

THE OBSERVATION POST

VOL. 1, No. 32.

PALMERSTON NORTH, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1942.

PRICE 1d.

Invisible Ink

(By W.O. II. L. V. Winks.)

Invisible ink is not purchasable in a stationer's shop; for that matter it is not necessary to purchase it at all—you can make your own. A spot of lemon juice will make an admirable invisible ink. Take a perfectly clean nib, dip it into the lemon and write your message on a piece of paper; allow the juice to dry—and there will be nothing to be seen. Then run a hot iron over the paper, and the writing will reappear—faint and light brown in shade, but readily legible.

There are, however, chemical inks of greater complexity, but not so readily revealed. There are many in use which defy the hot iron; but there are, of course, reagents to all chemicals. There is another way of detecting writing with invisible ink. Take a clean nib, dip it in water, and begin to write; or dip it in nothing at all—merely write with the dry nib on the paper. Your nib will make minute scratches on the paper—invisible to the naked eye, but easily seen under the microscope. Nor is microscopic examination necessary. An iodine vapour bath is an essential appliance in every censorship office; this is a simple apparatus—a tin oven in which iodine is maintained at the lowest temperature at which it will remain vapourised. The suspected letter is introduced into the bath; iodine tends to settle on the rough surfaces, and in a few minutes, when the letter is withdrawn, it will be found that minute crystals of iodine have settled along the tiny rough edges formed by the scratch of the nib. The writing clumsily outlined and with many blurs, comes to light by this ingenious device.

SPIES' USE OF INK

Yet even this can be countered. The Germans frequently supply their agents with ball-pointed pens—nibs with a tiny ball instead of a point. This makes no scratches as it passes over the page—it is necessary to write large in order to make the necessary loops. The resultant letter could pass even the detecting interior of the vapour bath without arousing suspicion. But, on the other hand, if a man were caught with a ball-pointed pen in his possession, then he was on the face of it a spy; there was no other reason for possessing such a thing. Invisible ink, naturally, is not carried about in bottles so labelled. One German spy arrested in England carried his supply in a tin originally manufactured to house home-made talcum powder! Others carried their ink in their clothing; before leaving their base they would dip handkerchiefs, collars, and even socks in a solution of the chemical. The articles, carefully dried, were carried to their destination; then it was only necessary to dip the handkerchief or other article of clothing in a very small quantity of warm water, and to squeeze it out to turn the water into an ink of adequate strength. Until its use was discovered and the necessary reagent supplied to counter-espionage officers, the Germans during the World War made great use of a fluid comprised of naphthol, collodion and acetone in the proportion of one, twenty, sixty. This mixture was smuggled to their agents as medical tablets, which were always packed in paper bearing the trade mark of a genuine manufacturer of chemists' supplies. They were also supplied with point protectors in metal, which fitted over their pencils, and which served as a measure for the quantity of powder necessary for the production of the ink!

DEVELOPING REAGENT

The following is the reagent used to develop the writing: Five grains of sulphuric acid were mixed with fifty cubic centimetres of nitric acid in a litre of water, and added cold to one gramme of sodium nitrate. Fifty grammes of sodium acetate were then dissolved in two hundred cubic centimetres of water. Working with a mixture of twenty cubic centimetres of this second solution with a hundred

cubic centimetres of the first solution, the complete paper was then dipped in the mixture until all the letters appeared, and was afterwards washed in distilled water and dried between sheets of blotting paper.

THE CONCEALMENT OF THE INK

Lead acetone is a frequent component of invisible ink, but a more popular mixture is one of brandy and milk, these components being more readily obtainable. Italian spies in wartime were supplied with an invisible ink made of potato pulp and disguised as toothache cure. Eggs figure more than once in the spy records of Europe. There was one case of a lady who lived in France, but only a mile or two away from the Swiss frontier; legitimately enough, she used to have her eggs sent from a Swiss farm—in times of peace, movement over friendly frontiers is easy enough, and, a frontier being an artificial line, it is quite natural that local people should move freely from one side to the other. Unfortunately for the lady, the French counter-espionage service grew suspicious. She had done nothing to excite their curiosity, but a French agent had discovered that the Swiss farmer was a German whose activities had been known in another connection some years before. For weeks, however, they were unable to discover any illicit intercourse—except for the consignment of eggs and payment for them, there seemed to be no communication. The cartons in which the eggs were delivered were examined by the French agents. At last in despair, it was decided to examine the eggs themselves. Within a few hours laboratory tests had revealed their secret for when they were dipped in a certain solution of gallnut, writing was disclosed on their shells; the ink was identified as a preparation of lithymal.

EGGS AS THE MESSAGE CARRIER

Yet this method was punitive compared to another which was worked on more than one occasion. A counter-espionage officer was amazed when, peeling the shell from a hard boiled egg, he noticed hieroglyphics in black on the white of the egg, which eventually deciphered themselves into letters. Yet the device is simple enough—and for that matter by no means modern. After the egg is hard boiled and has been allowed to cool, the spy gets a small portion alum and vinegar—both, it will be noted, homily articles arousing no suspicion. The alum is the more unusual but anyone can legitimately carry an antiseptic block with which to rub the chin when he cuts himself when shaving. The alum and vinegar are mixed together to the consistency of ink; then the message is written on the outside of the shell. As this unique invisible ink dries, there is nothing to be seen; but a few hours later the message, which must be written in large characters, will appear on the white of the egg. What happens is this. There is, of course, iron in allum—ferrous ammonium sulphate. Commercial vinegar (acetic acid) is just strong enough to perforate the egg shell (calcium carbonate) carrying with it a little iron in solution. After the acid has eaten through the shell, it reaches the white of the egg. This contains sulphur—as you will have noticed when smelling a bad egg. The sulphur combines with the iron in solution to form iron sulphide, which is black.

STITCH IN TIME.

"Dinkum" was knocked down by a taxi and taken to a Military Hospital. The nurse who attended him shook her head gravely. "You've got a nasty wound there," she told him. "We'll have to put a few stitches in it." "O.K.," muttered the digger, "and nurse, while you've got the needle threaded you might sew a button on my tunic."

Thursday's Concert

AN EXCELLENT SHOW.

Last Thursday the Regiment was treated to a variety show of an excellent standard. The guests of honour were the Misses N. and A. Honore. Individual reports from members of the unit label it as an unqualified success. It is performances such as this that become the general topic of conversation throughout the whole Regiment. We enjoy these concerts of which last Thursday's success wildly exceeded our expectations.

The Evening's Favourite.

