



22nd Battalion Association
AUCKLAND BRANCH

Editor: BARK COX

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

December, 1969

A Christmas Remembrance with Wishes Sincere

for Happiness now and throughout the New Year.

*With Best Wishes for Christmas
and a very Happy New Year*

*Bringing you the Best of Good Wishes
for Christmas and the New Year.*

Wishing you every Happiness

May Christmas and the coming year

at Christmas Time and Always.

bring every happiness to you

"MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR"

There are as many ways of saying it as there have been Christmas's - more probably - but no matter how it is expressed, "Good Luck" over a noggin; a Xmas card, a bunch of flowers, a hand shake, a kiss or a hug, it can all be summed up in one word, "GOODWILL." At least that's how I read it.

And that's the message from your Committee, to you and to your families.

But we always find, every year, that to one or more of our friends no words could sound less appropriate than "merry" and "happy". So to those who have not found this year so good, we say, "A peaceful Christmas and a Happier New Year."

Padre Sergel writes:-

PADRE'S CHRISTMAS MESSAGE 1969

It's strange isn't it, how Christmas makes us feel so much more of a big family - so much more at home. Just once a year we all come in from the dusty tired world outside and sit down at home with our family, and know the warm glow of Christmas that is like nothing else.

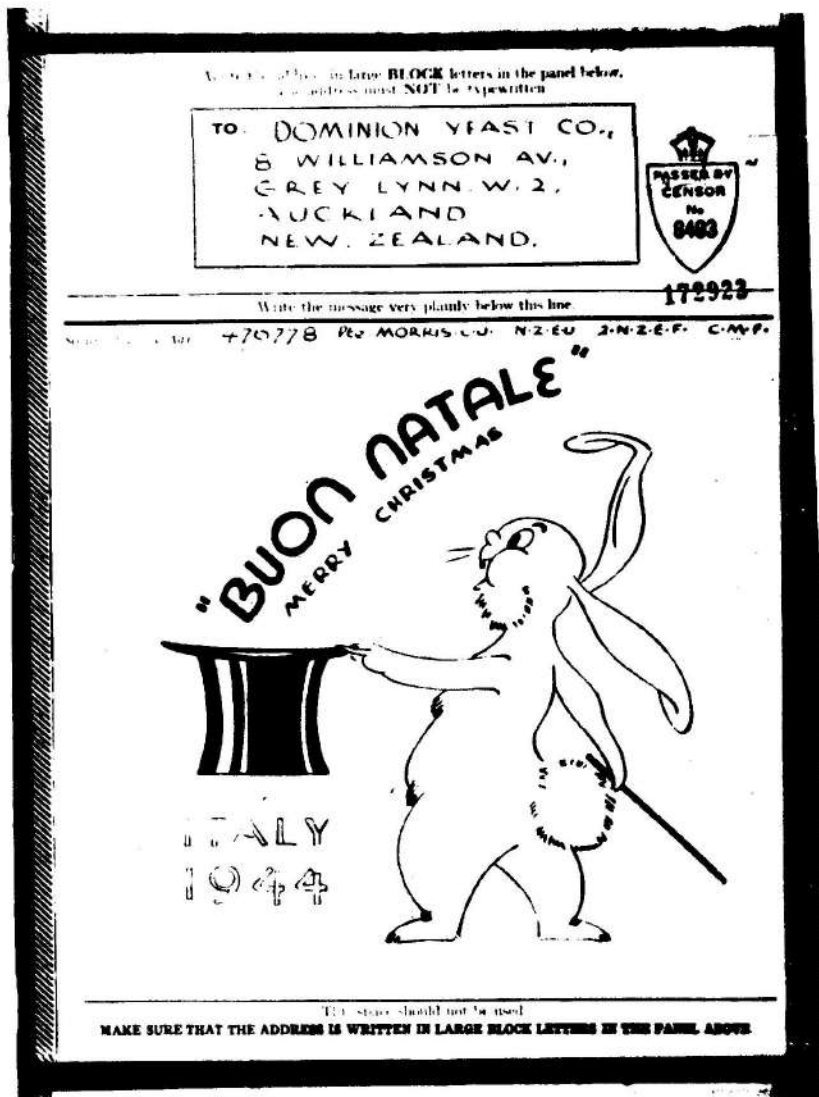
Men travel bravely by a thousand roads,
Some broad and lined with palaces, some steep
And hard and lonely, some that blindly twist
Through tangled jungles where there is no light;
And mostly they are travelling thoughtlessly.
But once a year an ancient question comes
To every traveller passing on his way,
A question that can stab and burn and bless;
'Is this the road that leads to Bethlehem?'

