

# THE OBSERVATION POST

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## A GUNNER LOOKS BACK

(By W.O. II L. Winks).

In the year of the Spanish Armada, Cyprian Lucan translated and dedicated to Henry VIII, a famous Italian work called "Three Books of Colloquies Covering the Arte of Shooting in Great and Small Pieces of Artillery," and he added thereto an appendix which dealt with "The Properties, Office and Duteie of a Gunner," from which we may cull quite a lot of useful advice.

"A Gunner ought to be a sober, wakeful, lustie, hardie, patient, prudent and quick spirited man. He ought also to have a good eyesight, a good judgement, and perfect knowledge to select a convenient place in the day of service, to plant his Ordnance where he may doe most hurt unto his enemies, and be least annoyed by them, and where his Ordnance may not be surprised by the enemy. A Gunner ought to be skilfull in Arithmetike and Geometric, to the end he may be able by his knowledge in these artes to measure heights, depthes, breadthes, and lengths, and to draw the plat of any piece of ground, and to make mines, countermine, artificall fireworks, rampiers, gabbions or baskets of earth and such like things, which are used in times of warre to be made for offensive and defensive service. A Gunner ought also to procure with all his power the friendship and love of every person, and to be careful for his own safetie, and for the preservation of all those that shall be about him.

Also he ought to be no surfeiter, nor a great or sluggish sleeper, but he must governe him self in all times as a wise, modest, honest and a skilful man ought to doe, that through want of understanding he may never lese his credite, nor an universall victorie which oftentimes by the means of good Gunners well managing their pieces is gotten."

The gun and its carriage passed through numerous stages before they reached their present state of perfection. The earliest cannon was laid along the ground for firing, being supported merely in a frame of timber, and were given elevation by the insertion of wedges under the muzzle. The next development was a high cannon with a calibre of 36 inches, which was used at the siege of Constantinople in 1453, and, for its transport, required 30 waggons, linked together and drawn by a team of 60 oxen. "Mons Meg" now in Edinburgh Castle, is of this type, but its calibre is only 20 inches. Up to the end of the 16th Century, guns were used almost exclusively in fortress warfare, and were consequently of large calibre and borne on cumbersome carriages.

Gustavus Adolphus, the great leader of the 17th Century, was the first to render the gun mobile and to use it in the field. He adopted a weapon mounted on a carriage drawn by two men, and another on a carriage drawn by two horses. Then the limber was invented, giving four wheels to the carriage and shortening the time of coming into action.

During Marlborough's wars our light artillery was drawn by four horses, and was distinguished, according to a continental writer, "by its lightness, its elegance and the good quality of its materials." The drivers were civilian carters, and marched on foot. At the end of the 18th Century, drivers were enlisted and rode, gunners were mounted on the carriages, and the pace could therefore be increased beyond that of the walk.

Improvement was, however, a slow process. When a field-gun fired, it recoiled 24 feet or thereabouts—a defect which entailed great labour in running up, and a great delay between rounds. At Waterloo, for instance, the gunners, after a time, became too exhausted to run up their guns. The carriages, therefore, kept receding from the line, and finally got so much bunched together that they could hardly be fired.

Then came a great advance in the invention of the recoil-buffer. The carriage was further steadied through being anchored to the ground by the

brakes, and by a spade fixed to the end of the trail. To complete the system, which was introduced in 1890 and gradually developed into the present Q. F. equipment, a recuperator was designed which returned the gun after recoil to its original position.

Heavy Artillery was employed in the field in Spain by Wellington, and in the Indian Mutiny and Crimea. In general it was neglected or even abandoned in peacetime. Gunners, since the day when they first tasted speed, have always liked to move rapidly. Horse-gunners had been accused of saying:—"If it wasn't for these ruddy guns, how we could gallop!"

So the cry, in peace time had been for mobility. But in war there was at once a demand for greater fire-power, only to be obtained through heavy guns. In the South African war there was an early cry for them, for our field artillery, though numerous, was out-gunned both in weight and in range by some of the Boer ordnance. Four-point sevens—obsolete naval guns were towed to Ladysmith on cumbersome carriages improvised on board ship; and so good a "press" did they have that the Government ordered 200 new ones to be made, which were completed about the time the war ended.

Nobody then wanted them, and so they remained until 1914 rusting in the arsenal, out of which, on the usual call for more "heavies," they were then dug, to be regarded, in the scarcity of other weapons, as great treasures. They were given second-rate carriages, on which, having a high velocity, they recoiled violently. It used to be said of them that if their shells created as much alarm and dependency in the hostile ranks as the guns, on firing, did in the battery position, they were worth all the pains suffered by the detachments on their account.

Actually, at the beginning of the war we possessed a first-class heavy gun—the 60-pounder—perhaps the best in Europe. But we had only one battery (4 guns) to each division—a total of 24.

In addition to these, there were a number of old 6-inch howitzers which were kept in coast defences and, though occasionally allowed to let off a round or two, were never taken seriously. The Germans at this time were known to possess nearly 800 heavy guns and howitzers. Our deficiencies in this respect were realised in the first battle and orders were placed for many modern 6-inch and 9.2-inch howitzers. A design for the latter had been approved just before the war, so it was possible to go at once into production with it. The first specimen appeared at the front in November, 1914. It was known as "Mother," and was in great demand from one end of the line to the other.

Two years later there were 233 of these weapons in France. They were true "weapons of position" with a holdfast kept in place on recoil by a box under the muzzle, which had to be filled with seven tons of earth, a bed, a live roller-ring, and other ponderous properties. It was an impressive and effective weapon with a range of 10,000 yards and a shell weighing 300lbs.