The comedian of the party, Mr. Joe Houlihan, continually lifted the roof with his superb acting, let alone his quips and cracks. A special vote of the thanks from the unit is expressed through this paper when we say that we sincerely hope Mrs. Powell will bring out her party again in the very near future, not forgetting the inimitable Joe. Mr. Houlihan is a true artist in his profession and his performance leaves nothing to be desired. His appearances were thoroughly appreciated and we hope he will accept our congratulations and sincere thanks.

Since the whole programme requires many more adjectives than the dictionary provides we will have to content ourselves by simply listing the various turns, songs, dances and sketches as they were presented.

Rumba Scene—Dance, song and band.
Tap dance—Miss Zoe Bailey.
Piano Accordion Solo—Mr. Ray Parker.
Sketch: "The Park Bench"—Nona, Doug and Colin.
Sketch: "The Blue Room"—By four players.
Song: "The Rose of No Man's Land"—Miss Margaret Alderson.
Sketch: "Maternity"—Sylvia, Nona and Doug.
Elocutionary Recitation—Nona.
Comedy Sketch—Joe, Doug, Colin and Sylvia.

Interval.

Cowboy Scene—"Mohawk Bridle," Skipping Dance, Miss Gloria Lavin; Piano Accordion Solo, Mr. Ray Parker; Song, "Texas."
Tap Dance—Miss Zoe Bailey.
Song: "It's a Lovely Day Tomorrow"—Miss Margaret Alderson.
Piano Accordion Solo—Mr. Ray Parker.
Sketch: "Economising"—Starring Joe.

Song, a return by popular request: "Little Nellie Kelly"—Miss Margaret Alderson.
Song: "Dolores"—Doug and Colin.
Song, another popular return: "One Day When We Were Young"—Miss Margaret Alderson.

Wedding Scene—The Company, solo singer, Miss Nona Kingsbeer, solo dancer, Miss Gloria Lavin.

Finale—"Now is the Hour." Mr. J. Keys was at the piano.

At the conclusion of the performance Major G. Nelson, on behalf of the audience, thanked Mrs. Powell and her talented company for their very welcome visit.

Placing his box-camera on the counter the meek looking man asked the shop assistant to put a new film in it.

"Certainly, sir," replied the assistant. "Shall I give you the shilling or the one-and-twopenny film? The one-and-twopenny is the faster film."

"Give him a shilling one," snapped the man's large wife, "he's got plenty of time."

The very stout woman tackled a bus inspector at a busy stopping-place.

"I want to report the conductor of the bus that's just gone!" she shrielled. "He's been rude."

"How?" asked the bored official.

"Why," went on the woman, "he was tellin' people the bus was full up, and when I got off he said: 'Room for three inside!'"

The Tommy Gun

USES

Never has Chicago's gangland been so excited as it was when one cold February morning in 1930 when "Scratch" Phipps, bosom pal of Al Capone, was put on the spot.

It was not Phipp's death which excited the underworld—there was nothing particularly unexpected about that—but the method of the killing. He had been riddled with cartridges from a new and deadly type of machine gun.

Within forty-eight hours nearly every trigger man in town was breaking his neck to get hold of a similar weapon.

When news of this reached a normally quiet, law-abiding retired army officer named John Taliaferro Thompson he snorted with rage. "I spent the best years of my life perfecting this gun so that the U.S. Army could better defend law and order, and now it becomes a gangsters' 'gat,'" he complained.

For the weapon which the gangsters had "discovered" was the Thompson sub-machine gun, perfected some years earlier and which is now being issued at the rate of 3000 a month to the British Army.

Gangsters soon found that Brigadier General Thompson had not wasted the 32 years he had spent in experimenting with guns and rifles. At ranges from 50 to 75 yards his gun—called a sub-machine gun because it is smaller than the regulation military machine guns—was terribly lethal.

Gangland used the Tommy gun with discretion. It was found to be a shade too clumsy for ordinary "stick-ups" but ideal for street bumping-off jobs. You might plug a man with a revolver and he might still live. But no one could survive thirty rounds in four seconds from a Tommy gun.

In 1919 the United States Government awarded Thompson the Distinguished Medal for his work in the small arms division. But when the gangland killings soared to new heights the public was not so sure that Thompson could be called a benefactor.

However, the gangsters could not always get hold of the guns in quantity. The police could, and what is more their models were brand new.

Military use was made of the gun early in the present struggle, when both sides adopted it for patrol work. It was found to be particularly effective in clashes in No-Man's Land.

Because the gun is so light—it weighs just over 11 pounds—and measures only 33 inches overall, Goering adopted it for his parachute troops.

Now Britain is receiving large quantities of the gun from the John Thompson Corporation in New York to assist in dealing with enemy parachutists. The normal output of 5000 a month is being greatly speeded-up.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS
Rosco will be closed December 25th and 26th and January 1st and 2nd ONLY.



ROSCO
extends to you

A Friendly Invitation

to visit Palmerston's leading Gift Store. We offer a fine choice of Rosco Gifts for Christmas and New, Year which every member of your family and your friends will receive with appreciation.

The Store for Value & Friendly Service

C. M. ROSS Co. Ltd.

The Square Palmerston North

The Observation Post

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1942.

This Concerns You!

The New Year is approaching fast. Before we realise it we will be dating our letters 1943. It is generally known throughout the unit that early next year we will be called upon to work really hard with no slacking. After all the nice things that have been said about our efforts of 1942, we must put our shoulders to the wheel and push ourselves harder than ever in order to maintain the high standard set by our traditions.

We must think quickly and accurately. After our decision is made "there must be no regrets." We must stick to our guns, co-operate one with another and also with the higher command. We must be prepared to stake ourselves to the efficiency of our equipment. Every minute must be used to the full on ensuring that all is ready for use at a "moments" notice.

Only after the job in hand is complete in every detail are we entitled to a spell. All our leisure moments, however, must be used for learning something constructive. As this is an all-in war, we must consequently never let up until the job is finished, and then, and only then, will we have earned "our Captain's 'Well Done!'"

Infant Prodiges

(By "THE GADFLY.")

Christmas is the one great season of the year that is given over to making children especially happy, and it would be safe to say that there is not one parent who has not made some effort, in anticipation of the coming festival to provide at least one gift that will bring a happy light into the eyes of the little ones.

The shouts of delight as the Christmas stocking is emptied, and each new treasure brought to light, the pattering of hurrying little feet as the new toy, ball, or doll is taken, to be admired by "Daddie" or "Mum," is, to the parent, as heart-warming an experience as any throughout the year. There is nothing so touches the depths of parental affection as the sight of their children, joyously happy.

