

THE OBSERVATION POST

VOL. 1, No. 30.

PALMERSTON NORTH, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1942.

PRICE 1d.

“A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year to Everyone”



“Our Colonel”

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Editorial

Christmas at War

Christmas during war-time seems sometimes to be an anomaly, but when one realises that this war is being fought for the peace and freedom of all peoples from the tyranny of a despotic creed, for the establishment of true Christian principles throughout the world, then we can celebrate the Birth of He who came to bring Love, Peace and Justice to all mankind.

We in this Regiment have gone through the past year training ourselves to fight efficiently against the power and might of Hitlerism without giving, perhaps, much thought as to why we are fighting or what the war is all about. At this time of the year when our minds are thinking on festive lines, it would not be a bad idea to give these matters a little thought.

Recently in the daily newspapers appeared a report of the determination of the Nazis to eliminate the Jews. A method they found most efficient being to inject air bubbles into the blood stream. By this method, the report stated, one doctor could kill about 100 Jews per hour, and that 25,000 had already been so removed. Whether you like Jews or not, they are still human beings.

Some of you may have talked with wounded men returned from fighting "The little yellow monkeys" and have heard of or even seen some of the atrocities perpetrated by these loathsome barbarians.

Can we hold up our heads if we don't do all in our power to prevent a recurrence of these happenings? By victory—final and complete—we hope to ensure that our sons do not have to come in contact with similar brutality—that they can live useful lives in peace and freedom without fear.

OURSELVES

This number would not be complete without the Editor's thanks to all who have made our paper possible.

It had its birth away back in the days of "mud and slush" and was intended to be the Regiment's voice. The C.O. and Major Flux were the sponsors within the Regiment, the Right Hon. J. G. Coates took the scheme under his wing and made it possible, the Factory Controller helped with paper, the proprietors of the Manawatu Daily Times, in spite of labour shortage have printed it, members of the Regiment have contributed articles, "The Gadfly" although a civilian has been most helpful not only with his regular articles but also with advice and help. To all these gentlemen and to the gentlemen on the staff of The Times, the Editor and the Regiment is deeply grateful.

We also owe a debt of gratitude to all those firms who, from the beginning have given us advertising, Messrs. C. M. Ross Co., Ltd., Millar and Giorgi, P.D.C. Ltd., Manhattan Ltd., Watson Bros., Regent, Meteor and Mayfair Theatres, without their consistent help it would not have been possible to carry on financially. It is up to every reader to support these firms.

The same applies to advertisers in this issue. Some firms have refused to advertise, we can show our appreciation of their refusal by spending our money only with those who have proved their appreciation of the fact that we are fighting for them, by buying space in this issue. In practically every case advertisers have gladly and willingly bought space. If readers will ask the Editor he will give a list of those who have refused.

CONCLUSION.

"The Observation Post" staff sincerely thank everyone who has helped in any way during the past eight months and wish them and all readers all over the world (and that is not an exaggeration) A Happy Christmas and pray that 1943 will bring Victory and Peace.

C.R.A.'s Greetings

H.Q., 4th Div. Arty.,
2nd December, 1942.

The Editor,

"The Observation Post."

It is a pleasure to accede to your Commanding Officer's request that I should write a Xmas and New Year message to the Regiment for publication in the Observation Post. It is appropriate that my first thought should be to extend to Lieut. Colonel Lowe, the Officers, W.O.'s, N.C.O.'s and men of the Regiment my best wishes for Xmas and the New Year. This I do most cordially, and I trust that your Xmas and New Year holidays in the comfort and security of your homes will be a period of real happiness and refreshment.

The momentous year now drawing to a close has meant for most of you 12 months of hard work and still harder waiting for the chance to prove your worth as soldiers. With the tremendous drama of the war claiming so much of the world as its stage, the role which the Regiment has been called upon to play has, by comparison, lacked the spectacular values which so effectively aid the defeat of boredom and staleness. That the Regiment has met this long sustained test and all the discomforts of a wet and muddy winter in the field with steadiness and unimpaired morale is a performance of which you may be proud, and one which augurs well for the future.

And what of the New Year? As a soldier speaking to soldiers I wish the Regiment "good hunting" on the field of battle. I know that your burning desire is to apply your physical hardness, your training and your resolution to the supreme task of meeting and defeating our enemies in the field. I commend that spirit and charge each and all of you to keep that flame burning in your hearts with ever increasing ardour. On the other hand, as your C.R.A., it is my duty to counsel patience without loss or keenness, to continue to make every available hour of this period of preparation produce its full worth in training value. Training not only in the gunner techniques of war, but in all those moral and spiritual qualities which transform a man into a good soldier. Perhaps the most important of these soldierly



Photo by Lewis Studio.

COL. E. J. PHILLIPS.

qualities are Loyalty, Unselfishness, Keeness, Tolerance and Steadfastness—the flower of their cultivation is pride in one-self and in the Regiment, and the fruit the composite courage, steadiness and power of endurance of a well trained Unit demanding the respect of its friends and the wholesome fear of its enemies.

So my New Year message to the Regiment is to train on with a quickened sense of the reality and urgency of the work you are called upon to do; to have faith in the value of the role to which you are allotted in the meantime and to devote yourselves wholeheartedly to preparation for the test which assuredly lies ahead. Thus each in his own sphere may contribute his full share to the honour and good traditions of the Regiment.

E. J. PHILLIPS, Colonel.
C.R.A.

LITTLE SHERLOCK.

Little daughter: "I knew you were coming to-night."

Sister's beau: "Who told you?"

Little daughter: "Oh, nobody told me, but I saw my sister take your picture out of the bureau drawer and stand it on the piano."

lovable chaps as everyone knows.

Well then what is wrong with people taking an interest in their gardens. There is no need to plant walnut trees for the sake of posterity, but a little thought will soon produce excellent results if added to the thought is a little work and a lot of patience—so go to it.

Gardening

CAMP ADVANTAGES.

Seeing all the flowers blooming around the camp makes one realise how much the Army studies the individual and his comfort, not that the Army have supplied the flowers, oh no!!

AT HOME.

When one lived at home one had a sitting-room, a kitchen and a bathroom. A man had to get out of a comfortable chair (perhaps, that is if no guests were present) stretch himself, open two or three doors, go along a cold, draughty passage to his bedroom, there to crawl between cold sheets to bed. If he wanted friends he either had to go to their house and return home in the cold or else invite them to his home, and let them make his home as untidy as they pleased. Further if he wanted to do a spot of gardening he had to change his clothes, wander down the garden and do what his mother or wife wanted, in the way they wanted, with them ever-lastingly pointing out errors and accusing him of slacking.

IN THE ARMY.

Now in the Army things are so much better. A man is supplied with a bed sitting-room without a chair to get out of. He can lie and rest so much more comfortably on his bed and when he wants to retire to his truckle couch all he has to do is roll in. The Army finds guests for everyone, they are semi-permanently with one, it would be terrible to allow a soldier to be lonely so two, four or eight men live together. Then there is no need to waste time looking at the clock or passing broad hints that it is time to go to bed. The Army fixes that for everyone, and does it with music too. Even then the Army is not satisfied that the soldiers have been properly looked after, it sends an orderly sergeant round to tuck every man up in bed and kiss him good-night.

When it comes to gardens—well—the Army is super-kind, it plunks the soldiers' home down on beautiful soil and invites him through R.O.'s to dig a slit trench and with the rest of the area, make a garden. Now this soil supplies nearly everything he requires, there are some delightful stones or boulders which he can excavate to make borders for the paths, empty bottles to remind him that temptation has been removed from his ken and vast quantities of mosquitoes which ensure that he will not knock off until the very last moment.

As if this were not enough, the Army supplies a nice kind sergeant to help out. He won't nag, he'll just run over to the Y.M. and shout you an ice cream or cup of tea. All sergeants are kind
(Continued at Foot of Previous Column)

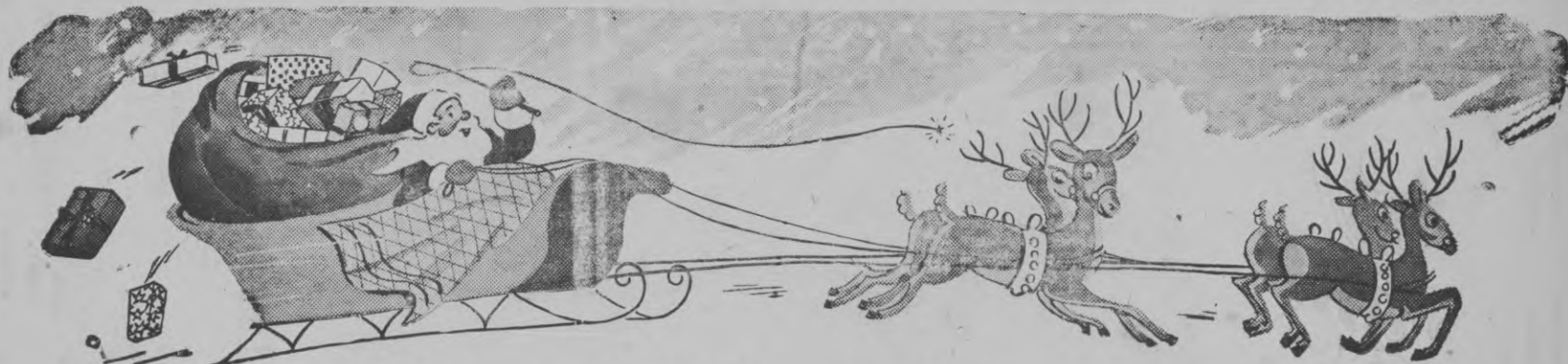
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C.O.'s Christmas Greetings

To All Ranks.

We conclude twelve months of mobilised training. The year has been an eventful one in the history of the Regiment. From the first hectic days of sorting and issuing equipment and vehicles, the selection and forced training of personnel, to find the specialists, signallers and various tradesmen required in a technical unit. Our brief residence in local schools, the extreme kindnesses of the local residents when our cooking was bad and administration poor, combined training with the other splendid units of the Brigade on manoeuvres through sunny Hawke's Bay, live shell practice at Foxton and in the Ruahines and Tararua, living under primitive conditions through an extremely wet and muddy winter, to our present comfortable quarters.

Throughout the whole period the spirit of the Regiment has been excellent, only falling below normal on the occasions when we have farewelled gunners transferring to other units with an apparently better future. My task in command has been made easy by the loyalty, cheerfulness and a keen desire to play hard and learn, continually displayed by Officers, N.C.O.'s and all ranks throughout the whole of the year. I am grateful to our late 2 I/C, Adjutant and Q.M. for the long hours they have worked and the very real assistance they have given in administering and training the unit.

From before and during the war the Regiment has given hundreds of gunners their initial training, has recently provided large numbers of Officers and N.C.O.'s to form new Batteries, and has always had the ambition to serve together as a unit. We hope we will, but although we train in Batteries, Regiments and Divisions, the real unit is the Royal Regiment of Artillery, and our duty as gunners is to serve the guns anywhere and everywhere the other arms require our assistance.

