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THE

# DRAGON



OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE NEW ZEALAND TANK BRIGADE  
INITIAL NUMBER

## THE FIRST TANK

From the beginning of World War I, it was obvious that a grave problem had to be solved: how to protect men from gunfire, yet be in a position of good strategy themselves. The solution was so simple that it was overlooked by those in authority—a plating of steel between the gunner and the target. The modern Tank is the result of years of research that began when, in 1914, Admiral Bacon designed a fifteen-inch howitzer that could be moved about on the field by eight huge caterpillar tractors. Mr. Winston Churchill saw illustrations of these tractors and visualised the possibility of a similar machine to carry men and guns into battle. So the idea of the Tank was born. The War Office constructed a number of models that were called trench-crossing vehicles. At the test these machines were rejected because they failed to descend a four-foot bank and go through three feet of water. Thus the first type of Tank was unsuccessful—despite the fact that no subsequent type of tracked-vehicle passed that particular test during the last war.

Meanwhile, Colonel E. D. Swinton (now General Officer Commanding Armoured Forces in Britain) and Colonel Hankey had collaborated on a paper dealing with the need of a tank-like device. To quote from a letter that Mr. Churchill sent to the then Prime Minister (Mr. Asquith): "It would be quite easy to fit up a number of steam tractors, with small armoured shelters in which men and machine-guns could be placed which would be bullet proof. Forty or fifty of these machines prepared secretly and brought into position at night-fall could advance most certainly into the enemy's trenches, smashing away all obstructions, and sweep the trenches with gunfire and grenades thrown from out of the top." The Prime Minister laid the proposal personally before Lord Kitchener, who was immediately interested enough to remit the project to the Master-General of the Ordnance. But that was all that was done. Apparently the War Office was unconvinced of the practicability and value of the new machine. The project was politely buried in the archives of the War Office.

Characteristically, Mr. Churchill was undaunted. In 1915 he ordered the Director of the Air Ministry to experiment with steam rollers. These, he thought, could be used to smash in enemy trenches by the sheer weight of force. Mechanical defects caused this project to fail, but it is clear that it served to stimulate the inventive minds of those who were interested. Official and mechanical troubles were mere obstacles to be overcome by Mr. Churchill,

and he convened a conference with Mr. Tennyson-d'Eyncourt, the Chief Constructor of the Navy. The first committee to supervise the building of Tanks was formed. It was called the Landships Committee of the Admiralty. Mr. Tennyson-d'Eyncourt shortly afterwards informed Mr. Churchill that he had invented two possible types of Landships. Such was Mr. Churchill's faith in these early Tank-like machines that he took personal responsibility of the £70,000 in public money, which went towards the building of 18 Landships. Six of these were the wheel type, the others were the familiar track caterpillar type. Mr. Churchill's faith in the Tank plan was justified, and his risk in spending public money on it bore the fruit of success. The Tank has changed the history of all wars. Of no one man can it be said that he invented the Tank. Rather was it a series of experiments and plans that eventually yielded the forerunner of modern Tanks. But a single man made specific and important strides in its development. That was Mr. Tennyson-d'Eyncourt whose deep knowledge and wide power brought the Tanks to their required efficiency.

But if the Tanks were satisfactory from an engineering point of view, apparently they were not so acceptable politically. A new Board of Admiralty decided to scrap the entire project. If it had not been for the persistent confidence of Mr. Churchill and his colleague, Tank warfare may not have been a reality today. With true British bulldoggedness, our present War Leader finally persuaded the Admiralty to construct a single Tank. And after it's test, it was clear that this was the Mother Tank, the prototype of the modern Tank.

The first attack on the Germans by British Tanks took place near Thiepval in September, 1916. But still, the High Command did not fully realise the potentialities of the new steel weapon. The first twenty tanks to reach France were open to scrutiny by the enemy; the fact that a great new secret was in danger of being made known to Germany was disregarded.

As it happened, the enemy did not try to copy the Tank until their devastating defeat at Cambrai, nor were they interested. At Cambrai, on November 20, 1917, the British Tanks moved into battle. After months of preparation, tactical plans had been carefully rehearsed. As the Tanks advanced, supported by infantry, the enemy quickly panicked. Those who did not turn in full retreat, gave themselves up in bewildered surrender. By four o'clock the same afternoon, the whole German trench system had been penetrated on a six-mile front, and 10,000 prisoners and 200 guns were captured without the loss of no more than 1,500 British soldiers. The Tanks had arrived on the battle scene.

After Cambrai, the world—including the defeated Germans—realised that mechanised warfare was the new battle order, and the Tank rapidly advanced to the highly specialised stage as we know it today. The New Zealand Army Tank Brigade is part of New Zealand's contribution to the mechanised power of the British Forces that will shortly smash the Nazi panzer hordes. —O.F.F.



## TO MEMBERS OF THE NEW ZEALAND TANK BRIGADE



**T**WELVE months ago the New Zealand Tank Brigade came into being; since then a great deal of hard work has produced a fighting machine.

Development has taken place in two main directions: the first, the acquiring of technical skill in the handling, maintenance and repair of the intricate and powerful machines with which we are armed; the second, the development of confidence in the qualities of one's comrades based on a knowledge of their ability to do their part.

It is impossible to forecast what the future holds. I am certain that wherever we may find ourselves, continued study and practice will make us and maintain us in a fit state to meet the rigours of war.

Let us stir the confidence and comradeship already engendered in our community and hope that we may be allowed to play a worthy part in the attainment of victory.

Brigadier G. B. PARKINSON, D.S.O.



## THE DRAGON IS HATCHED



From his deep cavern "The Dragon" has issued forth. Complete with claws, scales and a fiery breath, he brings to you his story. From all corners of his mighty and mysterious abode we have plundered his best tit-bits, and through the pages of this magazine the men of the Tank Brigade hope to tell the Dragon's tale. We will start with the egg. Then follow through its incubation to the present, by which time you will, we trust, have absorbed the atmosphere of the Dragon's nest. We present ourselves as we really are, in all our moods and interests. May you enjoy reading this magazine as much as we have enjoyed writing it. Thus we leave you for the present. "The Dragon" wishes you, one and all, a MERRY CHRISTMAS and a NEW YEAR that will see the fulfillment of all that we have set out to do.



Perhaps it is a cold place for some of us. We might not enjoy the sun of Nelson and Hawke's Bay. There might not be the sweltering heat and beaches of the Northland. We are inland here, far from the ocean and the scream of sea-birds. To the Southerner there is a charm in the hills of golden tussock. Yes, it is a long way to the South Island—but there are lots of longer places. In spite of it all our lot is a happy one, and, isolation or not, we all love our own country and have been seeing plenty of it lately.

A few miles from the camp is a deer-stalker's Paradise. Miles of mixed pine and beech forest stretch away south towards the Ruahine Range. In this the red deer roams and is stalked. On the Onetapu Desert there are plenty of rabbits and hares. One hour in a car will take us to Lake Taupo where trout like Manukau schnapper fight to be landed. There are the mineral baths at Tokaanu; here one can wallow, then swallow a hearty meal in the hotel. (Other things are there to swallow too.) The skiers rush headlong up Mt. Ruapehu, the "artists" to Taihape, and the dance-friends to Ohakune and the Devil, which it is understood is another name for sly-grog.

For the Nudist, our Camp has a distinct attraction. The nudist can chose a most secluded spot, there to perform his strip-tease to the large hairy mountain blow-flies. Then there is Natural History. Scientifically-minded botanists and geologists pore the hills for posterity. Nearby hills contain exposed beds of fossils belonging to the Tertiary Era. Shells, millions of years old lie, exposed to the eye of the palaeontologist. The whole National Park is a botanist's Paradise. On the Desert Road can be found the smallest pine-tree in the world. It is only a few inches high, forms a mat on the desert, and bears cones less than a quarter of an inch long. Then there are the mountain primroses, daisies, eye-brights and buttercups.

The photographer finds himself on the threshold of Nature's paint shop. Colour runs riot in the rivers, gorges, lakelets, bush and mountain scenery and the forest. As we go to press, the valleys around are flooded with the warm gold blossoms of the Kowhai—our national flower. On Mt. Ruapehu, the alpine flowers are pushing their sturdy stems through the melting snow. Yes, we certainly have recompense for our isolation. And we do get Home too, of course.

"Troop—attention! Lift up your left leg and hold it straight in front of you."

Trooper Jo lifts his right leg, bringing it side by side with his neighbour's left leg.

"Who is that intelligent fellow over there holding up both legs?"

\* \* \*

Anna: How did you win your D.C.M., Hori?

Hori: I saved the lives of the entire Tank Brigade.

Anna: Gee, how ever did you do that?

Hori: I shot the bloody cooks.



## OUR "CHANGE" PARADE

"All out for Change Parade, and make it snappy," bawled our Corporal. We grabbed our motely rags and marched over to the C. & N. Store, Headquarters of the notorious Q.M. Sergeant. The first man up proffered a pair of socks. The Sergeant glowered over the counter, snatched the offending sock from the Driver and roared, "These been washed?" "Um—er—yes, sir," the timid owner replied. "Don't seem like it, to me," says the Sergeant as he lifts them to his nose, "What's wrong with 'em, don't you ever mend your clothes, should take more care of your things.

Next man. "What in tarnation do you want me to do with this," the irascible Sergeant shouts, as he takes up Cap P.S.

"A change that's all," returns the owner.

"No show, got hair oil on it," snarls the Q.M. bloke as he flips it back.

Number three jauntily tosses a Battledress upon the counter and states that he wants a good fit and tunic and trousers of a matching colour. The Sergeant froths a bit and croaks in his rage, "No show, haven't got your size, not a match in the place. Why in the name of so and so you fellers drag your battle-dresses along here I don't know. Take it back, we won't be having any in for months, orders from Wellington." (Shelves loaded to capacity).

We are not making much progress but the fourth Driver walks boldly to the counter and dangles a pair of boots. The sight of these throws the irritable one into a fresh paroxysm of rage.

"These 'ave bin burnt," he shrieks, "and you've deliberately rubbed mud over the hole."

"Oh no sir," coyly rejoined the owner.

"You DID," said the Sergeant in a voice pregnant with ill-temper, "what am I gonna do with 'em?"

He pounded the boots upon the counter muttering something about an enquiry, that boots cost money, that it was a wilful attempt to deceive. He gradually subsided, almost immediately turned purple, snorted through his reddened proboscis and thumped his fist upon the boards. The Driver was suggesting a change of greatcoat. The dear old fellow behind the counter however, had spotted the almost complete wardrobe being worn under the coat, and guessed that the swollen chest measurement was an effort to obtain a new double-breaster. The man was summarily dismissed amid much grinding of teeth, blowing of froth, and stamping of feet.

"What's all this," the demon enquires as he flips my tattered rags through his horny hands.

"To be changed, Sergeant," I politely reply.

"That's what you think," he aptly returns. He examines all articles with microscopic thoroughness, snorts a few times, wipes a bead or two of sweat from his overhanging brow and asks me how long I have had the clothing. By way of reply and evidence I give him my card wherein all issues are dated. He works through the list, blows his nose, hums and ha's, wastes a great deal of time with disparaging remarks. In the end, I am 7 per cent. successful, I sign my card, feel very bright and escape from the store. —FRETE.

## FIRST NEW ZEALANDER IN ACTION

The Libyan frontier on the night of August 22, 1940. A battalion of a famous English regiment receive orders to get urgently, information regarding the Italian enemy. A prisoner must be taken. The area is just North of Fort Capuzzo, on the road to Bardia. A New Zealand officer is attached to the regiment. He persuades the battalion commander to allow him to accompany the raiding party. Thus, in a characteristic spirit of adventure, Lieut-Colonel T. C. Wallace became the first of our countrymen to participate in an action against the enemy.

The fighting patrol of one officer and fourteen others wore sandshoes and steel helmets, and carried two rifles, two machine-guns and an anti-tank rifle. In a parade an inspection was carried out to see that no clue as to their identity was carried. Trucks bore the men to a point near which it was known there were Italians. The journey was silently completed on foot. In the black Egyptian night, a barbed-wire entanglement was cut and the little party crept through to the bitumen road. Here, it was hoped, a motor cyclist could be snared so a wire was stretched across the road. An hour passed and no cyclist had eventuated so it was decided to go on. Voices and occasional bumping could be heard. At a road junction a hangar loomed up. They silently surrounded it—but it was empty. The moon came out brilliantly, their steel bayonets glittered. The enemy could possibly see them. Enemy trucks could now be seen, and about a hundred and fifty men. Stealthily, silently, the raiders crept closer until they were a matter of yards from the nearest of the foe. The signal was given. Every man rushed forward in a bayonet charge. Yells of surprise and fear.

