

GUERRILLA

THE SOLDIERS' JOURNAL

5 JUL 1943

No. 16. JULY, 1943.

ROTORUA REMEDIAL CAMP PRODUCTION.

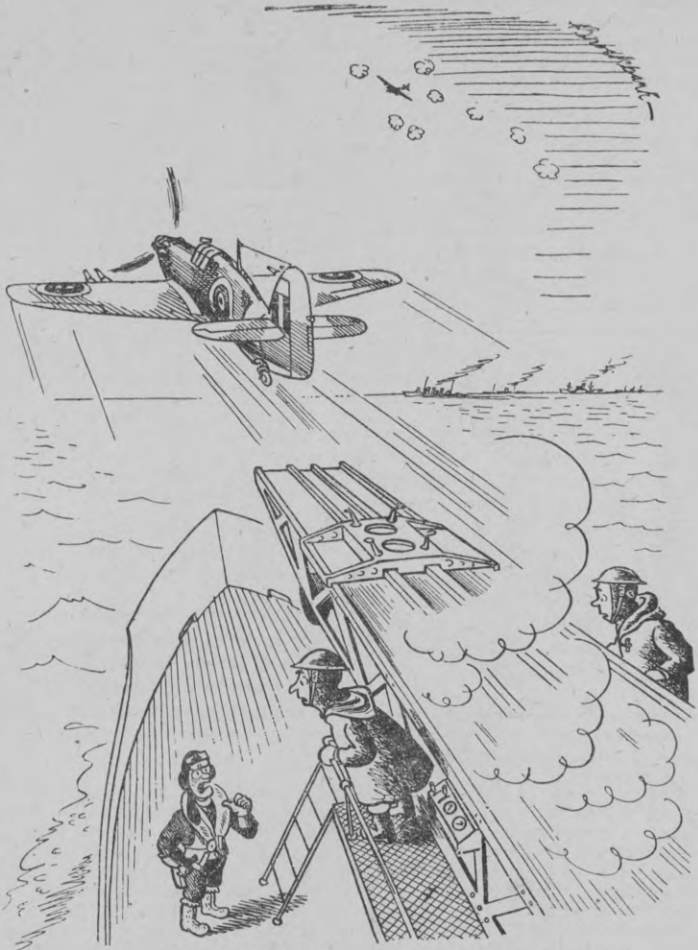
PRICE: THREEPENCE.



CONTENTS

Page

Live Rounds	2
Editorial — And What Then?	3
Hot Shots & Cold Showers	3
Leisure Hours	4
Col. Bluphy - Gadsyre's Message	5
WAAC O!	5
Let's Finish Off This War	5
Around The Huts	6
Maori Military Funeral	6
The Open Forum — Religion in Russia	7
Remedials' Song	8
Stuck In The Mud	8
The Big Fight	8
Von Looter's Blitz History	9
I Couldn't Keep From Laughing	9
Maori Tales	9
True To Form	10
For Those in Peril on The Sea	10
Battalion Parade	10
Odds and Sods	11
Why I Joined the A.T.C.	12
Sportslants	13
Sam Joins Up	13
Know Your Enemy — The Japanese	14
Shoppers' Guide To The Thermal Wonderland	15
Routine Disorders	16



"DON'T MIND ME — I'M ONLY THE PILOT!"

New Feature . . . The Open Forum.

"THAT MAN"

From Moravia comes the story of a Czech woman on her way to market with her vegetables in a crowded tram, who began complaining loudly (with the obvious approval of the audience) of all the trouble, starvation and misery that "he" was bringing on the country.

Soon a young Nazi asked her, threateningly, "Whom do you mean?" "Churchill," was the prompt reply, "and whom did you think I meant?"

Two men had foregathered in the cañon for a "quick one."

"What's this about the sergeant falling into a camouflaged practice trench and breaking his leg?" asked one.

"Ssh!" replied another urgently. "It doesn't happen till to-morrow."

Hitler was interviewing his troops and stopped to talk to one private.

"How are things with you?" he asked.

"Oh, I can't complain, sir," answered the soldier.

"I'll say you can't," agreed the Fuehrer.



"What do you mean — your dogs are barking?"

"NERTS"

Do you know the story of the Home Guard charged with manslaughter until it was found that the man he shot was a German spy? Asked how he knew the man was a spy, he said, "by instinct." Pressed for an explanation, he said that the man answered "friend" to his challenge. "And do you shoot any man who answers 'friend'?" asked the Judge. "Sure," said the H.G., "everybody I know says 'aw nerts'."

At a particularly loud clap of thunder a woman in a London street started visibly. Said a passing urchin: "It's all right, lidy. It ain't 'Itler; it's Gawd."



THE RAID

The men of an Ack-Ack battery were warned that they must be in their position within three minutes of an air-raid alarm being received.

For some time they had nothing to do, so the commander decided that he would give them a trial alarm to test their efficiency.

In the middle of the night the alarm sounded. Spurred on by the thought that they were being tested the men tumbled over one another to get to their posts.

But they were pulled up suddenly by an officer. "All right," he said, "no hurry. Its not the trial. Its a raid."

ALL CLEAR

It was after the raid and the pilots were clambering out of their machines, very pleased with themselves.

But one man began to shake violently, and put his hand to his head. They led him into the mess. They gave him brandy after brandy, but still his hand shook. Presently the M.O. arrived.

"Steady, boy," he said. "Nerves?" "Nerves be jiggered!" said the patient, "I can't get this wrist-watch to go!"

I always eat peas with honey,
I've done it all my life;
They do taste kind of funny,
But it keeps them on the knife.

LIES

Hitler's dictum that the bigger the lie was, the more it would be believed, has been used a great deal in Germany. Lying has become a fine art. Two careerists in the German Foreign Office were rivals for a particular job and both decided that a trip to Munich would advance their interests.

They met on the railway station, and after eyeing each other for a moment, one asked the other where he was going. The other replied that he was going to Munich.

When they ran into each other in Munich, the former said, furiously: "So you were going to Munich! You liar! You told me that so that I would think you were going somewhere else!"

SHOCK FOR SERGEANT.

The sergeant was inclined to be a trifle sarcastic.

"You'll find sergeants in this war much more considerate than they were in the last war," he said to a batch of newly-arrived recruits.

"There will be no shouting of orders. Instead, I will beckon to you with my finger and that means 'I want you!'"

"Sarge," called out a P. B. P., "you're a man after my own heart, 'cos when I shakes me head it means 'I ain't coming!'"



"A double-breaster suits me best."

In the Middle East the influx of English-speaking troops has brought forward a crop of signs in "English" on the shops.

A shoemaker announces: "For your repairs you can wait."

A corsetiere: "Ladies' Corsets and Udderwear."

Susceptibility by the Japs to tropical diseases is reported. We now see that the inscrutable workings of Providence, in providing these scourges, had some purpose after all.

AND WHAT THEN?

LATELY I have been struck with the attitude of many people towards this war. Since the Japanese forces have been held in the Pacific, and especially since we have chased "Jerry" out of North Africa, there has been a reversal of the defeatist spirit which was at one time rather noticeable in some sections of this and other communities. There is a tendency to relax and become slack, and I will not say the majority, but a large group of people are apt to consider the war as being won.

