

22. Association
AUCKLAND BRANCH

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Keith McBrearty

1968
DECEMBER 1967

Secretary: C. W. Randerson
P.O. Box 13-058
Onehunga Auckland



To our Patron Les Andrew, our Padre Paul Sergel, and to all friends and comrades, may the editors wish, on the behalf of the Committee, our sincere good wishes for Christmas and the New Year.



Padre's Message. We regret that at the time of going to print Padre Sergel's note had not been received.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

We have another year of hard campaigning behind us and, I hope, with a minimum of casualties. Some of us may be bruised and bleeding from our efforts in eivvy strest but I'm sure all are in good heart to see Christmas through, then best foot forward into a new year. How many of us could emulate the feat of the old fellow who marched down to Wellington just to prove he could do it and probably proved that the old training had struck to him. Now wouldn't Les be proud if one of his men could do that - can you imagine passing through Levin.

At this time of the year one thinks a lot of other people and high on the list of other people are blokes whom one will never see again. It does us no harm to reflect back on other times and places and of good and bad times because this is what experience is made of and that is what gives us the fullness of our lives.

We should pass on the stories of those experiences to others and so create the traditions which must be the basis of the pride they have in family and community. Look how the 22nd built up pride in itself from nothing. We were proud to belong to the 22nd and from the start of the unit's life things happened and gave us the reasons for our pride.

Also we think of ourselves - how are we all faring - some have had it good and some maybe not so good. Some have had knocks, some have looked for the knocks but we are all 22nd Battalion and everyone must surely wish everyone the best of good wishes for the coming Christmas and New Year.

Members of the committee do spend a lot of time thinking along those lines and we know that when you read this circular you will be giving them silent good wishes for which on their behalf I thank you and sincerely reciprocate, so to one and all Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Ron Jones

Remember our worthy Y.M.C.A. bloke, Roy Salmon? Well, the following article by the Roving Reporter (Terry McLean) appeared in the Battalion News-sheet the "Trieste Times" on 13/5/45:

" We nominate herewith a recent adventure of Roy Salmon's as the one most likely to succeed in an NZEF Times "Moments When I was Covered in Confusion" competition. This is fair dinkum. The other day, Roy was in the operating box at the theatre jacking things up and an operating box is not Arctic. Roy moved out of the box in a small glow of perspiration for a drop of fresh air and came upon an iron staircase ascending to parts unknown. He heard voices and decided upon a shufti. He stepped from the staircase onto the roof and there, in the bright Trieste sunlight, there lay, not one, not two, but five naked women. They greeted him cordially and with "Buon Giornos" and Roy, not being a Y.M. Secretary for nothing, returned the salutation. He was, he tells us, starting to fight for breath a bit, but he thought cigarettes might tide things over. By the time the fifth had been accepted, however, the old Salmon arm was dancing around like a flailing semaphore and she was a staircase job, descending. That is the story, that is the song. At a small charge of ten lire a time, Roy will be pleased to give further particulars. "


And in Terry's inimitable style this paragraph appeared a few days later in a further news report. I assume Terry duly paid his 10 Lire.

" Owing to a request to the Roving Reporter from the Maoris that he do PT with them tomorrow, there will be no issue of the "Trieste Times" domani. Issues of this highly popular advertising medium will begin as usual on Monday. "

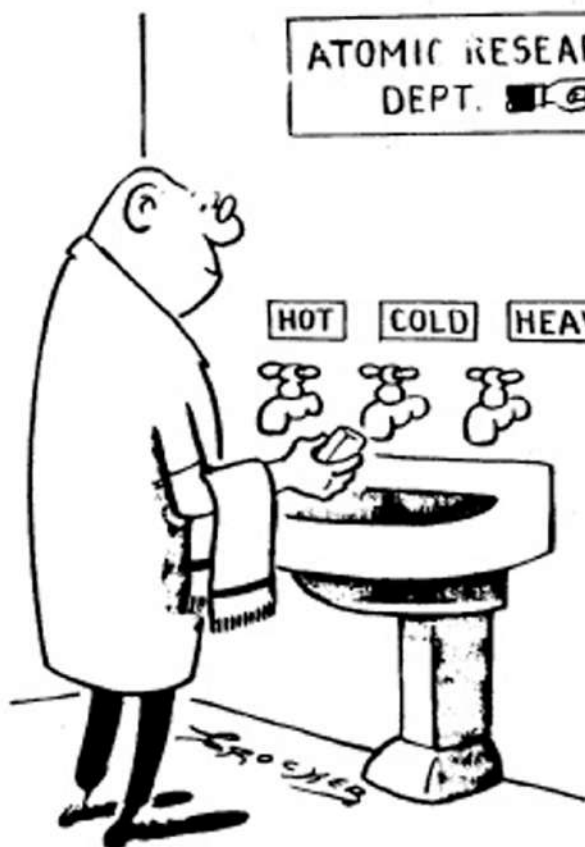
MONEY TALKS.

