

22

22nd Annual Association
AUCKLAND BRANCH

Editors: Ron Jones
Keith McBrearty

MARCH 1969

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

ANNUAL REUNION 1969

Notice is hereby given that our Annual Reunion, General Meeting and Election of Officers will be held on Saturday the 29th March 1969.

PLEASE NOTE NEW VENUE:

With 10 o'clock closing, we have been unable to hire the R.S.A. Lounge Bar but we are sure you will be completely happy with the new set-up.

The Place: Rocky Nook Bowling Club,
Fowlds Park,
Malvern Road,
Mt. Albert, Auckland.

Programme: 6:30 - 7:30 p.m. Noggins and Natter Session
7:30 - 8:30 p.m. Buffet Dinner
8:30 p.m. Annual Meeting
Back to nattering etc.

Entrance Fee: \$1.50 plus \$1.00 Annual Sub.

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SATURDAY 29th MARCH
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N.B. See last page for directions to Fowlds Park.

OFFICERS 1968/69

Patron	- The Late Brig. L.W. Andrew V.C.
Vice Patron	- Brig. T.C. Campbell
Padre	- Canon P.C.S. Sergel
President	- R.G. Jones
Vice President	- B.A. Cox
Secretary/Treasurer	- C.W. Randerson
Welfare Officer	- J.S. Pender
Committee	- H.E. Greig, D.A. Kinvig, E.B. Paterson, E.T. Pleasants, J.A. Riddell, W.D. Shirley- Thomson, J.B. Wishnowsky, E.B. Wood, A.S. Anderson, T. Hood, K.S. McBrearty and H.B. McRae.

PRESIDENT'S ANNUAL REPORT

The year past has been in the usual vein with the exception of the tragically notable event of the death of our patron Brig. L.W. Andrew V.C.

We commenced the year with our annual reunion and branch meeting held in Hamilton. This was the usual success and many members appreciated our taking the venue nearer their homes. This should be repeated in future years with Hamilton and Tauranga both being centres, having appeal for many members.

Ladies Night this year was held at the Ranfurly Room, Station Hotel and proved once again a most enjoyable occasion. The venue with music and entertainment gave everyone a lot of pleasure. The quality of the catering matched the occasion but was spoiled by the fact that some people arrived unexpectedly and so were not allowed for in the catering. In fact one person, who arrived without having previously booked in, complained of the quantity available. The secretary was quite upset over this as he has a most difficult time assessing numbers for catering on these occasions.

Members are asked to remember the need to co-operate with the committee in organising any occasion. It is essential to know how many are going to attend though late arrivals can always be expected in the shape of people who are for various obvious reasons unable to give prior notice that they will attend.

The National Reunion held in Christchurch in 1968 was another success and those who did not attend were given excellent reports of this in our circular that was issued soon afterwards. The next National gathering is to be in Napier in 1970. This is to be Hawkes Bay's first National venture and with the talent which they have available it would be good advice to all members to plan to attend there. Publicity on 1970 will be available to members as soon as it comes to hand so prepare now for what should be a big korero.

The Crete Children fund is still operating and we regularly receive letters from these deserving recipients of what is really a small effort on most individual members part.

Welfare has once again been a main topic at committee meetings but fortunately no great call has been made on our resources. Jack Pender has carried on as our Welfare Officer and he has been able to lead us to a successful conclusion in helping a couple of 22nd men who found themselves in difficulties. We sometimes find ourselves able to guide members or their dependants to R.S.A. or Patriotic welfare assistance.

The Auckland Branch as well as all Branches of the 22nd Association had it's sad moments in the death of members. Some of these deaths came to the committee's notice and appropriate action was taken. It is felt that 22nd blokes in the area have passed on and we have not been aware of their deaths. The committee on behalf of the Association would ask family and relatives of all deceased members to accept our sincerest sympathy and apologies where we have not made a more timely acknowledgement.

Brigadier L.W. Andrew V.C. has gone. A more able pen than mine has written of him and it only remains for me to officially regret, on behalf of the branch, his death. He was a man, a leader and a worthy commander. We will not forget him.

The Branch Circular. Finally I wish once again to bring members attention to our circular which Keith McBrearty has once again sweated over for a year. We are all grateful to him for keeping up this good work and we all promise to, in the future, keep the editor well supplied with material and so make his job that much easier.