MISERABLE MITES.

But the purpose of this article is not to recall or recount the happy, carefree, joyous antics of delighted children. Its object is to deal with that most pathetic of all human beings, the child prodigy. It was Robert Blatchford, the noted editor of the London Clarion, who once remarked he felt constrained to weep when he saw or was told of the astounding performances of any child prodigy, for he could not remain unmindful of the many happy things and the cheering experiences, which were the birthright of a child, of which they had been robbed.

If there are any of our readers holding the same opinion, and likely to be so moved, it would be as well for them to refrain from reading further, for, if Blatchford be right, there is enough, and more to make them weep.

STUDYING GREEK AT THREE.

In 1809, a little tot of a boy, just over three years of age, may have been seen toddling with his father in the streets of London. Those who may have passed the couple would have noticed that the child was in earnest conversation with the parent, and they may have put the two down as foreigners, for the child was certainly not speaking English. Had the passer-by himself received a classical education in his youth he would have been astounded, for this little fellow, not yet four years old, was conversing fluently in Greek!

He was John Stuart Mill, and he would be undergoing his daily tuition at the hands of his father.

Speaking Greek at three years! Nor was that all, for he was already a great reader, and had studied many historical works. By the age of seven he had digested Plato in the original, while two years earlier he had had a lengthy discourse with Lady Spencer on the comparative merits of Marlborough and Wellington as generals.

HISTORICAL AUTHOR AT SIX.

A History of Rome, which critics described as "an extraordinary production" was written when Mills was six and a half, and at eight he was teaching Latin to a smaller pupil, and expounding Caesar's Commentaries and the works of Cornelius Nepos. In the same year, just to fill in spare time he mastered geometry and algebra, and six months later took up conic sections and spheres.

He toyed with Newton's mathematics, performing all the problems without the book and most of them without any help from it.

When he was eight, he had read Thucydides, Anacreon, Sophocles, Euripides, Demosthenes, Aritophanes and Cicero, while at nine years he had mastered the Odyssey, Theocritus, Pindar, Aeschines, and Livy. The next year, he passed on to the more difficult classical authors, universal history and English literature, including Shakespeare, Dryden, and Scott, and as a side line studied chemistry and physics.

In his eleventh year, Mill composed a scholarly history of Roman government based on original sources, and in it he discussed abstruse points of international law, vindicating the agrarian legislation and the principles of the Roman democratic party. He also began a continuation of the Iliad, of which he completed one book.

Mill's tutor was his father, who was

so bent on giving him the most liberal education that, in case such would interfere with his studies, denied him any boy friends, and forbade the indulgence in any holidays whatever. Just think of that! A boy of twelve, who had never had a toy, never played a game, and never had a friend!

READ BEFORE HE COULD SPEAK.

Here is surely a case which would have made Blatchford weep. A baby of twelve months which could point out all the capital letters in the alphabet, and at eighteen months recognised the small ones too, and which at a little over two years was reading a book called "Cobwebs to Catch Flies."

At three years this child could sign his name. He was Francis Galton, who in later life became one of the most eminent of nineteenth century British scientists.

At four years of age he wrote to his sister, who had been his tutor since his birth, the following letter:—

"My Dear Adele: I am four years old and can read any English book. I can say all the Latin substantives and active verbs besides 52 lines of Latin poetry. I can cast up any sum in addition and can multiply by 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11. I can also say the pence table. I read French a little, and I know the clock."

Wishing to be most exact, and fearing that he may have over-stated his ability in so far as his mastery of the multiplication tables were concerned, he later eliminated the 9 and 11 from the foregoing list.

By the time he was six, Galton was thoroughly familiar with the Iliad and the Odyssey. At that age he was reading the works of the English poets, including Shakespeare, for pleasure, and so remarkable was his memory that after reading a page twice over he could recite it by heart.

LEARNED GREEK AT FATHER'S KNEE.

Jeremy Bentham, who in later life became a great English jurist and philosopher, learned Greek while sitting on his father's knee, and wrote Greek and Latin when only four years of age. He knew his letters before he could talk, and it is told of him that when he was only three, he found his parents' conversation so boring one day while he was out walking with them, that he ran home, and when they returned they found him absorbed in Rapin's History of England.

He had undertaken a study of Voltaire at five years of age and at six his passion for reading was so intense that his parents found it almost impossible to meet his demand for books.

He passed the university examinations at ten, and was, at that age corresponding with equal facility in Latin and Greek as he was in English. He entered Oxford when twelve, and devoted himself to the study of higher mathematics without a tutor.

"LISPED IN NUMBERS"

From his very infancy Alexander Pope was considered a prodigy, and he, himself said that "he lisped in numbers, for the number came." He began writing poetry at an earlier age than he could remember, and at twelve had written a play. It was in that year that he wrote his famous "Ode to Solitude," which begins "Happy the man, whose wish and care, a few paternal acres bound."

PRODUCED PLAYS WHEN ONLY SIX.

Goethe's greatness is universal, and he, too was an infant prodigy, for at four and a-half years of age he had written plays, besides reading Gottfried's Universal History and Heidegger's Acerra Philologica.

Even at that tender age, he was intensely interested in religion, and had discarded orthodoxy, and had founded a faith of his own, performing rites which he considered necessary to the direct approach of God.

He had written much poetry when he was eight, and was familiar with the older German poets of the eighteenth century, as well as the classical Latin and Italian poets, while he had also

studied works on Roman antiquities and jurisprudence, books of travel, historical and philosophical treatises, and miscellaneous encyclopedias. Before he was nine, he was composing verses in German, Greek and Latin. He learned French from hearing a French commandant talking, while he was a guest at his father's house.

Thomas Babington Macaulay was another of the amazing children of his time. Even at the age of two he was questioning his mother regarding the doctrine of eternal punishment, while at three he had become an omnivorous reader, and it is said that he could repeat the exact working of anything he read. At four, he paid a visit to Oxford, and made a mental catalogue of the books there which he never forgot. That he was unduly precocious was emphasised, when replying to the anxious inquiry of a servant who had spilled some hot coffee over his little legs, he said: "Thank you, madam, the agony is abated."

At six he had composed a poem in six cantos, and at seven he composed an epic called "Olaus, the Great, or The Conquest of Mona," in imitation of Virgil. Throughout his childhood he despised toys, eschewed games and preferred sedate walks for exercise.

