

# The Arawa Guerilla

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CIRCULATION ASTOUNDING.

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## The Regular, The Orderly and the Neat

The following extract from the journal of Sgt. Roger Lamb of the 9th Foot and 23rd Foot during the American War, 1776-1782 gives an admirable insight into what the attitude was in those days to the often irksome attention to detail in matters of dress, equipment and personal neatness which must constitute part of a soldier's life. Methods of warfare have changed since Lamb's time, social conditions are different, dress is different, but the general underlying principles to which he draws attention, the basis of soldierly conduct and the importance of order and the regular are as true to-day as they were in his day and as they were in the days of Scipio Africanus and Gustavus Adolphus. Weapons and tactics change, but man remains very much the same.

"Though our service at New York was broken by four warlike expeditions and several forays, the Regiment conducted itself throughout just as if all were 'peace, parade and St. James' Park'; I mean, as to the formality and regularity of our behaviour and the exquisite care that each soldier was made to take of his personal appearance. Many hours every day were spent upon the pipe-claying of cross-belts and breeches—which, however, dried far more quickly here than in the humid air of Ireland—upon the shining of shoes, the polishing of buttons and buckles, and, above all, upon the correct adornments of the hair.

"I recalled how, upon the disembarkation of the Ninth at Three Rivers in Canada, Major Bolton had informed company-officers that the tallow provided for us would now be better daubed upon our shoes, to preserve them from the damp, than upon our hair, to hold the flour with which we powdered it—and that this flour likewise would be of more service to us in the edible form of loaves. Few even of the officers had thereafter attempted to keep themselves spick and span.

"But the Royal Welch Fusiliers were 'no rough and ready regiment: the comb, flour-dredge and pomatum box were as prime necessities with us as cartouche box, powder-flask and ramrod, and no slightest deviation from correct soldierly behaviour in barracks was ever allowed to pass, nor any gross conduct or unsoldier-like lounging in the streets. We were often sneered at for macaronis; but we let that pass as a compliment, for we also took correspondingly greater care for our arms than other regiments. For example, I was very pleased to find that the company-officers, being persons of substance and with a pride in their profession, had at their own charges provided their men with the fine black flints which gentlemen use in their sporting guns. These remained sharp even after fifty discharges, whereas the ordinary Army issue of dull brown pebble was never good for more than fifteen, and often less.

"What was still more to the point, when we were at Harlem and a part of the Regiment quartered upon a wharf, figures of men as large as life made of thin boards were anchored at a proper distance from the end of the wharf; at these the platoons fired as a practice in marksmanship. Floating objects such as glass bottles, bobbing up and down in the tide, were also pointed out to them as targets, and premiums given to the best shots. No other regiment to my knowledge practised this sort of musketry, the colonels being content merely with simultaneity of the volleys, and letting aim go hang.

"I have always had a great love of the regular, the orderly and the neat; and as a sergeant in this corps I was able to indulge it to the full. My sergeant's wig, which was paid for by the colonel, and fitted for me by the Regimental perruquier, was of the finest hair, and I kept it always in irreproachable trim."

## HOT SHOTS

ENTERTAINMENT of the month in the Sergeant's mess—Chamber music!

Many well-known songs were also popular, including "See How They Run," "Til Fly to Thee," and "Oft in the Stilly Night."

The whole business had the scientists completely baffled. Rather like the Great Brown Mountain Bear.



## From Editorial Headquarters

Once again that insignificant blot on the landscape and object of the approbrium and just scorn of honest men, the Editor of the "Guerilla," appeals to the readers of this scandal sheet to pass on to him either verbally or in writing any material calculated to move the stolid soul to merriment. Remember Shakespeare said, "Spice is the life of variety." The "Guerilla" needs YOUR ideas, YOUR angle, YOUR wit. Any gobbet of gossip, any tiny incident, any serious thought will be welcomed as giving the necessary variety to our paper. Put a new nib in that Y.M. pen and shoot us something for the next issue.

## COLD SHOWERS

THE tree-felling mania which has begun in the town has spread to the camp. One by one, the massive pines which used so regularly to collect the water and hurl it in gallons on our "water-proof" roofs have gone the way of all trees. The stalwart gang of lumberjacks on the job have made thorough work of the demolition, and a heap of firewood now lies mutely by the carpenter's shop. There is wood everywhere. We even have Wood at the head.



Gastronomic prodigy: Andy Carney, the amazing pie-consumer and third-helping expert. Fascinated groups of sergeants gather round the mess table while Andy works his way methodically through a preposterous meal, and gape with envy at his indefatigable capacity for food. You must come and see our Andy. With knife and fork he's mighty handy.

Night manoeuvres are always full of interest, and usually produce many unexpected results. A well-known A Company N.C.O. lost his P.S. cap in a paddock recently and tried on two "hats" before he finally located the real article.

## Take Your Change in "Guerillas"!

The little paper with the big reputation continues its mission of spreading cheer, information and slander far and wide over the globe.

Don't forget to send that extra copy to your brother, or cousin, or mate. And if you slip one in an envelope next time you write home, think of the writing paper you will save.

On the occasion of a recent grand parade through the city, the Mayor was asked if he wanted Headquarters Company to participate. "My God, no!" was the reply. "The public will think Wirth's Circus has come to town!"

The publishers ask us to announce the appearance of a new book, "Deer-Stalking Made Easy," by S/M. P. Green, author of "Wild Animals I Have Slain," "How To Make Friends With a Rabbit" and "Bring 'Em Back Half-Dead."

The good lady friends of the camp do splendid darning for us. In fact, when we get our socks back again they don't look like darned socks at all.

## Backwards Through Ohio

The Swiss newspaper, "Kramma Whoppa," furnishes us with the latest episode in the meteoric demoralisation tour of the Editor of the "Guerilla."

Last week a terrific sensation was created in Rumania. The Mayor and Corporation of Budapest were lining the railway platform ready to welcome General Antonescu and his entourage on an official visit. The train arrived and the band struck up the Rumanian national air, "I'll be Glad When You're Dead, You Rascal, You!" But no official figures descended.