Then the signal was given for the party to retire. There were seven prisoners, one of whom cried out to give the Italians a direction in which to send a hail of machine-gun fire. They fired mostly high, and a sergeant who covered the retreat returned some deadly fire from his machine-gun. Base Camp was then made without further incident.

Captain T. C. Wallace of the  
New Zealand Divisional Cavalry  
while attached to the 32<sup>nd</sup> Buffs  
Coldstream Guards accompanied  
a Fighting Patrol into enemy  
territory in the area just North  
of Fort Capuzzo on the night of  
the 22/23 Aug. 40. The enemy  
were engaged with the bayonet  
10 were killed and 7 taken prisoner.  
25<sup>th</sup> August 40. J. MacLennan, Colonel.

A letter from the  
Coldstream Guards.





## SNOW TIME IS SKI TIME

Our Camp, on the fringe of the King Country, is at a high altitude, being 2,650 feet above the sea. In winter and spring, snow falls. The men from North welcome the novelty—others like South Island musters curse it. But to one section of the camp personnel, it brings a new zest to life. And these people are the skiers.

However, it is to National Park that the snow enthusiasts flocked on week-end leave. Here is the Chateau Tongariro where a warm welcome awaited the Tank men. The Camp officers realise the value of skiing to the men and are generous with the numbers of men who wish to practice ski-ing—which is now militarised in Syria with the Ski Corps. In the Open Champion events held on the slopes of Mt. Ruapehu, three men of the Tank Brigade competed—Troopers Earl Morrell, Owen Fletcher and Private Bill Holmes. Trooper Morrell, in a spectacular and daring race, won second place in the Ngaauruhoe Cup. The winner was Miss Helen Allanson (Ruapehu Ski Club) who was the first woman to win the event. The snow was in good condition and the thrilling down-hill race from the bottom of the Whakapapa Glacier was watched by a large crowd of soldiers and skiers. The season was a poor one for snow, and it is testimony to the men's keenness that large numbers made their way up to the Upper skiing grounds every weekend. They all improved their technique during the season and there are some very promising skiers in our Brigade today.

—CHRISTIANA.



Tanks, guns, planes, submarines, mines, and secret weapons, these have all had their share of publicity as the outstanding feature of the war. But, when you think of it, what is the most important weapon of them all? You have guessed it. It is radio!

That is not pride-of-job speaking. It is logically and conclusively a fact. Radio is the background of all other weapons. It is the news-bringer, the medium of inspiration, the unseen dispatch rider, the eyes and ears of the fighting services and the civilian. It is the educator, the propagandist, the firer of guns, the director of bombing raids, the connecting and co-ordinating link between units of the forces—land, sea and air forces—and the intermediary of nations. The first news that we were at war came over the radio; the first news of peace will be per medium of radio. Without radio, war, in the modern tempo could not be waged.

In this war, then, the radio engineer, research worker and serviceman has a vital job to perform. Forget for a moment the commonplace, but miraculous use of radio as a means of informing and entertaining the general public. Think of it only as a weapon of war. Its most spectacular use is that to which it was put by the Germans in the invasion of France—a method also exploited by the Japanese in Malaya. In broadcasts directed against defending troops and menaced civilians, rumours were spread, confusing orders given, all having a disturbing effect on morale. Minor items of information, gathered by spies, were broadcast and emphasised, until it seemed to ill-informed people that the enemy knew everything. You have all heard the story of the important and secret meeting of the Allied leaders in the early days of the war. The Germans broadcast the menu—so it was alleged—of the meal the leaders ate. It did not mean anything in terms of vital information, but it did say demoralisingly, "We have our spies everywhere." It was a radio bogey-man—a sound and terrifying psychological weapon of war.

On our side, radio has had its most spectacular use in the form of radio detection—a secret weapon which played so important a part in the Battle of Britain. Yet the detector was only in its infancy. Delicate instruments "picked up" approaching enemy raiders, and allowed their course to be charted. It can also be used to detect the approach of submarines, moving vehicles, or even advancing troops.

It is in the field of communications that radio has been of the greatest importance to the Services. It can be said that they are dependent upon it. Older methods of communication are too slow and uncertain in this war which is one of speed and constant change. Radio transmitters and receivers are carried by all units of the Army.

To jump from the general to the particular, tank warfare has gained its highest efficiency from the use of radio. Units can range far and wide, yet remain always in touch with their headquarters. They can carry out their operations in accordance with changing strategic demands. As radio has been extended in scope so has its equipment become more efficient and compact. The cumbersome and intricate older sets could find no place in the fast, streamlined tanks of today. To maintain this radio equipment at the high level of efficiency demanded by its importance, the Signals Section maintains a competent staff of servicemen. Most of these were servicemen in civil life and know their job thoroughly. To make doubly sure of their competence, and to accustom them to their new charges, these tank-radio-technicians are all given an intensive and interesting course when they enter the Army. Mistakes of carelessness in workmanship could have serious results, for radio communication in the tanks, as in other military spheres, is no longer a mere accessory. It is a vital component of mechanised warfare.

—P.R.C.





## MARRIAGES AND BIRTHS

A.S.C.



### CAMPBELL—WILSON.

On 5th September, 1942, at St. Alban's Church, Eastbourne, Jean Margaret, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Wilson, 35 Orour Street, Eastbourne, Wellington, to 2/Lieut. Barney Campbell, A.S.C.

### WATSON—WEIR.

On 22nd August, 1942, at St. Andrew's Church, Christchurch, June Sommerville Forsyth, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Weir, Christchurch, to Cpl. Herbert McDonald Watson, A.S.C.

### COLLINS—MEAD.

On 26th September, 1942, at St. Francis de Sales Church, Island Bay, Wellington, Edna, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Mead, Wellington, to Sgt. Frank Beattie Collins, A.S.C.

### LIGHT FIELD AMBULANCE

Those who have joined the ranks of the benedicts are Lieut. N. C. Begg, Lieut. D. B. Robertson, Staff Sgt. T. Fouhy, Sgt. J. S. Hilyard, Cpl. J. B. Dickson, Cpl. S. A. Pinfold, Pte. C. N. Eves, Pte. G. K. Hawthorne, Pte. V. M. Kreegher, Pte. H. F. Thompson, Pte. H. F. Wright, Dr. O. Hodson, Dr. R. Dunne, Pte. T. M. Smith, Pte. S. N. Strickett, Pte. C. Drabble.

### L.F.A. BIRTHS

Proud Fathers Since joining the Unit:—Lieut. J. D. Lough, Sgt. N. Bartlett, Cpl. W. D. Carswell, Cpl. W. Dalbeth, L/Cpl. R. J. Treeby, Dr. T. Denley, Dr. R. B. Divers, Pte. A. C. Bryant, Pte. F. I. Hancock, Pte. L. R. Hewgill, Pte. L. S. Overend, Pte. K. S. Tanner, Dr. F. H. Graham, Pte. J. L. Heal.

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### REINFORCEMENTS

On several occasions during the winter months dances were held in the Second Reinforcements' Mess Room. Thanks are due to the ladies of Ohakune for travelling all the way to Camp on nights which were not always the best from the weather point of view, and not only making the dances possible by their presence, but bringing the supper as well!

And then, of course, there is the rumour that a recent tour of duty in the North was not without it's social side and a certain town, not very far from Auckland is not unaware of our existence.

\* \* \*

### FOR BATMEN

To remove a fresh grease spot from your battle-dress, cover the spot with blotting paper, then press with a hot iron. Cover the spot with magnesia, let it remain for 24 years, then brush off. But remember that you are going to miss it terribly.

Nurse: It's a boy, Professor.

Professor: Er... er... what does he want?

## SOCIAL HAPPENINGS



### L.A.D. NOTES

We are only a small Unit, composed of 20 men, including our popular officer, 2/Lt. R. Kirkham. But what enthusiasm we have! Elsewhere in "The Dragon," you will read about our sports activities. One of our popular boys—Jack Partridge—is getting married this month. We wish you all the best, Jack.



The Editor requests Units to keep write-ups of all social events for publication in future issues of "The Dragon."

### BALLS, DANCES

During the year, a great number of dances have been given both among Squadrons and as Unit affairs. Two Battalions have recently given Balls in the big Gymnasium. On all occasions the gymnasium presented a festive appearance, the walls draped with native bush foliage, and gay streamers hanging from the ceiling. The orchestra was composed of Camp personnel and a dainty supper was attributable to the Unit Quartermasters. The Squadron dances, usually held monthly, were staged in the mess-rooms and these were largely attended by the young ladies of the neighbouring districts. The men are deeply grateful for the manner in which these people travelled to the dances, often in snowy weather and over miles of rough roads.





First Ballerina: "Shut that b—— door. They will see me."

Second Ballerina: "The sisters have seen these things before."

F.B.: "But not with us inside them."

S.B.: "Here; you are not made up yet."

F.B.: "Do I have to put that grease on?"

S.B.: "Of course."

F.B.: "The boys from my Squadron will laugh."

S.B.: "They won't recognise you if you make up."

F.B.: "I can't, I didn't shave."

S.B.: "Then over the whiskers it goes."

F.B.: "Stop. That stuff smells."

S.B.: "Rubbish, if you look half as nice as the grease paint smells you had better watch—"

F.B.: "Quick, there is the overture!"

Producer: "Are you ready Trixie?"

F.B.: "Well, just about."

Producer: "You look O.K., Good Luck."

F.B.: "The liar. He knows I hate make-up."

S.B.: "Keep your face still or you'll have eye shadow down by your mouth."

F.B.: "I've got an itchy back."

S.B.: "Then do an arabesque and scratch it."

F.B.: "I'm not that kind of a ballerina."

Producer: "Everybody up!"

F.B.: "Oh hell! Here goes."

S.B.: "Hey, come back! You are not Lady Godiva. You have forgotten your tutu AND the socks for your uplift!"

The delay in the arrival of this publication was due in no small measure to our inability to secure a red-headed typist to work at night with the Editor. They all said they knew what these Tankers were. Distressing but true.



## THEATRE

The night life of a Tank man is no different from that of civilians. The proper balance of life must be maintained. Our Camp has a fine theatre, of which any city could be justly proud. The proscenium is one of the most dignified in the country. It is of white plaster with two plain colonades on each side. These are back-lit by Neon tubes of acid green and cherry red. The main curtain is biscuit-coloured with green borders. That is as the audience sees it. Back-stage are the poorest possible facilities for the production of a stage show, and in a theatre which has cost so much, it seems absurd that a little further planning could not have included back-stage facilities that makes a theatre playable. There is only four or five feet wing space, there are no pulleys for the erection of backdrops, and the footlights are placed so that half the light floods the ceiling and not the stage. The stage is shallow and has no height, so that productions are presented only under great difficulties. Apparently the Canteen Board does not greatly encourage the Camp shows to replace the showing of films. When a revue is staged, the front of the theatre is locked up, and entrance has to be made by the side doors. But in spite of it all, there are many theatrically-minded men in Camp who have done much to brighten the night-life of the Tanker. But could something be done to make this fine building into a fine theatre?

The Signal Squadron of Brigade Headquarters has held two successful shows in Camp during the year. The last production was linked with talent from Brigade Headquarters Squadron, and the amalgamation proved most successful. This and the previous show have been shown in the neighbouring towns, and the manner in which the inhabitants come and laugh each time is testimony to their real humour. The first show was "Humour Comes to Town," the second, "Solace For All." Personalities who helped greatly in carrying the shows were Signalmen W. E. G. Jones, V. R. King, Corporals L. Berry, A. Butcher, and the Producer, Signalmen Alan Matthews, who is to be congratulated on his untiring efforts to make the show "go." He is also a clever magician and it augurs well for the future of the concert party that such an experienced producer is at the helm. A feature of these shows has been the singing of Lieut. R. Johnston, the pianistics of Sgt-Major Ruff, and the clever work of the four who were largely responsible for comedy sketches. Also such names as Signalmen C. Wells (Guitar), Trooper A. Carson (Piano Accordion), Signalmen E. Turner and J. Mowby (Songs), could not go unmentioned. In all cases the stage settings were attractive, and it is obvious that a lot of thought had gone into production.

