

Camp News

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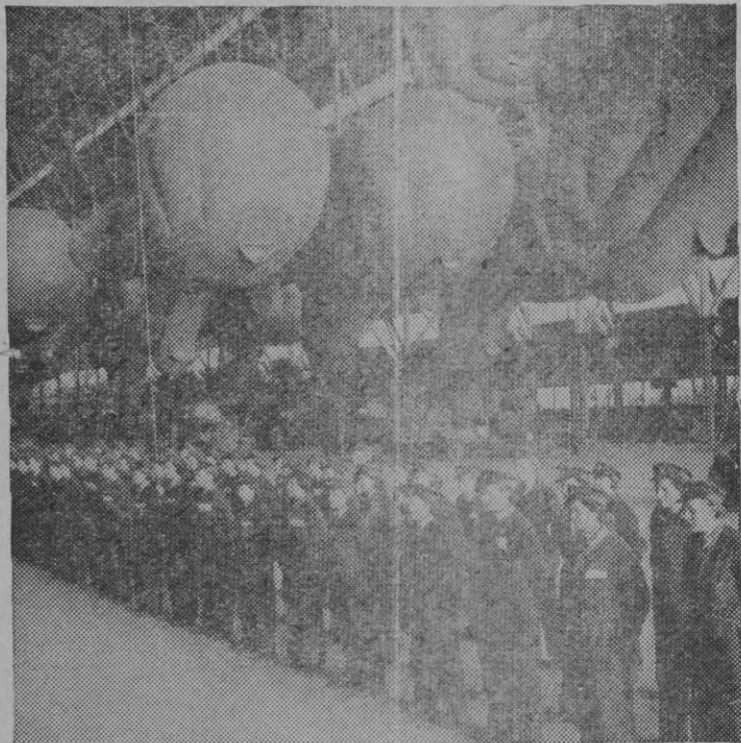
ARMY, NAVY & AIR FORCE WEEKLY

8 PAGES
PRICE .. 2d.

VOL. 3. NO. 153

Wellington, Friday, December, 18, 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. 153 Wellington, Friday, December, 18, 1942

**"FLYING FORTRESS"
THE WEAPON THAT WILL
DOOM THE AXIS**

Treacherously attacked by Japan even as Japanese diplomats were protesting their peaceful intentions in Washington, America has set aside the determination to remain at peace which has dominated her diplomacy for twenty years, and has turned, powerfully and bitterly, to a total war effort. America will spare nothing in this conflict; neither men nor money nor machines. Of all three, she has more than enough to do the job. America is stronger in machine power than any other nation, and this is a machine war. It is a war of trucks and tanks and ships and airplanes. Most of all it is a war of airplanes, and America, the home of the airplane, is best of all prepared to fight such a war. The weight of her bombing planes, sent to England and used in long-range raids over Germany and Italy, has been felt for more than a year now, and the punishment they are inflicting will increase with each passing day. Japan, too, will feel the fury of American wrath when U.S. bombers spill their heavy loads on her islands. The Japanese Navy already knows the power of American bombers, for it was one of the famous "Flying Fortresses" piloted by Capt. Colin P. Kelly, which sank the battleship "Haruna." The "Flying Fortress" is the mightiest bomber ever built.

The British knew, when war began in 1939, that longrange bombing of German industrial centres was an imperative necessity. But first the fighter planes of the R.A.F. had to ward off the waves of German bombers blasting at England, bombers which were, by September, 1940, threatening England's very existence. That they did a truly heroic and completely successful job all the world knows.

SEVEN MILES HIGH

When the American-built "Fortress" was put into the capable hands of the R.A.F., it quickly proved itself to be the most difficult target German aircraft defenses had ever encountered. Under the clearest weather conditions it could be seen only as a pinpoint, even through binoculars.

Certain types of Nazi interceptor planes can struggle to the 40,000-foot altitude of the "Fortress". But in the rarefied atmosphere of such heights the smaller one-and two-engined fighter planes are almost use-

less. A sudden turn means the loss of hundreds of feet of altitude. They cannot manoeuvre, pursue, or fight at such altitudes.



