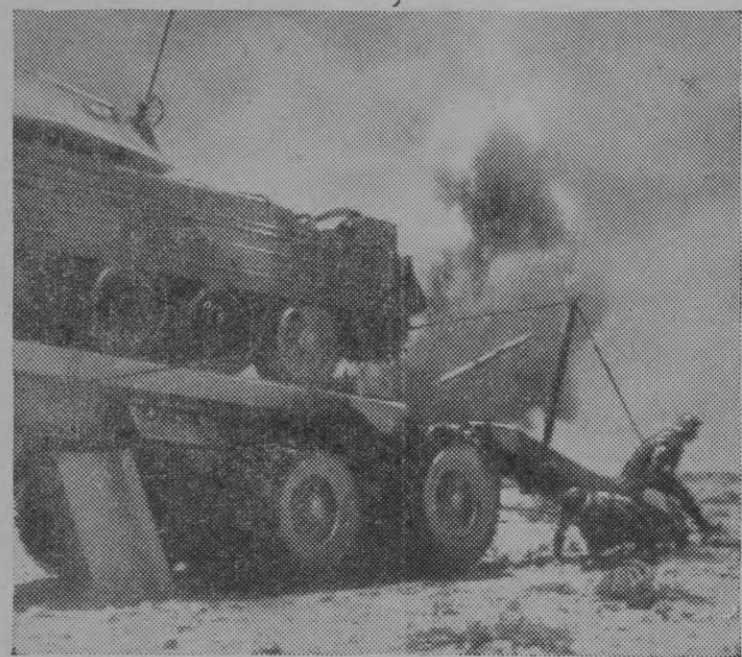


Camp News

GRATIS TO H.M. FORCES ARMY, NAVY & AIR FORCE WEEKLY 8 PAGES PRICE .. 2d.

VOL. 4. NO. 157 Wellington, Friday, January 15, 1943 Registered as a Newspaper for Transmission by Post at the G.P.O., Wellington.



TANK RECOVERY SERVICE DURING LIBYAN BATTLE.

British tank recovery section operating during the Libyan desert battle. A Tank transporter removing a damaged tank from the forward area to workshops behind the lines for repairs. This job is being carried out under an enemy bombing attack.

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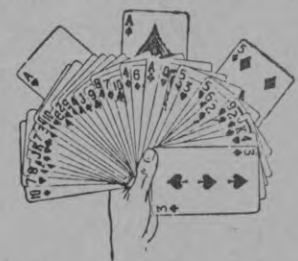
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Camp News

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VOL. 4. NO. 157 Wellington, Friday, January 15, 1943

One Standard for the workers of all nations

(From the "Daily Mirror," London)

No Government declaration, on a matter unconnected with the war, has aroused among the workers of Britain such interest as Mr. Bevin's statement that the principle of a minimum wage for all had been accepted.

It will need strong and determined men to carry through this policy, for its opponents—and they are many—will fight it, not openly, but by stealth... seeking with all the Parliamentary and legal skill they can muster to impede and delay the necessary legislation.

For a century or more, the ideal that no man be employed at a rate lower than that which gives him power to enjoy to the full the fruits of his labour, has been the dream of all reformers. For the first time we see it likely to be realised.

There is, however, little hope that the necessary legislation can be passed during the war. It might, in fact, be dangerous to pass it. At the most we can prepare the way.

I do not know what was in Mr. Bevin's mind when he gave us this pledge, but I can tell you the principles which many of his friends have in mind. They are:—

The fixing of a minimum wage for all workers over a certain age, with a scale for those below this age.

A declaration that the payment of the fixed rates be a first charge on every business and industry.

Acceptance of the principle that any non-essential industry, which cannot pay the rates, be closed down.

Essential industries, such as coal-mining and agriculture, to be enabled to meet the rate by means of a levy on the non-essential industries, so that the cost of the necessities of life will not rise.

Four very simple principles. The day on which they become law will see the workers of Britain given, for the first time, that security to which they are as much entitled as they are to the air they breathe.

After all, there is no moral difference between the theft of a man's pocketbook and the theft of his work by taking profit, earned from the underpayment of labour.

Both are crimes, the second having the difference that it is a crime against the person.