Suddenly, amidst a terrific clatter of tiles, two forms scrambled down the waiting-room chimney, and, delicately brushing their gold braid, turned to receive the plaudits of the multitude. It was General Antonescu and his aide-de-campe, Captain Privescu. At once they were driven to the Hotel Nastipest, where a sumptuous banquet was consumed.

At the end of the eighteenth course, the General was called upon to speak. He rose to his feet, and veering slightly, uttered the cryptic words, "Take your change in Guerillas!" Before the crowd could recover, the General and his aide-de-campe had decamped through the window, and had fled the country in an aeroplane, taking with them a batch of secret plans, seven beautiful spies, two bottles of vodka, the Rumanian War Memorial and three dozen pieces of hotel silver.

One hour later, the real General Antonescu and Captain Privescu were found bound and gagged, and suspended head downwards just inside the entrance of Budapest's largest public convenience. Round their necks were strung copies of the latest "Guerilla!"

The Iron Guard are scouring the country for the Editor of the "Guerilla" and his chief of staff, Colonel Bluphy-Gadsyre who were last seen crossing Tibet disguised as a couple of yaks."

### SANITARY SIDELIGHT.



PRESENTING Captain Beveridge, the Bane of the Bacteria, the Demolisher of Dirt, the Scourge of the Streptococci. For it is Dr. Beveridge who is responsible for the hygiene of the camp, and whose familiar form is seen daily methodically dissecting the huts. Woe betide the careless P.B.P. who sheds a segment of match-stick, or who omits to conceal that packet of Rinsos. S.S. is on the job!

### ADOLF HITLER.

This little bankrupt grew so fond Of getting dupes to take his bond, The world, despite rich Nature's rules Ran very nearly out of fools.

"German General on the Spot," says the local newspaper. Ex—marks it.

Terrific shortage of cups in Sergeants' mess. Scores of N.C.O.'s literally dying of thirst. There is frantic competition to grab the solitary cup which graces each table, miserable degenerate specimens of cups though they be; rejects, rumour has it, from Frankton railway station. And every cup is mortgaged three deep when a bloke wants one. Isn't Fate cupricious?

## Scientific Bombshell

The most important development in the science of biology since Darwin's Theory of Evolution has just occurred. It was in this camp that the bombshell (for indeed it is one) burst. It was Captain Leeves who made the disclosure. Did he announce the new theory before a gathering of the world's savants, all trembling with suppressed excitement at the revolutionary development in biology? No. With his usual modesty Captain Leeves casually made his statement the other Saturday at a P.T. lecture to a bunch of half-witted—as you were—to the flower of the Army gathered in the Y.M.C.A.

Captain Leeves was enlarging on the advantages of being fit (the old "mens sana" line); the listeners (those who were awake) being quite unprepared for the blow about to fall. The lecturer, with a neat poetic turn, spoke of the beauties of family life then went on to say—and here it comes—that it was our duty to build strong bodies for the sake of any children we might have in the future—that they too might have strong bodies.

### THE LEEVES THEORY

This means that acquired characteristics can be inherited! Darwin was wrong, Lamarck was right. The science of biology has been standing on its head. The implications of the Leeves Theory of the Inheritability of Acquired Muscle stagger the mind. In one generation acquired characteristics can be passed on. This is going to rot the world's scientists. It has political consequences, too, for our social order is almost based on the now exploded theory that acquired characteristics cannot be inherited.

If you should snap a leg off going over the assault course, your offspring is now likely to arrive with only one leg. The children of Private — (keep it clean, no names!) of a certain P.B.P. are going to be born tired. Be careful if you have a black eye—it would not be a nice present for an unborn child. Children may now be born with complete sets of false teeth which will save a good deal of trouble and expense. Sergeant X's children are going to start life well with a rich store of polished profanity, while Billy Cotton's children have no hope of a waistline.

### DOOM AHEAD

As we watch the remedials hobbling, hopping or tottering across the bull-ring we shudder for the future of the race. Obviously to save catastrophe the country must be handed over with full powers to the eugenicists immediately. Only stern measures can save us now. No one who cannot do twenty press-ups without a blink can be allowed to bear children. The Leeves Theory has shown us our impending doom. Let us be warned! It is time, gentlemen, to act!

It is time, gentlemen—and that phrase makes us realise what an awful lot of babies are going to be born full of 3 per cent. beer —

### RUDE COMMENT

If Sergeant Wilkins thought, He'd see the thing he ought, That it isn't only rum That builds a portly tum.

### SKRUGE THE STOOGIE

When maniacal screams, Disturb your peaceful dreams, Don't grab your gaff in pain, It's only Skrugie again.

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## "B" Company Commander



The familiar figure of Captain J. Hollows, the Commander of B Company, is to be seen in nearly every activity in camp. He has a wide variety of interests, and, in addition to his efficient command of his Company, he displays his considerable organising ability in many directions,

such as, for example, the management of the recent "Spitzkreig" tour to Hamilton. His knowledge of King's Regs, and Military Law, rumour has it, is encyclopaedic, as he seems to have at his finger-tips all the tricky technicalities of those appalling subjects.

Captain Hollows is a genuine West Coaster with rain in his veins, being born at Westport, which should have been enough to damp any infant's enthusiasm. He was educated in Dunedin, and joined the Walkari Rifles in 1911, remaining in the Territorial Forces until 1914. He enlisted at the outbreak of war and went overseas early in 1915.

The next years were full and active ones, during which he saw a long period of service in the Middle East, in France and Belgium with the Auckland Regiment and the N.Z.R.E. He was wounded at the First Battle of the Somme, at Fleur Baix, Flaigstrutt Wood and finally at Messines in May, 1917, when he received a grenade wound in the ankle.

