



THE OBSERVATION POST



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"MEMORIES OF PINOCHIO"

(By R.W.S.F.)

If the O.C. 2nd. Survey Troop, N.Z.A. was in the habit of issuing communiques, that of the 27th May, 1942 would have read after this manner:—

"The Troop has just completed a most successful trek northwards to Pokeno an important town 40 miles south of Auckland. All the lessons of the month's encounters were well assimilated. Notwithstanding some desperate skirmishes with examinations every Saturday morning, all our surveying personnel emerged from the ordeal of fire unscathed.

It is regretted however, that casualties among the civilian (female) population are believed to be high. Neutral observers report many cases of broken hearts after Monday 25th May.

Gaily we waved goodbye to Linton mud, the R.H.Q. boys and the cook-house. The convoy rumbled north—destination vague—somewhere about Pokeno.

One convoy trip differs little from any other. That night as we "bivvied" at Raurimu we fell asleep to the sound of snorting trains puffing asthmatically up the Spiral. Reveille came at 5 a.m. sharp (ask Sergeant Ryan). Seven sorry 0700 hours and still rubbing col-wabs from their eyes the troop turned their backs and their trucks on the three mountains silhouetted against a glowing sky and framed by the crooked limbs of the dying bush.

While the convoy roared through Te Awamutu the population gazed open mouthed—not at this new manifestation of New Zealand's military might, but at the sight of a red headed Sergeant (remember? 5th Battery) his face well lathered, a razor waved nonchalantly in one hand and a mug balanced on the other.

"Journey's End"

Tucking away the trucks beneath the giant oak trees, we congratulated ourselves—a fine hall to mess in, a piano, and a dance in that very hall the same night in honour of our arrival. Well wouldn't it fair rotate yer!?

By midnight several of our members were well organised, in fact they departed into the moonlight as escorts to their respective damsels. Baffled the Don Juans of 1st Troop turned away to drown their sorrows in Ginger Ale while the manly misogynists of our troop sought stronger consolation.

Wine Women and Song

The dances that were held in the hall—well ask our sergeants if they were a success.

That small dance (organised by the troop in return for the hospitality shown by the residents of "Pinochio") "fulfilled every expectation."

That is every expectation save that of a maiden who toiled by day in the local Post Office. Alas the dark and handsome Sergeant made a premature farewell in the morning for that night his presence was required on the Limited bound for Dannevirke and O.C.T.U. Good luck! Boyd.

"The 2nd. Survey Troop"

"Crooks Tours"

(By M.T.)

A recent "acquisition" to the Artillery has been the new "Survey Troop" whose technical knowledge it is hoped will be of great value to the "Gunners" if, and when the time comes for us to do our bit in defending our native shores.

Under the able command of Captain J. F. Tasker (affectionately called "censored" by his "boys") the troop has just returned from a training period in the Northern District in conjunction with the 1st Survey Troop.

True to the style of "Central Boys" the members of the troop did very well with the ladies of Pokeno while stationed there. There is certainly no

Highlights of That Farewell Evening---

Our jovial skipper and his partner performing a solo military two-step with vigorous abandon; Ah Fang's rendering of "Three Blind Mice"; our sober married men all bedazzled by the charms of the fair-haired lassie from Hamilton; Tomato Blonde gazing into the eyes of his latest, a young lady who had just received her first Social Security book.

Despite all the above goings-on we worked hard. Will we ever forget that first lecture?—clutching new note books and sharp pencils we filed into the hall. "Sandy" (Lt. Neville Sanderson, O.C. 1st Survey Troop) gaily splashed Sines and Tangents; as one line after another appeared in lightning time—the faces of the surveyors (would be), lengthened still longer.

However after that first breath-taking dive into the seas of surveying, we regained breath. Struck out bravely through the stormy waters of Resection—Semi-Graphic, and All.

At night Forms, G.S.G.S. 23, G.S.G.S. 15 etc. floated before our eyes in dizzy circles; in the daytime with screws adjusting we gaily proceeded to level the jigger or theodolite by means of the bubble spirit and with face right, swing right to the mighty pinnacle Trig Muriel.

Did the ex-specialists blush at Sandy's tales concerning some members of their species. The 'spec' who light-heartedly fixed his R.O. on the backside of a cow, but the wretched animal wouldn't play and walked away. The officer who "seated astride the ruddy gun trail," compass prismatic in hand proclaimed his pivot gun to be correct to a degree. An entire regiment turned out to hunt for a missing pivot artillery.

Memories of field work return; our first thrill on an unknown hill as the first trig was at last shoved, tugged, talked and argued into position; the bewilderment of two observers whose round of angles to one trig disagreed by 4 degrees. A sigh of relief—they had laid on different trigs. I remember "Old Bill" casually informing the Boss, "by the way we left the jigger in the field !!! triumphs, over 1st Troop when our results were accepted in preference.

The tales that were told on return from our first equivalent of an "R and O". How our Daniel raced his heavy trucks under enemy fire along the Whangarata straight; gas alarms at the computing centre; observing parties lugging theodolites and stands crawling close (too close sometimes) to gorse hedges, mindful of the Great One's hatred of skylines and finally the verdict: "Quite a good show." Day and night, night and day, the cry went out "all out for lecture." Clear and concise lecture notes were elaborated by explanations which dispelled "any points not quite clear." (We hope.) We all will remember Sandy's lectures and these made the starting point for our real job of work, now about to begin.

doubt about their popularity. In fact the 1st Troop boys were well "Done in the eye." Here is part of a conversation overheard at a recent dance in the village hall at Pokeno.

Girlish Voice: "Are you going away too; what! You and You?"

Answers: "Yes."

G.V.: "Gosh! All the best chaps are leaving us."

Get what we mean !!!

Let it not be thought, however, that the social side is the only side the Troop is successful in. As far as technical training is concerned the boys dug their toes in and certainly showed that they could make the grade. There was much keen rivalry between the members to make a good showing.

To return to the "Social Whirl" in which the troop excels, mention must be made of the farewell dance given

2/10/--- REX



"Pride of the Regiment."

Elmar Studios Photo.

Regimental Ball

THURSDAY, 2nd. JULY.

Well here we are chaps the Regimental Ball is on its way. The Coconut Grove Hall has been booked and quite a number of arrangements made. Next week it will be possible to tell you a lot more. All we can say now is—it is going to be a good show—you'll enjoy it.

Now then please find out from your girl friend, wife or somebody else's if she is coming. If so let a member of the committee know in writing. If you haven't a partner or can't get one also write to the committee and one will be found for you. Don't leave it till the last minute, hop in now!

by the Troop to the citizens of Pokeno (their daughters) shortly before the departure of the Troop for Palmerston North. The dance was a huge success and so no doubt were the farewells. As no first hand knowledge has come to hand of these partings, no mention of them can be made here. Perhaps, if readers referred to our fair headed gunner they may obtain some information on the subject. During the course of the dance a few of the boys sang two songs of their own composition, one of which is published here. The other, well, let us say it is too long for publication. Here is one of the songs to the tune of "Two Lovely Black-eyes."

