

Fear

With news of Japanese activity so near, many of us wonder what our reactions will be when we are actually in a spot of bother. Some are afraid that they will get the "willies"; some are hoping that they will get the chance to go in boots and all with no holds barred; some say they are not afraid, never could be afraid. For the latter everyone can be sorry, for they speak from abysmal ignorance. NO MAN KNOWS. But, and it is a big but, we do know that we are not the only ones who have been under fire—millions of chaps have had the same thoughts and emotions as ourselves; they have lived and sometimes died gloriously. Advice is useless, but a few words of help may not be out of place. In the heat of battle man knows not himself; he reverts to the animal and becomes so rapt up in the job in hand he forgets self. Thank goodness this is so if what we read and hear is correct. Remember in last week's issue of "The Observation Post" the story of the lad who believed the Hun who cried, "Don't shoot! We like New Zealanders!" That lad fell mortally wounded within a few seconds. We are fighting a filthy enemy—one who sticks at nothing—dare we! It is a case of kill or be killed.

We need have no fear following our C.O. He will lead us as a man; he has confidence in us, and we in him. Herein lies the strength of the Regiment, for he has chosen his officers wisely, not for their family connections or because of their ability to pull wires but because of their ability and manhood. Where our officers lead the boys will not be far behind.

When all is said and done, the thing most chaps are afraid of is, showing fear. It is a case of being afraid of fear which is only bravery in disguise. But with the training we have had, every man has the abdominal fortitude to do his job faithfully and well. Incidentally this is another reason why we are proud of our Regiment.

So to those who are indulging in a spot of premature self-analysis of what we think is of a purely negative kind—we say "Skip it." Old William gives us many outstanding sayings suitable for the occasion. We will give you one; you probably cursed it in schooldays:—

"Once more into the breach, dear friends, once more.
Or close the wall up with our English dead;
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness and humility,
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
THEN STIFFEN UP THE SINEWS—
SUMMON UP THE BLOOD."

Ballistic Ballyhoo

(By Michael Hunter.)

The youthful pages of the Observation Post have yielded in long and ponderous scripture various reflections on the heredity of this Regiment, penned by those lofty few who rule the destinies of the lowly gunner. Inspired by these effusions of Johnsesque journalism I decided to enlighten this Regiment per medium of our excellent little paper on the history of Ballistics and Gunnery.

In order to do this I have to go back well beyond the time when Adam was foiled by the figleaf and had to pin his hopes on autumn. Once, when time was young, from the primeval ooze of the beginning of everything, there emerged a blob of jelly, a single living cell which just existed. It continued to exist and the forces of evolution got to work on it. It multiplied, it grew legs and crawled, it turned into strange creatures, and finally, after a few million years, from this humble beginning there emerged our first ancestors, the apes.

Here we have the beginning of the first period of Gunnery and Ballistic Science. These ancient relations of ours, in between swinging through the trees and giving ape calls (Ref. Johnny Weissmuller) were prone to toss cocoanuts at each other in fun and fury. To sum up, we have the coconut or projectile set in motion by the hand or gun, and this, as you can see, was the beginning and most primitive stage of the two sciences.

We allow time to stagger by another million years or so, and we find our first traces of man. There was not much difference between man and the early apes, except that the tail was missing and the capability of reasoning was dimly apparent. They did not throw projectiles simply by instinct but had a definite aim behind their gunnery, e.g., the slaying of a spot of grub, the scorning of an enemy for an amorous advance. This practical application of the science, however, received a setback by an economic element which arose. This element discovered that by lashing the projectile to the end of a stick it could be wielded with greater efficiency and did not need to be replaced or recovered, so for the time being the sciences fell into abeyance.

We now come to the second period in the evolution of Gunnery and Ballistics. Time in the interim had had a few thousand more birthdays and man woke up to the fact that projectiles could be launched with much higher velocity and range by using artificial means, hence the bow and arrow and the sling. It is at this point that we encounter the first known historic reference to Gunnery, applied as an offensive means against a superior force. For details of this we turn to that greatest of history books, the Bible. Therein is contained an account of how the great Phillistine army was prevented in its slaughter of Israelitic hordes by a giant rejoicing in the name of Goliath. These savages had recruited this giant, and when the two armies were about a hundred yards apart, placed him to the fore and sat down to await events. The Israelite armies looking on this monster were smitten with fear and stood quaking till their breast-plates rattled. Conferences were held every ten minutes, but no decision could be arrived at; it looked as if a strategic retreat was the only course, when a youth called David, stepped forth and

calmly announced he would floor Goliath. Armed with a sling and ten rounds of suitably-shaped rocks, he made a reconnaissance, and established his position on a mound about thirty yards from the giant, who, considerably amused, was debating with himself whether to merely squash him or use him as a delouser on his person. David loaded up and shot in for line, and rapidly established his verified short bracket. He then adjusted his M.P.I. and with one round gunfire, scored a direct hit on his target, a wart growing between the evil eyes of Goliath. The monster fell with a dull thud, and David slung his sling and George Beired back to the Israelites' lines where fame and vast quantities of pleasure and plunk awaited him.