It should be a simple, and generally accepted, fact that the non-essential business, which cannot afford to pay a fair wage, just goes out of business. There is no real reason for its existence.

There are some hot-heads—well-meaning but lacking in understanding—who would like to see the necessary legislation rushed through Parliament right away.

By doing so, we might easily plunge millions into unemployment, and leave the nation so poor as to make the payment of even the smallest relief to the destitute difficult, if not impossible.

For in setting up a new standard, we cannot afford to lose our markets.

Let us try to visualise the position after the war. The nations of the world will then be in the market place as frantic buyers for everything they have had to forgo through the years

of conflict.

If there remains one nation willing and able to underpay its workers, then it will be the cheapest—and in time the only—seller, and will bring ruin to the others.

So we must seek a new and higher standard, not only for ourselves, but for all the peoples who produce.

Is there any valid reason why an agreement, fixing such a standard, should not form part of the peace treaty, both for our own protection and for that of the workers of other nations?

America and Russia would not differ from us in this aim, and if we can impose our will on others, so that the peace be kept, then equally we can insist that all nations play their part in making the world a place that all, and not only a few, can enjoy.

There is an effective way to enforce such an agreement. If it were found that—say—Germany was underselling her competitors in the world market, not by reason of better methods of production, but by imposing on the workers a lower standard of life, then elsewhere there could be raised against her products a tariff wall which would make the selling of her goods impossible.

The size of that wall would be equal to the estimated difference between the internationally-agreed standard, and the standard in force in the culprit country.

Please don't write to me, listing all the difficulties. I know all about the problems of concealed subsidies. I know, also, how hard it will be to arrive at any common standard, which would bring into line with Britain and America such Balkan countries as those in which the workers are considered amply repaid, if they can afford to buy coarse bread and a little meat once a week; and where sugar and tea are unknown luxuries.

It is, therefore, useless for us to tackle this problem within national limits. We dare not set a standard which would only result in the wheels of our factories ceasing to turn.

If our tiny island cannot share in the world markets, we are doomed—for it is beyond all possibility that we could live by taking in each other's washing. Even Russia, with resources far beyond ours, found that she must buy and sell.

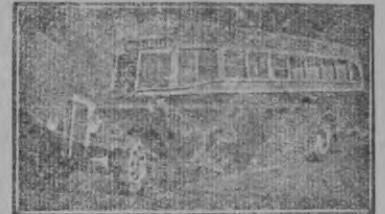
On the other hand—by taking steps to protect the workers of all nations—we, at the same time, prevent the exploitation of our own people.

Above all, we safeguard the future of the men who fight for us to-day. After the last war they suffered both want and exploitation—and the reason for that was to be found not only in these isles. It must never happen again.

Mr. Bevin has given the lead towards the new goal.

While we strive towards it, let us take steps NOW to ensure that the United Nations are prepared to join with us in treating as criminals countries which attempt to foster their prosperity at the expense of their workers.

Therein is not only our protection but that of all peoples.



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The Ministry of Supply has notified the publishers of "Camp News" that, owing to the shortage of paper, the publication must cease as from 31st January, 1943.

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and the
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with
TO-DAY'S GREATEST DRINK
WAITEMATA ALES and STOUT

EL ALAMEIN ATTACK

Wounded Men's Stories

Men who took part in the early stages of the Eighth Army's push at El Alamein, and have now returned wounded to the Dominion are loud in praise of the support given by the Allied air forces in the battle. "We seldom saw a Jerry," said one of the men, "but we saw squadrons after squadrons of our own planes passing to and fro overhead as they carried out strafing attacks on the enemy. We used to count the numbers in the squadrons as they went forward, and counted them again on the way back. That told us they were encountering little effective opposition in their work."

Another man said that the position in the air had been greatly aided by a useful happening a week or so before the attack. The German aerodromes had been drenched with rain and their planes bogged down. While they were in this condition, they were caught by our bombers, working from better cared for aerodromes, and smashed up. It was probable, the soldier said, that reports of large numbers of aeroplanes found by the advancing troops on landing grounds captured from the enemy, told of the aeroplanes destroyed under these conditions. "The American Sherman tanks are honeys," said another returned man. "They are much better than the Generals Grants and have been doing some wonderful work."

