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The Battle of Crete New Zealanders' Experiences

Gunner Scott of 6th Battery kindly handed in this letter describing the Battle of Crete from "Believe It or Not Ripley." It is so good that everyone will enjoy it.

By now news of our debacle on the beautiful Isle of Crete will have reached you. Before proceeding — I'm unharmed and well, though very tired. Jerry did his level best to rub me out, but due to God knows what, I managed to escape. On many occasions I was fatefully resigned for the end. Strange to relate when I made up my mind to it I experienced no fear or trembling whatever, when fellows on either side of me were hit, my surprise was only superceded by the alacrity with which I decamped to pastures new. My deliverance was miraculous, and now I'll tell you a story. Sit very still, light a cigarette and imagine Robert "Believe it or Not" Ripley fading into insignificance.

Pessimistic Pharisees

We were living on the fat of the land at Crete after the Greek campaign. Everyone with a whole skin was happy, jolly and bright, drinking wine at the local inns, eating fresh-made peasant bread, loling in the sun among the fresh green grass at the Brook's Bank and generally thanking God for small mercies. While some gorged themselves on oranges, the pessimistic pharisees wagged a warning finger and reminded us of the adage relating to gourmandising Romans and Hannibal's armies champing at the bit. "Beware, there will be an invasion" quoth they. "Nerts," we replied and continued our frolics. Oh dear, how little we realised what a different tenor life would take only two days later. Our bivouac area was among the olive trees on a slight rise above the road. Occasionally it was our duty to supply a picket for it. The night prior to the invasion two of us were laughing and talking while we searched passing travellers in the hope we would perchance catch a Fifth Columnist on his way to send a message to Der Fuehrer. "Damn this racket," observed my companion, "I'm going to sleep all day to-morrow." "So am I," replied I, and with that we handed over to the next relief. At 0800 next day, we were relieved by the new guard. Would we go straight up the hill for a sleep, or down to the stream for a wash? After an argument we decided to have a sleep first. On our way up the hill I noticed one big German bomber circling over our valley. He wasn't near us so we kept going. Five minutes later the air was black with bomber Stukas, fighters, diving, hedge-hopping, machine-gunning. Scotty wanted to know what it was all about and put his head up over the side of the ditch to have a look. A bullet whizzed into the grass only a few inches away. "Boy, oh Boy, was that close," said Scotty as we put heads down and tails up—all the same the ostrich.

Paratroops

It was impossible to get any real cover where we were, so out we dived and ran till our eye balls nearly burst. The row overhead was becoming louder and louder as we literally fell into our two-man camouflaged hut of bamboo, panting and sweating, flat out on the ground. We were used to bombers and didn't much worry, but when we saw waves and waves of gigantic strange looking planes, painted dark green, wing tip to wing tip and nose to tail, we were non-plussed. Over they went at about 500 feet, very slowly and neither bombing nor machine gunning. Wave after wave roared out of sight behind the olive trees. They banked to the left, then descended to 200 feet above us. When they were directly overhead again our suspicions were realised. The bottoms of the first 50 opened just like that, and spewed out a shower of parachutists. Not one by one did they drop but in hundreds. As I watched the coloured "mushrooms" floating down with black shapes bobbing and swaying beneath, I felt my

knees quake and my throat go dry. All I could croak to the man next to me was "Hell, look at 'em." They floated down in front, behind, and on both sides of us. Then the fun started. The roar of planes, no higher than the trees now, quaked the ground, the rattle of the machine guns was deafening and the noise of my heart thump-thump-thumping was painful. Details of that are unnecessary, but suffice it to say it was like shooting pigeons.

Don't Shoot

I shall never forget the creepy horrible sensation as I felt a foot, very heavy, graze my shoulder. I looked up at the owner, a big strapping blonde Hun, covered with Iron Crosses and Swastikas, and clutching a revolver in one hand as he tried to unhook his parachute with the other. He raised the revolver . . . censored . . . "Don't shoot, we like New Zealanders." This was in perfect English. I didn't fire, but someone else did. One of our boys, "Butch" Watkins from Devonport, said "lay off chaps, don't shoot, don't shoot." We didn't shoot, and a second later "Butch" was mortally wounded. From that minute later we never stopped. Why should we? By 1200 they dropped no more men in our area but released supplies. The huns had concentrated around an old building a few hundred yards away and were organising. As the supply planes circled about they shot flares into the air to indicate their position to the pilots. Up went a flare and down went the supplies in huge containers in which were good ammo and guns, machine guns, hand and stick grenades, and even field artillery! What an organisation. They landed no more parachutists, but concentrated on bringing in troops by landing their gliders and troop-carriers on the aerodrome at Malemi. We fixed them there too, and they attempted a sea landing. The Navy collected 14 troop ships and the remaining four turned back battered and beaten. With typical German ingenuity they landed the storm troopers and thousands of regiments by sea planes the next day and for days afterwards. Once that started we were finished.

Little Food

We had very little equipment and likewise food. While we fought incessantly for days on end, the Hun poured in fresh well-equipped troops. They had everything, yet despite this we gave them a shocking hiding. The mighty Luftwaffe blasted us out. We could not fight aeroplanes, though we did attempt to with rifles until we found it useless. With impunity 300 planes dived, zoomed, and gave an acrobatic display from morning to night. One day a dive bomber pilot, minus bombs and ammo, put his hand out and waved to us. We waved back, but next time he came round to see us he didn't wave. On the fourth day of the battle, we three of us, were in a machine gun nest taking a spell—one kept watch and two slept. During my shift I thought I saw two figures making their way down the hill towards the little stream below us. I looked again hoping I'd been seeing things, when lo and behold, two German soldiers, obviously oblivious of our presence, walked right out into the clearing on the edge of the stream and commenced to undress preparatory to a swim. First I thought of pressing the trigger, but then a better idea occurred to me. I let them shed every stitch of clothes, woke up my other companions and we sallied forth. Stealthily we made through the trees until we reached the stream, only a few yards from the two Jerries. They were talking away in German and one was washing the other's back. Just as they were about to get up the bank we walked right out behind them and pushed the barrels of our rifles into the small of their backs. "Hands up,

Fritzie old boy" said one of the fellows. They ceased talking and up shot their hands. We later discovered they were parachutists. One, who spoke English, told me he was a bank clerk from Hamburg, in civil life, while his companion was a carpenter from Berlin. They told us they were told the Anzaes never took prisoners and they expected to be shot. Honestly, during both the Greek and Crete campaigns, I met some good Germans. Likewise, I met a few surly, dyed in the wool Nazis.

