

Camp News

GRATIS TO
H.M. FORCES

ARMY, NAVY & AIR FORCE WEEKLY

8 PAGES
PRICE . . 2d.

VOL. 2. No. 82

Wellington, Friday, July 18, 1941.

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VOL. 2. No. 82

Friday, July 18, 1941

HUN PRIDE

Cassandra in the "Daily Mirror" writes:—

On May 31, 1937, a German cruiser and four destroyers appeared off Almeria, on the Spanish coast, and bombarded the city. Scores were killed and injured. It was Hitler's first demonstration of the brand new Hun pride and brutality that he had hatched out underneath his blood-red rag branded with a swastika.

The Prussianism that, until then, had swaggered inside Germany, went afloat.

Let the world see how Awakened Germany was quick to avenge her pride!

See the fearful destruction that befell those who offended Nazi elite!—otherwise identifiable as a jack-booted collection of perverts, crooks, strong-arm men and backstairs bullies who had bludgeoned their way to power in Berlin by all the artifices known and respected in thieves' kitchens and gunmen's hideouts!

* * * *

On March 31, 1941, nearly four years later, the United States of America seized German and Italian and Danish ships in American ports, totalling 300,000 tons. They just grabbed them and then made it fairly clear that they would eventually hand them over to Hitler's deadliest enemy, Great Britain, for use against the precious Third Reich and the not so precious Fascist Italy.

What now happens?

Does a proud squadron of Nazi warships sail up the Hudson and pitch broadsides of fire and steel into the Empire State Building?

Does a Boche battle line steam up the Potomac River and pump high explosive into Washington and the White House?

Certainly not.

I'll tell you what happens.

A slick fifth-column diplomatic crook by the name of Hans Thomsen, who masquerades as German Charge d'Affaires in Washington, protests to the State Department. Cowering in his dirty wake is the Wop Ambassador, Prince Colonna, who also tosses a piece of paper at Mr. Cordell Hull. In accordance with past Nazi lack of principles, the seizure of the Axis merchant fleet would be the ideal casus belli. But this time they are not up against defenceless and innocent Spanish civilians. They are up against the greatest industrial power on earth specifically pledged to wipe them out as surely as if they had never been born.

Go on, Hitler—shoot! "Deeds not words"—that's your own war cry. Poles, Czechs, Danes, Norwegians, Dutchmen and all the rest are in your maw. Surely the Great Messiah scooped out of the gutters of Vienna is not afraid of President Roosevelt, a man who has not yet distinguished his prowess by butchering his best friends and betraying his dearest comrades? Act, you cur!

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ANZAC TROOPS
**What German General
Thought Of Them**
THE TOUGHEST FIGHTERS

Accounts of the stirring deeds of the Australians and New Zealanders in Greece and Crete, as well as enemy tributes to their valour, make worth recalling a commentary on their Great War prowess by General von Roon, member of a famous military family, who was attached to the German High Command throughout 1914-18, studying the position on all fronts. What he wrote in a critical resume of the World War is considered worth reprinting in pamphlet form for display in every military camp and establishment in New Zealand. At the least General von Roon's comments are the opposite of Hitler's first description of the New Zealanders as "poor country lads." General von Roon wrote in his resume, which was published in English, French and German:—

"From the first Germany underestimated the value of the contingents from the British overseas Dominions and particularly did fail to make allowance for the worth of the physically fine Australian contingents on the Western fronts and on Gallipoli. To those of us who had opportunities of studying the position at first hand, it was soon obvious that when it came to warfare in which individuality and personal grit counted, the Australians and New Zealanders were, man for man, superior to even our best troops, for they were used to outdoors and skilled in the art of taking cover and turning to account every natural advantage and improvising ruses to suit the peculiar conditions in which they found themselves.

"At no time was there evidence that the Australians and New Zealanders had that rigid machine-like discipline that was overdone with us, but in the trench warfare when the soldier who had initiative and individuality was an asset, the Anzacs proved their worth repeatedly. After the flower of our army had faded we never had anything in the line that could be compared man for man with the same number of Anzacs; always there was the moral ascendancy with the Anzacs when they were pitted against our troops. Consciousness of this inferiority soon spreads even in the best-disciplined army, and it was not long before it became a source of weakness that had to be counteracted by increasing the bayonet strength in the trenches when we found we had Anzacs against us.

Dread Of Name.
"In attack we found repeatedly that it took the heart out of our best troops if they found the trenches they had to attack were manned by the Anzacs. This dread of the name was intensified when there came to the Western front men who had served on Gallipoli with the skeleton forces that had been hurried there to stiffen the Turkish resistance. These men had been distributed over various

formations on the Western front and they told such tales of the fighting qualities of the Anzacs that the young men had no strength for fighting when they came to grips with these redoubtable opponents. It was the same on the defensive. I have seen our men holding their ground steadily enough till they found they were being attacked by Anzacs and then the resistance crumpled.

"I have known instances where the mere belief that the attacking troops were Anzacs caused our lines to give way or an attack from our side to crumple up. Others who have been on the spot have told the same story.

Backbone In Crisis.
"It is obvious, therefore, that the British were particularly well served by their overseas contingents and at certain critical stages they proved the backbone of the British Army both in attack and defence. The Anzacs easily proved themselves the most resourceful, and they had no equals in the improvising of disconcerting methods of trench warfare.

"The Anzac artillery was always efficiently served and, gun for gun, they outclassed ours.

"On Gallipoli I found everyone in agreement that the Anzacs were the toughest fighters we had to deal with."

