

Visit to New Zealand and 5WWCT of
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HONORARY COLONEL
Major J.T. Shaw ED RNZIR (Rtd)

COMMANDING OFFICER
Lieutenant Colonel J.R. McGregor OBE

REGIMENTAL SERGEANT MAJOR
Warrant Officer Class 1: M.A. Nicholls

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THE ROYAL HAMPSHIRE REGIMENT

THE QUEENS REGIMENT

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Major J.T. Shaw (Rtd) ED
HONORARY COLONEL

It gives me much pleasure to write this foreword to the 5th Battalion Journal, a journal it is planned will be produced on a regular basis.

Having retired on the 1st of April of this year from the appointment of Honorary Colonel to the Battalion, I trust I may be forgiven for reflecting on the years of pleasure the unit has given me and thousands like me. It is difficult to visualise the numbers who have served the Battalion, from the Maori war-days of its forebears, the Taranaki Regiment and the Wellington West Coast Regiment, through South Africa and both world wars to 1948 when they were amalgamated.

As the Wellington and West Coast and Taranaki Regiment, the unit was home to thousands of CMT and National Service soldiers, after the reorganisation in 1964 when the Regiment became the 5th Battalion of the Royal New Zealand Infantry Regiment it continued to train National Servicemen until a voluntary system was introduced in 1972. From that date until now, the Battalion has consisted of dedicated and conscientious volunteers, men and women, some still serving from those compulsory days.

It says much when although training in Annual Camps was concentrated and vigorous including really tiring exercises in all types of weather, with tough approach and withdrawal marches the norm, I have yet to speak to any members or ex-members who did not enjoy their time in the unit, albeit one or two, in retrospect. The formal aspects of the Battalion life, the colour presentations, the freedom marches through New Plymouth, Wanganui and Hawera. The 100 year and 125 years celebrations are also remembered with pride for the professional manner in which they were carried out. The comradeship and friendships engendered by service in the unit is something that will survive the ups and downs of civilian life, far into the future.

In my own case, having first served the Taranaki Regiment in 1939, and having passed through the NCO's and Officer ranks to serve for four and a half years as the Commanding Officer and for seven years as the Honorary Colonel, I consider it a privilege to have served the Battalion, and can truly say, those years have been most enjoyable. The memory will remain with me for the rest of my days.

I would thank all who served with me over those years for making that time so memorable.

To the 5th Battalion (WWCT) RNZIR and all who serve in it, I wish the very best for the future, and trust the journal will be a success in the years ahead.



Lt Col. J.R. McGregor OBE
THE
COMMANDING OFFICER

The publication of a journal such as this is an ambitious exercise involving a great deal of hard work, worry and determination on the part of the editor and his assistants. On the part of the soldiers who have contributed articles and stories there has been a willingness to spend time and effort over and above the demands of their normal work and leisure interests.

These stories and articles have been contributed by individuals from throughout the Battalion and reflect a personal view of events which in most cases would be quite different from the official history. I believe this makes them more interesting and gives others an insight into what soldiers do in a T.F. Battalion and why they continue to serve.

To all those who have been involved I would like to record my thanks for a job well done. To our sponsors, without whose generous support this journal would not have been possible, to the people of our area, the Mayors and Councillors, the newspapers and our Employer Support Group committees — thank you.

THE TERRITORIAL FORCE COMMISSIONING COURSE by 2Lt Iwi Te Moana PL COMD — A COY

“Right you two, follow me!” the loud-mouthed Staff Sergeant bellowed, and the two representatives from 5 Bn, myself and a school teacher by the name of Loomes set off in the footprints of the pair of No. 11 heels to our front.

“Now stand to attention and give me your names. No, don’t give me yours there’s only one darkie on this list — Te Moana is it?” My eyebrows raised in acknowledgement.

“Don’t eyeball me lad! Do you like me? Are you a queer?”

Shucks! I was back inside (Waiouru) for another seven weeks at least. Lord help me if I needed it, the Angels would be working overtime because I’d already been in the system a couple of years but what about my mate, straight in off the street. “Yikes” That was the beginning of what was to be both a challenging and educational experience ...

We were detailed barracks, we unpacked and adjourned for tea. As the evening grew, so did our numbers. They came from everywhere, both North and South (the island proclaimed to produce the countries electricity). They came from all walks of life; doctors, teachers, policemen to fishermen, economists to “Scarflies” fresh from universities. This was going to be good as they were not all “Grunts”. Our company was even graced by the presence of three females. In all we numbered 36. The first two weeks was basic all over again. Making bedrolls, polishing brass and floors and let’s not forget dust, dust dust!

We were to be the future of the NZ Army. The standards were high and the cost was dear. Morale was low but we were there to stay.

Te Rei Tango was the first field exercise. It was an introduction to outdoor living “Army style”, for those fortunate enough not to have done it before. In a relaxed atmosphere basic fieldcraft and tactics were taught. By now we all knew each other.

Turns were being taken as acting Sect. Comds under control of Directing Staff. We were all in this together, so we pooled our resources of previous knowledge and experience to get us through our day.

The Sects began to work well. We navigated and got lost. We made contact and got shot; but we were working well together.

Finally, on our return to Waiouru, we were welcomed into the Corps of Officer Cadets and presented with our gorquettes. Even though they were pinned on upside down by the CO, it was still a moment to be proud of.

Then came the theory. We walked around the camp with arms extended and chins held high, for in between the two were volumes of text-books which we had to read, digest and excrete. Mil. Law the thickest of the matter, was exercised not only in the classrooms, but also out of it, with the favourite saying being “Charge yourself!” And in more ways than one, we did.