As I said before, we were short of food. Seeing Jerry receiving food regularly each day made our mouths water. Each parachutist carries a crimson flag, in the centre of which is a swastika superimposed on a white circle. As you know, red show up for miles, specially in contrast to dark green. So when they wish to communicate their particular position to their aircraft, they lay the flag out on a clear space among the trees and fire that flare. "Well," we thought, "Here's where we have a feed." We had found several flags among the booty and also many Verey light pistols, together with a selection of cartridges for them. Having had nothing but a handful of broken biscuits for several days, we were ready to try anything. So one laid the swastika flag out on a clearing, another firing the flare, and then we slunk back into the trees lest the aircraft should see us and recognise our khaki uniforms. Sure enough, over he came, very low. We watched him circle over the flag—then we espied much to our delight, a big cylindrical, aluminium container, about 12 feet long by 4 feet wide, come swinging down on the end of a white silk parachute. As soon as the plane was an appreciable distance away, we pounced on the spoils like hungry dogs.

Ersatz Food ?

The thing was full of food. Laid out in separate compartments were fresh brown bread in cellophane wrappers, Frankfurter sausage, dried fruits of different varieties, concentrated chocolate in red silver paper, nuts, and in the other side the liquid refreshments. These were in nickel plated bottles with coloured stoppers. There was hot coffee, hot cocoa, hot tea, cold milk with plenty of cream in it, and believe it or not, four large bottles of rum (like treacle). Whacko! We cleaned the food up just like that—woof! then had some hot coffee. Remember the yarn about ersatz food and coffee in der Faderland? Maybe the civilians get it, but the army has no ersatz. If their coffee was ersatz, it was a wonderful imitation and suited us right down to the ground. Yes sirree, I'll tell the world. By the way, I forgot to mention the fact that most of us had no cigarettes or tobacco of any description during the main part of the battle. So imagine how pleased we were, after smoking tea leaves in newspaper for three days, to have packets of German cigarettes dropped from the sky. "Pennies from Heaven wasn't it! Then there remained only the rum! So what do you think we did—we got drunk!! " "Anyone sheen any (lie) Germansh?" "Yesh, thresh hundredsh of 'em over there!" "O.K. let 'em have it." We hit a dog, a donkey, a benzine box and a blade of grass, but no Germans. We were all seeing treble anyway.

By this time, it was 9 p.m. and just about dark. A strange but true fact about the huns' war methods is that they never worried us much at night. The Luftwaffe goes homes to roost and mein General Fritz von Finklestein mit der storm troopers curls up and goes to sleep. They were frightened we were going to attack them, so they shot Verey lights into the air at five minute intervals, throughout the night. Minus their air-power the Germans are a far less formidable fighting power than we are. I say it myself, with the utmost sincerity, that one New Zealand soldier is worth three average Germans on the ground. It was proved time and time again, anyway. Without any undue self-effacement I was terrified at times. So frightened in fact, that my knees knocked, my teeth chattered, and I'll swear my hair stood on end. But it was the aeroplanes which scared us, not the soldiers. At close quarters, we did what we liked, but against hundreds of hedge-hopping Messerschmitts, we felt, and were utterly helpless. Throughout the whole offensive, the New Zealand troops were using German weapons as well as their own . . . censored . . .

Crete Heroes

The Crete populace has rightfully earned for itself a warm place in every New Zealander's heart. Throughout their ordeal they assisted us with all means at their disposal. With what little striking power they possessed compared with Germany's iron clad hordes, they hit tooth and nail. The capital, Canea, a small city, was the object of the most vicious air attack in history. The Junkers, Heinkels, Dorniers and Stukas in hundreds rained bombs, and more bombs, on the hitherto sequestered town. They machine-gunned the streets from less than a hundred feet; they killed women and children, they dropped incendiary bombs and high explosives from morning till night for days on end; the populace fled into the hills. Mothers and children, tired, hungry, destitute, plodded over the mountains away from Canea, now a shambles, a heap of flaming carnage from end to end. At night the flames roared through the streets, up the walls of the shattered buildings, presenting a hideous red glow against the black horizon. The fire flickered and crackled, consuming the homes of thousands in only a few minutes, until all that remained of this erstwhile happy peaceful community were the black smoking ruins—gaunt and silent against the Mediterranean's sunny skyline. And so, as we looked, many of us with tears in our eyes, on this testimony of Nazi military might I thought, "c'est la guerre." Over the mangled battered bodies of their wives and children the men of Crete, young and old, with "heads bloody but unbowed" fought back with sticks, stones and even their bare fists. A wonderful race. The womenfolk with haggard sorely tried mein, sometimes came to our trenches to bring us a scrap of stale bread—the best they had, and to

take our socks for washing in the nearby creek.

Brave Women

Those women had as much courage as I've seen in any man, and believe me, I've seen some brave men. God help any Germans caught by the Creteans. Now it is God help the Creteans. As reprisals for their just reticence in not accepting the German yolk the Nazis are now taking their pound of flesh a hundredfold. The swashbuckling storm troopers are taking their revenge. Like Greece, there will be a food shortage. When the Hun hordes have fed their fat bellies there'll be nothing left for the peasants. The hardest blow of all will be the resurrection of the Italian prisoners of war, from the Albanian campaign who were sent to Crete before the German invasion. However, the Creteans will give no quarter on a dark night I'll wager. Regarding the means of the Roman bull-frog, the Nazis allies have as little respect for them as the British did in the last war. A German officer prisoner nodded his square head in agreement when a Tommy soldier made a disparaging remark about the fighting qualities of the Italians. They are the scavengers of the Axis alliance. The main army of occupation in Greece to-day is Italian, and the influx has commenced in Crete we are told.