* * * * *

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

The Treasurer has discovered, with some surprise, that he has once again managed to end the year with a tiny surplus of Income over Expenditure. You can study the figures for yourself by turning to the Financial Statement printed in this Circular and, if you can follow the Treasurer's somewhat abbreviated method of presenting the Accounts, perhaps you would explain them to the Hon. Auditor, who is still trying to puzzle things out at time of writing.

On paper, we should have Income from members' subscriptions of at least \$250 per year. Unfortunately, we always fall well short of this target. The record was 210 members financial in the same year but we have been below the 200 mark for the past four years. The hard core (as they say in the R.S.A.) pay every year and we are most grateful to them for their regular support, which keeps the ship afloat. We are grateful, too, to the members who pay two or more years subs. in advance. There are 26 of them at the moment and one of these stout citizens is financial right up to 1978! It is the remaining 80 to 100 members who present the problem for your Committee. Most of them become financial again in time, after a lapse of a year or two, but never all at the same time. It's just as well we usually manage to show a small profit on social functions and that some of our more generous members throw a few extra dollars from time to time in the kitty, or we would be well in the red. We can't all afford to be so generous but we do seem to lean too heavily on the enthusiastic and warm-hearted few.

The Branch Welfare Fund is holding quite well. So far the demands on the fund have been less than expected but this could change very quickly and the Committee is very pleased to have a reserve in hand. Income to the fund this year was \$60 from members' donations and a \$40 grant from the National Benevolent Fund.

The Crete Fund was very well supported this year but, in this case, we have spent \$45 more than we have received during the last two years. Our Crete Kids are growing up (as children have a habit of doing) and the need for our help will decrease within a year or two longer. But it is still required at present and on an increased scale because of our debased currency. As was explained in an earlier Circular, the Save The Children Fund appealed to N.Z. Contributors to supplement their basic donations to make up for devaluation and increased living costs. In response to this request and because your donations made it possible, we sent away an extra \$60 in 1968/69, bring our contributions for the year to \$150. We would very much like to do the same in 1969/70, and we will, provided that donations in the coming year are at least as good (about \$90) as in 1968/69.

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BRIGADIER L. W. ANDREW,
V.C.

IN MEMORIAM

30250 Leslie Wilton Andrew V.C. D.S.O.

I reported to 22nd Bn Hq. on 12/1/40. I was a rather frightened individual, a Lieutenant in a Territorial Officer's uniform, but quite uncertain what it was going to be like to be a real Soldier and what sort of a soldier and officer I was going to make. Meeting my C.O. wasn't very encouraging. I had never met the holder of a V.C. before and this plus his rather fierce appearance didn't help much. Curiously enough we had gone to the same school and as I was there when he was awarded his V.C. I had enjoyed a half holiday granted to the school by way of celebration. But as he looked me over without great enthusiasm and appointed me to what I discovered was the worst job in the Bn - O.C. Reinforcement Coy - I had a feeling that the Old School Tie wasn't going to help much in this show.

He not only looked fierce he was fierce and he began from the first day to point out the many deficiencies of his officers and as the Reinforcement Coy - soon renamed "E. Coy" - received all the misfits from the other Coys, we were always in trouble. I was a little encouraged to find that other officers also got the rough edge of his tongue and were just as frightened of him as I was. Finally I managed at the noon conference he held for officers each day to speak up as to some ill usage of my Coy by other Coys and was surprised to have the C.O. back me up. From then on I had confidence in him and E. Coy never looked back. Instead of the Adjutant before handing over Bn Parade every morning pointing out in a loud voice the deficiencies of E. Coy he transferred his attentions to Hq Coy and "Stand still that man in Hq. Coy" is still a well known cry to the original members of the Bn.

The C.O.'s lectures were tough and many and it wasn't long before the nicknames of "Old Wire Whiskers" and "February" got around but if the other ranks often heard from him it was nothing to what the officers received and we saw a lot more of him - more in fact than we wanted to. He and his career from birth upwards were a constant subject of discussion amongst us usually of a far from complementary nature - one firmly held opinion was that he was a R.S.M. gone wrong particularly as we seemed to suffer from restrictions from which the officers of other Units were free. Evening leave was almost impossible to get and when we went marching we had to hang round ourselves every object that officers were issued with. I remember his calling a conference after a long route march on a hot day at the end of which as usual we marched past him. He told us he had never seen such a collection of bent and weary old men slouching along as the officers of MY BATTALION and if we didn't do better he would know the reason why. My friend Hamish Simpson and I after that got up at 6 every morning and went for a run.

