

Guerrilla

THE SOLDIERS

JOURNAL

No. 19—OCTOBER

Price—Threepence



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“At Ease”



“May I have a word with you, Sergeant—alone?”

Special Feature:
“IN A DESERT PRISON CAMP”

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"They also Serve."

GUERRILLA

THE SOLDIERS' JOURNAL.
PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

No. 19

October, 1943.



IN A DESERT PRISON CAMP

This is an eye-witness account of life in a desert prison camp by a New Zealand soldier who was captured by the Germans in 1941 at Sidi Azeiz. After spending a long period in a prison compound at Bardia, he was released with the others when Bardia was recaptured by the Allied forces. This interesting narrative, by courtesy of the Official Archivist, is published here for the first time.

I was a member of the First Contingent, and I had been in the first Libyan campaign (at Sidi Barrani), and in the evacuations from Greece and Crete. During the second desert campaign I was in a machine-gun section attached to H.Q. 5 Infantry Brigade. This, under the command of Brigadier J. Hargest, together with supporting troops, was situated at Sidi Azeiz, about 15 miles due south-east of Bardia, for several days up to 27th November, 1941.

Near at hand was a fairly large aerodrome, but the last three planes had left it the previous day. Due north was a route used by the Germans for carrying supplies, and north-west of that the 22nd Battalion was sitting some distance from the Bardia perimeter defences. Several attempts by the Germans to push their normal convoys through had been persistently checked by the N.Z. headquarters force and the convoys turned back eastwards. One ammunition truck which attempted to get through by itself was blown up by a N.Z. 25-pounder.

Evidence that the Germans were more than curious about the reason for these mishaps was the fact that a reconnaissance plane came over to check on the situation. At shortly after 0700 hours, 27th November, 1941, and while the New Zealanders were preparing to have breakfast, a German envoy came in from the north, demanding that the force move out within five minutes or else a strong armoured force would attack it. He added that the position would be taken within an hour and a-half.

Five minutes later the German heavy artillery opened fire,

dug-outs, also scoffing most of our breakfast which had been interrupted by the battle. Although very well armed, they were both hungry and thirsty and deficient in clothing, so thus made up these deficiencies in quick time.

The German general in charge drove up in a distinctive tank to Brigadier Hargest, and in the ensuing conversation complimented the Brigadier on the tough opposition his force had made. He said he was surprised that the force was so small. He had thought it to be at least two thousand strong, which was the reason (and he is said to have apologised for it) why he had used such a heavy barrage.

On the Road to Bardia.

He then gave permission for us to finish our breakfast, but when we went to get it we found that the Germans had finished it for us. We were



An artist's impression of British paratroops in action in the later stages of the North African campaign.

The German Attack.

Our force had only six 25-pounders, three anti-aircraft guns, twelve anti-tank guns, one dozen Bren carriers, one company of machine-guns, and no 60-pounders. Our guns were quickly put out of action. The Germans changed to light artillery and mortars and then followed up with tanks, behind them coming truck loads of infantry. The New Zealanders fought doggedly, firing at the tanks with machine-guns and rifles. It was all over in an hour and a-half. As the German infantry came in they systematically looted trucks and

not allowed to gather up our gear, only a few of us being able to pick up a greatcoat or blanket, and about 1100 hours we set off on our march to Bardia. Meantime the main German force had continued westward. A Bren-gun carrier patrol which had left the main force to reconnoitre before the battle commenced, approached Sidi Azeiz from the south just as the battle was finishing, saw the position was hopeless and made off: it is thought that they escaped.

On the march to Bardia there were about 700 New Zealanders, several English ground personnel from the

aerodrome and a few R.A.S.C. which the Germans had already picked up. The whole was guarded by about a platoon of German motor-cyclists. There were several stops on the way which took us by a round-about route circumventing the 22nd Battalion on to the main road and so to Bardia, an approximate distance of 23 miles. The last halt was outside the perimeter defences for over half an hour, awaiting darkness to fall before entering. The whole journey was made without food or water.

In the Prison Compound.

When we arrived in Bardia we were shoved into a compound about two chains square, where we found about a hundred other prisoners, these being British, South African and Indian. This compound was very dirty and its floor stony and hard. Three drums of water were distributed. The first meal was about noon next day and consisted of one loaf of bread the size of a bun and one tin of bully beef per man with a little water. The water at Bardia was very salty. After the meal we were searched, very loosely, the Germans mainly looking for maps. As we were searched, we were divided into groups and marched off to another compound 300 yards away and about ten minutes walk from the sea. **This was an acre in area, and after a fortnight it was holding over 1,000 men.**

Sickness soon became very apparent, about 40 being taken to hospital almost immediately. Dysentery was the main trouble; nine out of every ten reporting sick with dysentery did not return to the compound.

Prison Rations.

Daily fatigues were organised and some of us were assigned to cooking duties, the latter having been cooks in their own units. I was one of them. The daily rations for the first five days were as follows: 4 cwt. bags of macaroni, four to six 1 lb. packets of dried potatoes, two 1 lb. packets of dried onions, one 10 lb. tin of tomato flavouring, 50 lb. of dried beans, 4 lb. of coffee beans, and 4 lb. of coffee essence; also salt and water.

For breakfast we used to have a mug of coffee made from crushed beans with no sugar or milk; for lunch two litres of stew (into which everything went), for tea one litre of stew and a mug of coffee. There was always a little left over which went to the duty group for the day. The duty group supplied fatigues for the cooks, for sanitary purposes and for going out gathering wood under guard. After a week the macaroni was cut down to two bags or else one bag of rice, and after another week we had

to take all rice. This rice was not synthetic. We preferred it to the macaroni because of its sticking propensities. The third week rations were cut down to rice, potatoes and beans, and at night one roll of bread, which was stale, generally mouldy, often green. We soon ran out of bread, which was replaced by hard biscuits.

Many Rumours.

Meanwhile many rumours were current regarding impending relief. Spirits were raised when several South African prisoners were brought in, and spread the story that our forces were right on the point of attacking and should break through within the next few days. That was early in December. No other new prisoners were thenceforward placed in the compound. Up till that time prisoners had been coming in at frequent intervals and most of them had been directed on the wrong road by what purported to be an English M.P. outside the defences. Every instance of men taking his advice resulted in their capture, and the men were quite definite in the belief that he was either a disguised German or a fifth columnist.

The Italians were all the time encouraging us to report sick in the hope that we would be taken off by the first hospital ship and thus deplete the number to be guarded. As a result when a hospital ship did come in about 14th December, 1941, there were about 300 prospective evacuees. These were marched down to the wharf and some of them actually managed to get on board. However, a German naval officer was sufficiently suspicious to question the men about their health, and learning that they were all well, summarily sent them back to the command, meanwhile giving the Italian officers present what appeared to be a good dressing-down. No sooner had the hospital ship left than British naval forces heavily bombarded Bardia.