What the future has in store we do not know except that the hard part is waiting. Many thousands of regular soldiers in Britain have waited throughout the whole of the war and are still waiting. Our period of waiting is short compared with theirs. Kipling's best poem, which sets out the essentials required in a man, opens with the lines, "If you can wait and not be tired by waiting." Don't get tired, boys, there is always a lot to learn, even learning to wait. A Japanese will cheerfully spend a week tied to a tree waiting for a shot, and there are still millions of Japs and millions of Huns alive who have to be eliminated before our beautiful little country, our homes and our families can be assured of a future. The 25pdr. with you as its servant, and every other gunner we can train will be required to play a large part in assisting our friends the infantry to decide the final issue. Keep at it, make our Batteries and Regiment one of the best among gunners, and don't be tired by waiting.

To each one of you, your parents, wives, families and sweethearts, I wish you all the best in the coming year.

CHAS. LOWE.



Photo by Lewis Studio.

C. F. LOWE, LT.-COL., E.D., N.Z.A.

Our C.O.

Our C.O.'s history is mostly that of 5th, in which Battery he has served continuously since 1917. He joined the then D Battery, N.Z.F.A., in Wellington as Trumpeter at the age of 16, while serving also in Technical College Cadets as a platoon sergeant. The Battery was commanded by Major Petherick, with Capt., now Brigadier W. A. Stevens, as Adjutant. When he was 18, in 1919, he was officially taken on strength. He was coached for his commission by the late Major T. Farr, D.S.O., and passed in 1922, being appointed 2nd. Lieut. under Major G. Lyon, Battery Commander.

For three years he went to sea to obtain engineering certificates, being retained on active list of officers while absent. Whilst at sea he gained considerable experience whilst seeing the world. His anecdotes from this portion of his life are most interesting. His voyaging finished in 1926 when he again took up soldiering, attending all annual camps at Foxton and Waipukurau.

In 1932 he was appointed Captain and Battery 2 I/C and was responsible for training drivers in equitation and riding up to the time 5 Battery was mechanised in 1936. In this period he trained hundreds of drivers, spending almost every weekend riding at Seatoun.

Assisted materially in holding 5 Battery together during depression period when military training was abolished

Christmas Greetings

To the Officers, N.C.O.'s and Men of the 2nd Field Regiment.

I wish to extend to you all my best wishes this Christmastide, and hope every man will have a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, whether on leave or in camp.

May I, at this time, thank all those willing workers for help given in our various entertainments of the past year and say that anything I may have been able to do to make your camp life bright has been a pleasure and I will continue to take an interest and pride in the Regiment for as long as the need is there.

"REGIMENTAL MOTHER,"
(F. M. Honore.)

for a year, carried on training with three officers and 20 n.c.o.'s until voluntary training system was inaugurated in 1932.

He has always been and still is a keen rifle shot, for many years holding Brigade championship. In June, 1939, passed his majority and appointed Battery Commander. It was largely his work that recruited 5 Battery up to war establishment prior to the outbreak of war.

Enlisted for overseas service with complete unit beginning of war and once each month afterwards until all officers and most of the unit had gone. Was not accepted, too large a family and reserved occupation as engineer in charge of a large freezing works. Of the officers then serving two only remain, Capt. S. Hardy, returned and instructing at Arty O.C.T.U. Trentham, and Lieut. S. Almao, taken prisoner on Crete. The majority of the O.R.'s surviving have now been commissioned. One Bdr. E. Sante held record for tanks knocked out with 25pdr. in Greece, was killed and awarded D.C.M.

Carried out several months intensive training in early part of war as B.C. 3 and 5 Btys under Lt.-Col. McQuarrie, D.S.O., M.C.; in and out of army and civilian occupation, building freezing works ever since. Still hopes to take unit on service. Attended first Staff College Course for senior officers. Appointed to command Regiment, November 1, 1941. Carried out mobilisation December, 1941, and training since then.

Awarded Efficiency Decoration for 21 years' commissioned service in 1940.

The Conqueror

The following was written upon the outbreak of the Great War of 1914-1918 by Harry Kemp, a Bath railway porter. It might well have been written upon the outbreak of this Great War, 25 years later.

I saw the conqueror go riding by
With trampling feet of horse and men;
Empire on empire like the tide
Flooded the world and ebbed again.

A thousand banners caught the sun,
And cities smoked along the plain;
And laden down with silk and gold
And heaped-up pillage, groaned the wain.

I saw the conquerors riding by
Splashing through louthsome floods of war;
The Crescent leaning o'er its hosts,
And the barbaric scimitar.

And continents of moving spears,
And storm of arrows in the sky,
And all the instruments sought out
By cunning men that men may die!

I saw the conquerors riding by
With cruel lips and faces wan;
Musing a kingdom sacked and burned,
There rode the Mongol, Genghis Khan.

And Alexander, like a god,
Who sought to weld the world in one;
And Caesar with his laurel wreath;
And, leaping full of hell, the Hun.

And, leading like a star the van,
Heedless of upstretched arm and groan,
Inscrutable Napoleon went
Dreaming of empire, and alone.

Then all they perished from the earth,
As fleeting shadow from a glass,
And, conquering down the centuries
Came Christ, the swordless, on an ass!

—Harry Kemp.

EAGER TO BEGIN

A small boy on his way to spend Christmas holidays with a friend was continually asking the guard if the train had arrived at Feilding. In fact, he asked at every station, and the guard's temper was becoming a little short.

At last the train actually did arrive at Feilding. "Here you are, youngster," said the guard. "Here's your Feilding for you."

"Thank you," said the boy without moving.

"Well," said the guard, "aren't you going to get out?"

"Oh, no," said the boy. "I have a long way further to go, but mother told me to eat my sandwiches at Feilding."

A doctor, in want of a strong lad, advertised, and, being a ventriloquist, adopted the following grim ruse to test the nerves of the applicants.

The first he sent with a basin of hot water to feed a skeleton he had in a dark cupboard.

During the process of feeding, the skeleton observed in sepulchre tones: "It's deuced hot."

The boy's hair stood on end. He dropped the basin and fled in terror.

The second applicant, a small, shock-haired lad, had to go through the same ordeal; but when the skeleton made his remark, he replied unconcernedly: "I could have told you that. Blow on it, you fool!"

He got the job.

Our modern plum puddings are but a small survival of a very gigantic old dish. This was originally plum porridge and was served from a huge turcen as a soup consisting of beef and mutton broth, well spiced and thickened with brown bread. During the pudding age of the Georges more bread was added; it was stiffened by degrees into a pudding, eaten at the end of the beginning of the meal, and so, at last, was called plum pudding.

Mince pies in olden days were known as "shredded mutton pies" and, composed of meats of all kinds and the costliest spices, meant to symbolise the gifts of the Wise Men.

They were originally oval in shape, to represent the manger in which the Holy Child was laid.

As sketch—MEN'S GIFT SET of Bardsley's Brilliantine and After-Shaving Lotion. Coupon-free.

3/11



"CADET" GIFT SETS containing Brilliantine and Shaving Soap refill.

4/6 coupon-free.

With Lotion, Brilliantine and Soap refill.

6/6

Novel TRAVEL KIT containing Palmolive Soap and Shaving Stick, Protex Soap and Colgates Tooth Paste. Wonderful value. Coupon-free.

3/3

A Huge Range of SOLDIERS' MONEY BELTS to choose from, in Leather and Suede. Coupon-free. Priced from

8/6

WRITING COMPENDIUMS in leather case, containing Envelopes, Pad, etc. Coupon-free.

8/11

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17/6 and 19/6

Coupon-free comfort in MEN'S SLIPPERS, Green, Brown, Red, Black and Navy Leather with padded leather sole and heel.

15/6



SMOKER'S STANDS, useful and pleasing gifts for the home, styled in Chrome or Black and Chrome, coupon-free. As Sketch ..

47/6

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With Sparkler Edge ..

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19/11

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30/-

DECK CHAIRS in heavy duty canvas, gaily striped. Coupon-free.

19/6

With arm rest ..

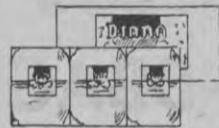
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"Early Colonial" GIFT SET of Pot Pourri Face Powder and Perfume. 8/- Coupon-free.



DORNEY'S LAVENDER BATH POWDER with pad as sketch. 8/3

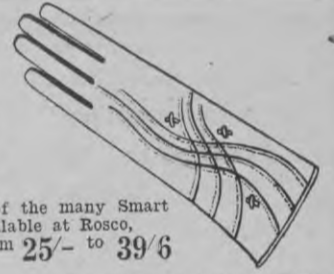
Also large square size with pad. Coupon-free. 4/11

DORNEY'S LAVENDER SALTS in 6 square packets as sketch. Coupon-free. 2/11

DORNEY'S LAVENDER SOAP in gift box of three cakes. Coupon-free. 4/3

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As sketch—ENGLISH NAPPA SKIN GLOVE showing in Black and Navy, pique sewn, with attractive scroll and cross-stitch design on back. 25/- 2 coupons.



This is only one of the many Smart GLOVE Styles available at Rosco, Priced from 25/- to 39/6



As Sketch—"PEERLESS" CAMBRIC HANKIE printed in colourful Paisley pattern on White ground. 1/3

Many other Hankie styles to select from ... Cambric—Priced from 9D.

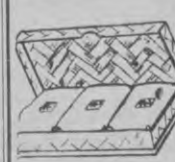
Linen—Priced from 1/7 and 2/3

As sketch—CALF LEATHER HANDBAG with Chromium frame and strap handle, inner snap cash frame. Available in shades of Black, Navy, Brown and Grey. Coupon-free.

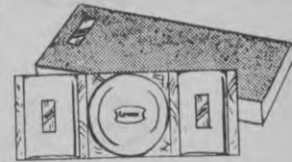


Patent Finish HANDBAGS and available in an excellent range of styles and colours. Coupon-free. Priced from 26/6

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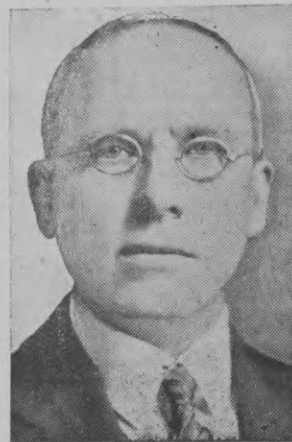
Prime Minister's Greetings

It gives me great pleasure to contribute a Christmas Message of congratulation and goodwill to "The Observation Post," the official journal of the Second Field Regiment, N.Z.A. Its editor and staff have done good work in promoting comradeship and regimental determination to attain the highest possible standard of efficiency.

