

The Arawa Guerilla

No. 1. April, 1942.

CIRCULATION ENORMOUS

PRICE—One Penny

OUR OBJECT

The motto of the Aldershot Physical Training School is "The Development of the Whole Man," summarised in the catchwords "MIND, BODY AND SPIRIT." Nowhere could we find a better motto for this camp and for each soldier who comes to it. Let us remember a motto is not a thing to hang on the wall—but is a living thought to work to. Unfortunately it has taken a war to make our Empire appreciate the full necessity for physical fitness.

Physical fitness is not an abstract term for the mass of the people, but it implies the "FITNESS OF THE INDIVIDUAL" and that is the aim that each and every one of us must strive for.

Now that our eyes are opened may we not make the mistake of using this ideal merely as a tool in the military

machine, but carry its teaching back to civilian life and try and give its benefits in our homes in future. It is imperative in developing this all round "fitness of the individual" that the mind be concentrated fully whilst doing all the exercises and training work demonstrated. It is useless merely going through the actions shown. Full understanding of the exercises shown—the reasons behind them and application of the mind to get the fullest out of them, produces for you that virile keenness, alertness and physical well-being which makes life worth living.

So is created that spirit which will withstand all dangers and hardship and give to you an unconquerable soul, both in your army work and your return to civilian life.

J. H. H. Wood, Lt.-Col., N.Z.M.C., Camp Commandant

HOT SHOTS

Attached to the personnel of the Air Force stationed near our camp is a gentleman affectionately referred to as the "Bull." Phooey! Alongside a certain W.O. in this camp he is not even a bobby calf.

Snarlars ! ! ! ! It was proposed that the largest of a recent consignment of sausages be kept as a mascot, or even better that a selected number of the best barkers be raised to put on a chorus at one of our concerts.

Which reminds us when talking about animals, that many new recruits from the land, on arrival at camp stare in amazement at the B.O.S. with his broad red sash. They think that this sash has the same significance as a cattle show.

C Company likes to be exclusive, but they give discreet coughs and blush when they are asked what Hut 34 is used for. It is in their lines, but maybe it is just another way of camouflage.

We like our hot showers but the pump which does all the work in bringing nature's gift to humanity from the bowels of the earth seems to belong to a recalcitrant union of some sort. For a change the other day the pump worked, but the pipes became blocked and a team of willing workers stood by and lifted yards of piping in the air. One private high in the sky hanging on to the edge of the tank guided the pipe with one hand. Suddenly the pipe smote a frayed overhead live wire and a crowd of boys on the ground and one in the air performed a dance which would have received a big hand at any concert. Just another example of the versatile treatment meted out at our camp.

FROM EDITORIAL H.Q.

In this, our first issue, I wish to greet all our readers and prospective readers.

This is your paper (for a "brown jo") but this does not mean that the payment of this colossal sum excuses you from writing something for the "Guerilla" now and again.

In fact if there is too much loafing in sending in a paragraph now and again I will approach the powers that be to have it placed on Routine Orders.

Your support is just as necessary as a Battalion parade . . . and by all the jumping jacks this means something now.

You can slate the Editor as much as you like. He is unpaid . . . abused . . . and generally called a lazy hound of the first order.

Cheers chaps!

SOMEWHERE TO GO

The Soldiers' Club extends a hearty welcome to all men during hours of leave. The club is situated opposite the Post Office on the second floor and cups of tea and cocoa can be obtained there.

The Catholic Club has a spacious hall and a restful lounge and is open to all men of the Forces from 3 p.m. to 11 p.m. on Sundays. Supper is free. On leaving the camp take the second turning to the left and the Club will be found in the Convent grounds.

Barr to promotion . . . Private B . . . was frightfully worried the day we shifted from tents to huts. He peered anxiously hither and thither. "I have lost a pair of piallases," he cried anxiously. "I was only wearing them an hour ago."

Anklets is the word, sir. Dammit, man.

COLD SHOWERS

Night manoeuvres were seriously interrupted when one section creeping over "No Man's Land" came across a hedgehog. All clustered round to see the spiky little fellow and discussed what a fair cow it would have been to have flopped down on him in the dark. The officer in charge was apathetic to almost brutality and told them that they were perfect targets for the enemy by their clustered upright figures and surprised cackling.

Corporals Alley . . . you know. Around there where the loose boxes are. Where heads peer out one way and 'tother, looking for somebody or something (brooms and buckets which have not been returned) and where a master tailor and hairdressers' welcome cash customers. It's a great life if you can hang on to it.