In 1918, he was invalided home, and spent a long period in hospital, including 1920-21 in the Rotorua Military Hospital. Eventually he was discharged from hospital in 1921, and returned to civilian life.

Immediately prior to the outbreak of World War II, Captain Hollows was practising as an assessor in New Plymouth. In 1939 he organised a Guards Vital Points there and in September was transferred to District Headquarters, Wellington, where he took over control of M.T. for the district until June, 1941. From there, he went to Trentham as O.C. N.Z. Ordnance Corps, N.Z.E.F. section until April, 1942, when he was sent up on loan to the Northern District. After a period at Papakura, he was finally transferred to this camp, where his personality has impressed itself strongly.

Captain Hollows has found time for a varied selection of sports. He has played Rugby and Soccer and done well on the athletic field. Of recent years, one of his chief interests has been launching, at which he is something more than an expert. Now that the camp has a launch of its own, we look to Captain Hollows to show us how it is done. We can rest assured that the launching, like all things he handles, will be expeditiously and efficiently done.

On a recent wet Saturday, Sgt. Reid, in giving a lecture on Japan, said, "I'll now say something about Shinto." "Oh, hell," said a P.B.P., "we've just heard a lecture on the foot."

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# Hitler's Headache - - Guerrillas!

One of the most significant developments in this war, arising out of the nature of operations, is the extensive use of guerilla tactics against the enemy. The guerilla was not unknown in warfare before the war, but his history is a long story and we are at present concerned with to-day. And to-day in China, Yugoslavia, the Soviet Union, Java, Greece and Crete, guerillas are harrying the enemy and diverting men and materials from Hitler's battlefronts. We propose to show in a short series of articles something of what is being accomplished by guerilla bands and, within the limitations of space, guerilla tactics.

A good deal of material is now available of the activities of the Chinese and Russian guerillas, a little of the happenings in Yugoslavia, in spite of the fact that General Mikailovich is cut off from the outside world, but the story of the guerillas in Greece and Crete numbering amongst them some of our own troops, is an epic still to be written. In a total war it is necessary for every one, soldier or civilian, to learn—as much as he (or she!) can of guerilla warfare. One never knows, unfortunately, when such knowledge may not prove useful.

## SUPPORT OF THE POPULATION

The first requisite for successful guerilla operations (and this is where we "have the wood" on Hitler and Co.) is that the bands must have the support of a friendly population. The guerillas rely on the people of the country about them for information and food. General Chu Teh, leader of the Chinese Eighth Route Army, said, "Tactics are important, but we could not exist if the majority of the people did not support us. We are nothing but the fist of the people beating their oppressors." The guerilla is our exclusive weapon in this war. Outside the Reich, Italy and Japan, the Axis has no friendly populations.

In the countries we have mentioned above, the enemy is fighting the whole of the people. Near a village in the Ukraine enemy troops passed a 12-year-old girl hanging out washing beside a stream. She took no notice of the invaders as they went by, but as soon as they disappeared from sight she took the clothes from her clothes-line again. At this signal several men appeared from the woods and quickly parted the bushes nearby, exposing a radio set. The line on which the girl had been hanging the clothes was the aerial.

## THE ROAD THAT WASN'T

At another place, in the Ukraine also, the Red guerillas called upon the villagers to help them in a little road-building. To one side of a road which was being used by the enemy lay a treacherous bog. The plan was explained and everyone got to work building a road

from the highway to the bog, then piles were driven into the bog and over them was stretched a layer of canvas. A little soil and rubble on the canvas put the finishing touch to the job. Everyone hid themselves to see the result of their labours as night fell.

Then a guerilla dressed in a German uniform "borrowed" from the enemy took up his post on the highway to "direct traffic." For some time nothing happened, though the listeners could hear enemy transport on the highway. Then, as they began to fear that something had gone wrong, down the new road lumbered a line of tanks. On they came, nearer and nearer to the bog until the leading tank reached the edge of the canvas, then, for what seemed an impossible time, travelled across the flimsy structure. It turned slowly over on its side, slipped and sank. The second and third tanks slipped into the mire also. The fourth tank as it came on, realising that something was wrong opened fire; those in the rear, when they heard this, broke line and raced towards the morass spitting metal, to be completely destroyed. Twelve tanks altogether.

## KNOWING THE COUNTRY

A good way of deciding how to attack is to say, "What methods will the enemy think impossible?" Then to find the one that is not quite impossible for determined men, and push it through as hard and fast as you can. Ambush is, of course, the standby of guerillas. To be effective it is necessary to know the country like the palm of the hand, every track, gully, short cut, every good observation point. The enemy have not got this information; this is the guerillas' advantage.

Knowledge of the country aids the guerilla, too, in the preparation of surprises for the enemy. The guerilla band is usually on short commons for conventional weapons, very often having to rely for supplies on what he captures from the enemy. In familiar country it is possible to improvise unusual weapons. In Northern China, on at least one occasion a man-made avalanche of stone accounted for a large Japanese detachment.

Sir John Moore said during the war of the Spanish people against Napoleon: "Nothing would damp the enemy's spirit more than to see the country turned against him. He knows the strength of our army—regular, militia and reserve—and will come prepared to meet and may hope to beat it. But how penetrate or subdue a country where the population is armed and opposed to him?"

That was written a long time ago—but Sir John Moore knew his stuff.

In Next Issue:—  
"GUERRILLAS IN YUGOSLAVIA."

## A REAL MESS

What is this scramble and hullabaloo?  
Is it feeding time at the local zoo?  
You're wrong, my friend, have another guess.

It's the Sergeants entering formal mess.

## ORDERLY-ROOM ODDITIES

O'Byrne the taciturn,  
Gilbert the filibert,  
Cooper in a stupor.



## WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

Who was the guard who, on giving the challenge, "Who goes there?" and receiving the reply, "Staff," said smartly, "Advance and be recognised, Rollo!"

Who was the Sergeant who, on going to church one Sunday evening for the first time, returned with a red nose and a dazed look in his eyes?

