

## 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."