The new 6-inch howitzer which appeared about the same time, was a first-class weapon. It weighed less than five tons behind the teams, it possessed a non-recoil carriage and it did not, as its predecessor had done, require a platform. When drawn by lorry it was quite a mobile piece, and was often in the forefront of the battle in both advance and retreat.

As there was no serious danger from the sea, it was found possible to withdraw a number of 6-inch guns from coast defences for service in the field. Some of these continued to be used as guns, others were shortened at the muzzle, had their bores enlarged, and reappeared as 8-inch howitzers. Nine-point-two inch guns were also taken from coast fortresses and were used on railway mountings.

Twelve-inch howitzers were constructed and used both on positions and

## The Recruit

Drilling. Drilling. Drilling.  
Every day's the same.  
Marching here, marching there;  
What a bloody game!  
Blisters big as pennies,  
Tongue half hanging out,  
Sweating like a stallion—  
Won't some blighter shout!

Doubling. Doubling. Doubling.  
In the heat and dust.  
Panting like a walrus,  
Streuth! My heart'll bust.  
Eyes all bleared and grimy,  
Stomach in a whirl,  
Strike me pink! I'm barmy—  
Ain't this life a pearl!

Standing. Standing. Standing.  
In the blasted rain.  
While the Colonel orders,  
"Do it once again."  
Moving off in sections,  
Floundering in the mud,  
Cursing him to Hades,  
Frothing for his blood.

Marching. Marching. Marching.  
To our rendezvous,  
Nostrils wide extended  
Sniff the juicy stew.  
Bunkers now replenished,  
Feeling good again;  
Let the colonel josh us—  
We don't mind the rain.

Singing. Singing. Singing.  
Life it ain't so glum;  
Hear the pipes a-skirling,  
Hear the throbbing drum.  
Chests are now expanding,  
Horizons are blue;  
Look out Mister Hitler,  
We're coming after you.

—Haven.

## Editor's Thanks

The Editor wishes to thank all contributors to "The Observation Post" for their help and specially to thank W.O. II L. M. Winks, who was Editor of an Army paper in another camp, for several articles appearing in this and next weeks' issues.

(Next week's publication will be on THURSDAY).

railway mountings, and an 18-inch howitzer, weighing no less than 86 tons or, with its mounting, 356 tons, was under construction when the war came to an end. A 15-inch, known as "Granny," and designed, like "Mother," before the war, was in action, manned by naval detachments, towards the end of 1914, but proved unsatisfactory. Finally 12-inch and 14-inch guns—very powerful and long-ranging weapons, mounted on railway carriages—came on the scene, the one late in 1916, the other in 1918.

(To be continued.)

## DON'T FORGET

BOXING — BOXING  
BOXING — BOXING

## Opera House

TO-MORROW (Saturday)

At 7.30.

COME AND SEE YOUR  
CHAMPIONS IN ACTION.

## BOXING

### Sparring Bouts

The boxing on Wednesday night was intended to show the progress made by our lads. It was also intended to give the regiment an idea of the sport to be seen to-morrow (Saturday) evening in the Opera House, Palmerston North.

Mr. Harvey thanked Sgt. Down and Gnr. Ornberg for their help in training the team. Two Hawke's Bay boys, Privates D. A. Lean and G. Sudfelt, kindly came over to spar with our chaps.

Sgt. Down and Gnr. Ornberg gave an interesting demonstration of various stances and punches, followed by a light work out. Wednesday evening was only the second time with the gloves for Gnr. Ornberg.

Gnr. Shuker next took on Gnr. Ornberg and both men gave their audience two minutes of scientific boxing.

GNR. O'CONNOR v. GNR. WHELAN (Winner of the Regiment's Weight Championship).

This fight was really fast and furious, both men giving and taking plenty of punishment and giving their audience plenty of thrills.

The second round was slower, but still very fast boxing. These two men will make their name.

GNR. O'CONNOR v. GNR. CHAPMAN  
Although O'Connor had just fought two fast rounds, he was still fresh to

take on Chapman, who was no sluggard, being very active and packing heavy punches with both hands.

GNR. TREACY v. GNR. WHELAN  
In spite of his injured hand, Treacy still held Whelan. The round was a fine exhibition of good boxing.

PTE. LEAN (H.B.) v. L/BDR. LEWIS  
Lean led the fighting, making use of a very powerful left always followed up by his right. For the most part, Lewis was on the defensive.

In the second round, both men sparred well with Lean still making the pace, although Lewis never allowed him to make ground. A pretty fight.

PTE. SUDFELT (H.B.) v. GNR. TAYLOR, M.R.C.

Taylor gave a good exhibition of fast movement. Both men were evenly matched and put up a good showing. The second round was very fast and one of the best rounds of the evening.

Unfortunately the rest of the Hawke's Bay team were unable to come over with the result that the evening was comparatively short.

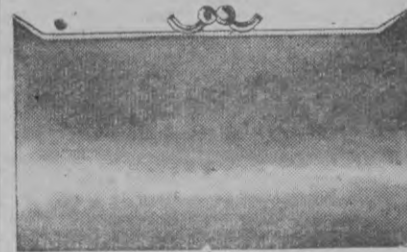
After the audience had almost departed, Capt. Mitchell (Mixer) and Lt. Martin (Basher) indulged in what had the appearance of a friendly grudge fight. Only by a slice of luck did Lt. Kemp manage to remove a knife from one of the contestants.

During the interval, both men solemnly patrolled the ropes (on opposite sides). The second round was a Spartan effort.