Who was the N.C.O. who, on boasting that he had volunteered for the Army, received the reply, "Ah, but some of us have sufficient manners to wait until we're asked"?

Who is A Company's most scientific bludger?

Who was the N.C.O. who tore madly round the lines one morning at 6.25 a.m. blowing fiercely on his whistle and generally doing his scone, only to find it was Sunday morning?

What famous personage uttered the following remark, "N.C.O.'s? Concrete from the ankles up. God help them!"?

Who is the S/M whose favourite command is, "More to the right in quarters—dozens!"?

Who is "Bumble-footed Bertie."

For the best in Winter  
Fuels it is always . . .

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## IN CONFIDENCE

I don't suppose Goebbels  
Discusses the foebbels  
Of the Fuehrer,  
With Goering  
Within hoering.  
It's so much secheuhrer  
To chatter with Joachim  
Who might easily choachim.

Half the ills of every nation  
Are probably due to constipation.

## Sportslants

### ALL QUIET ON THE SPORTING FRONT

There is little doing in the sporting line these days in camp, as this is the inter-season period of slackness. However, arrangements have been made to start cricket next week, and baseball is also on the way up. In the meantime, assorted P.T. Sergeants, self-consciously sporting shorts and shapely shins, have given the local tennis courts a sound thrashing, and it is hoped that it may soon be possible to arrange a tennis competition, perhaps in conjunction with the Air Force.

#### GOLF GAMBOLS

A most enjoyable Sunday was spent early last month when the Army played the Air Force at golf on the local links. This is something of an innovation in sport in the camp, and was brought about largely by the efforts of Sgt. Arnold Hensleigh. So successful was the day that efforts are being made to secure a return match in the near future.

In the morning the teams played four-ball, best ball, and Army finished one game up. However, on the whole day, the teams finished up even. Army won the Stableford held in conjunction with the other matches, when Herbert won on the count-back.

#### Results:—

Air Force: Davie (10), Stewart (24), Army: McNamara (24), Hensleigh (10). Morning: Air Force won 4 and 3. Afternoon: Air Force won 4 and 3.

Air Force: Ekdale (12), Borsdell (13), Army: Herbert (12), Knowles (24). Morning: Army won, 3 and 2. Afternoon: All square.

Air Force: McMurray (16), Drocherie (18), Army: Ramsbottom (18), Sutherland (4). Morning: All square. Afternoon: Air Force, 2 up.

Air Force: S. L. Aitken (18), J. E. Aitken (18), Army: Clements (12), Christman (20). Morning: Army won, 4 and 3. Afternoon: All square.

Air Force: Herbert (18), McLean (2), Army: Hayden (7), Muir (16). Morning: Army won, 3 and 1. Afternoon: All square.

A splendid day ended with a superb session at the 19th hole, doubtless one of the chief reasons why everyone is so keen on a return match.

#### ROBUST ROTUNDITY

How the trembling earth doth shake!  
Has Tarawera come awake?  
No, no earthquake this. Just mark  
The mighty mass of Charlie Clark.

## CHEERS AND JEERS

Alas, alas for good intentions. Here the Editor slaves and slaves month after month to bring sweetness and light into the souls of the masses, toiling to cast some halo of amusement over the drab life of the P.B.P., and what is his reward? Abuse, abuse, and the most shameful ingratitude.

By dint of shrewd disguises (Man at Work, Intelligent Sergeant, Landscape Ornament, etc.) and an ingenious adaptation of Hitler's idea of doubles, the Editor has so far succeeded in avoiding his numerous pursuers. The fourteen libel actions pending have been squashed under the Impecunious Sergeants' Act, 1942, and in one or two cases mutual non-aggression pacts have been entered into. But every mail brings its quota of trouble. Here are a few extracts.

Sergeant George Hickey:—Dear mr. editor, u have given me a fare spin up 2 now but i must protest agensst the horrid slurs wot u have kast on me in the last issue, 4 one thing u included mi name in the P.B.P. list. i will pass this over in the silent kuntempst it deserves as i put it down to yore ignorance, and i am shure the P.B.P.'s are even more insulted than i am. but wot i cannot stummick is the reference u maid 2 my blud-staned thumbprint on a gurl's leg in hockey. U sed it was coincidence or comenplacence. Now, i cannot find concupescence in my dikshonaries. i have some immagnation and i am shure i no wot u mean. if it is wot i am thinking, u are a low-minded heel and i will sue you 4 damages. Wot will orl my frends say. Please appologise in your nekst issue.

(Editor:—Aw, gee, George, I was only fooling. The N.E.D. gives "Concupescence"—"Any inordinate impulse demanding self-gratification." Clang!)

Staff/Sgt. Clemens:—Dear Sir. You are a (censored). The (censored) things you said about me are — — — x ! ! @ ! x x. I — — — You go and (censored). That is if — — — x @ ! ! ! And what I want to say is (censored). If you — — — again, I will (censored).

(Sorry. We can't print any more. The blue pencil broke.)

Sergeant Whattman:—Dear Sir: People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones.

And to cap it all, a dastardly attempt was made to frame the Editor himself. In a vile and fiendish plot to tarnish the spotless reputation of the master-mind, a certain designing couple tried to secure pictures of the Editor which low-minded people might consider compromising. This is hereby broadcasting to Ngongotaha, Little Ditchling, Wortle-on-the-Snortle, etc., that the whole business was a frame-up. The Editor's solicitors, Messrs. Skitzle, Honeybubble, Gigglepip and Snork, have the matter in hand and, on demand, can produce certificates of character from the Temperance League, the Band of Little Mothers, Pansy's Purity Party, Aunt Daisy's Happiness Club, and the Comparatively Reverend Bishop of Gin-and-It.

Another interesting phenomenon still to be explained by medical science. Two weeks ago the camp hospital is packed, and every morning finds long queues before the R.A.P. The day before furlough begins, the hospital is empty, and Stan Wiltshire has not a single customer. Do diseases run in cycles—or something?

