

Camp News

NATIONAL WEEKLY



GRATIS TO H.M. FORCES

ARMY, NAVY & AIR FORCE WEEKLY

8 PAGES PRICE . . 2d.

VOL. 3. NO. 145

Wellington, Friday, October 23, 1942

Registered as a Newspaper for Transmission by Post at the G.P.O., Wellington.

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Camp News

As this is not an official publication of Army Headquarters of the New Zealand Military Forces, all matters intended for publication should be addressed to The Editor and reach this office not later than 2 p.m. Mondays. Correspondence is invited on topical items of interest. Only business communications should be addressed to the Manager. Extra copies of "Camp News" may be obtained on application to the Manager, "Camp News," 3rd Floor, Whitaker's Buildings, 11 Manners Street, Wellington.

VOL. 3. NO. 145

Wellington, Friday, October 23, 1942

The Psychologist in War-time

By JOHN HARLEY-MASON, in "John O' London's Weekly."

The bitter experience of the last world-war taught us one very valuable lesson by which we are profiting to-day: the importance of the utilization of the three main branches of applied psychology under war-time conditions. These three branches — which may be broadly classified as medical, educational and vocational psychology — were more or less in their infancy in 1914 and much impetus was given to their study by the numerous problems that arose as the war proceeded. To-day, we have the great advantage of this experience behind us, and it is interesting to examine the part which is now played by the psychologist in our war economy.

Curing Shell-shock

First, the medical psychologist. In the years 1914-15, the soldier found absent from his post and wandering about in a daze was liable to be shot as a deserter or sent to an asylum as insane in more serious cases. As the war went on and cases of functional nervous disorder, such as shell-shock, accumulated, it was found that such cases could be cured with success by the medical psychologist, and special clinics were set up for this purpose.

When this war came upon us, we were well prepared to deal with "war-neuroses" both in the army and among the civil population. Many people had expected that the heavy bombing of urban areas would result in a large number of cases of something akin to shell-shock. Actually, however, it was found that such cases were of remarkably rare occurrence, and it seems that the human nervous system is rather tougher than we thought it was—at least, under severe strain of comparatively short duration. Shell-shock apparently only occurs to any considerable extent as a result of very prolonged and severe strain, such as that experienced in trench warfare.

Helping the Night-fighter

In quite another field the medical psychologist has helped us much. New methods of war have produced some interesting new problems and placed greater emphasis on existing ones. For instance, the night-bomber has been met by a new weapon of defence, the night-fighter. Extreme acuity of vision is an obviously essential qualification for the night-fighter pilot and equally important, rapid and efficient adaptation from light to darkness. The part played by diet in dark-adaptation is well known, a plentiful supply of vitamin A being necessary for efficiency. Thus the psychologist helps us by providing selective tests and the physiologist by indicating a suitable diet.

Again, intensive research has been made into the type of errors which men are most liable to make after experiencing the strain of long periods of flying "blind," and similar work is being done on the psychological states conditioned by work in an enclosed space at uncomfortably high temperatures—conditions experienced by tank crews.

The Unskilled Worker

The vast increase in munitions production has made necessary the training of a large number of unskilled and wholly inexperienced workers to do highly skilled jobs, and it is the concern of the educational psychologist to see that this training is given as efficiently and rapidly as possible. Up to now, the usual method of training has been for the novice to watch the expert engaged on the job and with the aid of verbal advice, pick up the technique as he goes along. Now, however, it has been found that much better results are obtained if the training of novices is entirely dissociated from actual production; by setting up a special school for training by specially selected expert operatives, with whom instruction is a whole-time job, the period of training is much shortened and efficiency increased. Careful study is made, sometimes with the use of slow-motion films, of the precise movements made by the skilled operator and the most advantageous position of tools and jigs, so that maximum efficiency is attained in repetitive work.

Sorting Railway Tickets

In the last war one of our most distinguished mathematicians spent a year sorting railway tickets in Boulogne, and Moseley, one of the best theoretical physicists of the day, was killed in the trenches. But happily these days of shocking misplacement are gone; the institution of the Central Register and the various schedules of reserved occupations were innovations of great value.