Sine Tangent and Cot,
Reductions and bearings and what,
A humbling for us as we go away,
"Midst Sine Tangent and Cot.

Sec, cosec and cos,
With Pinochio's lassies we was,
As happy as Larry but we go away,
"Midst Sec, cosec and cos.

Cot Tangent and Sine,
No traverse resection we mind,
Solutions all novel and varied we get,
"Midst cot tangent and sine.

Cos cotan and tan,
Upset a well prepared plan,
For a very bright party on our week-
and leave,
—cos cotan and tan.

The boys will not forget "Pinochio" very quickly and it is a good guess that the local mail has increased considerably since May 25th, 1942.

The technique developed in Pokeno will now be brought into play in Awahuri where the Troop has established its camp for the time being. Let us hope that the technique meets with equal success with the new female talent coming under the eye of the Troop. One gentlemen in particular we're sure is positive that it will. Is he right? We wonder !!! Red hair is an attraction we think in the Survey Troop, almost equal in its power of attraction to fair or blonde locks. Progress reports will be published in these pages from time to time.

In reply to a note in last week's pages, let us say that our new gunner(s) "fit in" quite well.

Don't forget to watch these pages for progress reports on the "various" activities of the Troop. They will surely be interesting.

WELLINGTON VISIT

Rex's Reception

The trip to Wellington last Saturday should have taught us all something or other. It was more than just an impressive ceremony or even tribute to the Allied Nations. It was what might be described as a rehearsal and each man in the Regiment probably found he was deficient in something, drivers may have learned how to maintain distances and so on.

The Parade itself was inspiring but the reception Rex received was if anything more so. Perched on top of the cab in the care of Gunner Miller he looked himself, his salute at the saluting base was courteously acknowledged and the cheers which greeted him all along the route did not go to his head although sad to relate he became sick of them near the end of Courtenay Place.

As in action, a soldier can only describe his own immediate front, so with the Parade. The writer was in the Adjutant's car immediately behind Rex. Our Echelon went into action dead on zero hour immediately after a good breakfast and we were astounded at the organisation which had provided E.R.C. men at all cross roads. As some members of the Regiment have a well developed ability for scrounging, we were fortunate in having delightful hot tea at both meal halts, whilst a certain Don R made himself most adept at carrying jars of tea and sandwiches to vehicles fore and aft of us.

The parade in Wellington itself was a display of military strength, which

must have been a revelation to many of the general public as well as to ourselves. To all a reassurance of the power and ability of New Zealand to defend her shores. We did not see the infantry but from reports only a small section of 850 yards were on foot, the remainder being mounted. Altogether 800 vehicles, of which we were no flea bite, and 18 tanks took part. Included in the parade was also one 4 Battery gun which had a parade all to itself and is said to have impressed the natives of the capital city with its mobility.

For the benefit of those who travelled too fast to recognise faces at the saluting base, we reprint the names from "The Manawatu Times".

"The salute was taken by the Governor-General, Sir Cyril Newall, behind whom stood the General Officer Commanding the New Zealand Forces, Lieut.-General E. Puttick, C.B., D.S.O., the Chief of the Naval Staff, Sir Atwell Lake, the Chief of the Air Staff, Air Commodore R. V. Goddard and Colonel J. H. Nankivell representing the U.S. Minister to New Zealand; Brigadier General P. J. Hurley, Major-General N. W. McD. Weir, Central Divisional Commander, and Colonel H. M. Foster, Commandant, Central Military District were among the military executives present."

One of the features of the parade was the inclusion of a number of Indians, in native costume, representing part of the Mercantile Marine.

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FRIDAY, JUNE 19, 1942.

Sabotage

During a brief visit to Survey Troops' delightful camp, the editor was particularly impressed by the spirit of harmony pervading the whole outfit, but it was not until he saw the Troops' Guide written above the fireplace that he realised whence it came. Good officers and n.c.o.'s can work wonders, but they cannot of themselves bring about 100 per cent. harmony, which begets 100 per cent. teamwork which in turn begets 100 per cent. efficiency.

The writing on the wall was and is "Training time wasted is the worst form of sabotage." For the benefit of all concerned these words will appear at the bottom of this editorial in large type so that they can be cut out and pinned to the wall of our huts.

An army cannot function if there is a strong Fifth Column element indulging in sabotage working within its ranks. We all realise that there is an impression abroad everywhere that because we are working for 7s a day we do as little as possible for it. If the enemy landed on our shores are we going to let other chaps do the fighting? Are we going to let other chaps defend our homes, wives, sweethearts, mothers? Or are we going to pull our full weight?

Right! Well, then the position is that by slacking on unpleasant fatigues or drill we ARE committing the worst form of sabotage. Let us all try out a simple experiment for one week. Instead of taking as long as possible to do a job, let us get it done properly in as short a time as possible and then report back for training. It will be interesting to see what the reactions of the officers and n.c.o.'s will be. If they are the men the writer thinks they are, and they will have an agreeable surprise, the Regiment will be even better than it is and General Tojo, or whoever it is, will have had an impossible task when he comes.

After all, we ARE in the Army, Reveille is at 0630, lights out at 2200, we have got to be awake during those hours, so why not keep ourselves warm by honest toil. By this means we will have in our camp, as at Awahuri, 100 per cent. harmony, 100 per cent. teamwork and 100 per cent. efficiency.

Stick together, boys! Remember the banana—every time it leaves the bunch it gets skinned.

TRAINING TIME WASTED IS THE
WORST FORM OF SABOTAGE!

I Buried the Dead

(By "The Gaddy.")

"GOD SAVE THE KING" . . . I had brought the Press to a standstill after running off the first edition, and had sent the back pages to the comp-room for later additions, and was spending a minute or two reading the Old Man's editorial, which commenced with the words calling a blessing on His Majesty. There was no question, the Old Man could write when the spirit moved him, and on this occasion he had excelled himself.

Meanwhile, there was the usual back-chat, and growling and bustling going on in the press-room, but this, as usual, grew less as the time came near for the second edition to come to light.

Pinhead

Suddenly the door opened and "Pinhead" the secretary came in, and immediately there was a resentful silence. He was an unlikeable fellow, small in stature and mind, with the skin drawn tightly over his face, giving it a skull-like appearance, and his thin lips were always compressed in an irritating sneer. Those lips seldom opened, except to say something nasty. In fact, taken all in all he was a nasty piece of goods, having few friends, and deserving less. He passed the various hands at their jobs and none lifted an eye to give him a passing greeting. He went on to the foreman and stayed there a while conversing, his mouth opening as little as possible, as if, in response to the natural meanness of the fellow it regretted having to part with the words he uttered. He then passed back to his office, and the glooming gloom was dispelled. The foreman came over and I asked what special portion of unpleasantness "Pinhead" had dug up this time, but to my surprise there was not the usual expletive response. Instead, he looked at me quietly and said, "The Old Man fell dead at home an hour ago."