Scanty News.

Much of the time in the compound was spent at cards or discussing various subjects, while a New Zealand padre occasionally visited us, bringing news of what he had heard was occurring outside. This was rather scanty and often erroneous. The Germans told us that Japan had entered the war two days after she had, and also about the sinking of the Prince of Wales and the Repulse. They also told us, early in December, that Turkey had come in on the side of the Axis. They never spoke of the campaign, but scoffed at the idea of the Bardia defences being broken.

Release at Last.

During the whole time the port was being intermittently bombed by the R.A.F., and this bombing reached a crescendo about two days before the town was taken, when from daylight till dark 110 bombers were counted coming over in waves of about twelve every half-hour. The Italians became very fidgety and became much more lenient in their treatment. Towards the end, they were giving cigarettes away in handfulls in an effort to re-establish goodwill.

After the town was taken, two naval guns held out for about a day, but this was taken by a patrol of Bren-carriers. When the New Zealanders were released, we found in one bake-house five tons of fresh bread, which gave the lie to the previous assertions of the Italians regarding shortage of food and there being no more flour. They found stores of food everywhere, although much had been destroyed in the systematic demolition. This latter went to such detail as taking triggers out of Luger pistols and lenses out of cameras.

A KISS IN THE TRAIN.

A young lady, her mother, an Italian officer and a Nazi trooper were riding in the compartment of an Italian train which went through a tunnel. As soon as darkness enveloped the car, a kiss was heard, followed by a hard slap. When the train emerged into sunlight, the passengers' thoughts were these: (1) The Nazi—"Those mad, romantic Latins. How cowardly to try to kiss her in the dark. How bad her aim was"; (2) The young lady—"The nerve of him, trying to kiss my mother. I'm glad she was able to defend herself"; (3) The mother—"So they'd kiss my daughter, eh? I'm glad she took proper action"; (4) The Italian—"It was worth kissing my hand, just for the opportunity of slapping that German."

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MORE GEMS.

Below are featured further extracts from wall-newspapers in the district. The light-hearted flavour of these selections does not reflect the whole quality of wall-newspapers, which contain much valuable material on current affairs, the progress of the war, etc., but it is characteristic of the spirit in which much of the material is conceived. Contributions of selections from unit newspapers are welcomed for reprinting in these pages.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Why is this newspaper called "Igniter?" It is intended as the official bulletin of the Engineer Wing, and through it to be explained all the hidden mysteries of the T.N.T. combinations and other things which go Bang! or should go Bang! and don't? These are the questions being asked by so many of so few. Let me explain. It means simply that once again the School has come to the Engineer Wing, and sought assistance. As you know they often come to us from varying departments and ask for help in the most widely varying tasks.

A stray Queen comes with her colony and settles in one of the school buildings. From the Engineer Wing comes a man to repossess the building and take it forcibly from the Queen. Little personal comforts (boy, could I do some blackmailing), material for works, and a host of nameless little things are supposed to be permanently on tap for the thirsting and the incapable. Even the M.O. in some little difficulties comes to the Engineer Wing, believing that they, like Carter the Great, can produce the requirements out of thin air or from the Third Base at Tamaki or from the Calliope Dockyards.

Well, so it was when the School decided to produce a newspaper all of their own, which would be free of vested political and financial interests—they wanted a name for it. Now one of the purposes of this paper, as the Editor has already explained to you, was to brighten up the intra-School life and throw light on many secret things about us. But before you can have light you must have some way of starting that light. It can be started in many ways; from getting a bit "lit up" yourself and setting the town alight, to more obscure ways such as the emanations from the light rays travelling all the way from the sun to form the basis of the power on earth which we call electricity.

But Engineers have a way, too. By an Igniter. A little gadget which can start fires. BE CAREFUL because

"Igniter" just might warm you too. And if you think that it can't reach you, just step on one of our talent scout's toes.

(Editorial to "The Igniter," wall-newspaper of N.D.S.I.)



"And that concludes Sergeant Higgins's account of the exploit that won for him the D.C.M."

—by Neb.

THINGS I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE IN THE ARMY.

1. Telephone numbers of sixteen lonely young ladies.
2. Six weeks' furlough starting from to-morrow.
3. Three days' pass when I get back.
4. Quarters and rations for my girl friends.
5. Free beer in the Canteens.
6. A longer rest between rifle drills. Preferably six months.
7. Five pay-days a month.
8. Everything you ask for in the Canteen.
9. A deaf and dumb Sergeant-Major.
10. Shoes that never need a shine.
11. A bugler who forgets to wake up in the mornings.
12. A way out. —(From "Flak.")

THEY SAY:

—That Laval has had many narrow escapes. But judging from his photographs he has never really had a close shave.

—That a New Zealand gunner has invented an aiming device that converts near misses into near hits.

—That the New Zealanders cannot make coffee like the Germans. That is true. In this country we have to make coffee with coffee.

—That Lieutenant B—'s car is called a Vacuum model, because it is always picking up little pieces of fluff. (From "Dot-Dash," newspaper of District Signallers).

ALICE IN BLUNDERLAND.

"These are our transport lines," said the Mad Hatter, indicating a row of battered vehicles.

"I suppose," said Alice, "that all your mechanics were transport drivers in civilian life?"

"Oh, dear me, no," cried the Mad Hatter in shocked surprise. "We push all those straight into the rifle companies or orderly rooms."

"Well, where do the drivers come from?" asked Alice.

"Oh," said the Mad Hatter, cheerfully, "we get those from amongst the butchers, and clerks and carpenters."

"Well," said Alice, "I should have thought —"

"You are not paid to think in the Army," said the Dormouse severely.

At this point a panic-stricken driver swerved violently into the door-way of a nearby store.

"Goodness," gasped Alice, when the din of falling tins had subsided. "Isn't that dangerous?"

"It cheers up the other ranks," said the Mad Hatter, extracting a handful of biscuits from his respirator haversack, "and we can always write the vehicle off."

(From "The Raniurly Reporter," newspaper of 2nd Auckland Battalion).



RAINY AFTERNOON

THE WOMAN-HATER.

I suppose it was only to be expected that the Waacs would upset things when they joined us. After all, we were an old-established permanent camp, with our own pleasant ways of doing things, ways which we realised would be altered. We resigned ourselves to the fact that swimming without costumes was one pastime that would cease, that our abuse of the sergeant (when the sergeant wasn't there) would lose much of its effect if the best of the language was left out; but we took it all as the fortunes of war.