One famous incident at Trentham stands out in my memory. Some soldier perhaps not a 22 returning from some evening expedition was too hurried or too lazy to make the latrine and made a heavy deposit by some trees near Bn parade ground. When we assembled for Bn Parade we were marched past this object, given eyes right and then what a lecture!

We breathed a sigh of relief when we embarked on the Empress of Britain to find he was C.O. Ship and the 21/C Jack McNaught was our temporary commander. However we still got many lectures although with officers from other Units joined in. I was not with the Bn very long in England and unfortunately missed the long spell in billets at Hollingbourne where I believe the Bn as it were found both itself and the C.O. and 22 became the happy unit it afterwards remained. From England to Egypt and then to Greece and Crete but once again I was not with the Bn and did not rejoin it until it was at Kabrit about July 1941 and the wounds of Crete had been made good. The day I arrived however decorations for Greece and Crete were announced and 22 had not received its fair share. The Colonel was like a bear with a sore head and his remarks about higher authority were very undisciplined. Such and Such a unit had received so many decorations and MY Battalion only so many.

From Kabrit the long remembered night march to Genifa took place. We set off in the evening with the C.O. and MacDuff (adjutant) leading at a very smart pace for 6 miles when these 2 retired to staff car and we stumbled on for miles and miles and miles. Soldiers fell out in all directions. I had just come from some months of soft living on Bludger's Hill and at the end of the march fell where I stood. John Moore kindly brought me a cup of tea and someone put a blanket over me and there I slept. My mind still boggles at the thought of what would have happened to me if I had fallen out.

Next morning C.O.'s conference for all officers except Peter Hockley whose Platoon of A coy was the only Platoon which arrived at our destination without a man falling out. Peter became for a while a sort of shining knight in armour and an example to all. I dragged myself to this conference and we sat on the sand and then we got it. The C.O. with tears in his eyes pointed out that he was cursed with the most miserable poor-spirited, incapable hopeless lot of officers that any Battalion since time existed had ever had. I dragged myself away hoping that we could be thrown into a campaign soon so that I could die quickly (and I hoped gallantly) as soon as possible.

It was very unfair for MacDuff - always of a mischievous disposition - had set that spanking pace for the first two hours deliberately and that was mostly the cause of the trouble. And yet the C.O. was right. We had not done our stuff and we would do better next time.

Kapenga Box, Bagush, Sidi Aziz, Menastir, Sollum, Gazala and the 1941 Libyan Campaign was over, the Bn casualties were light, we lost our Brigadier at Sidi Aziz and the C.O. was temporary Brigadier. Back to Kabrit for Combined Operations training (Thank God we didn't have to put it into practice) and then last farewells to the C.O. who was returning to N.Z. TO be succeeded by John Russell. He hated leaving his Battalion. He said so and he meant it. We had a farewell Mess Dinner and Bill Hart made the farewell speech - an exceedingly good speech - I can see him before me now making it - and the C.O. with tears in his eyes in reply. I think all the Battalion, even the 28 day offenders were sorry to see him go. He was an old b----- but they had been with him a long time, he was their mascot, scared and all as they were of him and gave the Battalion a distinction which as they believed no other Unit had.

What sort of man was he? I believe that behind that stern facade was really a kindly and sentimental man, easily touched by emotion. Between the wars he spent 2 years in India serving with I think the famous Highland Light Infantry. He came back thoroughly imbued with the British Army tradition of training and discipline. With that and the necessity to live up as it were to his famous decoration we saw the stern disciplinarian the intense pride in his command and the determination to produce a Battalion which was second to none. I think he succeeded in that determination and passed some of his pride in his Battalion to the Battalion itself and left an impression upon it which lasted through the War and is still with its ex members.

Of his capacity as a C.O. in actual battle, I really know nothing. Crete, I think, was a sensitive point with him but I do not know whether there was any cause for that or not. I think he was ordered back to New Zealand in 1942 because experienced soldiers were required here and he had had his share of campaigning already.