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Phantom Raider, the second field exercise, lasted for six days of which a large part was spent digging-in to stage four. We prayed for sleep and someone even remarked that god had made a mistake when he made men with five fingers and not six.

The shoot-up at the end made it all worthwhile. We disposed of thousands of rounds. At least we did not have to carry them out during the withdrawal phase. “War was hell.” The Sappers had rigged up simulators with sound effects. This was in preparation for the final assault which was to start at first light. Boy, did we have some fun! With the SFMG under my command, I thought I was “King Rat”.

After another week in school it was time for

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the big "O", Nemesis. This was an escape and invasion exercise which meant navigation by day and night, little sleep and up and down some of Waiouru's most notorious features.

Police dogs pursued us over the ground and choppers hounded us in the air. Other soldiers made up a ground enemy party. My syndicate was tracked and captured, but the quick thinking Directing Staff spoke to the captors who allowed us to continue on our way.

With the main exercise over we were trucked back to the base for our first shower in four days.

Phew! Isolation was the name of the game around other syndicates. I swore I could eat a horse when I walked into the mess that night, but lo! and behold, my stomach just could not handle what the eyes could see. Ceremonial reds were issued the following day along with a black velvet hat (hats conductor) and also white gloves (gloves poofter mark II). This was our dress for the Marching Out parade. We looked really smart. At rehearsals our instructors shook their heads. They aptly described us as a sack of a!

The day had come. We were to be filmed by an independent television crew. We had to make a good job of this, and from all accounts we did.

The course was congratulated on their performance. Our heads were so big that we were afraid we would not fit through the double doors at the OCS mess where afternoon tea was being served.

That night the formal dinner was great, as were the refreshments. My share of the mess account totalled \$316 so someone must have had a brilliant night. On reflection, we all did.

Now I am an officer. I am working hard and being paid well. I am also travelling the country more often and in style (flying). It's a far cry from the days when we were sitting in the back of a MOG, cold and wet but with the resilience of a typical NZ soldier.

In conclusion, I would like to say that this article is written from a personal point of view. It is not intended to mock the system or any individual or appointment mentioned. It is one student's experience of the TFCC course and that is all.

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THE GREAT ANNUAL "COMBINED SERVICES RUN" 1987

It has been said before and I wish to re-emphasize the fact that "the duties of a Territorial Soldier are varied and unique, often calling for a variety of commitments to the service and to the community".

One such occasion which called for this commitment was the "Annual Combined Services Run" supporting the Taranaki Scanner Appeal of 1987.

This involved the local Police, M.O.T., Fire Brigade and the Army, each entering a fifteen man team to run the road between Stratford and New Plymouth — a distance of some 42 km. Each team member was sponsored for the distance with the competition stemming from two aspects; (1) to see which team would raise the most money for charity and (2) to see who would win the relay.

However, this was not to be a race, but an all out battle; to be fought to the bitter end — Police vs MOT vs Fire vs A Coy. The date was set — Saturday 14 November 1987.

After ensuring as adequate "preparation" in the Garrison Club the night before, 14 "fit and willing" runners materialised to run 15 separate legs. Now anyone who has passed the Army IQ test will soon realise that this means one runner will have to run two legs, this was when I realised what a Team Captain was required for.

The race began in wet conditions outside Stratford's Post Office. The MOT, quick to take advantage of the wet conditions sped out to an early lead, with the Police in hot pursuit, the Army, of course, maintaining a close liaison with the civil authority (Police), while the Fire Brigade were left fiddling with their hoses at the start.

However, as the race developed, it became clear that neither team wished to be humiliated in any way. Even the MOT were hot-footing it. This resulted in a constant change of places in the field, with gaps between runners opening and closing like the Garrison Club latrine door on a Friday night.

By the time we reached Inglewood and the eighth stage, the distance had opened to several hundred metres between individual runners.

Then, in a big attempt to retain the initiative, just out of Inglewood, and spurred on by our contingent, our runners eliminated a gap of about 600 metres to retain second-place and put us within striking distance of the Fire Brigade, who by now had a lead of 400 metres. Even our own recruiting sergeant got in a bit of "PT" and showed he could "foot" it with the best.

But it appeared that the Police had saved their "rabbits" till last and in the late stages managed to slip past the Army representative, who shall remain nameless, once again closing the gap on the Fire Brigade; this duel coming down to a mere five metres in the final sprint to the finish line. As always maintaining a strong and steady pace throughout, the Army maintained its third-place, and its dignity, to the end.

The MOT were obviously adhering to the speed restrictions and brought up the rear-guard.

Presentation and post-race refreshments followed with the Army once again ensuring a large presence.

Capably administered by our own A coy 2IC, Capt. Miller, the day ran without a hitch, except perhaps for the weather, but after all, what is the roll of the Infantryman?

My thanks to our "support crew" including our OC Capt. Brewer and CSM, WOII Trinder and to the RF Contingent who rose to the occasion: SSgt. Dellow (Coach) and Sgt. "Sebastian Co" Marshall. Congratulations to all the runners; this year of course we'll set the pace all the way. 2Lt. B.W. Manning.

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NEW 2 PLATOON

The new 2 Platoon, A Company came into existence in early February 1988 with the reorganisation of the Company. The platoon comprises a group of 24 soldiers whom were fortunate enough to do their Basic Training together as a platoon in November/December '87. Having completed In-Camp Training at Waiouru, they were welcomed back to A Company at a Christmas Function at the local Garrison Club in New Plymouth.