So it is. Not even in the darkest hours of Dunkerque, London, Greece, Crete and our other reverses did any real man with British blood and tradition in his veins doubt that Britain and her Allies would conquer. But the war is by no means ended. We have a long road to travel before "That Man" and his associates are liquidated. Those who may be doomed to remain in New Zealand and to miss the honour of being in at the death may never realise the keen joy of those who have been head of the hunt and seen "hounds" kill. Nor, in this gracious and sheltered island, can they ever realise what sacrifice has been and will be made by those who have come into close contact with war. (That is worth remembering, by the way, when we hear people complaining that they are short of cigarettes or silk stockings.)

But after all this sacrifice—what then?

Are we, as individuals or as a nation, to sink back into a slough of petty striving after personal comfort; are we to continue in a path that can only lead to decadence and physical deterioration of the race? Are we going to be content to appoint leaders leaving them to attempt to build a New Jerusalem while we look on?

There is only one answer a MAN can make to that question.

I can hear many say, "Yes. But how do we start? Not many of us are fitted to administer the laws and to formulate new codes for a new order." That is answered in the motto of my old school, "Mens sane, in corpore sano" (by a healthy mind in a healthy body). It is wise

to remember that without a healthy body the brain and mind—which are really physical things—cannot function perfectly and that without health of mind or body we cannot keep our heads bloody but unbowed under even the light bludgeonings of modern life, far less the heavy blows which we are liable to stop in the coming years.

Remember our own General Sir Bernard Freyberg, who, by his example both as courage and fitness has led the men of the New Zealand Division to deeds that will be written in history in letters of flame.

Remember our Maori countrymen. Through pride of race and increasing physical fitness they have again taken their place in this country and will take their place in the world. Is the Pakeha to be shamed by the Maori? No! Let us go on together as we have done through the blood and tears of this war. Let us think, not of ourselves, but of our children and our children's children. Let us aim at a stronger, healthier and therefore straighter thinking race. Let us learn to do instead of watch. Only through this can we attain full enjoyment and content in this life, and only through this can we, when the Great Leveller comes along, say to our private gods that we helped those who come after.

You who are in this camp at present are, I hope, but the vanguard of a movement that I would like to see last continuously after this war is over. I can visualise camps run on lines similar to this for the use of the youth of the country, where they may develop their bodies and discipline their minds. And from them I can see springing a race of which we may be proud.

All men know that it is the bounden duty to make and keep himself fit for the war and the war effort. After that—what then? In my mind there is only one answer and I have given it.

A. G. COUSTON, Lt.-Col. N.Z.M.C.,
Camp Commandant.

HOT SHOTS



MAJOR DAY came across four sergeants in a bundle. "What's going on here?" quoth he.

"We're having a stop-work meeting."

"Crikey," said Major Day, "do you have to have a meeting for it now?"

* * *

It is said that in Crete when the dive-bombers came on again the New Zealanders would say, "Here they come again—poor old b——, no homes to go to."

BOOTS

It has been estimated that the average pair of human feet carry 1357 tons a day. With Army boots on, we say that this figure should be doubled.

HORRORS OF WAR No. 4

THE R.S.M.

In announcing a programme the other night, a Berlin radio speaker asked Germans "to place their hands on their hearts and say what they thought of the war." And then duck.

COLD SHOWERS

DON McLACHLAN came here to relieve Dick (who was going on sick leave) in the Y.M. A couple of days after he arrived he got himself a bump on the head and landed in hospital for an indefinite period. What a relief that man turned out to be!



When the C.O. appeared at breakfast the other morning he said that the only reason that he got up early was because it was too cold to stay in bed.

LEISURE HOURS

THE COY. SHOWS

A new series of company concerts is under weigh and a plethora of new talent has been exposed to the light of day. The biggest discovery of the series so far has been the appearance of two first rate comedians amongst the senior N.C.O.'s, Sergeant-Majors Freeny and Schollum.

With a Bang.

H.Q. started the series. With a small cast the Coy put on a musical revue which went with a bang from start to finish. It was produced by Cpl. Jackson-Thomas and provided the last performance of the camp's rank-



Our "Arthur."

ing comedian, Cpl. Struckett, who has now 'gone before.' All companies presented choruses with parodied words to familiar tunes, but H.Q. got a slight edge on the other boys by using some original music, specially written for the show.

The Laughing Song, which tore the reputations from a number of camp notables, and "Trees," which put Capt. Hollows on the spot, were received with delight. A number of bright sketches were put across and Brian Gardner's xylophone playing, and the orchestra's efforts, went across well. A scene set in a maternity home in which most of the cast seemed to be involved brought the house down.

Quick-fire interludes led by Eric Struckett set the pace of the show and many novel items—such as the 'character' duet by Jack Cameron and our 'Arthur'—kept the ball rolling.

Lively Performance.

A Coy's was particularly noteworthy because the strength of the Coy

from which the talent had to be drawn was at the lowest ebb ever. Nothing daunted, producer Roskruge turned out a lively performance. Mr. Mc Naughton lent a willing hand in the organisation of the show, and had to be seen to be believed in his appearance in an interlude of Grandeur Opera as "Saut" with the great Skruge as Marguerita and Cpl. Hesp as the bold villain. An unbelievably awkward squad and the girlish confidences of two lassies of the town were amongst the most popular numbers.

But the thing which put A Coy. firmly on the map was the comedy work of S/M. Schollum in interludes and sketches. He exhibited a genius for the ridiculous, which should make history in the camp's entertainment.

Oh, B Coy. !

The humour in B Coy's show was rather broad, but of course B Coy, could not be expected to have the purity of H.Q.—or even A Coy. S/M. Freeny, the other great discovery of the series, proved to be a frozen face comedian of no mean order. Sgt. Hutter was an excellent foil for him.

The show was produced by Mr. Spraggon which ensured plenty of



Mr. Spraggon.

zip. The dancing was well received. The luscious harem scene and the classic dancing of about a dozen of the awkwardest men in this or any Army were really amusing.

The sketches were numerous and the interludes kept the audience rocking. The Fourth Form at St. Hollows went over well, but there is no truth in the story that the ladies are now flocking to Tailor Spraggon to be measured for costumes.

Mr. Spraggon was discovered at one period thinly disguised as the devil. He related the particular punishments he had in mind for certain individuals in the camp. The work of P.B.P. Holmes shows promise for the future.

With only C Coy. to go, the general conclusion is that this series of Coy. concerts is the best yet.

DANCE

During the month another unit dance was held. As usual Sgt. Vincent was M.C. and did his usual good job of work. There was a big crowd and everybody seemed keen to dance—on this occasion the dance did not have the fault of previous dances, a bunch of shrinking violets standing over by the annex, too timid to ask the girls to dance.

The evening was notable in two respects. One was the last public appearance of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Wood and the other the last performance of the camp band. The evening was its swan song; it is now broken up and the players mostly marched out.

Organised many months ago by Don Patton, Eric Struckett and Cec.



Don Patton.