I am inclined to think that his judgment of men was not particularly sound and he could be taken in by a superficial show of soldierly qualities. But judgment of character is a fairly rare gift and not always given to persons in authority. I know that he respected and listened to the views of his 2 I/C in the persons of Jack McNaught and Jim Leggatt, in whom he recognised educational and intellectual attainments superior to his own.

His discipline was severe but we needed it and he was I think essentially fair. In Tom Brown's Schooldays somebody said of Dr Arnold, Headmaster of Rugby, "He is a beast but a just beast" and I think in our worst moods we would have said the same about the C.O.

Since the War, I believe his life was bound up with the Bn Association. How many times he must have listened to stories, probably mostly imaginary, of what he did here or said there, February this and February that and he loved it all. Nothing concerning the Bn or the Association was too small or too unimportant not to arouse his interest. I think he made the Bn what it was and the Association what it is and if it continues on strongly for the future as I hope it will, his memory will be the main spring.

I do not know whether in this very different world of today with a different education and different outlook New Zealand will produce men like L. W. Andrew. If it doesn't I think it will be the poorer for that. I am proud that I knew him. Proud that I served under him - still not sure whether he would return the compliment - and know he will remain with me a living memory until I can remember no more.

Erl Pleasants

P.S. On Page 7 I referred to our casualties in the Libyan Campaign as being light when, in fact, we lost the whole of B Coy, happily to regain most of them two months later.

E.T.P.

The following photos were taken by Ron Jones at the funeral:



There are very few of our members who would class themselves as OLD but perhaps the following article will cause some misgivings.

Y O U T H A N D A G E

Youth and Age see the world through different spectacles.

For Youth most of life is in front; for Age behind.
Youth therefore looks forward, Age backward.

For Youth time doesn't go quickly enough; for Age too quickly.

Youth seeks a place in the sun; Age is satisfied with the seclusion and peace of the shade.

Youth seeks noise, action, excitement; Age is ready to settle for the quiet life.

Youth under-rates the value of experience; Age tends to over-rate it.

Youth is confident that it knows a great deal; Age sadly realises how little it knows.

Youth is hopeful; Age is sceptical.

Youth is radical; Age is conservative.

Youth wants to remake the world in a day; Age accepts "the inevitability of gradualness".

Youth is impressed by superficial qualities of brilliance; Age rates wisdom above mere cleverness.

Youth is bold and adventurous; Age leans to caution and security.

Youth can't conceive of growing old; but it will. Age can't conceive of growing young; and it won't. Youth should therefore reverence Age. But Age should also reverence Youth for that was once its state.

A word of caution: Age and Youth are not necessarily measured by years. Some young people have already assumed the characteristics of Age, while a minority of elderly people retain many of the marks of Youth.

A DEAL IN POULTRY

From Bark Cox

In Egypt, once the decision has been made that chicken is to be featured on the menu, the housewife's actions follow somewhat on the same lines as those of her western cousins - up to a point. She goes to a shop. Any similarity between a western poulterer and fishmonger's establishment and its eastern counterpart lies only in the smell, and even in this one point there is a difference. In Egypt there is more smell - much more.

Your Egyptian housewife goes to a poultry market, but not for her an array of plucked, dressed poultry, neatly laid out on slabs. No, sir. She picks her chicken alive, from a cage. Selects the one she fancies from a whole rack of cages after fingering, pinching, prodding. Finally the choice is made and the haggling commences. The interminable haggling, offer and counter offer, protestation of friendship, and of poverty, arm waving, and pleadings to Allah, that accompanies even the most simple deal. But at last the agreement is reached and the stage is set.

Achmed grasps a handful of feathers on the bird's breast and tugs, baring a patch of skin. Then he hurries away with the victim, apparently to a Government inspector - or a stand-over man; for when he returns there is a neat rubber stamp mark on the skin. The tempo quickens, a quick flick of a razor blade across the bird's throat, and handful after handful of feathers are plucked from the kicking struggling unfortunate. Long before its struggles cease it has attained a state of complete nudity and is packed into Mommas's shopping basket.