An exposition of Christian theology stood to his credit before he was eight, and with this he stated that he hoped to convert the Hindus to Christianity.

Napoleon's retreat from Moscow was commemorated by him by a "Pindaric Ode" when he was no more than twelve, but at that age he was a "veteran author" for at six he had written a compendium of Universal History.

GAVE A PUBLIC CONCERT AT SEVEN.

Beethoven, the musical genius, gave a public concert when he was a little under seven, for he was quite accomplished at that age, having practised on the piano and violin from his earliest years.

At ten he went on tour to Holland where he played to packed houses. It was at that age that he composed his first original work, this being a funeral cantata in honour of the British ambassador who had just died.

A two-part fugue in D for the organ, a rondo in C for the piano, a song and three sonatas for the piano were composed by him when he was twelve. He was a marvel at sight reading and could play the most difficult scores without hesitation.

MINUET IN HALF AN HOUR.

To learn completely a minuet in half an hour could well be considered a feat for a mature man, and well worth boasting about, but Mozart did so when he was an infant of but four years. At five he had several compositions to his name, and was so fastidious, and critical of his audience, that he refused to play for any but connoisseurs.

Before he was six he had three original works to his credit. These were:

1. A minuet and trio for clavier (Op. 1).
2. A minuet (Op. 2).
3. An allegro (Op. 3).

Other infant prodigies were Voltaire, who disputed learnedly with his tutors at three, Samuel Taylor Coleridge who made a study of the Bible when he was three, and Thomas Chatterton, but in the latter case, there is some conflict of evidence, his sister declaring that he was dull, "not knowing his letters at four years of age."

Technique of Soviet

MEETS COLD FACTS OF WINTER CAMPAIGNING.

What will this Russian winter mean to the Russians? Without being rhetorical, it can be said that the Russian winter needs no objectives; the cold facts are enough.

At from 38 to 41 degrees below zero Centigrade, which will prevail along this winter's fighting front for weeks at a time, men clearing the roads leading up to the front line will have their faces bandaged like doctors in an operating theatre—to save their noses.

The thousands of horses that will be pulling sledges—and they are by the thousands behind the Russian lines—will have their sweating coats frozen white, as if covered with sugar (writes Negley Parson).

If you were there you would see Cosack officers get down from their horses and walk painfully along the main roads—to restore the circulation to their feet; you would notice fires burning at the edges of wrecked bridges across rivers and ravines—for this ground is frozen two or three feet deep—and no pile can be driven until the earth has been softened by flame.

You would also see (as I have seen) horses being carted past you on sledges, dead, and sawed into sections.

—And why try to cover this up?—you would know that they would soon be turned into food.

CIVILIANS' SITUATION

But the civilian population of the great, fuel-less cities will probably suffer worse than they have ever suffered before, even more so than during some of the terrible winters of frost and famine following the 1917 revolution.

As to food, the Red Army always has

M & G for the best in Men's Clothing & Footwear

No Matter Where You Are Stationed

• There are always those Little Extras that make for a Soldier's Comfort,

• • •
Check up on your Kit and then Visit

Millar & Giorgi's

on your first leave and make sure YOU possess those **EXTRA COMFORTS**

We Specialise in **MEN'S WEAR**

MILLAR & GIORGI [P.N.] LTD.

"The Great Outfitters"
PALMERSTON NORTH

a tremendous grain reserve—this sometimes amounts to millions of tons; the guerrillas, coming from the villages, will certainly have laid aside provisions stored in the forests and other hiding places for their winter fighting.

But the civilian population will be dependent upon whatever rations can be brought to Moscow and the big industrial cities. It is this body of people, among whom are the workers, who will face the severest privation.

But all these Russians are actually workers, and indications are that there will be probably sufficient essential nourishment to see them through this winter.

At Leningrad now they are cutting down trees of the suburbs, tearing down many of their useless wooden houses (the old-fashioned ones made of whole logs) for this winter's fuel.

THE COLD TECHNIQUE.

The Red Army soldier carries no blankets. His padded and quilted tunic and breeches, his greatcoat, and his felt boots are considered sufficient covering—when backed up by his cold-technique.

The first thing the Russians do when they recapture a village is to rush to the wooden houses which are still burning, tear them apart—then make dug-outs about 6ft. deep in the thawed ground.

They cover these with planks, logs, tarpaulins, even pine boughs. Then they set up the small stove which each platoon of the Red Army always carries stick its small stove stack up through the improvised roof, and in a few minutes some 40 or 50 men have created

a home from home.

Similarly, in the forests—and the guerrillas always do this—they will make quick igloos of snow, cover and line them with pine boughs, also lay a floor thick with pine boughs; and again set up their miraculous little stove.

Pine boughs over their smoke stack breaks the smoke so that it cannot be detected from the air. And Russian soldiers, particularly the men and women guerrillas, can spend a Russian winter this way as comfortably as hibernating bears.

So much for that; but a man shot, say, in the leg, with a wound which he would consider slight elsewhere in the world, runs a definite chance in Russia not only of losing that leg but the other leg and both arms as well. That is, if the first-aid men do not reach him in time.

Now against this winter, which knows neither friend nor foe with its impartial cruelty, the Red Army has long ago been trained in a highly specialised shelter-technique; also its millions of fresh reserves, who are picking up the weapons of their gallant fallen comrades now, were trained last winter in dug-outs, and real trenches behind the Urals, in the bitterest of snows.

The guerrillas, fleeing from their wrecked and burned villages, and now harrying the flanks of the Germans from the depths of the dark forests, have reverted to the traditional Russian cold-technique, with improvisations.

Neurotic: Anybody who thinks you mean it when you ask how he is.

WE LEAD OTHERS FOLLOW

PICCADILLY LOUNGE

FOR THE BEST MEAL IN TOWN.

Upstairs Next Bank of New Zealand.

ALEXANDER TURNBULL LIBRARY
WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND

ORS

Raider Base in the Antarctic?

Sneaking upon its prey in the treacherous haze of evening, the black painted raider which attacked the Turakina in the Tasman Sea on August 20, met unexpected resistance, the one-gunned merchantman fighting for almost three hours. The story of that historic encounter cannot yet be fully told, because the few survivors of the Turakina are still prisoners in the Nazi pirate ship which destroyed their vessel.

But from the stories told by coloured seamen, who were captured by the raider and later released on Emirau Island, it is learned that the Narvik, as the pirate ship is known, was badly hit and had to run into hiding whilst repairs were carried out.