Hooker, the orchestra acquired some fame in the district and beyond and was much in demand. Its performance, it was generally agreed, was first rate. There were changes in the personnel from time to time, but the standard was maintained. The camp is going to miss its orchestra.

"My wife always hears me when I enter the house late at night," complains a correspondent. Has the war taught him nothing? He should infiltrate in.

* * *
"Can you tell the way to the police station, please?" said the nun, going up to the priest in the street. "Sorry. No good asking me. I'm a paratroop too."

WAAC O!

The WAACS have descended on us. Until now the arid wastes of the camp have known no refreshing feminine figures with the exception of Tilly of the Tolls and the canteen girls. But now we have the WAACS. Records have got more than their



share. It is not fair that with only such a limited number available they should have so many. However, we understand that they have one left over and propose to raffle her.

COL. BLUPHLY-GADSYRE'S MESSAGE

HITLER'S NOT SO BAD

I've always said that people don't appreciate Hitler. Of course, he did make a mistake in going to war against the Bluphly-Gadsyre family and the Empire.

Take the Jews for example. I'll admit that Hitler is a bit heavy-handed when he goes around killing off whole families of Jews, but I just put that down to boyish enthusiasm. Back in 1894 a Jewish tailor scorched a pair of my trousers. This was obviously part of an international anarchist plot to undermine the British Empire. They were my best cashmere trousers, too!



This Democracy Thing.

And then take the question of democracy. Hitler's against it—and so am I. Throughout history the Bluphly-Gadsyres of Gadsyre have always taken a leading part in all national institutions. We have bossed everything from the Royal Household to the Little Wumplethorpe Croquet and Amateur Theatricals Society. But with the insidious growth of this democracy thing more and more institutions have taken to "electing" their commanding officers. And every time this happens we Bluphly-Gadsyres get thrown out.

I, being a Bluphly-Gadsyre, was obviously designed by Nature and Providence to be a ruler. But this upstart democracy has hurled my gifts in the face of Providence, turned them into Dead Sea fruit and left them crying in the wilderness. Nobody takes any notice of me nowadays. If I were a German Hitler would know how to make use of a man of my calibre.

This Preposterous Notion.

When ever I complain about the state of affairs to-day I am told that what is required to-day is men who can think. I disagree entirely with this preposterous notion. Things were different in my young day. Then what was required was men who could give orders. The best men were the men who could shout loudest. And the more difficult the situation the louder you shouted.

Hitler has proved that this was right because the Nazis shouted louder than anybody else and so got control of the whole works.

No, thinking never got anybody anywhere. Hitler knows this and, quite rightly, has made thinking a crime in Germany. In the words of my favourite Biblical quotation, "Can any man by taking thought add one sabot to his statue?"

We had a very wet day this month. It rained and rained. But the bugler was equal to the occasion. He was out, call blown and back between drops of rain. He got through the calls in about one-tenth of the time it usually takes to blow them.

* * *

Sentry: "Afraid I can't let you pass without the password, sir."

Officer: "But, I tell you, I've forgotten it, and you know me well enough. I'm Major Smith."

Sentry: "Sorry, sir, must have the password."

Voice from tent: "Oh, don't stand arguing all night, Bill. Shoot him!"

Let's Finish off this War!

WHAT WE CAN DO NOW

FROM time to time there comes a job that we can do towards finishing off the war.

We have such a job now. Whatever our financial position we can contribute to the Third Liberty Loan.

A National War Savings Account from 1/- upwards, Liberty Bonds or War Loan stock — whatever the size of our purse, we can contribute.

Let us dig deep — let us finish off Hitlerism!

Be in on the Third Liberty Loan!

(Contributed by "Guerrilla.")



AROUND THE HUTS

Y.M.C.A.

Charles was cut to the quick by the verse in last month's "Guerilla" about the Y.M.'s sole variety of cake. He was heard muttering to himself, "We may have only one sort of cake, but we have 18 kinds of drinks!"

We have to report that Tilly's dancing lessons are proceeding satisfactorily. She only rides on one foot now, not two. With the loss of her old dancing master, Col. Wood, Tilly has had to look elsewhere for tuition so she is carrying on with the officers.

Curtains loaned by the Repertory Society have much improved the stage for concert work. Future concerts are going to miss P.B.P. Fitzgerald, who has marched out. Fitz was a tower of strength in all shows; he was "the man who gets things done."

Dick is away on sick leave, his place being taken for the meantime by Don McLachlan. Don says that Fitz has gone to his camp and when he returns he will be looking for Fitz to see that his talents are not wasted.

With the icy hand of winter on us the need is apparent for a fireplace or hot dogge at the thin end of the hut. This is the end the wind blows from—and if it must blow it might as well blow hot. Happy Heke is an advantage this winter—his slogan seems to be "hot words for cold mornings."

The boys have been missing the Maori concerts lately and are wondering when our friends are going to turn on a show for them again. The Maori concerts have always been a distinctive feature of the life of this camp.

Don McLachlan comes from Timaru. It may surprise those who have seen the place, but Don evidently suffers from nostalgia for it. If you come from Timaru he will talk to you for hours.

In the Y.M. Charley Gregory is relieving Don McLachlan who is relieving Dick, who is sick.

EVERYMAN'S

We have been very quiet this month. Again generous leave and a number of men marching out has eased the pressure of some previous months.

The comforts of the open firesides are enjoyed now the cold nights have set in.

The warm, homely atmosphere has a relaxing effect on the men, giving an added feeling of contentment after the day's work.

A chess competition is now being arranged, but owing to the absence of the chess king, "George," who is away on hut business, the exact date will be displayed on our blackboard as early as possible.

Bible class on Monday and Wednesday nights still goes on, and some very interesting times are spent in the new room at the back of the hut.

MAORI MILITARY FUNERAL

The unit during the month provided an escort and firing party for the burial at the Ohinemutu marae of S/M. Pita Moko, 1st N.Z.E.F. The service was conducted by Rev. Tamahori, assisted by Rev. Harawira.

The Maori children watched with stilled faces while the escort and firing party took up their places in the courtyard. A hymn was sung in Maori and there were addresses in the the two tongues. The party then moved off with arms reversed at a slow march while the women wailed their farewell.

While the church bell tolled the procession made its way through the village to the burial ground, that promontory in the lake well known to Maori history and legend.

The burial service was in Maori and when its soft phrases were done, the firing party saluted the dead warrior and the bugled played Last Post and Reveille.

Then Kapa Ehau made a farewell oration over the body of his comrade-in-arms while the gulls wheeled overhead and grey shadows moved over the surface of the lake.

PERSONAL

Sgt-Major G. Downie wishes to give warning that he proposes to take action against those persons who have been slandering him. This concerns those who, since B Coy's concert, have made statements implying that he, S/M. Downie, is no lady.



The Open Forum

GUERRILLA, JULY, 1943 — 7

With this issue we commence a new feature, THE OPEN FORUM. Every second month a controversial subject will be chosen and the Padre will present a case usually from the Christian standpoint. The Editor will then state another view. The space in the following issue will be reserved for readers' opinions. So let us hear what YOU think about it! Contributions should not exceed 250 words.

