

ATTORNEY: How many were boys?
 WITNESS: None.
 ATTORNEY: Were there any girls?
 WITNESS: Are you kiddin' me? Your Honour, I think I need a different attorney. Can I get a new attorney?

ATTORNEY: How was your first marriage terminated?
 WITNESS: By death.
 ATTORNEY: And by whose death was it terminated?
 WITNESS: Now whose death do you suppose terminated it?

ATTORNEY: Can you describe the individual?
 WITNESS: He was about medium height and had a beard.
 ATTORNEY: Was this a male or a female?
 WITNESS: Guess.

ATTORNEY: Is your appearance here this morning pursuant to a deposition notice which I sent to your attorney?
 WITNESS: No, this is how I dress when I go to work.

ATTORNEY: Doctor, how many of your autopsies have you performed on dead people?
 WITNESS: All my autopsies are performed on dead people. Would you like to rephrase that?

ATTORNEY: Do you recall the time that you examined the body?
 WITNESS: The autopsy started around 8:30 p.m.
 ATTORNEY: And Mr. Denton was dead at the time?
 WITNESS: No, he was sitting on the table wondering why I was doing an autopsy on him!

ATTORNEY: Doctor, before you performed the autopsy, did you check for a pulse?
 WITNESS: No.
 ATTORNEY: Did you check for blood pressure?
 WITNESS: No.
 ATTORNEY: Did you check for breathing?
 WITNESS: No.
 ATTORNEY: So, then it is possible that the patient was alive when you began the autopsy?
 WITNESS: No.
 ATTORNEY: How can you be so sure, Doctor?
 WITNESS: Because his brain was sitting on my desk in a jar.
 ATTORNEY: I see, but could the patient have still been alive, nevertheless?
 WITNESS: Yes, it is possible that he could have been alive and practicing law.

Thank you for bearing with me, I have had to cut eight pages off this Newsletter since I have run out of input. There are a number of people who send me items for the Newsletters but if I used all of them we would end up with a joke book instead of an RNZA Newsletter.

Next Newsletter will be mid December so if you have anything please let me have it, send old times photos if you can. Ta.



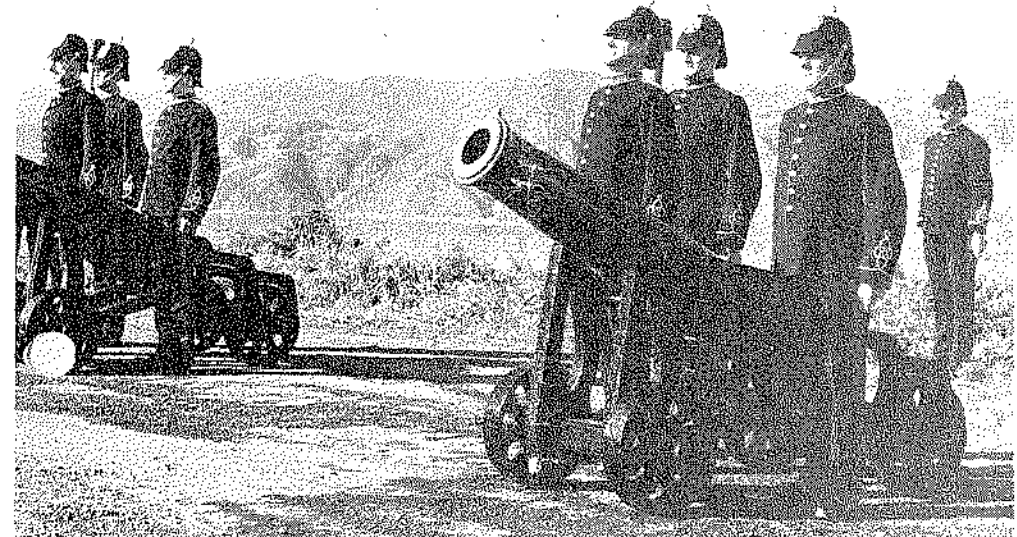
The New Zealand Gunner

Official Journal of
THE ROYAL NEW ZEALAND ARTILLERY
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Palmer Head, Wellington. Gunner's Day 1955

These 12 pounder bronze guns were cast by Wilmot & Sons, UK in 1855,
 a fitting Anniversary.

From the left: Marcroft, Whitmarsh, Trev Wrigley, Fitzgeorge, Tom Stephens(?),
 White(?). And young Don Kenning (lovely boy!!!)

