

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.

Snarlers ! ! ! 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 job") 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.