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KORERO

IN THIS ISSUE

Contributions to Korero

You are reminded that a maximum sum of £3, payable in canteen orders where there are canteens under New Zealand control and in cash where there are not, will be divided among contributors in each issue. It is necessary, therefore, that all contributors should send us number, name, and full address. Remember, too, that articles are not the only contributions we are looking for. We would like to see also short paragraphs, black and white drawings, and verse. There is space, too, for your comments and inquiries, provided you keep them short. The address is : " D.A.E.W.S., Army H.Q., Wellington." Mark your envelopes *Korero* in one corner.

THIS LAND OF Greece

OUR FIRST glimpse of Greece, after a memorably unpleasant trip from Egypt, was of a range of snow-clad mountains from which an icy wind was blowing. Soon afterwards steep green hills, pleasantly reminding us of our own New Zealand coast, came into view. Nestling among them, seeming to stretch for miles, were the red roofs and grey buildings of a big city upon which the snow-topped peaks looked down.

That city was Athens, surely one of the most beautiful in the world, with its wide clean streets, tree-lined boulevards, lovely parks, and beautiful gardens. Our welcome was a warm one. There were smiling faces everywhere. Crowds cheered and waved, some threw flowers into our trucks, others shouted greetings. On all sides the cry was "English! Welcome!"

We camped for a time among the trees and shrubs of a fine hill country park close to the city and not very far from the snow-line. I was lucky enough to be granted leave on the first evening. The first visit to a strange city in a foreign land during a black-out was to me a bewildering, but pleasing experience. Pleasing by reason of the warmth and genuineness of the welcome extended by the Greeks.

The profound darkness in which we found ourselves on stepping off a brightly lighted tram was at first alarming. There seemed to be no streets, no buildings, no shops, no people, only a vast impenetrable blackness, throbbing and alive with all the myriad noises of a great city. Blinded, we stood for a moment to collect our scattered wits. Trams rattled and crashed, juggernaut shapes with eyes of green, red, blue, purple, or no eyes at all, loomed out of the darkness to pass with a whirr of gears and a rush of petrol laden air. These were motor-cars.

Somewhere across this river of noise and half-seen traffic footpaths packed with a hurrying crowd flanked the shadowy bulk of buildings whose doorways were darker shadows in a world of shadow. Here and there a chink of light showed for a moment and then was gone. The hum of conversation was in the air, and now and then we caught a gust of words, but always strange words, never an English word.

Yes, it was all very bewildering, this city of shadows and half-lights, with its hidden shops, and its hurrying crowds who knew no word of English. But behind the veil, behind those mysterious black curtains, we found a very different Athens. Behind the shadows was a world of light in which the city carried on regardless of the war. Finding our way about, however, was something of an adventure.

One never knew quite what to expect on stepping beyond those heavy black

[*Official War Photo.*

A general view of Olympus Pass, with a New Zealand camp in the foreground.

curtains. Sometimes it would be a brilliantly lighted, glittering emporium with its goods displayed with a taste and art quite equal to anything that shopkeepers in New Zealand can show. Or perhaps a tiny, noisy, hilarious wine-shop, or a resplendent modern restaurant. Once or twice we blundered into a ladies' hairdressers, or a millinery establishment.

Language difficulties led to many an amusing incident, and before long we had developed the art of speaking in sign to a point of perfection. This play-acting for our tucker sometimes resulted in the most intricate performances of arm-waving, shoulder-shrugging, and grimacing, helped out by a series of weird noises. It was generally effective, even if the result was not always exactly what the actors had planned.

For example, there was the soldier whose imagination balked at rendering the word "sausage" in sign language. Finally he thought of "Hot dog" and proceeded to try to convey this impression to the attentive waiter by barking vigorously and making sizzling noises to indicate frying. The waiter, bowing, anxious to please, looked decidedly puzzled, but he hurried away—to return with a tiny wriggling puppy!

Next morning there was an opportunity to see a little more of the city, and the New-Zealanders made the most of it, finding their way by car and on foot to every farthest corner of the capital. We strolled in the parks and along miles of tree-lined streets. Some visited the King's Palace, there to make friends with the famous kilted Evezones, those splendid soldiers who put the fear of death into Mussolini's hordes in Albania. Some of the Evezones were on guard duty.

Others sought out the many monuments to Greece's centuries of splendid tradition, there perhaps to dwell for a moment upon the glories of the past. And at the same time they could not fail to think of the glorious deeds of the present, remembering that men worthy of the legendary Heroes of Homer were even at that moment creating fresh material for legend by deeds of valour, of courage beyond belief.

Our admiration for the Greek people became the greater the more we saw of them. They were splendid folk, and at times, particularly in the smaller villages, it seemed to us that from the youngest child to the oldest greybeard, every living soul was doing his or her utmost for the war effort. Even the poorest had nothing but friendship and generosity with which to meet us. They were honest in the highest degree, hard workers, touchingly sincere in their hatred of Mussolini, and in their welcome to us.

Much as we would like to have seen more of Athens it was not to be, and before very long we were off on our way to take up war stations in the path of the coming invader. That journey will be long remembered by all. During it we saw some of the finest and most inspiring mountain scenery that any of us had ever set eyes upon. Hundreds of miles, by varied means of transport, we travelled through the lovely land of Greece.

A veritable glimpse of paradise it seemed to the sand weary "Desert Rats" of the First Echelon. Long stretches of

land under the plough, acre upon acre of fertile vineyards, mile upon mile of olive trees, great stretches of rolling green plains reaching to green hills with snow-capped mountains beyond, all were among the panorama spread before our transports. Nestling among the hills, hiding in the green of the plains, or perched in the very bosoms of the mountains, were many small picturesque villages of grey stone and mud, with tiled roofs and twisty, winding, stone-paved streets.

There was a bright moon in a clear sky when we passed through a range of snow-covered mountains. At times the way lay between soaring pinnacles of glistening white on the one hand, and great ravines whose bottoms were lost in the mists of unfathomable depth on the other. There were bleak, sheer rock faces, and dizzy precipices, among which the road wound a tortuous way. In the most unexpected places we came suddenly upon villages.

A steady rain was falling by the time we reached our destination, a moderately sized frontier town, and we marched to billets along muddy streets. What a contrast with Egypt, where rain is an excuse for someone to comment in the newspapers! In this town, where we spent a few days, the sincere friendship we had come to expect of the Greeks was by no means lacking. They could not have made us more welcome.