So far the war has brought nothing but defeat for us. We know why—lack of air support. Until we have air supremacy the war cannot end. When we do, the Anzac armies will walk all over the Germans, and when we do walk all over them, we'll rub it in. I shudder to think of the fate awaiting Hitler's army when the Maoris fight them on a more equitable basis. The much vaunted storm troopers cried for mercy on more than one occasion but they got none—they never will.

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Regimental Pride

The other day in a shop a young lady asked, "Why is it that the chaps in 2nd Field skite about their outfit?" The reply naturally was, "Because we ARE the 2nd Field N.Z.A. and proud of it." Her question was a compliment, but there are still a fairly large number of chaps who appear to be lacking in their sense of Regimental Pride. If you don't know the past history of our outfit after the articles published in "The Observation Post" by the C.O. and B.C.'s, ask older members. We are proud of the men trained in this Regiment who have given their lives gloriously (we hope to run a Roll of Honour of them soon). We are proud of the men trained in this Regiment who are still leading others, both in Artillery and other units, AND we are proud of ourselves from the C.O. down to the rawest recruit. If any man is not proud of this Regiment it is only because he doesn't know anything about it.

The first essential to pride of regiment is pride of and in self. This can only be obtained by pulling one's fair weight, by personal cleanliness and smartness. Remember, we are known as the "Spit and Polish Brigade" by instant obedience of orders, by a staunch determination to be 100 per cent. efficient in one's job. Nothing can put us out of the Army until the war is over—then 100 per cent. co-operation and team-work is the better thing. By loafing or going adub, our mates have to pull harder on the fatigue drag ropes and carry us. Some are new to Army life but the old soldier or rookie eventually realises that the more he runs his head against the wall, the more solid that wall becomes. In the long run pride of regiment carries us along a comparatively smooth stream.

Evidently from the remark passed by the aforesaid young lady, our boys have a pride of regiment when in town, but let's carry it further. It is an honour to be an Artilleryman. Find out for yourselves the history of the grenade we are entitled to wear in our P.S. caps. Find out for yourselves the history of the broad stripe on dress uniform trousers—if you are interested you WILL find out and it will stiffen the old backbone.

You have read or heard how the Artillery saved the day on the Western Front when one of our armies cracked. Prince Ruprecht, of Bavaria, one of Germany's greatest generals in the last war—we'll say he was qualified to express an opinion—we'll say he was qualified to speak about the quality of the soldiers who fought against Germany on the Western Front—declared that the New Zealand Division was the finest that the Allies ever possessed.

The test of an Artilleryman is when he is firing over an open sight—when he is attacked on each flank—from the rear and from the air—as many of our boys have been. Hear some of the recently returned men from Libya, Greece and Crete. We in this camp can and will live up to the high standard set—that is why we are proud of our Regiment.

A Leadswinger's Confession

(By 'The Gadfly.')

In World War No. 1, I swung the lead. I tell you that, frankly, openly and without shame. But whether it was worth my while to suffer so much to gain so little (as the Workhouse kid said when he had mastered the alphabet at the end of the birch) I leave you to judge when you have heard my story. It all happened in this wise. When, in the early portion of 1914, a crazed student had hung a bomb that sent a worthless monarch to the bosom of his fathers, there to give an account of his own handling of the Divine right of kings to do the wrong thing so often, he started something that had its repercussions right round the world, and one of them was to smash up our cosy little home, some 15,000 miles from the spot where he had cluttered up a stinky little throne. Wheels in the war machine commenced to turn, and in turning, tore four of my brothers from the family table. Two of them were ex-imperial service men, and of those, one, very early in the scrap, left part of himself on some barbed wire entanglement, somewhere in the Persian Gulf, while the rest of him was blown to parts unknown by an enemy bomb. The others volunteered early in the struggle. I, alone, was left, and it was agreed that I should stay put. Therefore when the ballot caught me, my mother appealed. It was heard before a magistrate. She told her story, pointing out that father was a retired Imperial soldier with 25 years' service to his credit, she was a soldier's daughter, married "on the strength," and that four out of the five sons had enlisted voluntarily, and that one had been killed. The magistrate listened attentively, then gazing at me, his bosom swelled and he said that this was one of the finest records he had ever heard; it was a credit to all concerned, and if every home in the country had done its duty as well as ours, there would have been no need for conscription. Ad-journed sine die. Newspaper men present sent their pencils scurrying over their copy paper, and marked their reports "B/I," and next day the news appeared in startling black type.

Tempus Fugit.

Well the war went on, and now it went, and in what direction, may be judged by the fact that daily the papers told of the special decoration which had been conferred upon Brass Hat Ramrod for his "masterly withdrawal" from Dunneken Heights, or upon General Splatter-Splash of Herring-gut, for the outstanding stand at Bludensnot Corner, where he had withstood assault with the loss of only 150,000 men and four transport columns. The achievement of the latter had moved the editor of the Christchurch Chimes (who had carefully tied up his little finger in sticking plaster to avoid infection from a kitten scratch) to assure his readers in his editorial that in the holding of Bludensnot Corner "we could well afford to lose 500,000 men, if necessary." The war situation looked sticky, and the repeated references to the advances of our troops, when verified by the map, led one to wonder if our army didn't move crabwise.

Different Story.

Eventually, all "sine die" cases were reviewed, and my case came up before

the same magistrate. Mother told the same story about dad and his 25 years' service, about my brothers going and about the one that was killed.

Again the magistrate listened attentively, and again he gazed at me. Again his bosom swelled and he said that this was the most disgraceful thing he had ever heard. Here was an able-bodied man skulking behind the splendid services to the country of his father and his brothers. Skulking and attempting to evade his duty, even though one of his brothers had given his life that he might have freedom. It was deplorable that there should be such a specimen in the country, and if every person did as he was doing, where would the Empire be? Appeal dismissed.