'The Old Man' Passes

So that was it. Old George had gone out suddenly. I felt a sense of loss, for though not a chummy fellow, he had at least been fair and courteous, two traits that "Pinhead" had never known, and could never experience. The second edition was delayed and it bore the news of the tragedy. It may be voicing a cliché detested of all newspapermen to write "a gloom was cast over the town and district," but in this case it has the virtue of being true, for the Old Man was widely known and, though not extensively popular, was certainly respected.

A few days later the funeral took place and certain of the staff acted as pall-bearers, and I, with the others attended. There was a large concourse of the public and the immediate vicinity of his home from which the cortege was to start was crowded, while a long line of cars were parked in adjacent streets. As the time grew nearer for us to leave, the low hum of suppressed conversation died away and when the door of the house opened there was a startling silence.

Slowly the pall-bearers came down the few front steps, the brilliant summer sun scintillating on the highly-polished surface of the casket with its ornate plated ornamentals glinting and gleaming, as they turned and placed it in the hearse. Heads were bared, and the silence became even more intense. It was rudely broken by the squeaking of an uncoiled roller in the hearse floor

and this noise seemed to be almost blasphemously raucous, and jarred on the taut nerves of everybody present. Wreaths were piled high on the coffin, reflecting the grief of friends and the regrets of acquaintances, and a following carriage was further filled with similar tributes. The cortege moved slowly to the cemetery where the huge crowd was made larger still by those who had gone direct thereto. The parson read the service, and as he did so I looked around and noted that there was not a section of the community that was not represented. His family, his friends, his business associates, members of his lodges and of the various sports bodies, representatives of the political party to which he had given allegiance, and which he had served so well, were all there as were hundreds upon hundreds of the folk from the town and countryside. As the casket was lowered into the grave the silence was broken by a woman's sobbing. Somewhere in the distance a dog barked and the sound cut dead across the ceremonies with something of a shock.

A Work of Charity

The next day, turned out very wet, and with that remarkable faculty for quick changes for which the district was noted, very cold as well. I had hardly started my day's work when the phone bell went, and I was told that the local parish priest was wanting me. I went to the office, not feeling too pleased, for early interruptions meant hurry and bustle later, and I had always been an easy sinner and abhorred rush. The priest told me that he wanted me over at the Presbytery at 10.30 that morning, and when I mildly demurred, told me that my presence was imperative, as there was a work of charity that had to be done . . . the burial of the dead! The body of an old swaggar had been found in a gully near the town, and a hurried Coroner's inquiry having been held the previous night, the funeral was fixed for 10.30 that morning. I went across and met five other men who were to be pall-bearers, and together we attended the preliminary service in the morgue.

As the priest intoned the prayers, I gazed at the coffin. No highly-polished casket this. Just a plain square box, daubed all over with an evil-smelling black coating of some creosote preparation which dripped in slow blobs on to the concrete floor. A mean enough box in all conscience. Depressingly black, the only relief being given by a dazlingly white crucifix which reposed on the lid. There was something else on that lid as well . . . it was a square piece of tin, on which was painted, in an amateurish hand, the dead man's name, and the date, with the consoling letters, R.I.P. Time came to place this box into the closed-in lorry which was to serve as hearse, and the undertaker gave us pieces of sacking so that our hands would be protected from the creosote. He told us on no account to attempt to use the handles. I looked at them. They were just pieces of dull tin, punched out into the shape of handles, and I noticed that one of the nails had bent over and that the board itself was slightly cracked.

A Well-worn Tobacco Tin

We started for the cemetery with the rain teeming down and the wind blowing cold. On arrival, the crude coffin was placed at the graveside while the priest read the burial service, tiny

Valedictory

MAJOR GOW RETURNS TO CIVIL LIFE.

It is with a feeling of regret that the Regiment says farewell to their friend the Padre, who had ralleied amongst the boys through mud, rain and wind with a smile and cheery re-tort.

Padre is a man of few words but was always on the alert to do a kindness for anyone who was in need and would go out of his way to do so.

He always stood by his convictions whether right or wrong in his own quite way. Although not a player of sports, he gave his very best in encouraging all he contacted to keep the game clean.

If any man wanted advice The Padre was his man. He could always be found in the "Y" saying "next please, any more" and always with a smile.

Well in parting, Padre, the 2nd Field Regiment wish you all the best for the future, where and when you are guided among other units or in civil life.

Yours Friends, Padre,
The 2nd Field Regt. N.Z.A.

CONGRATULATIONS 5TH BATTERY

5th Battery may growl about guards and fatigues, but they still do them and do some of them well. Guards may sleep and guards may wake but when Gunners Stewart and Trevor are on the coppers the water is always boiling. With these two jolly seedless raisins on the job last Sunday the whole camp could have had a bath.

BIRTHDAYS.

Many happy returns Gunner D. War-nock, 21 and never been kissed, eh? Also to Gunner Wenman of Base. Hope the recovery was worth it.

CONDOLENCE.

The Battery Commander, Officers and men of the 6th Battery N.Z.A. and his friends throughout the Regiment wish to extend to Sergeant A. S. Bradbury and his mother their deepest sympathy at the recent death of his father.

pools and lakelets forming on the lid the meanwhile. At the point where the coffin was to be lowered into the grave the priest stepped forward, removed the crucifix and in its place put a battered tobacco tin which had been worn smooth by much handling. The service proceeded amid the rain and the wind. No woman's sobbing broke the silence for, apart from us pall-bearers each of whom was a stranger to the other, we were alone with the dead. No dog's bark came across the countryside, for on this bleak, cold day on which we were burying a man who had had no roof over his head, no home to call his own, farmers and dog lovers saw to it that their dogs enjoyed the warmth and the comfort of their kennels. Finally the obsequies were finished, the black box was lowered into the gaping hole, coming to rest on the squelching mud at the bottom. We turned away. The work of charity was finished!

They Fade Away

On returning to the Presbytery we each partook of a glass of wine, and bid each other adieu, the priest and myself alone being left. I asked him how he knew that the "unknown" was a Catholic, and he told me that a cheap rosary had been found in his pocket.

"But how did you know his name?" I asked. He replied, "It was told me by a queen." Noting my mystification, he added, "In that old battered tobacco tin was an Imperial Army Medal. His name was engraved round the edge, and on its reverse side were the words 'For Long Service and Good Conduct, while on its face was the head of Victoria the Good.'"

"For Long Service and Good Conduct" . . . and a swaggar who was found dead in a gully.

I have often thought of that second funeral. I have often thought of what he had been, of what he had seen. And to-day I think of his passing . . . GOD SAVE THE KING!