The three services now employ consulting vocational psychologists to train officers in modern psychological methods so that they may be better equipped to allocate recruits to the right kind of job for them and to help in the selection of non-commissioned officers. Intelligence tests have been used widely in this connection, but it is a popular fallacy to assume that these are the only methods of selection. Intelligence is, of course, important for specialized jobs in the services, but other factors, such as previous experience and temperament, must be taken into account.

Improved Working Conditions

Lastly, as regards working hours and working conditions generally, the psychologist can be of great service. After the retreat from Dunkirk, the losses in equipment we had suffered made necessary a very urgent drive to increase munitions production, and a seven-day working week was introduced. This was done in the face of warnings by several eminent scientists and psychologists, who declared that a decline in production would soon result. They were right; an increase was maintained only for about a fortnight and was followed by a considerable decline which persisted until conditions were relaxed.

Dentist: "Now, sir, where is the bad tooth?"
Patient (theatre usher): "Balcony, second in front row."



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NEW AEROPLANE DETECTOR

The ability of many dogs to identify their owners' motor-cars by the sound of their engines when they are still a considerable distance away is common knowledge, but an instance of even keener intelligence on the part of a dog is related by Sapper Johnston, who is attached to a New Zealand engineering corps in the Middle East, in a letter to his parents in Portobello. Sapper Johnston states that this dog, a small terrier of no particular breed, can distinguish unerringly between the sound of an Axis aeroplane and a British machine. When an Axis aeroplane is approaching in the distance, Sapper Johnston writes, the terrier sets up a loud and excited barking, and it is then time to bolt for cover, while if the machine is a British one the dog is quite undisturbed and remains silent.

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(6)

THE WINNER.
The Englishman's a funny foe—
He fumbles;
At starting he is very slow
And stumbles.

His timing isn't very good,
Appalling,
I've never even understood
Such stalling.

He seems to like to miss the ball
By inches;
He likes to be against the wall
In pinches.

He staggers all around the ring
The blighter,
You'd never think him from his swing
A fighter.

He takes it often on the chin
This stout boy:
But when he seems to be all in . . .
LOOK OUT, BOY.

He lets his arms fall to his side,
(Yes, maybe)
But when they think that he has died,
Oh, baby,

He staggers, reels and jolly well
Gets thinner—
But at the end he gets the yell—
"THE WINNER."
—From "The New York Sun."

* * * * *

THE SEA GULL.
Be sure of this—no British gull
Will ever find an air raid dull
So long as he can score a hit
(Direct) upon a Messerschmidt.

* * * * *

GERMAN AIRMAN.
His hair was fair as summer sun,
His eyes were azure blue;
And he was purest swine and brute
At less than twenty-two.

* * * * *

CHANGING TASTES.
Our tastes change as we mature.
Little girls like painted dolls; little
boys like soldiers. When they grew
up the girls like the soldiers and the
boys go after the painted dolls.

THE BLUE EXPRESS

Western Desert Railway

"The railway construction group has one of the toughest jobs in Egypt. They are continually bombed and strafed, and have to work in sandstorms, while there is always a shortage of water. The construction group is one of the finest in the world," commented a New Zealand soldier who has returned from the Middle East. He added that the New Zealanders liked working with the Indians, and there threatened to be a big row once when there was a proposal to take their Indian working colleagues away.

The train running over the line built in the Middle East across the desert from Alexandria to Tobruk, it was stated, was known as the Blue Express. When one of the three German columns which made the last enemy advance in Libya started to make for the railway, every bit of rolling stock was evacuated, and as many damaged tanks and guns as possible were loaded on the railway and brought back, so that not a single locomotive fell into the enemy hands. Numbers of drivers and firemen had been killed or wounded in operating trains over the desert railway. It was hazardous work, as the noise of the train made it impossible often to hear the approach of hostile planes, which machinegunned the engine crews.

GOSSIP

There's always the person
In every town,
Who has nothing to do
But run others down.

They seem to delight
In painting one black;
They're friends to your face
And foes to your back.

They never have thought
For the one they condemn;
Who perhaps by comparison
Is far better than them.

If they'd examine the fruit
Of their own family tree,
They'd perhaps be content
To let others be.

So here's some advice,
For whom it applies,
Just keep a still tongue
For gossip breeds lies.
—J.P., Ngaruawahia.