The Romans, as befitting the militant nation they were, invented the first artillery piece on record. This device was known as a catapult, working on the principle of the shanghai. It hurled boulders of large size a considerable distance. When laying siege to a city they would set up these machines and proceed to toss boulders of all sizes and shapes at and into the unfortunate metropolis. While this pounding was going on they would adjourn to their tents and tabbies and make merry in a riot of wine and wassail.

Now and then by way of amusement they would select a few of their prisoners and after removing all but their birthday suits would return them to the bosoms of their families via the catapults.

This amusing practice was stopped, however, after a very unfortunate incident. It appears that a certain general was in the habit of paying nocturnal visits to the tent of one of his fellow brass hats, who rejoiced in the possession of a concubine of particular charm. One night he was discovered in a horizontal situation which necessitated a smart evacuation, so he decamped at high speed. Now, a catapult crew who were expecting a bit of live ammunition, saw a naked figure running towards them out of the night. They pounced on it joyfully and despatched it promptly in the direction of the battered city. I regret to mention that when the loss was discovered they followed the general in quick succession themselves.

A long succession of years roll by before any further steps were made in gunnery, in fact, it was not till the eighteenth century that the third and final stage was entered upon. The principle of confining energy in a tube sealed at one end, and stopped by the projectile at the other, and then liberating the energy, with the resulting expansion of the projectile with a high velocity from the tube, came about in the following manner.

A person whose nationality I will conceal owing to the European situation, was engaged in his weekly binge, in fact he was well into his fourth day and his room presented a scene to gladden the heart of any "Bottle Ho." Now this person who naturally was a high army official, had been observing with maudlin curiosity, the force and speed with which the corks popped out of his bottles of bubbly. Suddenly a great idea smote him. Why not build a gigantic bottle on wheels which could be brought on to the field of battle and made to discharge its corks at the enemy?

The less said about this person the better, but he started the idea, and it

Snarleyow

A Parody

With apologies to Major Sinel and Mr Kipping, we dedicate this bit of nonsense to the Recruit Drivers—may they never be troubled with corns on any other place than the feet—

AND HOW ! !

Now at this bloomin' smoko, the talk 'as been of war,
Of number nines, and sargents, and the Army Service Corps.
And what the OTHER topics was won't bear repeatin' now.
So I am going to tell a tale of old Waipukurau . . .

How we was movin' into action, with the Driver very sore,
He'd done a mornin's schoolin' with a sargent from the Corps,
And 'ed been tipped off on the up'lli, and bucked off on the brow,
Till 'e called each of 'is gallant steeds 'a ruddy flamin' cow."

He'd 'ave like to cut 'an left 'em, he was nearly tore in two,
But he 'ung on to his saddle just the same as me or you.
An' he went an' fouled the leaders, and the driver sargent squeels,
"Pull up! Pull up! You idiot, stop diggin' in your heels."

But the Driver 'umped 'is shoulders, for the wheels was goin' round,
(He couldn't stop, Conductor, if you give 'im arf-a-crown . . . !)
Ses 'e: "They've broke me bloomin' wrists, an' very sore I feels,
And 'ow in the Hell can I hang on if I let's go me 'eels!"

He 'adn't 'ardly spoke the word, before there was a yell,
And the limber pole sailed past 'is ear, and off 'is leg iron fell,
And when the dust had cleared away, before the limber wheels,
There stood the staff instructors, pointing to 'is 'eels.

Then spoke the Staff Instructors, and their words was very plain,
They 'urt the Driver's feelin's, and they didn't soothe his pain.
But the driver 'e give nothin' 'cept a little coughin' grunt,
With each bump of the saddle, as they swung to "Action Front."

Now the moral of this story can be very plainly seen,
If you hold a glass behind your legs, and then look in between,
And in the cool of evening, if you want to have some fun,
Dab on a little iodine, and you'll be a man, my son.