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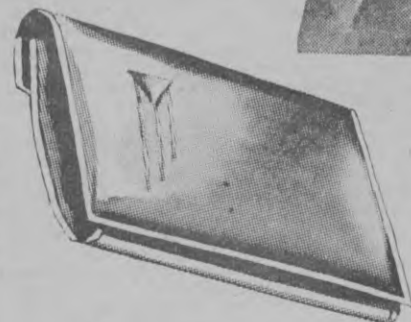
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## Man the Fighter

Sometime or other we all feel "up against it." When that time comes, remember: We were all born to be fighters and also that all Life is a Battle.

The chap that comes a flop, the man that goes to pieces, the degenerates, the failures, are all men who have failed to realise that they had a spot of fighting to do.

The successful man is the man who early in the piece realises that he had a fight on hand and that it must be fought clean. The leaders are chaps who rolled up their sleeves, layed their gun over open sights and went into action, whilst the failure was still dreamily looking on waiting to be a casualty, the MAN was the winner!

The trouble to-day is that life is made too smooth, too damned easy, too soft. Influence and Union control ruin too many men (and women).

Let's make up our minds to fight our way ahead and up the ladder of success. We shall meet men higher up who will try to push us down, because they want the credit for themselves or because they are jealous. Those beneath us will try to drag us down, will speak evil against us because they are jealous of our energy, our keenness and the rewards of our labours. But we will succeed if we fight and fight clean.

Even Nature herself is continually fighting, struggling, competing with her own recalcitrant forces. Watch the fight between rain and drought, between cultivation and desert, between glut and famine. Watch the birds, the insects, and the hosts of wild things in the bush, in the stream, in the air. All, from the most minute microbes to the biggest mammals, must fight to live.

You are no exception.

So stand up and fight!

It's the friction in the oyster that makes the pearl.

Life's a free-for-all, and the palm waits for the winner.

Will you ever be a winner?

Perhaps—if you never forget that your ultimate success is relative to the physical fitness you acquire as you progress.

## Sunday Sports --- Why Not?

(By "The Gadfly.")

I wish to preface this little article by emphasising that the views expressed are entirely my own, and that their publication in "The Observation Post" does not imply that they have the endorsement of the Editor, or of the Military Authorities, nor is it intended even to suggest that they have their commendation or approval.

The ideas submitted are simply those of one man, who believes they are worthy of consideration.

I think there is nothing more depressing or distressing than to see hundreds of uniformed men who, on a Sunday in this city wander aimlessly about our streets, with nowhere to go, nothing to do, nothing to see, and no one to meet, and I consider that it is high time that something was done to alter this lamentable state of affairs.

I am not unmindful of what is already being done. There is the A.N.A. with its atmosphere of homely comfort. There is also an occasional concert with its fine-spirited amateur artists. These are all to the good. But are they enough? Do they fit the need that exists? I think not.

There remains much more to be done. I advocate Sunday sports for soldiers. I submit that there should be Sunday boxing matches, wrestling bouts, cricket games, bowls, and many others. There should be Sunday indoor games, such as card tournaments, darts, skittles, yes! and crown and anchor, too, if the men desire it!

### OPPOSITION EXPECTED.

Of course there would be opposition from certain sections of church people. Nevertheless, I consider that the sports on Sunday should be established. After all, the men in uniform are being trained for war, and I have yet to learn that war pays much respect to, or has a very great regard for the observance of the Sabbath in the manner that many of its self-appointed defenders demand from soldiers at home.

Some years ago, the Waipawa U.S.A. staged a Sunday reunion and sports meeting, for its members and their wives and families, and it was an unqualified success, special trains running, and the attendance was far in excess of the most sanguine expectations.

Of course there was opposition from certain people, and a vigorous newspaper correspondence resulted in the columns of a daily which had a wide circulation in the district. Three of the Sabbatharians were particularly active. One, who signed himself "Sabbath Day," declared that the benefits which Sunday observance had procured for the people had been bought by the sufferings and the devotion of generations of devoted men and women. Another signed himself "Real Freedom," and stated that he was led from above to oppose any broadening of the Sabbath on Sabbath Day, while the third, a Mr. R. C. Macfarlane, who proved to be particularly pugnacious, stated that church people had the right to consider themselves spiritual and to enforce the observance.

I entered the lists in defence of the action of the Association in holding the meeting on a Sunday, and as my letter anticipates to the full the objections that can be brought forward against

sports meetings on Sundays for soldiers, I purpose submitting it, and I ask readers of the "Observation Post" to make their own views public through the columns of their own paper.

Here is my letter:—

(To the Editor)

Sir,—I desire to express my thanks to those correspondents who have commented upon my first letter dealing with sport on Sunday, and if space is available I would like to reply briefly thereto. It is noticeable that none of them has attempted to deal with the subject from the point of view of the right of the individual to freedom of conscience and freedom of action. In fact, some have expressly declared, in as many words, that such right does not, or ought not to exist, and that to the writers, as members of an organised body of Christian worshippers, a special commission has been given, to impose their will upon all those who do not believe as they do. This is a very dangerous mental attitude for anybody to adopt, and if carried to its logical conclusion would lead to persecution and the worst forms of religious intolerance, resulting in the absolute negation of all forms of mental and physical liberty. "Sabbath Day" declares that the benefits of Christian civilisation have been procured by the sufferings and sacrifices of generations of devoted men and women. True! But who caused them to suffer and to undergo sacrifice? Was it not those people of that day who mistakenly believed that they were quite within their rights in interpreting what they thought was Divine law, not only for themselves but for all mankind? Were not the persecuted made to suffer solely because the churches of the day denied to them the right of freedom of conscience? Is it not then unpardonable on the part of the sufferers that, having won for themselves, through tears and blood, the right to follow the dictates of their conscience, they should now adopt the same attitude as those who formerly harried them and should say to those outside their fold, "We believe this is right—whether you believe it or not—you must do as we do, or we will condemn you!" Having gained liberty for themselves, they would bind their fellows in chains. As for "Real Freedom," who declares that he is content to let Christ lead him, it is sufficient to say that in so doing he is exercising his moral judgment and following the dictates of his conscience. He is at liberty to do so, and the liberty of conscience which he claims for himself he cannot consistently deny to others. Referring to the letter appearing over the name of Mr. R. C. Macfarlane, I propose ignoring absolutely the personalities it contains, pausing only to remark that even the strictest Sabbatharian ought to know that there is never any excuse for not being a gentleman. With regard to his remark that "There is but One who adjudicates on spiritual matters and the clergy are least likely to usurp the . . . duty of the Divine," one wonders if he is really serious. If the clergy do not "adjudicate," by what process of mental activity do they arrive at the decision that the action of certain individuals is wrong? Surely I am right in giving them the credit of weighing all the evidence, taking all the facts into consideration, and finally coming to a de-