## PADRE'S MESSAGE

### CHRIST, THE LEADER OF MEN

Napoleon is often represented as saying: "I know man well, and I know that Christ was not a mere man." The reason given is striking and convincing. He reminded his hearers of the personal loyalty that so many thousands of his soldiers showed to him, and then he asks if there is any chance that a few hundred years hence man will be found to think of him as these did; he, Napoleon, will then be a mere figure in history, and he asks them to compare with this the personal devotion of millions of men and women of all nations and races to Christ, eighteen centuries after he had left the world.

The sworn fealty to Christ is the strongest power in the world and is a perpetual tribute to the best that is in human nature. No other leader has a power and a wisdom which can be compared with His; no resourcefulness, no intellect, no strength of character, no personal dignity can for a moment be set beside His matchless perfections. To those that know Him, He is the leader indeed who inspires service in spite of persecution, fear, suffering, hunger and thirst, and even death. For there has never been anyone quite like Christ, nor one who has so captured the love of the world, and what is more, retains it. No man dare deny the magnetism.

Many look helplessly to-day for a leader, be it in war, politics or economics. List the qualities you require in a leader if he is to gain the confidence of his men. You will probably say, courage, efficiency, knowledge, insight, consideration of those under him and finally love. Do you ever realise that you will find all these qualities in Christ in a superlative and infinite degree?

Therein you have the secret of His inspiration and magnetism; the reason why men suffer willingly, make heroic sacrifices, dare nobly and find a purpose in life under His banner. The man who swears allegiance to Christ reaches his true stature, the stature of a Son of God destined for victory.

PLT.-LIEUT. AINSWORTH, S.M.,  
Chaplain, R.N.Z.A.F.

What the well-dressed officer should wear in summer. Lieutenant McNamara and Captain Neesham set the fashion in smart, natty, tropical rig. One must clothe the figure to the weather's figure.

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# AROUND THE HUTS

## EVERYMAN'S HUT

Since the last issue of the "Guerilla" we have moved into our new quarters as everyone knows. How different as far as we are concerned! Every modern convenience, more room, bigger crowds to eat the luxurious dainties and to listen to the words of wisdom floating from the platform. And what an opening! Major Luffey excelled himself and gave us a great kick-off. It was good, too, to see Charlie Morris, of the Y.M., on the platform. Mr. Gauntlett, of Waiouru Everyman's, worthily represented our organisation. We hope that the goodwill of that night will long be continued in the future.

Bible Class operates every Monday and Wednesday night and anybody keen to join in the discussions there will be welcomed by Mr. Hunt, who runs it.

Sunday nights! Sing-song services. The great Rotorua Band is to come down and help us every third Sunday. Ray Opie will give an item or two, and from time to time others also who can perform will do their stuff.

Chess reigns among a number of intellectuals. When a few more sets can be obtained we will no doubt have a tournament.

Johnnie Reid is to start some educational lectures in the Hut in the near future. You will be hearing more about this.

### Y.M.C.A.

Good news! Owing to crowded conditions, and helped in some measure, we hope, by the "Guerilla's" recent remarks, a grand new extension to the Y.M. is on the way up. The alteration has been approved and work should commence shortly.

The proposed additions will include a new quiet room, a lounge and a billiard room. This should materially relieve the strain and provide welcome extra facilities for the lads.

Record consumption of fruit cake this month. Charlie Morris tells us that the amount eaten by hungry hordes if placed end to end would stretch from the camp to Ngongotaha. We must try it sometime.

Gus Lewis and Doug. Halcombe both sport new well-deserved crowns. Very much in evidence in C Company now is that popular tajeum smile, while Gus is still throwing himself into his assault courses.



# Feeding the Forces

HOW many soldiers realise the tremendous problem that is involved in supplying them with food, especially a variety of fresh vegetables?

With so many men withdrawn from civil life and a large number of visiting troops to sustain, the vegetable question becomes a very serious one. However, very efficient Tom Rasleigh, the Camp Supply Officer, and his band of Ration-hounds have done wonders in the past in their tapping of local resources to supply the troops with an incomparable variety of fruit and vegetables, all drawn from local gardens, and thus as fresh as the proverbial daisy.

But at last a comprehensive scheme is under way which will not only relieve the burden on rations, but will mark a move towards guarding against the inevitable fluctuations in the quality and quantity of our food supply.

This is the Services' Vegetables Scheme, which has recently been inaugurated by the Department of Agriculture, and which is coming into operation throughout the Dominion. As yet the project is in its initial stages, and the services are still drawing on supplies on hand, but before the end of the year the scheme should be able to supply not only all the vegetables necessary for all the forces in this area, but to have a surplus as well for other centres.

A few miles from camp, the scheme may be seen in full swing; 56 acres of splendid land have been completely laid down in vegetables and the astonished eye gazes upon hundreds of millions of seedlings just popping above the ground. In one bed alone there are 15 miles of carrots and parsnips, and this is not the largest of the beds. The seed-boxes which stretch seemingly to infinity contain enough lettuces to constitute a paradise for a thousand rabbits. Leeks, peas, beet-root, spinach, cabbage, silver beet, peas, cauliflowers, etc., etc., are there in embryo, and the neat, efficient look of the whole vast area argues well for the success of the project. Rotational crops have been planted and provision made for both winter and summer supplies. Assuredly the men in this camp may look forward to a constant supply of a wide variety of the choicest and freshest vegetables, most of which will be served only a few hours after being cut.

There is no more enthusiastic booster of the new scheme than Tom Rasleigh. He has every confidence in this Departmental plan to assure for the soldiers the so-necessary nutritious food, and he ought to know!

Staff "Pat" Ward continues to supply from his bulging canteen lair everything from a razor-blade to a box of chocolates. It beats us how he does it. He must have secret agents lurking in all the warehouses in the Southern Hemisphere.

And "Pat's" cheerful smile is wider than ever now. For after months of struggling alone to cope with his huge trade, he has secured an efficient assistant in the person of Sergeant Bidwell.