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**I AM PLEADING NOW. PLEASE READ AND INWARDLY
DIGEST THE FOLLOWING. IT IS IMPORTANT**

IMPORTANT ONGOING INFORMATION

- ACCOUNT INFORMATION:** Association Account Name and Number for Cheques and 'On line' Banking
Royal New Zealand Artillery Old Comrades Assn Inc. ASB. 12 3042 0229763 00
- INTERNET ADDRESSES:** A number of our people are on the Internet but I am not aware of all addresses, if you do not receive any messages from me then I do not have your address and would appreciate it please.
- RECEIPTS:** Receipts will be issued for all incoming monies and will accompany the next Newsletter following receipt.
- INPUT INTO NEWSLETTERS:** Short stories, especially with accompanying photographs, are always welcome for inclusion in the Newsletters.
- NEW MEMBERS:** New members are welcome, remember ALL Gunners with a minimum of 3 years service or an Operational Tour are eligible for Full Membership. Associate Membership, basically, is available to anyone who has been attached to an RNZA Unit or have a close affiliation therewith and close family to Full or Life Members.
- DEATH OF A MEMBER:** I am not privy to all information, if you know of the passing of someone whom you suspect may be a member please let the Association know. Where possible someone will endeavour to attend the funeral. And I need the information for Newsletters.

Last Post

Bill McKenzie 17 July 2007. Auckland. **Bill** was one of a number who was only happy when he was in the Armed Forces. He served out WW2 in the Navy and then joined the Army finishing off his time as QM 4th Medium Regiment.

Denis 'Pete' Pederson. Auckland 2007. '**Pete**' was Camp RSM Papakura for a time and had a very close association with the gunners, because those were the days of Les Auty, Joe Cook, Ron Bennett, Allan Boyd and a number of other characters.

1804 Rupert 'Routine Orders' Robinson. Johnsonville 6 September. With a regimental number like that, **Rupert** must have been a fine old age. *This is the third time I have typed all this and twice it has disappeared so if it appears somewhere else all I can say is 'oops' (how's that John M)*

Congratulations

Lt Kellas. Queen's Service Medal. Queens Birthday Honours 2007. Lox earned his award for services to NZ Police, as sole charge Officer at Portobello. I am sure his military training and active service in Vietnam in 1968 is being put to good effect.

Willy Apiata. Victoria Cross. Operational Award 2007. **Willy** is not a Gunner, however, **Fred Biggwith** phoned me and suggested that he thought it would be appropriate for the Old Comrades to write a message of congratulations, I totally agreed because this man has not only been written into the history of the NZSAS but more importantly his own family and the Armed Forces of the free world. On behalf of our Patron, President and Members I wrote to **Willy** and his CO Lt Col J Blackwell.

At the time **Willy** received his well earned (not won as so many might write) **Victoria Cross** I had been

reading 'The Kiwi Scorpions' *The Story of the New Zealanders in the Long Range Desert Group*, by Brendon O'Carroll. So I was able to appreciate some of the things that people like **Willy** had to, and have to, endure. Let me quote some passages from the book.

Lt Col Vladimir Peniakoff wrote in his book *Popski's Private Army (1950)*, his personal observations from working with the Group:

'A free, cheerful, tireless, efficient body of bearded men, they were the most pleasant companions I have ever had. I graded their squadrons, drawn from various parts of the Empire, on a scale of human excellence, which ranged from the New Zealanders high on top. Generally they were farmers in civil life and took easily to roaming in the Desert, they had from the outset a resourceful, happy assurance and set a standard which the others tried to follow.'

Kennedy Shaw wrote in his book on the LRDG:

Many were owner drivers at home and therefore naturally disposed of taking care of their cars, regarding them as a thing to be preserved rather than, as was the British attitude, as the property of an abstract entity, "the government", whose loss or destruction was of small concern of theirs.

The LRDG became known as *Libyan Taxis Ltd* because they carried observers and inserted, supplied and collected British and Arab undercover

agents, rescued Allied POW's, downed airmen and brought in enemy captives. In addition they guided the SAS, Popski's Private Army, Free French Middle East Commandoes and the Sudan Defence Force to their targets. In their "Taxi" role, as experts in the field of Desert survival, geography and navigation, they were able to drop off or pick up men from far behind the lines which for the most part was done without being detected by the enemy. A patrol led by Capt LH 'Tony' Browne completed a 3200km return trip to deliver fresh stores, ammunition, explosives and food for the natives and to relieve a wireless operator who had become ill with sores all over his body.

Much of their armament came from downed aircraft, where with typical Kiwi ingenuity 20mm aircraft cannons were one of many items that were attached to their vehicles. *And here I have to own up to something that nearly happened. Late 1965 in Vietnam I chummed up with a US Special Forces Sgt who seemed to 'own' a vast array of interesting items, one example was a brace of 20mm aircraft cannons. For the price of an Owen Gun, he would fit one of these cannons to my Landrover. Now discretion (yes me!!!) became the better part of valour and I decided against the venture, mainly because I had very nearly caused Don Kenning a coronary when I turn up with a Super Sabre (F100) wing-tank on my Landrover. I think another part of the aircraft would have been too much.*

The sequel to the wing tank was that when I returned to Vietnam for my second tour here it was mounted on scaffolding as the water supply for the showers. Again, with Kiwi ingenuity supplied by **Alan Cairns-White**.