RELIGION IN RUSSIA

THE PADRE SAYS —

PROBABLY one of the most controversial subjects of the day is the religious situation in Russia. But in order to understand its present peculiarities it is necessary to glance at the historical background. Following his baptism into the Greek Orthodox branch of the Christian Church in 988, the Czar Vladimir destroyed the people's idols, and ordered the inhabitants of Kiev to gather at the Dnieper and be baptised. Thus Christianity was imposed on an ignorant and superstitious peasantry.

A Thousand Years.

For nearly a thousand years the Czarist regime depended on the Orthodox Church for the enforcement of its claims to Divine Right and rule by royal decrees. In return the Church was rewarded by financial assistance of the State and the petty persecution of religious minorities.

Six months after the revolution, the Bolsheviks modified the theory of religious liberty by prohibiting the teaching of the Christian doctrine to the young; while at the same time the religious dogma of atheism replaced the service of a personal God with the service of a class, i.e., the worker, as the supreme function in life. Thus atheism replaced orthodox Christianity as the established faith of the Soviet Republic. The militant Godless movement had enormous funds for anti-religious propaganda and banned the Bible from the nation.

Baptists Gain.

It has been said that "the blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church." Russia was no exception to the rule. For instance, in spite of ruthless persecution, the membership of the Baptist Church increased. This revival of genuine Christianity has had repercussions in the orthodox church itself, destroying much of the corruption.

To-day Russia is a nation fighting for her life. Her ruler has been wise enough to seek the co-operation of

every party and denomination. The franchise has been restored to the clergy, and State aid withdrawn from the Godless movement. A religion without a personal God has proved of little comfort to soldiers dying in defence of their homes and loved ones.

Perhaps the day is not far distant when the nation which has adopted the communistic system will turn again to the Book in which it discovered the principles of brotherly love, and find a God who changes hearts as well as systems.

A. H. LOWDEN, Chaplain.

THE EDITOR SAYS —

THE important thing to remember about religion in Russia is that the Orthodox Church was a State church—a political church, and inextricably tied up with the Tsarist regime. This church threw all its resources into the counter-revolutionary war and as a consequence suffered, not because it was a church, but for obvious military and State reasons. It was at this time that the clergy was deprived of the franchise because they had largely committed themselves to the enemy in the civil war.

Civil rights were restored to the priests, not as the Padre implicitly suggests as a result of the present war, but in 1936 when it was felt that the clergy had ceased to feel that their allegiance was due to the old regime.

Purely Personal Matter.

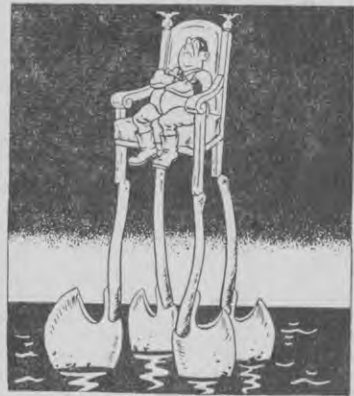
The Soviet attitude to religion has always been stated, "as far as the State is concerned religion is a purely personal matter." The Soviet Government once, after a wave of "persecution" stories had been going the rounds, asked for evidence of any case where a person had been per-

secuted for holding any religious view. There was no response to the challenge.

Education was made secular (as it is supposed to be in New Zealand) and it was made an offence for any person other than the parents to teach religious doctrine to the child.

Almost No Education.

Education had been almost entirely in the hands of the clergy, which meant that there was almost no education in Russia, a little church doctrine was considered a sufficient educational weapon for all the vicissitudes of life. A modern educational system had to be introduced and "competition" from the priests avoided. The authorities said that,



A Russian Cartoon.
Hitler enthroned on executioners' axes in a sea of blood.

anyway, the time for decision about religious beliefs was on maturity when the individual was capable of thinking for himself—not in infancy having his grandmother's ideas forced on him. Many people in this country hold this view.

In his final paragraph the Padre speaks of brotherly love. Here he falls into the Christian habit of assuming that all virtue arises out of Christianity. Most of the Christian virtues are common to all peoples and religions. For people to be able to live together in any form of society a minimum number of social graces must be common to all. Was there no brotherly love before the year 1 A.D.?

You have read the two opinions. What do you say? Send your opinion to "Guerilla."

STUCK IN THE MUD

Someone must have told Sgt.-Major Freeny that mud packs were good for the complexion. When he decided to give himself a mud pack he proceeded to carry out the job with his customary thoroughness.

Hurling himself through the air he cast himself down head first into a particularly noisome swamp. He wedged his head and shoulders so firmly in the mud that he had to be hauled out by bystanders after a few minutes had passed and it was observed that he wasn't doing much about getting himself out.

Interviewed by our reporter he stated that for him the most interesting feature of the incident was that he had tasted water for the first time. This novel experience, he said, would fix the occasion in his memory for all time.

It is understood that a thick pile of charge sheets has been prepared in B Coy's orderly room with only the names to be filled in. They read, "— conduct to the prejudice of good order and discipline in that he said to Sgt.-Major Freeny, 'Go and jump in the mud'."

GOOD WORKERS

A fatigue was required to carry a lot of chairs from the Q.M. to B.H.Q. Guess who got the job? None other than the R.S.M. and the Adjutant. It is said that they were good workers and are likely to be in demand in future for little odd jobs around the place.

REMEDIALS' SONG

One of the features of the H.Q. concert was a song written specially for the show. The music was written by Monty Howard and the words by Arthur Jackson-Thomas.

When the pumice dust has settled
You will find us hard at work
Scrubbing out the Sergeants' Mess,
Or giving quadriceps a jerk,
Shoving round a bleeding rifle
'Neath the Major's gleaming eye,
But that pub will see us later
Or we'll know the reason why.

Chorus:

We're not the kind of roosters
For a lot of pious talk,
But we're good enough for Hitler
And we'll make the blighter squawk.
Our pals cleaned up the desert
And we're just such meat as they;
When we're pushed round by Nazis,
Why, that'll be the day!

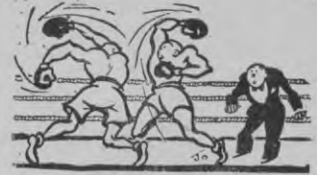
For we do a bit of bludging,
Then we do a job or two.
Though we like to take it easy
When there's nothing much to do,
The Sergeant-Major hollers
So we raise a fearful moan
And it's thirteen days to pay-day
And we all are on the bone!

MAN TO MAN

Morale is just another word
for national pride, another term
for individual guts. Without it,
you might as well lie straight
down at the feet of a conqueror.
With it, there is no conqueror.

THE BIG FIGHT

The other day C Coy. donned boxing gloves and went to it. The Coy. was paired off and each man had an opportunity of showing his mettle. The result was willing, even if a trifle unscientific.



Haymakers abounded and it would have been interesting to see what would have occurred if any of them had connected. Cpl. Opie's opponent got through his bout with a chronic expression of surprise on his face. His partner was left-handed and each time his left came through, his face registered the words as clearly as though they had been spoken, "That didn't orta have happened." Bystanders were amused once when Ray Opie having hit his opponent firmly on the chin, apologised politely.

For a few days several C Coy. lads seemed to have difficulty in opening their eyes properly.