Christmas this year is marked by happier circumstances and more favourable prospects of solid success than any previous occasion since the outbreak of war. The part which our own forces have played in the attainment of this welcome change is a matter of the greatest pride to New Zealand. As General Freyberg has written:

"The courage and tenacity of our fighting soldiers remain of the highest order. The training, equipment and efficiency of the force have stood the test of a most exacting campaign, and we look to the future with confidence."

No country has finer troops than ours, nor greater determination to devote all its energies and strength towards the prosecution of the war. As a young nation with great resources behind a resolute policy to provide a high level of social welfare and industrial prosperity for all sections of the community, this Dominion has had to make great efforts and real sacrifices. To-day New Zealand is indeed in the forefront of the war effort of the United Nations. Even the most prosaic story of performance could not fail to be inspiring in its impressive evidence of unity of purpose, of service and of the will for victory. This Dominion has indeed played its full part nobly and well in the fight against



HON. P. FRASER

the destroyers of true progress and human freedom. The issues at stake are fully realised by all New Zealanders, especially by those who have taken up arms and are ready and waiting to join their comrades overseas in the task for which they have trained themselves.

Though we rejoice to-day in the splendid successes which have been obtained, there is no denying the fact that strenuous days still lie ahead. The task is, nevertheless made easier by the turn of events in recent days, and by the growing feeling of confidence that the resolute efforts of the peoples of the United Nations are building a firm road to complete victory.

I wish you all good fortune, a cheery Christmas, and a victorious New Year.

P. FRASER,
Prime Minister.

Y.M.C.A.

(By 448027).

"A cup of tea and two cakes, please." "Two orange drinks." "Four ice creams, please"—business in the Regimental Y.M.C.A. is brisk as usual as the hut officer, Mr. Brydon Harvey, and his fatigue for the day, labour cheerfully at their tiring work.

The indispensable service to the unit of the Y.M. as a meeting house, supper room, and "night spot" where some swing expert is usually to be found playing the piano, has been greatly appreciated during the year.

Mr. Harvey has worked hard to ensure that the men have received a maximum of service, and his efforts have not been lost on them.

Every night the building hums with conversation, mingling with the strains of the piano and, in the rare quiet moments, the chink of coin is heard as the money is dropped into the till.

In the corner of the room someone usually avails himself of the use of the iron—another indispensable service attached to the institution.

It is not only in catering for the nightly recreation of the men that the Y.M.C.A. has proved a boon to the Regiment, however. Mr. Harvey is a keen athlete, and has rendered sterling service in the capacity of Sports Officer. His activities in the noble art of self defence have resulted in some very fine boxing tournaments being held during the winter months; Rugby football matches were arranged, as well as the organising of Hockey, Soccer, and Basketball games. His sporting ability has proved of great benefit to the men throughout the year, and now that summer has arrived, Mr. Harvey has lost no time in securing Cricket matches and making possible the membership of soldiers who wish to join one of the local Tennis Clubs.

A big factor in camp life, too, is that of letter writing. Once more, the Y.M.C.A. provides the paper and envelopes for the use of the men—a service which is widely used and sometimes taken too much for granted.

The democracy of the Regiment, too, is amply demonstrated by the action of the officers, who have quite often given up their free nights to help hard-pressed secretary, and run the business for him when he has been called away on sports business. This unselfishness is typical of the Y.M. spirit, and raises a point for reflection—"Would such a case of officers looking after the men occur in any British Army unit?"

The heartfelt thanks of the men are extended through these pages to all who rendered such grand service during the year in the Y.M.C.A., to Mr. Harvey, in particular, who has even arranged concerts almost every Wednesday evening, for the men's entertainment, we repeat, "Thanks for everything."

CHRISTMAS PUDDING

I'm Christmas pudding, fat and jolly,
Served with sauce and a sprig of holly.
I am made with all things nice—
Like little girls, with sugar and spice,
With penny-penny's new laid eggs,
With raisins, butter and brown nutmegs.
I'm Christmas pudding, fat and jolly,
Served with sauce and a sprig of holly.

A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT

Kind words cost nothing. They make us rich if we use them. They bless the world if we employ them. We can bless those around us if we scatter sunshine as we go. The dog will love you if you treat him kindly. Human hearts will open to you if you only come in kindness to them.

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GARNERS' DEPARTMENT STORE

BROADWAY - P.N.

4th Battery Torch Bearers

A stands for Arkinstall, a young N.C.O. Also for Ayling a complaint we all know.
 Of B's we have two who rank very high, Blewett, a leader, and Balston so sly; Balston the boys love, he hands out the feed,
 But beware of K.D.'s for them he will bleed.
 C is the letter most noticed round here, One in particular stands out very clear. Clapp is our expert when dancing with girls;
 Campbell, the Sergeant, the flag he unfurls;
 Carmichael bowls out his orders so clear;
 Cotton just sits and laps up the beer;
 Man Mountain Chamber towers over us Petting the boys and making a fuss;
 But Crozier's the lad who falls down the drains,
 Trying his hardest to bash out his brains.
 D stands for Dentice with hard looking face,
 That's all to be said to strengthen his case.
 In G we have Grey, a man of repute, For L we have Lockie you cannot dispute.
 McManus so bold is leader of all, You can rise under him or go for a fall;
 Bombardier Moore bears his namesake, And under this man naught can you fake.
 The O's have two stalwarts in such men as these,
 O'Brien and Osmond with guns spread a breeze,
 And they are the ones who send the shells fast
 As one by one the twenty-fives blast.
 Bombardier Rose keeps our trucks spick and span,
 Sheldrake stands over him waving a fan.
 Townsend reminds us of the camp out of town
 As he walks on his rounds, with women and frown.
 Wilkinson, Wilson, and Winks in the rear,
 Are not the least on the ship that we steer,
 For Winks an old soldier help to us brings
 That one day will save us from Death with its stings.
 So we passed judgment on this band of men
 Who gather together in 4th Battery den;
 But we will not trade them for others of fame,
 We would rather keep them "Thanks all the same."

Hon. F. Jones' Greetings

I am grateful for the opportunity of conveying through "The Observation Post" a message of Seasonal Greetings to your readers.

I share their fervent hope that the recent encouraging achievements of the Allied Forces will continue with increasing rapidity and that the order to "cease fire" may be heard sooner than is anticipated even by the most optimistic, giving us the victory over our enemies. In total war, such as the one now raging, the conditions for soldiers, sailors, airmen and civilians cannot be on the same level of comfort and security as exist in times of peace, but I feel sure that our people will continue to show the traditional spirit of confidence until our foes are vanquished. There is much cause for thankfulness in that so far we in this country have been spared the experiences of our kinsmen in other parts of the world who have been subject to bombing from the air and the nervous strain inseparable from the thought of invasion.



Hon. F. Jones.

To all those who have been and are still preparing to do battle for the right, I extend my sincerest good wishes for a pleasant Christmas and a successful New Year.

(Sgd.) F. JONES,
 Minister for Defence.

Some Old Timers

Many Gunners go, many Gunners come, but "Beer" Troop goes on for ever. In the last year we have lost many fellow Gunners to N.Z.E.F. etc., but let us recall some of them.

FRANK JACOURT once a spec, then funny enough thought he would like a change, so became a Gunner. A good man with a good yarn in a tight place.

WHITEY left us rather hurriedly and now I believe holding up three stripes and a gun. Nice work, Boy, remember B2.

BONDY, a very quiet chap, had a change and went to Anti Tank and is now saying Tanks for those three stripes.

GAVIN, or at least we should really be polite and say Mr., is doing some kind of Headquarter job, but is very handy at attaching his signature to a 667.

MILLSEY always seems rather dazed and decided that guns were too much work, felt hungry and attached himself to the canteen.

HOOT, a very dashing young signaler got tangled up and is now in A.A.

BIGSEY, is trying his hand in A.A., but still the beer is a great attraction.

DON, one of the quietest. Never a murmur, but always plenty of action. His cousin was with us for a short spell but he fluttered off.

REILLY, that man! L.M.G. got him and after working with them became very comical.

MIC. M.T. and young ladies, but they all helped to win three stripes and a gun. Congratulations, Mic.

BEN with the saxophone down his throat always was to be seen sleeping or welding a spanner about.

TED, a fine batman and wireless operator and also came to the fore on a M/C.

PEARCE, what a Horse!! Everyone used to stand back while he did all the work.

SHORTY HEPBURN. A good butcher, but evidently a better Bdr. in the Anti Tank. Also liked the races.

SULLY. Oh those eyes. Oh those



OUR PAL REX.

lips, and oh those jaws of steel even made the Marmon scared.

JACK PANE and CURLY CAMERON, both enjoyed heavy driving and a quiet game of poker finished the day.

Then there is Mr. FISHER, who we all pay respect to. A fine soldier, a fine man, but not too shy with the young ladies. Ah, what?

In the above I have only mentioned a few. There are many more, some still with us, also some from the 12th, who I couldn't possibly pass any comments about, as I am still here myself.

Well, I would like to wish all those old and new members, wherever you might be, the best wishes and appreciation for Xmas and the Coming Year.

B. R. CLAPP, W.O. 2.,
 "B" Troop.

CORRECTION.

Unfortunately an error occurred in our report of the P.D.C. concert last week. The producer was Mr. Len Wood and the costumes were made by several young ladies under the control of Miss Carlisle.

Give and Take

"Parsons ain't done much for me," Growled old William, near his end.
 "And did you ever do for them
 What any man does for a friend?"

"Did you," said Parson, "any day Pity a parson? Did you ask If he felt tired?—or try to help him Sometimes at his weary task?"

"Did you ever cheer him up? Did you show him sympathy?"
 "No," said William, "that's HIS job—He's paid to do all that for ME."

"Have you paid God?" said Parson, then;
 "With service or with any fee? Suppose He says, when you roll up, 'What did you ever do for Me?'"

"Well, Bill," said Parson with a smile, "I'll bury you all right, old man! And, if I overlook neglect, It's pretty certain that God can!"
 —"Trench."

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OBSERVATION POST FEATURES



MELODY LANE CALLING.

"Mark" wishes to extend his hearty good wishes for as Merry a Christmas as possible, good hunting and a safe return to the hundreds of boys overseas and in camp in New Zealand, who, during the past three years have made melody in Melody Lane—the melody of rattling knives and forks, and clinking crockery mingled with carefree laughter and merry talk.

He is profoundly grateful for the privilege of having been of service to them, and hopes that when they have finished cleaning up Jerry and Wop, they will come back to clean up many a savoury plate at Melody Lane, Regent Arcade, Palmerston North.

REVERSED

"How did you make your fortune?"
 "I became the partner of a rich man; he had the money and I the experience."
 "How did that help?"
 "Now he has the experience and I the money."

HANDS FULL

The teacher was having her trials, and finally wrote the mother: "Your son is the brightest boy in my class, but he is the most mischievous. What shall I do?"
 The reply duly came: "Do as you please, I am having my own troubles with his father."



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Hon. Adam. Hamilton's Message

It gives me great pleasure to accept your invitation to extend to the officers and men of your Regiment, through "The Observation Post," the Season's Greetings.

