

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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WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND

"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, Flaigstrut 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."