IS THIS TRUE NOW?

Owen Seaman wrote forty years ago:—

He sings his "Watch on Rhine," and
if the thing
Wants watching with a rifle, he'll be
there.
When you've asked God to save the
King
You think you've done your share.

As Our Artist Sees it --- the Gargle Parade.



Said Sgt. Graham: "I went into the ablu-tion hut and there was a Maori lad just under the notice which read: 'No Shaving in Ablution Hut.' So I says to him, 'What are you doing shaving in here,' and he peers up at the notice and says, 'What does it say; I can't read English.' By George, he had it on me."



Said Staff Pat Ward: "The other day a young Maori came into the canteen, plonked down a ten shilling note and asked what price were the money belts. I told him four and nine and six and six. He tried on a four and ninepenny one, but it was too small so he took a six and six-penny one. Then he ordered some tobacco and a few odds and ends. He asked me what it came to and I said nine and sevenpence. Then he said, 'Py cri! I buy money belt to put my money in and then have no money to put in it. You petter take back money belt!'"

* * *

THE FASCIST SALUTE

That "Roman salute" invented by D'Annunzio, which has now become also the "German salute," was copied from some statue or fresco. He forgot that in ancient Rome citizens greeted each other by shaking hands—only slaves made the sign adopted by the subjects of Mussolini and Hitler.



IMPERIAL

Brewed at the Captain Cook Brewery, Auckland

I COULDN'T KEEP FROM LAUGHING

The hit of H.Q. concert was a laughing song with topical verses. Unfortunately, the best verses were too libellous for publication, but here are one or two of the more polite ones. The verses are attributed to our "Arthur" acting in collusion with his wife.

We've come to tell the story
Of Rotorua camp,
Of reputations gory,
Of many a bleedin' ramp.
In the next compartment someone quacks:
"I tell you it's no bloomer,
It's going to be a camp for WAACS."
That's another S.H. rumour.
I couldn't keep from laughing, etc., etc.

The other day a lad did play
With bayonet, silly chump,
And Major Day got in the way
And got it in the rump.
And ere his yell had died away,
The ground with blood was plaster'd,
And Acky Day was heard to say:
"Please be more careful, George."

We went to Capt. Neesham
To tell our tale of woe,
We thought we would beseech him,
Our funds were getting low.
For all our kit deficiencies,
They totalled nine pounds ten;
He answered: "Boys, take what you please,
You needn't sign for them."

Each day our Capt. Beveridge
Goes out upon the prow!
For matches, germs, old porridge,
And everything that's foul,
They say that once, 'twas very odd,
A sewer pipe did jam,
They hauled the stoppage out, my God!
'Twas Sanitary Sam.

"Better to die on your feet
than live forever on your knees."
—Passionaria.

Diplomacy is the art of letting the other person have your way.

* * *

This was a windy hole at times during the month. We are surrounded by acres and acres of pumice dust. Half of it would blow past during the morning and the other half during the afternoon. Next day the wind would change and the dust would go back to its original position.

LT. VON LOOTER'S BLITZ HISTORY



A little bundle tied — memento of Belgium.



A little bundle tied — memento of France.



A little bundle tied — memento of Greece.



A little bundle tied — memento of Russia.

"For Those in Peril on The Sea"

A party of bold hearts the other Sunday took the launch "Guerrilla I" for a spin on the lake. This has been done many times and oft and would be no occasion for remark except that this time they could not get home.

The reason was that the good ship ran out of "juice" and, quite definitely, stopped. Perhaps the correct nautical expression is "lay to"; anyhow the vessel ceased to progress. Its stalwart crew were disconcerted to find that, such being the case, there wasn't very much they could do about it. They couldn't ring for a break-down van. They were a very long way from the shore and the winds and the wild fowl mocked their calls for help.

Time marched on in the usual manner. A council of war was called and a plan evolved. The hours of daylight, it was decided, offered no hope of succour. Only night could save them. In this respect it was pointed out they were betting on a pretty safe thing as night, it could reasonably be presumed, would eventually fall.

It did. The crew was galvanised to action. Soaking some waste in oil, they attached it to a boat-hook and set it alight. With this they sent out their distress signals.

To the Rescue.

Was their S.O.S. observed? It was. It was seen by the ever-vigilant Admiral Hollows, by this time alarmed by the fact that his flagship was an hour and three-quarters overdue. "Avast, you lubbers," he cried and, continuing to mouth similar nautical terms leaped aboard his cutter or pinnace and bravely facing the dark, watery wastes, set out on his errand of mercy. Over the still waters his voice was heard from afar, "Excelsior! Once aboard the lugger . . ." The winds swallowed the rest.

The rest is history. No lives were lost. The rescuer rescued the whole bunch and salvaged their ship. We view with disfavour the carping critic who suggested that possibly Capt. Hollows had drained the fuel tank himself so that he would have an opportunity to stage a brilliant rescue and so get himself written up in "Guerrilla" again. But however noble the brow there is always some puny creature who would wrest the laurels from it.

BATTALION PARADE

Every morning we're made, on Battalion parade,

To lead speeches, prepared and extempore,

We listen with awe to such military law,

As the S.O.T. quotes from his memory.

He expresses in tone, that doesn't condone,

Any slip or mistake from some rooky,

Just what he thinks of our failings and kinks,

In terms neither placid nor sooky;

The tirade completed, and sometimes repeated,

The officers take up position, Then round the bullring, with arms at a full-swing,

We trudge till we need a physician.



Davy McNaughton is usually called on,

To lead the meandering column, He treats with ignore, the military galore,

With expression so fixedly solemn.

The W.O.'s are kept on their toes, And move with a tolerant air, The Camp Sergeant-Major would willingly wager,

That he was the best soldier there (Oh, yeah!)

When we've circled the tarmac, till we're nearly bers'ac,

With relief do we hear that command,

"March off to your circuits, get into your work" it's,

A fluke if we've missed reprimand. Oh, Battalion parade, whether sunshine or shade,

Is a daily occurrence we dread, With those fixed eagle eyes, even bright sunny skies,

Shine on hearts that are heavy as lead.

TRUE TO FORM

C COY. IN THE NEWS AGAIN

It was Sunday morning. It was cold. It was C Coy's duty day, but no fatigues turned up. At about eight o'clock the B.O.S. went over to the Coy. lines to see what was the matter. He bowled into Sgt. Calder's hut and gazed down on the recumbent form beneath him. They say that Sgt. Calder looks very fetching while slumbering. However, that's another story.

The B.O.S. did no Prince Charming act, but brutally awakened the sleeping Calder. "Wassa marrer?" asked the latter returning to the cold, cold world. "Where are the fatigues?" said the B.O.S. "How the blank should I know. Haven't you got them?"

So Sgt. Calder had to draw his shivering limbs out into the early morning air, to insert himself into his pants and all the other garments that a self-respecting sergeant wears.

Then he and the B.O.S. went out to find the missing fatigues. They gazed down the lines. Silence. Stillness.

Who could they see? Not a soul. What could they hear? Nothing. It took only a few minutes to discover the awful truth.

The whole Company was fast asleep. Every man jack in C Coy. had slept in!