New Members

Sgt Jim Madgwick from Matamata. To start with I must apologise to **Jim** for not mentioning his membership not only the last Newsletter but also the one before that. **Jim** was a long standing member of 4th Medium Battery serving many loyal years and really should have received an Efficiency Medal due to his overall service, however, there were a couple of years where he did not complete the required number of days service, and that is where those in power decided to base their decision. However, I am quite sure that it was an administrative error, because any Chief Clerk worth his salt would have observed that someone needed to complete a day or two to be 'efficient' for a particular year.

Capt Anthony Mitchelson from Auckland. **Anthony** has been with the Guns for 12 years during which time he completed an Operation Tour with Multinational Force of Observers Sinai. **Anthony** is currently the TF Battery Capt of 11/4 Bty.

David Bähler after a previous resignation has come back to the fold.

Mike Phillips has also come back to us.

From members, about members and interesting reflections, some true, some - well?

Messages of goodwill received from and to members

If your name does not appear here, and you have written a note, please accept my apologies because I pressed the wrong key after completing several pages

and lost the b— lot. Yes, my computer did ask me if I wanted to 'delete' and I said yes because I thought I was in another area.

'Light' Jim Brown, warmest regards to members. **Dawn Nicholson, Christine and Eileen Osmers** have come back 'on line' again after a computer crash, this has proved very interesting as **Jack** was almost like a father to me so now the family and I keep close contact. **Jim Horn. Jim Ross** with commemorative journal regarding the move out of Woolich of the Royal Artillery. It makes you wonder just what does lurk in the craniums of politicians it is certainly not tradition and history. They cannot even remember what they said before a previous election. **Ron Agnew, Forbes Greenfield, Enid Standen**, more from Enid later, **Rusty Vail** with a number of old but very interesting photos.

1. For your information

On Thursday 19 July the Committee of the Old Comrades Association met in Denis Dwane's Office. It was a normal genial meeting until we got to the General Business part of the non-existent agenda where the members changed dramatically, like werewolves, into pitbulls. Reason, Denis opened up with the matter of my resignation by saying "We wont accept it!" and they all in one voice cried "Agreed!" Only because they were all dead scared one of them would have to pick up the traces. So I pleaded "What if I die?" and that was greeted with a real Ted Sweet (RNZAOC) handling of a delicate problem: "Do what you b— well like but not in our time!!!!" So not only am I not allowed to resign, I am not allowed to die either!!!!!!!!!!!! In future when you hear me refer to 'The Pitbulls' you will be aware that I am referring to your Committee. However, now (September) I have had more time to consider the situation and find that I am just not handling the Secretarial and my own family, house and grounds, situation like I should, so I have no alternative and my resignation will take effect as of 31 December 2007, I am sorry for this but in the words of my eldest grandson, 'Family Comes First.'

2. Did you know?

From the vege man at Pak N Save

Lemons: if you want to get the most juice out of a lemon (especially for a gin and tonic) put it in the microwave for about 30 seconds. (*On my first try I went for 60 seconds and the thing exploded!!*)

Pumpkin: do not buy a whole pumpkin, go for the cut ones then you can see what the flesh is like. It must be nice and orange coloured and if there is any paleness near the skin it is not ripe so chuck it back.

The meaning of some of our words: example **gobsmacked**, my explanation is that when one is **flabbergasted** they tend to smack their mouth with their hand, however, if you are computer literate and connected to the Internet then try the follow website: <http://www.word-detective.com/backidx.html> you will find a great number of explanations of words and phrases so let's try both of those words:

Flabbergasted

Dear Word Detective: I heard someone say that they were "flabbergasted" the other day and I realized what a strange word it is. How did it come to mean

"very surprised"? -- E. F., via the internet.

Sometimes it seems that the best words in the English language are like a good stew: wonderful flavours, but often you can't quite figure out what's in there. "Flabbergasted" is a marvellously vivid word, but it doesn't look like any other word we know in English, so its origins aren't easy to figure out. By now I'm sure you've looked up "flabbergast" in your dictionary and found that it says something like "Of unknown origin." That's true, strictly speaking, but we can trace "flabbergasted" at least part of the way back and make an educated guess as to the rest of the ingredients.

"Flabbergasted," by the way, is far from being a new word. It's been around since the late 1700s in its current form. The second part of the word, "gast," is probably from the Middle English word "gasten," meaning "to terrify," which also gave us "aghast." "Gasten" itself comes from the Old English word "gast," or "spirit," which also gives us "ghostly" and "ghost." So there we have the "surprise" part of "flabbergast."