The Command structure for 2 Platoon brought the total strength up to 1 Office, 5 NCO's and 25 Ptes. These extras included three personnel with ex-regular force experience, including; the Platoon Commander, Lt Kerry Daly (ex- 2/1RNZIR) whom enlisted in the Army in November '87; a Section Commander Corporal Tony Mear (ex MP); and a L/Cpl Scott (ex RNZAOC).

The Platoon Sergeant, Charles Hunt, a recently converted gunner from Papakura, saw the light when he transferred to the Infantry in A Coy on shifting to Waitara, and has adapted well. The remainder of the Platoon staff, being the three Section Commanders, all are Corporals with a fair amount of experience between them. They are; Malcolm Lodge, Heta Smith, and Tony Mear. All the Platoon JNCO's are "blood and guts" types in that they all are occupied in various full-time jobs at the Waitara Freezing Works.

Annual Camp in Feb-Mar '88 saw the testing and trial of the Platoon which, in retrospect, can only be rightly summarized by the word "proven". 20 of the 31 members participated with various additions over the period, and all worked and merged together as one, with a high team morale eventuating.

The exercise had its moments, one such moment being a "Platoon orders group" for command staff, where the Platoon Commander was known to ask his NCO's why his Beta light failed to function, which, when examined by one such member, immediately produced a muffled laugh. The "light" was found to be a small plastic military sunburn lotion bottle which the PL Comd. has since been reminded of when he was awarded "The Beta-Light Trophy", a handmade presentation topped by the "offending" bottle, and engraved with the inscription, "For his powers in recognising objects in the dark".

— K.P. Daly
Platoon Commander Lieutenant

and I went to celebrate such events. Unfortunately I had to say that because of Alan's commitments to the Army we were never able to enjoy the anniversary celebrations. I guess we are just unfortunate that our anniversary coincides with annual camp.

Some wives still feel that they have too little scope for their own individuality. Men often say that being a wife and mother is a wonderful job, but it isn't worth money and it doesn't bring power or prestige in the eyes of society. One's place in society is established by one's accomplishments or achievements.

A woman's place has been directly associated with the achievement of her husband. More women in life are insisting on being judged on their own qualities and not on the status of their husbands. Army wives are still apt to be treated in accordance with their husband's rank.

I believe that communication plays a vital role. First and foremost we must learn to communicate within our own family environment. Communication in itself forms a relationship. If we want our soldiers to be competent, they need to have the support and encouragement from their family. I have often wondered just how many wives have taken the time out to really know what their husband's job entails with the Army. Okay, we may know that he is a clerk, driver or recruiting officer, but do we really know how important that job is or what it involves? No doubt whatever appointment or rank your husband holds, it is a vital link in the army structure.

Communication is also vitally important between the family and the army. I realise that because of the large number of soldiers involved it is not an easy task. All too often however one finds that "the left hand does not know what the right hand is doing".

Army competence can only be as good as those who work in the organisation. I was thrilled last year to receive a letter from Alan's unit, explaining dates of camp, locations, addresses and other information. I must admit I was somewhat taken back as it was the first time I had received such a letter.

While the army has brought about a lot more responsibility for me as a wife and mother, by the same token it has also been a friend. Alan is a person who will bury himself in his work and with being a member of the Territorial Force it has given him another interest which he follows keenly.

Our soldiers have a reputation of being loyal, determined and able to work as a

team. I consider that we wives, girlfriends or parents are part of that team and therefore, our contributions vital. Because of this, we set ourselves a "challenge". A challenge to become more involved as our life permits and to make the most of our opportunities.

The army can be a great way to become involved in community service and a woman can find that the camaraderie and unity which this essential service engenders. I realise too, that not everyone finds it easy to make new friends. To become integrated into an established group of strangers can be a difficult transition, but it is over to each of us as an individual to make the most of our given situation.

We cannot expect to sit back and wait, we must make every effort. After-all, we will only get out of it what we put in. Let's involve ourselves and take an interest. Believe me the rewards will be great.

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PIPES and DRUMS

It was a relatively quiet year for the band after the glamour of the trip to Tonga in 1986. The high point was the purchase of kilts from the Kaitaia Band. We no longer needed to beg, borrow or steal other items of uniform whenever there was a requirement to put on a performance.

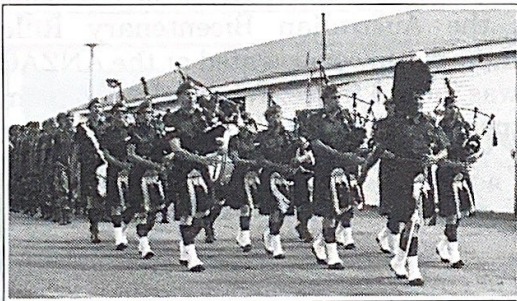
The band had several worthwhile engagements during the year. In April we were invited to take part in the Tenderkist Band's Concert. This was quite an honour as the Tenderkist Band is recognised as one of the top brass bands in the whole of Australasia. We were also invited to play at the Wanganui Hospital's Centennial Ball and according to all reports, this performance was enjoyed by all.

For three days in November the band was part of the parade to farewell the CGS; Major Gen Mace. We became part of the massed bands which were specially assembled for the occasion. The preparations were not without worries, as the Taranaki contingent found on arrival at the airport, they had inadvertently been booked to Blenheim instead of Auckland. However, everything turned out well. We were again invited to perform alongside the Tenderkist Band for the Christmas concert. It was pleasing to be recognised as a band which had something to offer.