"What! You'd give quids to be out of this? Blimey! Keep your money in your pocket, chum! You'll be out for nothing in a minute!"

"Daily Mirror," London

347 MILLIONS

From the ground, a "Flying Fortress" at 40,000 feet cannot be seen or heard without special equipment. For most of the enemy, the first and only warning is the scream of the falling bombs. Under such circumstances, the enemy is so taken by surprise that his fighters cannot hope to get off the ground and reach the bomber in time, as it streaks towards its home base at 335 miles per hour.

American productive power will soon have "Flying Fortresses" rolling out of the factories at the rate of hundreds a month, marching towards the goal set by President Roosevelt for 1943. Even before America went to war, the President had earmarked a fund of 347,000,000 dollars for rush mass production of these huge four-engined aircraft.

In his message to Congress January 6, President Roosevelt declared that 60,000 planes would be produced in the year 1942. 50,000 of these will be combat planes, including bombers, dive-bombers and pursuit planes. In 1943, the United States will turn out 125,000 planes, greatest production programme in aviation history.



A "Walrus" Amphibian plane saving an airman, who is being hauled aboard from his rubber dinghy.



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Royal Oak Hotel

and the

Occidental Hotel

with

TO-DAY'S GREATEST DRINK

WAITEMATA

ALES and STOUT

A Good Time Kills Careless Talk in New York

(From the "Daily Mirror," London.)

Non-stop hospitality to British seamen arriving in New York is part of America's campaign to combat the Battle of the Atlantic.

Careless talk—dangerous ally of the U-boat menace—is being prevented by continuous entertainment, starting immediately the crew of a ship step ashore and ceasing only when their vessel steams away.

The thoroughness of this novel way of fighting a war-time danger which hitherto has been attacked only by means of warning posters, was described to me recently by a seaman just back from an Atlantic crossing.

"As we docked in New York," he said, "members of the various seamen's organisations in the City waited to welcome us as we stepped ashore.

"Accustomed to entertainment in all parts of the world, I have never previously encountered anything like the round of pleasure and generosity that now awaits the seaman visiting America.

"Before we had been ashore one minute we were offered a programme of social engagements, outings and dates which took account of neither time nor money

"Before you decide how you are going to spend your stay with us, you had better eat," said one of our American friends.

"In a fleet of cars we were driven to New York's Seamen's Mission — which must be the finest building of its kind in the world.

"Modelled on the lines of Broadway's leading hotels, the Mission is even provided with its own cinema.

"After a meal there, we were taken to the heart of New York to say 'Hello' to Jack Dempsey, now owner of one of the city's largest and finest cafe-bars.

"During our high-speed, non-stop round of pleasure and entertainment, which even at 6 a.m.—ten hours after we had come ashore—showed no signs of a break, there were only occasional reminders of the war and the dangers we had faced not very long ago.

"Speak to no one unless we are with you," our guides warned us.

"Careless talk is probably more dangerous in New York than in any other place in the world, and the hospitality we were enjoying is one of America's ways of defeating the U-boats that lie lurking not far from the dimly-lighted Statue of Liberty.

"I was in New York for six days. I would need to be there as many months to sample all the pleasures offered to the visiting seamen.

"Even then there would be something in the programme I should probably miss.

"In addition to the attractions at the Mission and the almost unending tours of New York's sights and 'outfits,' hundreds of American homes throughout New York State hold open house.

"Lists of these homes have been carefully compiled by the Mission officials, and seamen guests are distributed with a view to personal likes and dislikes, age, and the knowledge of whether a seaman is married or single.

"One member of our crew was 'adopted' by a family living at Boston. On the day we were due to sail, we had given him up as 'lost' when he was driven on to the dockside in a luxurious car—the central figure in a laughing happy family.