For all of you, may it be a happy Christmas, spent among your people, and a brighter New Year in which the seal will be put on Victory.

I compliment your Regiment on the initiative and pride in unit, which has produced and maintained "The Observation Post." It is easy to find difficulties; it is easy to criticise, but constructive contribution to the esprit de corps of a Regiment, such as your paper, is worthy of high appreciation.

From the dark days of Dunkirk until the present, those who have said "It can't be done," have been consistently wrong. On the basis of pride in self, and pride in unit, on team work and comradeship, the foundations of victory have been laid by our fighting men in the field. "It can and will be done," are the watchwords of that task.

You, with me, I know have the same thrill of pride at the record of the New Zealand Division in Egypt. Particularly must you thrill at the record of our Artillery men; their work has been magnificently inspiring; Rommel has tasted their metal to his confusion. The part that our men played in successive hours of



Hon. Adam Hamilton.

crisis, was only possible because of the team work and training built on pride in their units.

So to your Regiment in the New Year I wish happy days of training and organisation, so that if and when the time comes for you to play your part, as other units have played theirs before, the result will be another page added to the magnificent record of our fighting men.

We all know in our hearts that the cause is worth it all. To your paper also, I wish a successful New Year.

ADAM HAMILTON.

The Padre's Column

CHRISTMAS.

In a few more days we will be celebrating Christmas. Nearly 2000 years ago a Babe was born in the little Eastern town of Bethlehem. His Mother was a humble village lass who had made no claims to fame. The doors of the inn were closed to her in her hour of need, and only in a stable could shelter be found wherein to bring forth her child. His first cradle was a manger. Dumb animals were his first associates. Yet now, nearly twenty centuries later, the people of the world keep festival. Why?

We are told that shepherds watching their flocks by night, were startled by a strange incident. They saw a light shining in their midst, and they were afraid! Then a voice said, "Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord." It seemed that a great choir was singing "Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth, peace, goodwill toward men." Thus was the great news first given to humble men—news that a Saviour had come as a tiny, helpless babe. His was no ordinary life. In Him, God was showing Himself to the World. Never before had the divine and the earthly met in such complete and wondrous form. Heaven's greatest glory had touched the Earth!

Through all the years that have been and gone, the coming of the Christ Child has stirred the hearts of men. The Christmas season breathes anew each year its spirit of hope and loveliness. Year by year the angel song is repeated and we hear again "the good

tidings of great joy." Tidings of peace on earth and goodwill toward men.

Strange isn't it that such a message should sound in our ears above the noisy clash of war? All about us are the evidences of conflict and of strife. There is little of peace and goodwill, much of battle and of hatreds, but still we keep this festival; not as one which present events have stripped of all its meaning, but as one so charged with radiant hope that its harmony rings out above the discords of our day.

True, a bloody tyranny has taken hold of men and nations. But, equally true, and of greater significance for the world, Mary's Child was born!

Eight centuries before the stable at Bethlehem gave its kindly shelter to a Mother and her Babe, a great Hebrew leader declared, "Behold, a Virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel," or "God with us." It came to pass that night in Bethlehem. God Himself came into our midst and took his dwelling place among mankind—and holds it still! Let us never forget, least of all at Christmas time, that in spite of the bitterness and fury of men, God is with us—with all His people.

He who chose the simple beauty of a baby's birth to unfold the splendour of His power, sends forth His Heralds of the peace that yet shall be. He calls us from the roar and clash of strife to rest our eyes upon a manger crib—upon a Babe Whose very tenderness is mightier than all the tools of war, Whose love shall break the powers of Mars.

"Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, for unto you is born this day, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord."

A Christmas Story

A ROMAN HOLIDAY.

AN ARTILLERY TIT-BIT.

(By W. T.M.)

Once upon a time approaching Christmas in the year xx12 there was a famous General named Charlow, who felt that his valiant army was becoming stale, so, forsooth he sacked one portion thereof upon another section. This did he unbeknown to the second section.

The first section, for the sake of clarity we will call "The Curlews" because they were commanded by a tried and valued officer named Curlew (so named because of his ability to see all things like the bird of that name).

The second party we will call "The Burtinkers" because of their commander, a man much tried in the art of war.

The Curlews were well encamped at a place named Toko and were sleeping and rejoicing because they were well away from the main army and the lynx eye of General Charlow. Suddenly they were attacked by the Burtinkers. Some of the occurrences are worthy of narration.

A party of Burtinkers under the command of Centurian Georgius Secundus attacked a well fortified "O Pip" in the care of Markus Primus (so named to avoid confusing him with another apostle of the same name, Markus Secundus).

Unfortunately Centurian Georgius Secundus was very impetuous and of a mighty valour and in the heat of battle raced ahead of his glorious band, to capture the stronghold. He was easily captured as he entered the fort and the same fate befell his men who entered almost one by one and much out of breath from trying to keep up with their beloved leader.

Now the historian grieves to have to report that Markus Primus was asleep in his bivvy, (being a little fella he needed a lot of sleep). Now, Georgius Secundus had two very wise sub-officers, Beady and an apostle in embryo named Matthew. These two wised up their leader to the fact that Markus was asleep, and so with much stealth and low cunning they not only retrieved their own bows and arrows but those of Markus and escaped. When Markus realised the dirt cast upon him, he emulated the action of the Saxon King Alfred and burned his scones.

Being now much elated and in great glee they decided to attack the Headquarters of Colonel Curlew. Snooping and crawling they approached a varlet on guard. Standing up and approaching boldly, Georgius demanded of the sentry:

"Give unto me the password."

The sentry being just a mere soldier with no ambition or grey matter replied:

"Hokitoki."

"Thanks," quoth Georgius, "now thou art my prisoner."

Now this password had magic in it and was often used after a cry of Me hi hi hi.

Armed with the magic password this party was able to capture sentry after sentry. Unfortunately the historian was not able to follow up this story as the mighty General Charlow had created a diversion. Being a keen and cunning General, he at his evening meal, surrounded by his generals, centurians and slaves, suddenly smote his brow and exclaimed:

"Ha! Ha! Now will we, with our reputation of the eternal triangle, make this battle a three to one gamble. Hee thee Colonel Sniftus (so known because of the red hirsute appearance of his upper lip) and limber up one of your mighty weapons and procure from that worthy fellow Wills' son some powder and shot. We will surprise 'em."

Away they went and to make the game more sporting they dispensed with their slaves and manned the piece with officers.

Arriving at the scene of battle, the officers manhandled the ponderous weapon nigh unto the H.Q. of Colonel Curlew and with much giggling and mirth it was eventually worked into position. However, the noise of girlish laughter attracted the attention of Colonel Curlew's sentries. With much presence of mind the quick witted General Charlow fell into a mighty rushing torrent. His language turned the air blue so that the sentries were not able to locate the correct position until after the ballista had been loaded, rammed, flint set and fired.

It is regrettable that the only damage inflicted was to the local peasantry (who had a son on H.Q.), who quickly burrowed under the rushes on the floor until activity had ceased.

The following day saw many stormy arguments somewhat on these lines, "You bizzard, that's my bow and arrow you've got." However, peace was quickly restored by General Charlow and they all lived unhappily ever after.

DEPENDS

Father: Hullo! Where's Alfred gone to?

Mother: If the ice is as thick as he thinks it is, he's gone skating, but if it is as thin as I think it is, he's gone bathing.

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Things We Want to Know

Who carried out ranging on ABRAM?

Who are these CANNONITES? Are they Biblical gunners?

Which Sgt. acts as love letter carrier for Bombardiers? Does he say it with flowers?

Did some prizewinners AND OTHERS have more than one programme?

What did a B/C mean when he referred to "One or two persons, approximately four in number?"

Which S/M in 4 knows how to do the flying trapeze OFF a M/C?

Is Sgt. Wilson inventing some Panzer Pills for Rex to take before his next visit away?

Which Troop had crayfish for lunch?

Did Sgt. Mist know (or smell) anything about the organisation of this?

Is Freddie Troop putting up their week-end rates during the summer?

Which officers called on F for help?

Why did the C.O. not get the crayfish sent to him?

Was the look of intelligence on the bull calf's face the only difference between the calf and the two members of the Regiment, who were trying to entice it over a seven-wire fence with a thistle?

In Pinocchio are eels easily shot with 38's? Provided always that the sportsman walks with a cat-like tread over the river bed.

Is it true that cricketers are not the only ones to collect ducks? Is S/M. Winks jealous?

Is the Trumpeter shortly to be out of a job at reveille? Quack! Quack!!

Do the Greytown boys recognise the photo in Wally's hut?

Which R.H.Q. Gunner carries on his love affairs by proxy?

Why was the Tokomaru campaign so popular with 4th?

Was Bob Craig nervous in the truck last Monday morning?

Has Gunner G. W. Taylor pressed his hat in order to gain a larger audience while playing monkey on cabbage trees?

What kind-a disease has Sgt. Bob kind-a caught?

Why couldn't Nev quench his thirst last Saturday?

Which Sgt. is scared stiff of heifers?

Will a S.M. of 5th tell us if the flock of sparrows have left their nest?

Is a Sgt. learning to drive toy motor cars on the footpath in Wellington?

Who hit Nev on the nose last Monday evening?

Who is the originator of the death call that comes from a certain B.H.Q. hut?

Knock, knock, who goes there. Me! Me who? Mé hi-hi-hi-hi!

Wanted scrubbing brushes. Apply Gnr. Walen.

Is it true that Dicky pinched the talc powder? Hang on to your lipstick, Ian.

Who had supper at home as a result of practical fieldcraft one evening the other week?

Who thought it was Guy Fawke's Day when trying to kick over his motor bike?

Why do the "Freddie Boys" wish to be remembered to Paul Robeson of 6th this Christmas?

Where did Gnr. Griffiths get the little Blue Bow attached to the pocket flap of his battledress tunic, after visiting Feilding on Sunday? Also would 'Lloyd Maxwell' refrain from fighting over money matters in the picture show with a Red Head.

The Year's Sports

(By Sports Writer.)

The activities for the past year have been good and quite successful.

Although the facilities were not the best, all sports arranged were enjoyed by all ranks. Every Wednesday and Saturday were set aside for sport by the courtesy of the C.O. On Wednesdays games were arranged for inter-Batteries, and also Officers and Ser-

The Soldiers' Friend



RT. HON. J. G. COATES.

To the 2nd Field Regiment -

I would like to offer Greetings and good wishes to Officers, N.C.O.'s and men of the 2nd Field Regiment.

I know it is not easy for those who are not active members of Army organisation to understand the difficult and, at times, disheartening role that members of the Regiment have been called upon to perform. Men were called up for training in the defence of their country and found that their duty embraced all manner and classes of work and at times, no doubt, they wondered what their real role was.