God bless you all, and may you know the joys of Christmas in your own homes this year.

Paul Sergel

Thank you, Padre.

By a strange co-incidence, a week or so back, I was clearing old files in the office. Wading through stacks of old letters and documents; Most of them went straight into the waste paper basket, a few I marked "Permanent File", others got the "Review in 5 years treatment" and so on. I found a file that had missed previous purges. A record of chaps who had left the Company to join the forces - 1939 to 1945. Letters to say, "Thanks for the parcel," etc. (Remember how hard it was to find something to say.) I tossed it out, picked it up again, flicked through it, found a particular item - read it again, enquired who was C.J.Morris of the N.Z. Entertainment Unit, and found it was "Kardo" the magician. So for what it is worth, the memories, here is the Xmas, 1944, airgraph from the M.E. - and another way of saying it.



NATIONAL REUNION: HAWKES BAY: JUNE 1970

Time's running out. Write now to:-

M.C. COWLRICK P.O. Box 611 NAPIER

Went around to see how John Friend is making out. John had a serious illness a while back, and, frankly I thought I was going to see an invalid. Don't you believe it. When I arrived he was out. Met him at the lift on my way out. He is remarkably well. Has a little difficulty getting some words out but otherwise in good shape.

" A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE "

About thirty years or so ago,
We dined for Xmas in the snow,
But twenty wars and riots hence
We're still spectators on the fence!

Now I've reached the sad conclusion
We gained naught from this confusion,
'Moonday' has been and again will go
And what do headlines have to show?

'Moon echoes pose big mystery'
- Headlines for all to see!
Said a U.S. Seisamatic brain
'Throw out the book and start again!'

Start again, I recommend,
And think before we reach the end,
At least one book I will believe,
Of Adam and a girl called 'Eve' .

What were the origins of man?
Were we a swab when we began?
You say we started as a fog
And by degrees became a frog.

You must admit that if you're kind
That man has left the frog behind,
But dash it all, how do you explain
Why ordinary frogs remain?

Did Jiggs and Flipper used to romp
With Cleopatra in a swamp?
Were Handel, Kennedy and Drake
Just made from gases by mistake?

And are the girls who conquer men
Hot little bits of hydrogen?
Did everything of which we're fond
Come accidentally from a pond?

Our planet which is just a mass
Of soft solidifying gas
All by chance became a place
To contain the human race?

The sun, they say, is growing old
And the earth some day will die of cold.
It will be hotter, others say,
So the earth at last will boil away.

Whichever Theory may be right
I hope it won't occur tonight,
Because some of my family tree
Are watching Tele after tea.

Then three hours to study how
New maths are helping students now,
But this gent would surely sooner
Watch Bikini girls at Takapuna.

The view is fine and the figures swell,
But in my brain there rings a bell,
'For if these shapes came from a frog,
He has done a damn fine job! '

And if this frog could only speak,
His croak would reach an awful screech.
'Apologise to God, you stupid man,
Or you'll be in the "Also rans".'

"Heed this advice and do it Quick,
Before Man gets up to further tricks,
And let's admit a frog's a frog,
But has Man done a better job?"

Thanks to Sandy(Shakespeare)Murray
for that effort.