CONCERT AT TRENTHAM

An enjoyable programme was presented to the soldiers at Trentham Military Camp recently by Miss Esme Crow and her concert party. The Turner-Cottier orchestra, playing all the latest "hits," proved popular. Other items included vocal, instrumental, and tap-dancing numbers, thumbnail sketches, and ventriloquism. Miss Hazel Martin's ballet helped to make the show so successful. At the conclusion three hearty "Trentham" cheers were given for Miss Crow and her party, and supper was served by the officers of the No. 3 training unit. Automobile Association members kindly supplied cars to transport the party. Those contributing to the programme were: Misses Esme Crow, Hazel Martin, D. Hussey, G. and V. England, D. Smith, D. Wyatt, E. Lane, E. Livermore, Mesdames J. Turner-Cottier, E. Astill, M. Newman, Messrs. R. Turner-Cottier, P. Cousins, H. Woolcott, L. Mellyride, I. Dentice, P. Johnstone, and A. McNair. Mr. Claude Sauder was the accompanist.

THE HESS FLIGHT

The aeroplane in which Rudolf Hess flew over Germany to Scotland was sighted and reported by two fighter pilots, one of them a New Zealander, Flight Lieutenant Alan Deere, D.F.C. and bar (Wanganui), who has shot down 17 Nazis. "I was up after him, but that is all I am allowed to say," was the Wanganui boy's comment. It was stated in the House of Commons by the Secretary for Air, Sir Archibald Sinclair, that R.A.F. pilots were on the trail of the German aircraft over Scotland.

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ON A BOMBING RAID

Story By Marlborough
Airman

FLYING OVER GERMANY

A fine picture of what happens when a British bomber goes on a raid into enemy territory is presented by Sergeant C. B. G. Knight, now with the New Zealand Bomber Squadron in Britain. Sergeant Knight, a wireless operator, left Picton in 1939 for England, where he was to join the flight of Wellington bombers which were to have been flown out to New Zealand. Sergeant Knight was the first non-commissioned officer-airman from New Zealand to receive an award in this war; it was the D.F.M.

In a letter he has just written home, Sergeant Knight describes a bombing trip thus:—

"First of all, in the morning, all the ground staff check the machines in every respect, and after everyone has finished and signed up on the appropriate form, the machine is ready for 'N.F.T.' (night flying tests). To do this the whole crew go aboard and we take the air, where we spend half an hour or so checking everything in actual flight. The pilot checks the flying of the aircraft, engines, and instruments. The wireless operator checks his wireless equipment, aeriels, direction finding loop, and his guns, while the other gunners test their guns.

"Bombing-Up."

"When everyone is satisfied we land the ground staff, of which there are a crew for each machine, pounce upon it. It is refuelled, and checked again by them. Then the bomb people appear, and 'bomb up.' That is, putting in the bombs that we are carrying that night. In the meantime we have gone to lunch. At a certain time in the afternoon we arrive for 'briefing.' This is where we are told the target we have to bomb, what wireless facilities are available, and what sort of opposition there might be.

"The navigator then gets his maps,

and plots off the courses to be flown. The captain checks up on certain things, and the wireless operator gets all the necessary codes and papers he must take.

"After this is all finished, we away to a good hot tea. Then the time approaches for the take-off. We get our flying kit on, and are driven out to the machine.

"Everyone is smoking a last fag, and there is much laughing and joking. When we get into the machine it is dusk, the engines are roaring, warming up, and in we all pile. There is no fuss or bother. We are signalled out, and taxi off to the taking-off point. Another exchange of signals, requesting permission to take off, and obtaining it, the engines burst into a roar, and we are racing away across the aerodrome. Then up, up, up, and we are away.

Course Is Set.

"The navigator speaks to the pilot on the 'intercomm' (that is telephonic inter-communication throughout the aircraft), and says: 'Set course — so many degrees —'

"The pilot repeats the course, then when he is on the course says: 'Pilot calling navigator —. Set course — so and so —. Air speed — so and so.' The navigator okays the message and we all settle down to the trip. As we cross the coast on the way out we check our course, and make any alteration necessary—our drift, and so on. If the night is cloudy and we cannot see the ground we can check operation by wireless as necessary.

"As we get into enemy territory the searchlights begin springing up and there is occasional firing. Ahead we may see someone caught in the searchlights and 'getting a packet' (being heavily fired at). We make a slight detour round that spot. Then it might be our turn to 'get a packet.' The pilot throws the kite round, ducks and dives, and we are out of that.

"And so it goes on till we are near the actual target. If we are above cloud, the position is carefully checked, and then down, down we go through it and spread out below us is the vicinity of our target. Shells are bursting all round us now, some pretty close, but no one bothers very much, except to say: 'Hell, that was close.'

"Now the bomb-aimer is directing the

pilot: 'Left, left, right, right, steady, steady,' then, 'Bombs gone.' There is a shout from the rear gunner: 'Got it,' and as we sweep round in a circle we see flames, and explosions beneath us right smack on the target. It's a great feeling, and after having a good look, we set course for home. We don't stay here too long, because the barrage is pretty heavy now. As we turn away we see another of our machines is there doing just the same as we did.

"We pass through various A.A. fire and searchlights on the way home, but nobody worries very much—we're too pleased with ourselves. Suddenly the rear gunner speaks—'Fighters'—just the one word, but it is enough. Into my turret, and all inside lights are put out as we watch the fighter. He hasn't seen us, but if he gets much closer he will. We draw a bead on him and wait. No use firing at him if he doesn't see us, because there are probably more about and we will only give our position away. Suddenly he sees us—circles out of range—then in he comes. We have our sights on him but wait. When he is just starting to fire we press the triggers and give him a good burst. Suddenly he sheers away and we see flames licking round his engine.

Fighter Shot Down.