Sleep! Soldier, Sleep! Though there be none to mourn you,
Or to weep o'er your cold bier to-day,
Too soon had your loved ones forgot
And your name from this earth passed
away.

The man you had loved as a brother,
Soon a friend in your place quickly
gained,
While your dog may have watched o'er
another,
And your steed by a stranger was
reined.

But your country has full done the duty,
That's due to the true and the brave,
For your service and good conduct,
surely
Your recompense, a poor pauper's
grave.

The E.P.S. warden was giving Mrs Malaprop a few elementary hints in case of air raids. Afterwards he asked if what he had explained was quite clear to her.

"Yes, sir," she replied, "but it's going to be a sticky business, these syrup pumps."

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Camp Talent

ENJOYABLE EVENING.

A la the Beggar's opera the concert given by members of the Regiment last Wednesday was announced by Messrs Garner and G. Harvey in true showmanship style.

The Band under the baton of Sergeant J. Connolly opened the proceedings with items well up to their usual standard. Worthy of special mention were Bandsman Bill Ellison and the new member, Bandsman Jack Ward.

Gunner Carter accompanied the Community Sing, led by Lieut. Garner. Lieut. Cutts and Sergeant Tustin sang a duet at this time which was not heard until the tune was changed.

Mr Rees Thomas, accompanied by C.O. Johnson, held his audience when he sang "Oh Promise Me," and in response to long applause "Arise O Sun."

Sergeant W. Downs tickled the ivories to well appreciated effect. So much so that Mr Garner had great difficulty in continuing the programme.

Orderly Sergeant Bombardier Nicolas gave the low down on a trip he and Capt. Dixon had in Wellington followed by a command performance of "The British Working Man" which brought the house down. For sheer comedy, Per-

manent Wednesday Orderly Sergeant Bombardier Nicolas (Nick for short) takes the cake.

Bandsmen Bill Ellison (Clarionette) and Keven Hanify (Trombone) rendered "Tasmania" as a duet. Both men displayed their true love of music. C.O. Johnson played the accompaniment.

Bandsman Bailey sang "The Company Sergeant Major" to a most appreciative audience who insisted on the encore, "Take a Pair of Sparkling Eyes."

The Band played with excellent precision "Gardes du Corps." This music giving them the opportunity to display to perfection what they can do.

Tumbleweeds Harvey and J. Brown gave an excellent exhibition of gymnastics of a very high standard.

Gunner Jack Marshall, accompanied by Gunner Carter entertained with "The Bones" in his own inimitable style.

The Regimental Choir consisting of Captain Dixon, Lieuts. Rees Thomas, Kemp, Holmes, Garner, Mr Harvey, C.O.'s Johnson, D. King, N. Margin, accompanied by Sergeant W. Downs harmonised a number of popular melodies.

Gunner Carter brought forth music from the old joana to the delight of the audience. During this item Mr Harvey gave his celebrated "Eccentric Flea" act in a most seductive manner.

Before the final item by the Band, Mr Kemp thanked the performers on behalf of the audience and made an appeal for other artists in the Regiment to contact him so that further equally enjoyable evenings of a similar nature can be held.

The guests of honour were: the C.O. Lt.-Col. C. F. Rowe, Major Flux, Mr and Mrs D. Honore, Miss O. Honore, Miss Findlay, Captains Dixon, Babington and Linton (new Padre), Lieuts. R. Wright, Murray, Page, Kemp, Rees Thomas, S. Reid, Holmes, Cutts Cornish, Pavitt and Durbin, Cadet Officers J. Johnson, D. King and N. Mangen. (This being the first public appearance of the two latter since their return from O.C.T.U.)

"Dates to be controlled," reads a headline.

"Really," says our typist, "that's going a bit too far."

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Sports and How We Play

Rugby

Owing to the "glamour" parade last Saturday, Artillery was not represented in the competition matches.

BATTERY FOOTBALL.

What has happened to the organisation of inter-battery football? After a promising and flourishing start, it has now degenerated into a mere handful of players; so much so that last Wednesday the only game played was a scratch match. With the exception of three R.H.Q. all the personnel came from 4th Battery. Surely the Regiment can do better than that; if a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing well; therefore, let's see a bit of action and a real effort made to keep the Wednesday games going with a swing.

Hockey

REGIMENT V. A.S.C.

On Wednesday the Regiment was scheduled to play the A.S.C. at home, but by starting time only 4 Battery had arrived at the playing field. It was 5 and 6 Batteries loss as the game proved the most enjoyable played this season. A scratch team was hastily picked as follows: Goal, Aukram; full-backs, Chisholm, Miller; halves, Jessop (some-time), Purvis, Gilbert; forwards, Tilson, Paul, Searle, Della, Braddock.

The team included a few novices who wielded their sticks, if not with skill, at least with vigour. The most notable perhaps being the "Aunt Sally" who protected only by the hairs on his legs manfully got in the way of quite a few good ones.

Gunner Chisholm came to light with another of his uncanny defensive games and was a damned nuisance to the A.S.C. forwards. When called up to the circle for a penalty bully, he clouted the ball cleanly between the sticks for our one and only goal. Gar. Searle was a trier all the way, but the halves played too far back to enable our forwards to be the scoring force they could have been. Sergeant Jessop played a rather unorthodox game with methods more in keeping with "All-in wrestling, but at any rate it can be said that he was a worry to his opponents—and to his teammates. Sergeant Jessop and Gunner Purvis staged many a thrilling fight for the ball which would have been more interesting still if they both had not been playing for the same side.

Driver Kelly scored 2 goals for the A.S.C., the last one resulting from a cleverly angled "push" shot.

The final score: A.S.C. 2, Regiment, or I should say 4th Battery 1.

All About a Dog

(A True Story).

4 Battery Please Note.

Bill Smith claimed that he was a dog fancier, by which is meant that he knew a good "dogg" when he saw one, but Bill had the unfortunate habit of picking on dogs of doubtful ancestry and by close analysis, endeavoured to trace their good points, for Bill believed that there is some good to be found even in the worst of dogs. For example Bill claimed that if a dog had two long hairs under his chin, he was the second pup of a litter; if three hairs, it was the third pup and so on. If the dog had a black roof to its mouth, this was the symbol of good breeding somewhere. There were people who looked upon Bill as an authority and believed all he said, thus Bill gained a reputation of being able to "pick 'em" at a glance. But there were others who regarded Bill as a crank, and decided to pull Bill's leg. One day while Bill was weeding his front garden, one of the village wags happened along "quite by accident." Leading a dog which bore the markings of what might be termed an artists dream of camouflage. The family tree of this particular dog went so far back that it became impossible to find out how he first got started. Bill looked up just as the village wag came through the front gate. One quick glance and Bill's critical eye took in everything about that dog, particularly the fact that it had no collar and was being led by a short, heavy and well worn piece of rope. He was at once suspicious. Instinct told him that something was afoot. "Take it away" said Bill "and drown it." Much shocked by this sudden and quite unexpected attack the village wag attempted to bluff. "This dog was given to me as a good watch dog," he said. But Bill was unmoved. "Go and drown it, shoot it, smother it, do anything you like with it, but don't let it stay here dislodging fleas in my garden," said Bill. The village wag was worried. He showed embarrassment. Bill weakened—at least he pretended to weaken. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "You come with me now, and we'll go out into the country and get rid of it." Suiting action to words he went to the garage, backed out his model T Ford, and slipping something into his pocket, invited

The Common Round

(By Wayfarer.)