"We left the gaiety of New York to face again the perils of an Atlantic voyage. Somewhere in the deep, dark waters over which we sailed, lurked the menace which has given birth to New York's hospitality campaign. I shall not attempt to gauge the effect

THE DIGGER

Just in front of the officers' quarters
There is a plot of land,
And to lay it out in lawn and shrubs
The Commandant has planned.

He has studied up the gardening notes,
For this landscape must have charm;
And I've seen him trying to puzzle it out
With his stick beneath his arm.

But to-day I saw him at his best,
It was a splendid show,
He was digging in the garden
With a navvie's long banjo.

I've seen him take the troops' salute,
And I've seen him on parade;
But you should see our Commandant
With a shovel or a spade.

He turns the sod with the greatest skill,
He has Semple beat a mile,
And even his heavy battle-dress
Failed to cramp his style.

There is no doubt about it
He's a digger through and through,
And he knows his horticulture
Like the master gardeners do.

So if ever you can't find him,
I'll let you in the know,
He'll be digging in the garden
With his navvie's long banjo.
—J.P., Ngaruawahia.

IT'S LIKE THAT!

Transport boxing tournament was in full swing.

"Dynamite Dan" had just taken the count as a result of a hefty swing from a mystery fighter known as "TNT."

"Next event on the programme," bawled the announcer, "will be the first bout of the heavyweight division."

"Bluey" Johnson!" he called.
No answer.
"Tiger" Jones!"
Still no answer.
After a pause he called again. Silence!

Then a voice from the back of the crowd—it seemed to carry conviction—piped up with: "Bluey's down in the canteen drinkin' beer."

"Oh, is he?" sarcastically drawled the announcer. "And where's Jones?"
"E's 'elpin' 'im ter drink it," was the snappy reply.

* * *

WHEN THE WAR WILL END.

Actual evidence I have none,
But my aunt's charwoman's sister's son
Heard a policeman, on his beat,
Say to a housemaid in Downing Street
That he had a brother, who had a friend
Who knew when the war was going to end.



"Elimey! This job's making me nervous!—Ever heard what happens to people these days who give away information, Fred?"

"Daily Mirror," London

of the one on the other.

"Whatever the outcome, New York has already definitely captured the goodwill and admiration of the British seaman. If the campaign does no more, it will have been worth while."

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GAINING IMPETUS

Capital's Club, Hostel And Home Hospitality

Wellington service clubs, both in the city itself and in the suburbs, were as busy and crowded as usual this weekend. Servicemen and women alike gathered at the various centres to enjoy the hospitality provided. Energetic entertainment committees and helpers who serve in an entirely voluntary capacity, sometimes devoting time to cafeteria duty or the dispensing of hundreds of meals every week, gave estimable assistance, and made their guests genuinely welcome. Now that the weather has become more promising, several enterprising clubs have arranged weekend swimming and picnic parties, in addition to visits to local parks and reserves for sports and organized outdoor games.

Men of all the services, including the Merchant Navy, were taken for outings yesterday, returning, in most cases, to the clubrooms for teas and concerts. Menus have also been affected, and salads, cold meat and sweets have been substituted for some of the hot dishes popular throughout the winter.

Donations of food or flowers for the tables are always acceptable at the service clubs.

Hospitality for servicemen and women spending leave in Wellington is also extending to the home. Last week citizens helped appreciably in response to an appeal made by a hostel severely taxed for overnight accommodation, and took the surplus number of men into their homes for the weekend.

The New Zealand-America Friendship Group, which operates the Home Hospitality Bureau, as well as arranging hospitality in Wellington homes for an evening, places convalescent men from a United States services hospital in homes for the weekend, and as many as 100 in a weekend have been so placed during the past months, though during the last fortnight, because of movement in the hospital, few have been available. This work is under the direction of Mrs. J. W. Innes, whose enthusiasm has largely fostered its success. Besides locating the homes, the bureau, under the direction of Miss Yvonne Vickery, secretary, and Mrs. Beale, and a rota of willing helpers, continues its task of introducing servicemen to Wellingtonians, and hundreds of home friendships have been formed through this agency. Immediately on the arrival of any of our allies, they are met by the chairman of the group, Major J. R. Kirk, M.B.E., and given full information as to the hospitality awaiting them from the various clubs, so that when they enter the city they already feel welcome. Over the Christmas season, there may be many servicemen who would benefit by home contacts, and the bureau (telephone 44-711) would value invitations from further householders willing to assist.