* * *

Egypt has "recognised" Russia. We guess that just about puts the U.S.S.R. on the map.

* * *

At a military funeral the other day we heard Reveille played. With these cold mornings it is so long since we heard Reveille that we did not recognise it.

* * *

"Men like the Fuehrer are born not made." Another argument for birth control.

DB Lager

A PRODUCT OF
**DOMINION
BREWERIES
LTD.**

47-3



ODDS AND SODS

WHAT A WAR!

This letter was actually received by a Canadian unit.

Dear Mr. Headquarters,

My husband was inducted into the Army long months ago and I ain't received no pay from him since he was gone.

Please send my elopement as I have a four-months-old baby and he is my only support and I knead it very bad every day to buy 'is food and keep us enclosed.

Both sides of my parents are very old and I can't suspect anything from them. My mother has been in bed with the same doctor for 13 years and won't try another. My husband is in charge of a spittoon.

Do I get any more than I am going to get? Please send me a letter and tell me if my husband made an application for a wife and child and send me wife form to fill.

P.S.: My husband says he sets in the Y.M.C.A. every night with the piano playing in his uniform. I think you will see him there.

Yours truly,
Mrs. _____

WE HOPE SO!

Walking down the road in Wellington the other day we saw an individual who appeared to be lost. He was examining all the buildings carefully. Finally he stopped a passing P.B.P. He looked down the street "Can you tell me which side Army Headquarters is on?"

The P.B.P. hesitated for a moment. "A.H.Q.? Well . . . I think they are on our side."



YOU SAID IT, BOY!

Of all constitutions the shortest-lived are oligarchy and dictatorship. The majority of dictatorships have been extremely short-lived.—Aristotle.

A dictator is also a maker of wars, in order that his people may have no leisure and may continue to be in need of him.—Aristotle.

The purging of a State by a dictator is the opposite to that of the body by a doctor. The doctor removes the worst and leaves the best; the dictator does the reverse.—Plato.

FINANZ

When Hitler and Laval do business, who's ahead? According to the British Broadcasting Corp. a deal recently came off between the two somewhat along the following lines: The Nazis bought from Laval a shipment of 88-mm. guns made in France. No money was forthcoming, the Germans agreeing to ship a specified amount of sugar into unoccupied France as payment. The guns were delivered and the sugar started on its way. In Paris the shipment was taken over by the German authorities—as "State security." To further this "State" the Nazis sold the sugar to the French people for 4.50 francs per kilogram.

The wind-up of the deal? It cost the French people 18,000,000 francs—sweet profits for Laval and the Nazis.

GUERRILLA, JULY, 1943 — 11

"SING THE MARCHING SONG"

From a speech by a Chinese guerilla leader over the bodies of fallen comrades:—

"We die because it's our duty to the new world that is before us . . .

We have borne hunger and more hunger and have banded together to walk the banks of a river of blood if need be, to find our enemy and give him battle . . .

"Now, bury these comrades . . . bury them bravely . . . with no tears, no doubts . . . and now, comrades, sing the marching song."

* * *

From a letter from a member of R.N.Z.A.F. stationed in England . . .

"Believe me things are on the move over here now, and before long we shall be able to settle conditions in the Pacific. Unfortunately the censor will not permit me to elaborate, but one of these days the true story will be known. Meanwhile we are looking to all you good people to keep things all right at home . . .

* * *

When in Wellington the other day we got on a Karori tram. The conductress was a peach! We found ourselves paying our fare every time she came through.



theReluct.

"How many it's in 'Брависсимо'?"

VAUGHAN'S THE QUALITY BUTCHERS

FOUR SHOPS —
BUY HERE AND BUY THE BEST . . .

Tutanekai Street,
Whaka Road.
Arawa Butchery,
Ngongotaha.

BETTER QUALITY, VALUE AND
SERVICE.

BOB JONES

MEN'S OUTFITTERS,

Tutanekai Street.

SERVICE UNIFORMS TO
ORDER.

WILD CHERRY

ARAWA ST. (Opp Home Guard)

HOME AWAY FROM HOME.

Steak and Kidney Pies — Grills —
Light Teas — Ice Cream — Milk
Shakes, etc.

No extra charge for Uniformed Men
on Sundays or Holidays.

H. K. HEATON

FOR

"EXIDE" BATTERIES

Full Stocks for all Makes of Cars.
SPECIALISTS IN BATTERY
CHARGING AND REPAIRS.

HINEMOA ST. - - 'PHONE 139.

Post a "GUERILLA"
TO YOUR PAL OVERSEAS
HE WILL ENJOY IT.

Subscription Rates—
12 months, 3/6.

Write now to—

"GUERILLA,"
Military Camp,
ROTORUA.



AIR FORCE EXHAUST

Why I Joined the A.T.C.

It was a newsreel that first put the idea of joining the A.T.C. into my head. It showed a flight of cadets in England marching past an officer.

The first rank passed, the middle passed, the end of the flight passed, and then a diminutive little person, marching as though his life depended on it and sporting chevrons, flashed into the screen. That decided me.

I waited a few months until I was near enough to sixteen and, before handing in my application, debated with myself my reasons for joining.



"Why do I want to join the R.A.F.? Oh, because I owe so much to so many."

My first reason was that if I worked hard and got promotion I could get into the Air Force at seventeen and a-half. Once there, train again, and when the war finished enlist for a short term of five years.

In other words, I wanted a good grounding so as to make a success of a career in the Air Force.

My second reason was purely a vain-glorious one. A cadet was issued with a natty uniform. I was always imagining myself swaggering round with three stripes and a crown,

a beautiful crease in my trousers and a smug, complacent look on my face. However, all that was knocked out of me once I was assigned to a squadron. I realised it was the pull together that distinguished any flight, squadron or wing.

I considered again the educational part of the training. It would stand me in good stead after the war. With a knowledge of aeroplane engines, wireless, rigging and theory of flight I would have a pretty broad and extensive education when all the services were demobilised.

My third reason was undefinable. I most certainly can't explain it on paper. It may be patriotism, conceit, ambition or the urge to do great things, but it is definitely there. It was one of the deciding factors that urged me to join in the first place.

Also the monotony of coming home from work feeling tired and having nothing to do was having no good effect on me. It was a blessed relief to get my mind on something tangible, something that required constructive thinking, that required concentration, and the work-out in the gymnasium every week was very welcome. The A.T.C. allowed one to express oneself in all ways, mentally and physically.

In this essay I believe I have expressed all my reasons in a concise manner. I have exhausted all my material so here I will end, with a parting phrase. The A.T.C. is the first reserve and not the last resort of the Air Force.

—Cadet Pierre Danzil Meuli.

* * *
Pilot: I wish I'd had some auto-giro instruction.

Gunner: Why?

Pilot: Because our wings just fell off.

* * *

HABIT

The pilot had been transferred from fighters to seaplanes. The first time he took his seaplane up he flew over his old 'drome and was just going to land on the hard, hard earth when the yells of his crew stopped him.

So he flew off again. He took the machine over the sea, came down gracefully onto the water, climbed out of his cockpit and stepped into the sea.