Fuel restrictions have hit the army. Those twinkling lights which give such a fairy-like atmosphere to our lines, could not glow last week owing to the non-arrival of kerosene. We missed the guiding twinkles for other reasons too, and many a bucket received a kick.

He was a poor blanky, cold and wet private who came to the editorial sanctum during the heavy rainfall the other day and who on seeing the editor huddled up under a ground sheet and typing remarked: "Is the place leaking?" As Major Laffey would say. They are always with us. Few in number thank goodness.

No private so-and-so, old boy. I was only fooling with the ground sheet and the water was only playing sweet tunes as it splashed softly down. Army tents never leak. No never! Never!

He who does his scene. S/S Thomson, of the Records Department.

VARIETY & DIETRY

"Come to the cookhouse door boys," is one of the most familiar bugle calls in the Army. Few of those who line up with their plates to receive their share of the GOOD things realise what a multitude of organised work has gone into their being able to collect their meals on the dot for each of the three meals a day. It is the delivery of the cooked meal which is the final effort of many starting from the producer to the vendor to the Army purchasing officer who in turn distributes to the various camps. Here the Supply Officer takes up his responsibilities and issues to the Q.M., whose cooks serve up the finished article be it roast beef, with vegetables, apple pie or plum duff.

Here, in our camp we are fortunate that in the main all our fresh vegetables are bought locally and it would be safe to say that there are none better procurable in the whole of the Dominion.

Our supply officer, a tall, wiry individual, has gained quite a reputation around the gardens for his stature enables him to see over large plots of cabbages and lettuce. He watches these almost from seed to head and has a personal interest in the whole affair right to the picking. Almost every day he returns to the camp with a truck laden with good things from

CAMP CONCERT

A GREAT SUCCESS

The camp concert held in the Y.M. tent on Wednesday evening was a rip-snorter and was attended by all the best people. Lady guests on arrival were greeted by loud cheers and officer escorts came in for much good natured banter from the boys. Lieutenant Maich was the big maestro and he and his band of performers had quite a hectic time but they succeeded in turning on a great show.

A few minutes before the show was due to start the lights went out. After much scurrying for candles and making "temporary" arrangements the lights came on again, much to the relief of Mr. Maich whose hair by now was getting slightly ruffled. At 1959 hours Mr. Maich disappeared off the stage to return promptly at 2000 hours with his hair perfect (an officer to the last hair). The honoured guests now being seated the show was on and what a show. Two rollicking songs in which the audience joined, nearly lifted the old canvas off the poles. During the singing of "Good Night Sergeant Major" Lieutenant Maich in the excitement of conducting the audience to even greater efforts, nearly jumped off the stage. (Bad luck, it would have made a good story). Then came "Roll Out the Barrel" and here the tent started to leak and caused some of our lady guests to shift hurriedly. It is hoped that they did not think it was part of the show and that the drips were spots of rum. The P.T. staff next took the stage and all were dressed in piñus. They came on swinging and swaying in true Maori style, singing "Maori Battalion." Sgt. Puki Green was a "oner" and was the cynosure of all eyes. They received a big hand and came on again to a haka, in which red-headed Sergeant Delamore proved a very active leader. Next was a hilarious sketch, in which "Baby Took a Bow." It was some baby, about 15 stone if it was a pound, while proceedings connected with the sketch were somewhat scandalous. (We are broadminded).

Cpl. Dean then sang a couple of soothing songs after which he smiled prettily and gave way to Pte. O'Connell who told us how we made asses of ourselves at weddings. The mouth organ round-up under the leadership of Pte. Frank Drifill, brought tears to the eyes of the more sentimental when they played "Irish Eyes and My Bonny." Pte. Hay arrived out of breath with a trumpet which he had evidently been polishing right to the last minute and gave two fine solos. Our good padre was on the stage for the bull fight sketch in which tough men came to grief and the stage was strewn with various items of clothing. It remained for a disreputable short-sighted individual to conquer Ferdinand and clear the stage for Sgt. Bedgood who gave two highly appreciated pianoforte solos. His place was taken by Pte. Roskrue, the little man with the mighty voice who will probably be New Zealand's Lawrence Tibbett one day. He was given a big hand and as he went off, the melody boys came on to a candle light scene in which they played and Frank Drifill had a few things to say about Sgt. Blows nose, Sgt. Mjr. Murray and the R.A.P. Next was the scream of the evening when the baby of a few scenes before, in the shape of Cpl. Constant, by devious suggestions asked Mrs.

