

Everyman's Hut

"Say not the struggle naught availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain;
The enemy faints not nor faileth,
And as things have been, they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars,
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the flyers,
And but for you possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back through creeks and inlets making
Comes, silent flooding in, the main.

And not through eastern windows only
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright."

—Clough

Victories are won, and great things are accomplished not by the isolated efforts of the individual, but the combined efforts of the few or many, all striving towards a common objective under a supreme command. Each has his own particular task, the accomplishing of which is marked by his own individuality and none can do the other's work, yet for success each is dependent upon all the others. The final result is measured, not by the success or failure of the individual, but by the effect of the combined efforts of all.

Team work, for that is what it really is, calls for the exercise of trust and patience—trust in the higher command and in fellow-workers, and patience to go on, even when one's own efforts appears to be in vain. It calls for personal sacrifice, and the setting aside of personal desires, the willingness to suit one's own identity for the good of all, and the final success of the undertaking, but the reward is the assurance of a fight well fought, a race well run.

May God enable us all throughout the Empire, to go on trusting Him, submitting ourselves to His correction, His guidance and instruction and testing, until we come forth as a people fitted to do His will on earth and owning His Son as our Redeemer and King.

Mr. Les Taylor has now taken over the work at the Hut, and is using the quiet time to get settled down, renewing old friendships and forming new ones. May he prove a blessing to the men with whom he will come in contact.

The war was over. Hitler's death had finished it. And the corporal who had helped to lay well and truly the body underground was describing the scene.

"The Germans put the coffin down twenty-five times," he said.

"Twenty-five times" echoed his listeners. "What for?"

"Encores," said the corporal.

SECOND ECHELON IN POSITION

Part In Britain's Defence

WATCHING AND WAITING FOR INVADERS

The function of her European army in this most glorious fortnight of Britain's civilian history has been to watch and wait—to line the ramparts of England, ready, if the foe should come, to strike him a blow from which he will never recover.

Though a very small unit among the million and a quarter men thus standing to arms, the New Zealand second echelon has been honoured with an important forward position and in the last week has further improved its plans for striking quickly and hard when the call comes.

British public opinion on the possibility of an invasion remains divided, but with growing might against it. None the less, the preparedness already unparalleled in this island's long story of hard-fought freedom is being intensified daily.

It is distasteful to be, as it were, idly standing by while the air force and navy do all the work and unprotected women and children bear much of the brunt of the vicious and merciless attack, but it is a part which the needs of the moment require of the soldiers.

Meanwhile, it is an unforgettable privilege to be here and to gather inspiration from the incomparable valour of our airmen and the magnificent courage under assault of the common people of Britain.

MEN OF THE FORCES

150 Enjoying Sunday Hospitality

On Sunday last 150 men from all arms of the fighting services gathered in the lounge of the Wellington Y.M.C.A. to enjoy the hospitality provided for them by women of the Khandallah Presbyterian Church, under the leadership of their president, Mrs. Hudson. The chairman was Mr. J. G. Smith, who was accompanied by Mrs. Smith, and associated with him were the Rev. and Mrs. D. D. Scott and Mr. C. A. R. Brunt.

In welcoming the men Mr. Smith mentioned that a free membership was extended to all men of the forces, and that all the facilities of the Y.M.C.A. were open to them at all times. It might be of interest to know that Y.M.C.A. huts were established in 11 military camps, and six in Air Force training centres. In the Air Force camps the Y.M.C.A. conducted a post office which was kept open all hours, whereas the official postal service was restricted to the usual Post Office hours. This extra facility provided by the Y.M.C.A. was much appreciated. Mr. Smith mentioned that already there were 13 Y.M.C.A. secretaries overseas with the Second New Zealand Expeditionary Force.

A pleasant musical programme was provided, vocal items being given by Mrs. Fettes, Mr. O. Dyer and Mr. J. P. Mackay, the accompanists being Miss Isa Anderson and Miss Finlay. A vocal item was given by Gunner W. P. Wade, and an elocution item by Mrs. Reid. A community sing led by Mr. Hindle and accompanied by Mr. Mann, was enjoyed.

A very acceptable gift to the tea was received from the Parkvale (Carterton) branch of the Women's Institute, which, having read in the paper of the teas that were provided for the soldiers each week, sent a box of cakes as a donation to the work. Musical honours and three cheers for the hostess, the friends who had so kindly come to entertain them, and the Parkvale branch for its very kind thought terminated a pleasant gathering.

TRY A SMILE

The "All Clear!" had sounded and people were filing from the air raid shelter.

"Lot of frightened sheep," scoffed a sceptical young man. "All dashing in there as fast as their legs could carry them. Why, I was in bed when the siren went. I shaved, washed, dressed and then strolled down to this shelter."

"Is that so?" said the Bright Young Thing. "But aren't your legs cold without your trousers?"

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IT'S THE SAME, REALLY

Wife: Dear, what is the difference between Direct and Indirect taxation?

Husband: It's the difference between your asking me for money—and going through my trousers pockets while I'm asleep.

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Private Atkins had taken the "Say nothing; ears are listening" notices to heart. So when the barber, between snips, asked: "Where are you stationed, mate?" he replied:

"Savoy Hotel, Brighton."

"What d'yer mean?" snorted the barber. "There ain't no Savoy Hotel in Brighton. It's in the Strand."

"Well, I'm dashed," came Tommy's reply. "I thought it was a long walk to the sea every morning."

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And we must tell you the story of the Boy who has the Right Idea—one Tommy, late of the East End of London, now evacuated to the south.

He had been induced to say his prayers, and after the "make me a good boy" bit, came out with 'An' give 'Itler a good hidin'."

"My dear," said the aged and very Christianly foster-mother. "You shouldn't say that: Say "and soften Hitler's heart."

". . . And do wot the lidy says to 'Itler, but give 'im a good hidin' jes' the same," said Tommy.

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"Jack, dear," she murmured, "I hardly know how to tell you, but soon there will be a third sharing our little home."

"My darling," he cried excitedly, "are you sure?"

"Positive," she replied. "I had a letter from mother this morning, saying she's coming to live with us next week!"

* * * * *

"And the same to you," muttered the Colonel under his breath, as he returned the private's salute.

Again it happened . . . and again.

The Adjutant was puzzled. "Forgive me, if I seem rude, sir, but why the 'same to you?'" he asked.

The Colonel smiled, reminiscently. "Well, old chap," he said, "I was once a ranker myself, and I know just what they are thinking when they salute me."

Ricochets

"Buy British Eggs," urges an advertisement in a contemporary. And scorn the foreign yolk.

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A correspondent says that war broke out the day after he got married. Just a coincidence!

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Traveller says that tribes in New Guinea use razor blades for currency. Everything sold at cut rates?

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At least one optimistic member of the Special Force at Trentham provided for every contingency when he made his will. Should his tent ever be chosen as the best-kept in the company, he wrote, his share of the prize was to go to his next-of-kin.

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Giving evidence last week, a soldier complained to a magistrate that every time he comes home on leave, his wife goes through his pockets systematically each night. What one might call a repeating rifle.

SERVICE

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