Training route marches took us to every corner of that town, and wherever we went the townspeople would come to their doors or lean from windows as we passed in order to smile, to wave, and to shout a greeting. Almost all showed a great interest in us, and in our language. Wherever Greeks and New Zealand soldiers met "school was in" for an exchange of impromptu lessons in Greek and English.

Pay, we found, seemed to go a long way, for the people were simple in their needs, and shops stocked only the barest necessities. The unit of currency was the drachmae—over 500 to the pound—issued in note form. A man with 20 shillings worth of drachmae in his hand might have thought himself a millionaire, for he would have a great fistful of notes. Meat could only be obtained on one day in the week, being strictly rationed, and, apart from food and drink, there was little the soldier could buy.

There were scores of small "rural" villages in Greece, many of which we visited. In these lived the workers who cared for the surrounding fields, often together with their animals. They were very poor, extracting a bare subsistence from the soil, but, none the less, they were touchingly generous. In these districts exchange in kind was greatly preferred to money. An empty benzine-tin was regarded as a good price for a man's washing, while a tin of "bully" was wealth indeed and would buy almost everything.

When we first arrived there was a temporary shortage of bread, and soon we found it easy to barter "hard" rations for "psomi," a brown bread of good quality which the village housewives baked. Once we came across a "bake" in progress. Every house had its oven of stone and mud in the yard, and in this case the good wife was in the act of taking the freshly cooked bread from the oven to cool.

A noisy group of soldiery, we crowded into the yard, examined the oven, the bread, and the mixing-trough, then by smile, grimace, and gesture tried to convey the fact that we would like a

[Official War Photo.

A halt on the road near Larissa. M.T. drivers have a snack and a "smoke-oh."

loaf. It was an intricate process which first the neighbours, then the whole village turned out to watch and to offer friendly advice. We smiled and pointed. With one accord the villagers smiled and pointed too, firing fusilades of Greek over our heads.

When at last the idea that we wanted bread became general the people seemed determined that we should have bread—plenty of bread. Bread was pressed upon us from all sides, and before long each member of the party had a loaf, smoking hot from the oven. We were hard put to it to find a way of gracefully refusing other gifts, for each housewife seemed eager to demonstrate that her particular recipe was the best.

[*Official War Photo.*

The kind of country over which the New-Zealanders fought in the campaign in Greece.

Perhaps because of the smallness of the flocks and herds, domestic animals in Greece were remarkably tame. Most of then wore bells hung roung their throats, and even sheep would respond when called by name. Each morning and evening there would be a colourful procession as the peasants—men, women and children—in national dress, went out to work in the fields or returned to their homes. They move to the accompaniment of the sweet-toned tintinabulation of many bells, for their flocks travelled with them.

Though there were no men of military age among them, the peasant folk seemed to be carrying on with their work regardless of the war. It was spring when we arrived, and everywhere work on the land was in full swing. There were, we learned, no big farmers as New-Zealanders understand them. Rather each man worked a small allotment, planting, ploughing, or grazing as the village fathers directed.

Animals were grazed on the common land. Once I saw a big flock of sheep, led by a single shepherd, returning from the fields to the village. In and out among the twisting narrow streets they followed the shepherd, ignoring open doorways, their bells tinkling musically. In the central square a strange thing happened. The shepherd went his way with his own small flock, and the rest separated into a dozen or so small flocks each of which went merrily off by a different road, presumably to find its way into its own particular yard.

Land ownership was not feudal, though there were common grazing lands, and the use to which the land was put was frequently, if not always, dictated from above. A man's farm was his own, and passed from father to son. It might, however, consist of several small allotments scattered obout the environs of the village. The village father was generally the Mayor, and "Village Father" he was in very truth, his duties ranging from deciding the crops to christening babies and controlling rationing.

ROMMEL - THE MAN WE HAVE TO BEAT

Favourite of Hitler and a political soldier, his task is to turn back the Allied tide of invasion.

By WILLI FRISCHAUER, former Austrian journalist and diplomat, London, in the *New York Times Magazine*, February 6, 1944.

FIELD MARSHAL General Erwin Eugen Johannes Rommel used to be called "Rommel Africanus" by the German press and German people. Although associations with Africa have now no pleasant ring in German ears, Nazi propaganda has been careful to preserve the fame and reputation of the man whom Hitler has chosen to perfect the defences of Europe against invasion.

Rommel has remained the "glamour boy" of the Wehrmacht, and defeat in Africa has hardly affected his personal popularity among his own people and the flattering judgment which his leading enemies in Britain and America have pronounced on his abilities. Defeat, indeed, has qualified him for his present position of Inspector-General for the defence of Europe. This appointment, typical of German Army practice, follows the precedents of General Heinz Guderian, Inspector-General for the Panzers, and Luftwaffe General Galland, Inspector-General for Fighters.

The German General Staff argues that the earlier German successes against the Allies in France, Norway, Greece, and Crete were achieved against a half-baked and inadequately equipped British Army, the commanders of which had little experience of modern warfare, of the integration of air and land power, of tank technique and the general idea of total war. Rommel, in defeat, has learned more about the final qualities of the Allied armies at the peak of their power than all his victorious fellow-Generals together. Prime Minister Churchill paid him high tribute, and General Dwight D. Eisenhower has said that, though he is no superman, he is a great general.

That "great general" has now completed his tour of inspection through Italy and the Balkans, through Norway, Denmark, Holland, France, and Belgium He has toured all the coastal areas which could feasibly become objectives of a "second front" and has communicated his own experiences and his views on Anglo-American strategy to the local commanders — Kurt Gerd von Runstedt, Nikolaus von Falkenhorst, and Hermann von Hannecken. His new job makes the defence of Europe virtually his sole responsibility. The qualifications which he brings to it are not as great as Hitler would want the world to believe. But he is no mean opponent.

When I met Rommel in Vienna way back in 1935 there was little to distinguish him from the typically Prussian officers in whose company he travelled. He was young for his rank, a little livelier and noisier, perhaps, than his proverbially silent and tight-lipped seniors. There was already the appearance of the cocksure egotist who likes to stick his chin out and to throw his head back like a colt which has just won the Derby. But as soon as he put on his monocle he just looked the picture of the scholarly soldier which is the pattern of most members of the German officer class.