This is WAFE calling. Many of you will have been wondering what old "Wafe" thinks about the war. So is he. Now here is old "Wafe" in person to tell you what he doesn't know about it, and, believe us, that is plenty. Ladies and gentleman, Mr "Wafe."

Good morning, everybody! You have probably read in the newspaper hoardings that there's a war on. Well, there is, too. The British are fighting the Germans, and the Germans are fighting the Russians, and the Japanese are fighting the Australians, and the Americans are fighting the Japanese, and the French are fighting the Vichy Government, and the Balkan States are fighting one another, and the political parties in New Zealand are fighting among themselves. So far nobody has exactly won, but the Italians have lost.

Now let us take you over to the Russian front. Here Hitler has started another great push. The last one he started ended up in his face, and probably this one will too, if he hasn't yet lost his face entirely. In the south the Germans report that they are driving the Russians to the east, off the Kerch Peninsula. Just a little to the north the Russians, under Marshal Timoshenko, report that they are driving the Germans to the west. Well, the conclusion we must draw from this is obvious. If the Germans keep on driving east they will come to the Black Sea, where they'll have to get out and swim, and then to the Caucasus, where they'll have to get out and walk. Meanwhile if the Russians keep driving west they'll find themselves sooner or later in Germany, where they will be entitled to have a rest. So among all the strategic possibilities we have to consider, the most interesting—we will not venture to say the most likely, but you never know—is that the Germans may take Russia and the Russians may take Germany. This would create a very grave language difficulty, probably foul. Good evening, everybody!

This is WAFE calling. You have just heard . . . (fade out to the strains of the Amalgamated Pig Iron Apprentices' Mates' Silver Brass Band playing "Dance of the Merry Gnomes.")

This is WAFE calling. What is Hitler's secret weapon? Many of you will have wanted to know what this secret weapon is that the Germans claim to be using on the Eastern Front. So have the Germans. Here is "Wayfarer," the distinguished columnist of the Daily Times, to tell you. Mr "Wayfarer":

At lev bin asked to tell you what Ai noo about the Nezzis' secret wep'n. Well, kendidly Ai don't! Yeu noo, no-buddy does noo, reahly, or et wooden be secret! Mai own b'lef, tharfore, is thet ayther et isn' secret or et isn' a wep'n. We hev haired a lot letely about improved British bomb blast. This is no secret. The Gairmans hev haired a lot of British bomb blast too. Now Hitler is replying with bombast. So perhaps thet's his secret wep'n. We ken only conjecture, but this we dou noo, thet his bombast gives off a very poisonous gas. Chairy-ou.

the village wag and his canine friend to get aboard. Five miles from town on a lonely country road he pulled up. "Now," said Bill "this dog's death is going to be quick, sudden and painless." Pulling a plug of "gelly" with fuse attached from his pocket, he set about tying it to the dog's tail. Turning to the village wag he told him to find a stone and spit on it and let the dog see it. "When I light the fuse you call the dog and throw the stone into that paddock," said Bill. By this time the village wag was showing visible signs of nervousness, and began talking to the dog and gently whistling to it and showing it the stone. The dog evidently had some retriever strain in it for it was just "rearin' to go" and when the stone sailed through the air the dog went after it with a trail of smoke steaming from its tail. But the fuse was too long, and the dog had retrieved the stone and was bringing it back, and the charge had not gone off. Bill meantime had jumped into his car and was some fifty yards down the road and gathering speed. As he looked back he could see the village wag sprinting after him, hat in hand and calling frantically. It was a race against time. Bill had a good lead—the village wag was holding second place and the dog coming up fast in third place. Suddenly an explosion split the air and the dog was "no more." Bill kept his foot on the gas and as he topped a hill he looked back. The village wag was still running—slower certainly, but he was still running. From that day Bill has had no further trouble with practical jokers, nor has he set eyes on the village wag who was given a watch dog.

WHAT WHAT ! !

Proud Father in 6th Battery inspecting triplets for first time. "See what you get with practice."

Haidresser: "Shall I give you a shampoo Madam?" Mrs Newlyrich: "I can afford the Best, a genuine Poo or nothing at all."

Things We Want to Know

How did a certain n.c.o. acting as a D.R. manage to get bacon and eggs for breakfast at Paraparaumu last Saturday morning?

How effective cycling is, as an aid to swimming?

Who is the S.M. in camp who wears his heart on his singlet? Perhaps one Ali Bah-Bah could throw a little light on the subject?

Was this same S.M. told "he could have a drink" by a certain young lady who looks up when you say "Stacey"? A little bird whispered that this same young lady is saving hard to buy a high chair for Junior and the aforesaid S.M. has contributed 9d towards the worthy cause.

Who was the Sergeant who stopped a full bucket of water? Why wasn't it used for putting out the fire?

Which Cracks in the Sergeant's Mess does S/M McManus want filling with putty?

Which S/M wants to revert to the rank of D.R.?

Who was the mechanical dumb waiter on Saturday?

On Saturday did the Telegraph Poles make Rex think of his heaven?

What did Sergeant Bowman mean when he asked some girls to pull up their slacks? Had he R and O'd the trip with Mr Johnson the night before?

Has anyone heard Bombardier Crash Cottingham say "Good" with a mouth full of sandwich?

Which Don R made port near Paraparaumu?

Who was the S/M who waved to his wife in Wellington and had it acknowledged by his Palmerston North girl friend? Is this military strategy?

When will a certain S/M refrain from falling off his M/cycle on a Pansy Parade?

Which orderly room Sergeant deputised the Adjutant to wave to his wife?

What did Q.M.S. Dennehy mean when he said "Cokey" was just nice last Saturday?

What useful service did Sergeant Graham's pay book serve the same day?

What denomination does Staff/Sergeant Kitchener belong to? Surely Sunday is also a day of rest for him?

Who had his teeth cleaned in Main Street by the rain?

What did Sergeant Lawson say to the Young Lady in Levin?

Where were the trombones last Sunday afternoon? Hadn't they any wind left?

Is it true that S/M Barker has found a good cook? Surely Peas, Pears and Peaches come out of tins, but their cooking spuds is an art.

What duties take a Regimental Orderly Officer into the Cafe de Paris with company not the Orderly Surg?