Newspaper men present sent their pencils scurrying over their copy paper, marked their reports "B/I," and the next day the news appeared in startling black type!

In Camp.

Well, I was soon in camp. But I hadn't finished yet. I had defective eyesight, and I had a doctor friend, a specialist and a Sinn Feiner, who had given a certificate that my eyes could see pink elephants and blue cats, without the aid of "Black-and-White" whisky, and that taken all in all, I was as useful to the army as the New Testament in Arabia. This was duly presented to the C.M.O. with the result I spent many weeks travelling between Palmerston and Wellington, seeing the eye specialist, and, incidentally "swinging it" for all I was worth. This went on for a considerable time, until some one higher up got tired of the game and I was presented with a chit to give to the C.M.O. What was in it, I never found out, but the result was a call to the "big noise," who told me that I was to be assigned to light duties for the duration. I was elated, but I look back in pity for myself because of my unsuspecting innocence!

Cook-house.

Early one morning I was called to go to the cook-house, to commence those same light duties. Now bear in mind I had defective eyesight. My first day at that cook-house was spent in peeling SIX BARRELS OF ONIONS. My second day there was spent in peeling another six barrels of onions. My third, fourth, fifth was spent in peeling half a dozen barrels of onions. . . . And so it went on for weeks and weeks. On the first day, I wept. On the second, I wept some more. And on the third I wept again, but after that I lost count, for the weeping became quite involuntary, and the only satisfaction I had was the knowledge that if the war was won on the stamina of the troops, given to them through the medium of the never-ending stew, I, at least had played my part.

I went into the army, with eyes that were defective, and I left it in due time thoroughly convinced that there were more ways than one of dealing with the maslady. Mine was a "way they have in the army," surely. I told you that I swung the lead, but let me assure you, gentle reader, that, not even to my hated enemy would I say "Go thou and do likewise." The acquisition of wisdom, can sometimes be a most painful process. Believe me, DON'T SWING THE LEAD!

These Attached Units

Oh yes! I was a gunner once—that was before I got sense and joined the L.A.D. The only trouble is that I had to get detached from the regiment first and then attached again or something like that. I don't really know. Perhaps the Army does, but it doesn't matter anyhow and it's about your other "attached" that I want to talk.

After all we L.A.D. have been detached, and pinned on again for a very long while now and we thought you were satisfied. Just because a war broke out, though, you Artillery have gone in for collecting more and more "attached" yes sir—and then some. Did you just want to increase your ration strength or (now honestly!) DID YOU WANT TO MAKE MORE WORK FOR US!

But getting back to these extras:—first of all there were the Home Guardies whom you taught gunnery to—good chaps all, but that was long long ago—yes before we used to think of mud at Linton, and you know how long ago that was.

Then some survey chappies attached themselves. You left them behind when you went on manoeuvres—left them behind to clean up the camp, didn't you?—and did they—or did they? Then they disappeared into the blue and returned for an hour or so last week and now they're gone again. Oh! Very, very detached!

Then there's the Padre. He's attached too, isn't he? Anyhow he's attached himself to two tents in the best possible camp—and that's not bad going in the 2nd Field Regiment.

There there are the Dah-Dits. Somehow or other even gunners get on well with the Sig. Section attached. Perhaps its because you think they're nearly intelligent enough to be gunners or perhaps (listen carefully) it's because they are experienced "at tachees" like us L.A.D.-ites and have acquired that tolerance and forbearance so necessary for successful attachment. You know—putting up with the likes of the gunner nosing round their wireless sets who wanted to know how you could talk and speak at the same time. Oh yes! We detached get very attached to your "attached."

Then there's the "Y.Y." Well! You know what he does to you when you try to get some of your own back on R.H.Q. at rugby. I'll stop there though I know you wouldn't like me to offend him. He might go and take his Y.M. but with him. Then what would you do?

Then there's the M.O. He's attached too. A very nice chap to talk to—all that but I can't make out the look in his eye when he dishes out that pill—a very detached look—there's a twinkle there that I like to find.

Then there's "Rex." You know how attached he gets to the C.O.s mat. Does he give you an idea for another attached 2/3??

Then your latest collection is the Motor Merchants Section; What is the official army name? Ah yes!—Dental Corps. Well! I had a wonky tooth and did the attached get attached—that was till it was all over and I fell out through the side of the hut. They were still attached to my tooth though.

Then there's your C.O. Like Rex, I don't know whether he should personally appear in this, but sometimes he seems to be attached to us. Anyhow he's the only Colonel I know, who can and does ride a motor bike. But why pinch our jolly old bike when he goes for a ride? Oh yes! Gunners, you have offended us and gone in for collecting more and more "attached" but as they never seem to want to leave you, there must be something about you, and I know we something and attached again like your "attached" and I know you do too.

P.S.

Watch the queue outside our lines each morning applying for the loan of something to tighten up nuts with.

Editor's note:

Yes Sir, your Editor is very attached to the Regiment too. Presume he is attached to the attached by the attached—oh heck that could go on ad infinitum.

The following advertisement appeared in a newspaper in India: "Mahomedsmen, hair-cutter and clean shaver. Gentlemen's throats cut with very sharp razors, with great care and skill. No irritating feeling afterwards."

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"The Great Outfitters"
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W.W.S.A. Concert

HUGE SUCCESS
 POPULAR SHOW

The entire Regiment, with the exception of the guards (and the guarded), oh, yes, and Rex, attended a magnificent concert given by members of the W.W.S.A. (Palmerston North branch) on Wednesday night. The cooks spread themselves and showed just exactly what they can do when the occasion arises. Thirty-six dozen pastries and 600 scones were "scoffed" in less than no time.

The party was under the leadership of the Chapman Bros., Messrs. Alee and Ernie, who brought the house down with some old 1914-18 popular song hits, besides leading the community singing. Mrs. Prince was a prime favourite with her piano-acordion, ably assisted in the second half by Gunner Marshall who waggled the bones. Although it would be hard to pick out the best item, Miss Barratt with her charming smile and delightful personality went over big with the boys in a series of community songs.