### COLONEL'S CROUCHER COCKTAIL.

So you've been to the R.A.P.  
And think you know what's wrong,  
Try this little bracer with your tea,  
Soon you'll sing a different song.

### FURLOUGH!

"Hail, smiling morn!" we gaily sing,  
As, rising ere the trumpet blows,  
(A most unheard-of kind of thing),  
We fill that kit with dirty clothes  
We've put aside as they have come,  
A present for the wife, or Mum.

Then, hearts so carefree, heads so high,  
We pack our goods, and lash them tight,  
Make straw from palliasses fly,  
Make sure our shoes are newly bright,  
Then off at 9 to B.H.Q.  
For ration cards and warrants, too.

With new-ironed felts on heads astride,  
We even give the Serg. a smile,  
Our webs and rifles hung aside,  
And bed for once in neatish pile.  
Out of this vale of tears and woe,  
To furlough's Paradise we go.

But every lining has a cloud,  
The days flip by on stream-lined wings,  
The battle-dress becomes a shroud,  
The merry heart no longer sings.  
We fly to Heaven with smiling face,  
We crawl back to the other place.

—Calliban.



They are used by climbers of New Zealand's highest mountains, by miners far down in the bowels of the earth, by farmers for the toughest work. KING LEO BOOTS have built up an enviable name for strength and durability, thus

proving that their slogan . . .  
**KING LEO BOOTS**  
**BEST FOR ANY JOB,**

is no misnomer.

To-day the whole production of King Leo Factory is turning out footwear of the best grade for our soldiers and airmen.

**ALWAYS REMEMBER — KING LEO**  
**BEST FOR ANY JOB.**

Inserted by Ward Brothers Footwear, Ltd., Airedale St., Auckland, C.I.



## WAAFORISMS

WHO was the green orchid who rang Wellington twice to buy orchids for a female blue orchid, only to give them, impulsively, to the wrong blue orchid?

The W.A.A.F.'s are very curious to know who has been discreetly oiling the skids, because the girls in blue now have 11 o'clock leave every week night. As yet, none of them believe it, and, through force of habit, are climbing out windows and sneaking up back streets instead of boldly looking as if they have a right to be out.

A rather dense W.A.A.F. was typing "Radio Theory" and was jolted out of her Monday morning daze on reading in the technical and dull lecture the suggestive phrase: "The repulsion and attraction of charged bodies."

The opening of the new W.A.A.F. Club was an outstanding success, except that the Editor of "The Arawa Guerilla" was there, nose quivering in search of copy. Several couples, upon seeing him, ran away blushing. There were, however, no scandals (except one, which does not bear repeating) and the Editor, frustrated, contented himself with looking more predatory than usual.

Soldiers desirous of obtaining a W.A.A.F. permanently had better hurry. In the last month three of this unit have married, and two of the very few eligible W.A.A.F.'s left have become engaged.

Onions have been planted outside a certain office in Headquarters. It is hoped that they will at some future date provide fillings for the sandwiches of unwelcome visitors for morning tea.



THE C.O. recently imagined that the W.A.A.F. telephone operator was talking to him, when in reality it was the town operator who thought she was talking to a W.A.A.F. Consequently, the C.O. was a bit "rocked" to hear: "I'm sorry, my honey plum, the line's engaged."

## FEMINISING "CONTACT"

The November issue of our humble contemporary, "Contact," should arouse a great deal of interest not only in the Air Force and Army, but amongst the general public. For this is a special W.A.A.F. number, and the bulk of the material in it concerns the life and works of that

# AIR FORCE EXHAUST

integral part of the Air Force machine, the girls in blue.

A striking cover by that excellent artist, Conly, which depicts a typical W.A.A.F., sets the tone of the whole issue.

The main feature is an article by I.J.M., entitled "A Woman's Place—You're Telling Me," which gives an admirable idea of the manifold jobs being done by the Women's Auxiliary Air Force and the staggering burden of responsibility being so efficiently shouldered by them.

After reading these features, one begins to understand why the W.A.A.F. claims to "train girls in everything from cooking to the science of meteorology."

To complete the picture, there is a fine illustrated section showing every aspect of the girls' work.

Additional features include another "Egbert the Erk" article, more "Aviation Medicine," a short story, "The Rain Stopped," and, of course, "Wendy the W.A.A.F."



## LET'S GET TOGETHER

The All Services Y.M. continues to supply its many services under the guidance of energetic Hugh Wilson and Co.

The latest successful innovation is the "Get Together" evenings held each Wednesday in the Ritz Hall. One Wednesday is for W.A.A.F.'s and the Army, and the next for W.A.A.F.'s and the Air Force, and although they have been inaugurated only recently, these social evenings have proved extremely popular.

There is certainly never any trouble in finding "volunteers" from the Army camp. And, though it does pain us to say it, the Army lads seem to be the "top" with the girls in blue. Perhaps the Air Force just lacks that extra something.

Just a note to remind you that the All Services Y.M. IS the ALL SERVICES Y.M.

Every branch of the Services is very welcome always to use the many facilities available. Apparently some of the lads and lasses have the idea that it is primarily a service for the Air Force. This is not so. Although the Air Force make use of the hall for its routine work, the Y.M. is there for the benefit of every member of the Armed Forces.

Hugh Wilson would like to see more of the Army lads in the hall. Remember, when you are on leave, the A.S. Y.M. has a canteen, recreation rooms, games, post office, and a homely atmosphere.

# RECOGNITION OF AIRCRAFT

## 2.—Glossary of Descriptive Terms.

Following upon our initial discussion of the first principles of aircraft recognition, we append a list of descriptive terms which will be used in future articles. It is important that these terms should be mastered as a key to the structural features of the various types of aircraft.

**AILERONS**—Hinged flaps on the trailing edge of the wings, near to the tips, which provide lateral control. One is raised as the other is lowered. By this means the pilot executes the movement known as "banking."