Which Guard tried to challenge Mr Harvey but found he had lost his voice at the boxing?

Is it true that Sergeant Ron Pearce is practising aviation?

Was Bombardier Ron Mowbray quite convinced on Wednesday night that Ken Hanify was not swallowing his trombone?

Why did B.S.M. Doug King sit in the front and no ladies present, will wonders never cease?

Is it true that Captain Babington said Bow-Wow when he saw his two man hunt?

Does Gunner Philips of 4 Battery need more packings? His solid work at mess supplies the answer.

Who was the newly promoted S/Sergeant seen with his jacket off, wheeling a barrow and how long did it last?

Did Lt. Cutts cut the community sing on Wednesday?

Did the kitten enjoy the concert?

Does C.O. Johnson disapprove of classical music being jazzed? Has his intended seen his face when he is peeved?

What did a certain officer mean when he said that there was a certain amount of talent sitting down?

Is lawn mowing a good cure for gastritis?

What attracts Maori Bugs to Bandsman Moates?

BOYS!

Did you realise that SLIPPERS would solve your "What-to-give" problem?



P.D.C. HAS! AND HERE ARE THREE RELIABLE LINES TO CHOOSE FROM. AND NO COUPONS ARE REQUIRED!

Special Value! Ladies' Felt Slippers in a wide variety of good colours. Attractive bow or pom trimming. Steam blocked to give perfect fit. Sizes 2 to 7.

Price 4/11

Ladies' Felt Slippers in fancy punched effect with strong leather toe cap. Soft cushion heel and leather sole. Silk braid trim. Sizes 3 to 6.

Price 8/6

All Leather Slippers with 1/2 in. wooden heel. Soft leather sole and silk poms to tone. Green, Blue, Red, Brown and Black. Sizes 2 to 7.

Price 12/6

ALSO MEN'S SLIPPERS — MEN'S DEPT.

PREMIER DRAPERY CO. LTD.

"THE SUNNY CORNER," PALMERSTON NORTH.

Picture Pars

Regent.—"Babes on Broadway" proves one thing—youth still maintains its supremacy in the motion picture world. A splendidly contrived combination of music, dancing, comedy and pathos, this new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, serves as the perfect show window for the talents of its co-stars, Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland. Literally full of music, the picture also offers Virginia Weidler in a departure from her usual dramatic role, singing and dancing. Two other notable additions are Ray McDonald and Richard Quine, newcomers from the New York stage, with Fay Bainter, Donald Meek and Alexander Woolcott represented in adult roles.

Meteor.—"Female Correspondent" a motion picture of importance. Starring Herbert Marshall and Virginia Bruce and featuring young Gene Reynolds opens to-day at the Meteor Theatre. The film gives a gripping account of a scandal in congress, of a blonde radio reporter determined to "get the story!" and of a senate page boy bewildered by the breathlessness of today's events. Marshall, cast as the junior senator from New York, finds the blonde Miss Bruce a continual annoyance, Chairman of an important defence committee, possessor of secrets of international importance, he is besieged not only by the press but by a Wall St. lobbyist to whom advance information would be of infinite value.

Mayfair.—"Tuxedo Junction" is loaded with down-to-earth comedy and the type of human interest that appeals to the masses. "Tuxedo Junction" is a first-rate family fare. This is the best Weaver Bros. film to date. The associate feature "Dangerous Lady" will please fans who like murder in triple doses, and mirth in carload lots. The film is loaded with laughs and larceny, mystery and murder from the opening moment, and the pace does not let up for an instant.

Did S/Sgt. Kitchener say grace at an appropriate time?

Who was the 6th Battery Gunner with the dirty tongue 'Taint the butter 'twas tainted. (oh rotten!)

How does Q.M.S. Mexted warm up a brazier?

Who was the 6th Battery Bdr. who kissed his girl in town from the window of an F.A. Tractor? Was he a confectionist or just in love?

What heat sings the Adjutant's eyelashes?

Talking about Sergeants-Major, has anyone ever seen Js.P. on the bench?

What WE want to know is who "borrowed" the "Times" Editor's Bike? It has been returned from the vicinity of Linton, so was only "Mist." Information sought by "Times" staff.

If S/M Still is any judge of horse-flesh? If he can ride and how he wangles rides with a certain W.W.S.A.?

Why did Sergeant Lawson require two other Sergeants to assist him with his fan mail?

Why Sergeant Cains doesn't learn to express himself in English when wrestling with I.P. tents?

Which B.C. ran his truck into the mud at Waiouru?

Are the officer's wives coming to the Regimental Dance?

Which Battery parts its hair down the middle?

Does Lieut. Fisher so bore his host and hostess that he puts them to sleep?

Have all members of Survey Troop become Uncles except the father, 2/10/S36a? Again! Many happy returns!

Why did the midnight train fail to run? Couldn't a Foster train be engaged?

Which 5th Battery Gunner has NOT made friends with Rex?

What did S/Sgt. Harris say when a guard informed him that he (S/S Harris) was not marching the prisoners?

Who was the Band Sergeant who used his hands in the R.H.Q. men's mess to eat some of their pudding?—Manners Please ! !

Why does Bandsman Neil use a hot water bottle? Can't he take it or is it maybe a good excuse?

Who is the Sergeant who can manoeuvre a motor-cycle at 90 m.p.m. with his feet on the handle bars although very tired after a hard days work?

Who was the N.C.O. who did maintenance, while still in bed, at Pannini?

Which officer has his double on a certain farm up North?

Who was the gunner seen running round in moneybelt, undies and gumboots, on a certain Friday night?

Why were haircuts at Pokeno much more popular than anywhere else?

Who is responsible for increased demand for belts, O.S. Webb, waist?

The Padre's Message

A good deal of romance has centered round the 'changing of the guard.' It is an ancient custom in the Army, and carries with it a symbolism that is meant to express the constant vigil that must be maintained over those things in a nation's life that are of infinite worth. Crowds assemble at St. James Palace to witness the time honoured ceremony. This ancient ceremony symbolises the never ceasing vigil that guards our Empires, the embodiment of a constitution wrought out on the anvil of human experience and founded upon the great and enduring principles of a christian democracy.

When we "change guard" it is the handing on of a pledge and trust, a duty done by honour bound.

We can make it if we will a parable of life itself. Life is a trust constantly being handed on from one generation to another. When our days work is done we must all appear before the great captain to give an account of the deeds done in the body. That is a serious thought for every one of us, then it will be not so much what we have done, BUT WHAT WE ARE. It is Christian life and character that is the greatest thing in life—without that we have forever failed. Yes, how shall it be for us at the changing of the guard when you and I hand on to posterity the trust that God placed in our safe keeping. To-day we stand guard against the great devastating night of Paganism. God help us to be true to our trust—our trust not only of King and Empire, but that greater loyalty to Jesus Christ, the King and Lord of all.

