

## WELLINGTON CLUBS FOR MEN IN CAMP

### AIR FORCE RELATIONS

Cnr. MULGRAVE & AITKEN STS.  
(Above Lambton Tram Terminus).

10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Daily.  
Not open on Saturdays or Sundays.

### ARMY, NAVY, AIR FORCE

33 WILLIS ST.

Monday to Thursday 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.  
Fridays ..... 10 a.m. to 11 p.m.  
Saturdays ..... 10 a.m. to 11.30 p.m.  
Sundays ..... 10 a.m. to 9.30 p.m.

### BRITISH SAILORS' SOCIETY

138 WAKEFIELD STREET.

Daily: 9 a.m. to 11 p.m.  
Saturday, 9 a.m. to 12 Noon,  
5.30 to 11 p.m.  
Sunday, 3 p.m. to 10.30 p.m.

### CATHOLIC SERVICES CLUB

126 CUBA STREET

(Between Woolworths and  
Ghuznee Street).

Friday Nights from 7 p.m.  
Saturdays from 1 p.m.  
Sundays all day from 10 a.m.

### COMBINED SERVICES HOSTEL.

33 SYDNEY STREET

Open Continuously.

### NATIONAL CLUB.

166 FEATHERSTON STREET.  
(Diagonally opposite G.P.O.)

10 a.m. to 10.30 p.m. Daily  
Saturdays and Sundays inclusive.

## CONTINUOUSLY BUSY

### Weekend Entertainment At City Service Clubs

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.

### SALVATION ARMY

SOLDIERS' INSTITUTE.

Railway Station, opp. No. 9 Platform.

Mondays to Thursdays 9 a.m. to  
9.30 p.m.

Fridays and Saturdays, 9 a.m. to  
12 Midnight.

Sunday, 10 a.m. to 11.30 p.m.

### WEBBY'S DANCE CLUB

61 LOWER CUBA STREET

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

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.

### Y.M.C.A.

150 WILLIS STREET.

9 a.m. to 12 Midnight Daily.  
Saturdays and Sundays inclusive.

### VICTORY CLUB.

68 WILLIS STREET

(Over J. R. McKenzie's)

ADMISSION: 6d.

Open every Saturday evening to all  
members of the Fighting Services.

MODERN & OLD TIME DANCING

7.30 a.m. - Midnight.

Excellent Supper.

### Y.W.C.A.

5 BOULCOTT STREET.

Saturdays ..... 3 p.m. to 11 p.m.

Sundays ..... 3 p.m. to 9 p.m.

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. Niamio 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."

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