Miss Nancy Robertson and Miss Smith sang a variety of songs in a manner truly professional. Miss B. Heath enjoyed her tap dance as much as the audience whilst Miss Peggy Wilson created much humour with her monologues.

Much admired grouped around the piano were the Swing Sisters, Misses V. Ward, M. Scott, J. Gilbert, G. Duff, D. Judd, L. White, L. Crosby, E. Wilson, E. Morton, J. Stagpoole and L. Wilson. Mr. Len Smith at the piano nearly lifted the roof on more than one occasion with his impersonations and clever manipulation of the keys. Mr. F. McLachlan accompanied Messrs. Chapman Bros. and the community sings.

Last but definitely by no means least the ballet (the Misses G. Duff, L. Crosby, L. White, E. Wilson and J. Stagpoole) worked with military precision and certainly won the hearts of their audience.

The guests of honour were Mesdames D. Honore, C. Quarterly, Bowler, Walker, Harrod and Miss D. Prince, the C.O. (Lieut.-Col. C. F. Lowe), Major Nelson, Capt. Burns, Capt. Gieson, Capt. Dixon, Lieuts. Page, Holmes,

In Reverse

BY THE W'S.

As my surname begins with a "W" I reckoned to our S.M. that now and again they should reverse these blooming alphabetical parades, and was seconded by the only member of our company following me. His name was Young.

Every parade to the "Q" store was the same. When it got to us: "Sorry, Dig, we've just run out of your size." Result: something smaller in shirts, bigger in hats, and whatever was left in boots, etc.

I started in to go crook last pay day, as by the time we were paid the darn canteen had run out of grog and Youngy and I were left again. When I mentioned it to our company commander he said: "I promise you lads that the next thing that's on we'll start at the other end of the line for a change."

We thanked him, and went back to our tent, very pleased.

Well, that O.C. kept his word (bless him!) Next darn parade was for vaccination. Anyway, I'm changing it to Aarons for the "duration." (The W's 5 Battery.)

FURLOUGH.

Whilst in the windy city recently in conversation with a sailor belonging to one of our biggest Allied Navies, it transpired that he had had 15 days leave in 4 years. Another had had 4 days in 3½ years. Any complaints boys?

BOIL IT DOWN!

Writer: "I have an article here on fresh milk."
 Editor: "Condense it."

Kemp, Pavitt, Cornish, Cutts, Durbin, Cameron and Rees Thomas.

At the conclusion of the performance the C.O. warmly thanked the party and called for three cheers. After supper Mrs. J. Walker, vice-president of the W.W.S.A. replied. Hopes are high that a repeat performance will be given soon.

Sports and How We Play

BATTERY RUGBY.

6th. v. 4th; Played Wednesday, 4th, 1942.
 Result; 6th, 9 (three tries); 4th nil.
 Scorers: Tries, Haste, Kidd and Dorman.
 This was the only Battery game played, and the standard of play was higher than has been seen in previous Battery games. The first try for 6th was the result of a very good individual effort by Haste. The second came from a scramble on the line, and the third from an excellent piece of work by the inside backs.
 4th backs were triers all the time but there was a noted lack of team work; too much individualism and occasionally the tackling was too high.
 The forwards of both teams kept to their guns—at least as much as their condition would allow, with 6th shading their opponents, particularly in the set scrums and line-outs. However, they had a decided weight advantage and 4th forwards deserve full marks for their efforts.
 Altogether it was an interesting game.

ENGINEERS DEFEATED.

Our seniors met the Ginger Beers on a wet ground at Feilding last Saturday and won the bout by 14 points to nil. The game was very tough in the forwards owing to the presence of Mullet, well-known Wellington boxer being in the enemy camp. However a few telling blows by Jack Hawkins, our half, quickly quietened him down. Once again we were fortunate to score about four minutes after the game had begun. Jack Hawkins was the scorer and Jim Farrell converted. From now on the game became very willing, but our backs were not handling well at all. Before half-time Alan Wright scored an unconverted try. Half-time spell was used to work a swift one and when the Ginger Beers kicked off we received and every player handled for McCliskie to score under the posts, 11-0. Ross Wright our place kick was on week-end leave—and how we missed him.
 Curly Martin scored a great try from an opening by Wally Blandford ending up first under the posts. A good hard game and all were quite pleased with the result 14-0.

HOCKEY.

Our 2nd Field team played its first competition game on Saturday against Broadway, a civilian team.
 The boys played a good game seeing they have never played together before. It was a treat to watch the combination of passing rushes leading to a scoring movement. Our worthy secretary (Gnr. Searle) was the main sphere of attack but we think he was inspired by a very charming young lady. Still, she can come every day if he plays like he did on Saturday. The score was 9-0. The scorers were: Gnr. Searle 5, Gnr. Congreve 2, Gnr. Lust 2. Keep it up fellows, and show the footballers the way home.

Our 2nd, Field Regimental football second five-eighths was so cold after his game of "hunt and miss" the ball that he had to keep warm between two fur coats in the evening—and, ah, not bad either!

Battle of Regimentation

(By B.M.D.)

After a series of famous "mud larks" at Linton Park, a glorious and most successful advance was carried out on the new Mess buildings. Immediately the word was given the Regiment advanced as one man, pushing P.W.D. employees to each side. After a hard-fought battle had raged for an hour or two the "enemy" gave up, gathered their tools and retreated to the Officers' Mess block.
 This latter was taken in a brilliant thrust by our troops, ably led by their Officers and Sergeants.
 Once in occupation of the new front, the Regiment set out to consolidate their position, but owing to the absence of mud could not "dig in."
 With victory has come a sense of satisfaction.
 Hear! Hear! Hearty congratulations.

BOXING REGIMENTAL TOURNAMENT

WEDNESDAY NEXT,

JUNE 10th.