"He goes down in a long dive like a flaming torch, and that is that. There don't seem to be any more about, so after a while I go back to my wireless as the navigator wants some assistance. (It doesn't always happen that way.)

"The navigator wants some bearings now, so I go to my radio and get them, and he can then fix our position. So we go on till at last we are over the North Sea—then over England. Then I get into touch by radio with our home station and, if necessary, bringing us home by direction finding. We land and pile out, everyone grabbing a fag. A truck is waiting and in we go for a cup of hot tea. (I forgot to mention that we carry coffee and have that for the homeward run.)

"Then we tell our tale to the intelligence officer, giving him all the details. Then away to breakfast, then to bed—and another raid is over."

ANZACS' RUSE

Supplies From The Enemy

The ingenuity of New Zealand soldiers when fighting in Greece is shown in the following extract from a letter from Private R. H. Davis, son-in-law of Mr. A. W. Trass, Feilding:—

"One of the humorous parts of the campaign was seen when a batch of our chaps armed themselves with Tommy guns and Luger revolvers. They were in a detached position and had run out of ammunition. One had a bright idea and spread a Nazi flag out on the ground. It might seem a funny thing to do, but it had the desired result. A German supply plane saw the flag, the airmen thought the New Zealanders were some of their own men, and dropped a heap of supplies, which included good food, cigarettes, and plenty of ammunition, the last-mentioned being used to good effect against themselves."

The writer also refers to the Maoris' bayonet charges against Tommy guns and in superior numbers. Mention is made of the use by the Germans of sirens. "These make a noise like a screaming bomb and are very hard on one's nerves. The idea is that when an unseen man or group of men hear these bombs screaming down on them the strain on their nerves is likely to make them crack up and run for it."

ARMY, NAVY, AND AIR FORCE CLUB.—As implied by its name, all Kingsmen are welcomed at this friendly club, which is found in Hallenstein's Building, 33 Willis Street (near the Empire Hotel).

RACING FIXTURES.

July 19—Manawatu Hunt.

July 19—Waimate District Hunt Club.

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BUSY WEEKEND

Clubs For Men Of Forces

Full advantage was taken during last week and weekend of the facilities provided by the Army, Navy, Air Force Club for the welfare and entertainment of the men of the forces. A record number of men availed themselves of the hot meals provided by the cafeteria.

The dances on Friday and Saturday nights were more than usually crowded; and the new soldiers were full of praise for what is being provided for them.

Members of the girls' committee directing the dancing were Misses R. Williamson, D. Puttick and M. Yates-Jones.

The club gratefully acknowledges bumpers from the Manakau Patriotic Society and Younger Set (per Mrs. Marshall Miles); Ranfurly Club, Masterton (per Mrs. Peter Gordon); Masterton Country Club, Carterton Women's Institute (per Mrs. J. Woods); and the Waikanae Women's Institute (per Mrs. G. A. Monk).

Cinderella Club.

A record number of men of the services attended the Cinderella Club during the weekend, the dances on Friday and Sunday being particularly well attended.

Unusual entertainment was provided on Sunday by Pipe-Major L. McKinnon, E. Newman and Misses Whitelaw, Holdaway, Weaver and Wilson.

The Cinderellas thank the anonymous donors of foodstuffs and other articles for the club, which were very much appreciated.

Committee members on duty over the weekend were: Mrs. Henderson, Misses Rice Kelly, Ida McConchie, Margaret Mulcahy, Eunice Singleton Smith, Grace Walpole and Audrey McNamara.

National Club.

The National Club rooms were crowded to capacity with men of the Forces at the weekend, and great appreciation of the comfortable facilities and delicious meals was expressed by the newcomers among them. Miss Mar-

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Copies of "Camp News" are at present being preserved. If you come from Otago, remember to send the Dunedin Public Library a copy of your troopship or overseas magazine.

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garet Cooper was hostess for the National Union tea on Saturday, and Mrs. R. O. Chesney was convener of the Lower Hutt group who took charge on Sunday.

Y.W.C.A. Entertains.

There was a "full house" at the Y.W.C.A. on Saturday and Sunday when the girls of the "Y" Forces Hospitality Club entertained men of the Army, Navy and Air Force. The usual Y.W.C.A. helpers and members of the Lower Hutt Canteen Corps assisted the hostess, Mrs. Tailby, in the cafeteria, the kitchen, and in serving the men with meals. The canteen corps was organized by Mrs. Logie, Mrs. G. Clark, and Mrs. Wilkins.

There was dancing on Saturday night, and last night, Mr. McSkimming, the Y.M.C.A. secretary, conducted a service. This was followed by a concert party arranged by Mrs. Keys, which was highly popular with the men.

Y.M.C.A. Soldiers' Tea.

The lounge of the Wellington Y.M.C.A. was filled to capacity for the usual tea for the soldiers, and an overflow had to be provided in the board room. The hostesses for the tea were the National Council of the Y.M.C.A. and the chairman was Mr. C. Edmond who was accompanied by Mrs. Ed-

mond. Associated with the chairman were Mr and Mrs. C. S. Fabner. A special feature of the tea was the birthday cakes, one of which was given by the Parkvale branch of the Women's Institute, and the other by an anonymous donor.

Every month a birthday cake is donated, and the men whose birthday happens to fall in that month hand in the names of their next-of-kin who have a piece of the cake sent to them with a message from the soldiers' tea.

A very enjoyable programme was provided for the entertainment of the men, vocal items being provided by Mrs. Woodward and Mr. R. M. Brasted, and an elocutionary item by Mrs. Anne Lane. The usual one minute silent prayer was observed for the men serving overseas.