Brown "not to have any more." One officer during this scene almost had to be asked to leave for laughing so much.

As a grand finale all joined in the songs "There is a Boy Coming Home on Leave" (we know... on Friday) and "God Defend New Zealand."

It was a splendid effort and all joined with Lieutenant-Colonel Wood, when after his speech, he called for three cheers for Mr. Maich and all the boys who had given such a splendid show at so short notice.

Bravo! bravo!
P.S. Nearly forgot the accompanist. Unsung heroes these. Thank you Cpl. Taylor.

TALENT WANTED

Whether you can sing, recite, play a Jews harp or a Wurliizer organ do not be backward in coming forward. The camp concert on Wednesday evening showed how these entertainments can go over, when enthusiasm and co-operation is given unstintingly. The entertainers rose to the occasion and their example was pointed out by Lieutenant-Colonel Wood. The new Y.M. hut will be a splendid place for concerts so it is up to you who have talent to come forward. Not only will it show that the new hut is appreciated but entertainments such as those given on Wednesday make for an even better camp. Our food is good, the training is planned to build you up and the meteorological department have promised us some brisk autumn weather, so all we need now is just a bit more life and laughter. Then we will not require the R.A.P. Fellows do your share.

THE SNR. SERVICE

"Yachting"

The New Zealand Freshwater Yachting Championship events held on a stretch of water adjacent to our camp at Easter-tide drew one Army entrant, when Lt. D. Stewart entered the 18-footer Manoa. Corporal Taylor was the skipper while Lt. Stewart, Corporal Hubbers and Private Rex Whitford comprised the all Army crew. Sailing weather was very light on the Saturday and this meteorological phenomena, provided an excellent square off for the Manoa not getting a place. It was explained that the Army were always used to doing things the tough way and that the Manoa crew would have liked a three reef breeze, when she would have carried full canvas and just showed the natives how. In the next day's event for this class, the Manoa came second out of three boats (the Guerilla likes to be candid). The crew were jubilant and said they were the only one to carry a spinnaker on two legs of the race. The wind was only slightly better, so it was probably mind over matter which gave the Army boys patience to prevail with the big sheet. Here's hoping for gales and whatnot at the next contests and pleasant sailing days on the week-end leave days.

To the P.B. Private named Winterbottom, we can only hope that he finds some consolation in the prevailing rotten weather. It must be most seasonal for him.

BREAD—Over 8000 slices of bread are consumed in our mess each day. This is cut from long loaves each morning so as to be ready for you at each meal.

the bountiful earth and frequently the fine fresh heads of lettuce which reach us in cut up salads are not many hours from being cut at the gardens. But this is not all, for there is often the element of surprise when he picks up a particularly good line of beetroots, some excellent pumpkins or marrowns and great bundles of silver beet. The greens used for our meals have the highest nutritious value.

There is well matured cheese from our dairy factories, while the "cow juice," which is from the contented cows of the smiling farmlands in the district, helps to build sturdy soldiers.

From Central Otago's sun-kissed orchards come many of the peaches which have been supplied to the men when available. Apples are from Hawke's Bay and Auckland, but it must be remembered that no commodity can be procured unless the supply be adequate enough to meet the requisite requirement of all ranks. The civilian population, too, has a call on all such foodstuffs.

The soldier of to-day on the present ration scale, particularly in this camp of ours, has a greater variety from that supplied three years ago. Occasionally through some reason, a meal might not be quite like a man would like it to be. The kitchen staff in a camp often works under difficulties but they work without stint as part of a great organisation, which strives to give variety and dietry, that all may be well fed, without undue waste.

The Sergeant with the soothing telephone voice—Sgt. Ray McInnary.

SPORTSLANTS

HOCKEY

Interest is working up in the stick game and the Maori girls' team are looking forward to the day when they can have a contest.

FOOTBALL

The sound of boot against ball draws like a magnet after mess every night now. We hope to field good teams for the local competitions during the coming season. Players are earnestly practising each Saturday.

The forty and fifty aside soccer matches on the aerodrome provides healthy and breathtaking fun for many who have been inactive for years.

BASKETBALL

Were our ears red when our manly basketball team was whacked by a girls' team on a recent Sunday. I'll say. Even at the afternoon tea afterwards there were slight flushes on the manly cheeks of our former unbeatables.