cision! And if that process in its entirety is not adjudication, then I am at a loss to know what other word describes it. His claim that it is right that the personnel of the churches should act as a spiritual police force is the most vicious and dangerous principle that could ever be enunciated, for it presumes that one body of men, solely because they believe certain things, have a right to attempt to force those beliefs upon their fellow men. Against that monstrous principle (if it is not a profanation to call it by such a name), I intend that there never did, there never will and there never can exist any church, or any man, or combination of men, possessed of the right or the power of binding or controlling the minds or consciences of men without the previous consent of those whose minds and consciences are to be thus controlled or bound. So long as man is a rational being, just so long will he believe in accordance with the evidence submitted to him. He cannot himself impel his judgment to believe, for belief is not an act of volition of the will; it is swayed by the evidence and will be moved by that alone. Man's will is free—not even Deity can compel it, and for man to assume to do so is an unwarranted impertinence and an act of colossal folly. And so I say that the way a man chooses to enjoy himself or make life interesting on Sunday (or any other day), so long as he does not stoop at another's life, or liberty, or property, is that man's own individual affair. The fact that one's neighbour is offended by the sight of what he thinks is impiety or even wickedness, does not give him the right to interfere, either personally, or through his church organisation, nor is it within his right to move for a law ordering his neighbour to conform to his idea of what is goodness, piety, or perfect Christian doctrine.

Well, there it is. As I say, I consider it anticipates anything that can be said against holding sports meetings on Sundays. What do you think?

## The Padre's Column

After the war, what?

All sorts of men and women these days are dreaming or thinking and talking about what kind of world, what kind of society they hope for after the war.

Some of them get their ideas into the newspapers, like this:—"The United Nations must work together." "The raw materials of the world must be made available to all nations without favouritism." "Privilege based on wealth must be abolished." These are typical sentences taken at random. Then there are these speeches to which we have all had to listen which paint rosy pictures and which all unfortunately depend on the one little word "if."

You know the sort—"If only so and so would do such and such all would be well."

Now this is not to poke fun at plans and planning. Far from it. Rather it is to make a suggestion to save plans and planning from having fun poked at them!

Plans to be any use must take in to account all the factors. Again anyone can get up and say "Here's the plan" but can anyone, taking all the facts into account, get up and say "Here's the plan and it works!" What makes it tough for planners and would-be planners is that we are not playing chess or draughts or poker (for matches of course!) Everything would be simple if we could change economic and political system as simply as we move the chessmen or draughtsmen or exchange the matches.

The fact is that systems don't exist apart from human beings who create them, or get used to them, or profit from them.

Every suggested plan depends for its effectiveness on the simple questions "Are nations, or groups of nations, or groups of people in the nations prepared to change their ideas, their way of life, their economic structures and work together for something better?"

"And as a citizen prepared to submit to changes in my way of living, in my ideas so as to make my contribution to the general scheme?"

Or look at it this way. Some people are afraid of all the possible changes because their personal fortunes, incomes, and general comfort may suffer. They would have to change over from a state of fear and motives of self-interests to a state of confidence in their fellow citizens and to motives of self-sacrifice.

On the other hand there are those who from motives of "grab" will support any scheme which will increase their personal fortunes, incomes and general comfort. They welcome any ideas which suggest that they will have more opportunities to "scrounge" for themselves. If others suffer, well it is just too bad.

Here's another point. It's a fact, isn't it, that there are groups of nations that is of human beings, in the world who are waiting for the chance "to get their own back" on others nations and plenty of individuals who are hoping and planning to get their own back on other human beings.

If what I have said has any grain of truth in it, then what hope is there of a better state of things developing?

Fear, selfishness, greed or the scrounging spirit, and hatred are the cold-hard facts which kill even the most perfect of our plans.

So it boils down to this—If plans for improvement are to succeed they must find a compelling reason for ordinary human beings, to be prepared to accept changes and they must find an antidote to fear, scrounging and hatred.

Is it possible to find such a reason and such an antidote? Where?

I was reading the other day a little book by some author named Mark. It seems the Hero of his book, not a very big book by the way, had some friends, but when things looked dangerous they deserted him—Fear got them, but He went on His way for He was mightier than fear. It seems, too, there were also other people who were afraid because He wanted them to change their religious ideas. Others were the slaves of jealousy and hatred, and there were the scroungers too, notably one who received "30 pieces of silver" for betraying the whereabouts of Mark's Hero. And near the end of the little book there is the scene where the solitary Hero is doing battle with all that Fear, Hatred, Jealousy and Selfishness can bring against Him. But His position is hopeless for He is nailed hand and foot to a Cross. His Name also had been written there, "Jesus of Nazareth."