It turned out later that he was on his

way to Cairo, which he visited again in 1937 in obvious preparation for his future tasks. His nonchalant, unconventional manner, his verbosity, his loud but cynical laughter, cleverly disguised his deeper qualities — the effect on his personality of years of study and of a turbulent career.

Rommel is a political soldier who has battled his way up with the help of party intrigues and personal-power politics. He could never boast the crimson stripe down his trouser legs which only staff officers—members of the famous German General Staff Corps—are entitled to wear. He cannot attach to his name the aristocratic "von," which was the most important pass for entry into the higher ranks of the German Army. His family had no military tradition to pave his way to promotion.

Born in November, 1891, in Heidenheim, in Wuerttemberg, his character still shows the more flexible traits of the south German temperament. But his father belonged to the German bourgeoisie, which is often more militaristic than the professional soldiers. He handed down to young Rommel some of the mathematical and technical talents which made the father an outstanding lecturer at Munich University.

Rommel joined the ranks of the German Army in 1910. When the first World War broke out he was a lieutenant. This is what he wrote about his war service, using the egocentric phraseology which still characterizes him: "I was privileged to serve, with a short interruption through injury, as platoon commander in northern France and Belgium during the war of movement and later in the Argonne. I was further privileged to belong to an elite corps of the German Army, the Wuerttemberg Alpine Regiment, the achievements of which are particularly great. I commanded mixed units up to the strength of sixteen companies in the extreme front line . . ."

Although Rommel received the order Pour le Merite, the highest decoration in the last war, his achievements turned into bitter memory when he returned home after the defeat of Germany. There was no job for him, no place in the corps of 4,000 crack officers who had been taken over by the new German Republican Army and who remain the backbone of the Wehrmacht to this day. He studied technology in Heidenheim and Munich, where, at the time, Adolf Hitler and his small Nazi party catered to ex-army officers and students who, like Rommel, were deeply disappointed and wanted rearmament as a means to new army jobs, to promotion, revenge, war, and glory. He soon became a friend of Hitler and a member of the party. Rommel, in fact, is one of the few German Generals who ever raised his hand in a Nazi salute.

Giving military training to the S.A. (Storm Troops) and later to the S.S. (Elite Guards) was his early party service. Then a niche was found for him in the German police force, on which the regular army relied as a reservoir for future officers. Even before Hitler came into power Rommel's ambition was realized and he became instructor for infantry tactics in German military academies.

Few Germans outside the army as yet knew his name. But thousands of young German officer-aspirants had faced in him an exacting teacher, a harsh disciplinarian, an ironical instructor, and an enthusiastic apostle of Nazi principles. They called his book "The Rommel." He has taught them to regard that book as their Bible.

Captured German newsreels prove that he has retained most of his earlier qualities. They show him boastfully addressing an overawed crowd of German and neutral reporters after his African success. They reveal the warm look in Hitler's eye when he greets Rommel, who has often been called "the friend of the Fuehrer."

It was at the outbreak of the war that the seal was put on this friendship. Rommel was commander of a mixed S.S. and Death's Head division which guarded Hitler's field headquarters in Poland. Together with Secretary Brueckner

and Aide-de-Camp Schaub of Hitler's entourage, he belonged to the small, intimate circle which gathered around the Fuehrer.

Rommel's unquestionable loyalty to Hitler induced Goebbels to turn the spotlight of Nazi propaganda on him. A Rommel myth developed. Rommel rumours spread. They seized on every small incident of his career, made capital even out of defeat. They presented him as a dashing, stream-line super-modern, death-defying, and elusive General to whom luck was always faithful. The Germans even capitalized on the daring British commando raid on his African headquarters in November, 1942, in which young Colonel Geoffrey Keyes lost his life deep behind the German lines. Rommel in danger, but Rommel escaped !

Propaganda also is responsible for the circulation of scores of Rommel anecdotes, like the one which described him repairing his own command tank in a pair of dirty dungarees. Another credits him with greeting a new young personal aide-de-camp with the words : " I congratulate you on your appointment. Your four predecessors were killed in action."

The purpose of these anecdotes was to present Rommel as an expert engineer—which he is—as a ruthless boss, which he also is ; to instil respect and admiration for him among friends and enemies. Rommel assists the German propagandists. He is the perfect poseur whenever the camera lens is focused on him. Promotion came rapidly to Rommel. He was a Captain when the last war ended and a Colonel when he became instructor in 1932. At the outbreak of the present war he was already a Major-General. In June, 1942, when he had driven the British back into Egypt, Hitler handed him a Field Marshal's baton.

German Generals do not like such unorthodox careers, and there is evidence that they don't like Rommel's rapid rise. He is known to have quarrelled with Luftwaffe Marshal Albert Kesselring, who collaborated with him in Africa and Italy. But his intransigeance and autocratic moods were most violently displayed in his relations with Italian Generals, who later told us they could never work with him. Rommel detests and despises the Italians, and the curt, rude way in which he publicly denied the rumour that he had been a prisoner of the Italians in the last war was a fair example of his general attitude towards his former allies.

How Hitler worries about Rommel's well-being was demonstrated when the failure of the Axis African campaign became inevitable. The German High Command announced that " Field Marshal Rommel had been taken ill and Hitler had personally ordered him to return to Germany to rest and recuperate." Undoubtedly Hitler's order was genuine.

Rommel and his reputation, anyway, had to be saved for the final battle, which is now approaching. His greatest asset is his influence on Hitler, who will take Rommel's advice, even in preference to his own intuition. To modern tank warfare Rommel has contributed " naval strategy," which he successfully employed in the vast desert spaces. He is an advocate of defence in depth, but it remains to be seen whether his theories are practicable under continental conditions, which have little in common with the strategic problems in the desert.

Rommel has certainly earned his nickname of " Master of Retreat." However far he was hurled back in Africa, he always saved the bulk of his men and armour. There is much fascination in his predilection for the unexpected, in his strategic flexibility, in his ability to withdraw and thrust forward quickly again with surprise attacks. But the British are convinced that their more solid preparations for attack, their persistence in the face of opposition and, above all, their thorough knowledge of Rommel's tactics, will again prove superior if less spectacular.

