

## The Padre's Message

Some years ago when the ships that made the Tasman crossing, were much smaller in size than the palatial liners of to-day, a traveller on one occasion was leaving a northern port for Australia. There being no taxis in those good old days, he made his leisurely way down to the pier with bag and baggage balanced under his arms. On nearing the wharves he was stabbed wide awake by the sight of a vessel manoeuvring just a few feet off one of the piers. Hastily jumping to conclusions, this would be traveller made all the speed he could to the scene of action. Arriving all hot and bothered, he flung his bags over the rail and before anyone had time to lay a hand on him he had by some gigantic effort, hurled himself through space after them—on to the deck of the steamer. As he lay there gazing upward into the infinity of space, he gradually became conscious of the fact that there was an officer bending over him demanding to know what it was all about. "Thought I had missed my boat, gassed," the man. "So you have," replied the officer, "this boat isn't going out, she's coming in."

So much hurrying to and fro, so much heat and sweat, and bother and then to land on the wrong ship and to find that after all the fuss you are back where you started from. Life is like that for many people. They always seem to land on the wrong ship and never really get anywhere.

This related how a certain man of Nots once hailed a cabman to drive him to the station. Jumping into the cab in great haste, he called out to the driver and said: "Drive for all your worth." The driver an Irishman did as he was bidden. The driver drove on and on but the station came no nearer. At last the exasperated passenger demanded to know where the cabbie thought he was going. "Don't know sir," said the cabbie, "but I'm sure driving for all I'm worth."

Mankind has been moving with greatly accelerated pace. These last few years have found him driving hither and thither, "running too and fro" as the Old Book says, but where to? War.

You see fellows its the direction of life that is important. It is the goal of our living that decides the final issues. Now war in its last analysis is an expression of sin, the sin and evil of the human heart that has defied its God. The world at large, has taken as it were the wrong boat, it has been going in the wrong direction until it has driven its chariots of lust and pleasure, shall we say of self seeking into the quagmire of destruction.

Our comrades stand on battle fronts to-day in order to stop this tyrannical onslaught of pagan brutality from devastating the world and turning the hand of time back a thousand years into the dark ages. We to-day must stand for right. That battle however, can never really be won until we ourselves have come to a knowledge of the truth and are fully persuaded in our own minds of the word of scripture which says that "It is righteousness that exalts a nation and sin is a reproach for any people."

You see it is the direction of our lives that finally counts—the good that we aim for. Paul said: "For me to live is Christ." Christ was the goal of life for him as He ever has been for all who have won the crown of a victorious life—Conquerors and more than Conquerors over sin and evil and death itself. The worlds new order if it is to ever be something worth while must begin in a man's own heart and life. Sir Stafford Cripps has lately been telling us that our whole economic, political and social life must be based upon the teachings of the New Testament if we are to endure. These are the words of one of the most brilliant intellects of our day who has himself examined at first hand the great world revolutions. It is only the man with a living faith in God that can have any real hope of the future. To-day the Master calls us to His allegiance, to become soldiers of His Cross and Kingdom, to quit like men and in the world's broad field of battle, to be strong, in the strength which He supplies, that "Living in us His own pure life, giving us rest from inward strife, from strength to strength, from death to life."

At the moment it looks as if my ship is homeward bound unless I land purchase in the wrong boat. Glad indeed I am to have lived among you as a friend and comrade. It has been a pleasure to me to serve the Regiment. I shall always have a real interest in the "Right of the line and terror of the enemy" to men of the 2nd Field. I have no doubt that the traditions of the Regiment are safe in your hands whatever the future holds. My best wishes go with you and may God bless you all.

Your Padre,  
MURRAY A. GOW.

## The Mudlarks' Leave Night

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

(By N. H. L.)