The "flabber" part is the puzzle. Most likely, it's related to "flabby," which itself is a variant of "flappy." (Yes, to say someone is "flabby" is to say that they "flap" when they move, which is enough to send anyone to the gym.) But "flap" can also mean excitement or a disturbance ("The flap over the Royal Family"), so this is where the guesswork comes in. "Flabbergasted" may have originally meant being so surprised that one "flabbed" -- trembled like Jell-O. Or it could have referred to the cause of the uproar -- the "flap" at which one was "aghast," or "flabbergasted."

Gobsmacked:

Dear Word Detective: Here in Canada we are quite used to hearing a lot of British expressions. However, I was recently in London and heard about six words I am not familiar with. The first one I will send and ask you to explain is "Gobsmacked." Methinks it's something naughty. -- Arnie Wachman, via the internet.

Oh, good. You know, I was worried about how I was going to spend the long winter nights over the next few months. But now I know I can plan on many happy hours trying to unravel the mysteries of British slang, a species so obscure that even the natives of that charming isle often haven't the vaguest notion of what they're really saying or where it came from.

In this case, however, we're both getting off lightly, because compared to such Britishisms as "toad in the hole" (a mashed-potato and sausage concoction, I've been told), "gobsmacked" is fairly easy to explain. "Gob" is a very old (about 400 years old, actually) English dialect word meaning "mouth," probably taken from Gaelic or Scots, and related to "gab," also meaning "mouth" or, more commonly, "speech." To be "gobsmacked" is to be astonished or flabbergasted, as stunned as if you had been suddenly "smacked" (struck) in the mouth. Curiously, "gobsmacked" has only been found in print as far back as the 1980s, but it's reasonable to assume that the term has been around for much longer.

"Gobsmacked" isn't really "naughty" in the sexual sense, but it is generally considered a bit rude and would not be a good choice of words were you to

find yourself in certain social situations (i.e., "Blimey, Your Majesty, I'm gobsmacked" would probably be a mistake). Other words based on "gob" (such as the verb "gob," meaning "to spit") are also not considered fit for polite company, and even the relatively benign "gobstopper" (a type of large hard candy popular with children) would probably raise Her Majesty's eyebrows.

Nullarbor Plains an area between Adelaide and Kalgoorlie. Many people, including Australians assume Nullarbor is an Aboriginal term but it is not it is a corruption of the Latin for 'no trees' and the name could not be more apt - Bill Bryson from his book 'Down Under'.

3. Roger Newth has not got anything better to do all day than send me funnies some of which I will share with you. (However, don't get me wrong, if you cannot have a laugh stay in bed)

Here are a few for those of you who are older than me!!!!

A very elderly gentleman, (mid-nineties) very well dressed, hair well groomed, neat looking suit, flower in his lapel smelling slightly of a good after-shave, presenting a well looked-after image, walks into an upscale cocktail lounge. Seated at the bar is an elderly lady, about mid-eighties.

The gentleman walks over, sits alongside of her, orders a drink, takes a sip, turns to her and says, "So tell me, do I come here often?"

An elderly gentleman had serious hearing problems for a number of years. He went to the doctor and the doctor was able to have him fitted for a set of hearing aids that allowed the gentleman to hear 100%. The elderly gentleman went back in a month to the doctor and the doctor said, "Your hearing is perfect. Your family must be really pleased that you can hear again."

The gentleman replied, "Oh, I haven't told my family yet. I just sit around and listen to the conversations. I've changed my will three times!"

An elderly couple had dinner at another couple's house, and after eating, the wives left the table and went into the lounge room. The two gentlemen were talking, and one said, "Last night we went out to a new restaurant and it was really great. I would recommend it very highly.

The other man said, "What is the name of the restaurant?"

The first man thought and thought and finally said, "What is the name of that flower you give to someone you love? You know... the one that's red and has thorns."

"Do you mean a rose?"

"Yes, that's the one," replied the man. He then turned towards the kitchen and yelled, "Rose, what's the name of that restaurant we went to last night?"

Couple in their nineties are both having problems remembering things. During a check-up, the doctor tells them that they're physically okay, but they might want to start writing things down to help them remember. Later that night, while watching TV, the old man gets up from his chair. "Want anything while I'm in the kitchen?" he asks.

"Will you get me a bowl of ice cream?"

"Sure."

"Don't you think you should write it down so you can remember it?" she asks.
"No, I can remember it."
"Well, I'd like some strawberries on top, too. Maybe you should write it down, so as not to forget it?"
He says, "I can remember that. You want a bowl of ice cream with strawberries."
"I'd also like whipped cream. I'm certain you'll forget that, write it down?" she asks.

Irritated, he says, "I don't need to write it down, I can remember it! Ice cream with strawberries and whipped cream - I got it, for goodness sake!" Then he toddles into the kitchen.