They do not forget, however, that Rommel has the confidence of the crack S.S. units with whom he has now manned the key defence posts along the coast of Europe ; that, though he may again quarrel with his conservative colleagues in the High Command, he has Hitler's authority behind him. They realize that, like Hitler, he will fight to the finish.

The FLEET AIR ARM

By Arthur Bryant

A Broadcast Talk given from the B.B.C. on October 8, 1943

MY ORDINARY job is writing history. I'm going to-night to speak of history that has been going on under our eyes—the history of the latest branch of the Royal Navy; and, first, I'm going to ask you to put your mind back to a day in September, 1939, when the Home Fleet was steaming off the Norwegian coast. It was such a lovely day that, as a pilot of the "Ark Royal" put it to me, all the pursers had come up on deck and were enjoying the sunshine. Suddenly three German aircraft appeared. The old-fashioned fighters of the "Ark Royal" went up and brought one down, but an hour later Lieutenant Francke, of the Luftwaffe, dived out of the sky and almost hit the "Ark Royal" with a 2,000 lb. bomb.

The point is this: had the Germans sent not one dive-bomber, but one hundred, or, worse still, torpedo-carrying aircraft trained to attack battleships, they might have sunk the Home Fleet; they might have done what the Japanese did at Pearl Harbour and off the Malayan Coast. Fortunately, they had been foolish. Their vast Air Force was trained with all their usual thoroughness, for co-operating with Armies and knocking out cities like Warsaw and Rotterdam, but it could not knock out a fleet, because it had not thought out how and was not trained to cope with the kind of conditions that exist at sea.

The Nazis had no Naval Air Service. They have not even to-day. But we have. The Fleet Air Arm used to be a part of the R.A.F., but in 1939 the Navy took it over, and for this reason: there is a difference between the work of the R.A.F. and the work of the Fleet Air Arm. The R.A.F.—even Coastal Command — operates from land. The Fleet Air Arm operates from the sea. It is part and parcel of the Royal Navy. Its pilots and observers, telegraphists, air gunners, and maintenance crews have to share the life and dangers of the sea. They could not do the work the Navy needs of them unless they were seamen as well as airmen. They live in ships and they fly from ships.

I want you to think of another day—it was just before Christmas, 1939. We had just learnt that the pocket-

battleship " Graf Spee " had been engaged by our cruisers. For weeks she had been attacking our sea lanes. It was the Fleet Air Arm that had tracked her down, the old, slow, steady Swordfish of the " Ark Royal," flying day after day over the vast spaces of the South Atlantic. By finding where she was not, they pointed to where she was. You remember Nelson used to call his frigates the eyes of the Fleet—that's what the carrier-borne reconnaissance aircraft of the Fleet Air Arm are to-day. But instead of having only a few miles of vision, a carrier can see hundreds of miles.

But don't imagine it is easy. The aircraft fly far out in the ocean without landmarks. They have to fly, like ships sail, on a dead reckoning. If the enemy is near, they cannot be guided by wireless, for that would give away their carrier's position. Their only aerodrome is a tiny moving speck covered perhaps by cloud or fog, to which they must return before their petrol is exhausted. Perhaps, while they are hundreds of miles away, she may be forced to alter course. Unless they can guess her direction from their knowledge of fleet movements they may never find her again. The observer has to depend solely on himself—all he's got to guide him is his training and sea experience. Then he has got to know everything there is to be known about the appearance of ships, both ours and the enemy's. His eyes feed an Admiral's brain. He has got to get his news through by wireless, and up there with the clamour of the engine in his ears, cold and cramped for space, the telegraphist air gunner has got to tap the message out correctly. On the opinion of a single observer, perhaps only catching glimpses of the enemy in flying spume and cloud, the movements of a fleet may depend. That is why, though Fleet Air Arm pilots are partly trained in the great flying schools of the R.A.F., observers and telegraphist air gunners have to be trained from start to finish by the Navy. On no single body of men in the Service does more depend.

Now switch your mind to another year—to November, 1940. We are left

The deck landing officer guiding the pilot of an aircraft just about to land. This is done by means of " bats," which are reflectors containing lamps which can be seen easily.

alone—the whole Axis against us. Our cities were being blitzed night after night. Hitler, stopped by the Battle of Britain, was doing what Napoleon did when he also could not cross the Channel, attempting to break out of Europe southwards across the Mediterranean. He had called Italy into the war—Italy with half a million troops on the far side of the Mediterranean—Italy with a battle fleet twice as large as our Mediterranean Fleet. Only one thing could give our Navy a chance to stop the Axis from pouring unlimited men and supplies into North Africa—could keep the ring of sea power round the aggressor and hold him in Europe till the forces of freedom were ready. That was a fleet action in which the Italian superiority in battleships could be decisively reduced.

[British official Photograph.

A Swordfish going down into one of Britain's escort carriers. A second aircraft with its crew in charge is waiting.

The battleships cannot attack a battle fleet covered by land-based aircraft. Battleships can only fire 15 miles. The Italian airfields could fire 200. Our need was a capital ship that could fire 200 miles. And in the fleet aircraft carrier, with its death-dealing torpedo-bombers, we had one. On the night of November 11 two squadrons from the "Illustrious" and "Eagle," flying off the "Illustrious," and manned by men who had been practising for just such a chance for years, dived on the Italian battle fleet as it lay asleep under the guns of Taranto. And by next morning the Italian Fleet's two-to-one advantage was down to parity.

Taranto proved, a year before Pearl Harbour, that carrier-borne aircraft, adequately trained and handled, can inflict damage equal to the guns of the strongest battleship and at a far greater range. It reintroduced into war the principle that Nelson taught the Navy—that the best defence for the country is to lay one's ships alongside the enemy and annihilate him. That was what the Swordfish of H.M.S. "Illustrious" did. They had their reward three years later when the Italian Fleet steamed into Malta.

Even when carrier-borne aircraft fail to destroy the enemy's battleships, they can cripple and delay them till their own battleships arrive. This happened at Matapan. It happened too, with the "Bismarck." The strongest ship in the world, after sinking the "Hood," and damaging the "Prince of Wales," was winged by the Swordfish of the "Ark Royal," taking off and flying in the teeth of an Atlantic gale. They left her slowly and helplessly revolving in circles till our ships closed in and finished her off—much to the disappointment of the Swordfish pilots, who were hoping for that pleasure themselves.