Other artists who contributed to the programme were Miss P. Norris, and Corporal Armstrong. The song leader was Mr. H. Hindle, the accompanist Miss L. Finlay, and the pianist, Mr. Mann.

**FIRST AIR RAID ON
ALEXANDRIA**

**Canterbury Soldiers'
Experience**

"Actually we found it quite unexciting, but it was interesting in that, up to the time, it was our nearest approach to the war." This reaction to the first air raid on Alexandria, when 100 persons were killed and a large number injured, was described in a letter to a friend by Private B. James, Christchurch, who, with other Canterbury soldiers, was in the city when the attack was made.

"We were in a cabaret at the time," he writes, "and the only sign that something was amiss was a sudden lowering of the lights. At first there was a hushed air of expectancy about the place, then the whisper became almost a shout: 'Air Raid!' Not quite knowing what best to do, we went into the street, which was absolutely blacked out and crowded with hurrying people.

"We proceeded toward the centre of the town, but before we arrived there came the thunderous concussion of anti-aircraft fire. The streets by this time were deserted, and we took shelter in a friendly shop along with some carefree Greek sailors. Now the streets were lit up by the flashes of the shells bursting in the sky, while now and again we heard the tinkle of shrapnel falling on the road. Once or twice a panic-stricken mob of 'Wogs' ran past screaming. Occasionally we heard a swish and had to resist the temptation to duck as a bomb from a raider landed somewhere nearby. By and by the firing became more and more infrequent, and about an hour later a siren screamed the 'All Clear.' Thus we survived our first air raid."

"Been drowning your sorrows, I suppose?"

"No, but I've been giving them a darn good swimming lesson."



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Week Days to Papakura: 7.15 a.m., 9.0, 11.0, 12.40 p.m., 1.55, 3.10, 5.0, 5.20, 7.0, 9.20 & 11.0 p.m.

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- MILITARY SLEEPING BAGS
- MILITARY HAVERSACKS
- MILITARY WATERPROOF TRENCH COATS
- NURSES' GREEN CANVAS HOLDALLS

Regimental Flags made to order.
Call or write for full details.

E. LEROY LTD.
Dept "C.N."
81 Queen St., AUCKLAND

INVALIDED HOME 26 Soldiers From Islands

Invalided home after service in the Islands, 26 non-commissioned officers and men have arrived in Auckland. Three of the draft were sent to the Auckland Hospital and the remainder were taken to the Drill Hall for medical examination. Some of the soldiers left for the south by the afternoon's express, and the others will be sent home as early as possible. The men in hospital are Temporary Corporal L. W. De Clifford (Riverton), Private C. G. T. Swiggs (Hastings) and Gunner E. J. Quick (Christchurch).

The others are Company Quartermaster-Sergeant W. Buckley (Auckland), Temporary Staff-Sergeant D. C. Wood (Ashburton), Gunners I. A. Deacon (Hamilton), T. M. Pollock (Otorohanga), Privates C. O. Bates (Auckland), E. L. Bateman (Thames), P. J. Brennan (New Lynn), I. A. Buchanan (Southland), T. Campbell (Christchurch), C. A. Franklin (Whangarei), G. A. Gould (Birkenhead), H. Hamburger (Sydenham), D. Keenan (Otago), T. B. McArthur (Auckland), A. P. McPhee (Te Aroha), D. H. Olson (Auckland), P. Peacock (Gisborne), V. F. Pethie (Ashburton), H. J. F. Rakiraki (Balclutha), M. P. Ryan (Herne Bay), A. Sutton (Auckland), H. C. Taylor (Morrinsville), and R. K. Wilson (Wellington).

AMERICAN GIFT Dental Unit For The N.Z.E.F.

FULLY EQUIPPED

Government's Appreciation Expressed

A sum of 11,000 dollars, to obtain a fully-equipped, motorized dental unit for the N.Z.E.F. has been presented by Mr. Michael Lerner and others, of New York, to the Hon. F. Langstone, a member of the New Zealand mission to the United States of America.

"This group of generous people have already assisted the 'Anzac' cheque, amounting to 2350 dollars, of which 1350 dollars was devoted toward the purchase of one ambulance for the Anzacs and the balance toward a drive which is being made in New York by the Anzac War Relief Fund," said the Acting-Prime Minister, Mr. Nash, making the announcement last night.

"Five ambulances for New Zealand and 15 ambulances for the Middle East have already been provided.

"The Government is most appreciative of the splendid gesture which is being made by our United States friends in connexion with our war effort, and the facilities which are being provided will be most welcome and acceptable to our forces overseas."

THE AIR FORCE SPIRIT

Typical of the spirit and unquenchable optimism of the Royal Air Force is a letter which has just been received by an Auckland advertising agency from a flight lieutenant in Durban. He is seeking an after-the-war position as an advertising man, in which work he has already had much experience, and shows modesty as well as enterprise when he writes: "May I at least get ahead of some of the other men (and immediately behind those of your own men who are serving with the colours) in asking for a chance when I can finally get out to New Zealand?" He encloses a photograph and concludes by inviting the firm to make an interesting experiment by giving a trial job to "an intelligent advertising man who will be free on demobilization."

FEATS IN THE AIR Daring Spitfire Pilot

PARTY FOR EVERYONE

How a Spitfire pilot narrowly averted a collision with a parachuting German whose Messerschmitt he had shot down over northern France is told in an Air Ministry bulletin. Describing the incident, the pilot said:

"The flight began at a great height, when I approached the Messerschmitt and followed it down as it dived away from my attack. We were diving almost vertically, reaching a speed of over 450 miles an hour, and after a three-mile descent I began to over-haul him. By this time ice was forming on my windscreen, but I kept the Messerschmitt in sight, and when close enough gave him bursts from my cannon. Pieces of the Messerschmitt began to fly off as the downward rush continued. One large piece whizzed past my cockpit and struck my tailplane.