After about 20 minutes, the old man returns from the kitchen and hands his wife a plate of bacon and eggs.

She stares at the plate for a moment. "Where's my toast?"

4. From Enid Standen

First of all, I would like to congratulate you on the new format of your Newsletters. I am enclosing a poem that was found on Crete by a soldier in WW2. My deceased husband George was a 4th Field Regiment man and belonged to the Old Comrades. He was one of seven brothers all of whom served at the same time overseas, two were killed on Crete and one taken prisoner. George was lucky and finally made it home after the Middle East and Italy. I used to attend the reunions but know so few now.

Good luck with the Assn. Sincerely Enid Standen

MEMORIES OF CRETE

By GR Eldridge. 20 - 30 May 1941

On a mountainous little island
Nestled in the Aegean Sea,
By the dromes of Retimo,
At Haraklion and Melame,
Are the graves of our fallen comrades,
In dozens there they lie.
Their deaths were the kin that only
Gallant soldiers die.

On that mountainous little island
With its peaks all capped with snow
With its groves of olive trees
And grape vines row on row
From the oceans wreathed with white caps,
to the mountains wreathed the same,
Are the fields where they fought so bravely,
They who carried the ANZAC's name.

And we who were there remember

Those days of hell on Crete
And we hope that when our time comes,
Those pals again we'll meet,
As we trudge along the road
Of life that is left to be,
Our thoughts will often turn to them
Who sleep, 'neath the olive tree.

Thank you for that Enid, I really do appreciate it when members send me some input for the Newsletters.

5. Lyall Macgregor tells a story of Annual Camp 1967, Lake Tekapo, South Island.

The Convoy to Balmoral Camp, Lake Tekapo 1967

the summer of 1967, 16th Field Regiment was to have their Annual Camp in Tekapo. 32 and 31 Batteries assembled at Burnham to travel in convoy to Balmoral Camp.

In those days Burnham still had a motor pool full of Chevrolet and Ford V8 "Puddle Jumpers" and GMC's, but the RL Bedfords were coming in and were to be used for the convoy. To travel that distance in the back of a dark, canvas-covered truck, hot and clammy with carbon-dioxide fumes sucking in the back and nothing to drink was not regarded as a fun thing. So two un-named 31 Battery Gunners decided to break off from their crews and travel with a

certain Regular Bombardier in a Landrover, (Series 1, small speedo) loaded with Quartermasters' Stores i.e. Food. When the convoy was to assemble and head off for Tekapo the Landrover suddenly had a flat tyre! That happens when you push a match into the valve!! The over zealous Regimental Police descended on this little short-wheelbase Landrover with a "Get Into Convoy" and were met with a sad, "Got a flat, spare is under the supplies, we'll catch up". This was accepted, obviously, and away they went. The spare appeared from under a tarpaulin covering the heap of supplies and after waiting for 30 minutes we fired her up and headed for Tekapo. First Pub, STOP, in and a few ales went down, and a crate to go. It's crowded three across in an old Rover, one bottle shared at a time. Arrive Geraldine, STOP, actually started liking Timaru Bitter. More crate takeaways and on to Fairlie. Didn't need to stop, too much on board, topped up at Tekapo Pub. Arrived at the Balmoral Camp Gate, RP's again, "Where have you been??" Questions answered and hid the grog in the 180 pounder tents and tried very hard to speak coherently to questions of "where the bloody hell did you get to?? The best convoy I've ever experienced.

Now I must relate a similar experience that occurred during the days of Compulsory Military Training (CMT) when Artillery Wing Papakura moved to Muriwai beach to conduct the Intake's Artillery live firing exercise. The Regular Force Instructors were allowed a bar but the CMT soldiers were not, however, they did manage to get beer into the Camp. How? The Military Police could

not find out. The Sgt in charge of the MP's (some of them were also CMT) conferred with our Transport NCO (Bombardier Arthur Woodward) and asked him to keep his eye out for how the beer was getting into the Camp because Arthur used to drive the water tanker out to Muriwai village each day to get a load of fresh water. Where was the beer? In the water tanker of course!!!!!! There is always an answer to any problem. And the answer here is 'deception'.

On a much higher scale the Chinese war theoretician, Sun Tzu, wrote in 'The Art of War' about the forth century BC, "All warfare is based on deception, therefore when capable, feign incapacity, when active, inactivity. When near, make it appear that you are far away; when far away, that you are near. Offer the enemy a bait to lure him, feign disorder and strike him."

Deception fulfils two critical functions in war. First, it turns weakness into strength. An Army possessing overwhelming numbers of troops or matériel would not have to resort to wiles. The underdog, however, must find an edge what current military strategists call a "force multiplier." He must not just even the odds but change them in his favour by making his army seem more powerful than it is.