Perhaps in some sense at best the Padre may be regarded as a guardian of the things for which the Christian Church bears witness. He, if he is worth anything at all, must be no coward in the fight against sin and evil. Yet he must be no Don Quixote tilting at his imaginary windmills. He must be a man who knows life and who is no theorist, but one who knows and believes the things whereof he speaks. Some cynic suggests that the "Padre" resembles a lamp post in that he needs a constitution of iron to withstand the rebuffs of the world and yet keep the light of goodness and truth, and love shining. In the great moral and spiritual battle of life it is our job to stand guard. It is not a particularly easy job as some suppose, most of us will be well satisfied when our trust of life is handed on, to have fulfilled in our life and witness the apostolic injunction "that having done all to stand."

Again the Padres are changing guard in camp and the Rev. J. Linton, C.F. 4th Class takes over. Padre Linton is a Minister of the Presbyterian Church of New Zealand, who lately resigned his charge in Dunedin for military service. He hopes to be with the Regiment until called for overseas service.

Padre Linton comes from the Wairarapa and began his University Training in Victoria College, Wellington. He then went to Otago and after gaining his Master of Art degree entered Knox Theological College, Dunedin where he trained for the Christian Ministry. Padre Linton has played for 'Varsity in rugby and for three years held the important post of secretary to the Students Christian Union at the University of Otago.

In the training of its Ministers the Presbyterian Church of New Zealand adheres closely to the Scottish tradition of education. Before a man is admitted to Theological training he must have a University degree or University training of equivalent standard. The course for the ministry is thus a minimum course of six years intensive training embracing a wide range of cultural and theological subjects. It is the practice of the church to select only fully ordained men as Chaplains to the forces.

Padre Linton is a man not only of academic standing, but of Christian training and experience. He comes among you as the representative of the Christian Church, and above all as a true soldier of Jesus Christ the Head and King of the Church. As such, you will find the Padre a very true friend and comrade who is keen to be at the service of every fellow in camp. Don't hesitate to make a friend of the Padre, you won't regret it.

It is with real pleasure that the "old guard Padre" hands over. Though not done with stately ceremony it is done nevertheless in the spirit of Christian brotherhood as between one Padre and another, I know from experience that the 2nd Field will not fail to make the Padre feel very much at home in the Regiment. I have no doubt he will prove a much better "gunner" than the last one once he gets the "angle of sight" on the things that count. Wishing you on the Padre all the best.

The Old Guard,
Murray A. Gow.

It is stated on the best authority that the new Padre is in no way connected with the family that chose the mud of "Linton" as their ancestral seat, since passed through many hands until it has finally become the proud possession of the Army, boots and all.
—Historian 2nd. Field.

The Guest: "Been long in the service of the family, Jenks?"
The Butler: "Indeed, sir; I am now serving the third degeneration."



Blind Man's Buff: "Now—now I'm close to Uncle George!"

HE ASKED FOR IT.

Home Guardsmen were attending a school of instruction near Auckland and among them were some quick-witted Maoris from further north. An Imperial Sergeant-Major, 1918 vintage, and a damn smart drill, was putting them through some bayonet fighting. It was hectic and by the end of the third round the Maori veteran's voice gave out and he slipped away for a quick one, first handing the parade over to an underling. This varlet—that's a military rank isn't it—got the enthusiastic bayoneteers going again, all the time backing away from them. He worked over near the corner of a building round which he slipped before breaking into a gallop for the nearest wet canteen. The squad stood at ease, and was just beginning to fidget when the Sergeant-Major appeared, refreshed and anxious to catch somebody with a shrewd one. Without waiting to wipe the froth of his face-fungus he pointed at the nearest man, a Maori, and shrieked "where's your bayonet-boss?" The Maori flicked a thumb towards the corner of the building and murmured: "He's just gone to the lavatory."



She: "Do you think there are people living on the moon?"
He: "No, but for safety's sake you can pull the blind down."

"IT"

The generally accepted idea that officers have an easy conquest where the ladies are concerned received a terrific jolt at the National Club the other night. A battery officer who arrived at the club seeking a nice young lady came into competition with an N.C.O. of "one of these attached units" and fought a losing battle; in fact he was "cutt(s)" right out. "Wasn't he Sir?" To add insult to injury he even had his next nights out ruined by the same N.C.O.

To cap the whole evening, however, a gunner ruined the evening for both Officer and N.C.O. by taking the young lady home, going to prove that "It" isn't rank.

A NUISANCE.

Overheard in the Empire. One of our cooks who didn't fight last Wednesday week on being chaffed about it said: "I can't fight, but I'm a nuisance to those who can."

The telephone rang in Mr Burton's office and Mr Burton was busy. "Hullo," he shouted irritably, "who's there?" "Is that Mr Burton?" asked a voice. "It is Mr Burton. What do you want?"

"This is Robinson, Robinson, Smith, Bullock and Robinson, solicitors." "Oh, well, good-morning, good-morning, good-morning, good-morning and good-morning."

READ

"THE TIMES"

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

*READ

THE OBSERVATION POST
Its Printed by "THE TIMES."

Survey Troop

S stands for Scrounging, experts are we;
U is for Union, Hell drivers, M.T.;
R could be Ryan, one of our sergeant chaps,
V is for 'Virtue,' over motto (perhaps);
E is the Energy used in our task,
Y this should be, is too much to ask.
T is for Tasker, our dashing C.O.
R's his 'Rotating'—that makes us go!
O is Ourselves, and our dance invitations,
Only the 'strong 'uns' withstand our flirtations,
Please do not judge us too hard as a group,
For we're really a swell, well 'organised', Troop.
D.W.S.

Manawatu Races To-morrow

For the convenience of the boys going to the races to-morrow we give below the acceptances. The Editor expects 50 per cent. of all dividends as a bonus.

11.25 a.m. NGATA HACK AND HUNTERS Hurdles, of £150 13 miles.			
Talanta	10 9	Blue Note	9 0
Hunting Lore	10 9	Bright Lad	9 0
Parekura	10 0	Bronze Ora	9 0
Little Ruse	9 10	Cherry Hunter	9 0
Rockery	9 10	Colossal Chief	9 0
Authores	9 10	Classic	9 0
Trig Station	9 9	Elusory	9 0
Master Cykion	9 6	Flying Spy	9 0
Rich Blood	9 6	Juma	9 0
Vengeance	9 2	Rollaway	9 0
Acrobat	9 0	Squeers	9 0
Black Saint	9 0	Vadano	9 0

12 noon. RUAHINE HANDICAP No. 1. £150; 6 furlongs.			
High Class	10 2	Midian Star	8 0
First Round	9 2	Mihinui	8 0
Rebel Lady	8 11	Mymarta	8 0
Bright Lady	8 9	Once Again	8 0
Varuna	8 2	Po Huka	8 0
Golden Acre	8 2	Self	8 0
Amminol	8 0	Preservation	8 0
Bunsby	8 0	Taitere	8 0
Commando	8 0	To Pourouhe	8 0
Gale Duchesse	8 0	Theatre	8 0
Hikorangi	8 0	Watchett	8 0
Josette	8 0		

