man, but the voice makes the N.C.O. Let's analyse this medley of noise that gets us up in the morning, puts us to bed at night, and does almost everything else to us in between.

Going back to the days when we were just three plain companies, we'll top the list with the C.S.M.s. In No. 1's "Sandy" McNab you have a voice pipe with an echo so bracing it has all the effects of a cold shower without the dampness. It's only after weeks of practice that you get into the habit of watching for that warning curl of his lips.

PAINT TOO NEW

Those are callous words, S.M. McNab - but no hard feelings. Rest assured that it was only his fear of blistering the nice new paint on the M.T. park that restrained Harry Hodgson's vocal efforts; and that Ben Walters would have been much noisier if he was not always in such a hurry to strip off his tunic (wonder who helps him button it up?) and get down to his eternal battery charging.

Let's linger a moment longer in this exalted sphere where stripes go in threes and consider another voice in whose way it is not nice to get. The name is Sjt. A. Smith, and when you deserve it he can make you shrink into your boots. Not loud, but as cold and sour as a frostbitten lemon. "For Pete's sake, I said Vic Edward - not Vic Eddie! You know what happened to Eddie!"

And here's a warning to a couple of stripelings that something will burst before long if they don't take the strain off their vocal chords. One is L/Cpl Forbes Eddie, whose bark starts in his boots, staggers his knees and would escape through his eyes if he didn't open his mouth a split second sooner. And the second is L/Cpl Pat Brennan, whom we will just call one of the reasons why Div. Sigs. needs no trumpeter.

IS MY FACE RED?

My name is "Ned" K---y, and I'm the fellow who rode Two-By-Four home in the Trestle D---y to beat Tommy T----- by a long chin.

I'm the Sergeant of the Guard who gave the command "Order Arms" and presented the darn thing myself (And this was back in B.C. (Before Canteen) too!)