That is, all except one man. Johnny was an Irishman, with all the temperament that implies. He believed that a woman's place was in the home, and no d— Waac was going to alter him. He told them so; but with a woman's intuition he was left severely alone by all the Waacs. He would not play games with them, objected mutteringly when he had to march in the same squad with them, managed to be excused church parade because the Waacs attended; and as the days passed retired ever deeper into a shell of scorn whenever he found himself near them.

Then SHE came. With the exception of Johnny the camp vied with one another in telling her how nice she was. Johnny avoided her as he did all the other Waacs. Except, of course, at mealtimes, for that was one place where Johnny had to be in the same place as the Waacs. But he used to eat his meals quickly and in silence, and leave the table as soon as he could.

Then the blow fell. At dinner one night SHE looked along the table at the silent Johnny and smiled sweetly. "Come and sit by me, Johnny," she said softly.

Johnny went white and then red. He stammered, tried to speak, and broke out in a cold sweat. He reached for the salt and poured it in his tea, sprinkled sugar on his vegetables, tried to spear a potato with his knife, then forgot where his mouth was and tried to put it in his ear. He undid the buttons on his tunic, and did them up again three times before he lost the dazed look in his eye.

Then he got up, walked down the room and sat beside her.

Johnny thinks the Waacs are a decided asset to the place.

—L.W.R.

A certain Staff-Sergeant once heard an extremely deplorable word, And being devoid Of invention, employed It whenever a mishap occurred.

"We can't possibly go on the bull-ring to-day," said Lieutenant Hickson plaintively, "so we will proceed to the recreation hut. I will talk to the men about China."

"Yes, sir," said Sergeant-Major Pebble. "March off, sir?"

"March off," said Lieutenant Hickson.

We marched off, blessing the rain, because we were on a week's "rest" between two intensive courses of gunnery instruction, and nothing is quite so exhausting as a period of "rest" in the Army. "Rest" consists of drill, P.T., route marches, parades and the revision of all those things we have happily forgotten since our first months in camp. To listen to Lieutenant Hickson losing himself in the interior of China was perhaps not an ideal way of spending the morning, but it was a darned sight better than the bull-ring.

We were within a few yards of the rec. hut when "B" Company, led by Lieutenant Hollow, rounded the cook-house, evidently also bound for the rec. hut.

"Hurry our men along, Sergeant Major Pebble," said Lieutenant Hickson, "or 'B' Company will bag the hall."

"'C' Company," bellowed Sergeant Major Pebble, "Double march!"

Both companies arrived at the door together and halted, glaring at one another.

"I beg your pardon, Lieutenant Hollow," said Lieutenant Hickson, with assumed politeness, "but I am lecturing to 'C' Company on China, and I am afraid I shall require the rec. hut."

"I am extremely sorry, Lieutenant Hickson," said Lieutenant Hollow, with a forced smile, "but I am saying a few words to 'B' Company about Gas."

There was an ominous pause, and then Lieutenant Hickson laughed breezily.

"We musn't keep the men standing about in this rain," he said. "I have thought of an excellent solution. Your men can join us and hear my lecture on China."

Lieutenant Hollow shook his head. "I gave them a lecture on China last week," he said, "and so they know everything about China and the Chinese now. It would be a waste of time for them. But I shall be delighted if your men will join mine for my lecture on Gas."

Lieutenant Hickson turned to Sergeant Major Pebble.

"How long is it since I told my men about Gas?" he asked.

"Six weeks, at least," said Sergeant Major Pebble, dutifully, "and you covered all the ground very thoroughly, Sir."

The rain was pelting down by this time and as none of us had ground sheets, we were shuffling and mumbling. At last, the two officers, after borrowing a coin from Corporal Mays, tossed up for the use of the hut, and we won. We filed gleefully in, and found the place already occupied by "A" Company, to whom Captain Crumble was lecturing on "Some Interesting Facts about Trajectories."

"We'll have to use the little room off the Y.M.C.A.," said Lieutenant Hickson gloomily.

"March off, Sir?" said Sergeant Major Pebble.

"March off," said Lieutenant Hickson.

We found Lieutenant Hollow and his men in possession of the little room off the Y.M.C.A. We trudged through the slush to the old armoury to find Captain Woodbine talking to "D" Company on "Customs of the East African Negroes." We trotted briskly to the room off the Q store to discover Lieutenant Wanders discussing Hand Grenades with the new recruits. Finally, the miniature range, our last hope, was occupied by Captain Denham lecturing to HQ about "Care of the Feet."

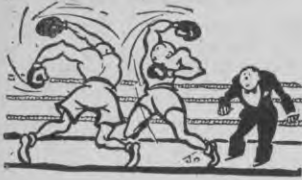
We spent the rest of the afternoon in the field pretending we were Germans in Russia making a strategic withdrawal to extremely unprepared positions. Not a man in "C" Company now thinks a rainy afternoon anything like the asset he once did.

My sister and I don't talk about that. We get it crooned over the radio.

A LONGER
LASTING
SHINE IN
HALF THE
TIME WITH



KIWI
Dark Tan Oxblood Polish



Boxing Notes.

The Northern Military District Boxing Championships were held at the Town Hall, Auckland, on Monday, 4th October. Some very interesting bouts were staged, though some of the men were obviously not fit. The following are the winners of the various weights:

- Heavy.—F. Zimmerman (E.V.D.)
- Light-Heavy.—I. Proctor (N.A.M.R.)
- Middle.—W. Helleur (1st Div. Artly.)
- Welter.—P. Kelly (Mob. Camp).
- Light.—R. W. Thompson (N.M.D.S.I.)
- Feather.—A. Gordon.
- Bantam.—R. A. King (7th A.S.C.)

N.Z. Combined Services Championships.

The above championships will be held in Auckland on October 25th and 26th at the Town Hall. The cream of the various Services will be represented and some willing and interesting bouts will be held for the Dominion Services titles. The N.M.D. team is training hard and expect to win at least three titles.

W.A.A.C. Golf Tournament.

On Thursday, October 7th, the W.A.A.C.'s got together at the Remuera Golf Club, when a Match play round off the stick was played in conjunction with a Medal Round. In the Match play round two teams were selected, designated as the Sparrows and the Larks, the former winning by 6 to 5. The Medal round was won by Sergeant Walters, of the Northern District Signals, who returned a good card.

N.Z. Servicewomen's Basketball Tournament.

Held in Auckland on October 1st and 2nd, this tournament was declared to be a distinct success, the winning combination, Northern 1st team, being undefeated throughout the tournament. This team later added to its laurels by defeating the Auckland Representative Team by 9 goals to 6.

Maori Battalion Scoops Pool.