The leave bus to start with what could well be described as a tin and the poor deluded New Zealand country lads (with apologies to Hitler) as fish,—sardines to be exact. After the driver has pushed and shoved and finally levered the last unfortunate guner into confinement—of a little space the omnibus rumbles on its errand very much to the discomfort (physically) but delight (mentally) of the pride of the line. When disgorged upon mother earth in the centre of one of New Zealand's great cosmopolitan cities, all semblance of law and order is dropped in varying stages according to the destination of the young hopefuls, i.e. The Imperial or the Grand or if on week-end leave The St. George, Haining Street or the Royal Oak. Gnr. Blank and his brother Gnr. Blankety Blank are in town and as the day before was payday they were definitely in the mood. As they had both decided (unanimously or is it biaminously) at an early age to play a clean game through-out their lives they thought they would keep up the traditions of five battery by visiting the Grand for a bath, etc. They used a system which works out cheaper by walking straight upstairs and borrowed a towel from one of the bedrooms. They passed two five battery officers doing the same thing and it was quite a race for the bathroom. It was surprising the effects of this bath, in fact they looked so different that the officers had to be called in to introduce them to each other. Then a short slide down the bannisters finishing at the trap for young players started things. Very soon they were quite shellshocked owing to their having had a Niblick at a Horses Neck which slings a Pink Parachute with a Depth Charge attached. Then our pal Gnr. Blank mounts a chair and delivers a fiery speech telling all the world about one of the worst diseases on the face of the earth. N.B: Sergeants-Major. The audience all shout and agree in no uncertain terms during which one miserable figure slinks out feeling that the world is a sad place to-day but suddenly with a malicious gleam in his eye he remembers that though to-day they eat, drink and be merry to-morrow they are on cookhouse fatigue. They are removed from the premises after a short scuffle and hieough their way to a cafe where they enjoy a snack of sausages and tomatoes, steak and eggs and fish. In the street they manage to see a notice which invites all servicemen to roll up to a dance which they do in good style. They have nearly finished the dance when Gnr. Blank realises he is not dancing with the Venus of his choice but with a normal officer; i.e. an officer with two pips. His second choice is a young blonde girl of the female sex who is in a romantic mood as she has heard about the Artillery going into action in a big big way. He notices that the hall is filling rapidly and he remarks: "There isn't much room in here is there?" She answers tenderly looking into his blue eyes, "Yes it is rather crowded in here," whereupon our absent minded friend replied: "It's a wonder you can find room for your feet," much to the horror and the disgust of the dainty damsel. Our friend couldn't make out why she refused the supper dance. Meanwhile Gnr. Blankety Blank decides the world will be a much happier place if he renders a song, so to the lilting melodies of a waltz in ragtime he sings "The Goose Song" which brings down the house or nearly as he accidentally trips Kate Smith and Oliver Hardy or their replicas who are jitterbuggerising round. When our two friends picked themselves up off the good but hard earth they slowly wend their way to Mudlarks Villa and only because Rex is hanging around a tree sniffing, reminds them of a job to be done before retiring to their wooden cots.



"Sorry, Sarg., couldn't find my tin hat."

As I was walking out one night,  
I spied a Sergeant neat and bright,  
His girl friend wore a turban blue,  
And whispered, "Lionel, I love you."

## Remember

(By Gnr. O'C., 2/10/457.)

Beside the guns we take our post,  
Always ready to defend our coast.  
For if the Japs come in a band,  
We'll wipe them off our lovely land.

Men take care of living rights,  
And praise the Lord for shining lights,  
Give all you can to Liberty Loan,  
And if it hurts don't even moan.

We owe a debt to the boys far away,  
So keep a smile and always be gay,  
When they return, how proud we will be,  
To see those dear faces God kept to me.

They sweat and sway and curse at the flies,  
And damn the sand that burns in their eyes,  
Until they reach Cairo with aching feet,  
Then rest in the shade, out of the heat.

With fire in their veins and a power of their own,  
They'll go through hell for the loved ones at home,  
So do all you can for those in need,  
And don't let a weed grow around your seed.

## Mixing His Drinks

A friend to me the tale relayed it seems he had a dream,  
About the day our outfit played the Aussie cricket team.

We sent McCliskey in to bat, but Bradman got offside,  
And Ross Wright kicked, a pity that the umpire shouted "wide."

The second round we watched with glee with Fisher showing tricks,  
But swinging with his mashie he was penalised for sticks,

A losing hazard played by Forbes increased the Regiment's score,  
But what a yell went round the ring when Symons broke an oar.