Units were built up and a feeling grew among the men that at last they were to have and play an effective part and could take a personal pride in their effort. So far they got, only to be called upon to supply personnel for new units or reinforcements for others. I can imagine just how some of the soldiers, in both high and low ranks, felt about it all, and I am sure opinions were forcibly expressed.

Be all this as it may, and disregarding for the moment the inevitable boredom of military life under such circumstances as I have outlined, I believe the Regiment has set a high standard

of efficiency and morale. One is filled with pride in the knowledge of its behaviour and deportment, and there is complete confidence in the capacity of its members to maintain the qualities of its fore-runners and to take their place alongside them.

Perhaps these views of mine may be thought to be partisan, but there are many others from overseas who are impressed with the efficiency and determination of the soldiers training here.

I know there is always a question in the minds of soldiers and others as to what is being done, why it is being done, whether it is necessary, and whether our efforts and ability should be directed in other channels. Well, the answer is that we will not be "caught on the hop." This is our country and we will defend it to the last minute.

Under trying circumstances you have put up a good show. Carry on, in spite of all difficulties, just as old soldiers always have done, and as I am sure soldiers always will.

I send you all my best wishes for this season and, as against the enemy, good shooting!

J. G. COATES.

A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE

It was the day before Christmas and three boys sat in the park wondering what to do with the ten shillings which their uncle had given them for a Christmas gift.

"I know. You remember that poor boy, Peter Brown?" said Mark.

"What about him?" put in Paul.

"Well, with some of our ten shillings we will get him a present, for his mother is too poor to fill his stocking."

"Good idea," agreed Jack. "What shall we get him—?" he broke off when he heard a low whining sound from behind the bushes.

"Look, it's a puppy," said Paul.

"Well, we'll be blessed."

"Why are you hitting him like that?" questioned Jack.

"He isn't any good," growled one of the rough boys. "No one will buy him, but you can have him for seven and six if you like."

"Right oh! We'll have him," cried Hark, handing the boy seven and six pence.

That night three boys crept stealthily to the home of Peter and his widowed mother.

Early Christmas morning an excited boy called his mother to come and see what Santa Claus had given him.

"Is he not lovely?" he asked as he pointed to the pup. "His name is Don."

"You won't be lonely now," said the pleased mother.

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No Matter Where You Are Stationed

• There are always those Little Extras that make for a Soldier's Comfort.

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WISHING ALL THE BOYS
A HAPPY XMAS
AND NEW YEAR

Humphreys & Andrews Ltd.
Broadway Palmerston North

"He's pleased," said Mark softly go.' Three happy boys returned home from behind the bushes. "So let." —Pink Sugar (original).

A Home from Home

CAFETERIA
DAINTY MEALS.
REFRESHING ICES.
COOL DRINKS.

KIWI MILK BAR

NEXT STATE THEATRE,
BROADWAY.

POP IN — "WE KNOW WE CAN PLEASE."

3-COURSE MEALS

CAFETERIA
MILK BAR
ICE CREAMS

Royale Dutch Lounge

SINCERE WISHES
A MERRY CHRISTMAS
A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

COSY LOUNGE

WHERE EVERY MEAL IS THE BEST
SERVED WITH COMFORT.

A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year
To All Our Clients.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

FROM

The Continental Cafe

(S.ANDREWS)

"Where every meal is a treat."

Cr. CUBA and RANGITIKEI STREETS.

Humour Under Fire 1914-18

Even twenty-five years after the war of 1914-1918 the humour is still recalled with relish. War humour was unique, and much of it has become classic because—like all the best humour—it usually had a serious background, was often in fact, a gesture in the face of hardship, suffering, danger and death. It helped not only to "win the war," but to stave off disaster in critical times. When the history of the present conflict is told it will be found that humour had its place in keeping morale high, stories often told to keep the soul quiet in days and nights that were desperately in need of laughter to drive away madness.

The Britisher is a great humorist at heart, that is one reason why he is such a great fighter. Humour under fire and in action was the most courageous brand of all. We hope that you will enjoy our little collection of war stories, most of them with an authentic background.

W.O. H. L. V. WINKS.

WHAT'S THAT ONE?

Major H. de Montgomery in "Sword and Stirrup," writes that while at Ecoust his battery had to evacuate large dumps of shells and cartridges under heavy fire. As the enemy shells came over, a sergeant kept repeating, "That's a five-nine, that's an eight-inch—and so on."

"What's that one, serg?" queried a deep Scottish voice as a missile of even higher dimensions crumped over. "Now they're throwing the b—y gun at us" the sergeant replied.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE GUN?

In the days of munition shortage our artillery fired a few rounds, which were acknowledged by as many hundreds from the Boche batteries. A Tommy, having stood it for some time, arose in his wrath and shouted across to the Boche lines, "Ave a 'eart, Fritz, 'ave a 'eart! We've broke our ruddy gun!"

A LIMIT TO HIS PATROITISM

This is the story of the Maori pioneer who ventured to criticise the preparation of the stew. It was a particularly hot day and the H.E.'s had made the ground fairly loose, and the wind blew the dust around. "Py korry," remarked Hori who was peeling potatoes on fatigue duty, "I tink you petter put te lid on te dixie. Oara te dust ket into te stew. "You mind your own b— business," snarled the cook. "You're here to do what you're told. Shut up!" "Tat orright," answered Hori. "I'm here to serve my plinking country not to purry well eat it!"

TAKE THE LOT!

A Gendarme had suspicions that the house of a certain Madame in the Army area contained ill-gotten Army stores, so he decided to investigate. A search of the house brought to light a number of Army blankets, tunics and other military articles. He placed them in a heap outside the house, and then went to obtain a cart for their removal. When he returned he found a baby sitting on top of the heap. He said the French equivalent for "Whaffor!" "Oh!" exclaimed Madame feelingly, "those things you collected are souvenirs from the soldiers who visited my place, and so is the baby. You can't only take the useful things." The Gendarme countermanded the order for the cart.

HOW DID NOAH MANAGE?

Some N.Z.V.C. men were one night loading horses and mules into railway trucks at Calais. One of the Diggers was trying in vain to persuade a mule to enter a truck. However, the mule had different ideas. The R.T.O. came along and after a good stare at the conflict, asked the "Angry One" if he could help in any way. "Yes, sir," said the Digger. "Show me how Noah got these h—s into the Ark."

ONE FOR THE M.O.

There is the story of the celebrated Sydney doctor, senior M.O. in an Australian convalescent camp, who every morning inspected convalescent Diggers to diagnose their fitness for a return to the place where there were no hospital comforts.

Brown was before him, trying hard to prove how serious his complaint was, when the M.O. broke in impatiently, "Come, come, my man! If you were in civilian life you would not come to me with such a trifling complaint, would you?" Brown, realising that his chance was "nil," bitterly answered, "No blooming fear. I would go to a doctor."

HOT STUFF

A party of Diggers on final leave in a back-blocks township were en route to Apple Tree Flat to a dance. They were in a buggy, about five or six of them, including the two village beauties. The latter were armed with a copious supply of extra strong peppermints, and being well brought up, passed the sweets around. Everybody chewed away in silence for a few minutes, when one of the Diggers broke the spell by viciously spitting over the side. "Say Marge," he drawled, "ave you

The Year 1942 and the Future

CAPT. READ'S MESSAGE.

To-day, as I write to you, I realise very suddenly that a year has slipped by since most of us were mobilised for continuous service in the N.Z.A. This last December, we turned our homes upside down, crammed our gear into kit bags and with a loud "whoop" said "cheerio" to "civvies."

There have been great changes since then, I, for one, have been in all three Batteries of the Regiment within the year. Many of our friends have gone to the N.Z.E.F. and other regiments. We have recruited the Navy, Air Force and kindred branches of the Army. Truly we have lost many friends but in their absence we find fine fellows taking their places. We have trained many men for overseas service and at this time we wish them safe keeping and good luck.

Last Christmas we nearly had a Battery full of personnel and equipment was rationed, but now we find that we have much more to look after.

During the year we have migrated, we have tasted being in high schools, tents and huts. How many realise that our camp was grassland full of stumps a short ten months ago. It

would appear that during the past few months we have been a large training unit, fitting men for bigger things to come, and their letters tell us—how thank ful they are for the good old 4 Battery days. In our training we have been fortunate enough to do a series of live shoots, combined with manoeuvres through Hawke's Bay and later more shoots in the Scott's Road and Foxton areas. This experience will be invaluable to us all at a later date.

This year has brought renewed hopes for our forces overseas, a year ago we all wondered what Hitler was going to do next, what was Japan's next move, all the time there was a state of anxiety prevailing. Now we realise quite confidently that at last the tide has turned in our favour and a much happier Christmas will result. I think that this fact should make everybody think very quickly, and without delay, we should all realise just what the future holds in store for us. We must take notice of events overseas and model ourselves along the following lines.

First of all, we must make ourselves tougher physically and mentally and this can only be achieved by greater personal effort on the part of every man. The order of the day in 4 Battery from now on will be harder work and less sleep on R. and O., more frequent route marches gradually increasing over longer distances. Within a few months we are aiming to march 90 miles in three days. This goal can only be reached by hard work. Every soldier must realise that his hope of survival in modern warfare depends largely on his own initiative and skill in his Army trade. No soldier must rest until he is satisfied that he has mastered his present trade and then he should thirst for knowledge of what the other man is doing.

I should like to say a word regarding guard duties. Quite a number of men do guard duties once a week and think they are hard done by, not realising that overseas, guard duties are performed by every man all day and every day. He does not grouch because he realises that his life and the lives of others depends on him.

In conclusion I should like to thank all members of the Battery for their good efforts and co-operation during the past year. I realise that you are doing good work and will keep it up. I sincerely hope that you all have had a very Happy Christmas and Happy New Year and that most of you will be fortunate enough to be with your families and friends on at least one of these occasions.



Photo by Lewis Studio.

CAPT. H. E. READ.

got any more of them lollies?" "Yes, Jack," replied the damsel. "Would you like another?" "No thanks," replied Jack, "but for goodness sake don't drop one or you'll start a flaming bush fire."

ANTICIPATING THE EVENT

The troopship was lying in Lemnos Harbour before the landing, and the Colonel decided to entertain some of the Navy so he sent a morse message inviting the Captain and officers of H.M.S. Blankshire to dinner. The invitation was accepted and the chief steward gloomily pointed out that we were a full ship and that the most extra he could squeeze in at the tables was nine. So a second message was sent to the Captain. "Bring only eight officers." Now as you know in the morse code a dot stands for "e" and a dash for "t" and the signaller didn't work at Navy speed. The message received with great hilarity on the "Blankshire" read: "Bring only tight officers."

THE OLD BLIGHTER

There is a good story told about that grand old soldier Lord Plumer of Messines.

Twice a day it was customary for the guard to turn out to him, and some of them tumbling out in a hurry once to a false alarm were re-assured by the sentry, with an eye on the main entrance,

LOVE'S REQUEST.

(Private and Confidential.)