All but three of the eleven events in the New Zealand Division's swimming championships in the Middle East were won by teams or single competitors from the 28th Maori Battalion. The Maoris won three relays, all the freestyle sprints and the backstroke events. The former N.Z. champion, Whareaitu, won the 100 yards freestyle and the 100 yards backstroke.

FLIES.

From the minute you wake to the moment you doze,
It's flies, flies, flies!

Buzzing your eardrums and tickling your nose,
Gnawing around your eyes.

When your hands are engaged how in hell do they know

They can settle in for a free open go?
While all you can do to dislodge 'em is—blow

Stiffen the blasted flies!

Fixed on the tucker from breakfast to tea,
Flies, flies, flies!

Pick up your teacup and what will you see?
Stir it, and what will arise?

Flies round the ceiling in swarming parade,
Launching their squadrons in raid

after raid,
While swatting you ask: "Why the hell were they made?"

Stiffen the blasted flies!

Maddening humans and torturing beasts,
Flies, flies, flies!

Swarming in clouds to their devilish feasts,
Drawing the crows to the prize.

What a world this would be if old Noah, the mark,

While cruising about in his self-contained ark,
Had seen that one couple did NOT disembark!

Stiffen the blasted flies!



UNBEATEN . . . the Northern Command No. 1 team, which recently won the Services tournament. Sergeant C. Lewis, J. Cross, J. Laurie, K. Buchanan, B. Scott, J. Peni, J. Massicks, D. McElwain, V. Taylor, M. Tangye, G. McKeown, R. Holloway.

IT MIGHT BE VERSE.**STAR-CROSS'D LOVER.**

We were young, we were gay, we were
lovers
And the world was a garden of
flowers;
Now the blossoms are faded and fallen,
And a winter unending is ours.
We are parted and parted for ever,
Condemned without hope of reprieve;
For my love has a pip on her shoulder
And I but a stripe on my sleeve!

We have met since it happened, but
somehow,
Proud Lance-Bombardier though I am,
I just can't make love at attention,
While addressing the loved one as
"Ma'am."

Oh, Spirit of Anzac, assist me!
A soldier has no right to grieve,
But my love has a pip on her shoulder,
And I but a stripe on my sleeve.

So play me "The Flowers of the
Forest."

Let me drain sorrow's cup to the dregs,
I have loved, as a carefree civilian,
I have lost, as laid down in King's
Regs.

Let me burnish the breech of my
Bofors,
And forget about seven days' leave,
For my love has a pip on her shoulder
And I but a stripe on my sleeve!

—E.O.E.

SHELLEY TO-DAY.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit,
Bird thou never wert.
Nor didst thou ever have to give
Five coupons for a shirt.

WOMAN TROUBLE.

I've fallen in love with a WAAC and
a WAVE,
Which is really a terrible state,
For I find myself willing to be either's
slave,
When we happen to be on a date.

But when I'm alone, I am torn 'twixt
the two
And am never sufficiently brave
To face them together and learn what
to do
By comparing the WAAC and the
WAVE.

And therefore I struggle to make up
my mind,
That wavers 'twixt WAAC-y and
WAVE-y,
As to whether my future were never
assigned
To the feminine Army or Navy.

If I cling to the WAVE, must I waver
to the WAAC.

"Fare thee well, we were destined
to part?"

If I cling to the WAAC, must I
always look back
To the thrill that the WAVE
brought my heart?

Or, making it plain, could I ever
behave

If I found myself faced with the lack
Of the charms of the beautiful WAAC
—or the WAVE.

Or the WAVE or the beautiful
WAAC?

Do you get my dilemma? It's grave.
heaven knows

And I'm slated to ruin or slaughter,
Till I waive both the WAAC and the
WAVE and propose

To my boss' uninformed daughter.
—From "Yank."

"AT EASE!"**The Awkward Squad.**

The sergeant,
drilling the awk-
ward squad, was
beginning to lose
his temper.

"Attention,"
he ordered,
"About turn!"
Quickly other
commands fol-
lowed, until fi-
nally he roared,
"As you were!"

All shuffled back into the last position
except Private Blank, who stood
gazing vacantly around the square.

"Blank," roared the sergeant, "I
said, 'As you were!'"
"I know, sergeant," replied Blank,
"but how was I? I forget."

It is said in Germany that a suc-
cessor to Goebbels is being sought. No
stone is being left unturned.

RED TAPE.

Corporal Jones had spent most of
his life in the Army, and, at last, in
disgust, on leaving, wrote to his
Colonel as follows:—

"Sir,—After what I have gone
through, tell the Army to go to blazes."
The following day he received a
reply from the Colonel, which read as
follows:—

"Sir,—Army suggestions or en-
quiries as to movements of troops
must be entered on Army Form
0732KXY, a copy of which is enclosed
for your use."

KEEN!

An officer in the Egyptian desert
came upon a soldier in bathing togs.

"Where on earth are you going?"
demanded the officer.

"Swimming," was the reply.
"But," said the officer, "you're
twenty miles from the sea."
"Yes," said the other, "wide beach,
ain't it?"

FROM OUR CAMP NOTICE-BOARD.

All WAAC's will wear khaki stock-
ings only. Anyone found wearing
anything else will be subject to dis-
ciplinary action.

Sergeant Dodd: "My word, that's a
tight battle-dress you've got on."

Sergeant Todd: "Yes. The Q.M.
called it the Alcatraz model."

Sergeant Dodd: "Why?"

Sergeant Todd: "Well, every time I
go up for a stretch, the rest of me
tries to break out."



"Surely you remember me, Sir—Wilkinson, 5 C.?"

TO YOU PERSONALLY.

One of the main attractions about the subjects selected by A.E.W.S. for the weekly Current Affairs discussions is that the problems ARE current, and that developments in these fields occur continually and are reported in the daily press. In some cases (but they are still too few) soldiers realise this. Such remarks are heard as: "I never realised what was going on in China till we had a talk about it; now I seem to notice the cables about China more often." This remark, admittedly, is reminiscent of the familiar ads.: "I never knew what really WHITE linen was, till I used Washo!" But it was actually spoken to the writer by a member of an army discussion group.

In still too many cases, however, the groups regard the subjects as "static" rather than "current" affairs. As discussion closes, there is a feeling that anyhow **that's** finished, and we can wait to see what the next subject will be. You **haven't** finished with the subject when the discussion hour closes. Even if you refuse to think any more about the problem discussed, it goes on developing, badly or well, in the world outside the camp. A slightly more careful reading of the daily press ought to convince you of that. So one of the purposes of this page each month will be to draw your attention to these developments—to help you realise that these problems are very much "current."

The other purpose will be to tell you how discussion has gone in some of the units. Perhaps news from camps where discussion has been successful and enjoyed by all, will help those where it hasn't been so good.