**BAY**—Biplane wings are supported by interplane struts which subdivide the span into sections termed "bays."

**CAMBER**—The curvature of the upper or lower surface of a wing or of any aerofoil.

**CHORD**—Width of wing or aerofoil from leading to trailing edge measured in a straight line, disregarding camber.

**CONSERVATORY**—Colloquial description of the large glazed roof enclosing the cabin of certain aeroplanes, e.g. Anson, Battle, etc. Also termed "Greenhouse."

**COWL OR COWLING**—Sheet metal cover of streamline form which more or less encloses the engine. On radial engines the cowling is usually combined with an exhaust collector ring and air-cooling ducts.

**CUT-WAY**—Denotes that the regular outline of a wing or elevator is cut away; for example, to enlarge the pilot's field of view or to give rudder clearance.

**DIHEDRAL**—Or positive dihedral, is the angle between each wing and the horizontal when the wings are inclined upwards towards the tips.

**FAIRINGS**—Light coverings of streamline form fitted to reduce resistance to airflow.

**FIN**—The fixed vertical part of the tail unit to which the rudder is usually hinged. Like the fin of a fish, it increases directional and lateral stability.

**FLAPS**—Movable surfaces at the trailing edge, so arranged that their position and angle in relation to the trailing edge may be controlled by the pilot. They serve as air brakes, enabling the pilot to steepen the landing glide without gaining excessive speed, or as dive brakes.

**FUSELAGE**—The body of an aeroplane in which the pilot, crew and load are accommodated and to which other main structural parts are attached. In the "flying wing" type the fuselage is merged into the centre of a single large wing of special design.

**IN-LINE ENGINE**—Consisting of one or more blocks of cylinders arranged in line, as in motor-car engines. The Rolls-Royce "Merlin" is an in-line V-type liquid-cooled engine, the two blocks of six cylinders in line being arranged in V form. The Napier "Dagger" air-cooled engine has four in-line blocks each of six cylinders arranged approximately in H form.

**LEADING EDGE**—The forward edge of wings, tailplane, fins, etc.

**NACELLES**—Streamline housings outside the fuselage, which usually enclose the engines of a multi-engined aircraft.

Next Month (3): THE OXFORD.

GUERRILLAS UNLEASHED



THE epoch-making event of the month was undoubtedly the Commando Exercises of October 20 to 23, when an intrepid band of hand-picked guerillas plunged courageously into the (virtually) uncharted country between

Lakes Tarawera, Okareka and Okataina. Led by 2nd/Lieut. Macneil, and including S/M. Puki ("Nimrod") Green, the mighty hunter, and Sgt. John ("Professor") Reid, pathfinder extraordinary, this superb collection of masculinity comprised Cpl. A. K. ("Griffo") Griffith, Ptes. J. Wilson, H. E. Needham, A. T. Collins, K. Hayden, D. R. Craig, L. S. Hayward, A. S. Morrison, J. W. Owen, F. P. Scott, K. Corner, H. P. Hopkins, C. W. Guinness, E. L. Harker and D. Broadbent.

The four days spent in the open proved profitable from every point of view, and even the moaners, who, like the poor, are always with us, showed by their very moaning, how much they enjoyed themselves. The party covered over 50 miles, some of it through rather difficult country, and gained much helpful information about the land in its military aspects, the food resources, topographical features, physical and mental requirements for such a trip, etc. Everybody stood up well to the journey, even through the really tough parts.

One of the most pleasant features of the exercises was the splendid co-operation of the civilian population with whom the guerillas came in contact. Their hospitality was comprehensive, and they proved of material assistance in many ways, especially when the Game Stalkers' Club returned from abortive sorties. Mr. and Mrs. Miller and Mr. and Mrs. May, especially, merit the party's thanks for their ready understanding of the needs of the Army.

On Tuesday, getting off to a flying start, the band followed the main road as far as the Native School and then struck off over the hills in the direction of Lake Okataina. On the way a call was made at the school-house, and Jim Wilson and Dan Craig went in search of tea, spending half-an-hour in the process. The whole thing was rather mysterious until we learned of the red-headed school-mistress.

Touching picture: John Reid, surrounded by scores of Maori children, telling them a few more tall stories.

The day was very wet and misty, which made bearings difficult. However, the



'EM ALEXANDER.

bush was reached before noon and an elegant repast made off dry rations. The forage party, headed by "Nimrod" Green, succeeded in scaring hell out of a stray deer and two rabbits.

Skilled deduction located a fairly easy track through the bush. After the main body emerged, however, the forage gang turned up missing, the intrepid S/M. having hauled himself down a ravine after some beast or other. After much debate, it was decided to follow him, and then began the epic of Okataina Ravine.

Sheer, slippery, devilish, trackless, creeper-entangled—slips, scrambles, slides and assorted profanity—that is the descent in a few words! Scotty, Hoppy, Griff and Craig wrapped in a madman's web of vines and creepers—all this to the bottom and then at the top of a sheer cliff is heard the happy accents of the great Nimrod. So up it is. And, boy, was it tough! Handholds on vines and ferns, a foot at a haul, one slip meaning instant destruction, or something. But the party survived to greet with choice epithets a leering S/M. at the top. "Dr. Green, I presume."

It was decided then to spend the night above Lake Okataina. Bivvys were made under the only shelter for miles, a tiny tree and a semi-cannibalistic meal was made off some "game," the details of which it might be rash to mention.

And then it rained! And rained! The "waterproof" ground-sheets were soon soaked, and those who fled the "shelter" for the fire were entertained by the muffled oaths of the other huddled forms half-floating in water.

Some cameos. "Scotty" with true Lancelotian stolidity, keeping the blazing fire going and trying unsuccessfully to make a brew. Hayward and Wilson in a moaning chorus. Owen huddled like a Red Indian in a miserable blanket. Corner and Puki blissfully snoring in a torrential downpour. Mr. Macneil with a damp posterior. John Reid in that frightful shirt only, laughing loudly as he holds a damp pair of shorts to the fire.