Now cast your mind back just one year from to-day. It is the worst time of the Malta convoys and of the Russian convoys, too. The Germans are right up to the Nile Delta. The British-American landings have still to come, and the whole North African coast-line is in Vichy or Axis hands. The Russians are back to the Volga and have suffered terrible losses. The United Nations are grimly holding on till they can stage a come-back. Everything depends on getting convoys through to Russia and Malta, where our aircraft and submarines are alone preventing the Axis from building up invincible strength in Africa. And for days those convoys

and their escorts are subject to ceaseless attack by Axis aircraft flown from shore airfields. Only one thing can save them—protective fighters flown from carriers. From morning to night they are in the air, nearly always outnumbered, and repeatedly returning to their parent carrier for fuel and ammunition. And when their work is done they have to land on the deck of a ship steaming at full speed and with her stern lifting as much as 70 ft. Naval aircraft land from the signals of a deck-landing control officer or batsman, as he is called, who stands with arms outspread and braced against the wind, with bats like ping-pong rackets in his hands, or at night, lights; as the aircraft comes down he runs beside it, concentrating on making its pilot touch down on the exact spot where the arrester wires can catch it and bring it up in a few feet from 80 m.p.h. to a standstill. It is tremendously exciting. The moment it lands, the handling crews waiting in the galleries on either side of the long, flat deck, scramble up, in their wind-jackets and coloured wind-caps and race to the landing aircraft to hustle her out of the way or down to the hangar below before the next one lands. And, when on convoy, the pilots and air gunners tumble into their bunks or hammocks—they have to snatch what sleep they can, with boots clattering in the hangar overhead where the maintenance crews are servicing their aircraft—while loud-speakers blare, in straining, noisy ships constantly at the alert and in danger. And if they are on a Russian convoy in winter they have to live and work under conditions of cold and storm that no landsman can realize.

I have only time to speak of one other of the many jobs done by the men of the Fleet Air Arm. Of all our victories of the past year—more important even than North Africa and the invasion of Italy—probably the most important has been our success against the submarine. It is this which has made everything else possible—the arrival of American aid, communication between the Allies, the very life of this island. In 1940, after the European coast-line fell, our position at sea seemed almost hopeless. Our trade routes were outflanked on every side. The only way we could protect our convoys was by catapulting aircraft from merchant ships to which there was not much hope of return. But late that year we captured a 5,000-ton German motor-ship, a fire-blackened hull, which we covered with a 400 ft. flight deck and rechristened the "Audacity." From that gallant little ship six Martlet fighters taught the world that with the help of small ships rebuilt as carriers the U-boat could be mastered in the very heart of the ocean. The "Audacity" went to the bottom of the Atlantic, but her soul and her work go marching on. To-day a great and growing armada of converted merchantmen equipped as escort carriers and carrying not only fighters but bombers armed with depth-charges, are teaching the German under-sea men what it is to challenge the resource and endurance of the Royal Navy. And by doing so, in conjunction with the escort ships and Coastal Command, they are not only giving us our daily bread, but creating that absolute command of the sea which is the only possible foundation of successful invasion of the Continent.

MIDDLE EASTERN OIL

A KORERO Report

AFTER THE last war an English statesman said that the Allies had floated to victory on a sea of oil. In this war oil is even more important than it was in the last, partly because armies are much more highly mechanized and partly because military aviation was only in its infancy in 1914–18.

When this war began all the world's great oilfields, with the exception of the Ploesti fields in Rumania, were either owned by the United Nations or were accessible to them. Here are the world production figures (in metric tons) of crude oil and natural gasoline for the last pre-war year :—

United States ..	170,432,000
Russia ..	30,112,000
Venezuela ..	28,107,000
Iran	10,358,000
Netherlands Indies	7,394,000
Rumania ..	6,871,000
Mexico ..	5,523,000
Iraq	4,368,000
Colombia ..	3,118,000
Trinidad ..	2,583,000
Argentina ..	2,425,000
Peru	2,222,000
India and Burma	1,458,000
Bahrein ..	1,135,000
British Borneo	914,000
Canada ..	898,000
German Reich	609,000
Poland ..	550,000
Japan.. ..	350,000
Ecuador ..	296,000
Egypt ..	226,000
Albania ..	95,000
France ..	72,000
Saudi Arabia ..	67,000
Hungary ..	44,000
Other countries	49,000
	280,276,000

The need for oil has powerfully influenced the strategy of the Axis and Japan. The main objective of the Axis attack on North Africa and of German machinations in Iraq and Iran was not the Suez Canal, important as this waterway is, but the oilfields of the Middle East. Japan's southward drive was in a large measure a drive for oil ; and it can be assumed that she will fight with the utmost determination to retain the oilfields of Sumatra and Borneo. Hitler's disastrous persistence with his attack on Stalingrad can be attributed to the fact that, had Stalingrad fallen, the oilfields of the Caucasus would have been within his grasp.

The United States, as the table printed above shows, produces more than five times as much oil as any other country. What this means to the United Nations is indicated by figures given recently by the United States Petroleum Administration for War, which show that 95 per cent. of all the aviation petrol used by United Nations aeroplanes comes from the United States.

Nevertheless, the oil situation of the United States is not quite as satisfactory as these figures seem to show. Particularly in war, ownership or control of oil resources is only one factor. The other factor is ability to transport the oil to the places where it is needed. At the end of the last war Germany still had substantial oil stocks ; her war machine ran short of oil because her oil transport system broke down. In this war the Axis armies in North Africa ran short of oil for the same reason. For the United Nations, also, oil transport is a formidable problem. It is estimated that 65 per cent. of all the war shipping of the United States is employed in transporting American oil to the theatres of war. This difficulty of transport has immensely increased the importance of the oilfields of the Middle East—of Iran, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, and the little island of Bahrein in the Persian Gulf. These fields are handy to both the European and the Pacific theatres of war. The pipe-line, which has its termi-

nal at Haifa, makes the oil of Iraq available in the Mediterranean; the oil of Bahrein and Iran supplies United Nations armies and air forces in India, while the Persian Gulf has long been of vital importance to British naval power in the Indian Ocean.

Another thing that worries Americans about their oil situation is that, according to experts, their resources cannot last many more years at the present rate of exploitation. Nor is it likely that new resources will be discovered in their territory. According to the Petroleum Administration for War, one well has been drilled for every three square miles of land in the United States.