Our final engagement for the year came at the invitation of the Dominion Fire Brigade Conference for the band to play at their social gathering in New Plymouth.

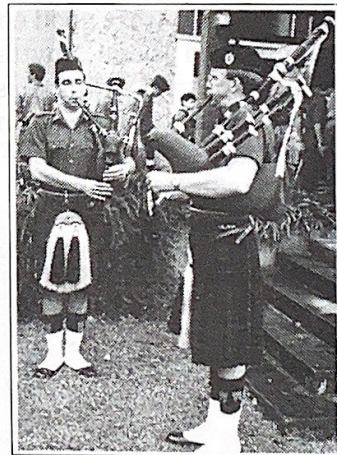
There have been amusing incidents, like the time when a member of the band appeared on parade and found that he had two left shoes. The same person was later to attend another parade at Waiouru. This time arrived with no shoes at all.

I believe we can be well satisfied with the band's level of achievement this year. We would like to take this opportunity of thanking the public of Wanganui for its support over the last year. **Kia Ora.**



The Pipes and Drums Leading the Bn for the 1988 Charter Parade in Wanganui.

Ptes Andrew Thomson and Stuart Glass playing outside Wellington Cathedral.



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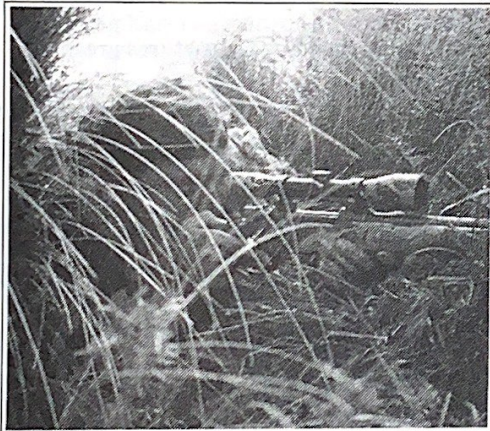
Private Joe Poff of C Coy 5WWCT is the second best shot in the New Zealand Army. He began as a reserve for the 5th Bn team and bettered both Territorial and Regular contestants in the annual three day's competition at Waiouru.

Pte Poff's weapon training officer, Warrant Officer Andrew Quarrie said, "It was a remarkable feat, and great for the Territorials. Joe competed against professional riflemen and armourers whose job it is to handle weapons".

Competition over three days got progressively more difficult with differences in target size, firing positions, distances and the pressure on the sharp shooters. The New Zealand Army "Queen's Medal" being the final goal.

When it was all over it was back to work as usual. Getting second place surprised him, he said, "I didn't think my skills would be up to it, especially as one of the categories was a night shoot. I've never practised a night shoot with the Army's SLR 360".

Pte Joe Poff would like to thank all that have helped him, especially WOI Quarrie, SSgt Manihera, SSgt Ahipene and Cpl Purcell.



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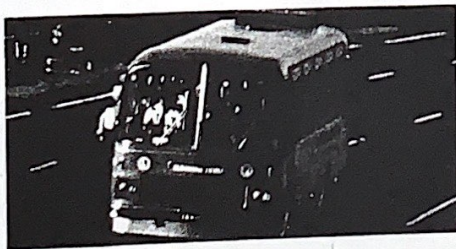
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MEDICAL PLATOON

This year's medical section was a bit thin on the ground until the contingent from 7 Battalion arrived. Private Neil Titter, Corporal Robert Mauvan and Lcpl Bill O'Byrne were the 5th Battalion men on the spot. They were given a license to pull out as much hair from people's legs as could get away with. This was achieved by using wide sticky tape.

We had no life threatening injuries, however, there were two medical situations which need mentioning.

Firstly the hernia aggravated by heavy lifting and the other an abscessed wisdom tooth. The soldier in question waited for a day before being evacuated. He collapsed half an hour after getting to the Mobile Dental Unit when the abscess burst. Fair enough that people don't want to miss Annual Camp, but if you have a medical or dental problem that you know about, give us and yourself a break by telling us. We may be cheaper but you may have to suffer during the wait.

Those people who became exercise casualties can't imagine our surprise at finding out that you were not going to the local Medical Support Team (MST), but would be evacuated rearward to a Field Hospital. Some people were annoyed that section leaders and gunners were being taken out for three days therefore missing what they had spent the whole year training for. I personally was annoyed these people were getting warm showers and "comfy" beds.

Despite the cold and wet conditions for the first week, we had few cases of exposure. All credit to those who ensured troops kept out of the cold and got something warm to drink and eat. We were expecting a lot more casualties.

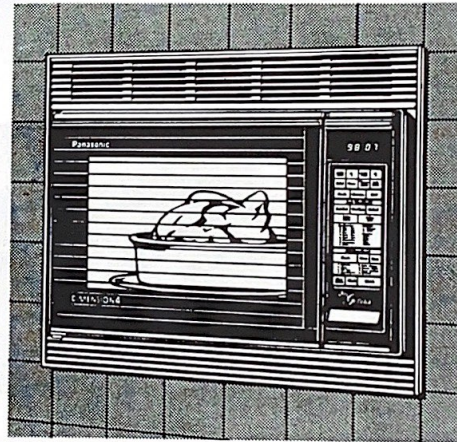
Also, I thought the hygiene standards were good; this makes it better for everyone concerned.

Many of you who were treated at the

RAP have SSgt Frank Keenan to thank and the other 7 Battalion people as well. I would like to thank them for teaching us a thing or two and also for their company.