RAIDER HIDES

Immediately after the encounter with the Turakina, the Narvik steamed to the far south and lay at anchor for a considerable period. During that time the captives on the raider were not allowed anywhere on deck. They did not know what was happening, but they believed that the Nazis were frantically repairing the damage done by the Turakina's gun.

Ordinary Seaman S. C. Waterhouse, a member of the crew of the Holmwood, told the story when he returned to Wellington. He learned it first hand from New Caledonian natives, members of the crew of the French freighter Notou, which was the first vessel sunk by the Narvik. They were battered down during the fight with the Turakina, and were not allowed to make contact with the captives from that vessel, but they were able to pick up scraps of information during their long detention on the raider.

PRISONERS CONDITIONS

"We never made any contact with the black raider until we were put ashore from the Manyo Maru at Emirau," Mr. Waterhouse said. "No white prisoners were landed from the black raider, but some women captives were transferred to another raider after they had been on board for only a day or two."

"The Notou was sunk on August 12 and the members of the crew were the first captives to be taken on board the Narvik. The New Caledonian boys told me they were given very little liberty and were allowed on deck for only a few minutes at a time and then under the closest supervision."

"During the fight with the Turakina the prisoners were kept below. They did not know what was happening, except that the raider was hit a number of times. After the survivors of the Turakina were taken on board the crews were not allowed to mingle, but they managed to pass a bit of information through to each other."

"The New Caledonians told me that after the fight with the Turakina the raider went to some place where it was bitterly cold, and stayed there a considerable time. They had no idea where they were, as they were kept below the whole time, but it was their belief that the long stay of the raider at this place was for the purpose of carrying out repairs."

"Until the survivors of the Turakina are released we are not likely to learn the full story of what happened. None of the Turakina prisoners were allowed to speak to the other prisoners and the Nazis for some reason do not seem to want the world to hear their story."

"So far as I was able to see, the Narvik was not flying any colours and had no distinguishing marks. It was painted black and looked like a typical ocean tramp. Every time it came near us it was obscured by the Tokyo Maru."

THE SECRET BASE

Have the Nazis a base at one of the uninhabited islands lying to the south of New Zealand? The story told by the New Caledonian boys that the Narvik, after its fight with the Turakina, went to a very cold place and stayed there for a considerable period, opens up the possibility of Campbell Island, which is about 400 miles south of Bluff, having been used as the repair base.

There are several good harbours at Campbell Island, which is mountainous and has a circumference of about thirty miles.

Port Ross, at the northern end of the principal island in the Auckland Islands, which are closer to New Zealand, being about 290 miles to the south of Bluff Harbour, has been described as one of the best harbours of refuge in the world. It may have been used by the Narvik, though its nearness to the New Zealand mainland would make it a risky place of refuge.

Another island which lies much further south than Campbell Island is Macquarie Island.

It has been assumed that the raiders' base is situated in the tropics. If this is so, it would seem that the reason why the Narvik went to some place in the far south instead of proceeding to the base in the tropics must have been that it was so badly damaged that there was too much risk of being intercepted while limping along at a reduced speed if it had attempted the much longer run to the north.

The August Offensive

ARTILLERY ACTION

High explosive shell was used by the 18 pdrs. for the first time on this occasion, and its effect on the wire was watched with interest. It was found, however, that low bursting shrapnel was much more effective. The 4th Battery did a lot of shooting on the enemy's trenches at both Lone Pine and Johnston's Jolly; but the lack of ammunition made the work piecemeal, and the heavy overhead cover on the trenches at Lone Pine remained intact when the infantry advanced. Hostile batteries were very active, and one of the 1st. Battery's guns on Russell's Top was put out of action owing to a broken buffer spring, but a new spring was rushed up from Cape Helles. The howitzer batteries (4.5 and 5 in.) were limited to a mere 30 rounds per battery on the day before the attack, and 40 rounds only were allowed each battery on the day of attack for their fire action from 4 a.m. to 3 p.m., though this was supplemented by "a quick rate of fire" from 4.30 to 5.30 p.m. At the former hour an "intense bombardment" by all guns was commenced, and continued until the moment of assault.

HARD FIGHTING

The gunners did their utmost throughout with the hopelessly inadequate material at their disposal; more they could not do. The wire had been well cut up by the 1st. Battery, which had expended over two hundred rounds on wire cutting since morning; about one half of the Turkish troops in the enemy fire trenches at the commencement of the bombardment were killed or wounded; but the result of the shooting in dealing with the massive overhead cover of the enemy's front line trenches was so inconsiderable as to be of little use to the infantry. After crossing No Man's Land in face of a storm of rifle and machine gun fire they found the overhead cover practically intact, and the weighty beams defied all individual efforts to remove them. Then came a pause while groups of the men bodily lifted the beams and then flung themselves in among the Turks.

The hand-to-hand fighting in the obscurity of these covered ways was of a bitter and desperate character, but by 6 p.m. all the garrison had been killed or captured, and the whole of the trenches seized.

THE GUNS' TASKS

While the attack was proceeding the 1st. Battery directed its fire on the trenches at Johnston's Jolly, the 2nd. Battery engaging those opposite Quinn's and Courtney's Posts, while 4th (howitzer) Battery assisted a strong effort to neutralise the fire of enemy guns on Mortar Ridge. Enemy guns on Scrubby Knoll, Battleship Hill, Gun Ridge and at the Olive Groves were similarly made up of four 5 inch batteries, two 6 inch howitzers, the 4.7 in. gun, and the guns of the Australian Artillery. There was little abatement in hostile fire, however, and it was considered that the expenditure of ammunition by the old and worn 5 inch howitzers was not justified by results on this occasion.

TURKS COUNTER-ATTACK

From the very commencement the enemy made it quite plain that he was determined at all costs to regain the important work which had been wrested from him in such indomitable fashion. Within the hour the guns were called upon to assist in repelling a heavy counter-attack which swept in wave on wave, both from the north and from the south, and nearly a week elapsed before the Turks seemed willing to relinquish their efforts and accept defeat. For three days the Australians had to meet constant counter-attacks and continuous and heavy shelling and bombing, the enemy's supply of bombs being apparently inexhaustible. During this period the 1st. Battery, in particular, and the 2nd. Battery and the 4.5 in. howitzers inflicted heavy casualties on the enemy's reserves. Time after time the guns of the 1st. Battery swept the enemy's ranks in a deadly enfilade as they pressed forward to the counter-attack, and more than once their fire was sufficiently destructive to break an enemy assault at its inception.