Prudently, therefore, the United States Government and some of the great American Oil companies have begun to look overseas for additional sources of oil-supply. It is the Middle East which interests them most, for, although the present output of this region is a small part of world output, it is believed that there are in the Middle East the largest remaining undeveloped oil resources. These are the reasons which led to Mr Harold Ickes, a member of the United States Administration, to say recently :—

The capital of the oil empire is on the move to the Middle East.

The Americans are relatively late starters in the development of Middle Eastern oil. Persian oil-production is a monopoly of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co., in which the British Government is a majority shareholder. Iraq's oilfields, which connect by pipe-line with Haifa and Tripoli on the Mediterranean, are worked by British, French, Dutch, and American interests. American enterprise has concentrated chiefly on Saudi Arabia and the little island of Bahrein, where, until recently, it was not believed that there were any extensive resources of oil. The company chiefly involved is California Arabian Standard, owned jointly by Standard Oil of California and the Texas Corporation. The area over which it has concessions is 60 per cent. larger than California ; and, according to the Petroleum Administration for War the oil resources of this area are "among the richest in the world."

Much interest has been aroused by the announcement last February that the United States Government, in conjunction with the oil companies interested, is going to erect a 1,200-mile pipe-line linking California Arabian Standard's refineries on the Persian Gulf with the Mediterranean. The reason given for this step is an interesting one. The official statement says that the pipe-line " will greatly help to assure an adequate supply of petroleum for the military and naval needs of the United States in view of the obligations which this country must assume for the maintenance of collective security in the post-war world."

It has not escaped the notice of the leaders of the United Nations that the post-war oil situation in the Middle East and elsewhere has dangerous possibilities Mr. Harold Ickes has summarized the outlook in a striking sentence :—

Tell me the sort of agreement the United Nations will reach with respect to the world's petroleum resources when the war is over, and I will undertake to analyse the durability of the peace that is to come.

Saudi Arabia, where the main American concessions are located, is about four times the area of New Zealand and has a population of 4,500,000. It is an independent Arab kingdom, ruled by one of the ablest and most picturesque figures in the Islamic world—Ibn Saud. In the last war Ibn Saud was pro-British and helped to drive the Turks out of eastern Arabia. After the war he steadily extended his power, and in 1924 he overthrew Hussein, King of Hedjaz, whose territories he incorporated with his own in 1932 under the new name of Saudi Arabia. Ibn Saud is immensely ambitious, and is suspected to be working for a union of Arab States with himself as Caliph. Friendship with Britain has been a basic principle of his policy, though events in Palestine have at times strained this friendship.

On the next two pages is a map showing the principal oil areas of the Middle East and also the pipe-lines and refineries.


U.S.S.R.
U.S.S.R.
TURKEY
Caspian Sea
Tabriz
Zinjan
Qusvin
Shahrud
Meshed
AFGHANISTAN
Cyprus
Tripoli
SYRIA
Mosul
Saqqiz
Kirkuk
Khanaqin
Kermanshah
Tehran
Beirut
Damascus
Haifa
Jaffa
Jerusalem
TRANS JORDAN
EUPHRATES RIVER
IRAQ
Baghdad
TIGRIS RIVER
Iraq
Isfahan
Birjand
IRAN
Ahwaz
KARUN R.
Kerman
Basra
SAUDI ARABIA
Banda Shahpur
Bushire
Saidabad
Banda Abbas
Bahrein Is.
Persian Gulf
QATAR
Red Sea
TRUCIAL OMAN
OMAN
Gulf of Oman
Legend
Oilfields
Refineries
Pipe Lines
Boundaries
Railways

A KORERO Report

ONE DAY in 1906 three old miners were prospecting the bed of a creek high in the hills behind Reefton. There was gold in the creek, but though they had panned out a few colours (as one still can in many West Coast streams) they had not yet struck it rich. With the patience and energy of the old-time diggers they kept at it spurred on by the hope that soon they would find gold beyond their dreams. And find gold they did. In the brown waters of the creek (Waiuta, or black water, the Maoris called it) they struck a reef of gold-bearing quartz. It yielded them a few ounces, but it was not what they had hoped to find—a rich patch of alluvial gold that could be worked without need for greater capital than ingenuity, patience, and hard toil. Besides, who could say how far the reef would run and how deep. Maybe only a few feet below the depth they had worked. So, miner-like, they sold their claim for £600 and began again their search for El Dorado. The sale was made to a mining speculator, who gave an option to purchase to mining interests who later formed "The Blackwater Mines, Ltd." Up to this date practically nothing had been done to prove the extent of the reef by mining, beyond a few small holes along the reef-line from the surface. The option holders did considerable prospecting of the reef, including over 1,000 ft. of driving, and, having satisfied themselves that the width, length, and values disclosed a promising mining undertaking, exercised their right of purchase outright for £30,000. They then proceeded to form the present company.

Thirty-six years ago the old prospectors saw Waiuta Hill as an area of virgin bush. To-day it is the site of a picturesque village and the home of some four hundred people. Unlike the alluvial goldfields of the Coast that attracted thousands to mushroom towns that flourished a few years and then died, the quartz reef at Waiuta has produced payable quantities of gold for many years, and even now, when the reef has been followed to a depth of half a mile, there are no signs that it will peter out.

To-day two high shaft heads and large buildings housing complicated machinery mark the location of the reef. And far below the creek-bed from which the old-timers picked out the auriferous quartz, pneumatic drills bore into the earth and gelignite tears down the white reef, which is lifted from the depths to the treatment plant on the surface.

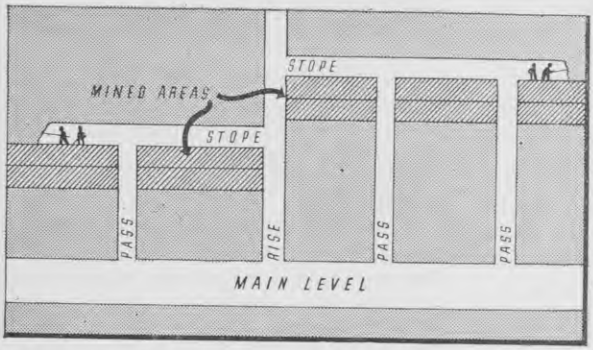
The white quartz reef which carries the gold dips down through the earth from south to north and also leans at an angle from east to west. The reef itself varies in width from 2 ft. to 5 ft., averaging about 2 ft. 6 in. Throughout its vertical depth there are many faults where, because of the earth's pressure, a piece

has been bitten out of the reef or the reef itself broken off and pushed to one side.