There is another chapter after that which seems to suggest a Victory over all these things. It would be great news, but could it be true?

After that I was reading some letters, one of which mentioned how representatives of two nations which previously had refused to co-operate had allowed their ideas to be changed and were now learning to work together as one. The reason given was this:—"But now in Christ Jesus ye that once were far off ye made nigh in the blood of Christ. For He is our peace who hath made both one . . . that He might create in Himself of the two one new man." (From a letter of St. Paul to the Ephesians, Chapter 2.)

To-day millions, yes millions of men and women are finding that in the same Jesus Christ there is the antidote to their own personal fears, greed, hatred, and selfishness. And they have begun to work together for a truly Christian Order of Society. They find in Christ's battle and sacrifice the compelling reason for so acting and they find love, or self-sacrifice to be the true motive for living. They find it to be much more satisfying and more powerful motive than greed or hatred and so forth and moreover it leads on to working and planning together.

Do you know of any other antidote or of any sufficiently compelling other motive to lead human beings to accept changes for the benefit of all?

Must not Christ and really practical planning go together?

### Congratulations

Congratulations to Gunner Guy of 6 and Felicitations to the new Mrs. Guy. May all your troubles be little ones! Bye the bye, who did get married, you or your B.S.M.?

### SOCK STRETCHERS

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# THE LANDING AT ANZAC

N.Z.F.A. IN THE FIELD, 1914-1918.

(Continued from last week.)

For nearly a fortnight after the landing of the C.R.A. Lieut.-Colonel Johnston, had his headquarters at the foot of Howitzer Gully, close by the headquarters of the Division, on the northern end of the Cove. But these quarters were cramped and inconvenient, and it was soon discovered that the congested and exposed beach front was unsuitable for the location of the headquarters of the Division. Shelters were accordingly prepared on a terrace at the head of a small gully which ran almost to the foot of the precipitous slopes of Plugge's Plateau, where Headquarters remained from May 7th until the eve of the August offensive. Army Corps Headquarters was in a central and accessible position at the very foot of a gully running off the centre of the Cove where General Birdwood, living as unpretentiously as the most junior member of his staff, directed the ceaseless activities of his soldiers. From the very day of the landing the Cove became the hub or centre from which radiated everything that was vital to the life of the Corps. There were located the Supply Depots of the Army Service Corps, the Army Ordnance Stores and the Field Ambulance stations. The Cove was protected from direct fire by the steep sides of Plugge's Plateau, from which two long shoulders ran down to the sea, terminating in the two points that marked the northern and southern extremities of the little strip of beach—Ari Burnu on the north, and Hall Spit on the south. Never was a force so precariously placed, clinging by virtue only of its tenacious courage to a strip of broken and barren coast line three thousand yards in length, and a bare thousand yards in depth at the centre, with the sea at its back, and hemmed in on three sides by a foe superior in numbers and guns, and lacking little in courage and leadership. But no one ever doubted its ability to hold what it had seized. Who could have doubted in face of such bold confidence and intrepidity?

The difficulties of supplying the troops with ammunition and the bare necessities of existence were enormous and never ceasing. Consider for a moment that the country they held yielded nothing, not even a sufficient water supply, and that all supplies had to be brought by sea from the base at Alexandria, 800 miles distant, and landed on the open beaches at Anzac. The ordinary methods of supplying an army's needs could not be employed; there was no precedent which might be referred to for guidance, the position being unexampled in military history. Only the intelligent and skilful co-operation of the Navy made the task practicable. Between the base at Alexandria and Anzac there were but two harbours, Mudros Bay, distant 60 miles, and Kephalos, over at Imbras, and neither of these harbours possessed any piers or facilities for the transshipment of stores. The position became further complicated when enemy submarines began to make the Aegean Sea dangerous to shipping, and it became necessary to prohibit the big transports and store ships from proceeding north of Mudros. Up to that time the transports had stood off the coast at Anzac, and discharged their supplies or disembarked reinforcements into lighters, which were towed into the beach; but the advent of the submarines made another transshipment necessary. At Mudros supplies were loaded into steam trawlers and mine-sweepers which discharged them into lighters and arges off Anzac or across at Kephalos. At Anzac the Turkish guns commanded all the landing places so that everything had to be landed under cover of darkness.

The working of the whole system was dependent on the vagaries of the weather. Even during the summer months the broad surface of the bay at Mudros was sometimes swept by a northerly or southerly wind, which seriously impeded or delayed transshipment, but in the autumn and winter Anzac was often isolated for days at a time by gales, which swept the open bay at Kephalos, and made the exposed beaches at Anzac quite unapproachable. The establishment of a reserve supply of stores at Anzac was the only measure which could be taken to minimise the dangers incurred by these breaks in the lines of communication. Within the first week after the landing of the force, the little mounds of stores on the beach began to grow and expand, until the shelving beach flanking the landing places was piled high with great pyramids of supplies of all descriptions, but chiefly bully-beef and biscuits.

The bulk of the water supply also came from overseas. A certain quantity of water was to be had at Anzac, and by seeking for water in likely places, and improving existing wells, the local supply was considerably increased. At the end of June it was estimated that there was a natural supply at Anzac of 18,000 gallons per day, a further 30 per cent coming from Alexandria by transports and store ships. These vessels pumped their supplies into a water ship, from which it was taken to Anzac in water barges which were moored to the shore, the water being finally pumped into tanks on the beach, where it was jealously guarded and doled out to the thirsty troops.

# BULL RING, BULLS WOOL AND BRASS HATS

(By Michael Hunter.)

(Continued.)