SALVATION ARMY

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Railway Station, opp. No. 9 Platform

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12 Midnight.

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to James Smith's)

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Excellent Supper.

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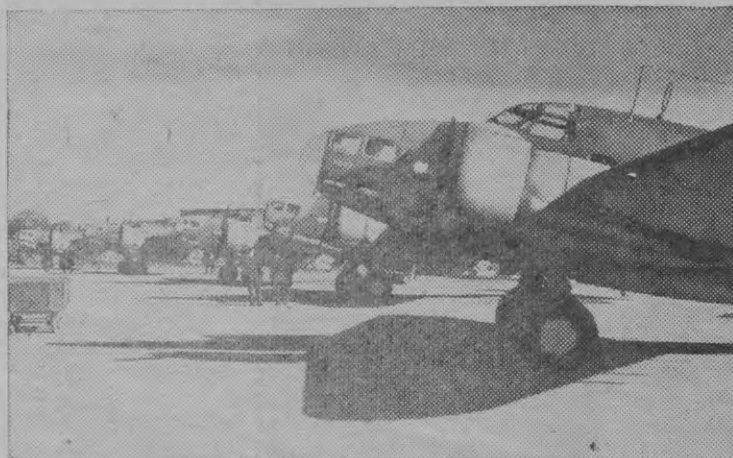
Trooping The Colour

BIG CROWD GATHERS

More than 15,000 spectators gathered at Athletic Park yesterday afternoon for the spectacular Trooping the Colour arranged by the Wellington Patriotic Committee. The turnstiles were unable to deal quickly enough with the big crowd of people which arrived outside the park about the advertised time of starting, 2.30 o'clock, and consequently, to avoid disappointment, a few minutes before 3 o'clock the main gates were opened and the remainder poured into the ground.

The United States Marine Corps Band, under the command of Captain Leon Brusiloff, received an ovation as it played the Lower Hutt interhouse girls' teams on to the ground.

A mobilization camp band followed the Marine band and interhouse girls, playing on a detachment of the Women's War Service Auxiliary, which gave an excellent display of precision movement. Then came the Band of the Royal New Zealand Air Force, leading the colour parties of the Women's Auxiliary Air Force, with units of the Air Training Corps, including the armed escort for the colours. Behind the A.T.C. were the girls of the Red Cross Women's Transport.



MORE BOMBERS FOR THE R.A.F.—Hudsons, flown non-stop from Newfoundland to England by Empire Air Training crews.

Everyman's Hut

God of the granite and the rose!
Soul of the sparrow and the bee!
The mighty tide of being flows,
Through countless channels, Lord,
from thee.

It leaps to life in grass and flowers,
Through every grade of being runs;
Till, from creation's radiant towers,
Its glory flames in stars and suns.

Know that, like birds, and streams,
and flowers,
The life that moves you is divine;
Nor time, nor space, nor human
powers,
Your god-like spirit can confine.

God of the granite and the rose!
Soul of the sparrow and the bee!
The mighty tide of being flows,
Through all thy creatures, back to
thee.

Thus round and round the circle runs,
A mighty sea without a shore;
While men and angels, stars and suns,
Unite to praise thee evermore.

—L. Doten.

Interesting Items.

With all the contingents on the ground, the Stars and Stripes flag was borne out before the stand and the Marine Band played the "Star Spangled Banner." A musical march by the interhouse girls, accompanied by the same band, followed.