When a fault is struck the only thing to do is keep blasting. Normally the reef is soon relocated, as it usually returns to its general direction. Once it was lost for several weeks, and its disappearance caused some consternation.

The mine is worked in levels. A shaft is sunk beside the reef and tunnels bored in at depths of about 150 ft. to strike the reef. Then main tunnels, called levels, are worked out to the boundaries of the reef. Then the reef is followed throughout its length up to the level above. This is done by " stoping."

Working from the main level, sub-shafts, called " rises," are cut, and up these the miners climb to sub-levels which they cut along the line of the reef. By



" stoping " they blast out the quartz and mullock that surrounds it and drop the quartz to the main level below through a timbered chute. Then, using the loose spoil to fill in the "stope" from which the quartz has been removed, they move above the area mined and work back along it at a higher level. Thus, instead of the huge chasm indicating the area from which the quartz has been taken, you find open only the main levels plus the area in which the miners are working. The narrow tunnels—a little more than the width of the reef and between 5 ft. and 6 ft. in height—are timbered throughout their length with stout wall and roof props. The timbers are left in the main levels and constantly repaired except in the old levels long since worked out, where they are left to rot.

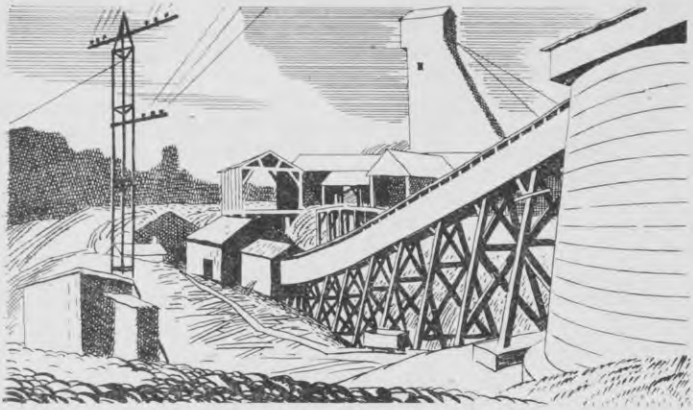
The miners work in pairs drilling the quartz-face, laying and firing the " shots," and shovelling the spoil down the nearby chutes to the level below. They use pneumatic drills, with a water-jet near the bit which wets the quartz and stops the fine dust from rising. " Shots " are fired only at stated times for the whole mine, and the miners need not return to the face for twenty to thirty minutes after blasting in order to give the quartz-dust time to settle. Fine water-sprays are used to assist the settling process and disperse the fumes.

This dust, if it reaches the miners' lungs continuously and in sufficient quantity, will bring on the dreaded miners' phthisis—hardening of the lung tissues. Under modern conditions, if precautions are taken, the risk of contracting it is small.

From the levels above which the miners are working tramways run back to the main shaft. The spoil is trucked from the chutes in the ceiling of the level and the linked trucks are taken by a small electric trammer, called a " mule," to the main shaft. Here there are two double-decker cages, one descending as the other ascends. In these the loaded trucks are taken to the surface in about two minutes.

What's it like down there ? You drop 2,600 ft. in about four minutes, six of you to a cage roughly like that of an elevator, except that there's nothing but a waist-high gate on two sides.

If you don't keep your elbows in you get them badly barked. The cage is lowered by a steel wire rope and kept in position on wooden guides. The yawning black mouths of old levels flash by as you descend. There is a slackening of the cage's descent and then you stop at one of these black mouths and clamber out into a widish tunnel where full trucks are waiting to be taken to the surface. The light from the acetylene lamps attached to the party's hats shows up a wet, low, timbered passage running off to the reef. Along the floor of the tunnel runs the tramway. It's hot as hell as you



A conveyor belt carries the quartz up this bridge from the shaft-head to the battery. Here it is dropped into the bin shown in the right foreground.

clamber up a " rise " to the " stope," and hotter as you crawl along the narrow tunnel to the face on which the miners are working.

Clad in trousers and singlet, with strong limbs shining with perspiration, they are busy shovelling the quartz down a " pass " to the level below. If you kick a stone down the pass you hear it bounce from one side to the other of the chute sometimes for a good hundred feet. And these man-holes aren't roped off.

At times these " passes " are blocked by a stray piece of wood becoming lodged across the shute, perhaps halfway down. The first sign of this is when the chute mouth is opened and no quartz falls through. A strong hose might remove the obstruction or more quartz might be shovelled in on top in the hope that the extra weight might break the blockage. If these efforts fail, then its someone's unenviable job to climb 40 ft. or 50 ft. up the narrow pass and discover what's causing the hold-up. Then he sets a couple of sticks of gelignite amongst the spoil, praying that the obstruction holds the tons of quartz above it just a few moments longer, and after lighting a 6 ft. fuze scrambles down that chute far faster than he went up it.

Ventilation is provided by air-boxes, which carry fresh air to where the men are working, and fans, which draw the air in at one shaft-head and out through the other. The air goes down to the bottom levels first and works upward through the others. Thus the deeper you are the purer and cooler is the air.

The miners generally work to contract, being paid by the number of fathoms of reef removed. They are usually given a length of reef from 80 ft. to 100 ft. long as their "stope," and the distances mined are measured periodically. Most of the truckers are on contract at so much per truck. Shift bosses are on monthly salary.

It's tough work and not an ideal occupation for any one prone to claustrophobia, but the pay is good and though dangers seem real enough to the layman the experienced miner takes little notice of them.

A piece of stone falling from the roof can give you a nasty knock, but the papier mâché hats provide some protection and are light on the head. A steel helmet, though safer, would be far too heavy and hot for these temperatures.

Danger is minimized through adequate timbering of the tunnels, and here there is a profitable industry allied to the mining. Every foot is timbered by the miners themselves as they drive their tunnels. The baulks are 1 ft. in diameter and 6 ft. 3 in .high. Most of the timber needed comes from bush handy to the mine.