The same man, an anti-tank gunner, said the organization of the attack was excellent. His gun had more ammunition available than before, and if one gun was knocked out a replacement seemed to come from nowhere immediately, transport and supply being so plentiful and well-arranged. He was only two days in the attack before receiving his wound, the top of his skull being creased by a bullet, and his great regret is that he can not drink any New Zealand beer now he is back as it is against medical instructions.

The noise made by the artillery in the barrage which opened the attack, he says, was terrific. Anyone who was not there could not imagine the din of the 800 or so guns in action. "Our battery," he said, "advanced through the gun lines as they were firing, and they were magnificent to watch." This anti-tank gunner also tells of an experience he had during some fluid tank engagements. His gun was caught between the opposing tanks, and things got very hot while it lasted.

Among those who returned was an officer of a New Zealand railway operating unit. He says that from what he heard—he had been in hospital since the spring of last year—the railway units were hard at work as the Eighth Army advanced restoring the railway line, which before the retreat last year had almost reached Tobruk. The line had been wrecked by our men during the retirement, but the Germans restored it and were using Diesel engines to draw supplies forward to their lines at El Alamein. The R.A.F. then wrecked it again, and it has to be restored again for our own use now it has been recaptured. The officer stated that only one locomotive was left behind in the retreat last year. That could not be moved through damage, and was blown up before the Germans captured it.

CRASHED AMERICAN PLANE

N.Z. Pilot Picks Up Distress Signals

How the detection by a New Zealand air pilot, on patrol in the islands of the South Pacific, of the faint signals from an emergency radio transmitter rigged by the passengers and crew of a United States aeroplane which made a forced landing on a coral reef led to the rescue of the party, which had been marooned for 11 days, is told by States Marines now recuperating in a naval hospital in New Zealand.

The United States plane was on its way from an advanced area to a forward base when it met trouble and

OUR WET CANTEEN

You've heard of the Sahara
And how dry it is in Perth,
But they've got nothing on our flamin' camp
It's the driest place on earth.

We used to have a wet canteen
In the good old days gone by;
But the Terries came and they closed it up,
That's why our camp is dry.

We never got our licence back,
I think it is a sin,
We have to walk a good two miles
To visit Welch's Inn.

Now if they'd only realise
What a saving it would mean
If the boys could have their pint of beer
In the good old wet canteen.

We wouldn't have to walk two miles
And brave the dirty weather,
The Army would be better off,
Look what they'd save in leather.

There wouldn't be the wear and tear
Upon the battle-dress;
The tunic holds a good eight pints
In quarts you'd carry less.

So you see it is quite obvious
A waste that should not be;
Why not open up the wet canteen
And have a little spree.

We've often heard it rumoured
That we'd have a wet canteen,
But you can't get drunk on rumours
'Tis impossible old bean.

At times we've been quite hopeful
And saved up every bean,
But what's the good of money
Without a wet canteen?

The boys are all disgusted,
And everyone complains;
Because the only time our canteen's wet
Is when it damn well rains!
—J.P., Ngaruawahia.

was forced to make a crash landing on a coral atoll. It carried little food and water, and the crew and their passengers were soon in dire need. The emergency radio was rigged and SOS signals sent out repeatedly. On the eleventh day after the crash landing they were heard.

A New Zealand pilot on patrol in the area picked up faint signals which ran as follows:—

"SOS . . . U.S. plane" (description given) "down on reef" (giving position) . . . "Help . . . We are starving. . ."

The marine describes how the New Zealand plane flew over the atoll a little while after and dropped some supplies. Food, cigarettes and tobacco, with medical supplies and a bottle of whisky brought much-needed relief to the distressed party, which was later picked up from the reef and taken to a South Pacific base.

"I got drunk on one mouthful of the whisky," says the marine. "I blame that on my empty stomach," he added.



A Boston III. air crew discussing the day's operations with a R.A.F. Intelligence Officer.

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SICK AND WOUNDED
**Hospital Ship Arrives
In Dominion**

**PARTY FROM MIDDLE
EAST**

The magnificent equipment now at the disposal of troops fighting in Cyrenaica and Tripolitania and the wonderful air support now available were the chief impressions to be gained from men in a large party of sick and wounded of the Second N.Z.E.F., which has been welcomed back to the Dominion. The party, which included members of the Maori Battalion, was accompanied by some officers and men of the Royal New Zealand Air Force and an officer of the Royal New Zealand Navy Volunteer Reserve. There were also six New Zealand girls who have been serving in hospitals and clubs in the Middle East.