Damn spirits revived next day with the returning sun, and the boys went cracking well round the bush towards Lake Okareka. After a drying-spell at a woodshed, they arrived at the shores of the lake. By good luck, enquiries were made at the house of Mr. Miller who magically produced large quantities of guerilla gargle. This, combined with a clear, sunny sky, sent morale up 100 per cent.

Wednesday was spent in the vicinity of the lake, while the "Bring 'Em Back Alive" Club plunged some 12 miles into the Tarawera country, to be once more frustrated. Several of the party borrowed a boat and surveyed the far side of the lake where it flows underground into Lake Tarawera. Even the Hill-Billies enjoyed themselves.

In the evening our good friends entertained us. The spectacle had to be seen to be believed of eighteen "commandos" crammed into a small room, Mr. Macneil picking up matchboxes with his mouth, Guinness, Harker and Broadbent shouting encouragement, Craig crooning Maori melodies, and Reid "going to town" with "Bolero." Guerilla warfare de luxe!

On Thursday, under the guidance of the gazelle-limbed Mr. Miller, the party entered into the most interesting part of the journey through the country on the near side of Lake Tarawera moving towards the Blue Lake.

Jim Wilson, the resourceful cook, was sent on to prepare a camp. The march was not an easy one, taking over eight hours, without food, and with brief spells only.

Steady going was kept up over many different types of country, fern, bush, volcanic chasms, lava-flows, wash-outs, ridges, valleys, etc. Many interesting sights were seen, the curious monument of the Rev. Spencer, the chasms left by the Tarawera eruption, sheer cliff-faces, sandy beaches, and, in the distance, Te Wairoa waterfall. Eventually, the party arrived on a high hill overlooking the Blue and Green Lakes.

And then a superb, squatting descent for several hundred feet, with "Griffo" leading the way, a la Luna Park, and Owen and Morrison fighting madly with creepers.

A good camp was made on the Blue Lake, and, while some strolled the seven miles to the Buried Village, the others held a sing-song round the fire. Rain again, but a borrowed tarpaulin helped this time.

On Friday, the guerillas returned cheerfully with "She Was Poor, But She Was Honest" as favourite marching song. And what a mob of ferocious backblockers they looked as they bowled into camp—felt hats a-saging, denims caked with mud, flourishing beards and tousled hair. A sight to make the elegant finch. No wonder the Colonel grinned!

When is the next trip, mate?

You'll like it  
**BETTER**  
 it's better  
**FOR YOU**

**LION A18**  
 Brewed at the Lion Brewery, Auckland

ROUTINE DISORDERS

“OSSIFERS”



WE note that several new sentry-boxes are in course of construction. Does the Major propose to put one beside each hole in the fence?

Captain James, after a brief spell of furlough, is once more rotating rapidly up to his eyebrows. “Yes,” he remarked last week, “I’m like a one-armed paperhanger in a high wind with an itchy nose and a pair of broken braces.”

Mr. Macnell is looking very fit after his commando excursion. He certainly proved himself an expert on smelling out means of internal warmth and on parlour tricks.

We condole with Mr. Whyman, who, we understand, was a trifle seedy one recent Sunday morning. Why, man, surely you can take it!

On a recent Wednesday afternoon, Mr. Ingle joined a foot squad for P.T., but was smartly spun when ordered by the instructor to remove shoes and socks. “You look in a very bad way, indeed,” he said.

Diminutive Mr. Herdson, another new arrival, deceptively conceals a palpitating mass of surging dynamic energy beneath a sawn-off exterior. Also always ready to oblige. Have a word, son, with Mr. Herdson.

“ENSEEOES”



YOU’LL always find that Rae is ready for a frae.

How discerning was the lady who, on presenting Sergeant Archibald with a box of cakes one Sunday evening, said, “We are always pleased to give anything to a worthy object.”

Sergeant Buchanan has apparently reverted to the bottle again. From Auckland, where he is ostensibly sitting exams., Bob sends a pair of sandals back to camp for a colleague, both of them right feet!

Many a crime bears its fruit in the shadow of Old Bayley.

I’ve tried very hard but I really can’t find anything good to say about Grant.

You’d never take Jim Larsen for any kind of parson

You ignorant P.B.P.’s may jeer and say Clem Bradley’s rather queer, but he’s always bright and from what I hear he might make a fairish auctioneer.

We wonder if a Medical Board is the same as any other board. Very thick and very wooden.

P.B. PRIVATES



WE hear that P.B.P. Knowles has developed a keen interest in farming, and is most eager to spend his leave at Ngongotaha learning to milk cows and ride horses. Is the simple life the only attraction, we wonder?

P.B.P. Ramsbottom. Don’t look now, but a black sheep’s behind.

Is he a Pissey, is he, Lizzie?

Gunner Belcher: Tut, tut, such manners!

Sapper Chick. Refuses to be egged on.

P.B.P. Reid: Isn’t one of them enough?

We wonder if Neville White isn’t something of a dark horse.

Why be Moodie? Be Blythe and Revell!

A short time in the Army makes you Wylie.

Large batches of old hands left for pastures new last week, including some who had been here so long that they had become almost rooted. The oldest inhabitant competition re-opens again this week.

<p><b>COSTELLO'S</b>  <b>FOR THE BEST MEALS</b>                  RESTAURANT — GRILLS AND FISH                  MILK BAR — TIP TOP ICE CREAM,                  DELICIOUS ICE CREAM SODAS.  <b>Both Situated in Tutanekai St.</b>  <b>Bill Costello ... Proprietor</b></p>	<p>We are Stockists of  <b>PAINTS, KALSOMINES,</b>  <b>WALLPAPERS, TIMBER.</b>  <b>LEE BROS., LTD.</b>                  STORE: FENTON ST., 'PHONE 290.                  MILL: KOUTU, 'PHONE 768.</p>
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