In The

PRESENT CONCERT HALL.

Bouts in all Weights.

COME AND SEE THE PICK OF THE REGIMENT IN ACTION.

Thrills Galore!

Entries close on MONDAY, the 8th, with the Y.M. Officer.

RUGBY JOTTINGS.

What was wrong with our team on Saturday? Was it Rex, new jerseys, or just the occasion?
 The value of a good goal-kicker was demonstrated on a comparison of last Saturday's game with Monday's. While on Saturday no goals were kicked, on Monday all our points came from Mr. Ross Wright's boot. Congrats.
 What was the cause of the alleged teeth-marks on the face of a Taranaki forward? Was it one of our forwards or was Rex in for his bit?
 Wake up barrackers! The show put up on Monday was disappointing. Apart from a few stalwarts who carried on valiantly, the effort was poor. Perhaps some of the sergeants were keener on looking after girl friends.
 Congratulations to our half-back for his solid and courageous game; he is not frightened of anything on two legs but why did he object to leading Rex on to the field?
 The result of the game was in no way a reflection on the leadership of our captain, Alan Wright. Our vice-captain, Bdr. McCliskey also played his part well.

TARANAKI v. ARTILLERY

This match was the main football event on the King's Birthday holiday in Palmerston North, and resulted in a win for Taranaki, 9-6.
 The game was remarkable in the fact that although 15 points were scored, neither line was crossed—all the points coming from penalties. This would suggest that more notice should be taken of infringements.
 On the day, we must admit that Taranaki deserved their win. While our forwards worked very hard and gave quite a good account of themselves, our backs were not up to their usual standard. In attack they lacked "punch" and it was only excellent backing-up and cover defence that prevented our line from being crossed on more than one occasion.
 However, while we congratulate Taranaki on their win, we feel that in a return match our team will be capable of a much better display.

AMERICAN BASKETBALL.

The Marmons continued their winning way last week in defeating the Spitfires by 21-4 a fast and good game, the scorers being Gunner Gibson 2, Gunner Staples 2, Sports Officer 17.
 During the week-end another win against Swim Club, a good team, but the Marmons showing great speed and good shooting ability proved too good, the score being 15-6. Scorers, Gunner Staples 1, Gunner Neilson 8, Sports Officer 6.
 Keep it up boys the 2nd. Field are proud of you.

What Not to Do in an Air Raid

- (These "Ten Points For Civilian Guidance" were published recently in U.S.A.)
- As soon as bombs begin to drop, rush like hell—it doesn't matter where, so long as you run. Wear track shoes, so that if the people ahead of you are too slow, or fall down, you won't have any trouble passing them or jumping over or on to them.
 - When a bomb happens to fall near you, scream blue murder. It won't prevent you from getting blasted out of your shoes next time, but it does add to the notice and confusion, and will scare the very devil out of the kids.
 - If you find an unexploded bomb, rap it smartly on the nose—perhaps the firing pin has stuck.
 - If an incendiary bomb is found burning in a building, pour benzine over it. You can't remove the bomb anyway, so you may as well remove the building instead.
 - Take advantage of any opportunity afforded you when the air-raid sirens sound warnings of attack or black-out, for example:
 - If in a bakery, grab a pie.
 - If in a tavern, grab a beer.
 - If in a theatre, grab a blonde.
 - Keep garlic, onion, and limburger cheese handy as a snack before entering a crowded air-raid shelter. This will not bring you any added popularity, but it will get you a lot of room.
 - If an air-raid warden tries to tell you what to do, wrap a blanket of sand round his neck. Those wardens always save the best seats for themselves, anyway.
 - If you should be the victim of a direct hit, don't go to pieces. Just lie still, and the sanitation squad will attend to you.
 - After reaching the shelter, rush back into the street and take a good look for planes. Maybe one of those lugs in the Air Force just pushed the wrong button, or it may be only a couple of wandering seagulls.
 - To test for gas, remove your mask and take several deep breaths. If the next thing you hear is the "all-clear" signal, it wasn't gas—if you hear harp music, it was.

Things We Want to Know

When are the lady members of "The Observation Post" Bank visiting us in camp?
 Who was the Sergeant who had his face ill treated at a dance last Friday?
 Is it true that Errol Flynn has joined the Regiment under a nom de plume and that he has been given 3 stripes?
 Is Lieut. Pavitt a fifth columnist? Base "Q" say "yes!" Definitely. Positively, and indubitably.
 Did Base panic or did they panic?
 Did Sergeant Bill Harris have "A Happy Birthday." He tries to tell us it is in October?
 Did Bombardier Wilde fly far when the car door flew open. How did it happen when he was supposed to be pushing it?
 Who was the miserable looking B.S.M. on Tuesday and was he thinking of fatigues left undone or had some of the chaps been getting their own back at football on Monday?
 When it came to a question of Coordinators, who was right—The C.O. or Mr Durbin or was it a fly mark?
 Why did Lieut. S. Reed get a headache on Tuesday. He beat his 2 I.C.
 Lieut. L. Mitchell to explain (without blaming the human element) where shells nos 14 and 15 in the second series went to?
 How, now that officer's and sergeant's messes have been regimented, a number of empty beer bottles suddenly appeared in a poor blinking gunner's hut?
 Wanted known—How does a man in the army procure a divorce. Reply to the Adjutant R.H.Q.
 Does a certain sergeant use make-up—Does his moustache tickle.
 Who was the A.W.O.L. expert who on arrival under escort at Waterloo Station in the Black Maria just as a loaded train disgorged remarked "Look at my reception committee"??
 How will the boys spend the money they have saved on free bus fares this week-end?
 Is it only the sick gunners who attract a certain B.C. to the Hospital?
 How did Bdr. Nicolas wangle guard two Wednesday nights running—does he like Beauty at a distance or is he shy?
 Did Major Nelson feel at home during "Aloha" with Miss Barratt?
 Was Gunner O'Connor interested more in the "Colleens" than the song "It's a Great Day For The Irish"??
 Did S.M. McEwan imagine he was a set of bagpipes on Wednesday night?
 Will Capt. Reid ever live down his villainous reputation? Is it true he is shaving his upper lip?
 Why did the audience laugh when Miss Betty Wilson referred to Fatty—who did she mean?
 Boys in Huts 37 and 83 want to know where geese go in the winter-time?—(5th. Battery.)
 How far can Mr. Page follow a match?
 Did Gunner George Dunkley have a happy 21st? He looks younger!
 Is it true that Sgt. Still nearly lost a certain lady's affection to "Errol Flynn"??
 Did Gunner Alexander (Da'wood) earn a back-stage seat?—Too right!
 What superior knowledge has our acting 2 I.C. of certain houses? (5th Battery).
 What WE want to know is what has happened to the Editor's supply of question marks? Hasn't he any left or is he above question? (marks) ???
A.W.O.L. Expert
 Our leading A.W.O.L. expert put a beauty over the other night. He had been to mess under the escort of a Bombardier and he gave Sergeant Denahie and one or two of us a brief history of his absence. At the conclusion Sergeant Denahie said: "You haven't any blankets have you—? Come along to the Ration store and I'll give you some."
 A.W.O.L. Expert: "Thanks Serg." He turned to follow the Serg and as an after thought turned to his escort and said "Are you coming mate"??
 Then there was the detective who sued his wife for divorce because he found a strange footprint on her hot-water bottle.