SOLDIERS' "CIVIES"

A Difficult Wartime Problem

Almost as vexing as the age-old query of "Where do flies go in the winter time" is the question of what happens to soldiers' "civies" in wartime. In the early stages of the war many soldiers erred in disposing of all their civilian clothes to find themselves in a difficult position on discharge when they had only the mufti grant (then £7/10/- and now increased to £12/10/-) to outfit themselves completely.

When troops are mobilized for overseas service the Army now sends back to the civil address nominated by the soldier any civilian clothes he has in camp. Few soldiers, however, take a full wardrobe into camp, and it is still in their own interests to make adequate arrangements for the care of their civilian clothing while they are away. This is not always easy for single men, and it presents some difficulties for the wives of some married men. For instance, wives who stay "put" sometimes find that their husband's clothes take up too much room whether left in a wardrobe or carefully folded in a trunk. Those who decide to go home to mother for the duration or move into smaller or cheaper living quarters are faced with the prospect of lugging a heavy suitcase about.

Unless careful attention and frequent airing are given to stored clothes there is the probability that in time they will go mildewy or become hopelessly crushed.

There has yet to be inaugurated in New Zealand a "park your civies" service, but one exists in Sydney where a big department store provides it for 7/6 a year. This firm first dry cleans and thoroughly deodorizes a suit. Then it is pressed, hung on a wooden coathanger and sealed in a bag. All possible precautions are taken against moths and the suit is periodically inspected. There may not be much profit in such a service for 7/6 a year, but it is a boon to soldiers.

When it comes to refitting themselves for civilian life after discharge from the Army, New Zealand soldiers are generously treated with coupons. Those with six months' service and under 12 months get a book of 26 coupons in addition to the full 26 M (in the new books, O) coupons in the civilian ration book. Personnel with more than 12 months' service receive an issue sufficient to cover the purchase of a complete new wardrobe.

On discharge a soldier is allowed to retain the articles of military kit issued to him on loan—greatcoat, battledress, cap, hat and kitbag. This leaves him with two sets of underclothing, and boots. While the coupon allowance is very fair, it still would be an impossible job for a soldier to refit himself on the £12/10/- mufti allowance. A good new suit would account for most, if not all, of this sum. While clothing cannot be purchased without coupons, the most generous supply of these is still not much use without money.

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Regular entertainments and hospitality programmes are being maintained by the numerous service clubs in Wellington catering for men and women of the armed services. Their activities are manifold, but cafeteria services and dances form the primary and most popular features provided. Willing support is given each week by hundreds of volunteer helpers and donors, who staff the kitchens, and act as hostesses or supplement food supplies by contributing edibles and flowers and reading matter for the lounges, and the many guests welcomed at the clubs this weekend were appreciative of their efforts.

The A.N.A. club has been a busy rendezvous this week, increasing numbers of Allied servicemen making it their headquarters while on leave. During the week the club was honoured by having many of the personnel, including the matron and a large party of nursing sisters, of an Allied hospital ship as guests. The dances were crowded at the weekend and during the week dance music was provided by Corporal Don Johnston, A/C. Fraser, Invercargill, and A/C. McColl, Nightcaps, Dunedin; Mesdames J. L. Allen, P. M. Dickson, and Miss L. Chalker. The cafeteria committee thanks the following senders of provisions: Fort nightly gift of cooked ham, T. H. Walker and Sons, Hawera; monthly hamper of provisions, Dannevirke Women's Patriotic Society, per Mrs. A. Smith; carton of eggs, A.N.A. helpers, per Mrs. S. Simpson; box of cakes, anonymous, Levin; sacks of vegetables, Hutt Valley and Paraparaumu W.W.S.A., per Mrs. L. Prichard and Miss M. Loughnan; box of provisions, Pahiatua branch of the W.D.F.U. per Mrs. C. Walker. The cafeteria committee would welcome the gift of carvers or carving forks. Any citizen having any to spare is requested to leave them at the club, 33 Willis Street.

The rooms of the Cinderella Club were attractively decorated with lilies, lilac and an abundance of greenery, on the occasion of the club's second birthday, when a large number of men of the Army, Navy, Air Force, and Merchant Navy were entertained. On Saturday night a special dance was held, music being provided by Gordon Marple and his orchestra. An exhibition of dancing was given by Mr. Bill Self and Miss Edna Hamilton. Yesterday a special tea was served, and music for dancing was provided by Mrs. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Koskela, and Mr. J. Edlin. During the evening a presentation was given to Mrs. Allen in appreciation of her kindness by playing music on Sundays. A conjuring act, which was appreciated by the large gathering, was staged by Messrs. J. Thomas and N. Brasch. Mrs. Branson, one of the club's vice-presidents, made the birthday cake.