In both jobs, soldier, **we want your help!** Listen! —

First, no one man can watch **all** the news in the papers. Overseas periodicals frequently print new information on the problems we discuss in AEWS groups. When you notice something of this kind that's interesting send it in.

Second, you fellows in the camps are most often the only ones who can give us the dinkum oil on the direction your discussion took. AEWS staff can be present at only a small percentage of the discussions in any one camp. So send us news of your own activities too. This page in future "Guerillas" is over to you.

A SIDELIGHT.

Staff Officer earnestly discussing the Current Affairs scheme with the whole unit, including the Major. Arrives at the point where he implores the men to say what subjects they would like the Bulletins to discuss. Interval of silence, then a spate of suggestions. Finally very serious staff-sergeant gets to his feet.

"Dunno if I can make myself clear sir, but I'd like some discussion on Man and the Universe. I mean—er—where do we come from? Er—what's my relation to the world? In fact—er—what AM I?"

More silence. His glance falls on the Major.

"And—er—what are YOU?"

The Major jumps to his feet and glares hurriedly round the assembly. "Seven days' C.B.," he snaps, "for the man who answers that question!"

POPULATION PROBLEMS.

Remember you discussed that in the early days? Of course, the problem hasn't stood still. You may remember that the Bulletin (No. 2) showed a general decline in the birth rate, as well as in the rates of natural increase and of net reproduction. There had been a slight recovery around 1940, but students of population change put this down as the usual result of the impact of war, and few were hopeful that the upward

Of course, you mustn't attach too much importance to figures for just separate quarters of the year. Even so there is cause for uneasiness. To begin with, there were 135 fewer marriages, which doesn't promise well for the future birth rate. There will be compensations, of course, when single men from overseas return and marry. But the number of births has dropped by 274. The number of deaths has also dropped; but only by 33. As was pointed out in many of the groups in NMD, the death rate can't go on falling. People must die some time or other, and if better medical care succeeds in postponing death awhile for many of them, no one can avoid it, and there must later be a rise in the death rate. Since the Bulletin on Population was published, a Press statement by the N.Z. Government statistician has underlined the problem. "It had to be remembered that the population of the Dominion was getting older, and there was a general upward tendency in the death-rate."

Figures in the same statement showed the upward tendency of death, and the downward tendency of birth-rate:

	Total Births	Total Deaths
1941	35100	15146
1942	33678	16386

Even if you didn't continue to think about it other people **did**, and their views were duly published.

The Leader of the Opposition stated in Kaitiā that he would aim at doubling the population by immigration within ten or fifteen years after soldiers had been re-habilitated. That would mean immigration at a rate of 2,000 a week for fifteen years, or 3,000 a week for ten years. Ever stopped to think what it would mean to transport 3,000 people a week here, for all of ten years, and find work for them? Even that would give us only a few more than 3,000,000 people at the end of the period. Mr. Nash, at almost the same time, stated that our natural resources were sufficient for a population of some 6,000,000. You can work out for yourself the rate per week necessary to achieve that figure in say ten years. And finally, note our natural increase (births minus deaths) for 1942, and work out how long it will take us on natural increase alone to reach either 3,000,000 or 6,000,000. We offer no prize for the first correct answer, but we **would** like to hear from you about it



"Man outside wants to know if he can interest you in a house-painting refresher course or something."
—by Neb.

trend would be maintained. Of course, it hasn't been. The New Zealand Press in April gave some of the relevant figures. Here they are. They compare the first quarter of this year with the first quarter of last year.

	Marriages	Births	Deaths
1st quarter, 1942	714	1156	599
1st quarter, 1943	579	882	566

DEVELOPMENTS IN CHINA

There has been an avalanche of short and very disjointed cables about the fronts in China since you discussed "China at War." It has been difficult to piece them together to form

a coherent picture. But several things seem plain. China (or at least the Chiang Kai-Shek's) are getting restive at our failure to increase supplies to them. Madame Koo, last May, complained that China was getting only two per cent. of American lend-lease aid, and Madame Chiang, speaking during her American tour and afterwards, could not hide her disappointment at the failure of our Burma campaign, with consequent continued loss of the life-line of the Burma Road.

Most disquieting of all, however, is news from China of the imminent resumption of civil war. This long internal conflict between Chiang and the Communists had already smoothed Japan's path up to 1937. Its cessation, ushering in a period of comparative unity in 1937, made possible the valiant stand of China through six years of terrible invasion. The Mowling massacre of January, 1940, almost precipitated full scale civil war again. It was, however, avoided then, and all friends of China must hope it will be avoided now. Its recrudescence could help only the Japanese invader.

WAR IN RUSSIA.

Here is an interesting and cheering little exercise. On page 13 of the Bulletin on "War in Russia" (No. 3 of Vol. I) you will find a map from which you can obtain the line of the furthest German advance. It is the dotted line that sweeps round Leningrad in the north, thence east, and then south through Bologoe, round Kalinin, down west of Moscow to Tula, east from there, then south-west to join the thick black line north-west of Vorenej. From here you can follow it clearly enough into the Caucasus, round Mozdok, and thence west to Novorossisk.

Work in the Bulletin if you like, but it will be better to copy the line on an otherwise blank map of Europe. On the same map, draw the line of the present Soviet-German front. This is published at intervals in all the leading dailies. If you work on the Bulletin map you will see that the present front, for the first time has staved in part of the line established by the Germans in July, 1941, only a month or so after the Germans first attacked. This occurs in the Smolensk region.

We give you also a problem to chew over.

We now understand something of the long Russian retreat. We can see now that the Russians made no "prestige" stands, but retreated steadily and in good order, reserving their counter blows for the moments when they would pay the greatest dividends.

There is no question about the earlier German retreats. They were dis-



astrous retirements forced on them by their enormous blunder at Stalingrad.

But more recently? Are they retreating still because, as on the Steppes, they are smashed back after a reckless advance? Or are they now adopting the realistic attitude of the Russians, and getting out before they have to pay too high a price, so that they will later have strength to hit back? They would not lightly have abandoned the great base of Smolensk, but at the moment they are still offering tough resistance to the Red Army's advance on Vitebsk and Mohilev.

The cables now report two schools of thought on this. One school, the more optimistic, regards the retreat as due to unqualified compulsion, and sees the way open for a Red Army advance into East Poland. The other school, more cautious, admits, of course, that the retreat is by compulsion, but believes that the retreat is strategic, that each place has been evacuated before the last minute, that the Nazis have thus maintained good order (they didn't after Stalingrad) and that they have thus retained sufficient strength for a counter-blow, which they were quite unable to deliver on the Steppes.

Chew it over, soldier. And watch the news!

Sergeant-Major (just ticking off a clumsy recruit): "Do I make myself plain?"

Private Huggins: "Nature has spared you the task."