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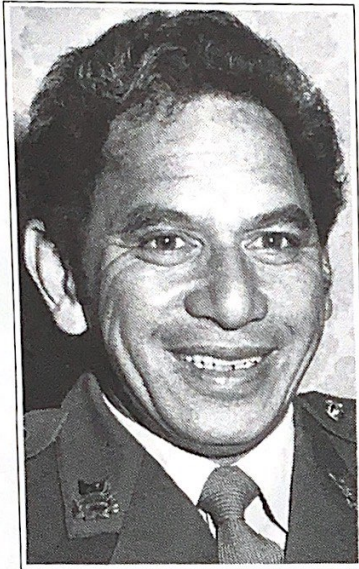
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HISTORY IN THE MAKING



MAJOR R.H. SHEPHERD

Photo: Courtesy Wanganui Newspapers

PROFILE

K648517 Major Richard Henry SHEPHERD, Royal New Zealand Infantry Regiment. Enlisted into the Regular Force of the New Zealand Army as a Private Soldier on 28 September 1956. Trained as an infantry instructor and progressed through the ranks to Warrant Officer Class 1. Commissioned into the rank of Lieutenant and Quartermaster on 14 October 1977.

Overseas postings include four tours in South East Asia. New Zealand posts have been as an instructor with 1 Battalion Depot at Burnham, instructor at the School of Infantry Waiouru, RSM of the Waikato and Bay of Plenty Army Area, Staff Officer at Linton Camp and three postings with the 5th Wellington West Coast and Taranaki Battalion.

6 June 1974 "POSTING OF WOII SHEPHERD TO 5RNZIR VICE WO DANIELS IS CONFIRMED"

"If history transpired to be 'a recordable series of events,' then each day of ones life must be of historical significance. Modern day mentality appears to subscribe however, to the theory that history is the odd or special happening peculiar to an individual, organisation or occasion."

I have to admit that the transition from a Regular to a Territorial Force environment was anything but easy. The very regimented lifestyle, close social relationship and

umbrella of security within a regular unit was difficult to replace.

For the first year I felt completely lost. I could not cope with the additional responsibilities for which I had no training and the absence of close management to which I was accustomed. After 18 years in a military camp I was overawed by an alien society. I could not comprehend the freedom I had.

I began to blame the unit whenever things went wrong. I criticised the leaders when I became frustrated. I compared the level of unit activity to a room full of party goers. Lots of noise and movement with no one going anywhere. It was difficult to get out of that room and on reflection, I don't believe I did.

Totally frustrated and disillusioned I seriously considered leaving the Army.

Thankfully, logic overcame emotion. I forced myself to drop the totally military approach; to mix with this alien society. To ask and to give, but above all to try and enjoy whatever I was doing at the time. I became more involved with the soldiers.

24 February 1989 "POSTING OF LT RH SHEPHERD TO 5WWCT AS OPS OFFICER IS CONFIRMED. TO BE T/CAPT ON APPOINTMENT"

The appointment as the operations officer was an exciting challenge. The job would allow me to influence unit activities, something that I had not been able to do during my previous posting. In a true sense it was training oriented. I felt confident, comfortable and happy.

Unfortunately the appointment was short-lived and after a period of only a few months I was internally posted as the Adjutant of the unit. The appointment historically is given to junior Captains. At 42 I needed to again change old habits, to become a young subaltern. I could not.

The arrival of a regular force second-in-command was to relieve the pressure. Left to concentrate on routine matters I soldiered on with the unit until 14 May 1981 when I was posted.

6 April 1987 "POSTING OF CAPTAIN RH SHEPHERD TO 5WWCT IS CONFIRMED. OFFICER TO BE RE-ENGAGED UNTIL AUG 1989 AND TO BE T/MAJ FROM DATE OF POSTING"

August the 24th 1987 was to be the day of my retirement. 31 years 10 months and 24 days would have passed since as a youngers I swore allegiance to Queen and Country. An unexpected phone call was to postpone my retirement for a further two years and see me reunited with 5WWCT.

Equipped now with a sound understanding of military administration and logistics matters, I saw my task as one of providing advice and support to the Commanding Officer. I had clear objectives, which at the time of writing this article, I believe are achieving. Many of these achievements are results of women initiated by the previous administrators. To them we are grateful.

RECONNAISSANCE PL

Formed in 1987

Members are:

Cpl Meeken, Lcpl Apai, Lcpl McKenzie, Pte Ngatoa, Pte McMillan.

Like the Phoenix, the Recon Pl rose from the ashes after it lay abandoned for a number of years, refreshed and ready to carry out with vigor any task given it.

We were a group of soldiers from HQ Coy selected to form the Recon Pl and to amalgamate with 7 Bn for Annual Camp '88.

Our task was not easy, as we were required to be highly skilled in all aspects of infantry tasks.

Navigation, camouflage, fieldcraft, weapon handling and of course a high level of fitness. Regimental duties were not neglected either.

TRANSPORT

What is it like to be a member of transport, you may well ask.

The time I've been in transport has been great. As well as being an infantryman with the skills that go with it. As a driver you find new skills as well to learn. And responsibility for the vehicle and mostly for the troops you could be carrying.

As a driver you have the chance while in line with your job to see and try your hand at many different jobs within the battalion.

You could, as I, have the chance to go on your first Annual Camp and not only drive for Mortars (which has its own skills) but also to be a number on the Mortar ... The thrill of firing a Mortar!; or working on a Confidence Course with the Assault Pioneers.