Sunday night concerts have been popular and each of the recreation huts have at some time or other, held entertainments. A party from Marton and Bulls recently travelled to the camp for a successful concert they gave in the Catholic Hut. No mention of camp entertainments could be made without eulogising the sterling work done by Sergeant-Major Bob Steele. Besides his generosity in loaning his valuable sound equipment to the various concert groups, he has given an average of three cinema shows a week for the past six months. It is estimated that over 14,000 men have enjoyed his efforts over this period. His "News Review" is a popular feature and no one knows when they are going to make an appearance on the screen. Sergeant-Major Steele is the official photographer of the A.F.V. School, and his finished work may be gauged by the many photographs with which this magazine is illustrated.

A highlight of the theatrical year was the two Revues staged by Headquarters Squadron. Despite its small size this squadron party is entirely self-contained. The first production, "Headquarters Presents," was a success. There were two ballets, and the work of the ballerinas was exceptionally good. In the Hawaiian Ballet, Rod McKenzie and Sunny Hammond hulaed to the huge delight of the audience, which included all the military dignitaries. In the mime ballet, "Little Red Riding Hood," there was some "charming" work from the temperamental ballerinas, Reg True (Fairy), Dame Bumstead (Jack Dunlop), Gerry Green (The Wolf), and Little Red Riding Hood (Vince Holcroft).

The second Revue was even more successful. This was due in no small measure to the assistance with lighting by Bob Steele. The staging and lighting was excellent. The show was briskly played and the new blue curtains

that the Squadron had obtained made for brilliance of presentation. Costuming, the good work of Charlie Michell was spectacular. Again ballets and sketches were predominant. This time the mime ballet was "Cinderella" done to music from "Swan Lake" (Tsikowsky). In an atmospheric piece, Ken Burt made an exquisite "Cinders," while others who did good work were Reg. True (Good Fairy), Jack Dunlop and Ted Goldsmith (Ugly Sisters), Prince (Gerry Green) and Bill Brown as a Spanish Dancer. Others who showed promise were the People of the Court (Dave Southall, Vince Cornforth, Bluey Johnson and Dan Ellwood), and the Fairies, Roy Wright and Lou Hobbs. Alan Gifford was a most lithesome Cat, and Albert Clout a convincing Trumpeter. The sketches included, in female parts, Jack Dunlop who brought down the house in an old-time melodrama. Sam Kidd, Tom Morgan, Roy Trigg, Pat Bell and Claude Christian were others to whom the show owes a debt. Both of the Headquarters Squadron shows were written and produced by Owen Fletcher.

Cinema entertainment is held nightly in the two Camp theatres. These, of course, are main entertainments for the Tankers and packed houses greet those occasions when a first-class film is shown. But these are often distressingly sporadic—and ancient. The smaller theatre, affectionately (and reminiscently) called the "Bughouse" has very recent pictures, and the Patriotic Council is to be congratulated on obtaining a circuit of high-grade films—such a standard that the Canteen Board has not so far attained. —PHELIA.

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### OUR ALLIANCE

Quite a few people have been wondering what is the connection between the British Tank Corps and our Brigade. Here is the answer. In February of this year His Majesty the King informed Army Headquarters that he was pleased to approve of an Alliance between the Royal Tank Regiment and our Brigade. This honour has been fully appreciated by personnel of the Brigade, for it includes permission to use both the Regimental March and colours of the Royal Tank Regiment. It is of interest that the tune "My Boy Willie" was written as far back as the seventeenth century by Henry Purcell. Perhaps the tempo has been quickened to suit this mechanised age, but the melody is substantially the same. The battle array of our Brigade is identical with that of the Royal Tank Regiment, but so far, not adopted for future use, the Peace-time Full-dress Uniform. This consists of a dark blue uniform, with black velvet collar and cuffs. There is gold lace on the top and bottom of collar, and there is an Austrian knot on the sleeves. Head-dress is the familiar black beret, but with a silver and gold badge and a flash of the Corp's colours backed by two inches of deep horse hair.

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### THANKS TO TAIHAPE, OHAKUNE, RAETIHI

To you—thanks for all you've done  
To cheer our lives with loads of fun.  
To us you opened wide your doors  
And polished up the wool-shed floors.  
All this you did, and made us feel  
That one friendship which is real.  
And when Victory is surely won,  
We'll remember friends, just what you've done.  
—The Tank Brigade.

One of our Officers has a reputation for profuse lectures which wander on until someone remarks that it was growing dark. I asked him if he found it embarrassing when he saw his Squadron looking at their watches. "No," he replied. "Not until I see them shaking them."



### CRANKS AND RANKS

Orderly Room Clerk: "I like work; it fascinates me. I can sit and look at it for hours. The idea of getting rid of it nearly breaks my heart."

A Captain: "You must not quarrel in training hours. It always seems to interrupt on argument."

A Major: "How can these men survive in Camp without a wet canteen? For the past year they have been living on nothing but food and water."

\* \* \*

A Bird Fancier: "I have crossed a homing pigeon with a woodpecker. It should be useful to the Tank Brigade because she not only delivers messages, but knocks on the door as well."

A Lady Fancier: "Never marry a girl because she looks sensible. A sensible girl has more sense than to look sensible."

\* \* \*

Have you heard of the latest German gun? It is stated to be so big that the recoil takes back the dead and wounded and brings back the reinforcements.

starve." Debating if the six sheep on the distant hill would be good eating mutton. Hoping that someone might accidentally shoot them and bring them home to build up the ration strength. Wondering if the wife received the last batch of stores safely and whether it was too risky to send another one.

**Tech. Officers.**—Nearly all of them just this side of insanity. Watching vehicles move out each day and muttering little prayers for their safe return. Surrounded, at times, by a mass of magnificent machinery, none of which will function. Muttering in their slumbers the strange language of their kind—"idlers, bogeys, eccentric, escape hatch," etc.

**N.C.O.'s.**—Hoping the troops will remember who they are because they wear no stripes in the field. **Best story:** The N.C.O. who went round his tents every night and couldn't understand why no one was A.W.L.

**Troopers.**—A fine body of men—all of them. Wondering what it is all about. Fighting great battles and only knowing that it was all over at last, because the referees had told them. Down in the belly of a tank feeling sea-sick, down on their own bellies feeling home-sick. Disguising their vehicles to look like trees or bushes, and themselves to look like blades of grass; sniffing the air in search of a wet canteen; liking it or just lumping it. **Best story:** The infantryman in support who was suddenly surprised by the enemy with a rifle. "Bang Bang!" said the foe—"You're dead!" "Don't be a damn fool," said the brave man, "Chung, chung—I'm a tank!"

**The Brigadier.**—Last in this narrative—but not least. Impossible to get thro' the normal channels, all of which were blocked.

Snapshot: Towering like a colossus—see (cartoon on page 13) on a distant hill—muttering to his staff thro' pipe-clenched teeth. "Umph—ma friends—quite a good show—as far as I can see—fine body of soldiery here; they'll make old Rommel cough. Well, thank ye kindly—farewell!"

—Observer.

## ON MANOEUVRES

Reaction to manoeuvres depends entirely upon one's point of view. We have therefore tried to gauge the feelings of those who have recently been working on Field Exercises. This is roughly what we have learned:—Space will permit only the briefest of notes.

**Commanding Officers.**—Mixed feelings here; very mixed. Torn between a desire to leave the fire in the ante-room and the desire to stay. Thoughts on the possibility of a bridge four in a leaky tent with no lights. The clarion call of duty to get up and lead their men to the heights thro' snow and ice. The noble words "We must get out and rough it" written on their hearts.

**Adjutants.**—In the words beloved of all soldiery, daily "Making a batch of scones." Carrying the entire weight of the Unit on their shoulders. Wondering how much has been left out of the movement order, now being scrutinised angrily by all officers. In the last hour, before departing to the bivouac area, dictating notes, answering telephones, pressing buzzers, shouting for staff, surrounded by interviewers at one and the same time taking out the last batch of scones.

**Squadron Commanders.**—Only one thought. Control of a number of tanks, a wireless set to themselves, and an overwhelming desire to see how everything works. Manoeuvres made their appeal to them all. General comment: "We felt like the B.B.C. announcers."

Then, of course, there was the good Squadron Commander, one in every Unit, who was obliged to go over the hills every night after work to find the tank that was lost and get someone to help him to carry it home.

**Quartermasters.**—A brooding crew; sitting in their tents as the Units moved off each day and thinking—"If it wasn't for me the blighters would



## THE HUMOUR OF RUMOURS

Rumours are funny things—sometimes. But much funnier, are the people who start them. The people who pass them on are just pathetic. Yes, I too have been pathetic, and have always regretted it when the truth comes out. The chief causes of rumour-mongering appears to be impatience, high creative ability and love of sensation. That it is a nuisance and a danger to our national security is not countenanced by the rumour spreader. He lives for the moment when he sees his conversational partner drop a spanner on his corn with surprise, or in the case of the fair sex, swoon with exquisite ease at the mythical bombshell.

A woman rushed into a shop in Auckland and said she had heard over the radio that the Japs had landed on a beach up North. The shopkeeper asked a few more questions—and found this to be the true story. The woman was in the tram, and heard it from a passenger. She OVERHEARD it. Good. Later, the shopkeeper heard from his wife that in a radio serial given that day, part of the story concerned "Some CHAPS who, after drifting in a boat at sea, had landed on the SHORE." The Dame Rumour had heard part of this recounted amid the noise of the tramcar in motion. She had a son on coastal duty. Her nerves were probably bad. She thought the other passenger had said "Japs." And in order to justify herself in passing on the news she had said that SHE had heard it on the air. She also conjured up a mind picture of Japanese landing on the shore near the coastal defence where her son was stationed. But she said "beach" because that was New Zealand idiom. Simple?

Our Brigade, in common with other military units, look to causes and origins much simpler, psychologically, than those given above. The Tanker's thought descend much closer to Mother Earth, than the sublimation of Truth to emotions. The cartoon opposite suggests what the Tanker thinks in regard to the Origin of Rumour.

—Observer.

\* \* \*

### A.R.P. INSTRUCTIONS

As soon as bombs begin to fall, run like hell. It doesn't matter where as long as you run. Wear sandshoes so that if people running ahead of you fall, or are too slow, you will not trouble passing them or jumping onto, or over them.

If an Incendiary Bomb is found in a building, pour gasoline over it. You can't remove the bomb anyhow, so you may as well remove the building.

Take advantage of any opportunity offered you when the air raid sounds, e.g., if in a bakery, grab a pie; if in a hotel, grab a beer, two if possible; If in a theatre, grab a blonde.

If an Air Raid Warden tries to tell you what to do, wrap a sandbag round his neck. These dills always will grab the best seats for themselves anyway.

If you should be the victim of a direct hit, don't go to pieces. Just lie down very still in a gutter and the sanitation squad will take care of you.

After reaching the shelter rush back into the street and take a good look round. Maybe one of the Air Force Bugs pushed the wrong button or maybe it was a couple of Gulls.

To test for Gas, whip off your Gas Mask and take two or three deep breaths. If you hear "all clear," it WASN'T Gas. If you hear Harp Music, it WAS.



## IN THE FIRST PUSH

To have taken the first New Zealand troops into action in World War II. is the distinction enjoyed by Major G. H. Whyte, O.B.E., E.D. Major Whyte saw service in the last War, as an N.C.O., and being the son of an officer, kept up his interest on his return when he joined the territorials as a volunteer. He very soon obtained his commission.

Major Whyte was a volunteer very soon in the present struggle. He went away in the First Echelon in command of the Reserve Motor Transport. It was this unit that conveyed the British Infantry to within a hundred yards of the Italian lines to start Sir Richard O'Connor's sensational drive through Libya early in December, 1940. The New Zealand R.M.T. drivers were not going to be out of anything that was going and they hopped out of their vehicles to join the infantry storming party. Major Whyte was in the midst of it all the time.

In our Brigade there are two officers who were N.C.O.'s in the R.M.T. on that day. They are Lieutenant R. L. Dow and Lieutenant H. Peake. They were a sergeant and corporal respectively then, but both men gained their commissions after the Greek campaign. Major Whyte was awarded his O.B.E. for his services in charge of the R.M.T. in this first Libyan push.