SPORTSLANTS



EXCITING GAME AGAINST AIR FORCE

On June 5 our Army team fielded an almost new side. The forward pack was the lightest this year, but they made up for this by the zest and dash that they put into their play.

In the first half Army forwards dominated the play in the loose, but were unable to hold the heavier Air Force pack in the set scrums.

Towards the end of the first half an excellent drop-kick from the twenty-five yard line gave Air Force four points' lead.

The second half was spoilt for good play by several heavy showers of rain. The game developed into a hard forward struggle with both teams on equal teams. The Air Force half-back took advantage of an opening in the Army back-line and made the score 9—nil. At the final whistle the score was unchanged.

The chief criticism of the game was that on both sides the ball did not get past the second five-eighths and consequently the wingers had no chance of showing their real merits, there being too much kicking.

The following Saturday found Army defaulting to Rotorua through lack of players. However, we are still hopeful of fielding a team for the Mitchell Shield.

Physical Activities.

With the guidance of the P.T. specialists one finds many of the men taking advantage of the excellent facilities in the gymnasium.

Here men of the camp can get rid of much surplus energy with the added factor of developing courage and determination. A few points are useful in the correct use of the gymnasium. Don't use the apparatus with your boots or walking shoes on. Learn take-offs and landings on the ground before attempting anything on the springboard and box.

With the springboard make use of the spring, but learn to control it, don't let the board control the gymnast (in Sweden no board is used at all). Start small, and perfect each movement before going on to the next.

Finally, remember that formal gymnastics are no substitute for a complete physical education programme; nevertheless, if we want to get the best out of life, we should make use of these deliberate training movements as well as the more general forms of exercise.

SAM JOINS UP

Here is the verse made famous by "Sam" in "Splitzkrieg II." The delay in publishing it was due to the fact that Sam was a bit sluggish in handing it over to us.

The other day when I got 'ome,
I chucked with great glee,
I 'ad been left a letter;
It were from His Majesty
I opened it with trembling 'and,
But what's this? — Man alive!
You are 'ereby called in ballot
Twenty-one to forty-five.

Me bottom lip 'ung on me chest,
When I read fateful line:
You must report to so and so
At such and such a time.
"By Gum!" I said, but went along
And joined the ruddy queue,
And there I answered questions,
Numbers one to seventy-two.

The first test were in bottle;
It proved strongly alkaline,
And then they stripped me to the waist
And looked at me behind;
The tape round chest showed thirty-one,
Expanded thirty-two,
Me 'eight were six feet to the inch
And weight just eight stone two.

They found me teeth were rotten
And throat were red and sore;
There were signs of 'igh blood pressure,
An' I 'ad flat feet, what's more.
They said, "Sam, you'd best be careful,
You 'ave bronchial cough, you know."
And then they jumped me up and down
To find me 'eart were low.

At this stage I felt really bad,
And then came test for eyes,
And when I couldn't read top line,
They nodded 'eads — clockwise.
I thought I must be dying,
And that last hour 'ad come,
Until they shook me 'ard an' said:
"Good luck, Sam! Grade One!"

—Stan Longworth.

Copyright, No. 4149.

We understand that P.B.P.'s Chan-ning and Carter gave a two-man P.T. Gymkhana for the people of Hamilton.



REGENT

FRI., SAT., July 2, 3—
"WINGS AND THE WOMAN"
MON. TO THURS., July 5-8—
"TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI"
FRI., SAT., July 9, 10—
"KID GLOVE KILLER"
MON. TO THURS., July 12-15—
"BEYOND THE BLUE HORIZON"
FRI., SAT., MON., July 16, 17, 19—
"MR. DAVIS"
"SOVIET SCHOOL CHILD"
TUES., WED., THURS., July 20, 21, 22—
"NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH"
FRI., SAT., July 23, 24—
"BALL OF FIRE"
MON. TO THURS., July 26-29—
"THE TALK OF THE TOWN"
FRI., SAT., July 30, 31—
"DESPERADOES"

MAJESTIC

THURS., FRI., July 1, 2—
"NIGHT MONSTER"
"BULLET SCARS"
SAT., MON., July 3, 5—
"SAINT MEETS TIGER"
"FLIGHT LIEUTENANT"
TUES., WED., July 6, 7—
"WAIKIKI WEDDING"
THURS., FRI., July 8, 9—
"BEHIND THE 8 BALL"
"RIDERS OF BAD LANDS"
SAT., MON., July 10, 12—
"CALLING ALL HUSBANDS"
"SUNDAY PUNCH"
TUES., WED., July 13, 14—
TO BE ANNOUNCED
THURS., FRI., July 15, 16—
"ALWAYS A BRIDE"
"THE PERFECT SNOB"
SAT., MON., July 17, 19—
"APACHE TRAIL"
"FATHER IS A PRINCE"
TUES., WED., July 20, 21—
"LIVES OF BENGAL LANCER"
THURS., FRI., July 22, 23—
"I WAS FRAMED"
"OUR TOWN"
SAT., MON., July 24, 26—
"SHERLOCK HOLMES' VOICE OF TERROR"
"MADAME SPY"
TUES., WED., July 27, 28—
"ROAD TO ZANZIBAR"
THURS., FRI., July 29, 30—
"LADY GANGSTER"
"GENTLEMAN AT HEART"
SAT., MON., July 31, Aug. 2—
"FALCON TAKES OVER"
"MURDER IN THE BIG HOUSE"

SERVICEMEN'S SHOWS —

SUNDAY, 8.30 p.m.

July 4—Majestic: "COCONUT GROVE."
July 11—Majestic: "ACTION FOR SLANDER."
July 18—Regent: "SAY IT IN FRENCH."
July 25—Regent: "52nd STREET."

YOU ARE IN ROTORUA

Some day soon you hope to be returning to Auckland or Akaroa, Dunedin or Day's Bay. Imagine having to admit that you never visited Waimangu Geyser, Mt. Tarawera and the wonderful Round Trip. REMEMBER, while tourists come across the world to view these wonders they are right here and you get them for half price.

**GOVERNMENT
TOURIST BUREAU,**
FENTON STREET — — — ROTORUA.

DRY CLEANERS

48-HOUR SERVICE

VALET SERVICE

LTD.

FENTON ST.

CONCESSIONS TO THE SERVICES.

**THE "REGENT"
GRILL**

FENTON STREET.

OPEN ALL HOURS

After Theatres and Sundays.
FISH, MEALS AND GRILLS.

Special Concession to All Servicemen.

Rotorua's No. 1 Grocer!

"We Get The Goods"

**WALLACE SUPPLIES,
LTD.**

**WHITLEY & SON,
LTD.**

Opp Majestic Theatre,
TUTANEKAI ST.

SHOE STORE

For Comfort and Variety of Fittings
Put Yourself in Our Shoes

One of a series of articles prepared by the General Staff for "Guerrilla." The present article will be published in two sections, the second part appearing in the August issue. This series is designed to provide realistic information useful to the soldier of the present war.

A CARTOON once appeared in Punch depicting a room in a police station in which lined up for identification by a Chinese was a group of men varying from a May-fair "toff" to a street cleaner. The caption beneath read: "White men all lookee same to Chinese."