Chasing B Company troops in the streets of Hawera and surrounding area in the early hours of the morning on an escape and pursuit exercise. Or jungle lane shooting with A Coy.

Driving into the back of a waiting Hercules and flying off into the clear blue yonder. Driving staff cars for Colonels, Brigadiers, MPs or real life Princes.

You go on courses to learn about and how to drive the vehicles you are required to use. Like the V8's and Mogs. You learn convoy and cross-country driving lessons that take time and practice to learn.

And there are the every-day tasks. But still the most important role of the Transport Platoon is to supply the troops with their every need from transport from "A to B" to supply everything from food and toilet paper to mail.

To see tired, hungry, wet troops just come out from the bush to know that after picking them up they will soon be at camp, dry, rested and fed, then you know that you are doing an important job.

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Stephen Roebuck

St John's Service Station,
Victoria Avenue, Wanganui.

**"Large enough to Accommodate You
and Small enough to Appreciate You"**

TRACKER TRAIL

“I have had many experiences and seen many changes in my time in the Battalion”

I came into this Battalion in 1979, after attending Compulsory Military Training. I had previously served with the Nelson/Marlborough and West Coast Battalion as a Vickers Machine number.

My first appointment with 5 Bn was as a mortarman in Spt Coy. In those days we had a HQ and Spt Coy in Wanganui and enjoyed the luxury of having two cadre NCO's. This luxury was short lived as numbers in the Bn could not be maintained. As a result both Coys amalgamated and the cadres NCO's were reduced accordingly.

One of the changes I believe has been for the better; this has been the shift towards the even distribution of responsibility. In the beginning everything was left to the

cadre NCO to organise. With the shift we have had to plan and prepare our own training which obviously improved our overall knowledge and organisational ability. The appointment of a TF CSM was also a move in the right direction as it gave us experience in the more senior ranks.

One thing that never seems to change is the type of person joining. These are decent young people who over the years form a bond which is difficult to emulate in any other society. Many of these people have passed through the unit and we are thankful for their company. On this occasion I would like to pay tribute to a very dear friend who was an inspiration to all who served with him. Sgt Craig Tauroa lost his life in a tragic accident when returning home from a training activity. He will never be forgotten.

Moe mai e hoa i to moenga roa.


One of the highlights for me during my service was a tour with 1RNZIR in Singapore and



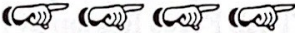
Tracker and Margret on the occasion of their 25th Wedding Anniversary.

Malaysia. We were integrated into the Bn and given appointments according to rank. It was a great way to learn and that is exactly what happened. I personally was appointed an MFC with B Coy.


As the years rolled by I was somehow talked into joining the Pipes and Drums. I ended up as a drummer. In 1986 the Band was sent to Tonga for the King's birthday. We were required to pay our own airfares but it was all worthwhile. We went to play



A VITAL LINK IN A
CIVIL DEFENCE
EMERGENCY



PEOPLE
HELPING
PEOPLE



for the king but in return were treated like royalty by the Tongan people. It was hot work as one member found out. She succumbed to the heat but to her credit revived herself and took part in the parade. At the conclusion of the parade the band played "Happy Birthday" to the king and received loud applause.

One thing I should mention before I end this article and that is the cadre staff. Many of them have served with the Bn in the past and we have benefitted. I thank them. I also thank my wife and all the other wives in the Bn for their support over the years. We love you all.

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PRESENTATION TO WOII JIM TE WIKI

A feather in the cap for Bravo Coy was marked shortly before Christmas with the presentation of the Chief of General Staff's citation to the CSM, WOII Jim Te Wiki.

The citation was presented at the farewell parade for the CGS, Major-General (now Lt-Gen) John Mace, by Task Force Region at Papakura Camp. Lt-Gen Mace is currently Chief of Defence Staff.

Crown Copyright, Auckland

Sgt-Maj Te Wiki's citation took the form of a resume on his involvement with the Territorial Force, highlighting aspects which drew attention among the higher echelons of the army.

He joined the 12th National Service Intake at Burnham and Waiouru on 4 June, 1966 and was then posted to B Coy to complete his three years obligation under the old Compulsory Military Service Act.

Within a year of discharge he re-



Major General J. Mace presenting the CGS's citation to WOII Jim Te Wiki.



HAWERA GARRISON CLUB

landmark
of
south Taranaki

HAWERA
NEW ZEALAND

COOL REFRESHING DB, and JK
ALE ON TAP, HOT PIES,
STEREO MUSIC, AND
GREAT HOSPITALITY.

enlisted and in June 1986 was appointed CQMS with the rank of Staff Sergeant. "In this appointment he demonstrated outstanding commitment, ability and efficiency," the citation notes.

General Mace said that at the time Sgt-Maj Te Wiki had served 20 years with the 5th Battalion, including in that time 16 consecutive annual camps. He had been officially efficient for 19 of those 20 years.

"Through dedication and loyalty he has figured prominently in increasing the viability of the

Territorial Force in the Hawera District. His willingness, reliability and loyalty to his unit reflects great credit on himself, the Territorial Force and NZ Army.”

Sgt-Maj Te Wiki is a carpenter by trade but is currently employed as an instructor with South Taranaki’s Salvation Army Employment programme.

Retiring by nature, he prefers to talk about his unit than himself. And he reflects that in some ways there have been many changes since the day he first marched in uniform as a CMT conscript.

Even in the early days, change was thrust upon him. “Back in 1970 when I rejoined, having finished with annual camp in 1969, I had to stand back and watch the others get their webbing together. We had the old Hook-ups, with the flask of water and so on, but the unit had the ‘new issue’, which is still in use today.” But the weapons were the same, the SLRs.