"We had got to within 2000 feet of the ground when the German pushed his hood back and baled out. I was only 50 yards behind him—or about a quarter of a second away, at nearly eight miles a minute. I acted immediately, but the Spitfire had scarcely begun to answer the controls in that split second when I was on the German. My wingtip missed him by less than a yard. The abandoned aircraft went on diving, shedding its wings before it crashed on the ground. I did not see the pilot again."

By this victory the Spitfire pilot scored the hat trick. It was his third victim in three successive operations and his fourteenth victim in all.

One Of The Best Parties Yet.

The wing commander of another fighter wing, who shot down a Messerschmitt and damaged several others, described the British fighters' work over France yesterday as "one of the best parties ever."

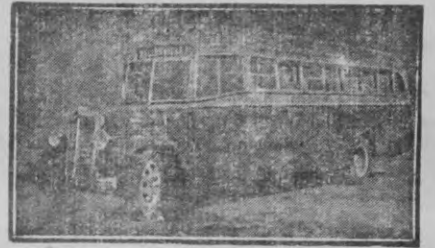
"We were over our target when we saw 18 Messerschmitt 109 F's flying in line astern," he said. "I detailed two other Spitfires to follow me around to attack them head on. They quickly broke up into pairs, but I managed to get in quick bursts at three of them. Soon there was a party for everybody.

"One Messerschmitt that I hit went down in a vertical dive with black and white smoke pouring behind. I attacked another which also began to go straight down, and I jumped on him and chased him down vertically, firing with my machine-guns most of the time. He burst into flames. This party happened over a wood, which from the sky looks like a big map of England, and it gave us a kick seeing the Huns go scrambling down."



"Keep your pecker up, Ginger! -We're not sunk yet!"
"Daily Mirror"

ANN POWELL'S
NEW CRITERION HOTEL
Albert Street — Auckland
Headquarters for
N.Z.'s FIGHTING FORCES
ALL ALES
And Best of Wines and Spirits
Excellent Accommodation
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Rating



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On Week-end Leave—We cater for Private Hire Parties to any towns and country centres throughout the North Island. 37 Seater Deluxe Stewart Coaches at a minimum of cost. When arranging week-end leave trips—Phone 45-800.

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FOR YOUR PORTRAIT
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(Near Auckland Savings Bank)
TELEPHONE 41-422
SPECIAL CONCESSION to all branches of H.M. Forces.

Patriotic Hostess House Wairoa Rd., PAPAURA

Under the auspices of the Auckland Provincial Patriotic Council

For the use of Relatives and Friends of the men in training at the Papakura Military Camp.

All enquiries from the Matron, Phone 244, Papakura, Auckland

First Interne: "Did you say anything to encourage your patient?"
Nurse: "Yes, I told him it would be months before he'd be well enough for his relatives to call on him."

TROOPS OF HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES.

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THE EMPIRE CAFE
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NOTE.—Our Modern Kitchen has a complete outfit of stainless steel cooking utensils.

SWANSON GRILL ROOMS
5 Swanson Street, Auckland

Sundays 5 to 9 p.m.

BATTLE AWARDS TO NEW ZEALANDERS

Distinguished Services

OPERATIONS IN THE WESTERN DESERT

(N.Z.E.F. Official News Service.)

CAIRO, July 7.

His Majesty the King has been graciously pleased to approve the undermentioned honours and awards, recommended by the Commander-in-Chief, Middle East, in a dispatch on the operations in the Western Desert, Libya, and Cyrenaica, from December, 1940, to February, 1941:—

Officer of the Order of the British Empire: **Major George Harold Whyte**. Mrs. G. E. Whyte (wife), care H. J. Maisey, 12 Emerson Street, Berhampore, Wellington.

Member of the Order of the British Empire: **Lieutenant (temporary Captain) George Douglas Pollock**. Mrs. M. F. Pollock (wife), 40 Kohi marama Road, Auckland.

Medal of the Order of the British Empire for Meritorious Service: **Corporal Albert Alexander Gilmore**. Mrs. M. E. Gilmore (mother), Glenbrook, Waiuku.

Military Cross: **Captain James Alexander McAlpine** (since deceased). Mrs. W. K. McAlpine (mother), Spye, R.M., Waipara.

Distinguished Conduct Medal: **Corporal Lawrence Hamilton Browne**. Mrs. E. V. M. Browne (wife), care Mrs. Fitzgeorge, Karaka Street, Eastbourne.

Military Medal: **Driver Ronald Irving Alexander Burns**. Mrs. M. E. Burns (mother), 14 Avalon Street, Christchurch. **Trooper Ian Hamilton McInnes**. Mrs. C. McInnes (mother), 19 Roslyn Terrace, Devonport. **Corporal Edmund Kennard Madigan**. Mrs. E. E. Madigan (wife), 199 Waimea Road, Nelson.

The following are mentioned for distinguished services:—

Lieutenant (temp. Captain) **L. B. Ballantyne**. Mrs. J. B. Ballantyne (wife), c/o. P.O. Box 206, Makotuku.

Lieutenant **R. B. McQueen**. Mrs. A. L. McQueen (mother), Otaika Road, Whangarei.

W.O.II C.S.M. **D. Barrett**. Mrs. E. L. Barrett (wife), 37 Myrtle Street, Claudelands, Hamilton.

Sergeant **J. R. Shepherd**. Mr. J. F. Shepherd (father), 32 Queens Avenue, Hamilton.

Corporal **F. R. Beech** (since deceased). Mr. F. J. Beech (father), Picton.