Tribute to the spirit which had been shown by men of the Second N.Z.E.F. in the great job they had done against Rommel's forces was paid by the Minister of Supply, Mr. Sullivan, who represented the Government in the unavoidable absence of the Prime Minister. Their spirit and courage, he said, was being repeated in the way those who now returned were facing their present difficulties. He said he was afraid they had suffered more severe casualties on this occasion than on any previous occasion, but the Second N.Z.E.F. had sent Rommel's men scurrying back across the desert like scared rabbits.

The great heart given the people of New Zealand by the recent victories in the Middle East and the Pacific was mentioned by the Minister of Defence, Mr. Jones, who also welcomed the party, and he said that they should enjoy more victories this year. He hoped that 1943 would see the end of the war and the rest of the men back in the Dominion.

Mr. Jones thanked the staff of the hospital ship which had brought the party back to the Dominion, and made special mention of the gesture of the commanding general of a United States Marine unit in sending the unit's band to take part in the welcome.

The deputy-mayor of Wellington, Mr. Luckie, the chairman of the Wellington Harbour Board, Mr. Price, the president of the New Zealand Returned

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M.L.C., also joined in the welcome. Brief speeches by the matron, Miss Lewis, and the senior medical officer of the hospital ship, Colonel Gordon, and rousing cheers for the party by civilians present at the welcome, brought the ceremony to an end. The following sick, wounded and other personnel of the 2nd N.Z.E.F. have returned to New Zealand:—
Lt.-Col. Nicoll, A. J., Ashburton. Major Beyer, A. E. (M.C.), Papatoetoe. Major Gilbert G. H., Masterton. Major Wells, J. R., Ashburton. Major Wiles, Owen G., Auckland. Capt. Gibson, N. M. F., Auckland. Capt. Nathan, M. J., Wellington. Capt. Riley, C. G., Dunedin. Capt. Smyth, B. S., Christchurch. Capt. Staveley, J. M., Palmerston North. Capt. Volckman, W. G., Leeston. Capt. Yeoman, A. C. (M.C.), Taneatua. T/Capt. Cooper, G. S. (M.C.), Timaru. T/Capt. Douglas, M., Livingstone. Lieut. Abel, S. H., Auckland. Lieut. Tikao-Barrett, J. P. (M.C.), Hawera. Lieut. Bird, I. A., Christchurch. Lieut. Borgfeldt, R. A., Ashburton. Lieut. Edgar, R. McC., Wellington. Lieut. Jardine, J. E., Wairoa. Lieut. McMurtrie, A. T., Oamaru. Lieut. Scott, G. E., Wellington. Lieut. Simich, R. M., Auckland. Lieut. Trounson, R. D. (M.C.), Dargaville. Lieut. Ward, R. A., Hawera. Lieut. Wheeler, C. M., Kelburn. 2/Lt. Mohi, H., Rawene. 2/Lt. Saddler, T., Whakawhitira. 2/Lt. St. George, A. G., Frankton. 2/Lt. Simcock, K. R., Hamilton. 2/Lt. Fraser-Tytler, H. B., Wellington. 2/Lt. Warbrick, P. A., Rotorua. Sister Bairstow, L. M., Mangatoinaka.

Everyman's Hut

"Behold I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice AND OPEN THE DOOR, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."—Revelation 3, v. 20.

Dost thou know as thy bolted heart's door to-night,
The Saviour in meekness doth stand,
And longs for admission? Pray listen now
To the knock of the nail-pierced hand.