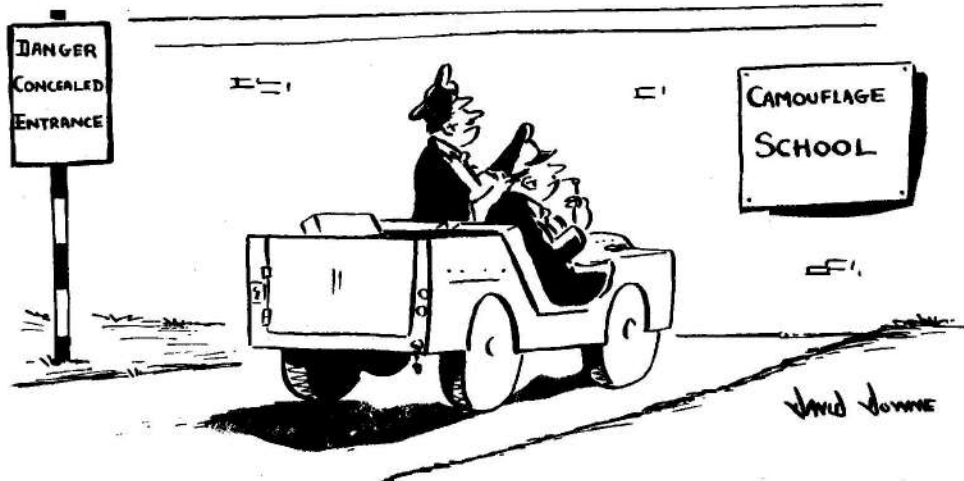
* * * * *



"We'll have to do something about that trouble-maker in C Company!"



"How much severance pay did you get?"



Directions to Rocky Nook Bowling Club -

From City, follow New North Road (Symonds Street leads into New North Rd) through Kingsland and keep going until you reach Malvern Road on the right. This is about 50 yards before the railway over-bridge crossing New North Road. Go along Malvern Road, through the Fowlds Park entrance gates and along to the Bowling Club. Park in the area provided. The entrance to the hall is on the opposite side of the building from the road.

22ND BATTALION ASSOCIATION - AUCKLAND BRANCH

INCOME & EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT - YEAR ENDED 28TH FEBRUARY 1969

<u>1968</u>	<u>EXPENDITURE</u>		<u>1968</u>	<u>INCOME</u>	
162	Printing, Stationery, Postages	163.46	179	Subscriptions - Current Year	176.00
3	Sundry Expenses	4.00	14	Sundry Donations	15.00
6	Wreaths, Presentations	17.00	1	Profit on Badges, Ties, etc.	1.75
40	Grant - Crete Fund	40.00	20	Bank Interest	21.39
			9	Profit - Social Functions	17.25
211		224.46			
12	Excess of Income over Expenditure	7.23			
223		+ 231.69	223		+ 231.69

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 28TH FEBRUARY 1969

<u>1968</u>	<u>LIABILITIES</u>		<u>1968</u>	<u>ASSETS</u>	
35	<u>PAYMENTS IN ADVANCE</u>	49.00	104	<u>STOCK OF BADGES, PLAQUES, ETC.</u>	86.60
48	<u>CRETE FUND</u> - Donations in hand	26.85		<u>AUSTRALIA & N.Z. BANK LTD.:</u>	
	<u>BRANCH WELFARE FUND:</u>		310	Branch Welfare Fund	330.53
233	Balance at 1/3/68	309.97	48	Crete Fund	26.85
149	Donations	<u>100.15</u>	113	General Funds	151.65
384		410.12			
- 74	Less Grants	<u>79.59</u>			
310	<u>Balance at 28/2/69</u>	330.53			
	<u>ACCUMULATED FUNDS:</u>				
170	Balance at 1/3/68	182.02			
12	Excess of Income	<u>7.23</u>			
182	<u>Balance at 28/2/69</u>	189.25			
575		\$ 595.63	575		\$ 595.63

Examined and found correct.

J.A.RIDDELL,
Hon. Auditor

The Secretary,
P.O. Box 13-058,
ONEHUNGA, 6

March 1969

(1) I will be attending the Annual Reunion on Saturday, 20th March, 1969.

(2) I regret being unable to attend and enclose \$1.00 subscription.

(CROSS OUT ANY LINE NOT APPLICABLE)

NAME.....Ph.No.....

ADDRESS.....