* * *

It is said that the Germans are experimenting with clothes made from wood. If the idea is adopted in this country, we will have to look out for fancy wainscots.

PRIZES FOR THE BEST JOKE.

"Guerilla" offers a PRIZE OF 10/- each month for the best joke or anecdote of Service life. TWO PRIZES OF 2/6 are also offered for the next best entries.

The only conditions are that the yarn must deal with life in the Forces, and that the entrants must be men and women who are, or who have been, in any branch of the Services. Stories should be brief, and will be especially welcomed if they deal with actual happenings.

Address entries to "The Editor, 'Guerilla,' A.E.W.S. H.Q., N.M.D.," before November 12th.

Be in!

IRISH MANŒUVRE.

An Irish soldier on duty in Europe received a letter from his wife saying that because of the war she would have to dig the garden herself. "Bridget, please don't dig the garden," wrote Pat, "That's where the guns are."

The letter was duly censored, and in a short time soldiers came and dug up the garden from end to end.

Bridget, worried over the incident, wrote to Pat asking what she should do. Pat's reply was short and to the point: "Put in the spuds."

* * *

"I came right through the campaign without a scratch."

"Really, what did you use—Keating's?"

* * *

It is rumoured that the District Signallers have recently crossed homing pigeons with woodpeckers. Now their birds not only deliver messages, but also knock on the door.

* * *

Corporal Grant: "Would you like to see a model home?"

Corporal Shove: "Glad to. What time does she finish work?"



Brewed by New Zealand Breweries Ltd., Auckland



HAPPIER HANDICRAFTS.

2. SCHOOL FOR NEEDLEPOINT

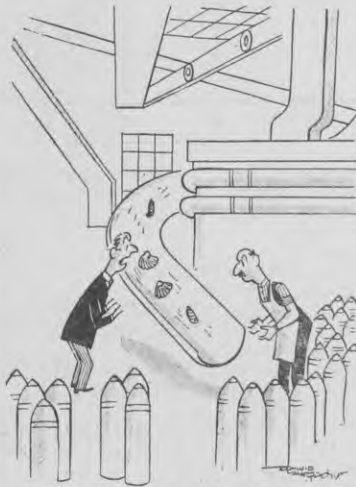
Way back in the Middle Ages, when castles were fortress homes, the womenfolk would sit weaving warm hangings to keep their draughty rooms warm and cosy. They chose subjects from the stirring events of their times, so that to-day we have a clear idea of not only their dress and customs, but also of the more chatty details of their affairs. These D.O.L.'s (dear old ladies) covered most of the world's history in wool and threads. They pictured fierce looking gendarmes like Alexander registering passion with the whites of his eyes, Charlemagne looking like a big stiff in shining armour mounted upon a snow white charger; Hercules with a horrid looking club standing between a lion that symbolizes Bravery and Cupid who symbolizes love. A patch hides the Cupid scene, which is probably fairly immodest. Even the Homeric Greeks considered it a feminine duty and accomplishment to weave. The prim and proper Penelope is pictured weaving a shroud for Laertes on an upright loom. Each night she would secretly unravel her tapestry for she must remarry as soon as it was finished. Husband Ulysses was already ten years overdue from battle, so if she really believed all his excuses when he finally did show up she must have been covering up on a few odd moments when she hadn't stuck too closely to her weaving.

They wove on large upright looms strung with hundreds of strong warp threads, using bobbins of silk, wool, gold or silver thread. The picture or cartoon was marked on the threads and worked from the wrong side. To see what they were doing they had to run round the front. Slits or holes were left to strengthen straight and curved outlines and give the impression of shadow. This gave the tapestry a fine lace-like quality.

Tapestry as Furniture Coverings.

In the eighteenth century two Frenchmen named Oudry and Boucher set the pace in the designing of furniture tapestries. Oudry based his designs upon the fables of La Fontaine. They contain only animal and floral patterns, which are indescribably rich in colour and unsurpassed in design. Even his cows are said to have striking character and individuality.

Instead of using the older method of working with the loom, modern day workers copy the old Babylonian method of embroidering on fine linen. From this has developed the needlepoint upholstery, consisting of loosely woven linen or canvas worked in gaily coloured silks, wools or cottons, with a blunt needle, in a slant over one thread. This is called the petit point or tent stitch. If in a rush use the Beauvais or Florentine stitches worked upright over two or four threads of canvas.



"Good heavens, Thistledown, it's sabotage!"

Do you wish to leave a stool or picture to posterity? Tell your U.E.O. about it. In due time she will produce the materials. Most W.A.A.C.'s show a marked preference for pink roses, large and cabbage-like, or cottages ringed with hollyhock. So be original, have purple petunias or puce portulacca. If you find the ground work tedious give it to the boys on sentry-go. They'll finish it up or off in absolutely no time. So join the school of needlepoint now.

A HORROR STORY.

This might happen to you! Your teeth may loosen and fall out, your limbs may become paralysed, your skin may harden and flake off, your eyes may dry up, you may become blind—you may, eventually die!

Some of you may be suffering from the first symptoms already. Are you subject to headaches? Disinclined to work; are you afflicted by nerves, indigestion, loss of weight, general depression? Then look out! Your system is warning you. You are suffering from the scourge of modern living—vitamin starvation.

A Fad?

The older generation says: "What rot! We got along all right without vitamins." So they did, but they ate only unrefined foods. To-day we employ intricate and extensive machinery to devitaminise foods and then pay half guineas for tins of white ascorbic acid or B1 pills. The advocate of wholemeal bread or unpeeled potatoes or green vegetables daily is dubbed a crank. Actually he is a very wise guy and will be, if he isn't already, a very healthy man.

It's Easy.

Vitamin concentrates should be entirely unnecessary in N.Z. We have natural foodstuffs that will supply all essential vitamins with the possible exception of D in winter. For instance 2 ozs. of orange, lemon or grapefruit juice (daily) guarantees a good intake of ascorbic acid (vit. C), and a teaspoonful of dried yeast (B1) in a glass of water tones up the nervous system for the rest of the day. Simple, isn't it?

Strawberries and Asparagus.

Sounds pretty good. When you pay extraordinary prices for strawberries and asparagus tips it may give you some little satisfaction to know that they are both very good sources of C, but it's much cheaper and twice as nutritious to chew parsley.

SUSPENSION.

This foundation garment problem is becoming acute. It is very difficult for a good WAAC to know what to do with her hose, isn't it? Eezies are out, so they tell us, for the duration, sus-pender belts likewise. That leaves corsets and the garter, both relics of the gay nineties, which brings us to the modern contraptions for stocking control, the safety pin, and latterly—chewing gum.

Or just discard the stockings.