I often see your pretty form pass by me in the street, And notice the admiring gaze of everyone you meet, I hope you will not think me rude, or even impolite, If I make bold enough to ask: MAY I SEE YOU HOME TO-NIGHT? (If not, may I sit on the fence and see you go by?)

There was a Staff Sergeant of Fourth, Who went south instead of north, He was full of elation, But got left on the station And arrived in camp full of wrath.

There is a gunner named Walker Whose denim coat is a corker, It is now full of mends In place of the rinds, And he looks just like a hawkler.

There is a bloke name of Searle, Who once went out with a girl, He greeted her with emotion Then pinched her sun lotion, And now her mind's in a whirl.

"That the old blighter hadn't come out yet." "It's alright," said the General pleasantly from a window just above, "the old blighter will be down in a minute."

ARTILLERYMEN

ALWAYS "FALL IN" AT

Georges' Restaurant

FOR A GOOD FEED WHEN IN TOWN.

The Proprietor thanks all his customers for past patronage and wishes them

A Happy Xmas and Happy New Year.

Our Sgt.-Major

The sun shone down on area 5,
It shone on the Sgt. Major,
But did he see the blazing sun?
Not he, I'll make a wager.

He lined his gunners up in threes
And started to look them over,
Then they got a glimpse of him
And thought they were in clover.

On parade or off parade
You'll often hear him yell:
"Come on, get a move on!"
Or: "Good God! What the Hell!"

He'll rave and roar and curse and swear
And scream out: "Battery!"
Then as one man the troops will move
Or they'll find how tough he'll be.

With a raucous voice and a Trentham stoop
He holds the parade in fear,
And not one man will bat an eye
Or else his fate he'll hear.

Although they talk behind his back
And say he is unjust,
But when on leave in the Grand Hotel
He's just like one of us.

Now, Sgt. Major, don't take this to heart,
And the B.C. please don't tell,
For no matter what we say about you,
We'll follow you through to Hell.

And when this war is over,
How happy we will be;
We will tell the Sgt. Major
He can go jump in the sea.

DOOFA.

The Pursuit of Knowledge

After six weeks of training in which the gunner learns everything but, evidently, the most important—the attaching and detaching of chevrons, one often sees that far away pensive look and sombre gaze of the newly intelligent in the by-ways and cul-de-sacs of this Area. One sees that twist of expression and sudden blaze of exultation as from nowhere, involuntary and suddenly, a surge of knowledge breaks from the mind and our keen subject lapses into a profound coma and with mutterings and weird quotations releases an overflow of Wing Training secretion. He may ask a barrel of cook-house oil what was that about the gun with telescopic legs and a scale of 1/25,000 that when testing for oil in the master cylinder, we tightened the wheel nuts and tuned in with the crank handle, always remembering to plant the aiming posts with the arc to the rear and an elevation of 1deg. 20min. on the windscreen wiper. Perhaps this sounds maniacal—but that spoon that stirs all knowledge into an unrecognisable mess—an examination—works in some queer ways. Leaving the oil drum, he may meet a pig-stand and begin a tirade on the practical application of all knowledge—those amazingly ingenious R. and O's that are staged for the officers to see how the other half lives. A pig-stand isn't very quick on the uptake, but he will tell it that they were due to pass the starting point at 0900 hours and left it behind at 1145 hours. He may ponder and then realise that this bears out his point that the Army likes as many roughs as possible in the time. The convoy on this occasion apparently was very impressive. The cooks advanced first with 30,000 copies of the "O Pip" but met a belt of fog—the cooks being promoted to Field-Marshal and the 30,000 copies of the "O Pip" were sold to a tramp with Maori fever. The interval was always hesitant and allergic to control—three B.C.'s cars with tactical lettering being found together and mobbed by a crowd of spark-spitting and frog-throated gunners, who were ahead reconnoitering for

Greetings From B.C.

At the present time, there are thousands of men in khaki throughout this country all belonging to and forming part of what is known as our "N.Z. Military Forces." In this force are units formed to handle all the various types of equipment required by an Army to function for war. But how many of these thousands have seriously considered just what benefit they are deriving from handling this equipment or do they know how this material has been manufactured.

Prior to joining the Army, all of us had some form of civilian occupation, and I propose to deal now with the younger men of our Army and endeavour to point out some thoughts which I think not many have ever considered relative to activities during life in the Army while at war.

A year or two ago, you had just left school, and had found yourself a position which you thought would be your career for life. Then your day to join the Army came, your G.S. training was over and finally you were drafted to a unit to be moulded into an efficient soldier in that arm. Let us consider those of you who have been posted to this unit.

We soon see your reactions on Army life and as a rule can tell just what you will make of it. There is no need for me to tell you of the various trades in a Regiment; but you can take any one of them and liken it to a civilian position. The greatest similarity in both spheres is that upon your knowledge, and skill depends the future, not only of yourself but also the remainder of civilisation.

VARIOUS TRADES.

Every trade has many phases and how many of these phases do you know now. Look around your own Battery, and the others in the Regiment too, and find out how many of your friends have an interest in the same position as yourself. There must be many ideas that you don't know anything about, so why not learn them now. Some of you no doubt have already formed the idea in your mind that you are not returning to your former position in civil life when this war is over. That may be so, but have you considered what training and knowledge you require for that fancy. This change has probably been brought about by the fact that you are handling material that you have never seen before and have become interested in it or some phase of it.

Therefore—

troop areas and gun positions. A troop of guns were lost in the Square and 60 Subalterns were ordered to proceed in the other direction in search. However, a string of fire orders were heard exuding alcoholically from a popular hostelry causing suspicion and a conference was called for the Wednesday of the next week, this being very satisfactory. Arrangements were in hand on Friday when the Prime Minister was asked to find room in the Statute Book for a law prohibiting gun crews from firing their weapons in public houses, thus releasing the sacred formula for the firing thereof. Things began to run smoothly on Sunday when M. and I. was carried out by a party of 'ale and hearty gunners with vehicles and guns sprouting hops from radiators and muzzles. This had to be discarded when the public were unnerved and driven to a state of hysteria by the arrival of a vehicle with an "H" in Neon lights suspended on a 40-foot tower from the canopy with 17 pots, a rake, 24 spades and a cowcatcher strapped to the sides, its inmate murmuring in a strange language and carrying a 20-foot length of sheet iron. The incident came to a head when he asked a civilian for wood with which to construct a shelf in his terrifying velocipede. Some semblance of order was seen on Tuesday when one action was attempted and proved abortive when the gun crews were found to be all esconced in that



Photo by Lewis Studio.

CAPT. L. G. MITCHELL.

WHAT TO DO.

(1) Why not find a man who knows the job about which you are interested and get his knowledge.

(2) Having done so, apply it first to your Army trade, and store it in your mind for your civilian occupation.

I consider that by this, you will find a new and better interest. Furthermore, don't you think that this would greatly assist in the general efficiency of your unit, by giving a better understanding of all points connected with our equipment. You may be a driver—who knows the day when you may be called upon by circumstances to do some task other than drive and maintain your vehicle?

So why not, with the coming of the New Year, let us all view our present circumstances with these thoughts in our mind. Our Army efficiency must come first, but in our leisure time, let us remember that some day we must fit back to normal civil life. Remember also that with the rapidly changing personnel of the unit, we may find that we have lost a good opportunity.

In conclusion, I wish to express to all ranks in the Battery and Regiment, my best wishes for the New Year.

L. G. MITCHELL, Capt.

honourable institution, the cook-house, learning the finer points of the culinary arts. N.C.O.'s were plentiful and enough men were found on Thursday, the only hindrance in this action being when the guns were layed on a sheep and a locomotive chimney. The drivers were likened to cats after being led in front of the guns three times and still driving the tractors back to camp, the Troop Sgt.-Major apparently being able to bring his men back to life for further torture. Here our friend sees the pig stand is getting bored and wanders aimlessly to the signals, where the honourable game of "Knock" is in full sway and proceeds to add to the lives he has lost in his R. and O.

—The Bellboy.

POT HUNTING

During the operations at Merjayoun, the troops were famished for a decent meal. Two enterprising Australians saw a number of fowls, but these fowls scattered at their approach.

An Arab woman coming from a house at last understood their gestures when they asked for wheat, and soon returned with a handful.

The boys then approached the fowls again and scattering wheat in a ring quickly had the fowls eating. Then a blast from a tommy gun, but it took them all their time to gather them all up before the enraged Arab woman appeared with murder in her eyes.

WE LEAD, OTHERS FOLLOW

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS TO ALL OUR CUSTOMERS, OLD AND NEW.

Piccadilly Lounge

(Upstairs, Next Bank of N.Z.)

DEFINITELY THE BEST MEALS

For A Good Feed You Can't Beat The Majestic Restaurant

23 RANGITIKEI STREET.

(ANGELO GERONDIS)

SEASONAL GREETINGS !!

The One & Only Grill Room The Commercial Grill

(L. A. SHARMAN)

THE SQUARE.

"WHERE QUALITY COSTS NO MORE"

Feeling Peckish ?

WELL CALL IN AT

TAIT and Co's FISH RESTAURANT

(South Side of The Square.)

Where Only the BEST MEALS are Served.

Sincere Seasonal Greetings to everyone and many thanks for past Patronage.

MELODY LANE
THE SOLDIERS' RESTAURANT

MARK YURJEVICH,
Proprietor.

A Glass of SPEIGHTS!!

At Any Time its a "Thing of Joy"

But at Xmas Time — Well!!

Call at the

CARLTON HOTEL

(N. K. BEVERIDGE)

SPEIGHTS BEST BEER

TRADE

WITHIN THE EMPIRE

(BERT FEARNLEY)

AND THE EMPIRE
WILL ALWAYS BE
BEHIND YOU!

BEER GLORIOUS BEER

Royal Hotel

(F. ROY-BARBER)

"SPEIGHTS" — The King of Beers

Sincere Wishes for a Merry Christmas
and a Happy New Year.

Heartiest Christmas Greetings

FROM THE

IMPERIAL HOTEL

(G. V. SIMPSON)

Many Thanks for Your Support in the past, Boys!
May the New Year Bring You Peace and Happiness.

First Ride

Sunday morning—the M.C.'s big day. Goaded by promises of every assistance by my fellow riders, I timidly approached the marquee in which these roaring beasts were housed. Already I could hear their full-throated, impatient snarls, intermingling with fierce snorts of defiance at the manner in which their stubborn, unresponsive engines were being forced in submission.

At length I arrived at the scene of this devastating noise to find five large brutes already in line, roarin' to go. I was instructed which of these I had to ride.—To me the name Indian seemed most appropriate as I stood and nervously eyed the angry flame-like spurts issuing from the exhaust.

On enquiring I was supposedly shown throttle, spark, choke, petrol taps, etc., and their functions.

By this time my associates were eagerly awaiting our departure. Thinking my efforts would perhaps delay them I suggested they should proceed ahead and await my arrival at a cross-road some miles distant.