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SOLDIERS! Let us help you choose the most suitable gifts for your mother, sister, wife or lady friend. We have a varied selection of quality gifts at the prices you want to pay.

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Florient Toilet Soap is in a delightful gift packet. A superior quality soap.

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Shipwrecked Sailors

HAVE NEW DEVICE TO REPAIR MACHINE-GUNNED LIFEBOATS

Ship's crews and passengers cast away upon the high seas need no longer be kept constantly at work baling out with anything from empty tins to hats to keep their splintered and bullet-riddled boats from being swamped. A new, plugging compound which completely fills any hole or crack, however irregular, is now available for every lifeboat in Britain's Merchant Service. The compound, a fibrous material, has only to be kneaded for a minute or two to plug up the leak and make the boat seaworthy. It has a binding effect, settling and hardening in water.

First experiments with the material were carried out by knocking a hole in a large barrel filled with salt water. The leakage was stopped at once. A "Saving Life at Sea" display now touring many big English towns includes eight model lifeboats and a glass tank filled with water in which the public tests the new compound by making holes in the models and plugging them up.

Britain's Ministry of War Transport and the Admiralty have both approved of the device as a temporary repair compound for use in the temperate zone. Tests are at present being carried out by the Royal Engineers as the compound may be most useful for bridging establishments and pontoons. Dominion, Colonial and Allied Governments are also interested in it; no country, other than Britain, makes anything like it.



"I would rather have chosen peace than war, for peace meant for me an abundance of happy tasks. I regret this war... for the time it has taken, which I wanted to devote to cultural, social and economic tasks."
 —Hitler's New Year Message.

Cartoon from the London Daily Herald.

ORDERS IS ORDERS.

A very punctilious officer who was a long way from the resources of civilization sent one day for the sergeant and asked him how long it was since the men had changed shirts.
 "A month," was the reply.
 "But the regulations say that the men must change their shirts once a week, at least."
 "They haven't any shirts to change into, sir."
 "Then, damnne, let them change shirts with each other."

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"THE TIMES"

- On MONDAY
- TUESDAY
- WEDNESDAY
- THURSDAY
- * — SATURDAY

READ

THE OBSERVATION POST
 Its Printed by "THE TIMES."

The Padre's Message

A friend of mine with a decided gift of eloquence was once addressing a large audience of children on the subject of temperance. The youngsters were intensely interested as each point of the argument was driven home with consummate skill and telling illustration. Like a good orator who is out to propound his audience and move them to the point of decision, my friend had reserved his best and most telling illustration until the last. Having reached the climax of the argument with his hearers hanging on every word he spoke he was about to clinch the whole matter when up spoke his young son sitting in the front row of eager listeners. "Yes, I know, Dad; I have heard that one before." This young hopeful had turned a grand climax into an anti-climax much to the merriment of the listeners and the discomfiture of his eloquent father. However, history has kindly drawn the veil over what may or may not have happened afterwards as between father and son.

Yet there is an attitude towards religion to-day very much like that whenever we are confronted with the spiritual and moral values of life, the tendency is to adopt that attitude which says in effect, yes, "Oh, I have heard that one before." It's the same old story. And, anyhow, what good has religion done in the world?

When one is discussing this question of religion one, of course, needs to be quite clear as to what they have in view. There is a good deal of time and steam wasted in fulminating against religion that in reality is no religion. A commercial traveller was once journeying on the stage coach to a certain country town in England. As they approached the town he was amazed by the number of church spires that came into view. Turning to the driver of the coach, he said, "They sure must be very good people in this place; look at all those spires." "No, not good," said the coachman, "merely religious."

There is a world of difference between that type of religion that tries to satisfy itself by keeping on the right side of God with cold and formal observance and the religion of the Old and New Testament, "pure and undefiled which requires us to love God with all our heart and mind and our neighbour as ourselves."

We are hearing a great deal to-day about new world orders. In this country the Christian churches have united in a campaign for a Christian order. The real thing behind this campaign is not that the Christian church is going to lay down the blueprint of the new economic and social order, but that the church is calling men everywhere back to the great spiritual and moral basis of life—back to God the Father and His love in Jesus Christ. Yes, fellows, an old story; you have heard it before. You will hear it again because it is the only way of salvation for mankind. Christ is the world's hope and only Saviour. It is not that we have had too much religion; it is that we have not had enough of the real thing.

John Middleton Murry says: "Those who profess and call themselves Christians to-day must be really convinced that Christianity is the clue to all man's doing if that doing shall be righteous in the home—in the business of the individual and the conduct of the nation." "Democracy," he says, "cannot exist without Christianity... Christianity created it, breathed into it the breath of life and inspires it from day to day and year to year."