War Establishment Amazing

(As a result of the publication of the W.E. for a Purgatory Unit Mobile in the last "Guerilla" the following no less interesting document has been brought to our notice. This Establishment, which may be regarded as a counter-blast to the first, also emanates from the Middle East, and is, unfortunately, also anonymous.)

NOTIFIED IN HEAVENLY COMMAND ORDERS.

SECURITY (Advance Copy) xiii/96408/295D.

No. 1 SPIRITUAL AID DETACHMENT—TYPE "A"

This establishment is designed to deal with 200 Sinners per day.

(i.) Personnel.

Details.	Offirs.	W.O.s.	Sgts.	R. & F.	Total
Chief Priest	1	—	—	—	1
Samaritan, Grade 1	—	1	—	—	1
Artisans (Inc. 1 Cpl. & 1 L/Cpl.)	—	—	1	12	13
Total All Ranks	1	1	1	12	15

(ii.) Distribution of Rank and File by Trades and Duties.

Interpreter, writing, wall	—	1	—	—	1
Riveters, soul	—	1	—	—	1
Fitters, Wing	—	—	1	—	1
Fitters, Halo	—	—	1	—	1
Acolytes	—	—	1	1	2
Shepherds	—	—	—	1	1
Whiteners, Sepulchre	—	—	—	1	1
Galvanisers, Activity	—	—	—	1	1
Virgins, foolish	(a)	—	1	1	2
Virgins, Wise	—	—	—	1	1
Total	—	2	4	6	12

Attached Personnel.

MOBILE FONT UNIT.

Watermen	2
Holder, Infant	1
(1 extra for each pair of twins)	
Godfathers	1
Godmothers	1
Godmothers (fairy)	1
Relations, lachrymatory (as required)	1
Sanitary Duty men	1
Total	7

(iii.) Transport.

Hearse, one-seater	2 (1 spare)
Chariots, fiery	1
Clouds, ascending	1
Lorry, 3 ton, 7 Wh. uplift	1
Arks, Collapsible, rainproof	1

Note: (a) To be reviewed after 40 days and 40 nights. Unserviceable to be returned to R.S.D.

PROVISIONAL WAR EQUIPMENT FOR S.A.D.—TYPE "A."

Pearls, castable	Gross 2
Pearls, Grade 1	Gross 1
Paths, Straight	Yards 10
Paths, Narrow	Yards 1000 (in lieu of paths, Primrose)

Ladder, scaling ..	Lengths as required
Boxes, Manna	1
Gauges, depth, sin	7
Panoplies	22
Halos	22
Halos, nets, camouflage	22
Crooks, shepherds	1
Lamps, virgin, wise, full	2
Lamps, virgin, foolish, empty	2
Vices, assorted	7
Chains, retaining, Body and Soul	567
Chains, retaining, Body, tools detaching	5
Bottles, wine, old (for new wine)	3
Harps, harping, G.S.	200
Gates, Pearly, Left	1
Gates, Pearly, Right	1
Walls, collapsible (Jericho pattern)	1
Sets	
Locaters, water, rods	1
Dividers, sea, Red	1
Cymbals, loud	prs. 1
Cymbals, well-tuned	prs. 1
Baskets, rush, infants	1
Rushes, bull	Fathoms 3
Rivets, wing 3in.	lbs. 47
Trumpets, Archangel, brazen	1
Slings, David pattern	1
Slings, Fortune, outrageous	1
Arrows	1
Jawbones, Ass	prs. 1

R.A.S.C. SUPPLY.

Loaves (or stones in lieu)	5
Fishes, small	2

Wine, new (for old bottles) ..	qts. 6
Oil, foolish	qts. 4567
Oil, wise	gills 3
Branches, Olive	1
Locusts, dried	Plagues 1
Honey, wild	lbs. 10

PROVISIONAL A.F. L1398.

Articles 1/39	sets 1
Commandments, assorted ..	pkts of 10
Pens, Recorder, Gold	1
Glasses, dark	1
Signs, directional, upwards ..	Gross 256
Signs, directional, downwards, asbestos	1
Chisels, tablet, inscribing, 3in. ..	1
Chisels, tablet, inscribing, Mallets ..	2
Tracts, Uplift	reams 246
Fingers, moving, writing	5
Charts, celestial	280

Distribution

G.H.Q. Blessed Isles
Staff Captain, Legion of the Lost
Base Depot, Venusburg,
Colonel Bogey,
Father O'Flynn,
Nirvana
A
All This and Heaven, Too.

TO AN N.C.O. I KNOW.

The Romans had a word for you—
Three words, I should say—
No single word could comprehend
A Noncom, anyway.

They are NON COMPos mentis,
Three words which quite embrace
The things you are, nuts, crackers, too.
A psychopathic case.
(From "Flak," newspaper of Auckland
Ack-Ack Units).

"Raslyn"

**UNDERWEAR
OUTERWEAR
SPORTSWEAR**

UNEXCELLED!



WHAT'S IN MUSIC?

2. Something About Rhythm.

You remember we began this series on "What's in Music?" by trying to approach music from a much more "matter of fact" standpoint than is commonly adopted. The main idea was that a piece of music is something satisfying made out of sound by man, who is so constituted that sound has a peculiar fascination for him. There is no need then to think of the composer as a strange sort of animal with fiery eyes, long hair, and a soul full of grand passions, who dashes off work at the obedience of sudden "inspiration."

He is—or was until the romantic movement of the 19th Century got hold of him—a man who wanted, or had, to make things just as you or I might want or have to make a kitchen chair or a short-wave transmitter. Only instead of using wood or wire he uses sounds. At the same time we noted that he is an outstanding man, more keenly alive than most of us. So things which are made to his satisfaction—his compositions—are able to give us some of the richness and subtlety of his own reaction to life. In the same way, a good footballer can, by his play, not only let the barracks know that he is an adept at the game, but also make them keenly aware of certain human qualities like physical endurance or courage in the face of odds.

Now we said, too, that as a satisfying thing a piece of music is only different from, not necessarily better than, a good piece of football—which is also a human activity calling into play certain faculties within a certain framework of rules. And if you are standing on the sideline you have got to know at least something about the rules in order to appreciate the game.

Conjuring Up Pictures.

Now at this point there is a further matter in regard to music which the analogy with football will clear up for us. Many people like music merely because it conjures up for them all sorts of exciting pictures, because it has pleasant associations for them. Now there is a certain type of music—programme music—which aims to conjure up pictures in this fashion so that this type of approach is the proper one for many occasions. But what needs stressing is the fact that this is not all, or even the most important portion of what music can give them. It gives you its best only when you approach it first, not as a series of pictures, but as a creation in sound to be assessed and appreciated as sound. It is only after you know something of the form



"Surprise inspection by the C.O. at 1100 hours. Better let the boys know."

of a piece of music so that you can grasp the significance of repetitions or of the balance and shape of the principal melodies so that you can recognise subtle changes in them as the work proceeds—it is only after this that the whole of the composer's deeper, perhaps unconscious, intention becomes plain to you.