12.40 p.m. MANAWATU STEEPLECHASE, of £150 About 3 miles.			
Enjoyment	11 4	Anini	9 0
Foxiana	11 4	Hanover	9 0
Chai	10 6	Skyway	9 0
Ruling Star	9 12	Stokowski	9 0

1.20 p.m. MANAWATU WINTER CUP, of £300. 13 miles.			
Old Bill	9 13	The Monarch	8 10
Erdale	9 9	Minority	8 7
Noble Fox	9 7	Centrepiece	8 5
Yogi	9 4	Sr Cameron	8 5
Amigo	9 4	Winsome Lu	8 3
Classform	9 3	Myarion	8 2
Full Hand	9 2	Beau Ciel	8 0
Atrous	8 13	Maestro	8 0
Expellent	8 10	Vitnent	8 0

2 p.m. KANGITIRA HURDLES, of £250. 13 miles			
Gay Fox	10 7	Hessketoon	9 12
Gold Spot	10 7	Cuisinier	9 10
Malacca	10 3	Matarao	9 10
Dorado	10 0	Renascor	9 9
Master	9 12	Kena	9 5
Appellant	9 12	Young Charles	9 2
Colibri	9 12		

2.40 p.m. RUAHINE HANDICAP No. 2. £150 6 furlongs.			
Cheddington	9 8	Keen Play	8 0
Noble Eagle	8 11	Midlass	8 0
Teacony	8 11	Miner's Hope	8 0
Potomac	8 4	Namesake	8 0
Courting	8 2	Passionace	8 0
Lady Virginia	8 2	Rackman	8 0
Belle Renarde	8 0	Sr Knight	8 0
Claration	8 0	Tasman Taxi	8 0
Flying Spray	8 0	Tetratina	8 0
Gay Bolly	8 0	The Grand	8 0
Hunting Princess	8 0		

3.20 p.m. RONGOTEA HANDICAP, of £300. 7 furlongs.			
Burra Sahib	9 12	Whackie	8 4
Baloyna	9 6	Dark Eagle	8 3
Expellent	9 4	Royal Star II	8 3
Augment	9 1	Absolve	8 0
Night	8 9	Dainty Sheila	8 0
Eruption	8 6	Flying Hawk	8 0
Saint Tor	8 9	Foxwood	8 0
Duncannon	8 7	Nuna	8 0
Duality	8 5	Sceptre	8 0
Foreign Coin	8 5	Silver Cloud	8 0

4 p.m. MANGAWHATA HANDICAP (Hack Conditions), of £175. 1 miles, 1 furlong.			
Hinkler	9 10	Bournemouth	8 0
Sr Dingle	9 5	Curtall	8 0
Little Rose	9 3	Desert Tide	8 0
August	8 13	Gold Court	8 0
Don Quex	8 3	Greek Idol	8 0
Al Bunsby	8 10	Henry of	8 0
Rebel Lady	8 10	Huntingdon	8 0
Red Chief	8 10	inventor	8 0
Bendemeer	8 7	Little Ruse	8 0
Kinkajou	8 7	Midola	8 0
Renarde	8 7	Red Warden	8 0
Prince Shad	8 4	Sr Mark	8 0
Sr Fox	8 3	Scrutator	8 0
Tau Uru	8 3	Sovereign Lad	8 0
Alchemy	8 0	Wildfire	8 0
Arohatoon	8 0	Winning Smile	8 0
Batsman	8 0	Young Jim	8 0

THE SOLUTION.

A little lady in a nearby town earned herself the soubriquet of "Two-Bob Tiny," from the troops quartered there. Greatly annoyed, she at last went to the police about it, and found a placid constable in charge.

She told her story, and asked advice. The puzzled constable scratched his head, thought for a long space, and at length offered brilliantly: "I'll tell you, Miss. Just you bring your price down a penny—that'll fool 'em!"

Palmerston's Leading Theatres Present

REGENT — Commencing FRIDAY: 2, 5 and 7.45 p.m.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Stream-lined Musical Comedy

MICKEY
ROONEY

JUDY
GARLAND

— In —

"BABES ON BROADWAY"

The Fastest All Out All Youth Musical Comedy Blitz Ever!

Plans at C. & C.'s, 7178. (Approved for Univ. Exhibition.)

FRIDAY NEXT—

BOB HOPE in "LOUISIANA PURCHASE."

—THE METEOR THEATRE—

SCREENING DAILY AT 2 P.M. AND 7.45 P.M.

COMMENCING TO-DAY, FRIDAY, JUNE 19th.

HERBERT
MARSHALL

VIRGINIA
BRUCE

— Starring in —

"FEMALE CORRESPONDENT"

"FEMALE CORRESPONDENT"

With the New Young Star,

GENE REYNOLDS

IT'S ONE OF THE YEAR'S MOST EXCITING ADVENTURE STORIES!

(Approved for Universal Exhibition.)

NEXT CHANGE — TUESDAY, JUNE 23rd, to 25th.

No. 1— "SPRING MEETING"

A Delightful British Comedy.

No. 2— "Mr. CELEBRITY"

IT'S THE RACE-THRILL PICTURE OF THE YEAR!

(Both Approved for Universal Exhibition.)

MAYFAIR

TO-NIGHT, 6.30 P.M.

A TERRIFIC DOUBLE KNOCK-OUT!

LAUGHS and MELODIES

MYSTERY and LAUGHS

"TUXEDO JUNCTION"

"DANGEROUS LADY"

— With —

— With —

THE WEAVER BROS.
and
ELVIKY.

NEIL HAMILTON
JUNE STOREY

(Approv. for Univ. Exhibit.)

(Rec. by Censor for Adults.)

— and —

Episode 11 "SEA RAIDERS."

PROVISIONAL CANTEN HOURS

Monday to Friday—

0945 - 1030 hours

1445 - 1530 hours

1800 - 1845 hours

Saturday—

0945 - 1030 hours

Sunday—

1015 - 1045 hours

1400 - 1500 hours

A famous astrologer predicts that Hitler will die on a Jewish holiday. Well, in any case, they'll make it one.

"I keep the wolf from the door by singing," confesses a correspondent. He is not, of course, the only singer with a voice like that.

Printed and published for 2nd Field Regiment N.Z.A. by the Manawatu Daily Times, Palmerston N. Edited by 2/10/877 Gunner W. T. Mist.

These are some of the "Things We Want to Know"

and we want You to know that we are the Store for

ALL Your Requirements.

REGIMENTAL DANCE

THURSDAY,

July 2nd, 1942.

COCOANUT GROVE,

Palmerston North.

5/- DOUBLE TICKET.

Look Out for Later Notices.