WE TASTE SUCCESS

The battery was under heavy fire throughout August 6th and the following night, and the gun emplacements were so badly damaged that they had to be rebuilt. During the afternoon of the 6th, Nos. 1 and 2 guns were temporarily out of action, owing to the destruction of the emplacements, and several men were wounded. Notwithstanding this hostile shelling the battery was usefully employed during the night in shelling the enemy operating against Lone Pine, as well as his reinforcements arriving from the direction of Mule Valley, and at 6 a.m. it was largely instrumental in beating back with a heavy loss a local counter-attack from the direction of Mais Mais. The enemy came on a second time, but was again repulsed, the low-bursting shrapnel playing havoc in their broken ranks

Mail From Major H. Flux

(Reprinted with grateful thanks by permission of Lt.-Col. C. F. Lowe, E.D.) 14-12-42.

We had a fair trip over although the first two days were choppy with rain squalls, but I managed to make it without seiling out. The boat did 18 knots and we did the trip in exactly three days. On arrival at Suva, we were brought out to the camp in M.F. It is quite a good camp and our quarters are excellent, although the food takes a bit of getting used to.

The native boys are just great and I feel sure they will make good gunners. They can lick our chaps hollow on foot drill and most of them have only been in for about a fortnight. Considering that quite a lot of them cannot speak English it speaks volumes for their keenness. As well as our own B.S.M. (Andy Still) we have a native one and there are also a number of English-speaking Fijian Bombardiers.

Of course the heat is terrific—to-day between 86 degrees and 90 degrees and they say that is cool! Bed clothes are quite unnecessary and we sleep under big mosquito nets. It rains quite a lot and the whole place gets very steamy. The day before yesterday, I took the whole Battery for a route march and a swim in the sea—three miles away and they have gone again this afternoon. The Fijians are wonderful singers and sing all the time when on the march. They are all barefooted and metal roads do not worry them. Yesterday we had a church parade here with over 600 Fijians—and it is just impossible to describe their singing. The harmonising was great and I will never forget their rendering of "Silent Night" and "Abide with Me"; our chaps were very impressed.

Everything is very cheap here—beer 1/- a bottle (and good stuff!), cigarettes 5d. a packet. Drill uniforms can be made for £2. Shirts and shorts are 5/6 each. Drill, of course, is extra, but can be got for 1/6 a yard from Ordnance.

The tropical vegetation is very pretty just now, as a lot of the trees are flowering—vivid reds and yellows. The coconut palms, etc., are all very pretty.

The Fijian boys make great batmen and nothing is too much trouble. Mine (William Radekeke) is a gem and his attentiveness is almost embarrassing.

Cheerio,

Yours sincerely,
Harold G. Flux.

Major Flux's address for anyone caring to write is
553931 Major H. G. Flux, N.Z.A.,
c/o N.Z. Base Post Office,
Suva.

If Hitler Dies

If Hitler dies soon, as his astrologers have predicted, the Nazis are doomed, Rupert Hughes writes in "Esquire." He says that an analysis of the histories of other tyrants such as Herod, Peter the Great, and Charles I., indicates that Hitler's end will be violent.

If his death comes before peace is made, the article declares, it is almost certain that his newly-conquered empire will fall to pieces, because Hitler is not regarded as a monarch who can be succeeded by a general who can be replaced; he is regarded by the Nazis as a god, and his colleagues inspire none of the idolatry that is his.

If he dies while Germany is still at war, according to Mr. Hughes, his generals will fight each other, and in the ensuing anarchy revolt will sweep through the invaded nations. Long-suppressed Germans will speak and act, and exiles will come home. Roman commanders and emperors, and leaders of other conquering peoples, have been assassinated when things went wrong. He says that this may be Hitler's end.

Also, the article states, Hitler may die in an aeroplane or automobile crash, he may be hit by a bomb, or caught by a collapsing wall. Or he may die in some mysterious way, as Charles XII, of Sweden, did when he was an obstacle to peace in Europe.

While visiting a fortress on an inspection tour, the Swedish King went along the trenches and peered over. His officers found him lying across the parapet, his eye and skull pierced by a bullet from an unknown source.

The big question, Mr. Hughes points out, is not how Hitler will die, but when. In the meantime, he says, it's pleasant thinking.

as they were driven back. The Australians lost heavily in the initial attack, and they continued to suffer severely in the desperate intermittent struggles of the succeeding days. They had the satisfaction, however, of knowing that the enemy's losses were much greater, and that in the end he was reluctantly compelled to accept defeat.

(To be continued.)

Censorship of films is just a case of stop, look, and less sin.

The Padre's Column

NO ROOM IN THE INN.

"And Mary brought forth her first born son and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn."—Luke, 2:7.

In all the literature of the world it would be hard to find another sentence as simple and as dignified, yet conveying a message of such tremendous importance for all mankind. It seems strange that the event which marks the great dividing line of history should be related in so few words and with such telling beauty—just one sentence yet it contains the full story of the coming of One beside whom the greatest men of all time pale to insignificance.

EXPECTATION AND REJECTION.

For many centuries the Hebrew people had looked forward with eager expectation to the coming of a great leader. They longed for One whose advent would deliver them from suffering and oppression, and would give them freedom from bondage to a foreign power. He would come with dramatic suddenness, and Israel would rise and follow Him. The ancient glories of the nation would be restored, and the Kingdoms of the world would do homage before Him.

That was the expectation and hope of the Jewish race, but it was not fulfilled. Instead of coming in such manner as to attract the attention of everyone, the event passed almost unnoticed; so much so, that ordinary lodgings were denied the Mother and her Babe. The Messiah had been awaited long enough, but when He came the best shelter that could be found for Him was a stable.

One is inclined to wonder sometimes what would have happened if the innkeeper and his guests had known who it was who sought shelter for the night. Nothing would have been too much trouble, and all would have been zealous of the honour of having some association with the event that was to have such profound influence upon the world. But they did not know, so no one cared very much. At a time when so many people had come to Bethlehem for the census these strangers were lucky enough to have a roof over their heads, even if it was only the roof that sheltered the oxen.

1942.

Of course, all that was nearly 2000 years ago. The people of Bethlehem had no way of knowing that the unwanted guest was the Son of God. But we know more than they did. With our knowledge of Him we would not think of denying Him a shelter under our roof.—Or would we?

We may feel that the innkeeper was sadly lacking in courtesy, that the other guests were selfish in the extreme in not offering their rooms for the Baby. But the fact remains that the tragedy of Christ's rejection is repeated over and over again in our day. The extent of the chaos in the world is the measure of man's refusal to make room for Him. Time and again He is pushed aside to find shelter in some unwanted corner, out of the way of "more important" things.