Sister Hepworth, P. C., Masterton. Pte. Croom, M. E., Wanganui. Pte. Curtis, Mona, Nelson. Pte. Tulloch, P. M., Miramor. Pte. Walsh, M. S., Blenheim. Sgt. Aitken, R. T. D. Bell Block. Bdr. Allen, H. E. J., Kelburn. Gnr. Allen, Jack, Wanganui. Sgt. Bagnall, G. J., Palmerston North. Tpr. Barnett, R. N., Wellington. Cpl. Barton, J. W., Wairoa. Gnr. Baylis, R. H., Opuake. Gnr. Belk, J. C., Taihape. Cpl. Bending, R. H. P., Bulls. Sgmm. Bennett, A. D., Wellington. L/Cpl. Birdsall, G., Waipawa. Pte. Bishop, C. S. E., Aramoho. Gnr. Bradley, B. J. J., Wellington. Gnr. Brennan, L. O., Turakina. Gnr. Bruce, F. J., Wellington. Cpl. Bryant, J. N., Manakau. Gnr. Bullock, A. E., Hastings. Pte. Burrows, N. F., Gisborne. Pte. Carter, W. C. L., Palmerston North. L/Cpl. Cheyne, P. M., Eastbourne. Pte. Christensen, A. N., Napier. Cpl. Conner, G. H., Wellington. Cpl. Cook, H. H. P., Stratford. Pte. Cotterill, J. K., Hastings. Pte. Cowles, J. S., Hataitai. Cpl. Darby, A. J., Napier. Pte. Davis, Patea. L/Cpl. Dear, A. G., Palmerston North. Sgt. Delaney, F. O., Nelson. Gnr. Dixon, E. H., Wellington. Gnr. Dobson, G. R., Wellington. Cpl. Drysdale, J., Taihape. Pte. Dunn, D. H., Gisborne. Pte. Dwyer, J. B., Wellington. Gnr. Edwards, J. L., Masterton. Pte. Eginton, H. A., Motueka. Pte. Ellis, A. W., Palmerston North. Pte. Etheredge, F., Nelson. L/Sgt. Foster, T. P., Lower Hutt. Dvr. Foster, C. B., Clive. L/Sgt. Gardner, M. G., Hastings. L/Bdr. Garnham, F. C., Napier. Pte. Gordon, A., Gisborne. Pte. Greenlees, R., Taihape. Pte. Gregory, C., Taihape. Cpl. Guthrie, G. T., Clive. L/Cpl. Hansen, L. D., Levin. T/L/Sgt. Hartgill, J. E., Dannevirke. L/Cpl. Hendersen, A. W., Wellington. T/Sgt. Hendrikson, C. W. E., Paekakariki. L/Sgt. Holmes, Ian, Wellington. Pte. Houghton, John, Gisborne. Pte. Howat, W. J. E., Lower Hutt. Pte. Howes, Clarence, Wanganui. Pte. Hudson, W. E., Petone. Cpl. Hutchings, R., Stratford. Pte. Irvine, T. W., Lower Hutt. Pte. Isbister, A. G., Hawera. Pte. Jensen, G. R., Nelson. S/Sgt. Job, W. T., Wellington. Pte. Johnstone, I. H., Gisborne. Cpl. Kani, H. H. M., Paki Paki. Pte. Kearns, J. J., Lower Hutt. Pte. Gernohan, R., Wellington. Pte. Knewstubb, C. D., Wellington. Gnr. Ladbroke, W. J., Inglewood. Pte. Lang, E. P., Wellington. Pte. Langdon, C. M., New Plymouth. Pte. Lindsay, K. T., Wellington. Pte. Lock, E. S., Lower Hutt. L/Sgt. Lynskey, J. M., Wellington. Pte. McIntosh, A. W., Lower Hutt. Pte. McPhair, E., Wairoa. Pte. Middlemiss, S. F., Blenheim. Pte. Moore, H., Gisborne. T/L/Cpl. Morgan, K. L., Palmerston North. L/Cpl. Navard, F. M., Wanganui. Pte. Ngatai, J., Gisborne. T/Sgt. Nikora, T., Dannevirke. Spr. O'Neill, J. G., Kilmuirie. Gnr. O'Neill, L. E., Gisborne. Pte. Pardoe, C., Gisborne. Pte. Parker, M. J., Hastings. Pte. Pou, J. A., Palmerston North. Pte. Rae, N. C., Wellington. Pte. Reid, E. J., Lower Hutt. L/Cpl. Rodden, M. D., Wellington. Pte. Rolston, P. V., Napier. Pte. Rutherford, I. S., Wanganui. Pte. Salisbury, R. P., Carterton. L/Cpl. Simmons, W. R., Hastings. Pte. Smeaton, R. L., New Plymouth. Pte. Stapieton, J. F., Lower Hutt. Gnr. Stephen, A. R., Ashhurst. Pte. Taylor, C. E., Nelson. Pte. Tewiata, R. S., Plimmerton. Pte. Toms, H., Maungaweka. Sgmm. Trebille, L. G., Wairoa. S/Sgt. Ward, R. C., Napier. L/Sgt. Warren, J. F. E. J., Reefton. Pte. Watson, W. H., Pahiatua. Pte. Wells, M. K., Picton. Pte. Whitmore, G. J., Wairoa. Pte. Williams, R. H., Johnsonville. Pte. Winter, Clive, Takaka. L/Cpl. Wolfram, C. W., Hastings. Pte. Woodhouse, G. D., Karori. Tpr. Zimmerman, J., Blenheim.