You see, it is as if a man were to go to a football match because the full-back reminded him of his Great-Aunt Fanny, or merely to see the comedy of a rough and tumble—such motives may be all right, but they are hardly usual and won't help him to appreciate the game to the full. To do that he must be aware of each situation in the game as it proceeds and that means knowing a good deal about the rules. Of course, as we said before, once you do know something about the rules, know just what every player is doing and what situation he is facing, then the full effect of those general human

qualities of which the game can make you aware can be felt. And so with a piece of music—whatever the composition communicates can be known only by knowing the music clearly and thoroughly as sound organised according to certain rules.

A Few Basic Rules.

Of course here the analogy with football is liable to break down. For in football most of the rules are negative "thou shalt not" rules—like the offside rule. In music there are positive "thou shalt" rules, like the rules of harmony, and moreover they are not nearly so rigid. But in each case the rules represent the attempt men have made to organise their activity either in two teams in football or with different kinds of sound. Of course pages and pages might be—and have been—written on the rules evolved to give organisation and form to the composer's work, but actually there are a few basic ones which are easily understood, and very useful in making sense out of a piece of music. They may be discussed under these heads: Rhythm, Melody, Harmony, Form (Sonata, Rondo), etc., and instrumentation or tone colour.

Organised Noise.

Rhythm is placed first in the list because it seems to be absolutely basic both in the sense that it is the groundwork of almost all the music which is most frequently heard to-day and in the sense that it is something for which nearly everybody has some feeling. A schoolboy who runs a stick along a corrugated iron fence does so not merely because he wants to make a noise but because he likes organised, patterned noise, and there are few of us who do not tap rhythmically on the 'phone table when our call takes a long while to come through. So if you sit at the piano and just bang the keyboard you have noise, but if you bang it regularly you have organised noise or rhythm. And you will find that your bangings tend to fall into groups of two, three or four, according as you accent every second note—1 2, 1 2, 1 2—or every third note—1 2 3, 1 2 3, 1 2 3—or every fourth note with a subsidiary stress on every second note—1 2 3 4, 1 2 3 4, 1 2 3 4. By this means you will have discovered the three most important rhythmic groupings in music. These you will see expressed at the beginning of a musical score as 2-4, 3-4 and 4-4 respectively. This means that you have 2, 3, and 4 beats respectively to a bar or rhythmic section of the piece.

It is essential in your listening to music that you should be able to distinguish these basic patterns of rhythm.

THE SOLDIER'S TEN COMMANDMENTS.

1. Thou shalt not scrounge, neither shalt thou swing the lead, lest thy resting place be the trough at which horses and ghari ponies quench their thirst.
2. Thou shalt not take the name of the Company Sergeant-Major or Platoon Sergeant in vain or thou shalt have thy name inscribed on a 252 and shall go on a course of jankers.
3. Honour thy Quarter-bloke all the days of thy service that thy credits may be numbered even as the sands of Egypt.
4. Thou shalt not fill thyself up to overflowing with beer or by Royal Warrant thou shalt lose much of thy picer and the Provost Sergeant shall number thee among his staff, for it is written: He that drinketh shall pull the roller.
5. Six days shalt thou labour and on the seventh do twice as much.
6. If it come to pass that thy zeal and the sweat of thy brow cause mention of thee in Regimental Orders as being elevated to the dizzy heights of unpaid Lance-Corporal, lo, thou shalt present thy humble body at the dwelling place of the "Big Noise," which is known as the Corporals' Mess and shall crave that they accept liquid refreshments of thee at thine own expense.
7. Thou shalt not take unto thyself a comrade's kit, neither shalt thou borrow when the owner is not present, or thy sins may be visited on thee by that quickness of the hand that blackeneth the eye.
8. Thou shalt not fritter away thy worldly goods by playing Banker, Pontoon and Nap lest the avenging voice of the Provost Sergeant be heard: Render unto me your name and leave the money where it layeth.
9. Thou shalt not kill. If the drobi grieveth thee, thou shalt not smite him hip nor thigh, neither shall you sling him one over. Thou shalt go unto the headman and crave audience of him and set forth thy grievance with much wailing and gnashing of teeth.
10. And when it shall come to pass that thou art Time Expired, thou shalt embark upon the waters and journey thereon until thou reachest the Land of the Long White Cloud. There thou shalt take unto thyself strange garments and be known as a civvy. In the Long White Cloud thou shalt study the Dole and the drawing thereof, lo, for many moons thou shalt take it easy and rest from all thy labours.

The splendid reception given to the first issue of the new "Guerilla" is a good indication that this paper fills a very definite need. It is hoped that, with the support of the troops, whose paper it is first and foremost, "Guerilla" will grow in size as well as popularity.

Readers are reminded again that contributions of all kinds are welcomed from all ranks, anywhere, and W.A.A.C.'s are particularly invited to contribute verse (real or alleged), jokes, local gossip, short stories, cartoons, current affairs comment, letters, all are welcome. It is hoped to start next month a letter section, where the troops can blow off steam. Let us have your point of view for this page. Don't just grouse. Get it right off your chest.

Address all correspondence to:

The Editor, "Guerilla,"
A.E.W.S. H.Q.,
N.M.D.

And don't forget your cobbers overseas. They will enjoy the paper, too. The annual subscription is only 3/6.

EXPENSIVE ASP.

Until the Dental Corps fitted false fangs into his upper jaw, "Shorty" was the possessor of only one tooth on top—a big one, right in the middle. "Shorty" was inordinately proud of his ersatz choppers and religiously removed them and sat them by his bed every night so as to avoid any chance of inadvertently swallowing them. One night at Alamein "Shorty" was climbing in between his blankets when out scuttled an asp. Needless to say, the asp's life was abruptly terminated, but sleep became a mixed blessing to "Shorty" that night, for, in his dreams, he saw asps of all sizes crawling over him. The one thing that impressed itself on his subconscious mind was the way the scaly undersides of the asps stood out pale in the dim light. With a start he awoke and sat up in bed, sleepily wondering what was wrong. Suddenly he spotted what it was—there on the sand bags beside him could be discerned the pale gleam of an asp's underside! Cautiously "Shorty" clutched a boot and then brought it down with all his force on the horrid sight. Again and again he struck, and finally lay back with a sigh of satisfaction. In the morning there was no asp corpse to be seen but his fine set of molars lay battered beyond recognition on the sand bags.

—R.F.

BOOKS FOR THE BARRACKS

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