Intensive training, from the viewpoint of an outsider, would make a very interesting study, comprising as it does a multitude of queer activities. To those who study its finer points, it is an Art. It entails both a psychological insight, and a thorough knowledge of the orthodox methods of brow-beating, bullying and blitzkreiging. The proper application and carrying out of these qualities is left to those few artists, whose work ceases when the syllabus is compiled. The whole idea is to take the democratic soldier and by putting him through a course of intensive training, planned and executed, with a nice discrimination to render him so that he loses his democratic leanings and his individualism, and becomes one of the cogs we hear so much about, though it is often wondered what sort of a movement a few thousand of these cogs, all turning themselves and each other, will ultimately produce. In the process of turning such a lot of little things can creep in. We get little cogs who think they should be a lot bigger, and in trying to expand, they also try to influence the movements of their brother cogs, and produce a lot of unnecessary gratings. There are also the big cogs who should be a lot smaller, and they tend to show up the already slow motion cogglomeration. Now and then, they are smitten with conscience, and speed up the whole works for a while, usually in the wrong direction. The resultant gratings are like trying to change to low at sixty miles per hour without using the clutch. We could compare the whole thing with an egg, which has been sat upon for the approved period, by a hen, conscientiously doing her part in boosting the vital statistics. Now, when this egg was due, it burst in the usual manner, but instead of producing a miniature fowl, merely produced a very bad smell. You can't blame the hen, she was just living in hopes, neither can you blame the egg, its hopes were short lived,—someone had blundered.

Now a short description of some of the current sights during the intensive training period. The most common of these is very singular in the fact that it includes music, voice culture and P. T., although with the voice culture, volume seems to be striven at, rather than quality. The idea is this. A number of men are assembled in what is known as a squad, and for a few hours, they are put through a series of movements known as squad drill. The instructor stands back and says, "Squad will move together, Rightturn." Thereupon very loudly and solemnly the squad chants, "One stop two," and by a trick movement of the feet transfer their frontage to the right. As one man they are desperately clutching at the seams of their pants, either the said pants are falling to pieces or the squad is suffering from an infliction of crabs. It can be observed that this movement is accomplished in 2-4 time in the base clef. The next order is as follows: "Bytheright, quickmarch." "Down, Out," choruses the squad, and an array of right legs shoot out, the squad leans forward and moves off. As you can see music is left alone for this movement, the down and out possibly signifies the complete subjection of the men to the instructor. There follows a series of movements carried out in common time, 3-4 time, or no time at all. As time wears on, voices wear out, but still the class goes on, so we will leave them to their music and voice culture and have a look at another crowd, who are performing with rifles. They favour 3-4 time and all their movements are carried out to the good old waltz. The chief characteristic of their evolutions is the violence with which the first beat of the bar is enunciated, and a corresponding violence in the handling of the rifle. The rest of the ritual is much the same as squad drill, except that the squad remains in a stationary position.

From this we go to a charming game of make believe. On enquiry it is discovered that the detachment (same as squad only different) are practising mounting an imaginary gun tractor. After a preliminary portion of drill, which includes changing around, in a track which forms a very narrow parallelogram and numbering off in an obscure fashion the instructor yells "Mount." The ranks take a left and right turn respectively and doubling around to a point where the tractor would normally stand they pile in and take up their allotted seats. The man known as No. 1 runs around them to see if everything is shipshape and then hops in himself. Unfortunately they are not in the Tractor. According to the instructor they should all have black eyes or bleeding noses through trying to get through the doors which they did not open. The process is repeated. These games of imagination are known as "going through the motions" and are very amusing until the novelty wears off.

Now and then, the "Old School Tie" creeps in to the training, and it is with amazement we learn at a lecture on the Traditions of the Regiment, that Battery (censored by Security Officer), were a "Submarine Mining Corps" in the days of yore. 1066 and all that. Rah! Rah! All this foregoing suffering is not-

# Things We Want to Know

Who is this "Muffin Man," anyway?  
 What has the song of the Sturgeon got to do with the Surgeon?  
 Who always insists on the Dorothy? and why?  
 Do Manhattan and Bacon convey the impression of Jewish extraction?  
 Who left a car unattended in Cuba Street, 9.10.42, while the occupants had lunch?  
 Do Senior B.C.'s specialise in lipstick? No threats now!!!  
 Are all Big Chiefs scared of Red Heads? Even if they have seductive ankles.  
 Whose appearance and mournful demeanour last Friday misled several people into thinking a new Padre had arrived?  
 What or who is the Tomato Blond interesting the R.S.M.? Is it reminiscent of 1940?  
 How did S/M Pearce discover that Beer is a good lubricant for Railway Truck wheels?  
 How did Sgt. Burborough know that the Matron was waiting for the Nurses last Saturday night?  
 Who specialises in Danish Ladies?  
 Who tore round town last Friday night, holding up his trousers?  
 How did Jim Williamson and Bill Campbell fare on Saturday night "Picking up Strays"? Does not a special Providence look after small children and —?  
 Who was too proud to quench his thirst?  
 Who nearly forgot his tin opener on Trek? Wasn't he lucky that a passenger had another sort of opener?  
 When the Regimental clock stops, should we have a holiday?  
 Who used the words "actual" and "actually" 28 times in 40 minutes. Actually this constitutes an actual record, what?  
 Do Specs in 5 specialise in calling the whole roll for 3 people?  
 Did Baldy rescue a golf ball from drowning?  
 Which Y.O. likes his nurses in rotation?  
 Does the Mess stand for the President?  
 Did Ghandi pay a visit on his Magic Table?  
 Who used a washing basket for a BEEAUTIFUL woo?  
 Whose drag rope DID come in useful TWICE?  
 Which members of B Wing tip-toed across a bridge? Why did the officer and W.O. laugh?  
 Which B.C. wanted to take up his wrong position in the Convoy and has he found his hat?  
 Which officer offered to take over Guard?  
 Who woke up and said in his sleep: "Ah-h-h, beautiful morning," when it was raining and blowing like hell?  
 What made the R.H.Q. L.A.D. moan on trek?  
 Who made a silent registration on "Fannie."  
 Which Battery 2 I/C has turned prize fighter? It wasn't a cauliflower ear, either.

