

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.

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.

Germans Cannot Repent—They Know no God

By DAVID WALKER in the "Daily Mirror," London.

The greatest best-seller in Germany to-day—"Mein Kampf," of course, excluded—is a small book said to have been written by an unknown soldier fighting on the Eastern Front. It is called "GOTT UND VOLK: SOLDATISCHES BEKENNTNIS," or, in other words, "God and the People: A Soldier's Profession of Faith."

Up to a few weeks ago, this slim volume had sold the fantastic figure of 200,000 copies. In the army, groups of ten or twelve men share a copy.

By now, it is probable that at least 1,000,000 Germans have read it. As it is selling like hot cakes, another million or two are possibly about to read it. Millions of Germans subscribe to its doctrines without having to read it.

It is an extremely important little book for the British people to know about—not because it is full of muddle-headed gibberish—but because it expresses the faith of the young German soldier.

It represents the basis of that fanatical courage which they have certainly shown—on the Eastern Front last winter. People in England should know what exactly the young German is taught to believe.

It is all in this book.

"We are Germans! That is why we cannot be Christians."

This statement, which is a perfect example of the New Logic in the New Order, reveals the author's state of mind.

It is simply that Christianity, before Hitler, was a misconception: or rather, a Jewish swindle which fooled the world.

The author tells of his school-days where, after being deceived by "Jewish fables," he and his fellows soon

found that Nazism alone answered the aspiration of their Germanic spirit.

Soon they all recognised their duty of "chasing Jesus Christ from our hearts so that Germany might take His place."

The new God has nothing to do with the Jews or with the old Christian God of Love. The new God is the God of Force. Force governs; feebleness is governed.

The author shows a particularly hearty dislike of the Old Testament which he describes as "an infamous document."

Turning over its leaves, he finds himself "almost strangled with rage when I think for how long we were nourished on these rascally stories. ('Gauerngeschichten.')

Take away this book!" he cries; "burn it in sacred places! Thank your God that He has sent you the Fuehrer! To-day is God's day and the chains are broken!"

There is only one sin—betrayal of the German cause or pollution of the German blood. The Ten Command-

Everyman's Hut

"When once the master of the house is risen up, and hath SHUT THE DOOR, and ye begin to stand without, and to knock at the door, saying, Lord, open unto us; and he shall answer and say unto you, I know you not whence ye are; . . . DEPART FROM ME . . ."—Luke, ch. 13., verses 25-27.

Out of Christ, without a Saviour,
Lonely and dark thy way;
With no light, no hope in Jesus,
Making bright the cheerless day.

Out of Christ, without a Saviour,
Give to Him now thy heart,
Ere the door of mercy closes,
And you hear His word, "Depart."

Now we come to the third and last chat on the door that was shut. When the idea of these three talks presented itself to our mind we had no idea that they would be the last to go forth per medium of the "Camp News," but so it just happens that the final talk appears in the last issue. Just over three years ago, through the kindness of the proprietors, Stewart, Lawrence & Co., Ltd., space was offered Everyman's Hut for a weekly contribution to the "Camp News." We thank them most heartily for their help and consideration, and look back with pleasure over a period of happy co-operation. Everyman's Hut was put into operation for the sole purpose of bringing the Gospel of Christ before the men and of helping them spiritually. The achievement of these aims is proved, not so much by the number and popularity of the Huts now operating, as by the number of men who have been converted and helped, and whose changed lives are testified to by their unconverted comrades. And in our weekly contribution to the "News" we have sought the same ends, for no matter what the out-

come of this war is, if we, individually and collectively do not turn to God in earnestness and reality we cannot survive. Three years ago this door of service was opened to us, and now, unexpectedly it is shut. Other doors of service may be opened, but we would come back to our subject—the door that has been shut by the master of the house. Have you ever reached the station just in time to see your train pulling out? You meant to catch it, you have made great efforts to catch it, but your intentions were of no use when you were just too late. Good intentions will never catch a train—you have to be in time. Good intentions will never get you to heaven—you have to secure your place before the door is shut. In the portion of Scripture at the head of this article, those shut out tried to gain entrance by knocking and calling and reminding the Lord how they had eaten with Him and He had preached to them. Of no avail were their pleadings—rather was their responsibility greater because of the very opportunities they had neglected. Too long had they waited and now the door was shut against them and the Lord's last words, ringing in their ears as, hopeless and despairing they turn away, are "I never knew you, DEPART FROM ME."

May that not be the experience of any who read these lines.

And now—Cheerio, Everyman!

EVERYMAN'S THOUGHT FOR THE FUTURE.

For so it falls out,
That what we have we prize not, to the worth,
While we enjoy it; but, being backed and lost,
Why, then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue, that possession would not show us
While it was ours.

—Shakespeare.

ments are superfluous because "we have our German conscience. That is enough."

The present movement represents the "religion of the Sword." Two worlds are in combat. One must go. Both "the Catholics, who are strong, and the Protestants, who are weak," belong to the world that must die.

"We, the German people, are predestined to be the first to break from Christianity. That is our great honour."

What has all this got to do with Rommel, von Boch and you?

A devil of a lot.

Too many people in England have yet to realise that National-Socialism is not so much a political upheaval as an emotional one: that Nazism is far more a faith than a policy.

And that people who have a Faith to fight for—even if it happens to be a lousy one—are a much tougher nut to crack than those who have not.

This particular parody of Christianity is being most courageously fought by the German Bishops and priests; but it should never be forgotten that we are supposed to be fighting it, too.

The vital truth of the matter is that there has been bred in Germany

a fanaticism that will make a Junkers 87 pilot on the Eastern Front, or a German tank private in Egypt, give just that last extra bit of himself that can turn the scale.

It doesn't seem to matter—for war purposes—just what you believe in, provided you believe passionately. No Air Force in the world has a higher proportion of irrepressible suicide pilots than the Japanese; no army has resisted with higher courage than the Reds.

But what we must realise is that when another German Division is landed in North Africa, it is armed not merely with Mark IV tanks or 88 mm. guns.

It is armed with this fanatical faith in itself which gives it an impetus another force might lack.

It is high time we stopped being "surprised at Rommel's speed."

In Germany, during the years before the war, I watched the youth of the country being moulded like Plasticene into one solid Faith Movement.

The older people in Germany who thought for themselves when young, refuse to fall for this diabolical drive; but the young German does believe it. And it is he who is doing the fighting.

The fact that, despite severe book rationing, this absurd work has been encouraged to sell 200,000 copies shows how much importance the Nazis attach to it. Whatever else they may be, they are good psychologists internally.

The Faith of the German soldier is such that if there are still people in England who imagine the Reichwehr will mysteriously "crack" they are wrong. It will only collapse when it is beaten by force.



Red Army automatic riflemen consolidating occupied lines.