You turn not away when a friend's at the door,
Here's One there's none like in the land,
Who asks to come in and for ever abide,
Heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand.

All the pain and the shame of His death on the tree,
A welcome from you should command;
Since the weight of your sins in His body He bore,
Heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand.

Heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand,
Heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand;
Swing the door open wide, bid Him enter and abide,
Heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand.

Do you remember Holman Hunt's famous picture "The Light of the World"? The patient Christ stands outside a creeper-covered door, knocking, knocking. There is no handle on the outside,—the door can be opened only from within. But still He stands and knocks. "May I come in?" I wonder did He at last have to walk away in sorrow and disappointment or did the door open for Him to be welcomed in? We, each one, must complete the picture in our individual life. Either He is welcomed in, or neglected and rejected, has to pass on. You may hear Him knocking, may hear Him entreating you to let Him enter. He knocks and speaks in different ways to different individuals, but at some time or other our thoughts are directed towards God or His Christ through various incidents or experiences. But to hear is not sufficient. Your friend stands outside your door, knocking and calling to you, but you must open the door for him to come in before you can enjoy his company; otherwise he remains outside. And so with the Christ. He is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother, and yet you would let Him stay outside. He brings you gifts of untold worth—life and peace and pardon given, to purchase which he gave His own life's blood at Calvary. Must He go away with these precious gifts just because you will not let Him in? "If any man hear my voice AND OPEN THE DOOR . . ."

EVERYMAN'S THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK.

The cross is the stumbling block against which the waves of eternal love broke into the silver spray of speech.—J. Parker.

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 accordingly.

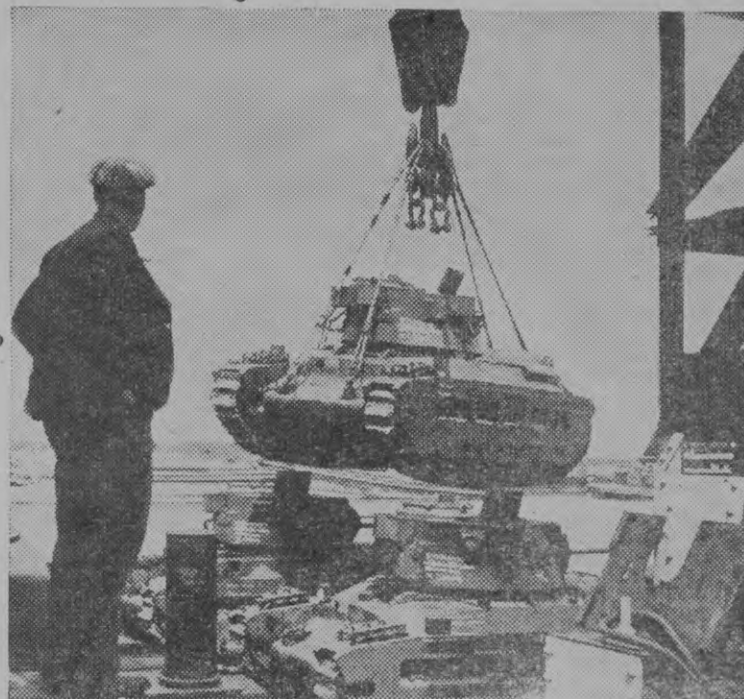
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We cannot be held responsible for errors in advertisements transmitted by telephone.

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



BRITISH WORKERS BACK THE RUSSIAN FRONT.

Ships loaded with British tanks for Russia leave one after the other for Arctic ports. Loading Matilda tanks for Russia.

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