It is indeed an old story, yet the most modern story in the world, the Cross of Calvary and its infinite sacrifice for us all—of the Christ who "makes brutes men, and men divine."

What shall this new order be? The Christian church challenges every virile young man to make it a Christian order. So "let us drop the deeds of darkness and put on the armour of light" and win this the hardest battle of all—the battle of life.

Your Padre,
MURRAY A. GOW.

The finding of Australian beer caps in Jap bombs dropped on Australians would come under scrap iron.

Don't Say We Didn't Warn You

A young Air Force officer, learning his job in Egypt, was working with a sextant to discover his exact position. As they flew high over the Pyramids he suddenly turned to the pilot and shouted: "Take off your hat!"

"Why?" the bewildered pilot shouted back.

"Because, according to my calculations, we are now in St. Paul's Cathedral."



The result of Linton mud

A recruit got separated from his company and went up to a man (who happened to be the Colonel) and said: "Eh, lad, has ta seen owt o' 'B' Company?"

The colonel replied: "Do you know to whom you are speaking?"

"I've niver seen thee afore," was the answer.

"Well, I am the colonel. What is your name?"

"Brown."

"How long have you been in the Army?"

"A few days."

"What is your rank?"

"Gunner."

"Well, above you is a lance-bombardier, then a bombardier, then a sergeant, sergeant-major, second-lieutenant, lieutenant, captain, major, and then the colonel. Do you understand?"

"Aye, I understand, but tha still hestn't telled me if tha's seen owt o' 'B' Company."

"She greeted his proposal with the horse-laugh," reads a passage in a novelette. She said "neigh" in other words.



"How do you like my bathing suit. I've knitted it myself!"

"Haven't you lost some stitches?"

The reason W.A.A.F.'s make the most successful drivers is because they have so much practice keeping under thirty.



Sergeant Des King what DID you say?

Why He Likes Camp.

Serg. Kavanagh was comfortably installed in the pub lounge when an N.Z.A. Gunner rushed in.

"Serg, I've just seen a burglar creep into your house!"

"Poor chap," said Serg. K. "My wife will think it's me."



"You've got a new bathing suit...?"

"Yes Linton mud made a hole in the other one."

Errol Flynn had frightful toothache. "What's the cause of it Errol?" asked Bdr. Douthie.

"Well you know that charming girl at the P.D.C. dance," said Errol.

"Yes," said Bdr. D.

"And you know," went on Errol,

"that Serg. Still wasn't going to the dance? Well—he did!"

Towards the end of the Great War an American sergeant ordered a darkie soldier, just arrived in France, to enter a dug-out and "clean-up" any enemy. The negro looked a bit scared, made for the dug-out entrance, and, turning to his comrades, said: "Ef yo sees three or fo' men cum a runin' out ob dat hole don't shoot de fust one!"

SECURITY.

It is said that many a woman seeks her freedom on the strength of what her husband discloses in his sleep. Careless talk costs wives.

WHY THRICE

New recruit on sentry duty for the first time, challenged the C.O.: "Halt!" C.O. stopped but was again commanded to halt.

"What's the game?" he asked. "I stopped the first time you called 'Halt!'"

New recruit: "I was told to call 'halt!' three times and then shoot."

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ALAN BAXTER — MARY CARLISLE — JEROME COWAN

No. 2 — "MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER"

— With —

KENT TAYLOR — FRANCES LANGFORD — CLARE DODD

(Both Recommended by Censor for Adults.)

MAYFAIR TO-NIGHT 6.30

WHIZZ-Z BANG! Fall in for a

GRAND DOUBLE BILL

"RED RIVER VALLEY"

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ROY ROGERS

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Also Ep. 10 "SEA RAIDERS"

(Both Approved for Universal Exhibition.)

REGENT FRIDAY 2—5—7.45 P.M.

GUNNERS! You'll enjoy this surprising comedy — it's something right out of the limber — It's real Shrapnel!

"HERE COMES MR. JORDAN"

— With —

ROBERT MONTGOMERY

Edward Everett Horton — Claud Rains.

Evelyn Keyes — James Gleason

ALSO,—

LATEST NEWS — Australia Officers 'acquire' Jap. films—

It shows Nippon power and resources.

Plans at C. & C., Phone 7178. (Recom. by Censor for Adults.)

FRIDAY NEXT — "MY WIFE'S FAMILY."

SERT. W. HARRIS' LAMENT.

Although 'tis but a few short weeks, It seems like years and years, Since last I pressed you to my lips, And brushed away your tears; I've tried my utmost to forget, You, that have been so dear, But never will I cease to love, My dear old glass of beer.

P.D.C. BALL.

Keep this date in mind 17th June—a special event in aid of Prisoner of War Fund. The P.D.C. Social Club present the event of the season! "Share Your Comforts Ball." Cliff Anderson's popular dance band. Excellent supper. And boys don't forget all the P.D.C. girls are good lookers! Admission is only 6/- double; single, ladies 3/-, gents 3/6. P.D.C. Ballroom, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. Be in.

C.O.: "The evidence shows that you threw a lump of mud at this man." Gunner Prisoner: "It shows more than that. It shows I 'it 'im!"

Meteor.—"Puddin' Head" presents Judy as the fresh-off-the-cobb-hillbilly owner of a strip of valuable Manhattan real estate. When officials of the United States Broadcasting system learn that their skyscraper extends over one foot of Judy's land, Judy looms as a menace to big business. With Judy and her Uncle Lem esconced in their Manhattan "farm" complete with pigs and chickens and corn, the Nichols family, owners of the United Broadcasting interests, use every means at their control to induce Judy to sell, ranging from subtle persuasion to-out-and-out coercion, but Judy stands firm, even when a handsome Russian nobleman is introduced into the situation to work his wiles on her.

The mid-week double feature programme is good entertainment. No. 1: "Rags To Riches," is a thrill packed adventure and "Mississippi Gambler," is an action drama with music.

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