ing to the shock the soldier gets when he proudly presents himself at an overseas camp and with swelling chest announces "I have been very intensively trained." He is larcenically informed to forget all that chocolate soldier stuff as he is going to start some real training now. The same applies when he reaches Egypt, but by then he doesn't care. He's a real soldier then, and is not even surprised by the wildest phantasies the Brass Hats care to indulge in. The beauty of intensive training lies in the fact that after a few weeks it usually peters out. Well lets hope so, anyway.  
 A recruit, who had been complaining to the Quartermaster-Sergeant that his new battle-dress didn't fit anywhere, walked, unsatisfied, out of the stores into the arms of a Very Senior Officer without saluting.  
 The officer pulled him up.  
 "Look at my uniform," he said.  
 "Yes, I know," replied the recruit, "mine's pretty lousy, too!"

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# Regimental Rugby

1942.

The Regiment started off the season with two teams, one senior, one junior, both teams starting off with promise of a good season. The seniors had a good team at the start, although a very light pack of forwards, they had plenty of dash that carried them through. The backs were very fast but lacked good defence.

The first four games the team went very well, then it started to fall to pieces, losing a couple of its players and becoming disorganised. The main job was to hold a team together for the rest of the season, this we managed with the help of some juniors.

The senior competition was not a very happy one as the season went on. Teams were defaulting and although we had to struggle to field a team sometimes, not once did our Regiment default. This was due to the untiring efforts of the coach, selectors, Capt. H. Read, seniors and Capt. L. Mitchell, juniors, who at times were pulling on one another for men. Sometimes not knowing these teams were set till lunch time on Saturdays, this was due to Batteries not letting them know who was going on leave, so making the selectors a little short-tempered at times, the Regiment offers its congratulations to these two men for the way they have kept the game going this season. The following have represented the seniors:—Lieuts. R. Wright, Martin, Bdr. Wright, Gnr. Potter, Blandford, Hawkins, Hookham, Lieut. Symmons, 2nd./Lieut. McKendrick, Gnr. McBride, Brown, McKendrick, Lieut. Fisher, Capt. Read. Those to represent the juniors were Gnr. Lindsay, L./Bdr. Cooney, Gnr. McMillan, Lincoln, Montiehl, Henry, Bdrs. Nicholas, Larsen, Sgt. Williamson, Gnr. Staples, Forbes, Pottinger, Mr. Hazeldene, Sgt. Burborough, Mr. Harvey. The juniors were the winners of the competition and strangely to say beat the team that defeated us twice during the season, the only times being beaten.

The following is a list of the senior games played this season:—

Versus Air Force	Win	16-6
" A.S.C.	Win	27-5
" Engineers	Win	14-0
" Taras	Loss	6-9
" A.F.V.	Win	Def.
" W.W.C.	Win	Def.
" Ist. H. Bay	Loss	20-8
" A.F.V.	Loss	8-3
" Air Force	Loss	6-3
" A.F.V.	Loss	16-10
" W.W.C.	Loss	3-0
" A.S.C.	Win	Def.
" Air Force	Loss	17-8

The team played 13 games, won six,

lost seven. Points for 95. Points against 90.

The juniors were more consistent:

Versus Air Force	Win	27-7
" Engineers	Win	41-0
" Taras	Loss	21-5
" W.W.C.	Win	3-0
" A.F.V.	Win	22-0
" Taras B	Win	5-3
" Air Force	Win	22-3
" W.W.C.	Win	Def.
" Taras A	Loss	19-5
" A.F.V.	Win	12-5
" Engineers	Win	17-3
" Ambulance	Win	26-3
" Taras	Win	11-0

The team played 13 games. Won 11, lost 2. Points for 196. Points against 64.

As you can see the Regiment has something to be proud of in their footballers who have played a good game and never defaulted, and who were always spoken of by all their opponents as good sports. The Regiment conveys its congratulations to all who played for the Blues in the past season.

The Regiment had several players who represented in Manawatu. The players were: Martin, A. Wright, McBride, Potter and Hawkins. Altogether we had a very successful season.

Ober-Lieutenant: "Where is Lieutenant von Schmidt?"

Mechanic: "He went to attack the British single-handed, sir?"

Ober-Lieutenant: "The fool! That's the last thing he should have done."

Mechanic: "It was, sir."

"Lights Out" had sounded, and the Orderly Sergeant was making his rounds.

Switching on his torch in one of the huts, he saw some kit and a uniform lying on the floor.

"Who didn't fold up his clothes when he went to bed?" he roared, in his best orderly room voice.

From beneath the blankets came a muffled voice, "Adam."

A sign in a popular New York delicatessen shop advertises "Hitler Herring." The owner explains how he makes it: "I take a Bismarck herring and cut out the brains, remove the backbone, and open the mouth."

# READ

## "THE TIMES"

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

\*READ THE OBSERVATION POST It's Printed by "THE TIMES."

## Don't Say We Didn't Warn You

1st. Gunner: "What is the difference between the army and a circus?"  
2nd. Gunner: "Don't know."  
1st. Gunner: "The army has more tents."