CRICKET

We have some real good weilders of the willow. In a game against the Air Force the latter went out for a total of 120. Our team were only two wickets down for 134. Somebody said we had an All Black cricketer amongst us, but really Private Ces Dacre was holding back. Sgt. Delamore and Sgt. Yarnton were the two who did all the hitting and brought the score up.

In a match between B. and C. Company Warwick Snedden made the only century of the season. The young Auckland Brabin Cup captain did well but a hustling fieldsman reckoned the bowling was rotten. Good work Warwick.

ATHLETICS

S.M. R. Keats headed a fine body of men to contest events at the Auckland Provincial Athletic Championships at Waikaraka Park. There were in the team besides the leader, Sgt. Farquhar, Pte. Ansell-Brown, Pte. H. Farley, Pte. Dougherty, Pte. Garner, Pte. Walker and Pte. Mortimer. S/M Keats was leaping well and jumped 5ft. 10in. to equal the junior record. In the relays, the teams came third in the half-mile and second in the four mile. Not too bad when it is considered that our men prior to the contests had been fed wisely and well over a long period and all had quite a lot of extra weight to carry.

At the local High School sports representatives of the Army and Air Force turned out to fight stirring contests in front of adoring young maidens. Although the Air Force looked awfully sweet in their running gear and had the advantage of the feminine gallery on the sideline, they did not have it all their own way. S/M Keats came home first in the 100 yards Service championship, while the Army team came second in the one mile relay. Next time our boys say that they will part their hair in the centre, have a perm, and put red stripes down the sides of their pants and then they will show just what they can do.

AROUND THE HUTS

Y.M.C.A.

Next week we will be out of the old tent and into our new hut, on which they have been working night and day for some weeks. Weekly concerts and social evenings are part of the plans for the future.

In the meantime our lady helpers, there are over two hundred of them representing all organisations and religions, have gained a reputation for being fast young things... they can now serve batches of over 300 men with tea in the short space of 12 minutes.

The boys like snacks in between meals too. Over 6000 pieces of fruit cake was consumed in the Y.M. alone during March.

Famous Maori guides and singers give their time for the welfare of the boys and among the helpers last month was Te Mauri Meihana, whose wonderful voice is known over the air and on the record. She is also secretary of the Maori Musical Society. Guides Rangil and Ellen, together with no less than 25 other guides served teas during last month.

Soldiers' wives too, gave a hand and Mrs. Rangil Royal, wife of Major Rangil Royal, M.C., who has just returned from overseas, poured many a cup of tea for thirsty soldiers.

EVERYMAN'S

Everyman's Hut in our camp, is one of a chain of seven operating at the various military camps in New Zealand. Mr. Clark who is in charge locally, endeavours to make the hut what it is "A home away from home for everyman."

FOR HONOUR, AND FOR HER!

Somewhere, a woman, thrusting fear away,

Faces the future bravely for your sake;
Tolls on from dawn till dark; from day to day;

Fights back her tears, nor heeds the bitter ache;

She loves you, trusts you, breathes in prayer your name;

Soil not her faith in you, by sin or shame.

Somewhere a woman—mother, sweetheart, wife—

Waits betwixt hopes and fears for your return;

Her kiss, her words, will cheer you in the strife,

When death itself confronts you, grim and stern;

But let her image all your reverence claim,

When base temptations search you with their flame.

Somewhere a woman watches—filled with pride;

Shrined in her heart, you share a place with none,

She toils, she waits, she prays, till side by side

You stand together when the battle's done.

O keep for her dear sake a stainless name
Bring back to her a manhood free from shame.

—Margaret Scruton.

CHEERS AND JEERS

In the columns of our more staid contemporaries this particular column would be headed, "Letters to the Editor." This column is open to you all to jeer and cheer as much as you like, providing of course, that certain parade ground language is not used in the texts. Such words are deemed secret and confidential within the meaning of the act, etc. Therefore while you may want to groan and moan, your letters must be of the more "restrained" type. We print below an example of how a letter has had to be censored. It was a pity to cut it down so, for it had its merits.

Disgruntled—???!! —??? — Colonel ... ???!! — ?? — !! Major — ?? — !! — xx? Lieutenant — ???!! — x??? — Sergeant Major — ?? — !! — xx? Sergeant — ?? — !! — ?? Corporal — ?? !! — ???!! — ?!! — Army.

(Teh! Teh! "Disgruntled," such language. We agree, however, with the complaint that Reveille is certainly too darned consistent and early each day. Maybe the bugler can tell us.—Ed.)