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Ron Jones writes:-

"Recently I had the pleasure of being a guest at a Sergeants' Mess Dinner for a special occasion of 3rd N.Z.I.R. This was a most enjoyable gathering and I met a wonderful collection of modern soldiers. They came from a variety of backgrounds and gave me reason to have every faith in the blokes who, if necessary, will follow in our footsteps. One particularly interesting member of the mess had served as a pilot in the R.A.F. before emigrating to N.Z., and liking service life, and wishing to be useful, he had volunteered as a territorial soldier. Cynically we would say "it takes all sorts" but I can assure you this chap and all the members of the mess were keen soldiers and except for key Regular Force personnel were all volunteers.

Mess Dinners, being what they are, we stayed the night in the camp and the next day we were close and interested spectators at Helicopter training by n.c.o.'s. This consisted of loading and unloading the machine with troops and equipment. During this my thoughts turned to Crete, and helicopter gunships as used in Vietnam.

The Mess Dinner turned my thoughts to my introduction to the Sergeants' Mess, 22nd Battalion, Maadi Camp. In 1943 my name went on Routine Orders so I was required to leave the proletariat and eat with the bourgeoisie sergeants. Mick Eades took my hand and led me to the Mess tent. In the "dining hall" everyone stood behind his chair at the table and when all were ready, like starters in the Auckland Cup,

the R.S.M. entered, went to his place, and said, "Gentlemen be seated."

If the starters in the Auckland Cup get away like that lot did there's a good race in prospect. The gentlemen were seated in record time and food disappeared - I won't say in great quantity - but I will say at great speed. It wasn't hard to settle down in the Sergeants' Mess.

With the approach of the year's end a lot of thought is given to festivities, and celebration of having been able to put up with each other over the year. The basis of this festivity is usually food and something to wash it down. Being the generation we are, most of us can think back over several decades and the years furthest back, possibly not being the ones when food and drink were as plentiful as now - now when inner space is not so receptive to full enjoyment of gluttonous enjoyment. Even the washing down process has to be approached with more care.

No matter what have been the circumstances of the time Christmas and New Year has been the occasion for a little extra. Battle area, P.O.W., civvy street, time of depression, time of plenty, this is when we get together and make merry to the best of our physical and economic means. We were comrades through various Christmas's and enjoyment of those occasions must still be with us, and there will be memories enough to make many a festive gathering the better for the recounting of these.

Thank you, Ron, for the memories,
and also for the suggestion that the Sergeants' Mess
should provide a fund of memories - and stories for us.

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REPORT ON THE CRETE KIDS.

In the last issue of this Circular, Editor BARK. COX promised you a report from the Secretary in the next issue. Well this is the Secretary speaking and here is the report.

Just to refresh your memories, it is now eight years since we first became interested in doing something in a small way to repay the debt of gratitude that so many Kiwi ex-servicemen owe to the poor but proud people of the island of Crete - the people who sheltered men on the run from the German Army and were executed when caught doing so. The wheels grind slowly in these matters and we spent two years in following up false leads before we finally decided to sponsor a child through the Save the Children Fund (S.C.F.). Such was the response from members of this Branch that we decided to commit ourselves to help two kids instead of one and, shortly afterwards, the two became three when a very generous Auckland citizen, OWEN WILSON of St. Heliers, offered to sponsor a child through us.

By this time, we had received the case histories of three kids in the general vicinity of MALEME and CANEA and it was very pleasing indeed to be able to tell S.C.F. that we would sponsor all three. And that was not the end of it because our project was given publicity in the R.S.A. "Review" and then written up by a journalist who writes a column for the "Dominion". We then received enough in donations from all kinds of people to take responsibility for Crete Kid No.4.