THE NATIONS.

Take this matter of international affairs. In the past any suggestion that Christ and His principles had anything to do with the relations between one country and another has been regarded as fantastic. The major issues are those of territory and trade. Agreements between the nations have been formulated through considerations of experience, or of commercial advantages. The questions of right or wrong, of justice, of the needs and welfare of others—matters which rest ultimately upon Christian principles have been ignored. The attitude has been that all these are well enough in their place, but they are not sufficiently practical. We are paying the price to-day, and it looks as if the so-called "practical" considerations are so impractical as to lead inevitably to chaos and misery. We are paying the price for giving no room to Christ in the affairs of the nations.

WORK.

And so in our work and our business. What has He to do with commerce?—Everything, yet so often He is rejected there. "Business is business." Give consideration to others if it means greater profit, but if it means a lower return it must not be considered. That is the common feeling.

Yet Christ condemned competition in which each sought his own advancement to the detriment of others. He taught His followers to place service above self in every department of life. The competitive system that we know is absurd. It means injustice, waste and strife. Christ's way is rather that of co-operation, each rendering his service to the common good.

INDIVIDUAL LIVES.

Of course, all these are great ideals. They are utterly incapable of fulfilment while there is no room for Christ in our individual lives.

If we neglect Him personally, we will

Things We Want to Know

Is the Y bloke good at plating hair?

If it wasn't the crayfish, what was it that made the Q side so reluctant to leave "Freddie"?

Is it the habit of Gen. Maxwell to excuse innocent people? What did he say or do to make the certain little red head demand an apology?

Why does a certain L./Bdr. play golf in Feilding on Sundays? Is it really the golf links he enjoys or a certain little brunette that lives close by?

Did an officer in frequent low dives in Wellington when on week-end leave?

Did Gen. Wenman sleep well last Friday night? Where did he learn to make beds?

Was last Friday night's tattoo strict? Who was the orderly n.c.o.?

How did the Padre sleep last Friday?

Why did the Duty Sergeant return so early last Tuesday morning?

How is the M.L.R. Bdr's. teacher coming along?

Who wiped an R.H.Q. Bdr's. eyes early last Tuesday morning?

Where does a certain musician get his practice for squeezing an accordion?

Who was the D.C.O. who put an A.F.V. officer off at the wrong station last Sunday night? Alright! Alright!

"There'll be one dozen roses—" Does this song bring back happy memories to an officer in R.H.Q.?

Where does lipstick come in during driving instruction with a T.S.M. of 4?

Is this week's R.H.Q. orderly runner's second name Mac?

Which Sig. Cpl. lost his 4d. bet at Dannevirke?

Does the uproar in Sigs. interfere with the work of Survey? Has new blood been imported?

Who was the A grade mechanic explaining the hydraulic system on a truck to an officer? Hard luck Mac! It was self energising!

Who were the S.M. and Sgt. seen walking across a nearby paddock with a young lady?

Who is the Sig. scone-door?

Which ex M.L.R. expert now in 5 has suddenly become interested in a certain Chinese ailment known as the WAAC?

Who burnt his scones when the "earthquake" rocked the camp,

Which D/R as a result of his anticaine activities is responsible for the new phonetic designation for a Despatch Rider?

Which Gen. bought an engagement ring but gave it to the wrong girl while in a fit of alcoholic depression?

never do more than pay lip service to Him, nor will we give Him any place in our daily work, or in the affairs of the nations. So the key to the world's tragedy is this, that men and women have no room for Christ in their hearts, and in rejecting Him they shut out One who comes to give that inward peace and joy that can be experienced only in companionship with Him.

Though Christ a thousand times

In Bethlehem be born

If He's not born in thee

Thy soul's forlorn.

It is Christmas—a time of festivity and joy, because Christ was born, but our celebration is a hollow mockery unless there is room for Him as our honoured guest in the inmost sanctuary of our hearts.

That you may know the joy of His coming is the Christmas greeting of your Padre.

TAKING NO CHANCES.

If, during a raid, a digger brought back a German prisoner he was awarded a week's leave.

One soldier returned with a German wearing a British tin hat, the digger being without one.

When he was questioned about it he replied: "Yes, it's my hat; you see, if he'd been shot, I'd lose my leave."

Don't Say We Didn't Warn You Six Inch Men

FORGETFUL.

Wet canteen was open, and the ration was two tickets each man at 5d a ticket—that and no more.

Up strolled "Dutch" for another issue and the cashier cried, "you've had yours."

"Dutch" finally convinced him that he hadn't, and tendered a shilling.

Pennies being scarce the cashier asked "Dutch" if he had one penny.

"Cripes," said "Dutch," "I just gave you sixpence and the only four I had a few minutes ago!"



I would point out that Love making is not allowed in this building, sir.

WELL AND HAPPY.

A gentleman who has a boy away at college was rather anxious to hear from him and complained as mail after mail arrived with no word. One day when he received a letter from the bank he smiled and said: "The boy is O.K. I have indirect word from him. The bank says the account is overdrawn."



"Have you been waiting long?"

NOT THAT!

At church parade the gloomy padre had spoken about the wages of sin, and had frequently quoted the Ten Commandments.

Coming out of the churchyard the regimental black sheep thought deeply for a few minutes, then turned to his pal:

"Ah, well," he sighed, "I've never made a graven image, anyway."



Christmas Shopping.

PERCY'S MESSAGE.

Percy, our postal corporal, has his trials and is an obliging bloke; so when he asked sibs. if they could arrange for him to speak simultaneously to all posts on an urgent and important matter, the sibs. went to a good deal of trouble.

After an hour's calling, the Colonel, the Intelligence section, the Artillery, and sundry others had been warned off, and the posts were all awaiting for Percy's message.

"For gorsake send back those mailbags," he yelled, dropped the phone and went about his business.

NOT TO BE SNEEZED AT.

"Some motorists are said to be using eucalyptus as a motor fuel." Motoring notes.

There's not a cough in a carload of it.



Don't get out dear, I only want some water to wash the floor."

A caller at an education office near Manchester discovered the staff in a state of hilarity.

Asking the cause, he was handed a grubby piece of paper from the morning's mail, and a finger pointed out the concluding words of an indignant parent's protest against his child being sent to a special school. "And let me tell you there has never been any trace of mentality on either his mother's side or mine."

AT THE KNEES.