Sai Louie-Humble Sir, I write to you in this first issue of yours to make a complaint. I belong to A Company and ever since the first day I arrived, nothing but fatigue. First day in camp, it is "Sai Louie you go on guard." Then some coal want to be shift. Sai Louie shovels coal Exhausted am I. I lie down under welcome shade of pine tree when a Sergeant Major with head of fire bellow, "Sai Louie what the hell are you doing? Go and help those men build those huts." Another thing too, I bring down numerous things such as tennis racquets, golf clubs, footballs and other weapons of sport, as I see picture in paper which gives impression of much sport. Instead of using same, it is Sai Louie you stop cluttering up hut and remove same to storeroom. It is same with my wardrobe which included magnificent dressing gown and slippers, a present from my ancestors. Sadly I have to send home. But it is these fatigues. Sai Louie in kitchen, Sai Louie in Sergeants' Mess, Sai Louie in Y.M. and Everymans, Sai Louie on sanitary, Sai Louie here, Sai Louie there, Sai Louie every damn where. In fact every time a man has to be replaced on anything it is Sai Louie. Sai Louie all same damn time. When it stop, I ask you?

(Ed.—Sai Louie of A Company is a descendant of the great 400 millions of the Chinese Empire. We have investigated his case and find that all he says is correct and extend to him our deepest sympathy. There are only —(censored) others doing the same).

Dodger.—May I suggest that since recent nights have been very dark and the winter will make conditions even worse, that the barbs be taken from the fences around our camp. I have torn my trousers at least a half dozen times lately and my uniform will soon be in shreds.

(Dodger, old boy, if you persevere with the barbed fences you will probably get promotion, for the latest Army notice gives considerable space to the necessity of negotiating barbed wire entanglements.—Ed.)

ROUTINE DISORDERS

"OSSIFERS"

The protecting Wood.

Under the spreading Greenwood tree.
There is the rustling of Leeves.

And there lies the last of the James.

Waiting for a tonic Beveridge.

Would almost make you Laff.....ey!
Wouldn't it?

Lieut. (Pocket Battleship) Morrison of B Company at present an inmate of a hospital is doing well, thank you and hopes to be about soon to deliver a few more broadsides.

Lieutenant D. Stewart has returned from furlough but he was not very far away at any time. Most of his time was spent saffling boats, until he now has an almost nautical roll and imagines his stick is a telescope. He paces the parade ground as if it were the quarter deck.

Welcome to Lieutenant Hammond. Very active. Almost as a plate of hot "Hammond eggs." "Eggsactly."

Captain Leeves wept for joy at the concert. Tears formed a pool at his feet and he almost had to bring in one of those spades he so often tells us is a spade to dig a drain.

"ENSEEOES"

We have heard tell of a certain athletic Sergeant who drives about in what he calls his Vacuum Car, picking up all the little bits of stuff.

A winner. Sergeant Geoff Gilchrist, the chap who left for his sister's wedding carrying his racing saddle.

Tough luck these hard times Sergeant George Cassells-Brown. To just fork out twelve lovely quid to have his boat transported to within cooee of our camp and then on the day it arrived to be transferred back to where it came from is excuse enough to drive anyone to hard drink.

No skites in our family. No, but Sgt. Arthur Lowe of C Company openly challenges all ranks and citizens of our nearby parish to table tennis matches and undertakes to lick them all. Arthur says he can talk Chinese too. Well, what do you know about that!

A well known member of the Sergeants' Mess known as the "Great Lover" could not just take it a day or so ago. The morning after an Air Force do, he came to breakfast, looked at it and walked out into the great open spaces.

P.B. PRIVATES

Who was the P.B. Private who on seeing the Q.M. Staff on parade asked, "Is that the Balloon barrage section?"

He was not such a P.B. Private who suddenly used some initiative and left the following message on his rifle for his instructor to see after the break. "Gone to the Y.M. for a cup of tea, back in ten minutes." (Modern warfare has taught us to use our own initiative according to the latest press reports—I mean 1942 manuals.—Ed.)

Sympathy, just sympathy, for the P.B. young and innocent Private who received a message to report to B.O. Room at 0600 hours, who arose an hour earlier to spend most of the time under a hot shower with a cake of well known soap which is guaranteed to remove something even the S.M. will not tell you about.

Just another routine disorder. Corrigendum: Von Sturmer, Pte. C.H.L. Orderly room O.C. of R.O.'s . . . Delete all reference to above re his wooing of local WAAFS.

He was a matey P.B. Private who answered the Orderly Room query as to his name, "It's Jock, sir," he said.

CHAPS! . . .

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