The second enduring reason to deceive the enemy is to minimize casualties. Not only is this a humane motive, but it also preserves an army's striking power. It lifts morale among one's own troops, ones allies, and the home front, which must show political nerve in supporting the war. Especially in armies that rely on volunteers, spending the lives of soldiers needlessly can cripple an army, cause mass desertions, and spoil the will to fight. (Oops, during WW1 someone did not read his history.)

In truth, no army has ever existed that did not resort to deception in one for or another.

6. Morale. By Lt Col Hilton Howell Railey, US Army

I seek a permanent connection in which the distillation of my whole experience may be employed to the advantage of those who honour me with their faith, and in whom, reciprocally, I can believe. To Railey, morale was not an abstraction. "Morale," he wrote, 'is the cheerful, willing, and obedient performance of the most arduous duties under the most adverse circumstances.' *By golly if that is what morale is then I have observed many cases of low morale.*

7. Division in wartime

Clausewitz, the great Prussian theoretician of warfare two centuries ago, laid down: "There is no higher and simpler law of strategy than that of keeping ones forces concentrated." *As I read through military books, a bit late I know, I come across statements like Clausewitz and Railey and wonder if the current problem of some children's' inability to read may in fact have been the same problem many, many years ago. Or am I reading things that no one else have ever studied?????*

8. Again from Roger Newth

Be careful when you ask a grandma a question

In a trial, a Southern small town a prosecuting attorney called his first witness, a grandmotherly, elderly woman to the stand.

He approached her and asked, "Mrs. Jones, do you know me?"

She responded, "Why, yes, I do know you, Mr. Williams. I've known you since you were a young boy, and frankly, you've been a disappointment to me. You lie, you cheat on your wife, and you manipulate people and talk about them behind their backs. You think you're a big shot when you haven't the brains to realise you never will amount to thing more than a two-bit paper pusher. Yes, I know you."

The lawyer was stunned! Not knowing what else to do, he pointed across the room and asked, "Mrs. Jones, do you know the defence attorney?"

She again replied, "Why, yes, I do. I've known Mr. Bradley since he was a youngster as well. He's lazy, bigoted, and he has a drinking problem. He can't build a normal relationship with anyone and his law practice is one of the worst in the entire state. Not to mention he cheated on his wife with three different women. One of them was your wife. Yes, I know him."

The defence attorney almost died.

The judge asked both counsellors approach the bench and, in a very quiet voice, said, "If either of you idiots asks her if she knows me, I'll send you both to the electric chair."

9. From Graham Birch Colonel Commandant

"THE GUNNERS"

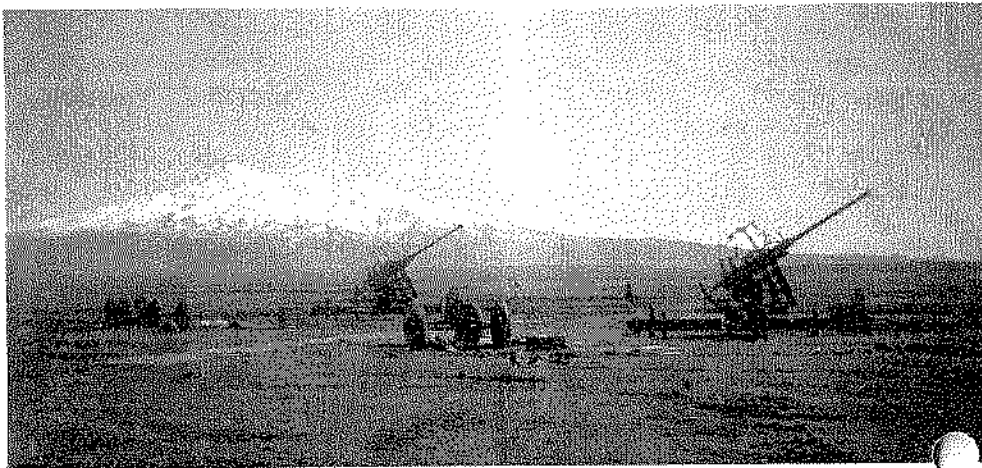
Our history is almost ready for print. Reed's Publishers have advised that they will be have the printers proofs available by early November, for final gross error checking by the RNZA Historical Committee. The book will then go to the printers in China and will be published in March 2008 in both hard and soft back editions.

I will have a copy of the printers proofs for perusal at the Old Comrades Reunion at Taupo 2/4 November 2007. Further orders for the book at the discounted printer's price will be able to be made there.