## THE PART ORDNANCE PLAYS

In this first issue of "The Dragon" it would perhaps be appropriate if some few words of explanation covering the functions of Ordnance were given in an effort to justify our existence. All equipment of a modern army, be it tanks, trucks, guns or wireless, is liable to breakdown or damage, and the repair and maintenance of this equipment is the responsibility of the Ordnance Units. Naturally, major repairs to vehicles cannot be undertaken in close proximity to the front line, and this applies more than ever today owing to the fluid nature of modern warfare.

With this fact as a basis, Ordnance personnel have been organised, firstly into small units known as Light Aid Detachments which carry out minor repairs and recovery, working well forward with the Unit to which they are attached and acting as connecting link between the Units and Brigade Ordnance Workshop. This workshop, drawing spare parts, as required, from a Field Park which forms portion of their organisation, is able to carry out more comprehensive repairs of all types which, because of the tactical situation or restricted equipment, cannot be handled by the Light Aid Detachments. Brigade Ordnance Workshop in turn acts as the connecting link with Army Tank Ordnance Workshop which, together with its Field Park, undertake major repairs which are beyond the scope of forward units. Equipped as this workshop is with a high proportion of skilled tradesmen and a large range of power-driven machinery, almost any repair work is within its capabilities.

The heat of battle and the thrill of an advance are seldom experienced by these units, and it is only by solid and reliable work that Ordnance units may justify their existence. Speed and dependability in repair are the keynote, and it is fitting that with this in view the motto of these units should be—"Work like Hellen B. Happy!"

## MECHANICAL MONSTROSITIES

The day of the sleek limousine is temporarily vanished; the dashing sports car no longer speeds thrillingly over our highways; colourful varnishes have been superseded by the dull and sombre tones of khaki. The silent, gliding Pullman of the road has been replaced by the lumbering lorry and the rumbling tracked-vehicle that in every detail typifies the purpose for which it was created—aggression and conquest.

It is not a pleasant development, this transition from the aesthetic to the ungainly. The appearance of these mechanical monstrosities on our roads is, to most of us, as repugnant as war itself; yet, behind this ever-increasing armada of mass-produced masterpieces, lies a romance of regeneration and human endeavour incomparable with any other in the history of mankind.

In three years of combat against almost overwhelming and insurmountable odds, the genius of designers, technicians and specialists, in all departments of industry, has been strained to the utmost in an attempt to keep pace with the tyrannous demands made upon it by all sections of service and transportation. It has been a period of high-pressure production that fortells favourably the capabilities of post-war industry.

Structurally patterned to withstand all kinds of gruelling tests—tests to which machinery, hitherto, has never been subjected—these modern machines, for the most part, are lacking in symmetry of design and elegance in appearance. The requirements of modern warfare allow little margin of comfort, so that driving them across rugged country becomes a rigorous test of nerve, stamina and human endurance that only the very fit can hope to survive. Briefly, mechanical efficiency must be co-ordinate with the limit of human competency if these machines are to assist in achieving the purpose for which they were designed—freedom from tyranny and oppression.

Though our vision of the future may be to a large extent clouded by a contemplation of the more urgent needs of the present; though we may gaze in awe upon the remarkable performances of large transports and small reconnaissance runabouts, so reminiscent of the contraptions depicted in popular scientific fiction of pre-war magazines, we cannot fail to realize that war today is a highly scientific enterprise, and not merely a contest between men in uniform. It is a national and an industrial engagement, and victory must ultimately go to those powers most practically advanced in the field of science and endowed with the maximum of material resources.

Mechanical monstrosities? In appearance, perhaps, yes. But appearance is often deceptive. These extraordinary creations of extraordinary times, behind their grim exterior, represent the hinge upon which the whole future of world civilization swings. The innovations and improvements, incorporated in their dismally designed framework, will be the foundation upon which the safety, economy, utility and dependability will be developed to perfection not only in the car and truck of tomorrow, but in the whole social fabric of the future.



"Hush-Hush??"

## TIP FOR ELECTRICIANS

A considerable proportion of the trouble experienced when working in the field with Tanks is caused by faults developing in the electrical system. In the majority of cases these faults will be found to be minor ones easily remedied, and frequently they will have been the direct result of careless or incomplete maintenance. The following hints on maintenance of the electrical system and points requiring particular attention have been supplied by Tpr. T. R. Smith,

As the main source of power supply on a Tank, the accumulators, or batteries, need constant attention and careful maintenance. It is essential that all terminals should be clean and tight, but care should be taken that threads are not stripped by tightening the terminals too much. They must be kept in good order for maximum efficiency, since quite a few faults can be traced to loose or dirty terminals.

The two-volt heater cell should be changed about frequently, since the drain on this cell is heavy. In cold weather, particularly, careful maintenance is necessary if this, the weakest link in the electrical system, is not to fail. On no account should the heater button be depressed for any longer period than that laid down in instructions, owing to the enormous strain imposed on the cell.

Most faults in the system can be traced to loose and dirty connections, and vibration is one of the principal causes of looseness. No provision having been made for the absorption of motor vibration, the electrical system naturally suffers. In nine cases out of ten a fuse fault, one of the most common break-downs, can be attributed directly to vibration. Fractured wires in the suppression unit, blown light bulbs, and other minor faults can all be caused by vibration and shock experienced in working the Tank.

Care should be taken when using the Kerrick Cleaner on the motor, otherwise the main steam jet may enter and damage electrical fittings. Trouble has been experienced as a result of liquid entering units—principally generators—causing corrosion, breaking through insulation, and leading to short-circuiting to earth.

The Master Switch contacts have been known to cause wireless break-downs owing to corrosion on the terminals causing high resistance and loss of efficiency. This resistance affects all working electrical parts, but more especially the No. 19 Set.

First-class materials have been used throughout the Valentine's electrical system, and if care is taken in its maintenance, reasonably trouble-free service should result.

Into the electric sausage machine

B. Brown's first finger fell.

"The Shape's the Same" the Quarter said,

"No one could ever tell."

\* \* \*

Extract from Routine Orders. 10/9/42.—Latrines—use of Water. The amount of water flowing down the latrine faces and regulated by the P.W.D. or Camp Sanitary Staff will NOT be interfered with.



## HOMEMAKING

A few weeks ago one Battalion, having reached the age of wisdom and understanding, were released from the apron strings of Mummy Brigade Headquarters, and pushed out into the blue to fend for themselves. Everyone was jubilant at the day of liberation, and although reluctant to leave their old camp, the boys took the news with an up-turned chin and even looked forward to the move to the place where potatoes are plentiful everywhere—except on the daily menu. They get three spuds a week at "Potatokohe."

With minimum of fuss and bother the South Islanders prepared for their move. Cameras clicked overtime to enable the boys to take with them a lasting memory of the place they had loved so much. It is reported that a few sentimentalists even applied for transfers to another battalion so that they could remain under the shadow of Mount Ruapehu for another period.

When the land of milk and honey and Taranaki aates was reached, everybody set to work to build a new home. Gravel lorries were speeding in all directions, a sight most unusual these days. In this time of strikes and sit-downs and sob-stuff, it must be very pleasing to the little man in charge of operations that he prevented too many shovel handles being broken under the weight of several score of men who showed an inclination to lean too heavily on them.

Below we see the little man who had not one, but several busy days getting the "Potatokohe" camp, cooked up.



# Shattered life



Drifting over the plains and mountains to our Camp came alluring stories of beautiful sirens who were said to frequent a somewhat mysterious place they called "The Shatter." These sirens (so the rumour said), preyed on the feelings and desires of men, and they were stated to show a preference for soldiers and had no prejudice against those from our Brigade.

Soldiers as a class seldom flee from temptation in any form and the temptations that rumour ascribed to "The Shatter" possessed no terrors for them, especially those who had braved the blandishments of Tiger Lil and Tarzan, and other notables of Cairo. The writer being one of those realists who has a penchant for investigation of such places, joined a specially conducted weekend trip. The very atmosphere of the petrol buggy in which this party was conveyed showed that all were making the long arduous trip full of expectation. They had all apparently heard of the temptations to which they were likely to be subjected, but all were feeling that their powers of resistance were not likely to prove strong.

The seats of the petrol buggy could have been more liberally padded and the writer thanks the dieties that his posterior was better covered than those of many others. However, expectation is a great thing—many say it is the greatest—and after four hours of particularly slow travelling, we at last arrived. The prospect was pleasing. The show was palatial, and the Eves were present, though not in large numbers as rumour had proclaimed. The soldiers lost no time in invading bedrooms, and razors and hair pomade were soon in free use. Looking their best the soldiers were soon all down for dinner with their resolutions to resist the sirens still further weakening.

The sirens were gracious, they displayed a willingness to dance after dinner, they were not averse to partake of our liquid refreshment, but the willingness to tempt the soldiers seemed to be lacking. That willingness was not a prevalent desire. The soldiers, the long, the short and the tall, kept flitting from flower to flower. Their hopes, once high, began to slide like the Cheshire Cat in Alice in Wonderland . . . Gradually faded away.

As the evening wore on the whole scene rather brought back memories of the old rake in Oscar Wilde's "Women of no Importance," who, when asked whether there were any virtuous women in society, replied with a deep sigh, "Yes, unfortunately, far too many."

\* \* \*

## MUSIC IN CAMP

Music is in the heart of man and doesn't seem to be suppressed for long even in a military camp. The worse the locality the more a chap's spirits are forced to rise above its exigencies. You have only to visit one of the local shower-rooms to hear a burst of song from some revelling soldier. I will admit that most of these vocal efforts are confined to the lonely lovesick lyric. But then, what else would you sing in a military camp when you were aching for a civilised bath or an equally inviting girl friend. Around the huts, you can hear a diversity of musical talent. A cobbler of mine, when he's "in the mood," plays his beloved accordion, for hours; another his mouth organ, and still another, his fiddle. Just last week, a friend and I must have appeared a bit "nuts" while humming over rather dramatically, some Schubert songs. Have you heard those strains of Bach coming from our Block in bold string tone?

The Padre's room at the Y.M.C.A. has been a rendezvous of musicians. Anything from vocal, string, flute, clarinet, saxophone or piano to male quartets can be heard there as the weeks pass by. We are very grateful for the use of the room and piano.

Church parades are of mixed value musically, but the band is a great asset in the Camp Theatre Services—and what would the Main Guards be like without the usual obligato from the same jolly crowd? The booming tones make marching spring to new life as the "New" Guard proudly pass the "Old."

Radio and recordings do much to restore some sense of homeliness in the hut-lines where most of our leisure is spent. Rest there is as pleasant as can be away from home . . . some months ago, our Scottish blood was rampantly stirred, daily for several weeks, by the plaintive swirl of the pipes, coming down-wind from the trees near the hospital. "Good luck, Jack, I hope those pipes didn't go where they were often sent." What with concerts by outside folk, Brigade units and occasional dances, not to mention the constant influence of the two theatres, music lives on at our camp. Without it, we'd soon crack up, and forget that some day, this too, will pass and freedom will once more be ours.

—A.H.H.

\* \* \*

## SIGNALS—AND ALL THAT

With the Tank Brigade at "that certain Camp"  
In their frozen habitat

There's a Squadron that's just too too  
Signals—and all that.

Yes, the old school tie is still being worn  
And that's an honest fact

That the dear old thing will not be torn  
While we've Signals—and all that.

The cook said: "Men to start the day  
Clean up that tub of fat."

But the soldier said "Dammit man  
We're Signals—and all that."

"Who have I got," the poker king cried  
But the Major smelt a rat.

"Gad Sir," he cried, "You're on the mat  
Remember Signals—and all that."

Still boys let him in on their sixpenny blind  
And he soon made wad quite fat.

But he said, "Keep it dark  
After all we're refined

We're Signals—and all that."

Taihape once boasted an innocent maid  
(But keep that under your hat)

She learnt to play ball  
And the cause of her fall

Were those Signals of course—and all that.

—KELO.