Down in the Tavistock, nobody cares,
Down to the Tavistock, the Driver repairs,
With his foot on the rail, and his hand on his glass.
He soaks up his beer, and forgets his sore —

This little parody on Rudyard Kipling's "Snarleyow," was written by an old member of the Regiment, "Don Sinclair," about 1934, and will be recalled by those gunners who were in the old 5th Battery at that time. Don, who was a Sergeant then is now Capt. Sinclair, G.S.O. 3, Corps Sigs, and has recently returned from overseas. Major Sinel was our O.C., and "Snarleyow" was looked for from him at every "Smoko."

was destined to grow, like his headache, into a big thing. Several means of energy were used, but with no avail until one day gunpowder was discovered. We attribute this to an old Alchemist who was diligently pursuing his quest for the philosopher's stone, until he found something which blew out most of his front teeth and consumed in a flash his eyebrows, whiskers and hair. From this point things began to progress. The early guns were things of great uncertainty. Only the most courageous of men would fire them, and one of four things would happen:—

1. They would go off as required.
2. They would not go off at all.
3. They would backfire.
4. They would blow up.

But as time went on the artillery piece was improved beyond measure, and to-day you see the proud result of these improvements in Ballistics and Gunnery as an exact science.

In conclusion, I express the hope that my brief survey will be of benefit to all ranks, and trust that on realising the amount of romance and tradition which lies behind our work, we will be inspired to greater endeavours in our efforts to master the business.

[Thanks Michael, I am sure we shall now be in a position to know what is happening every time a piece goes pop.]

CAMOUFLAGE.

Sergeant: Hey, You! Did you camouflage the ammunition dump.
Curly: Sure—its like the Kitchen.
Sergeant: And what about the Kitchen?
Curly: It's like the Sergeant's mess.
Sergeant: Yeah—but what about the Sergeant's mess?
Curly: Oh!—That's like the ammunition dump.

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Ye Olde and Ancient Order of the Mouthpiece

(By Sgt. Bowman.)

The regimental band is proceeding with their duties and practises as per schedule under the able conductorship of A/Sgt. Connolly. We are few in numbers, but our quality and enthusiasm remain the same. Vacancies still exist for new players and any of you who have the necessary knowledge can have no fear of approaching the Sgt-in-charge in connection with becoming a member of the band.

Music whether brass or orchestra or "canned" plays a definite part in our existence and takes the form of one of the oldest forms of entertainment in the world to-day.

On Tuesday night an impromptu concert or sing song was arranged by the Padre and the band was called on to provide the music, unfortunately owing to night training by various units of the Regiment the attendance was not large, nevertheless the evening was thoroughly enjoyed by all those present.

The main feature of the band at present is the astounding performance by the Trombone section, namely Sgt. Bowman on Solo and Gnr. K. Hamlyn on 2nd Trom. These two exponents of the

"slush pump" or "syringe" as it is sometimes termed by the lower class produce harmony that is a delight to the ear.

If it were not for these two able souls the band would be lacking in the essential part of any brass band.

In American bands at least 6 Trombones are employed and I ask you, do they lead a colour of tone not only to the band, but also to the parade in which they participate. The Trombone is used in all classes of music combinations. It is used in the dance band to good effect. It is used in the theatre orchestra and the symphonic orchestra. When a brass band is playing an opera, the part that is sung by the tenor voice is written for the Trombone, as it is the nearest approach to the human voice in the brass band combination.

We have recruited a player for the B.B. Bass in the person of L/Sgt. Bill Harris. Bill admits he is no champion, but who knows? He has knowledge of the instrument and that's all I ask of a recruit. If a man has the knowledge and has not played for any considerable period come and see me just the same and I undertake to give him a fair go.

Our Regt. S/Major is a recruit who is starting from scratch, and is learning to handle a cornet and is getting good results. We are determined to have a band in the 2nd. Field Regt. and with the help of all members we will do just that.

GUNNERS' GOOSE.

(Sung to the tune of "Kiss the Boys Goodbye.")
Gunnery when you see that Goose,
Pack your valise, and get on the loose,
You're not the one to pick and choose,
Kiss the camp goodbye.
When you hear their flapping wings,
That's the time to shout and sing,
What's the mystic song they bring,
Now's the time to part.
And on the way to the station,
Take a liberal point of view,
Just remember you're on a vacation,
And the geese are calling to you.
Gunner when they haul you in,
Carry on and wear a grin,
What's the use of worry-in',
The geese will be back again.
(5 Battery).

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