So for six years we have given help to four young people of Crete as they went through their secondary schooling. Now they are adults or very nearly so. The oldest is ADRIANA KYDONAKI, one of eleven children in a family that lives in a two-roomed cottage. Adriana is now 20 and our sponsorship ceased when she married early this year. Next on the list is EVANGELIA HARALAMBOUS, who will be 19 years old this month. More articulate than the others, she has sent us many touching letters, some written in English. Mostly, the kids write in their native language and S.C.F. provides an English translation. We were told a few months ago that Evangelia was engaged to be married but we were asked to carry on the sponsorship for another year and agreed to do so. We have just received a letter from Evangelia to say that she is now married.

Then there is CONSTANTINOS NASSIOU, now aged 18 and still at school. This sponsorship continues at present but will probably end next year. Last on the list is EMMANUEL MARATHAKIS, who is also 18. Earlier this year, we were told that Emmanuel was now in a better financial position and that this sponsorship could be terminated, so we are left with two of the original four, Evangelia and Constantinos, and they are not likely to need our help much longer.

S.C.F. has asked whether we would be interested in sponsoring a younger sister of Adriana Kydonaki and Evangelia has suggested that, now that she is married, we might prefer to help her sister ANGELIKI. There is no doubt at all that there is a great need for this kind of help, even among the four families that we know about. The question is, can we accept a further commitment that might continue for another four or five years? It would be easy to say that we have done our bit but we still have money in the Crete Fund and scarcely a week goes by without further donations coming in. My feeling is that one more sponsorship is well within our capabilities. WHAT DO YOU THINK?

LEGAL PROCEEDINGS PENDING.

We understand that the Treasurer is taking legal action against the Circular Editor for the unauthorised use of his photograph in the last issue. For all we know, TOM GRACE may be doing the same. ERL PLEASANTS will be asked to represent both parties, so he's going to be a busy boy. "Grim visage" indeed. Who wouldn't be grim about such an outrage? *(So much for the "freedom of the Press". Ed.)*

The Treasurer reports that subscriptions have been coming in steadily since he got around to sending out some accounts. Financial membership has risen from 110 to 140 during the last few weeks. That still leaves us a long way to go, with 100 names still on the unfinancial list and the end of the financial year looming up. How about it you sluggards. Dig out that cheque book or just put a dollar bill, plus your name and address, in an envelope and send it along to Box 13-058, Onehunga.

INTELLIGENCE SECTION.

Marched in (1969):-

L.R.D. CRAWFORD	R.D.2, Lichfield, Putaruru.
A.E. (BILL) CROMMELIN	C/- Bank of N.S.W., Auckland.
JACK A. JURY,	18 Kautani Avenue, Papatoetoe.
SNOW McMAHON	15 Corella Road, Belmont.
E.L. (TAFFY) PHILLIPS	34 Second Avenue, Kingsland.
WALLY M. REEVE	2 Eddowes St., Manurewa.

Gone. No address:-

	<u>Last Address</u>
JOHN BEGG	C/- Hamilton Hotel, Hamilton.
R.H. BURDUS	Waitakaruru, Hauraki Plains.
VIC. DICKINSON	50 Grafton Road, Auckland.
MERV. HERDSON	4 Patterson Ave., Sandringham.
DON HORN	Lake Herewhakaite, Rotorua.
JACK MORGAN	14 Paine Street, Tauranga.
T.A. (DICK) TURNER	Main Road, Orewa.
RAY WESTERN	Tauranga.

Can anyone supply current addresses please.

PAUL DONOGHUE has been a sick man for quite some time but Paul is not the type to let an illness get him down. His spirit remains unconquerable, he gets about as much as he can and expects to be at the Hawkes Bay Reunion next June. Paul has been greatly encouraged by his many visitors, one of the most regular being KEITH ELLIOTT.

Two other well-known 22nd men in Wellington who have been on the sick list recently are MICK KENNY, who has had to take on a lighter job and LIN THOMAS, who suffered a severe coronary attack last year but is now back at work.

TOM GRACE continues to live the busy life of a retired Bank Manager and is reported to be remarkably fit. No doubt Golf still receives priority over the demands of his garden. *(Tom, that statement could be held to be a libel, and I didn't write it. Ed.)*