Did you get a Christmas Card from the Treasurer? It wasn't really a Christmas Card but just a plain sheet of paper that looked very much like a bill and we all know how to recognise those. This one had something to do with subscriptions being due. The Treasurer is most apologetic about sending out these bills so close to Christmas, which is about three months later than usual, but he says he has had a tough year (haven't we all?). Being an Accountant, he is still grappling with Decimal currency conversions, not to mention the CREDIT SQUEEZE, "Piggy" Muldoon's boys in the Tax Department, lower Bank overdrafts and higher Bank charges. Let's be charitable and say that he has not entirely neglected the Treasurer's duties but he hasn't been getting those subs. in either and the end of the financial year is getting far too close. Only 116 members financial as we go to press out of a total membership of around 275. So now the Treasurer is asking all you 160 unfinancial members to get him out of the trouble he's in by sending back those pieces of paper he sent you with crisp dollar bills attached. He accepts cheques, money orders, postal notes and any other form of legal tender as well as banknotes. We've got bills to pay too and our need is greater than yours. We think so, anyway.

When you come to think of it, perhaps this isn't such a bad time of year to ask for subs. to be paid. Think how much more you will enjoy Christmas and the holidays when you know you have done your bit to help the Treasurer out of a jam. Think of the warm glow he is going to have as all those subs. come rolling in during the next week or so. One more thing before you have spent all that Christmas bonus - don't forget that donations to our Crete Kids fund (or the Welfare Fund) will be gratefully received. We stopped showing subscription arrears on our accounts several years back but anyone who has a twinge of conscience about the sub. he did not pay last year, or the year before, can put things right very nicely by coming to light now with the extra dollar or two for either of our special funds.

ATOMIC RESEARCH
DEPT. 

HOT COLD HEAVY



"Hold it, Fred!"

FINANCIAL MEMBERS AT 6/12/68

ADAMS, B.J.
 ADDISON, BERT
 AGNEW, DON
 ANDERSEN, R.C.
 ANDERSON, BILL
 ANDERSON, KEN
 ANDERSON, MICK
 ASHMAN, MERV.
 ATKINSON, H.
 BEGG, JOHN
 BENFIELD, E.
 BUDD, CAM.
 BULLOCK, A.
 BURDUS, R.H.
 BUTLER, PETER
 CALLESON, F.
 CLECHORN, A.
 CLIFFORD, BERT
 COUCHMAN, G.
 COWAN, BOB.
 COX, BARK.
 CRAIG, JIM
 CRAIG, LACY
 CRAMPTON, V.
 CROSSMAN, A.W.
 DEWAR, W.O.
 DOIDGE, J.
 DONOVAN, LEO
 FARRELL, J.
 FOWLER, G.
 FRANKLIN, A.
 FRIEND, J.
 GANE, M.
 GATES, C.R.
 GERRARD, B.
 GRIEVE, LLOYD
 GROVES, JACK
 HALE, TOM
 HAWLEY, JACK

HARPER, CHAS.
 HARRIS, KEITH
 HENDERSON, KEN.
 HERDSON, MERV.
 HOOD, TOM
 HORN, DON
 HOULAHAN, B.
 JOBLIN, K.H.
 JOHNSON, STAN.
 JONES, BOB.
 JONES, RON
 JURGENS, BERT
 KAIN, MAURICE
 KINVIG, DOUG.
 KNIGHT, MARK
 KNOX, BOB.
 LEE, E.N.
 LEECH, J.G.
 LOGAN, JACK
 LUSTY, MAX
 McBREARTY, K.
 McDONALD, TOM
 McCREGOR, ALAN
 McCREGOR, ALBERT
 McLEAN, TERRY
 McMILLAN, J.G.
 McNEIL, KEN
 McRAE, HENRY
 MABBETT, F.
 MERRYLEES, C.
 MILGREW, LEO
 MORA, I.C.
 MORGAN, JACK
 MOULDEN, RON
 MURRAY, ALEX.
 NEWBY, CES.
 NORRISH, JOE
 O'TOOLE, RAY

PARNELL, BERT
 PATERSON, E.B.
 PENDER, JACK
 PERRY, C.A.
 PLEASANTS, E.T.
 PRISK, MEL.
 RANDERSON, C.
 REYNOLDS, LEO
 RIDDELL, J.A.
 ROBERTS, A.W.
 ROGERS, M.A.
 SAINSBURY, G.S.
 SALTER, RAY
 SAMPSON, M.K.
 SANDS, Y.L.
 SERGEL, P.C.S.
 SENIOR, JOHN
 SHERRATT, JIM
 SHIRLEY-THOMSON, D.
 SIMMONS, R.H.
 SMITH, C.G.
 STEWART, J.C.
 SUMMERS, BOB.
 SWINNERTON, A.L.
 TENNENT, GRAY
 THOMSON, ALAN
 TIDSWELL, L.D.
 TREGOWETH, L.
 VESTY, DOUG.
 WAITE, PAT.
 WALES, BOB.
 WEBBER, FRED
 WELLER, CHAS.
 WESTERBY, RON
 WILLIAMS, H.C.
 WILLIAMS, LLOYD
 WISHNOWSKY, J.
 WOOD, MASSEY
 WOFFALL, L.