O'Reilly took a swallow dive to break the Boston crab,  
But in the Regiment's twentyfive, our full-back shouted "grab."

Six love, two up and three to play our chances looked quite bright,  
The wicket at the nineteenth was absolutely right.

But passing on the starboard tack Martin then was seen,  
To score a slam with ace, king, jack, and five hearts to the queen.

Three bulleys added to the score till Hawking dropped a catch,  
But playing Grimmett to King's Rook 4, we quickly clinched the match.

Bdr. L. J. Anderson (5th Battery).

## Picture Pars

Mayfair.—Stirring all-out range warfare animates the latest "Hopalong" Cassidy outdoor drama, "Stick To Your Guns." William Boyd, shooting it out with a band of rustlers or tracking his prey across the plains, is excellent again in the role of reckless "Hoppy," who has an answer at his command or a gun at his side for every situation. Andy Clyde tops his remarkable series of appearances as "California," doughty and dour aide-de-camp to the indefatigable "Hoppy." The two this time are required to wipe out an outlaw band which is systematically doing away with the cattle carrying the brand of an old pal, one of the Bar-20 originals, who sends out an S.O.S. for his old cronies.

Meteor.—Long tagged in Hollywood as someone to be hated, Albert Dekker gets his chance at a sympathetic role in Paramount's "Among the Living," commencing to-day at the Meteor Theatre. To make the transition really curious, Paramount, in ripping off Dekker's devil horns, made "Among the Living" one of the chilliest horror films on record. The mid-week attractions make good entertainment—No. 1, "No Hands On The Clock," is a comedy mystery. There's excitement and thrills for a detective on his first case—and the comedy of a girl who tried to help. The stars are Chester Morris and Jean Parker, with Rose Hobart, Dick Purcell, Astrid Alwyn and Rod Cameron in the supporting cast. No. 2 "Glamour Boy" is a romantic comedy, with the golden-voiced Susanne Foster, co-starred with Jackie Cooper.

Regent.—Old farces are like old soldiers in their immortality. "My Wife's Family," one of the more successful, is no exception, and for sheer naughtiness this latest version has never been surpassed. The dialogue of the peppy, wisecracking kind is enlivened with topical wartime references.

Actually the story is a succession of misunderstandings, with the dialogue following the broad insinuation track with all the characters in turn misinterpreting what the other person is driving at. Briefly it concerns the home-coming on leave of Jack Gay, a naval lieutenant (played by John Warwick), to find on his arrival that his martinet mother-in-law is arriving on the next train and plans to stay a few months with the newly married couple. His wife's brother, an officer, has secretly married their maid and presented her with a baby.

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**HOPALONG CASSIDY**  
— In —  
"STICK TO YOUR GUNS"  
— With —  
**ANDY CLYDE** —  
**BRAD KING**

(Rec. by Censor for Adults.) (Approv. for Univ. Exhibit.)

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FRIDAY, SATURDAY, MONDAY,  
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PARAMOUNT'S BRAND-NEW 1942 CHILLER-THRILLER,  
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**ALBERT DEKKER** **SUSAN HAYWARD** **HARRY CAREY** **FRANCES FARMER**  
(Recommended by Censor for Adults)  
(Not Suitable for Children.)

NEXT CHANGE — TUESDAY, JUNE 16th to 18th.  
No. 1— "NO HANDS ON THE CLOCK"  
— With —  
**CHESTER MORRIS** — **DICK PURCELL**  
(Recommended by Censor for Adults.)  
No. 2— "GLAMOUR BOY"  
— With —  
**JACKIE COOPER** — **SUSANNE FOSTER**  
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### NOT IN HIS LINE.

The soldier was explaining the theory of shooting to his girl friend.

"You see, we have to calculate the distance of the object we want to hit, and then allow for the power of attraction of the earth."

"But suppose you are shooting over the water?"

"Oh, that's more than you would understand—besides, I'm not in the Navy."

### PUNCTUAL.

Fond mother (writing to her soldier son): "Well, son, I hope you have been punctual in rising every morning so that you haven't kept the regiment waiting for you."

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