It had been raining heavily and the mud was thick on Flanders. The Tommy officer was dapper, be-monoled, and new on the battle front, when he encountered an Aussie of the old class, staggering under the weight of a heavy box of ammunition.

The Officer (adjusting monoels): Halt, that man! Where are you going?
The Digger (very disgustedly): At the blankety blank knees!! Can't you see?



"I won't be a minute dear, I just want a new hat!"

The dumb blonde on a country ramble whispered: "George, I think you're wonderful."

"Mary," answered George, "I think you're ditto."

The dumb blonde pondered over this, and on the way back they met Jollop, the farmer. She took him aside and said: "Jollop, what does ditto mean?"
"Well," said Jollop, "you see that pig over there?"
"Yes."

"Well, that pig next to it is ditto to the first one." And that's how George came to get his face stapped.



"What are you going to do about it?"

When the dawn comes up like thunder,
Out o' China, cross the bay,
Then Japan will start to wonder
Why she went so far astray.

(By Gnr. Parker.)

(Continued from last week.)

A FOUL OCCURRENCE.

I staggered over a plank bridge and kept my distance mind you, as he smelt as bad as his language. We got back to th' course and sneaked through the guard and believe me, son, was the old scratcher good to get into. I don't know how Lobo got to bed, but he did and strewth in the morning, the boys in his tent were up at five and well out of it, as that old tent was as high as Ngahauranga on a hot day. He put his boots out to dry and had to wear his gas mask while he washed himself. Gosh! I'll always remember his boots, outside there in the sun, all curled up and cracking with the flies buzzin' around, they sure were in a no man's land for a while."

Bert called loudly for the barman and drank thirstily of the refill, in fact he did not stop drinking till he could see through the bottom, and then bellowed for the pump puller again. Tony was still toying with his handle and taking half hearted sips at it now and then. He did not look as immaculate as before and his centre of balance was all out of place. Bert, by this time, was well into his stride, and a circle of amused listeners had gathered around.

MARCHED TO STARVATION.

"I haven't told you as how I was starved to death yet, 'ave I?" he asked. At the negative chorus that answered him, he hitched up his pants, took a draught and started to talk again.

"Even in the days when we were all six inch men," he started, "the army used t' do some funny things, I 'ad been out on three weeks' sick leave, and at the proper time marched back in. I marched into R.H.Q., and after they 'ad marched me out of hospital, and marched me into camp, marched me out on to sick leave and marched me back again, an' then marched me back to my battery, I felt like a blooming harrier. That was all right, an' after an' 'art to 'art talk with the O.C. and a friendly chat with the B.S.M., who would have offered me a smoke if he had any, but not 'aving any, bludged one off me, I went back to training. About a week later, the Doc sent for me in a hurry. He looked proper worried he did.

"Do you feel alright, Gunner, he barked." "Why sure, sir," I said, "fit as a trout."

"Not even a little hungry?" the quack went on. "No sir, full as a pig tin," I replied.

"Strange, strange," he muttered, "you should be dead by now."

"Now, what's wrong with me?" I asked, I was getting pretty breezy, and wondering if my floating kidney was going to sink after all. "It's like this, Gunner, said the Doc, when you were marched in, you weren't included in the ration strength and technically, if not physically you're starved to death."

In the eloquent silence that followed, Bert downed his beer triumphantly and then taking Tony by the arm commenced to make tracks.

THE HOME COMING.

Late that night the sentry on No. 1 post was roused from a mild slumber by the sound of distant singing.

"I ain't a gonna grie-v-v-e my Lord,

no more,

I ain't a gonna grie-v-v-e my Lord,

no more,

I ain't a gonna grieve my Lo-o-o-rd,

no more.

He started up, "Halt! who goes there," he roared. The volume of singing increased and unsteady feet dragged nearer.

"Halt! who goes there he repeated," and clicked his bolt suggestively.

The singing stopped and a hiccupping voice said, "Just a couple of shix inch men—Oh, I ain't a gonna grieve my Lo-o-o-rd no more—"

The sentry grinned and retired to his box while the unsteady feet receded accompanied by another verse of the old song.

If you want to go to Heaven,

And not to hell,

Just wrap your arms,

Round a six inch shell.

British-American war song: We are Doughboys of the Bulldog Breed.

Manhattan wish to extend to all customers and friends a Very Merry Xmas and the Brightest, Biggest and Best of a New Year. They remind everyone that their store will close from —

XMAS EVE

until

JANUARY 13th, 1943.

MANHATTAN Ltd.

The Man's Shop in THE SQUARE.

Palmerston's Leading Theatres Present

MAYFAIR

Musical Western
Tornado
GENE ATRY

in
"DEEP
IN THE HEART
OF TEXAS"

Picturised as
"Heart of the Rio Grande"

Also Screening on XMAS NIGHT at 8.15.
(Both Approved for Universal Exhibition.)

Commencing
XMAS EVE 10.30 p.m.

Musical Funfeast!
"PRIVATE BUCKAROO"
"PRIVATE BUCKAROO"

with
HARRY JAMES
and his Music Makers,
DICK FORAN
JOE E. LEWIS
The Andrew Sisters

REGENT

XMAS NIGHT
8.15

THE BIGGEST PICTURE OF THE YEAR —

The true story of a Conscientious Objector who became a War Hero and Captured 132 Huns!

"SERGEANT YORK"

Starring

GARY COOPER

Whose performance as Sgt. York won for him the coveted Academy Award.

Plans at Theatre, phone 6776. (Rec. by Censor for Adults.)

—THE METEOR THEATRE— COMMENCING FRIDAY, 25th DECEMBER, to 28th.

NOTE — Xmas Day Screening Time — 8.15 p.m.

COMEDY . . . In the Best Gregory La Cave Style
Styled for

IRENE DUNNE
as the

"LADY IN A JAM"

With

PATRIC KNOWLES — RALPH BELLAMY
EUGENE PALLETTE — QUEENIE VASSAR

NEXT CHANGE — TUES., WED., THURS. —

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's

Lusty New Comedy-Drama of Gold Rush Days

"JACKASS MAIL"

Starring

WALLACE BEERY

With

MARJORIE MAIN — J. CARROL NAISH

IT'S A NEW THRILL FUN HIT.

(Both Programmes Approved for Universal Exhibition.)



Feet on
the Floor!

What about Nugget?

What about Soap?

What about Smoking
Requisites?

These are some of the "Things We Want to Know"

and we want You to know that we are the Store for

ALL Your Requirements.

Watson Bros.
LTD.
THE BIG CASH STORE