He recalls that in the old CMT days B Coy boasted a strength of four platoons (120 soldiers) against today’s nominal roll of about 54. And promotion tended to be much faster. Soldiers were selected as NCO’s when still on Basic and were promoted on starting corps training. “NCO turnover was fast — it was quite common to be a Sergeant in three years.”

On the other hand, he considers the standard of training is much higher now right through the spectrum, with more of a professional approach. “They tended to be more social soldiers in those days. They would turn-up for a parade and ask when the bar was open. Now they do the job first.”

The style of discipline was different too. “They used to charge people at the drop of a hat. In a kit check they would always find something wrong. It might have only cost fivepence, but the soldier was still charged. They were tough, but we respected those guys.”

Back then it was harder to be selected for overseas deployments, because of the numbers vying for positions.

But in other aspects the unit was considerably better served. “We used to get helicopters at a snap of the fingers. The company would go from Hick’s Park to anywhere.” And the local Air Training Corps squadron provided the marshals for the helicopter crews.

“And we had heaps of shooting on the local range (which is now apparently closed) and would get the company through in two days shooting on the range and in jungle lanes on a Whakamara property (east of Hawera).”

Over the years the company’s buildings have not changed but the surrounds have improved considerably. The Army Garrison Club (an independent institution then) was just a hole in the wall and some metal armchairs. “And we had a noisy ‘fridge’ — when that started everybody talked, when it stopped everyone stopped.”

But two decades down the track two aspects remain unchanged. The telephone number is the same and so (allowing for inflation) is the efficient soldiers’ gratuity of £60, which was then regarded as very good money!

THE AIR CONNECTION

No. 47 Sqn "District of Hawera" *"We Train to Serve"*

47 Sqn has a long and happy affiliation with B Coy. We not only train in the same drill-hall but have assisted each other on many social and military occasions.

Militarily, we have benefitted immensely. Range practices at the old Hawera range where the boys worked in butts was rewarded later with them being allowed to fire the light infantry weapons. We also acted as enemy parties on various field exercises. Again the spin-off was good training in living out-doors and the provision of whatever ration packs that could be spared. ANZAC Day also provides the opportunity for us to parade alongside the Territorials and to glean from them the finer points of drill.

At the end of all this when the boys are old enough, I encourage them to join the TF. A lot do.

I have served for twelve years as a member of 5WWCT and subscribe to the comment made by others that through co-operation the two organisations will prosper.

— Keith Hogan

"ONWARD"



Sgt Kells supervising Live Firing
on a Jungle Lane Shoot



THE TERRITORIALS • by Sgt Andy Kells

I must take this opportunity to write these few lines as my contribution to the Journal. I hope that the Journal does keep up its annual publication.

As a Cadre NCO in Hawera for the last 16 months, it has been an experience to say the least. As a ex Territorial soldier it appears that I have gone through a complete circle and now my so-called professional expertise is returned to the "Terries".

I often hear that the, "Territorials are only as good as the Cadre NCO". Sure, the Cadre NCO is there to advise on training and to ensure that unit policies are maintained. The men, especially these days, have to become more accountable and therefore accept more responsibility for their own planning and implementation of training. I therefore see a good unit utilising their own officers, NCO's and men and getting on with running their own show. The Cadre NCO becomes the "father figure".

At the same time the Cadre NCO cannot expect to run the "Terries" with an iron fist. I believe that a Cadre NCO must be young enough to keep up with the young lads physically, have a good personality and be a little bit of a civilian, at times. I strongly urge young NCO's of the Regular Army to try a cadre post. I believe it broadens ones perspective, generally.

I must say that I am sad to be leaving Hawera. I look forward to serving again with 1RNZIR albeit that the unit returns to New Zealand in 1989. I am sure that it will be a memorable occasion. Maybe one day I will return to a Territorial Bn.

THE TONGAN CONNECTION

On 9 March 1987 I along with the SWI, WOI Andy Quarrie and the RSM, WOI Wally Wallbutton left to assist the Tongan Defence Forces during their Annual Camp.

We flew out by RNZAF Andover, our equipment having preceded us the previous day by C130 Hercules. On arrival we were taken to our hotel which was to be home for the next three weeks.

Tonga consists of many small villages and it was not unusual to see the people walking from village to village.

Tonga's main township is located along the harbour front as they rely on the seas and boats for transportation. The town is about the size of Waverley.

The King's palace is situated on the outskirts of the town and is a lovely palace guarded 24 hours a day by the palace guard. The size of the Tongan force is 150 all ranks. They are particularly good at making do with whatever is available at the time. They are extremely hospitable and patient.

Tongan Forces are trained on small arms such as the USG machine gun, Galil rifle and LSW with the Bren and 303 rifle still in use. The larger weapons are the Vickers and the Oerliken. They have a large Navy by comparison and have no fewer than three landing craft and two patrol boats. Their main role is fisheries protection.

The exercise we took part in was aimed at retaking an island which had been invaded. This was not easy, especially when you had to cross 20 miles of ocean. The trip was hair-raising but we made it.

After having successfully recaptured the island we were treated to a ceremony which was very exciting.

Tonga is a great place and if you get the chance to visit you should take the opportunity.

— WOII K. Barber

This is the first publication of what is anticipated to be an annual one. It's success is dependent on all members of the Battalion giving it their support by contributing photos, articles, stories whatever, covering the previous training year.

If there is something in the Bn magazine you are not happy about, submit your own article for the next publication.