## FROM OUR "OTHER" CAMP

A visit to a Field Camp of the Battalion was made recently by the Brigade Major, followed a week later by the Staff Captain. Just why this sudden interest in the Battalion's affairs should have been taken by our friends from Brigade Headquarters is a close secret, but we presume it was to ascertain whether we were still in the land of potatoes, cabbages and cows. If that was so, then the visit must have been highly successful, for everybody was present, and what was more fortunate, they were working busily. (It's just as well our secret service is on the alert sometimes).

"The Dragon's" representative was early on the scene, and in order to secure a scoop, he set out to interview the Battalion's brain trust immediately after the departure of the distinguished guests. He wanted to find out for his readers any of the "dinkum ol'" that was floating about.

He didn't know who to interview first, so he went about his job alphabetically. His first victim was the Adjutant. "Hello Wildcat," he said to the Adjutant as he stepped breezily into his room. "Can you give me any dope on the visit of the heads from down yonder?" There was no reply and the reporter noticed that the Adjutant was looking very intently out of his office window. Thinking the centre of attraction must have been one of our many W.W.S.A. friends going by in a heavy wind, the visitor hurried to the window also, but all he saw was a row of Valentines. Then the Adjutant began to mutter something about "tomorrow's R.O.'s—delete all reference—should read . . ."

Next on the list for an interview was the Colonel. He was very keen to meet the reporter and promptly set out to describe how pleased the B.M. and the S.C. had been with the gravelling in the vicinity of Battalion H.Q. "Yes, they did say something about our future movements," he said in reply to a question—"but you wait until I get that area over yonder gravelled—I'll send down for the Brigadier to come up."

That was the limit to the reporter's patience and he beat a hasty retreat to the cooks' latrine just in time to hear one of the orderlies confiding to the collection of pig swill. "And the B.M. said we would be fighting the Russians on Stewart Island within a week," he concluded.

## JUNIOR LEADERS

If there is one lesson more than any other that this war has taught it is that of the paramount importance of junior leadership. No matter how skilled the high command may be the efficiency of the junior leaders is the factor upon which the ultimate success or failure depends.

The Axis leaders are keen students of and great believers in mob psychology and a book, "The Crowd," written by one, Gustav Le Bon, though almost unknown to English readers, has been referred to as "The Dictators Bible." There is no doubt that they know it thoroughly and act on the principles put forth. Le Bon stresses that a crowd and an army right from a section upwards is a crowd, when under stress and in battle it is under stress is most susceptible to example.

The Axis tactics such as the New Zealanders encountered in Greece and Crete of dive-bombing, and the terrific noise created by the Axis weapons were not so materially effective as they were a strain on nerves. The Axis leaders realise this and hope the result will be to find elements that will give and start a retreat as, as Le Bon states, such an example is extremely likely to be followed by others under the stress so applied.

The Axis forces have achieved success by this method in more than one sphere of the present war. In certain quarters they have employed fifth columnists to start these panics, and in others they have succeeded without that method. When subjected to stress of this type, the men look to their junior leaders, the subalterns and the N.C.O.'s. If these show no signs of any weakening there will be no weakening among the men. In other words, the strength of the resistance of a modern army is the strength of the weakest junior leader.

These leaders must inspire confidence. There is no shrewder judge of their ability than the ranker. If the ranker possess confidence in their leader they will go into battle with confidence, but if they do not possess that confidence their morale is weak and constitutes a definite danger to the whole force when the stress is applied to an army. One weak link can sap the strength of the strongest chain, and it is so with an army.

Junior leaders should realise the tremendous responsibility that rests with them. They should lose no opportunity of making themselves more efficient and gaining the confidence of their men, they should endeavour to visualise the situations with which they may be faced and endeavour to visualise how they would act. They must never forget that the cardinal sin is to do nothing. It has been said, and truly said, that under a weak commander good strategic reasons can always be found for doing nothing. The only leader, if he can be so termed, who has never made a mistake, is the one who has done nothing and never will do anything else.

\* \* \*

Since much of the matter for "The Dragon" was written, a wet canteen has come into being at our camp. Therefore, a different complexion is now thrown on some of the articles published in this issue.

—Editor.



# OUR SPORTS SECTION

## AROUND THE UNITS

### A.S.C.

The sports activities of this Unit have been disorganised through members of the various athletic teams being transferred to other parts of the country, but outstanding in recent performances have been:—

Bde. Reps., Dvrs. Arnold, K. D., Porter, W.C.R. and Pountney, W.D., have upheld the name of their Unit in the Rugby Sphere.

In the Boxing World, Dvrs. Edwards, H. S., and Branton, N. W. P. Dvr. Edwards recently represented the Bde. at the Wellington tournament.

A general all-round man lost to us, is Dvr. Poultny, S. A., who holds several Waikato records. Steve Poultny is a past master at the art of high jumping, and scooped the pool here several times. He is now attached to the 3rd Bn. Group.

It is to be hoped that now Summer is here the Unit will be as well represented in fine-weather pastimes as it has been in the Winter Field.

### Light Field Ambulance.

#### Hockey.

Our team had a fairly successful season. Of the matches played two only were lost. Pte. H. A. Jenkins represented us in the Brigade side which played Auckland towards the end of August.

#### Soccer.

Though we had only a small number of enthusiasts, we managed to field a fair side and had an enjoyable season, despite the fact that only one game was won. Pte. B. Sharp was selected as reserve for the Brigade XI.

### Physical Training.

Since August 26, we have settled down to a definite P.T. syllabus. The period has been changed from the last to the first of the day. This has proved quite a success.

The muscles of some chaps are rapidly developing, partly owing to the number of presses ordered by the instructor.

"Be in, Big Chief! Three presses for arguing with the instructor," fired at a sergeant, does produce results!

The brain-stimulating, strengthening and competitive games, interspersed throughout the exercise, keep the men on their toes and the keenness shown proves the popularity of the training.

### Transporter Company.

Sport in the Transporter Company has been mainly confined to rugby football, athletics, cricket and hockey. The cricket season was nearing its close when the company had settled down to training and the series of wet weekends further complicated matters. Teams of athletics took part in meetings at Taihape, Raetihi and Rangitikea with only moderate success. The company was unfortunate that A. Dysart, who was probably the fastest man over 100 and 220 yards, was seldom available owing to injuries and family sickness.

The company entered upon the rugby season with high hopes as the material available appeared promising. Two teams were entered in both the Brigade "A" and "B" competitions, and both teams set off with wins. However, with its weaker numerical strength as compared with most other units the leave made it practically impossible for the "A" team to ever field its full strength and the results obtained were disappointing. Nevertheless, the team put up good fights against the best Brigade sides and accounted for their main rivals, the Brigade A.S.C., after a dour struggle. Lieut. H. Peake, Cpl. H. J. Julian, and Dvrs. K. Ladbrook, R. I. Godfrey, G. Newland and G. D. Berry all represented the Brigade at different times.

The hockey team promised well at the beginning of the season but the lack of equipment was a serious disadvantage and enthusiasm was not maintained, but the material is there and next season may be better. A few boxers have taken part in the Camp events and instruction has been given by L/Cpl. Bolger, in the mess room, at nights.

A ping pong tournament was organised, but the presence of Eric Boniface, one of New Zealand's top men, frightened many out. Needless to relate, Boniface won.



Rosenfeldt positions for winning try in Tanks v. Wellington.

## UNIT RUGBY

One Battalion had its share of reps. in the Pukekohe rugby team which this season defended the Peace Cup against challenges from sub-unions of the Auckland Rugby Union. There were always at least 12 "tankers" in the team and on some occasions there were only one or two local players in the side.

The games were productive of high-class and interesting rugby and the local public were always present in large numbers.

The tank boys enjoyed the opportunity to play for the district which had welcomed them so readily, and it was very gratifying to them that the team retained the trophy against some strong sides.

The following played for Pukekohe this season:—

Tpr. D. Mann (H.Q.), Cpl. N. A. Mitchell (B), Tpr. C. M. Mortimer (Reints.), Cpl. P. Hyndman (B), Tpr. J. Elkins (C), Tpr. H. S. Robinson (A), Tpr. A. L. Manion (A), Tpr. I. A. Cockcroft (H.Q.), Lieut. C. K. Saxton (H.Q.), Lieut. C. F. S. Caldwell (A), Sgt. P. C. Banham (C), Sgt. R. J. Forrest (H.Q.), Lieut. T. M. R. Maskey (C), Sgt. G. T. Hoare (C), Cpl. B. S. Coburn (C), Tpr. D. H. McLeod (B), Pte. C. L. W. Bishop (Lt. Fd. Amb. att.), Lieut. H. H. Deans (A), Pte. A. Bennett (Bde. Ord., att.), Sgt. D. McGlashan (Bde. Ord., att.), Tpr. D. A. Grant (A), Tpr. A. T. Panther (A), Tpr. I. J. Adamson (H.Q.), Tpr. W. G. Glason (B), L/Cpl. D. Gibson (H.Q.), L/Cpl. F. W. Cavanagh (H.Q.).

Results of matches played were:—

v. Auckland B. Won, 28—12.  
v. Morrinsville. Won, 22—9.  
v. Matamoras. Won, 14—13.  
v. Hamilton. Won, 14—3.  
v. Thames. Won, 23—6.  
v. Rotorua. Won by default.  
v. Waihi. Won by default.  
v. 34th Bn. (3 Div.). Won, 31—16.  
The Bn. team was undefeated when we left Camp.

### L.F.A. Rugby.

Despite the loss of several outstanding players through injuries and the departure of our section for Pukekohe, the units had quite a successful season. The team finished runners-up in the "B" grade competition. Two players, Sgt. A. L. McPhail and Cpl. C. L. W. Bishop represented us on a number of occasions in the Brigade XV, while two others, Cpl. W. Dalbeth and Dr. T. M. Perkins were selected to play in trial matches. Of the total games played 9 were won and 4 lost.

### Ordnance Rugby.

The rugby football season is now drawing to a close and we can look back on a most successful and enjoyable series of games with the various units of the Brigade.

Keen rivalry has always existed between Ordnance and Two Tanks, both teams taking the field determined to "do or die" when they have been matched against each other.

One of our players, Sgt. Colin Sullivan, has consistently made the Brigade representative team, and in this respect Cpl. Eric Calvert has been unlucky; he has twice been a reserve but has not yet had a game. Cpl. Calvert's captaincy during the season has been an inspiration to the team, and it is hoped that he will lead the team on many future occasions.

## BRIGADE RUGBY

Though the high hopes that were entertained regarding our rugby representative side at the start of the season were not quite borne out by its record of four wins and four losses, the side concluded its season in a blaze of glory by a whirlwind finish to snatch victory over the Wellington representatives at Athletic Park on September 19.

The first of the representative games took place against Wanganui late in May, when the Brigade team led by Charlie Saxton won by 19 points to 12. Though the margin was not as great as expected the team showed distinct promise and their prospects against a strong Auckland side at Eden Park, Auckland, on June 20, were considered to be good. Unfortunately, a knee injury prevented Saxton from playing and the team went down to defeat by 23 points to 11. Over the final stages the Brigade forwards were definitely on top and had Saxton been playing the game may have been snatched out of the fire.

On July 11, the team led by Rod McKenzie defeated the Manawatu representatives at Palmerston North by 11 points to nil. The margin represented the difference between the two teams and once again the Brigade forwards were definitely on top in the final stages. Against Wellington a fortnight later the team was without the services of Saxton and two good forwards in Passmore and Nelson, but made a great fight and were only one point behind at the call of time. The Commanding Officer, Brigadier G. B. Parkinson, D.S.O., was present at this game.

This result together with fine showings of certain Battalion inside backs in the Auckland games raised high hopes of the team being able to obtain a revenge over Auckland in the return game on August 15. Charlie Saxton was back in his old place of half and captain, but the result was most disappointing. The Auckland backs proved far too fast and clever, while the Brigade team appeared listless, with the result that they were soundly beaten by 22 points to 3. Circumstances prevented some Battalion players from taking part in the next game, the return against Wanganui on August 29, and a new inside back line was fielded. In a rather unsatisfactory game the Brigade team was beaten by 16 points to 14, a penalty try awarded against them under the posts proving the decisive factor.