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The Victory Club held two dances during the weekend. On Friday night Corporal Lewis Fisher, an overseas serviceman, received much applause for his rendering of two popular song hits. Mr. R. Morton, who is entering camp in the near future, and has given invaluable assistance in the capacity of M.C. since the club's inauguration, will be greatly missed. Thanks are extended to Mr. Turnbull, Hataitai, Purity Bread Co., Mrs. Howard, and Joe Lee Bros., Newtown, for contributions.

A novel concert was arranged at the Toc H Club yesterday for a record crowd of servicemen and their friends. Mr. Liardet gave a sleight-of-hand performance, Mr. Peter Rowell presented a party of small tots who entertained with items, and others who figured on the programme were the Campbell sisters, Messrs. John Seymour and G. Johnston, Private Painter, and Master Bustin. Guests adjourned to the lounge for an appetizing supper, supplied by Toc H Club supporters and served by women helpers. The club-rooms were also full on Friday, when the usual dance and supper were held. Non-dancers played table games in the lounge, and many men made use of the club's sleeping facilities.

The Toc H committee thanks a number of generous donors who have sent supplies in the past, and would be grateful to anyone wishing to contribute flowers for weekend decorations. Pickles and jams would also be appreciated.

The British Sailors' Society staged another Welsh concert on Tuesday, when the Welsh choir, led by Mrs. Cathel McLeod, and Mr. Ben Evans, a Merchant Navy man who has the distinction of being an 'All England' three times national prizewinner for singing, presented a series of vocal items. Messrs. B. Dentice and P. Cousins took part in comedy sketches, and Mr. Dentice also contributed a ventriloquist act. Misses D. Burrows and T. Deere gave items at the Saturday social. Padre Barnes took the service yesterday, which was followed by vocal, instrumental and elocutionary numbers by the Salvation Army Songsters, Wellington corps. Mr. F. Jackson sang, and the hostesses were Misses M. Bennett, A. Waugh and E. Wall.

The National Club experienced a capacity food demand yesterday to such an extent that visitors had to queue up for meals. Mrs. R. O. Chesney, and her group of helpers from the Lower Hutt electorate, coped with the emergency, and also dispensed an extra quantity of cakes which they had made available. The W.W.S.A. land army supplied cabbages, Misses Patricia Hogg and Betty McLaren were the hostesses at the National Union's Saturday tea dance.

Lieut.-Colonel Rabone, recently returned from overseas, spoke of the wonderful work the Y.M.C.A. and its secretary were doing for men in the Middle East and other theatres of war, at the Wellington Y.M.C.A.'s Sunday soldiers' tea, which was provided by an anonymous donor yesterday. Mr. R. H. Niammo was in the chair, and Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Rabone were special guests. The programme was given by the Cheerful Sparrows' Concert Party under the direc-

Everyman's Hut

THE SACRIFICE OF WAR.

By Mavis E. Hills.

TO A SOLDIER'S MOTHER.

Her courage is a thing we scarcely mention
(For seldom do we contemplate her fears),
Her name has never captured passing interest
(We've never borne witness to her tears).

A silent background is her chosen setting,
Content that every glory should alight
Upon the one she cradled — as a baby—
The boy she planned—and prayed for through the night.

Her smile resembles curtains in a window,
That camouflage the store-room of her pain
With little frills of light and lacey laughter,
Behind which, guarded secrets still remain.

She is the true foundation of the Empire,
Expecting neither gratitude nor praise
For unrewarded years of quiet devotion,
The moulding of its youth to manhood days.

WAR PRISONER'S STORY

Wellington Soldier Back From Italy

TORPEDOED AND STARVED

"For you the war is over. You are a lucky boy. You are going home." When these words were addressed to him by an Italian guard at the camp where he was held near Brindisi earlier this year, a New Zealand prisoner-of-war could hardly believe his ears. Today he is again settled down in civilian life in Wellington after a series of unenviable adventures in the Middle East, which preceded what he considers was the brightest spot in his life.