Art for Art's Sake.

The best way to waken a man is to tickle his bare feet, says a doctor. Oh, well, another little job won't do the sergeant-major any harm.



It's all right m'dear, I'll look after them.

The sentry on guard was carrying a pick on one shoulder and his rifle on the other when the sergeant appeared. "What the dickens are you up to?" roared the sergeant. "Well," said the sentry, "I'm not much of a shot, so I thought I could stun 'em first and then shoot 'em!"



Demobbed.

"Calling Up Grouse," reads a newspaper headline. How dare they make game of the Army!



Coming Events Cast Their Shadows Before.

### HER CHOICE

Soldier: Which one of these pictures of me do you like the best?  
Girl: The one with the gas mask on.

## FREDDIE BOYS AT WORK

The Editor,  
"Observation Post,"  
I forward herewith a contribution to the "O.P." The author remains anonymous, but I suspect his identity. You may care to add the following note:—  
**T.C.'s Note on the Shoot.**  
Weather perfect.  
Method of ranging.—Gunfire.  
First shoot (Koss): Targets not even part-worn afterwards, as far as could be seen. First and second targets changed for safety reasons.  
Second shoot (Greenfield): Original target, one spectacular direct hit, several near misses. Target turned upside down. Range 2500.  
Third shoot (Laws): Target turned over twice, several more close shots. Range 2700.  
Fourth shoot (Thompson): Target now at 2900, and showing a tendency to disappear if you didn't watch out. Several near misses, and one drum broken loose from target.  
Part of the target was later rescued, in a sinking condition, and a battered oil drum now reposes at Troop H.Q.

Any resemblance to any living persons is purely intentional.

The day of October 7th dawned bright and clear and at 6.30 a.m. all was a bustle, for our long awaited shoot was coming off. Each trailer was loaded with ammunition and the guns were soon ready to be hooked in. "Spud" Brown and "Pussy" Parker were to be numbers one, which considerably "rocked" a certain Bombardier, who had harboured high hopes of being one himself.

As the shoot was scheduled to start at 10 a.m. we were ready at about 9.30, as is our usual habit, but evidently the Navy, being very fond of leave or something of that nature, did not think about our target until after they had finished that delightful job of cleaning out the bunkers. The target was not in place until 10.45 and at 11.15 we received our first orders.

Our C.O. presented a striking study of field methods as he lay on his stomach with his binoculars glued to his eyes, scanning the sea in his usual manner. His "Right 30 deg." technique showed to great advantage.

After six rounds gunfire from each gun, all of which fell in close proximity to the target, No. 2 gun received the order "Stop," while No. 1 gun was given "three rounds battery fire," which was slightly balled up by "Sloppy Joe," the layer, but being a self-conscious sort of chap I won't go into that point any further.

We dashed back to T.H.Q. for lunch and at 1 p.m. were back at the gun position only to find that the guns had to be moved to another position.

After a lot of tough man-handling, we got the guns into their required positions, and at 2.30 p.m. Greenmeadows started his series. A slight error in his orders, brought this caustic remark from an onlooking Colonel "You can't do that here laddie." Boy! was his face red.

Spud scored a direct hit during this series, all the other shots were dangerously close to the target.

The next series conducted by "Bruce," was very good too, and both layers at one time or another during the seven shots had to report "Target obscured."

The Duke of Kau Point took the last series during which a mis-fire occurred and all the big noises from the district were utterly amazed when the gun crews and onlookers were not ordered to take cover. It appears that these chaps are a bit scared of mis-fires. Anyway after changing the striker and having another lash at it, the projectile descended to leave the muzzle.

We were congratulated upon the shooting and the gun drill by Colonel Andrews, so perhaps it was worth all the trouble.

Our own impression of the shoot was quite favourable and although we have a lot of time for the 2nd Field, we are seriously thinking of spending our summer vacation "somewhere in Wellington."

"Donkin," the layer on "Spud's" gun did a very creditable job and I think the rest of the gun crew have him to thank for winning those cigarettes for them.

Well, 2nd Field, see you in the Spring.

"SLOPPY JOE."

A young sergeant asked the sergeant-major for advice in framing a charge for which there was no informative example in King's Regulations.

"What was the man doing exactly?" asked the sergeant-major.

"Flirting with a girl in the park."  
"Well," said the sergeant-major, "charge him with impersonating an officer."

An old Chinaman, delivering laundry at a mining camp heard a noise and espied a huge brown bear sniffing his tracks in the newly fallen snow.

"Huh!" he gasped. "You like my tracks, I makee some more."

He: "I wonder if Hitler gets any sleep these nights?"

She: "He should. He's got 80,000,000 sheep to count!"



S/Sgt. Mexted at Home.

Chalked notice over camp wash-bucket in Palestine.  
"Please do not use soap when washing, as water is required later for brewing tea."



K! it Inspection.

### THE MIRACLE

New Army Sergeant-major: I say, you chaps, will you be so good as to form fours just once more. The last time you did it, it was a bit ragged. I feel an awful cad for troubling you like this. My humble apologies.



Ain't Nature Grand.

The Orderly Officer thought he would try to "catch" the young sentry, who was carrying out his guard duties.

O.O.: "What would you do if one of the enemy suddenly appeared from nowhere?"

Sentry: "Nowhere, sir?"

O.O.: "Yes, nowhere."

Sentry: "Hit him over the head with nothing, sir."



Army Issue.

"On the right, form squad" roared the sergeant. The raw recruits carried out some kind of manoeuvre, which left him speechless. He looked at them for a moment—two moments—Then his voice returned.

"All right," he said, in tones which no mere words can possibly describe. "Now take your partners for the Lancers."

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