On September 12 the team played its one and only game on its own ground, when another Brigade team made the journey from Palmerston North. The game was not spectacular, but after a hard, grim struggle the Brigade emerged victorious by 11 points to 6. A week later came the victory over Wellington. With the scores 10 to nil against the Brigade at half time things did not look too rosy, but in the second spell the Brigade struck its real form and for practically the whole 40 minutes, they dominated the play. A penalty goal followed by two tries, one of which was converted, saw the Brigade take the lead, and another try saw this increased to four points. Victory appeared assured when Wellington, from a chance break-away, scored beside the post, and when the kick went over Wellington was one point ahead. But the Brigade team was not to be denied. Donnelly set his backs in action, McPhail sent the ball on to Fury and then Johns from full back raced into the line to take the next pass. He sent it on to Mulloy and thence to Rosenfeldt to race over at the corner.

At the start of the season Lieut. C. K. Saxton was appointed sole selector, but the disposition of the Brigade necessitated the appointment of other selectors after the first game and Major S. J. Wright and 2/Lieut. C. H. Stephenson joined Lieut. Saxton as a selection committee. Lieut. R. L. Dow was co-opted for the selection of the team for the first Wellington game.

The seasons' results were:—

- v. Wanganui at Wanganui. Won, 19—12.
- v. Auckland at Auckland. Lost, 11—23.
- v. Manawatu at Palmerston North. Won, 11—0.
- v. Wellington at Wellington. Lost, 15—16.
- v. Auckland at Auckland. Lost, 3—22.
- v. Wanganui at Wanganui. Lost, 14—15.
- v. Wellington at Wellington. Won, 17—15.

Summary. Games played, 8. Won 4, lost 4. Points for, 99; against, 110.

In this review personalities have been given a few comments on the performances of players they have been out of place. The full back, H. E. Johns, played in seven out of eight games and on each occasion was responsible for magnificent displays. He gave Brigade supporters few anxious moments and his part in the final try that gave victory at Wellington was a fitting climax to this player's fine season. Rosenfeldt was the star of the three-quarters, though J. J. Mulloy and J. K. Elkes were good centres, and C. Sullivan's tackling was always a treat to watch. S. Robinson and A. Manion were the early five-eighths and though they played well their displays were not quite up to that given by W. McPhail and F. F. Fury in the final game at Wellington. C. K. Saxton was the side's best half, but in his absence M. P. Donnelly was the side's best half, Julian proved capable substitutes.

Among the forwards, the All Black R. M. McKenzie proved that he was far from being a spent force, while in the absence of Saxton he filled the position of captain with distinction. The hooker, C. S. Passmore, gave his side their full share of the ball from the scrums, while the other two front row players, W. C. Porter and C. F. Caldwell showed themselves to be fine forwards. G. B. Nelson was outstanding in the line-outs while in the loose and the tight he demonstrated that he is a potential All Black. W. A. Pyatt, D. G. Grant and K. D. Arnold also played well.

No less than 12 members of the North Island military side to play the South Island were from our Brigade. Johns, Rosenfeldt, Fury, McPhail, Donnelly, Arnold, McKenzie, Nelson, Porter and Passmore were included in the XV, while W. Craig and H. Peake were reserves.

\* \* \*

## OTHER ACTIVITIES IN BRIEF

### American Indoor Basketball.

Recognised as one of the finest games—and the fastest—for the development of physical fitness, American indoor basketball has been introduced to the Tanks by a few peace-time enthusiasts. That it will prove popular is indicated from the jump. Teams have already been picked from squadrons and from the first games players of promise have been picked. Regular inter-squadron tournaments in the evenings keep the boys on their toes. Basketball is the ideal game for Camp where large numbers can participate in games played at any time of day and night when opportunity provides. There is opportunity for all—large and small. As a boost to the game a team of eight players are arranging a trip to Palmerston North to participate in an Army-Air Force tournament. No doubt this will prove a valuable refresher course in the finer points of the game.

### L.A.D.

Although this is the smallest unit in camp, a sport's club has been formed and a Rugby team raised. To date, we have had six matches, and although beaten in four of them, we won well in the snow. The team is ably captained by our popular W.O.I.I. "Snow" Webb, and some good talent has come to light.

In the gymnasium Harry Bertenshaw is supervisor, and we are grateful for assistance given us by Trooper Blair. At boxing, Tom Boyle is very good and is only too willing to impart his knowledge. Jack Kennedy is also said to be able to use his fists.

### Hockey

During the season quite a number of eager and young players at the game have enjoyed the games played against the various units with considerable success. It can be said that some of the players have played exceptional hockey which have earned them a position in the Brigade hockey representative side, and have distinguished themselves equal to any representative players and it is hoped that more players will be available and also that they too will find the games an enjoyable one and probably have the honour of representation. From this Battalion, the following players have represented the Brigade side this season: Sgt. H. H. Wham (half-back), S/Sgt. M. D. Lees (forward), Tpr. J. Hammond (full-back), Tpr. A. Woolton (forward), L/Cpl. H. C. Whiteman (goal-keeper).



**Back Row:** 2/Lieut. C. H. Stephenson (Sec. Bde. Rugby Cmte), Tpr. D. G. Grant, Tpr. R. M. McKenzie, Pte. K. Bishop, Capt. W. A. Pyatt, Lieut. G. B. Nelson, Tpr. G. H. Humphrey, Dvr. W. C. Porter, Major S. J. Wright (Chairman, Bde. Rugby Cmte), S/Sgt. L. J. Smith (Sec. Referees' Association).

**Middle Row:** Tpr. A. Manion, Sgt. F. N. Rosenfeldt, Tpr. S. Robinson, Tpr. J. K. Elkins, Lieut. C. K. Saxton, Lieut. C. S. Passmore, Lieut. C. Caldwell, Cpl. H. E. Johns, Tpr. A. McHarney.

**Front Row:** Tpr. K. Ladbroke, Sgt. C. Sullivan, 2/Lieut. M. P. Donnelly, Tpr. L. Rutherford.

## REVIEW OF THE SPORTING YEAR

The following notes are supplied herewith by "Three-quarter," who incidentally is an ardent supporter of all athletics.

The Brigade is extremely fortunate in all sporting activities; both from the quality of talented sportsmen and the excellent controlling authorities who have worked so well in making all spheres the success they have been.

During the Summer period the forefront was occupied by cricket matches, athletic events of a varied nature, tennis, golf and other numerous Summer games.

In the cricket world the Brigade made an outstanding debut, matches played in Wanganui and Wellington being a great success. With players of the calibre of Donnelly, Whiting, Burgess, Gallichan, and Pritchard the success achieved was quite understandable.

With regard to running and field events, the excellent co-operation offering in the Camp (Padre M. G. Sullivan in particular), and this coupled with the general interest shown by the Ohakune, Taihape, Raetihi, and Rangatuia clubs, helped to make the season a great success. Programmes of a varied nature were drawn up by the outside clubs and with the general support from the Brigade, country folk were able to enjoy Saturday afternoon programmes of a high standard. Thrilling battles over all distances were witnessed in each individual place the people in these districts being extremely well served in seeing such athletes as the Preston brothers (Australasian professional champs.), Buckingham, Deverall, Molloy, J. J. Brassey, W. G. Shields, McInnarny (N.Z. Rugby League Rep.), Dickie, and others in action. Inter-Battalion and Inter-Squadron sports held in the Camp were in most cases of a keen nature.

Tennis matches in striking contrast to other games did not receive the support expected and it is to be hoped that wherever situated in the future, contests of a keen nature can be arranged. That we have a Perry or a Budge in the making is a matter of conjecture, however, many are inclined to believe that the Brigade has the "goods".

Soccer matches, also hockey matches received good support and the representative games played in the major centres were worthy of the support mentioned.

In the boxing world extremely well contested "battles" were witnessed, and in the opinion of many this branch of sport deserved more support than it really received. Henehan, the heavy-weight, fought one "no-decision" bout (which was a tapping contest—and do you blame them), whereas an extremely good bout could have been arranged with a little effort.

—"Three-quarter."

\* \* \*

### Battalion's Rugby.

Since our last notes appeared in the "Valentine" magazine, some good and bad football has been played, not to mention a grudge match—DR's v. L.A.D.

This game was played South of Blow-fly park, and the ground looked like the Rushine Range. The betting was heavy, and money was plentiful. Ref. Binnie controlled the game well, considering some of the players had not taken the field before.

Under Coach Sgt. Woo-er Woods the Steel Helmet boys gave a good account of themselves, but went under, 8-3.

The following players from this Battalion have represented the Brigade in one or more games:—Capt. Leeks, Wellington Colts, 1934; Brigade Team, England, 1940. W.O. 2 Pritchard who has taken up football since his arrival in "No Man's Land." Congrats Tom, you landed the double (cricket and football). Cpl. Johns, Taranaki (1938-41). Tpr. Rutherford, Manawatu; N.Z. Trials, 1939; Rest v. N.Z., 1939. Cpl. Dougan (Wellington Colts, 1939-41). Tpr. Humphrey, Wairarapa, 1938-40. Tpr. McKenzie, Manawatu, 1928-39; N.Z., 1934-8. Congrats to Tpr. McKenzie for captaining the Brigade side (although you don't win very often).

The complete Soccer notes arrived too late for publication and will be published in the next issue of "The Dragon."

# TECHNICAL

## "BRIDGING THE GAP"



For lack of knowledge of the more simple methods of bridging small streams, tank units have frequently been held up when a safe and useful structure could have been slung across a water-course with comparatively little trouble. In main instances bridges can be constructed with materials available close at hand, and in any case relatively small quantities of material would be required. The construction of small bridges and reinforcement of existing structures is discussed in the following article by Cpl. J. L. Gallie.

It is possible in many localities to erect a single-span bridge up to 30 feet in length by using timber growing on the spot. A bridge of this length capable of supporting a Valentine tank would require four trees of an average diameter of 12 inches, arranged in pairs with a space of 6 feet between pairs and 2 feet between individual trees. If the country is suitable and there is a firm bottom, central piles can be dropped in sills to take the spring in the centre of the bridge. The stringers must rest on sills at either end, and if sawn timber is not available for decking, medium-sized sawn poles will do the job.

If sawn timber is available for the job, 14 x 10 stringers with sills of the same section should be used. Should a pier be necessary, the size required would be 10 x 10 with 12 x 12 cap. No bracing is necessary on a short span, and decking should be of 9 x 4 hardwood. Sills must be anchored securely at both ends, and on soft country where they are liable to sink with the weight of traffic, they should rest on floating beds of any available material, the same length as the sill and 4-5 ft. wide.

Should a stream be too deep to cross on foot, two of the stringers should be projected half-way out over the stream together and anchored securely. The other two could then be pushed out across and the gap spanned.

So far as a bridge of 12-20 feet in length is concerned, the parts could be bored, cut to fit, and supplied with bolts so that it could be transported and assembled at short notice. It should be possible to carry all the parts on one truck, providing piers are not required.

Reinforcement of existing bridges presents a number of problems, their strengthening depending on the condition of piers and abutments and the material available. To reinforce a two or three-span bridge with a five-ton load limit the most simple procedure would be to sling heavy stringers and suitable decking over the existing structure. It should not be necessary to drive additional piers providing the existing ones are in good condition, since the strain is a longitudinal and not a lateral one. Should the original piers and abutments, however, be in poor condition, the only feasible alternative in most cases would be to build a new bridge. In suitable country it might be possible to drop new piers on sills and wedge them under the stringers, but this would take a certain amount of time.

If the material is available, it is much faster to strengthen a bridge as outlined above than to attempt to brace it. Should suitable material not be available, and should stringers, decking, piers and abutments be in good condition, each stringer should be braced to each pier, with the toe of the brace as far down the pier as possible.

Steel is out of the question for work of this type owing to difficulty of assembly, nor is it necessary, since timber will take any likely strain. Use of rolled steel joists would take considerably more time, since spiking-pieces would be required to secure the decking. Steel is also much more difficult to handle.

Telegraph-poles are not heavy enough for stringers, but in default of anything else they could be used in pairs and strutted to take the weight. Totara is an unsuitable timber, since it is short-grained and therefore brittle, but kauri, rimu, or any hardwood stringers could be used.

## THE WEAL OF THE DRAGON IS SPOKEN

Extract from R.O. No. 142, dated 3/9/42—

"The design of the Dragon Rampant has been approved by Army H.Q. as our official formation sign.

The Dragon has been traditionally distinguished in mythology for a variety of outstanding qualities: . . . the offensive spirit, mobility, tenacity, cunning, . . ."

