

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 swagger 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 swagger 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 you,
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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PALMERSTON NORTH

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 Plea" 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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