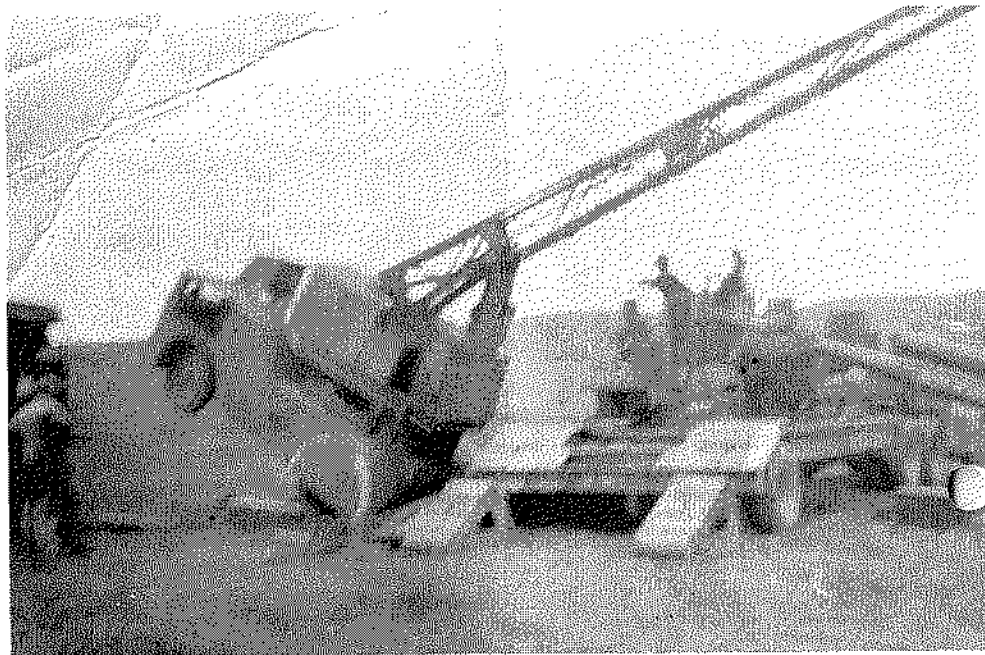
For those of you who have already placed provisional orders for the book sales will be handled through the RNZA Regimental Fund, administered by the School of Artillery at Waiouru. Emails/ letters will be sent to all who have re-ordered as soon as Reeds advise their price to us.

The publication of our history has taken much longer than any of us would have wished but we are now in the final countdown stage. It covers all aspects of the Regiments activities from the early 1800s up to Gunners Day 2007 in Afghanistan, and is a history that all of us in the Regiment will be able to own with pride.

10. Following are some photos I have resurrected.



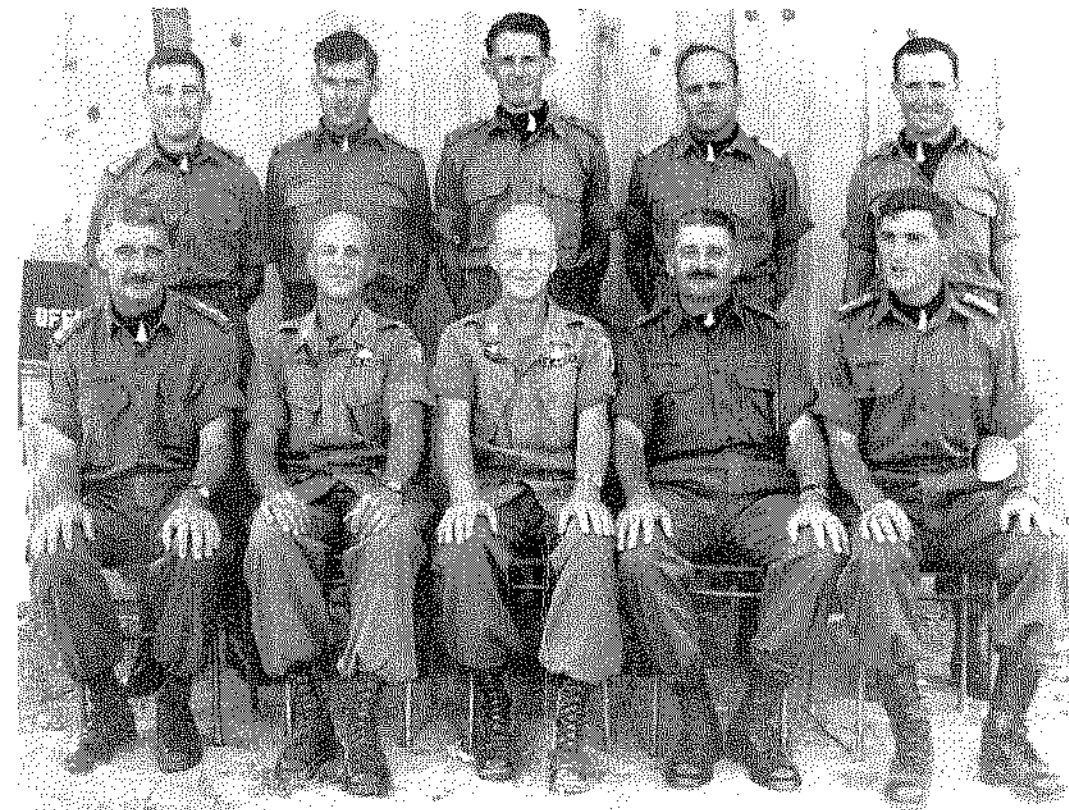
This is the Light Anti-Aircraft (Bofors 40mm) gun position just outside the old Army Schools gymnasium. AA Instructor's Course September 1952. Where the guns are, is now housing area.