Corporal **G. L. Davison**. Mrs. E. M. Davison (wife), 16 Princess Street, Whangarei.

Lance-Corporal **F. Kendall**. Mrs. S. H. Kendall (mother), Kati Kati.

Trooper **R. J. Moore**, D.C.M. Mrs. A. Moore (mother), Hautapu Street, Taihape.

Trooper **L. F. Mather**. Mr. W. J. Mather (father), c/o. N.Z. Blind Institute, Auckland.

Trooper **T. B. McNeil**. Mrs. E. McNeil (mother), Allendale Terrace, Wellington.

Major **F. W. Aickin**. Mrs. S. A. Aickin (wife), 28 Anne Street, Wellington, N2.

Major **L. F. Rudd**. Mrs. D. E. Rudd (wife), 27 St. Leonards Road, Mt Eden, Auckland.

Sergeant **C. J. Flannery**. Mr. J. M. Flannery (brother), High Street, Waiara, Taranaki.

Sergeant **R. W. Hicks**. Mr. W. C. Hicks (father), 75 Calgary Street, off Dominion Road, Mt. Eden, Auckland.

Sergeant **L. C. Morris**. Mrs. A. C. Morris (mother), Manuka Street, Castlecliff, Wanganui.

Sergeant **A. B. Robinson** (since deceased). Mrs. N. L. Robinson (wife), 190 Leith Street, Dunedin.

Lance-Sergeant **G. Hope**. Mr. J. Hope (father), Matawai, Gisborne.

Sapper **L. H. Humberstone**. Mrs. A. Humberstone (mother), Rotowaro, Huntly.

Sergeant **V. S. Tankard**. Mr. G. S. Tankard (father), c/o. Mrs. A. Vautier, 9 Durnly Salisbury Street, Christchurch.

Corporal **J. J. Knowles**. Mrs. G. H. Knowles (mother), Uxbridge Road, Howick.

Signalman **A. R. A. Butterworth**. Mrs. M. R. Butterworth (mother), 11 Campbell Street, Wanganui.

Signalman **A. Q. Yanko**. Mrs. J. M. Yanko (wife), Victoria Valley, Kai taia.

Lieutenant (Acting Captain) **D. G. Steele**. Mrs. W. D. Steele (mother), Simla Crescent, Khandallah, Wellington.

Private **E. Harcourt**. Mrs. M. Harcourt (mother), 28 Kensington Avenue, Christchurch.

Private **D. J. McInnes**. Mr. J. D. McInnes (father), 57 Green's Road, Christchurch.

Private **R. A. Tinker**. Mr. A. Tinker (brother), Takanini, Auckland.

Captain **G. G. Good**. Mrs. L. Good (mother), c/o. Dr. Jones, 20 Normans Road, Christchurch.

Captain **W. G. S. McDonagh** (since deceased). Mr. T. R. McDonagh (brother), Moore Lane, Strensall, York, England.

Captain **I. E. Stock**. Mrs. A. H. Stock (wife), 303 Bealey Avenue, Christchurch.

Lieutenant **J. T. Wallace** (since deceased). Mrs. C. P. Wallace (mother), 3 Johnsonville Road, Wellington.

Sergeant **S. H. Matthews**. Mr. E. J. Matthews (father), 10 Beaconsfield Street, Devonport, Auckland.

Corporal **O. T. Pussell** (since deceased). Mr. O. Pussell (father), Post Office, Kimbolton.

Captain **A. L. Lomas**, M.C. Mr. J. J. Lomas (father), P.O. Box 210, New Plymouth.

Citations to Awards.

The citations to the awards are as follows:—

Major Whyte, as officer commanding the Fourth Reserve Motor Transport Company, rendered most valuable service during the campaign. His unit was always maintained at a high standard of efficiency and was continually employed in arduous duties and often dangerous roles. The good work of this unit was the subject of many messages of appreciation from formation commanders. The main credit for this high standard was due to Major Whyte, whose personal efficiency was an example and inspiration to the whole unit.

Lieutenant Pollock, from December, 1940, to February 15, 1941, has shown excellent powers of leadership and command, thereby encouraging his men in the performance of arduous duties under adverse circumstances.

Corporal Gilmore, N.Z.A.S.C., for continuous good work and devotion to duty while in the Western Desert. He

was in charge of three vehicles attached for a period to the 7th Armoured Division. His role was to carry wooden tank-trap bridging and to negotiate tank traps during the advance. The officer commanding during his attachment reported that the work was done in an extremely business-like manner, and that the driving was of a particularly high standard. This n.c.o. maintained the standard and did outstanding work throughout the campaign.

Captain McAlpine, 4th Reserve Motor Transport, was subsequently killed in action in Greece. During the operations at Tummur West, on December 9, 1940, he led a section of motor transport into the perimeter under artillery and machine-gun fire. He controlled and supervised debussing with great coolness and courage, and set a splendid example to the Indian troops he was carrying throughout the operations. This officer rendered consistently valuable service throughout the campaign, and was in every way worthy of the decoration.

Corporal Browne, Long Range Desert Group. This n.c.o. displayed exceptional gallantry and resource during the raid on Murzuk on January 11, 1941. He commanded his vehicle most efficiently, and maintained Lewis gun action with coolness and with telling effect on the enemy. His example did much to keep the patrol steady at a critical time, when enemy fire was causing casualties. Though wounded in the foot, he remained at his post. In the action at Gebel Sherif, south-west of Kufra, on January 31, his coolness was instrumental in saving his vehicle and crew when subjected to a determined low-flying bombing and machine-gun attack by enemy aircraft. Throughout all the operations in Libya this n.c.o. has held the responsible post of patrol navigator and has shown the utmost devotion to duty.