Ah! I was alone. Now to do battle with my fiery steed—standing motionless, yet emitting a staccato roar as though giving vent to certain uncontrollable emotions. I gingerly lowered myself into the saddle. A tremble of expectancy, combined with helplessness, possessing me.

Gently depressing the clutch and easing the gear lever forward I endeavoured to carry on by instructions. On doing so an ear-splitting grate assailed my ears! The creature, whining in agony, lurched forward in a terrific bound, propelling me forcibly into a somewhat insecure position—'twixt earth and sky.

Arriving with a terrifying suddenness I eventually 'came to earth' where, in which safe but uncomfortable position, I fearfully eyed the tempestuous creature as it lay trembling and emitting choking sobs which slowly became inaudible as a still, deathly silence descended in sharp contrast to the thunderous claps of pent-up fury a few seconds before.

Raising myself, bruised and trembling, I cautiously approached the now silent monster—all the scant incentive to mount and ride had gone. Stealing myself against a possible fresh outburst of unleashed ferocity I stood the thing upright and warily guiding it to the dark interior of the marquee, lay it carefully at rest, mentally cursing the evident necessity of further instruction in the near future.

—B. N. L.

"OUR WORLD"

The following poem was written by Gunner D. R. Keen, late of the 14th Battery, 11th Field Regiment, and is well worth printing in this issue.

Guns, guns, and more guns,
Blattering, exploding and dead
Blood, blood and more blood,
Flowing congealed and red.
Greed, murder, avarice, hate,
Love for King and Nation,
Souls with only death their fate,
No Peace: Sheer desecration.
A Maker, God, and Spirit,
Life, Truth and Love,
What is the matter with the world?
What are we thinking of,
Toys, and children smiling
Youth upholds its teens.
Female charms beguiling,
Make the world serene.
A Church to say a prayer in,
A love of life that's free—
O God! Please help us to unite,
And let this always be.

—D. R. KEEN.

UP TO DATE.

What is the difference between Joshua and General MacArthur?
Joshua said: "Saddle up your asses, load up your camels, we are going to the Promised Land."
General MacArthur said: "Sit on your asses, smoke your camels, we're in the Promised Land."

Life's Stages From Civilian to Soldier

B.C.'s GREETINGS.



LT. M. G. MARTIN.

To all officers, N.C.O.'s and men of 6th Battery I wish to convey my hearty thanks for the co-operation given me since my appointment as B.C., and in doing so, wish you an the very best for a happy Christmas.

In this article I wish to take your memories back, in some cases, three years, others eighteen months, or perhaps six months.

Yes! here you were in civilian life and let us take an average day, when you were your own boss.

0730 to 0830—Turning over in a nice soft comfortable bed having awakened at your own free will or perhaps a gentle push or call from a mother, sister or wife. A soft voice saying, "Come on dear, time you should be shaving and getting ready for work." Oh! those were the days.

0730 - 0900—A nice comfortable breakfast room, warm in winter, and on the table just whatever you may have ordered the day before. You jump up from the table and away you go, probably never giving a thought to dirty dishes left behind, and who would clear the table. Then, of course, we have the few among us who would sleep in so late that breakfast would be out of the question, and after a hurried wash, a fond farewell to the family would run to catch the now forgotten tram or bus.

Remember how you used to arrive at work with clean shiny shoes, tailored suits, collars and ties and feeling just the man about town.

0900 - 1700—This period was more or less your own time and if you wished to have a smoke, cup of tea, do some shopping, ring the girl friend and have a chat, well you just went ahead and pleased yourself—What a free and easy life with practically no responsibility to shoulder and no one to dictate your days programme for you.

1700 - ?—These numerous hours all yours and free as the wind—What could you and what did you do?

GOOD GUESS

The two chorus girls were having tea together.

"Do you know," said one, "when the manager asked me my age, I couldn't for the life of me remember whether I was twenty or twenty-one."

"What did you say?" asked her friend.

"Oh," replied the other, "I split the difference and said nineteen."

Relations between Britain and Finland seem to be finished.

ARMY LIFE

A few spots with your pals. Pictures. Dancing. Tennis, swimming, etc., before dark (and sometimes after).

A joy ride in the family car. You had numerous other ways of spending carefree happy hours and when tired and weary, wind your way home to that comfortable bed to sleep undisturbed until 0700 - 0900 next morning.

0600—Out of bed with a bump. No chance of a few extra snores then. No soft warm carpets to land on, instead you find your hut mates feet, web, mess gear, etc., and curse him for not being quite as tidy as yourself.

0615 - 0700..Out on the gun and vehicle park cleaning and generally taking care of the pieces of equipment which you will use to protect our lovely homes, mothers, sisters, sweethearts, and wives—Yes, surely you will do your work thoroughly if you look on it in that light?

0700 - 0730—Not the comfortable warm breakfast room and the previously ordered meal in front of you this time. A good wholesome meal awaits you and every man takes the same food. The meal completed you automatically turn to the job of washing and cleaning your dishes, all ready for the next meal. Back to your hut and get everything ready for the inspection by the O.O. Floor swept, blankets folded, boots cleaned and all the necessary jobs required to make your hut O.K. for the eagle eye which will descend at approx. 1030 hours.

You have now reached the stage in life when you are shouldering responsibilities and learning how to care for yourself.

0815 - 1630—Shiny shoes, tailored suits, collars, etc., are now in the dim past—thoughts of pictures, dancing and all the good old civvy tricks are out of your mind. Off you go under your instructor, the days work is detailed for you and once again you become one of the vital links in a huge chain to preserve all those things which are so dear to all of us.

NOW A MAN

1830 - 2000—Once again under the eagle eye of the instructor—lectures, route marches, etc., etc., and when your day has finished you may be tired and weary but your body is fit and healthy—you have obtained knowledge free of charge which will stand you in good stead when you return to 'civvy' days. After dismissal a cup of hot tea, a game of cards, listen to the radio in the Y.M. and then you return to your hut. That wooden bed and palliasses filled with straw appeals to you more than the comfortable rest you left behind months ago and you turn in to sleep soundly until that bugle calls you to another day.

You are now a man. Yes, chaps, the difference between being a civilian and soldier is sometimes unbelievable and the manner in which you settle down and accustom yourselves to this Army life is a real credit to you.

I can assure you your efforts are not wasted and all the folks you left behind are proud of you.

M. G. MARTIN, Lieut.

THE FIRST STEP

Two Diggers who had dined rather well entered a dance hall and inquired for the smoking-room.

"Through that door and down four steps," said the manager. Opening the first door they came to, one stepped out—and dropped down the lift shaft.

"Whassha doin', Jack?" shouted his partner as he looked into the black depths.

"Lookin' for a match," Bill," came the answer. "And shay, look out for that first step!"

Here's to the good old Beer — Drink it down

BUT IT MUST BE

Standard Beer

Stocked by the Best Hotels

The Local Product.
'Phone 5259

The Standard Brewery,
Featherstone Street,
Palmerston North.

2 I.C.'s Greetings

IN RETROSPECT.

As we approach the second Christmas since the Regiment was mobilised for full time service, we may be permitted to look back over the past year and ask if we have anything to show for it.

Doubtless our first recollection is of innumerable fatigues, guards or orderly duties; of days occupied with the same routine of training; of all the mass of discomforts and inconveniences that go towards a soldier's life. So far we seem to have progressed little, and if we were compelled to use the tour of duty as our measuring rod, most of us would be "in the red."

We have, however, progressed although such progress is not recorded in routine orders. In the first place we are now soldiers and not civilians in our makeup. The jargon of the Army is our everyday speech, we accept unconditionally that summary of all orders "Growl you may, but go you must." Then we have met a lot of good chaps, some of them have gone again, but what of it? We know them and when we bump up against them next time there will always be time for a quick one. So our circle of friends widens until the time when we can have, if not a wife in every port (a not impossible feat to some) then a friend or two in every town.

I think, however, we can gain the greatest satisfaction in retrospect, in the knowledge that whatever the task, problem or difficulty that confronted the Regiment, we "gave it a go" and while our achievements may be insignificant compared with those of our fellow countrymen on Active Service, yet they are a reassuring omen regarding any



Photo by Lewis Studio.

MAJOR G. NELSON.

greater job that may come our way in the future.

At this time the traditional wishes regarding a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year seem rather empty. Let us rather wish that with a hard job of work successfully completed we can next year, know that it will indeed be the Merriest of all Christmases and the Happiest of all New Years.

G. NELSON.

CARD-LETTER-FIELD SERVICE

SOLDIERS WHO FIND DIFFICULTY IN WRITING HOME, FOR THE USE OF.

Dear

I am (1) well (2) unwell (3) so unwell that I don't care who wins this ruddy war.

This is the result of (1) Too much beer (2) Too little beer (3) Unfeeling words from the B.S.M.

News this week is (1) Good/bad (2) Scarce as frog's feathers (3) Blooming awful.

Please send me (1) Five bob (2) An "Observation Post." (3) Your love.

I spent my money and leisure this week (1) On women (2) On drinking (3) Foolishly.

Please give my love to (1) The family (2) The maid (3) The Commissioner of Taxes.

I am sorry to hear about (1) The twins (2) The Colonel's corns (3) The pub closing (4) Wellington's chimneys.

I went (1) On leave (2) A.W.O.L. in the week end, and attended a (1) Dance

(2) Booze party (3) Two up school at the Bosphor and (1) Was thrown out (2) Got remarkably pickled (3) Danced.

We weren't there long when a big bronzed Pongo came in and hung (1) His hat up to my girl (2) One on me.

This called for (1) Evacuation (2) Retaliation (3) Drinks all round.

We had a glorious evening, and returned to camp by (1) Wog taxi (2) Picquet truck. (3) Breakfast time. (4) Sheer good luck.

The Colonel had heard of our escapades and gave us (1) 28 days F.P. (2) His sympathy (3) A pat on the back.

This is all the news that I can give you for this (1) Week (2) Month (3) War.

so I must close, sending (1) My regards (2) A bill for a broken window (3) For that above mentioned, a request for a further five bob.

From (1) The greatest mistake of your life (2) Your affectionate daughter (3) The prodigal.

Signed † His mark. ‡ For use of N.Z.W.W.S.A. and affiliated bodies only.

(Extract from N.Z.E.F. Times).

Six-inch Men

(By Gnr. M. A. Parker.)

A TALE OF TWO GUNNERS.