"SMOKEY"

Public Relations wanted some battle shots of Cassino. 22 men were deputed to provide the cast, settings, costumes etc. Direction was in the capable hands of the Photographic Unit.

On the slopes behind Company area was enacted one of the fiercest and most bloodthirsty battles of the war. Smoke grenades were hurled about - they looked like the genuine thing - rifles - Brens - Thompson Machine Carbines - went into action - grim faced, tight lipped New Zealanders hurled themselves into the maelstrom - men went down (it was easier than dashing around, so casualties were heavy) - a 6 pounder was dragged into position - carefully placed sticks of explosive hurled earth and debris over the gunners' heads - it looked the thing but no matter how they tried the smoke would not drift over the gun in the required manner.

An intrepid sergeant placed a smoke generator on a shovel and ran across in front of the gun - it produced the ^{desired} effect - cameras whirred, shutters clicked - gunners sweated to swing the gun around - and the thing was done.

In the fullness of time newspapers and periodicals from New Zealand reached the Division. What photos! "My God, what those boys must be going through." "Look at that man charging through the smoke with a rifle and bayonet". "Great men with the bayonet these New Zealanders."

Should we tell them that the rifle and bayonet was no more than a smoke generator on a shovel - that this was the only man ever to go into action armed with nothing more lethal than a shovelful of smoke?

I think not - but if ever again anyone calls me "Smokey" I'll blow the gaff, s'help me, I will, I'll blow the gaff.

Thank you Bark Cox

Overheard in the local hostelry, chief narrator, Ron Jones.

"Hello Jim, hope you're well."

"Certainly am boy but did you hear about Scotch?"

"No - what's happened to him?"

"He's had a bad time."

"Why - what was wrong with him?"

"Have another. He was suffering from Associations."

"Associations!!! What's that?"

"Well, he just had too much of things last year. It started off when he returned from his holidays. You know what a sociable and friendly cove old Scotch is. Well he just can't refuse an invitation and being so well known and so popular he gets plenty of them. Early in the year a couple of minor social occasions - minor but thoroughly enjoyed - were followed by the Battalion Reunion. This gave him the spirit and left him well primed for what was to follow. It was really on then, though I don't think Scotch knew just what was coming and that a long list of reunions and social occasions of varying importance, that would normally keep four men busy, was waiting just around the corner."

"A story like this makes you thirsty - have another."

"Thanks. Well a couple of family weddings and anniversaries kept the fires burning and the reunion season really started. His old Tennis Club, then the Football Club of his earlier years - they know how to turn it on. Of course Scotch went to school as a young fellow and this happened to be the year when both his Primary and Secondary Schools chose to have Anniversary Reunions.

By this time Scotch's eyes had changed colour slightly but he was going along quite well and so a couple of events such as the farewell of a friend and gathering on Saturday night with other friends kept the ball rolling until the No. 1 occasion - The National Reunion. This was, from our comrades point of view, a great show, the best ever, blokes he hadn't seen for years. That boy is certainly popular.

This was now the time of the year for Balls - you know - Flower Clubs, Football Clubs and all sorts of fraternities and similar organizations."

"Thanks!"

"The pace was on and some of his friends could see that something was wrong. You see he was seen wearing a blazer with the Battalion pocket emblem, then a Cricket Club blazer and Football cap, Battalion tie at a more sober social gathering and the colour of his eyes was definitely changing to an ugly red. Scotch was now really on the slide and gathering uniforms and headaches like a Sergeant Major gathering friends - he seemed to want them and they came at his call. By the time October came it was obvious that it was becoming too much for old Scotch. He was seen almost always wearing the Battalion tie and sometimes two blazers at once. The winter was dying and the social round slowing down but the fires had been really stoked high."

"Again?"

"Yes please. Of course, a continuous happening was the normal social round. After work, a few friends at home and at a few friends homes and then came the day when it was realized that Scotch was at the end of his tether. The bagpipes were heard playing at all odd hours of the night from Henderson to Papukura and all points in between until the fateful night when Scotch was found asleep under a sofa with his bagpipes clutched to his breast and whistling "King Farouk" in Waltz time.

A visit from our Welfare Officer and a confidential chat. The Committee worked to cure him with several emergency meetings and Scotch accepted their decision. It was a painful, wearing, process but he is now learning which blazer to wear when and now only attends Battalion Reunions, as these are the sober occasions, and takes the shock out of the sudden withdrawal from social life. Drinking water comes hard but under the watchful eye of Jack Pender he is building up his will power and has learnt (almost) how to say no."

"Do you want to say no?"

"No!"

"Well you'd better watch it, remember our friend!"

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Apology. The editors, with due humility, wish to apologise for the lack of Branch news in this issue. Events outside their control have made this a difficult circular to produce and we will try to make amends in our New Year issue.

BUON NATALE