[Corporal Browne, a native of England, came to Wellington eight years ago, and was employed in the Land and Income Tax Department before enlisting. He has been twice wounded. His wife is engaged in war work in Wellington.]

Driver Burns, Supply Column, N.Z.A.S.C. For consistent good work and devotion to duty. This soldier has been subjected to severe enemy bombing at both headquarters camp and in forward areas. On no occasion has this impaired his devotion to duty efficiency and cheerfulness, or that trait which puts him above the ordinary driver—ability under any circumstances or adversity to excel in the work in hand.

Trooper McInnis, Divisional Cavalry. This soldier, senior man of a two-inch mortar crew, was in the action on Murzuk on January 11. He worked his mortar to within 400 yards of an Italian fort, and maintained it in action with telling effect, causing the fort to catch fire. Though under fire from three directions, he held the position and continued to bomb the target

Lieut. General Sir Guy Williams

Visit to Hamilton

Lieut. General Sir Guy Williams recently paid a visit to the Headquarters of Area 4, Hamilton, Northern Military District, and while there took the opportunity of addressing officers and N.C.O.s' of the following units who paraded at the Bledisloe Hall in honour of the General's visit:

Area Headquarters Staff; Waikato Mounted Rifles; 7th Medium Battery, N.Z.A.; 1st Bn. Waikato Regiment; 6th (Hamilton) Coy. National Military Reserve; and also senior officers of the local Home Guard Battalion.

On Monday, 7th July, Colonel R. A. Row visited Area 4 and delivered lectures at the Cambridge Camp, in the morning and afternoon, and the Hamilton Drill Hall in the evening, when the officers and N.C.O.s' of Territorial Units centred at Hamilton attended. The lectures proved of a very interesting nature, and were elucidated by maps.

OF COURSE.

At a camp the duty officer on his rounds entered a bunkhouse shortly after "lights-out." A rum-pus had been going on prior to his entry, but all was suddenly quiet.

"I suppose you are all asleep, men?" the officer bawled sarcastically.

Chorus from the men: "Yes, sir!"

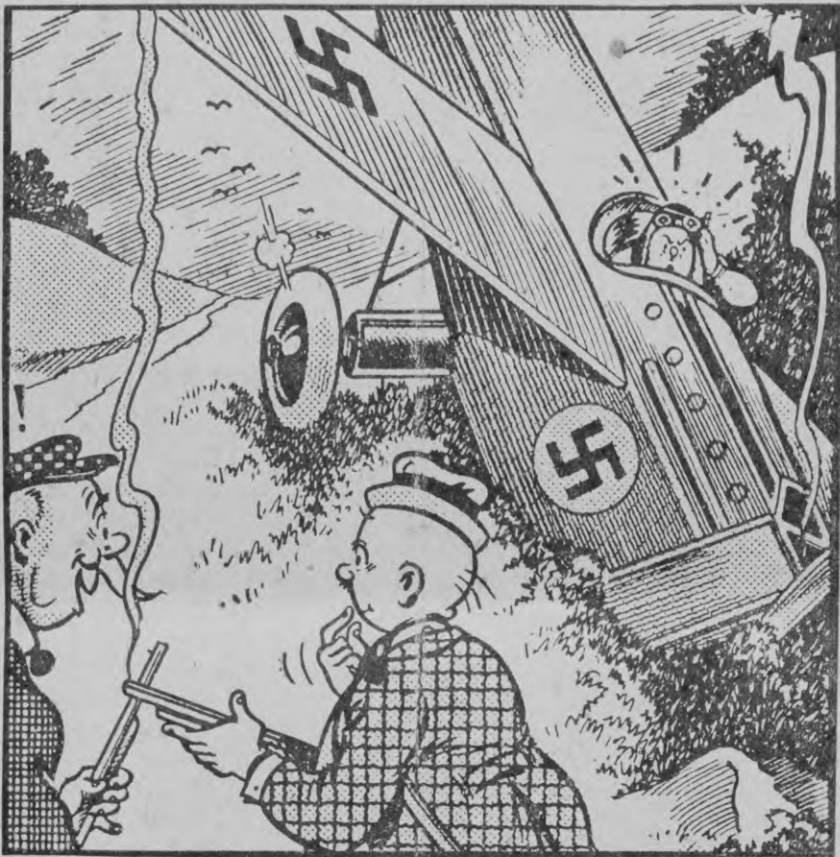
ill he was ordered to withdraw. His withdrawal from this dangerous position without casualty to the crew or loss of any equipment, while under close machine-gun fire, was a fine example of a soldier's ability.

Corporal Madigan, N.Z.E. This N.C.O., over the period from September, 1940, to February, 1941, destroyed or made safe upward of 500 enemy "thermos" bombs and other bombs. His work was of a specially trying and dangerous character, and his unremitting care and zeal ensured that his party did its work in the Western Desert, Libya, without a single casualty.



REMOVING BOMB SCARS.

Field Marshal Lord Milne, Colonel Commandant of the British Pioneer Corps, chatting to two of his pioneers employed in clearing up bomb debris in London.



"Blimey! And to think I shot at a grouse!"

Everyman's Hut

"In the hush of the valley of silence
I dream all the songs that I sing;
And the music floats down the dim
valley,

Till each finds a word for a wing,
That to hearts, like the dove of the
deluge,
A message of peace they may bring.

'But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the
beach;
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall float into speech;
And I have had dreams in the valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

"And I have seen thoughts in the
valley,

Ah me, how my spirit was stirred!
And they wear holy veils on their
faces,

Their footsteps can scarcely be
heard;
They pass through the valley of vir-
gins,

Too pure for the touch of a word.