In the meantime the R.N.Z.A.F. Band and the Camp Band massed, and at the conclusion of the marching display, did a ceremonial march. It was explained to the audience by Flight Lieutenant Gladstone Hill, the commander of the R.N.Z.A.F. Band, who acted as announcer and master of ceremonies, that the reason why the Marine Corps Band did not play with the other two bands was a difference in pitch in their instruments. The two New Zealand bands played to the higher pitch of 540 C, while the United States band was tuned to a 522 C. A few bars of "Colonel Bogey" played by the three bands together soon convinced that their massing was not very tuneful.

While the R.N.Z.A.F. Band, with the W.A.A.F.'s colour parties, the A.T.C. armed escort, the other A.T.C. units and the Red Cross Women's Transport unit were moving into position for the chief item of the afternoon's programme, the camp band, under Captain Pike, kept the audience interested with two marches.

Trooping the Colour.

The ceremonial Trooping the Colour was excellently and punctiliously carried out. It was organized by Mr. A. D. Lynch, of Napier. The parade, in three sides of a square, advanced toward the stand from the far side of the ground in perfect formation. At either side were the A.T.C. units, with the armed escorts at the rear of each line. The R.N.Z.A.F. Band formed the centre of the back line, with the Red Cross Transport girls each side of it. Within the square, slightly in advance of the back line, were the four colour parties of W.A.A.F.'s, bearing, from left to right, the Australian, United States, British (Union Jack), and New Zealand flags. The parade came to the halt before the centre of the stand.

From beneath the stand emerged four girls in bright uniforms after the type of the Guards, and wearing bushies. They advanced to positions facing the spaced colour parties. Then, in order, the United States, Australian, New Zealand and British colours were transferred to them, with precise ceremony, by the W.A.A.F. bearers. The four girls, also specially visiting Well-

When I gaze into the blue depths of the summer sky, or watch from the edge of the cliffs the cloud-shadows chasing one another over the fertile plain, or, far below the great sweep of purple heather, see the lake asleep beneath the sun, I see God, as it were, clad in His vesture of material loveliness.

Charles Beard.

God comes to us through every manifestation of life and power and beauty of which we can dream. . . . He is closer to us than the air we breathe, closer to us than the thoughts we think; for He is the element in which we live and move and have our being. . . . If you hold in your hand a rose and admire its fragrance, its tinting, its beauty, God looks out of it into your face.—Minot J. Savage.

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The sight of the first pale flowers starring the copses; an anemone held up against the blue sky with the sun shining through it towards you; . . . who that has felt the joy of these things would exchange them, even if in return he were to gain the whole world with its chimney-pots, and bricks, and dust, and dreariness? And we know that the gain of a world never yet made up for the loss of a soul.—From The Solitary Summer.

EVERYMAN'S THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK.

Flowers preach to us if we will hear.
—Christino Rosetti.

ton from Napier, were Miss Coral Parmer (captain), Union Jack; Miss Kitty Stowell, Australia; Miss Merle Greenway, United States; and Miss Charlotte Parata, New Zealand.

Following the trooping between the opened front and rear lines of the three sides of the square, the whole parade ceremonially marched past the stand, the mayor of Wellington, Mr. Hislop, taking the salute.

Mayor's Thanks.

With the parade drawn up before the stand, Mr. Hislop voiced the thanks of the Wellington Patriotic Committee to all who had worked to make the entertainment such a great success, and also the people of Wellington for the large attendance.

"By your showing here," the mayor said to the spectators, "you must be congratulated in demonstrating that you will not let down the men overseas."

In paying a tribute to the Marine Corps band, he said that by the warmth of their reception of the band spectators had shown their appreciation of it, and also of all the other Americans they had got to know so well.

Flight Lieutenant Gladstone Hill added a tribute from New Zealand bandmen. Wherever their paths might lead them in the time to come they would always be remembered here.

An item by the Marines Band, and the R.N.Z.A.F. Band's ceremonial "V" march brought the programme to an end.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

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

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.

Friday, December 18, 1942