Thanks, must go to all who submitted photos, articles and for their time taken.

Special thanks to all the advertisers, without their support this publication would have been difficult to produce.

ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

Cold wintery weather greeted the starters of the annual Round the Mountain Relay.

I guess 7 November 1987 was no different from those conducted in the past. In our case, the cold beginning was not helped by the fact that we had spent the night sleeping in the training shelters at the entrance to the ammo magazine area. Never mind, we were all there with one purpose in mind and that was to finish our ten miles in the shortest possible time.

For those runners who represented 5 Battalion, I have the utmost respect. We didn't win; in fact we came second to last. I don't think any of us were too worried about the end result, the main thing is that we gave it heaps.

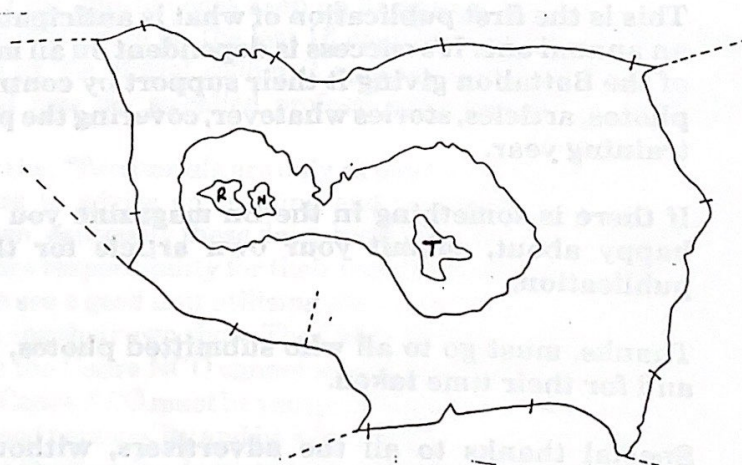
It was not hard to get caught up in the carnival atmosphere as by the third leg the weather had improved considerably. It was pleasant to sit on the side of the road watching the runners go by and to add encouragement to all those you knew.

The party after is worth all the agony, cold morning training runs and periods of guilt, for whatever reason.

Runners are a funny breed. They moan and groan during training runs and whilst actually competing, but when relaxing after a shower the feeling of well-being is something to experience.

1988 — Yes we will be there to enjoy the sights of the mountains and our national park — foot by foot.

ROUND THE MOUNTAIN ROUTE



Mt Ruapehu, Mt Ngauruhoe, Mt Tongariro

LIMITED SERVICE VOLUNTEER SCHEME

The limited service volunteer scheme was established in 1984 under the young person's training programme. Since this date Papakura, Linton and Burnham Military Camps as well as selected Navy and Airforce bases have conducted training.

Each intake is 20 weeks and is made up of 50 unemployed youngsters aged between 17 and 19 and a half. They must be registered with the Department of Labour. Intakes are usually drawn from districts surrounding the camp in which they will train and are normally vetted and selected by the Department of Labour. Whilst this is the general selection procedure, there have been instances where individuals have been selected from Australia and other districts.

The aim of the course is to improve the employability of the trainee by enhancing their confidence, self image, discipline and job skills. They are also encouraged to show a positive attitude towards work ethics.

The course is divided into two phases, Basic and Job Skilled Training. This training encompasses all those military skills required to instil into an individual confidence and self discipline. Trainees are taught skills which in the opinion of their instructors they have a particular flair and which will be beneficial in a civilian workplace.

At the end of each course individuals are presented with a certificate and a comprehensive work report.

The scheme in the eyes of the trainee are not without fault. Many want to leave especially in the early stages of their training. Reasons range from "too hard" or "not enough time to yourself" to "I'd rather be married than be here".

The close control 24 hours of the day was something the trainees found hard to accept. At the end of the course however, those that had stayed were keen to admit they were better people for the experience.

WOII P.J. McGuinness, P & D 5WWCT,
Platoon Commander, LSV 8th Intake 1987

LIMITED SERVICE VOLUNTEERS • 8th INTAKE 1987



City of Wanganui

New Zealand

Mayor's Office



It is with pleasure that I write this letter for the journal of the 5th Battalion (Wellington, West Coast and Taranaki) RNZIR. The City of Wanganui has a close association with a number of military units and none are closer than that enjoyed with the 5th Battalion.

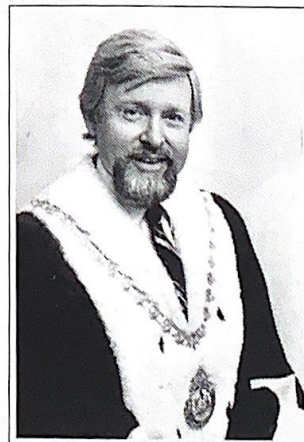
As the Battalion relies almost totally on volunteers to maintain its numbers, and therefore its effectiveness, the support of the Community of Wanganui is essential. I implore Wanganui business and commercial concerns, particularly those who employ young men and women of an age suitable for military service, to recognise the value which can accrue to them through the training provided by the military. Your staff will be better trained and obtain greater confidence through their service with the 5th Battalion.

I hope that all employers will take the opportunity to obtain information on the requirements of voluntary service and will encourage their staff to volunteer. You will benefit as much as your employee.

I would like to wish the Battalion well in the revival of this unit journal, and trust that its publication and distribution throughout the City will help to cement and enhance the very valuable place the unit holds in our Community.

Yours faithfully,

C.E. Poynter
MAYOR



Arriving Annual Camp 1988