"Do you ask me the place of the val-
ley,

Ye hearts that are harrowed with
care?

It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and His Angels are there:
One is the dark mountain of sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of
prayer."

Many people are dwelling on the
"dark mountain of sorrow" to-day.
Swiftly and sharply like a blow has
come the word which has separated
them from kith and kin and wrapped
them up in a dark veil of grief for
the loss of a loved one. "Each heart
knows its own bitterness," and to a

sorrow-stricken heart there seems to
be nothing that one can say. Every-
thing seems so futile in the face of
such grief. One may seek to help,
seek to comfort, seek to soften the
blow, but no one can enter fully into
another's sorrow.

But after the first shock—the first
reaction to the cruel blow—the first
flood of sorrow—a period of quietness
ensues. Memories, mental pictures of
the loved one come unbidden — old
scenes are re-lived, until in quiet
hours the presence of that one seems
real, till the sorrow, so hard at first
becomes mellowed with loving mem-
ories. And then faith reasserts itself.
When the blow fell, there followed
swiftly perhaps a doubt in the good-
ness and love of a God who could
allow such a loss, a crying out against
it, but when one has come to the point
of saying "Even so, Father, for so it
seemeth good in Thy sight," then com-
munion with God is established and
true comfort flows from Him. On
"the dark mountain of sorrow" one
gropes for support, till one is led up
"the bright mountain of prayer" to
communion with the God of True Com-
fort.

READING THE FOR TROOPS

A further appeal is being made by
the Public Library Committee of the
Dunedin City Council for reading mat-
ter for military camps and transports.
Public libraries throughout the Do-
minion have agreed to act as receiving
agencies for the National Patriotic
Fund Board in the matter, and the staff
of the Dunedin library has volunteered
to work after hours preparing books
and magazines for use; 5000 books and
8000 magazines have so far been pre-
pared. Emphasis is placed on the need
for suitable reading material. Travel
books and recent novels are useful, and
the most popular of the digests, pocket
editions of novels, and illustrated news
periodicals meet a ready demand.
Women's novels and magazines are un-
suitable.

WORK FOR VICTORY

WEBBY'S DANCE CLUB
61 LOWER CUBA STREET

(Just above Bruce Woollen Depot, next
to James Smith's)

OPEN TO

ALL OFFICERS AND MEN OF
HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES
ARMY, NAVY, AIR FORCE and
MERCHANT NAVY

on

Fridays 7.0 p.m. to 11.30 p.m.
Saturdays 7.0 p.m. to 11.30 p.m.
Sundays 2.30 p.m. to 9.30 p.m.

Old Time and Modern Dancing,
Games, etc.

Admission Fridays and Saturdays
ONE SHILLING

Sundays FREE



Orders! Orders! nothing but
orders!—and to think as a com-
mercial traveller I never could get
a ruddy one!"

"Daily Mirror"

AIR FORCE RELATIONS.—Air-
men are welcome at the Air Force
Relations headquarters, on the corner
of Mulgrave and Aitken Streets
(above the Lambton tram terminus)
between the hours of 10 a.m. and 6
p.m., when morning and afternoon tea
are served. This rendezvous is not
open at the week-ends. A large blue
neon sign is erected on the building.

NATIONAL CLUB.—Men of the
Forces, irrespective of political views,
find the National Club, 166 Feathers-
ton Street (diagonally opposite the
G.P.O.), a comfortable rendezvous.
Girl members of the National Union
run a tea dance from 5.30 p.m. every
Saturday, and cheap three-course din-
ners are available. All the resources
of the club are placed at the disposal
of the men at the week-ends.

Visit the
**WELLINGTON
CATHOLIC SERVICES CLUB**
This Week-end.

Centrally situated at
126 CUBA STREET.
(Between Woolworths and
Ghuznee Street.)

Open on:

Friday Nights from 7 p.m.

Saturdays from 1 p.m.

Sundays all day from 10 a.m.

A welcome awaits all members
of the Forces at the C.S.C. It's
YOUR Club, established for your
comfort, so why not come along
and make use of it? Here you
can read and write in comfort
. . . play table tennis and bil-
liards . . . have morning and
afternoon tea, lunch and other
meals at the Cafeteria . . . en-
joy music, entertainment and
dancing in the evenings. There
are partners for all.

Make it a date this week-end.

Remember the address:

**WELLINGTON
CATHOLIC SERVICES CLUB**
126 CUBA STREET
(Between Woolworths and
Ghuznee Street.)

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Instructions as to the insertion or
withdrawal of advertisements in the
"Camp News" must be in writing.
Advertisements received without such
instructions will be inserted until
countermanded and charged accord-
ingly.

Alterations to standing advertise-
ments should be handed in by 12 noon
each Monday.

While every care is exercised in re-
gard to the insertion of advertise-
ments, the Proprietors do not hold
themselves responsible for errors or
non-insertion through accident or
from other causes.

All business communications should be
addressed to the Manager. Letters to
the Editor, News Items, etc., to the
Editor.

We cannot be held responsible for
errors in advertisements transmitted
by telephone.

STEWART, LAWRENCE & CO., Ltd.,
Proprietors.

Printed and Published for STEWART,
LAWRENCE & CO., LTD., by
Wynne Stewart, Gibbons Road,
Upper Hutt, at the Registered
Office of the Company, 3rd Floor,
Whitaker's Building, 11 Manners
Street, Wellington, C.1.

Friday, July 18, 1941

You've tried the rest — NOW drink the BEST!

CASCADE ALES and STOUT

ALL LEADING HOTELS

On Tap DUKE OF EDINBURGH HOTEL, Corner Willis and Manners Streets, Wellington