To come upon, in the darkness, two pair of fishlike eyes glaring damply right through you, and these eyes, mounted over two yawning fishlike mouths would be most disconcerting. In the harsh light of day, this phenomenon would reveal itself as some inanimate object, previously rendered fearful by a combination of moonlight, jumpy nerves and optical gymnastics. We are not concerned however with ocular theories, but with two gunners, of that school of philosophy which considers, and rightly so, that alcoholic liquor, or plain booze, is the natural anodyne for all maladies, both mental and physical. These two men, at first glance, give rise to an illusion. They stood in the true "Hoyle" position, with legs apart, heads thrown back, apparently suspended by the mouths from two handles, at which they were gulping manfully. They applied elevation rapidly, and as the frothing flood vanished from its glassy container, their adam's apples bobbed up and down in the vertical plane with enthusiastic rapidity. Looking at them from eye level only, they resembled remarkably the fishy spectre already referred to. The sound of suction increased and rising to a crescendo, finished with as juicy a squelch as any heavily moustached soup swiller ever achieved. For perhaps ten seconds they continued to apply suction with a hopeful optimism, but as nothing was forthcoming but aridly dry air, they switched off their vacuum gear, and with slightly hurt expressions, replaced the two tankards on the bar, with a suggestive one and twopence alongside them.

BERT AND TONY.

With the glassware removed from their faces they presented a remarkable pair, the first who for want of a better name, we could call Bert, presented all the characteristics of an apostle of Bacchus. His most prominent feature was a nose, which for its size and lurid hue, tipped with a snow cap of froth, completely dominated and subdued the rest of his face. On getting past this obstacle, a pair of sad reproachful eyes looked wetly upon the world, while surmounting his melancholy upper lip, was a

OMISSIONS.

Owing to shortage of space the Editor expresses his regret that several articles have had to be held over until next week.

straggling growth possessing also its burden of artificial snow. His F.S. cap fitted his head like a canoe, and but for the cradling effect of his ears, would have slipped down over most of his upperworks. His battledress was wrinkled and shapeless and looked as if he had concertined down a foot or so.

His companion was the acme of what the well-dressed soldier should be, from a jauntily tilted hat to his glistening shoes, not a button or pocket was out of place. He wore a tie, peeping demurely from the neck of his battledress, ironed back at just the right angle. Every now and then he would adjust the fall of his sharply creased pants, slightly belled at the bottom, and suggesting a two-inch gusset. His face was brown and regular, with merry blue eyes, a laughing mouth, and a stray lock of curly golden hair escaped under the brim of his "officer's felt." To those who might be curious, I will introduce him as Tony.

The barman had grasped the two handles, and with the gusto and flourish peculiar to his trade, was applying himself to the pump. Two long pulls, a short one, and a couple of squirts and once more the beakers were bubbling over the brim with the "amber and cool."

For a while Bert contemplated his portion with a delicious anticipation, then turning his head he said, "Ow much on the "Tote" now Tony?" Tony elevated his brows and replied, "Damned if I know old top, but judging by the spareity of my exchequer, a goodly total."

Bert blinked once or twice and then hitched a jaundiced eye back to the bar, and stared fixidly at the two handles. With a somewhat unsteady hand, he reached out, grasped his measure, and transferred it to his face. Tony did likewise.

In a space of appreciative silence, suction was once more applied and when the two beakers were lowered, their contents was sadly depleted. Tony looked at Bert and then continued to look, with an expression of hope, even awe. By the facial contortions he perceived, he could tell that Bert was about to spin one of his whoppers, and was going through the preliminary mental struggle for words.

(Continued Next Week.)

Sentry: "Halt. Who goes there?" Voice: You wouldn't recognize me, anyway. I'm new here.

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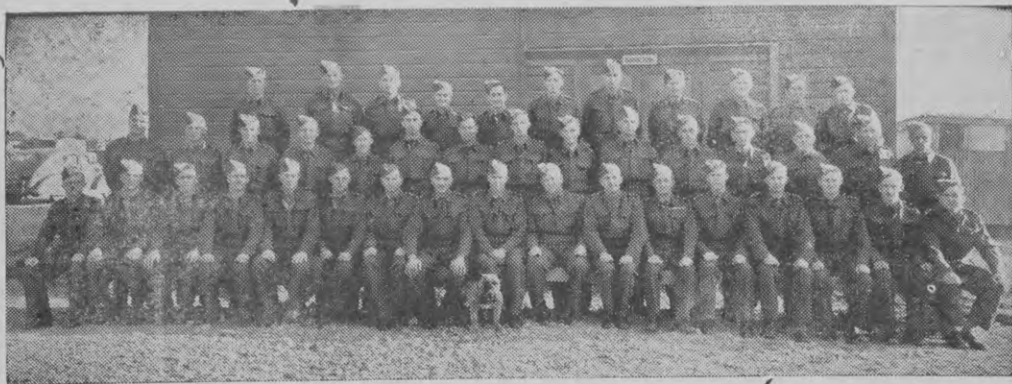
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FULL STRENGTH TUI ALE ON TAP



SOME OF OUR OFFICERS.

Photo by Lewis Studio.

ALL IMPORTANT

Author: "It's always the same! Whenever I want to work I can't lay my hands on anything."
 Wife: "But, dear, I've just filled your fountain pen and put out plenty of paper."
 Author: "Yes—but what have you done with the corkscrew?"

The lad had been brought by his mother for an interview with a prospective employer.
 After a series of questions the interviewer asked: "Are you truthful, my boy?"
 Before the lad could answer his mother replied:
 "Aye, the lad is that. But, of course, he understands business is business."

PILOT KNEW

"Oh, yes," said the pilot of the river steamboat, "I've been on this river so long I know where every stump is."
 Just then the boat struck a stump, which shook it from stem to stern.
 "There," he continued, "that's one of them now."

CHEAPEST

"What are the price of the seats, mister?"
 "Front seats one shilling, back seats sixpence, and programme a penny."
 "I'll sit on a programme, please."

The Home Guardsman patrolling the canal towing-path in the black-out heard footsteps and gave the challenge, "Who goes there?"
 Receiving the answer, "Friend," he commanded the unseen figure to advance three paces and be recognised.
 "Don't be daft," came the reply.
 "What do you think I am—a duck? I'm on the other side of the canal!"

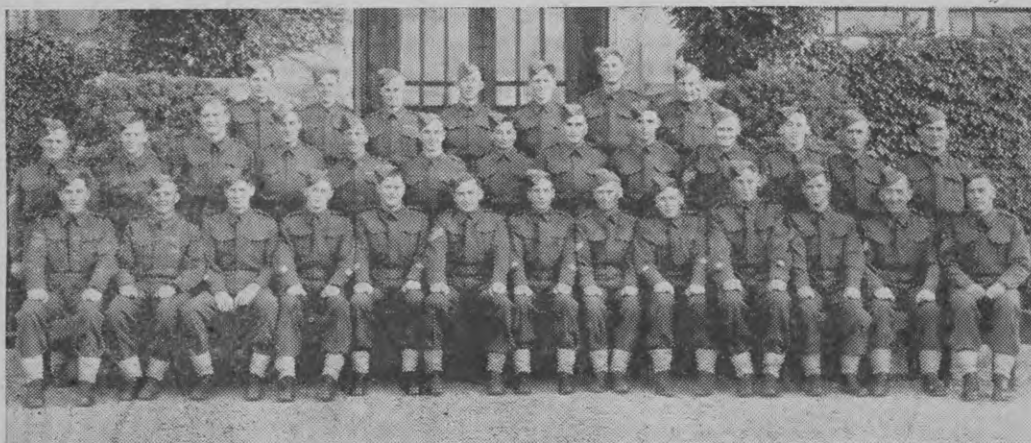
Kingi was on sentry duty and had, with his pal Fliggins, been partaking freely of "Canada Bud," and found "Stella." At 11.30 he was pacing his beat, somewhat unsteadily, when he saw a dark figure tottering towards him. There could be no shadow of doubt as to who it was, but Kingi challenged like the good soldier he is. "Halt, Fliggins! Who goes there? Come forward and be identified."

KNOWLEDGE

Some of these King's Cross-ites mightn't be able to tell you how many beans make five, but they certainly know that three "nines" make a beano.

The taxi was a very ancient one and had taken an unconscionable time to reach its destination.
 As the passenger paid his fare he remarked:
 "How do you manage when your fare is in a desperate hurry?"
 "Ah," said the driver, leaning towards the passenger confidentially. "I keeps on changing me gears an' 'onking me 'ooter."

Walking through the woods, the artillery officer was surprised to see a number of his men climbing trees and crawling through bushes.
 "What's the great idea?" he snapped. "What do you men think you are doing?"
 "Well, sir," said the sergeant, "we've camouflaged the gun so well we can't find it."



SOME OF OUR SERGEANTS.

Photo by Lewis Studio.

The Sunday school mistress introduced the miracle of the water being turned into wine as the subject of the usual Bible class lesson.

In telling the story she occasionally asked a few questions. One of them was: "When the new wine was brought to the governor of the feast, what did he say?"

A little girl remembering what she had heard, probably on some festive occasion, called out: "Here's luck!"

"I really believe I'm in luck this time," said Mrs. Smith. "My new maid is a perfect treasure; clean, energetic, economical, easily managed and capable as can be."

"Ah! and how long have you had her?" asked Mrs. Jones.
 "She is coming to-morrow," replied Mrs. Smith.

Young Man (to her little brother): "Johnnie, it may be cruel to tell you, but at the party last night your sister promised to become my wife. Will you forgive me for taking her away?"
 Johnnie: "Forgive you? Why, that was what the party was for."

Drill Sergeant: What has 24 feet, green eyes and pink body with purple stripes?
 Rookie: I don't know. What?
 Sergeant: I don't know, either, but you'd better pick it off your neck.

Gunner: I feel like telling that sergeant where to get off again.
 Second Gunner: What do you mean "again?"
 Gunner: I felt like it yesterday, too.

Two seamen were having an argument over a game of cards.
 "My three aces win," said one.
 "Ain't you ashamed of your dishonesty?" demanded another, "I only dealt you two aces."

Customer: "The new butcher across the street is giving you tough competition."
 Butcher: "That's all right. The time for me to worry is when he starts giving me tender competition."

SPILLING THE BEANS.

A man was a witness in a hog stealing case. He seemed to be stretching a point or two in favour of the accused, and the prosecuting attorney roared:

"Do you know the nature of an oath?"
 "Sure."

"Do you know you are not to bear false witness against your neighbour?"
 "I'm not bearing false witness agin him. I'm bearing false witness for him."

A man walked into a shop and asked for a pair of boots. The assistant, a youth of 14 showed him a suitable pair, the price being 16/6. The customer stated that he had only 13/6 with him, and inquired if he could pay that and bring the balance the next day. He was told he could.

After the customer had left, the proprietor reprimanded the assistant saying they would never see him again.

"Oh, but we shall," replied the youth. "I wrapped up two boots for the left foot, so he's bound to come back."

Lots of young couples are just two minds without a single thought.

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OBVIOUSLY

The fluent preacher had given a talk on heavenly crowns and how to get them. Turning to a lad who had been listening intently, he asked, "Now, James, who shall get the biggest crown?"

Said James, with the light of intelligence in his eyes, "Him that's got the biggest head."

HALF AND HALF

Said the chairman of a certain society at its annual meeting: "In most kindred associations half the committee does all the work, whilst the other half does nothing. I am pleased to place on record that in the society over which I have the honour to preside it is just the reverse."

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