This soldier was repatriated from Italy in the Italian ship which took a number of British prisoners by arrangement to Smyrna, whence they were taken back to Egypt by the Llandovery Castle. "I will not forget the day of my release," he said. "It was a Sunday night and after a dull day it began to rain. All of us had the blues. Suddenly a guard entered, calling me by name, and as I got off the straw and the boys crowded round, he approached and spoke the words mentioned. I was the only New Zealander to come out of that camp and, in fact, only seven of 2000 men were repatriated from there."

Captured in the Western Desert and taken with 2000 other prisoners from Beughazi, this New Zealander was on a ship which was torpedoed off the coast of Greece in late afternoon. There were no lifeboats or lifebelts, and some 600 men were drowned or killed outright by the explosion. Many threw themselves overboard as the ship appeared to be sinking fast, but actually she stayed afloat for some time. The German engineer, who earned the three cheers given for him by those still on board, kept the engines going and the ship foundered that night on the rocks. The next morning a lifeline was put out and the men got ashore.

Here another ordeal faced them. It was snowing, and they were rounded up to be placed in an open compound, some standing naked except for a blanket. For a month they remained there

tion of Mrs. Ann Lane, those taking part being Rosina Calvert, Monica Bell, Pauline Craig, Evelyn Hunter, Ann Lane, Joyce Webster, P. Full, Shirley Craig, Berenice Burgess, Helen Harman, Shirley Hodierno, and Noeline Ahern. The pianist was Mrs. Kent Howard. Mr. H. Hindle led community singing, with Mr. Wood at the piano.

Most of her drearest dreams were never realised,
While disappointment fell her lot—and fears,
(Embrace her tenderly in parting, soldier,
She walked beside you thru' the upright years.)

I'm sure, some day, in some un-dreamed-of heaven,
God will reward her in His way above,
She is the answer to the word "unselfish,"
She is the living proof of deathless love.

Some day, no doubt, a history of this present war will be written, when much will be revealed, of which, at present we must perforce remain in ignorance. But so vast is the scale of operations, involving every quarter of the globe, so intricate are the ramifications of the forces and influences at work, that much of what is happening will never be told.

Of this, however, we may be sure—Never will be told the story of sacrifice which this war has entailed upon so many millions of innocent people and greatest of the sacrifice is that made by the mothers. To give the one whom she has nurtured with her own life, whom she has nursed and cared for as he grew to manhood, and to know that never more in this world will she look upon him again. Well may we ask: "Is it worth while?" The last war was a war to end war. This war is to bring in a new world order. But will the result be the same as the last and will the new order be better or worse? That depends upon us as individuals. We failed before. Will we fail again? Is the sacrifice in vain? God grant that we may be able to rise to our responsibilities and put the welfare of our fellowmen before our own and so create that spirit of goodwill which is necessary to do good.

in the snow with practically no shelter and little food. Disease and frostbite were rife. There were many deaths and soon the prisoners learned that the conditions were as bad among the Greek population. It was estimated that 2500 died every month from starvation, and when the prisoners were changed to another camp and saw the emaciated faces of Greeks, they had further evidence of the conditions.

Transferred across the Adriatic to Italy, the New Zealander found that at one camp where he was interned his companions included former A.I.F. men and New Zealanders who had fought in Greece. Many of them had been guerrillas after the withdrawal and had lived as civilians in Athens for a year. They had been well dressed and had learned the Greek language, but later had been captured and sent to Italy.

Prisoners in Italy soon found that the guards looked on articles of clothing with envy. The New Zealander, who had worked in a shoe store before the war and prized good footwear, was given a fine pair of black boots on being repatriated, but the ownership was brief. One of the guards could not take his eyes off the boots during the journey to the coast, and finally 1½ loaves of bread (each loaf about the size of a penny bun) changed hands for the boots. One of the guards had worked in the Queensland cane-fields, and another had been in a grocery store for 16 years in America. He retained his American accent and when the New Zealanders crowded round the cookhouse, hungry and cold, before fellows. Sure, there's no future wait-mealtime, he would shout, "Scram, you ing for you here."

Snowy was having his hair cut by a Dago prisoner and was having rather a rough time of it, as several times the "Tie" had dug the clippers slightly into Snow's head. At last he turned around and said: "Look here, you flamin' wop, if you shave my head much closer you will know what I'm flamin'-well thinking."

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