The requirements of a dinkum N.Z. Trooper,  
Are somewhat large and varied it is plain,  
Yet they mean 'em from a grocer or a cooper,  
Provided that they have a little brawn.

A little brawn is also a requirement—  
No puny pigmy can achieve the goal.  
From our Brigade he soon gets his retirement  
To earn an honest living—or the dole.

For MOBILITY, TENACITY, and CUNNING,  
With OFFENSIVE SPIRIT also in the running,  
Are fundamental qualities  
And not absurd frivolities,  
When for the Japs, or sim'lar chaps, we go a-gunning.

Forearmed with these pre-requisite essentials,  
A dash of brainpower and a spot of brawn,  
(Tis helpful to possess ersatz credentials)  
A Trooper of the bold Brigade is born.  
We're bundled to a camp in the North Island  
Where men are men, and women are so few—  
We're bossed about and drilled—(tho' not on dry land)  
Ere we become a member of a crew.

For MOBILITY, TENACITY, and CUNNING,  
With OFFENSIVE SPIRIT also in the running,  
Are inherent to our training  
Ere they let us start in braining  
Huns or Japs, when for these chaps we go a-gunning.

Now MOBILITY—the first of these achievements  
Is inculcated from the very start,  
And tho' there may be one or two bereavements,  
Yet seldom do our friends forever part.  
We're not in camp a week—it's seldom longer,  
When dysentery will strike us in a flash;  
And this urge (and there can't be many stronger)  
Soon teaches us MOBILITY and dash.

For MOBILITY, TENACITY, and CUNNING,  
With OFFENSIVE SPIRIT also in the running,  
Are included in our training  
Ere they let us commence paining  
Huns or Japs, when for these chaps we go a-gunning.

Now having thus mobility acquired,  
Acquired it until it becomes a habit,  
TENACITY is easily inspired,  
(No more we need scuttle like a rabbit).  
TENACITY's the trait of holding tightly—  
We learn this by experience alone—  
Possessions we must hold—nor hold 'em lightly,  
Or we never have a stitch to call our own.

For MOBILITY, TENACITY, and CUNNING,  
With OFFENSIVE SPIRIT also in the running,  
Are taught—They call it training!  
Questionmark?—Ere we go maiming  
Huns or Japs, when for these chaps we go a-gunning.

And so we come to number three essential,  
That's CUNNING (which is found in all intrigues),  
And this we learn in dodging pestilential  
And never-ending Camp and Block fatigues.  
From day to day we think up fresh excuses  
Of how we can the sergeant's mind begof,  
And in spite (or perhaps because) of his abuses  
We learn the CUNNING of a Maori dog.

For MOBILITY, TENACITY, and CUNNING,  
With OFFENSIVE SPIRIT also in the running,  
Are factors consequential  
So we'll not be deferential  
When for the Japs, or sim'lar chaps, we go a-gunning.

OFFENSIVE SPIRIT next receives attention:

And on this point they don't seem very clear.

Is this a quality which R.O.'s mention,

Or is it euphemistic for our beer?

If it's the latter, then the bull ring rigour

Will teach us to acquire it with more zest.

With an astonishing amount of vigour

We strive, we seek, we find, we do not rest.

For MOBILITY, TENACITY, and CUNNING,

With OFFENSIVE SPIRIT also in the running,

Are learnt by us obscurely

Not straightforward or demurely,

Ere for the Japs or sim'lar chaps we go a-gunning.

So these attributes which seem so monumental

Which we hold common with St. George's pal,

Will help when meeting Hun or Oriental,

To give 'em curtains—or to give 'em hell.

So may the mantle of this mystic figure

(And this the wish of R.O. one-four-two)

Give strength and power and courage to our trigger,

And change poor Adolf's looks from black to blue.

For MOBILITY, TENACITY, and CUNNING,

With OFFENSIVE SPIRIT also in the running,

Is the spirit of the Dragon

To which we'll hitch our wagon,

When for the Japs, or sim'lar chaps, we go a-gunning.

—COQUE.

## LIGHT FIELD AMBULANCE

The unit had its origin in October, 1941, when the selected Officers and N.C.O.'s commenced their training courses at Trentham. These Officers, however, were later sent overseas. Towards the middle of December, Lt-Col. W. B. Fisher returned to New Zealand from the Middle East and was appointed C.O. of the Unit. Colonel Fisher and Captain Forrest, together with the N.C.O.'s and two cooks who had been specially trained at the Wellington Hospital, arrived in Camp at the beginning of January. They were followed by four Medical Officers and other personnel, including the A.S.C. attached. In the first few months there was, unfortunately, a shortage of equipment and transport, but there was a gradual rise until full training establishment was reached in June.

Dear Mum,—I have arrived somewhere somehow. Sometime soon I am leaving for somewhere else. Keep this dark.—Your Loving Son, Willie.





### TRANSPORTER COMPANY

The Transporter Company represents the most recent development in modern tank warfare. The tank is essentially a fighting vehicle with a limited number of operating hours before requiring an overhaul, and in the early days of this war the lack of a full realisation of this led to disappointing results. Tanks had to make long journeys under their own power to the battlefronts, with the result that when the serious business of battle started nearly all their fighting hours had been expended on this journey.

The Germans were the first to realise the position and evolved the tank transporter, a huge lorry capable of carrying tanks to and from the battle in order to make the fullest use of the fighting hours when they were most needed. The result was that without possessing a tremendous numerical superiority in tanks the fighting hours of his machines enabled him to gain a big preponderance in the battle area.

The scene is a Squadron Orderly Room.

Enter a Trooper who has been sent by his instructor to collect an oscillator for horse practice.

"Please Sir, Sgt. . . . sent me for the "Osculator."

A certain amount of restrained amusement on the part of the O.C. and one of the N.C.O.'s who happened to be present.

When the Trooper had departed the said N.C.O. could contain himself no longer and roared with laughter. When he could speak he turned to the O.C. and said: "The darn fool—he wants to go up on the roof."

Complete mystification on the O.C.'s part.

"Well," elucidated the N.C.O., "lancy coming in here and asking for one of those moving staircases." |||

There are occasions, it would seem, when Scout Cars feeling the call of Spring in their blood stream (or would it be oiling system) get a bit fractious.

When the driver is composing the resultant Accident Report he is warned to watch his step very carefully or he may provide some unconscious humour quite out of keeping with the serious subject he is called on to explain. The following are extracts from reports of those who did not have the benefit of this solemn warning.

"A telegraph post hit my car damaging it in two places."

"The car was driven by a careful and efficient driver, who backed it into a ditch."

"I misjudged a lady crossing the street."

"A pedestrian hit me and went underneath my car."

"At the time I was proceeding to see the O.C. in a thick fog."

"I heard a horn blow and was struck in the back. A lady was evidently trying to pass me."

"I ran into a bank and sustained injuries to my passenger."

"I swerved to avoid a motor-cycle and hit it, and to avoid further damage ran into a post and hit a wall."

"She suddenly saw me, lost her head, and we met."

"The witness gave his occupation as a gentleman, but I would now be more correct in calling him a Sergeant-Major."

—C.O.L.

\* \* \*

### A PASHINIT APEEL

Dear Mr. Headquarters,

My husband was induced into the surface long months ago, and I ain't received no pay from him since he's gone. Please send me my elopment as I have a four-months-old baby and he is my only support. I am a poor old woman and all I has has gone to the front. Both sides of my parents are very old, and I can't expect anything from there as my mother has been in bed with the same doctor for thirteen years and won't have another. My husband is in charge of his spittoon, so do I get more than I'm going to get? Please send me a letter and tell me if my husband has applied for a wife and a child, and please send me a wife's form to fill in. I have already wrote to Mr. Fraser and got no answer. If I don't hear from you I will write to Winston Churchill. My husband says he acts in the Y.M.C.A. with a piano playing in his uniform.

Yours,

Mrs. Jones.





UP AND OVER THE TOP

# GLIMPSES OF THE TANK BRIGADE AT WORK AND PLAY



THE TANKERS' TURN FOR FUEL



A CRACK GUARD



FINAL ORDERS FROM LT-COL. WALLACE



TRIXIE



THE BRIGADIER INSPECTS A BIVOUAC



ALL RANKS MESS



CASUALTY AND REPLACEMENT  
CHANGE OVER



THE FIRST SHAVE IS THE WORST



MOUNTAINEERING DEERSTALKERS



DEERSTALKERS PARADISE



MOUNTAIN TREK



OFFICER AND BATMAN



MESS AT A MACHINE GUN POST

## ON THE TANKS

(Tune: "On the Ball")  
(Copyright Reserved)

On the tanks, On the tanks, On the tanks,  
Through Bren Gun, Machine Gun and all.  
When the Khamseen is blowing, we'll keep the blighters  
going

And shout as we go—On the tanks.

On the tanks, On the tanks, On the tanks.  
With sprockets and brake drums and all.  
When the tracks we do bend them, old Pat Flood will mend  
them

And shout as we go—On the tanks.

On the tanks, On the tanks, On the tanks.  
When the engines cough, splutter and stall.  
We'll let the swines be and yell L.A.D.

And shout as we go—On the tanks.

On the tanks, On the tanks, On the tanks.  
Through Huns and through I-ti and all.  
With a smoke screen to blind 'em, we'll go till we find 'em  
And shout as we go—On the tanks.

On the tanks, On the tanks, On the tanks.  
When Brig. Parkie he gives the call.  
To Hell with the rest, we'll fight with the best  
And shout as we go—On the tanks.

Dear Mum,

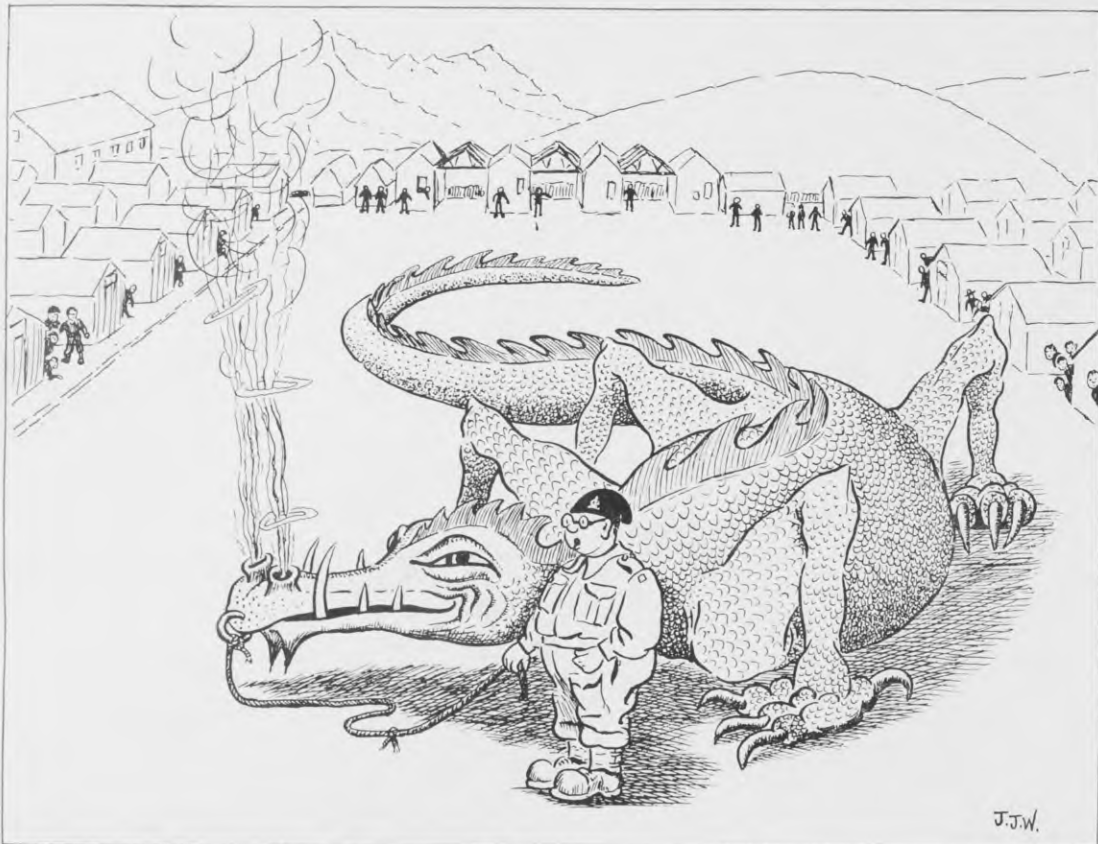
I have been in bed with 'flu. After two days  
I took a turn for the nurse . . .