Close the same position above, was to be a Static 3.7-inch Mk 2c Heavy Anti-Aircraft gun. The gun was prepared in Trentham and transported to Waiouru to be placed in position. The equipment was too heavy for the crane so it was decided to lift the barrel and recoil system off first. But 'oops' (there it is again John M) that was too heavy also hence the photo. (Sorry for the quality. The camera was a 'Box Brownie')



was from the SEATO Guard of Honour 1959. From the left Les Auty RNZA, Bennett RNZASC, Graeme Black RNZA and Don Williams RNZIR.



The Officers 161 Battery, 173rd Airborne Brigade US Army, Republic of Vietnam 1965 (about October). Would any other Corps (RNZIR in particular) please note the Silver Fern Cravat, we wore it first in Vietnam and it was a carry over from 16th Field Regiment, Korea.

Back row. Capt Graham Birch, FO (later Brigadier MBE and now Colonel Commandant). Lt K Patrick Murphy, Sect Comdr (later Major, deceased). 2Lt Brian Gore, Sect Comdr (now lawyer, Wellington). Capt Jim McKinney, FO. (late Lt Col, deceased). Lt Graham Williams, GPO (later Major).

Front row. Capt Murray Connor, Bty Capt (later Major, deceased) Deputy Brigade Commander 173rd Airborne Brigade. Lt Col Surut, CO 3rd Battalion 319 Artillery Regiment US Army. Maj Don Kenning Battery Commander (later Col, MBE, Patron Old Comrades Assn). Capt Bruce Murphy, FO (later Lt Col, MC, deceased)

11.Reunion 2007

Reunion 2007 will be held in Taupo Friday 2 November to Sunday 4 November So far 60 have indicated that they will be attending, well down from previous years, however, no doubt there will be those who have not got the time to answer just yet.

The weekend's activities will be much the same as before with the added

interest this year of a display on Saturday afternoon by John Osborne and the Armed Constabulary Re-Enactment Society with their Armstrong Cannons and Coehorn Mortars. They will also be taking part in all Reunion activities, I have my fingers crossed that we may have a member of the Michigan Light Artillery join us.

Friday 1600 - 1800 mix and mingle Taupo RSA.

Friday 1830 on, smorgasbord dinner Spa Hotel

Saturday 0730 breakfast Spa Hotel

Saturday 1000 AGM Old Dining Room Spa Hotel.

Saturday afternoon Armed Constabulary weapons display, or free

Saturday 1830 - 1900 Reunion Dinner Taupo Bowling Club. At this stage we are not considering having a Guest Speaker.

Sunday 0730 breakfast Spa Hotel

Sunday 0930 Reunion Church service Spa Hotel Meeting House.

Please note: **Costs.** All accommodation and meals at the Spa must be paid on departure.

Taxis will be provided by the Assn for travel to and from the RSA, Acacia Bay Motels and Bowling Club.

Raffle as normal we will conduct a raffle to defray costs, like Taxis, so if you have something you can provide for the Raffle Table bring it along.

12.How not to practice law

The following statements are from a book called Disorder in the American Courts, and are things people actually said in court, word for word, taken down and now published by court reporters who had the torment of staying calm while these exchanges were actually taking place.

ATTORNEY: Are you sexually active?

WITNESS: No, I just lie there.

ATTORNEY: This myasthenia gravis, does it affect your memory at all?

WITNESS: Yes.

ATTORNEY: And in what ways does it affect your memory?

WITNESS: I forget.

ATTORNEY: You forget? Can you give us an example of something you forgot?

ATTORNEY: What was the first thing your husband said to you that morning?

WITNESS: He said, "Where am I, Cathy?"

ATTORNEY: And why did that upset you?

WITNESS: My name is Susan!

ATTORNEY: Now doctor, isn't it true that when a person dies in his sleep, he doesn't know about it until the next morning?

WITNESS: Did you actually pass the bar exam?

ATTORNEY: Were you present when your picture was taken?

WITNESS: Are you kiddin' me?

ATTORNEY: She had three children, right?

WITNESS: Yes.