Reverse the situation having Orientals lined up and a New Zealander in the position of the Chinese and the caption would still apply in the majority of cases.

In peacetime such ignorance might on occasion prove embarrassing, but in wartime the result is likely to have more serious consequences. It is therefore incumbent upon every soldier to learn something of the enemy he is fighting, especially when in his ignorance he finds the appearance of the peoples of a great Allied country similar to those of the enemy.

Physical Characteristics.

Of paramount importance to the soldier is a knowledge of the physical characteristics of the enemy. He should know that generally the Japanese are short, bow-legged, pigeon-toed, slant-eyed and buck-toothed. With the exception of some of the more educated, the Japanese have characteristic speech difficulties. The pronunciation of "s" or "z" is preceded by a definite inward inhalation amounting to a hiss, the liquid "l" sound does not exist in Japanese and will probably be pronounced as an "r," and "th" is often rendered as "s" or "sh."

The soldier should also be capable of recognising the various Japanese uniforms and insignia and have some knowledge of their military terms and conventional signs.

However, these external characteristics are fully discussed in military publications, and so it is not intended to reiterate them here.

The Jap's Mind.

Also advantageous to the soldier is a knowledge of the mental make-up of the enemy. No one who knows anything of the Japanese mind was surprised to find them time and time again fighting to the death rather than surrender even in the face of insurmountable odds. Naturally the more the soldier knows of his enemy the more capable he is of dealing with

him. With the Japanese especially, the more one knows of them the more determined one is to crush them completely and it is proposed to discuss here the most important factor governing the Japanese mentality—Shinto.

Comprehension of the Japanese mentality is impossible without an understanding of Shinto, the coordinating and propelling force of Japan, often neatly but misappropriately tagged the "national religion of Japan." In reality, it is more approximate to Nazism than any other cult, being a combination of patriotism, religion and politics. Its origins are lost in antiquity.

Shinto.

Firstly let us consider it as a religion. Shintoists can be divided into two categories—ritualists and non-ritualists (Neo-Shintoists) much as Christians can be divided into two groups—churchgoing and non-churchgoing. Just as all Christians believe in the divinity of Jesus, so all Shintoists believe in the divine origin of the Japanese Emperor, who is a direct descendant in an unbroken line from the Sun Goddess and is therefore himself a god. Similarly all Japanese are descended from lesser gods and are therefore themselves gods. From the foregoing it will be seen that Shinto is a racial creed confined to the Japanese, and therefore it is impossible for any foreigner to be a Shintoist however firmly he believes in the Shinto creed. The political possibilities of such a cult should be obvious, but more of this anon.

Apart from Emperor worship which naturally results from the Emperor being regarded as the greatest living god, the cult of Shinto consists of a mixture of nature and ancestor worship, phallicism and fetishism, all three giving proof of the ancient origin of Shinto. Notice how these practices of ritualistic Shintoism conform to the creed of Neo-Shintoism. Belief in the divinity of the Sun Goddess; nature worship; belief in the divine origin of race; ancestor worship; belief in the superiority of the race and consequently in the importance of increasing the race; phallicism. Fetishism, of course, is merely a development of the ritualistic side of the cult.

Next month's article will deal with the effect of Shinto on the Japanese people and on their behaviour.



SHOPPING GUIDE TO THE THERMAL WONDERLAND

For the best in Fuels it is
always . . .

W L. RICHARDS

CARTAGE CONTRACTOR
AND MERCHANT.

ARAWA STREET. Telephone 61.

IF IT'S THE BEST . . .

SANDS

HAS IT!

ARDERN BROS.

PUKUATUA ST. - Next Denbies

'PHONE 526

CYCLES FOR HIRE

FROM 2/-.

ROTORUA SPORTS DEPOT

(Opposite Front Entrance Grand
Hotel.)

See Us For Hiring

TENNIS — GOLF — FISHING
CAMPING REQUIREMENTS
And All Other Sports Goods.

HERD & SHEPHERD

BUILDERS' SUPPLIES

AMOHAU STREET

We are Stockists of

PAINTS, KALSOMINES,
WALLPAPERS, TIMBER

LEE BROS., LTD.

Store: Fenton St. -- 'Phone 290

Mill: Koutu ----- 'Phone 768

SOUVENIRS OF ROTORUA

You will find an excellent selection

at
**BATCHELOR'S
PORTRAIT STUDIO**

Opp. P.O.

ARAWA ST. :: ROTORUA
Our Candid Cameraman is available
for Weddings, Dances, etc., or any
Home Studies.

FOR EVERYTHING YOU NEED

FROM A CHEMIST,

— TRY —

DOUG. SHEAF,

TUTANEKAI ST.

PHONE 48.

COSTELLO'S

FOR THE BEST MEALS

RESTAURANT — GRILLS & FISH.

MILK BAR — TIP TOP ICE
CREAM, DELICIOUS ICE
CREAM SODAS.

Both Situated in
Tutanekai St.

BILL COSTELLO — Proprietor
'PHONE 460.

WE INVITE INSPECTION OF OUR VARIED HOUSEHOLD UTILITY LINES —
BIG SELECTION.

For Quality with Comfort and Fair Prices, Try

ROTORUA FURNISHING CO.

Tutanekai Street

::

Factory, Fenton Street

“ENSEEOS”

“OSSIFERS”

P.B. PRIVATES



IF you want to get a few hot tips for the next race meeting, hang round Rosie's hut in the stilly watches of the night. Even though he may keep a few good things for himself in the daytime, when he's asleep he tells all.

* * *

P.B.P. Kean is being married when he goes on furlough. Well, that's one way of spending your furlough.

* * *

After B Coy's concert it was generally agreed that the best-looking WAAC in the camp was P.B.P. Kean.

* * *

While they are eating their lunches in the carpenter's shop the maintenance staff have soft music played to them on the violin by P.B.P. Burnett. They haven't thrown anything at him yet.



THE C.B. Club has been very quiet lately. This may be due to the loss of some of the more riotous members—or were there too few pay days in the month?

* * *

Who was the C Coy. B.O.S. who forgot to turn out for Battalion Parade?

* * *

Sgt. Graham: "... she was so mean she wouldn't give you the harness off a nightmare."

* * *

No dance or concert is complete without Cpl. Rathbone and his harem of W.A.A.F's.

* * *

Who was the bloke who was seen at a dance the night he was guard sergeant?

* * *

Staff Dowling, speaking on soil erosion: "Nothing will grow under a pine—look at B Coy."



THE other Sunday morning on Church Parade the Padre played for the hymns. We don't know what he had been up to the night before, but every time he went for D Flat he missed it and hit something quite different.

* * *

Capt. Neesham has had his regimental number changed. We hope they made him sign for it.

* * *

Was it Mr. McNaughton who missed a deer which was sitting on the end of his rifle? Some unkind person suggested that the reason was that he was looking at the wrong deer.

* * *

Someone tried to get some information out of Mr. Spraggon. The person was heard to observe afterwards that Mr. Spraggon was as informative as a Vedic hymn written on ox-hide by a moron.



Hale Nicholls Ltd.,

Authorised Ford Dealers. Get the Utmost from your Ford by having it fully serviced by our Ford experts.