## REINFORCEMENTS

The Unit began its existence on 13th January, 1942, when the first draft of men marched into Camp. Since then the Unit strength has varied a good deal, for we are always being called upon to fill vacancies in the other Units of the Brigade, but at one time we were over 300 strong.

For the first few months soldier training was the order of the day, but from then on we have been busy learning all (or nearly all) of the intricacies of the Valentine. Most of us were lucky enough to attend two courses at the A.F.V. School, and in addition special courses have been run inside the Unit. Like others, we have sometimes had to beg, borrow, or otherwise acquire the necessary training equipment, but we all hope that when our turn comes to be posted to a Battalion, we will know all these things we ought to know.

Trooper Short was driving the O.C. in a new Scout Car. After he had taken several corners on two wheels, the O.C. spoke to him. "Ease up on the corners a bit, Trooper," he said, "You frighten me." "You don't want to get scared at the corners, Sir," said Trooper Short. "Just shut your eyes when you come to a corner, the same as I do."



J.J.W.



The Potatokohe Sergeants

## POINTS FROM POTATOKOHE

Every member of the Battalion stationed here, from the sanitary fatigue down to the Colonel, is blowing off steam and indignation at the malicious and unmitigated kick in the pants served out recently by Old Granny Dinkum Oil Rumourmonger. Every reader of "The Dragon" will readily agree that these boys who wear the small green patch belong to the Cinderella Battalion. When the hear of the vicious attack on their reputation, there is not the slightest doubt that sympathy will flow profusely to these lads from the "Mainland."

It's a well-known fact that several weeks ago one Battalion was wrenched away from their comfortable surroundings in the centre of the North Island and installed in a Field Camp near "Potatokohe"—where the spuds come from. It was a sorry day for everybody when we had to tear ourselves away from the land of sand, snow and sickness, but it was a case of duty before sentiment and comfort, so off we went to our new home, where frosts were few and far between, and sunshine, cauliflower and Waitemata were plentiful.

A small amount of leave—every night in the week, in fact—together with a warm welcome from the female population of the surrounding district, helped us to forget the tragedy that had befallen us when we left the atmosphere of Ruapehu. We were beginning to lift our heads almost with joy, when Fate suddenly took a hand and brought to our ears the story which was being spread about the district.

But let us tell you the story, for we're sure you'll agree that we have a bone to nibble or a

pocket knife to grind when you hear it. This is how it was told to us: "You boys from the South Island must be a troublesome lot. We have it on good authority that deaths from sickness were so numerous in your old Camp that you refused to stay there any longer. You sat down and wouldn't work until something was done for you, so to satisfy you they sent you up to the land where spuds are grown."

"Fair play and fair females" is our motto, and unless some action is taken in some quarters by somebody, we'll go home altogether and won't play with our Tanks again!

Hong Long and Mee Kin, the Chinese gardeners of Three Tanks were a famous firm with the slogan: "Haven't got it—can't get it—if we had we wouldn't give to you."

Midnight in Camp





Tank Traps.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENCE

Yes **Freddie**, we are sorry that your strongly worded letter to "Truth" has not appeared in that journal. Doubtless when the proprietors find out, the Editor will be sacked.

**Quiet Watcher.** While it is true that the Officers not waiting in the queue, but pushing in at the ticket office, did deprive you of a seat as the place was then full, I should point out that they are not the only privileged ones. If at screening time, the Officers reserved seats are not occupied, the manager invariably gives the seats to the soldiers. What we can do is to print your complaint in this form, in the hope that, in future, those Officers intending to attend the Cinema on Saturday nights will have the grace to arrive some time before the performance begins, so that those soldiers who have been standing in a queue for half an hour will not be deprived of their pleasure.

**Willie.** No. The Brigadier did not start smoking that pipe when he took command. It is reputed to be a veteran of at least two campaigns.

**Agatha (Taihape).** Flaming Youth has no connection with the boy who stood on the burning deck. Nor with the slightly inebriated Trooper who sat on and ignited a box of matches in the Taihape station waiting room.

**Rugby Enthusiast (Owhango).** Yes, we understand that our football team has been lucky each time it was won, and unlucky when it has lost.

**Lonely (Raetihi)** asks if the Editor knows of a suitable husband for her from our ranks. For long, she has been fascinated by the "Dear little berets" and now wishes to marry one. No success so far. "Lonely," but if anyone reading this is on offer, please get in touch with "Lonely," who writes: "I want him to be, six feet three inches tall, well proportioned, jet black hair, Grecian nose, blue eyes, very small moustache, and he must have an income of not less than £10,000 annually. He must have a town and country house, a yacht, and a motor car. Must be fond of children, but these will be supplied." (We are still looking.—Editor.)

**Jean (Hunterville)** writes. "Dear Editor, could you please give me the names of some jitterbuggers. I am very keen to meet some. (Sorry, Jean, but I can tell you of plenty without the jitters.—Editor.)

**Agatha.** You say that you went out to a party with some of the Tank boys and during the night you drank five cocktails, four gins, five sherries and ten beers. You want to know if you did wrong. Good Lord Aggie, can't you remember?

Said a youthful instructor named Creeser,  
"You don't pull the trigger you squeeze'er."  
He suited action to word,  
And his class was interred.  
For the result was Bizarre more than Besa.

## WE WANT TO KNOW

One of the things we want to know is the reason for some orders. For example we have with us again that classic command, "Troop will advance about turn." And to make matters worse, this mental bombshell may be followed by the information that the troop is about to move to the right by turning left. The mental confusion caused by this form of skull-dugery was not considered sufficient. After all, even troopers will see or learn anything in time, and it became our habit never to listen to the first part of an order—only the last. To lull our suspicions those in authority decided to relent. For a week or two we were told that "Troop will retire, about turn" or "Troop will move to the left, left turn." We all sighed with relief and became at least twice as efficient in our manoeuvres. This was too much for authority. Life was not difficult enough. So now once more, as we move forwards we go backwards. When we turn left we don't; we move right. And if we move right, we aren't; we are turning left. Of course, this is not an invariable rule. Yesterday my front was actually my front. For once I did not have to worry as to whether my face was really my face or something else. Some people say it looks like something else anyway. I gather Mecca has something to do with it. Either Mecca or the place where the wet canteen should be, and isn't.

## TEN LITTLE COUNTRIES

The following lines appeared recently in the Buenos Aires "Herald Argentina" the editorial remark that they were written by "P.C." of Calle Melian, which we take to be the name of a street in Buenos Aires. They appear to be deserving of a wider circulation.

Ten Little Countries, once upon a time;

Adolf "Anschluss"ed Austria, then there were nine,  
Nine Little Countries, who could know their fate?

Neville went to Munich, then there were eight

Eight Little Countries, praying hard to Heaven,

Poland dared a "NO, SIR," then there were seven.  
Seven Little Countries, in a fearsome fix,

Hitler protected Denmark, then there were six.

Six Little Countries, sitting on a hive,

Quisling reigned in Norway, then there were five.

Five Little Countries, unprepared for war,

Luxemburg's too tiny, then there were four.

Four Little Countries, neutral tried to be,

Tulip-time in Holland, and then there were three.

Three Little Countries, fought as best they knew,

Belgium's King surrendered, and then there were two.

Two Little Countries, standing by the gun,

The Maginot was useless, and only one.

One Little Country, still dominates the sea,

JOHN BULL watching Channel, will make

TEN LITTLE COUNTRIES FREE.

A Trooper was on Vehicle Piquet. It was midnight. A dark form approached.

"Halt!" he cried, "Who are you?"

"The Orderly Officer."

"Advance."

The Orderly Officer advanced, but before he had gone ten feet, the Trooper cried: "Halt!"

"This is the second time you have halted me," observed the Officer. "What are you going to do next?"

"My orders are to call 'Halt' three times and then shoot," was the reply.

Sign across the window of a Vehicle Agency in a new building: "Opened by Mistake."

## Alphabetical Reflections of a Tanker Recruit

A stands for Army. I'm now in it's ranks  
And dreaming each night of Nazis, Japs and Tanks.  
B is for Bull-ring where daily I am learning  
To halt on the left foot and take the right turning  
C stands for "Chocko"—a term of contempt  
For rookies like me who look raw and unkmpt.  
D is the "drain" down which I'll descend  
Should all leave be cancelled this coming weekend.  
E is for the Energy I've been expending  
At physical training by stretching and bending.  
F is Fatigues which often are a bore  
Or for my feet which are ordered on the floor.  
G is for the guard who watches all our trucks  
In weather that is suited more for waddling ducks.  
H is the Hut where so very much of life  
Is spent in writing letters to my loving wife.  
I is for the infantry drill which I am taught  
With a squad of "Infants"—some long, some short.  
J is the Joy that cannot be expressed  
When my Furlough comes and I am dressed.  
K is my Kit Bag—of which I have a notion  
My shirt is at the bottom and soaked in my hair lotion.  
L is for Leave—the most popular word  
In the army vocabulary that I've heard.  
M's for manoeuvres—in rain or in snow  
Out in the "cactus" or desert we go.  
N's for the night that I came from the South  
Wet, cold and nervous and down it the mouth.  
O's for the Officers—wearing tan boots  
The captains, the majors, the colonels and "loots".  
P's the Parade for the morning inspection  
For pay or for mess or for Tet Prop inspection.  
Q's the Q.M. with a grin and a stern face  
What chance have I got my lost boots to replace?  
R's for Reveille—an ominous sound  
Keep's disturbing my slumbers each morning I've found.  
S is for "Sorry you'll be"  
If you come to the Tank Camp in winter like me.  
T's for Taihape—hospitable town  
Where the Gretna invites me my sorrows to drown.  
U's for the Unit to which I'm attached  
Where stretchers are carried and bodies are snatched.  
V is for Valentines, massive and strong,  
Through mud and through slush they go roaring along.  
W stands for Wet Canteen  
For lack of which I've sorrow seen.  
X is the number of times I've been  
To buy nugget and razors at our canteen.  
Y is for you who are with me in camp  
We don't fare so badly in spite of the damp.  
Z's for the Zephyrs that constantly blow  
Gott strale old Hitler and Tojo and Co!

\* \* \*

## "LET THE NEARER WATERS ROLL"

The Night the Dam broke—(With apologies to  
Thurber and the P.W.D.)

I don't think that I will ever forget the night the dam broke, although all I suffered did not make me like the place any less. I am quite happy here and I wish that Mr. Semple could see me now. It was on a Saturday evening—just an ordinary Saturday evening. And even yet it is a mystery who it was gave the alarm. Someone dashed around shouting that a wall of water was coming down the valley and that we were to go to higher ground.

There was some confusion. C.B. was suspended. Don R's went out into the night. Would we evacuate? Alone, the sanitary man refused to leave. Assuming a dramatic attitude and shaking his fist in the general direction of the valley, he dared the waters to mess up his kingdom. He used

words a lot stronger than water too. We managed to knock him out with a halfpake and two of us volunteered to carry him to safety. He was about 14 stone and pretty nearly everybody passed us, but we could see two Excused Duty men away out in front. Unfortunately we had to abandon our sanitary man at the Golf Links in the heavy mud. After that we made better time.

Fire and famine we could dare, but the flood left us helpless. Safer on high ground we thought of the waters invading our huts. Meanwhile our sanitary man had come to. As consciousness came back he realised his position. With a terrified yell of "Head for higher ground," he set off at a smart lope. He headed for Mount Ruapehu. It would be hard to say how many were concenter in the rush but it all ended as abruptly as it began. No damage was done. Certain it is that a Sergeant, name unknown, was going somewhere, and it is said that he was going to rescue the nurses.

Order was restored and peace soon reigned supreme, broken only by the lamentations of batmen cleaning out silt. The sanitary man scraped in at 2359 hours—just in time to be posted A.W.L. And even now, after all this time, it is still not safe to mention anything to him pertaining to the breaking of the dam.

Pen Portrait: Winston Churchill, his cigar jutting from his face like a gun from a turret—The Magazine "Time."



"Has anyone inspected Trooper Grant's Tank, recently?"



—Steele

#### THE DRAGON

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