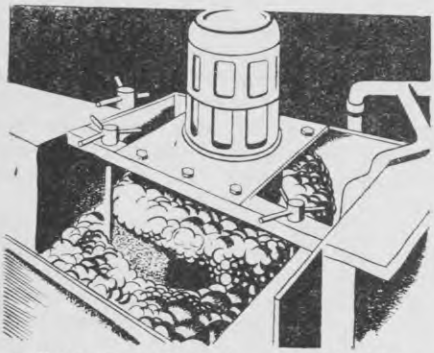
Despite the reassurance of the shift boss that there is no danger of those millions of tons above you suddenly descending, the layman is quite glad to step into the cage and speed back again to the sweet safe air of the surface.

At the Battery

You see very little gold in the white quartz. Occasionally there is a rich patch in which the yellow glint of the

metal can be picked up, but normally it cannot be seen by the naked eye. Seventy per cent. of the gold in the quartz is free gold ; the other 30 per cent. is in the form of arsenical pyrites—black streaks visible in the white surface of the quartz.

When the trucks are brought to the surface they are unloaded into a huge hopper from the base of which a chute feeds the quartz and mullock on to a conveyer belt. The white and grey chunks are deposited into another hopper, where they are roughly broken to about 2 in. size and sent on to a bin holding 600 tons of spoil.



A flotation cell stirring up the bubbles to which the gold-bearing concentrates adhere.

The quartz is next fed into a gigantic cylinder 6 ft. in diameter lined with manganese steel and revolving with a noise that sounds like all hell let loose. The reasons for the uproar are several hundred 10 lb. balls of manganese steel rolling freely inside the mill and crushing to a powder the quartz and mullock.

From this mill the crushed ore passes over a screen, where water turns it to a thin, grey mud.

The mud is then pumped up to platforms above the crushers and run over a dozen or so tables called " strakes " covered with mats on to which the heavy free gold falls. These mats are changed every two hours and washed in a tub from which the fine gold is collected and amalgamated with mercury in a revolving barrel.

But the grey mud still contains the arsenical pyrites and some free gold so it is passed over a large treadle machine, called a classifier, which, with a gentle paddle motion, separates the fine mud from the coarser lumps. These are recrushed in a mill containing smaller balls and sent through the strakes and classifier once more. Only when the crushed quartz has attained the consistency of a fine face-powder will the classifier allow it to pass on to the next process.

This is called the flotation process, and here the chemical side of the gold-extraction begins. Pine oil, cresylic acid, and xanthates have been added to the grey sludge in the " Ball Mill," and now the combination is mixed in flotation cells by a cylinder of rubber rods revolving at speed. Bubbles form and are strengthened by the chemicals, and to these bubbles the concentrates adhere. Amongst these concentrates are the gold-bearing pyrites. The mixture passes through six of these cells, and by the time the last has been reached almost all the concentrates have been floated off on the bubbles. The waste is allowed to escape. The bubbles are collected on two slowly-revolving vacuum plates and deposit their concentrates, which are scraped off and slowly dried to extract the water.

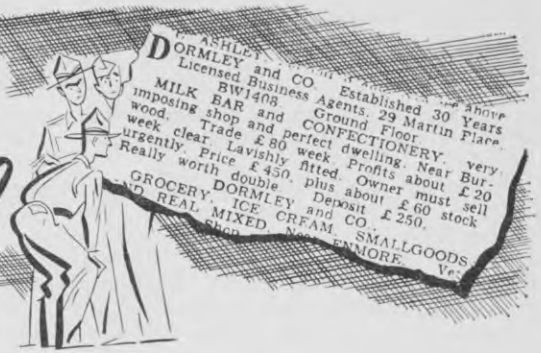
The resultant grey powder is roasted in a huge furnace, driving off the arsenic and sulphur and leaving a red oxide containing iron and gold.

To this is added a 0·1 per cent. solution of potassium cyanide, and the red liquid is stirred in huge agitating vats for eight days to dissolve the gold. Then the red insoluble iron oxide is extracted by a filter.

The gold - bearing solution passes through a clarifier and a vacuum pump to extract the air. Then zinc-dust is added, and in precipitating bags the zinc and gold is collected. The addition of a little acid dissolves the zinc and any copper.

Now the amalgam from the barrel and the sludge from the chemical process are mixed with soda and fluxes and retorted. The mercury evaporates, the flux forms a slag, and at long last a shining cone of solid gold appears. Right from the time the quartz was mined not a glimmer of gold has been seen until this last step in all the complicated process.

Buying a Business?



A KORERO Report

EX PRIVATE JONES had been waiting for that advertisement. Over in Necal, whenever half a dozen of them had been working over that inexhaustible topic, " What I'm going to do after the war, " Jones had been quite definite. For four years he'd been mucked about by other people. When he got back he'd buy a tidy little business —milk bar and confectionery—and be his own master. Perhaps he wouldn't get rich, but at least he would live his own life.

Ex Private Jones was told he would have to move fast. Mr. Johnston, vendor, wanted nothing better than to quit his business to a serviceman, but he was beseiged with buyers. That was only natural, because this was the sort of chance that came once in a lifetime. Why, last year he had netted . . . Ex Private Jones thought of all the other ex privates who would be looking for tidy little businesses, lumped together his savings, sold the section he had been thinking of building on, and inside a week emerged from a lawyer's office an independent capitalist. A rehabilitation officer and an accountant friend urged him to wait a little and make inquiries. But ex Private Jones had been waiting for four years already.

Ex Private Jones has now much useful business knowledge. He knows that when a man sells a business on the open market he has a good reason to sell. He knows that when a man is in a hurry to sell he has a reason for his hurry. He knows that sometimes suburban milk bars do clear £20 a week—but not by selling ice-creams and sticks of chocolate. Ex Private Jones paid £250 and a year of his life to learn these things—which are not useful to him because he quit the milk-bar and confectionery business last week and has no wish to get back.

Ex Private Jones need not have paid £250 and a year of his life for this knowledge. He could have had it all for a few days of waiting and a payment of two or three guineas to a good accountant. And if he had gone about things in this way the chances are that he would still be selling ice-creams and sticks of chocolate and making a fair living out of it. As it is he is a man with a grievance —a grievance against the business world, against the rehabilitation people, and against his country. The only person he doesn't blame for his misfortunes is the real culprit—himself.

Perhaps you have the same ambitions as ex Private Jones. After four years of having your life arranged for you by other people, you want nothing better than to start life again as your master in your own business. There is no difficulty about starting. Small businesses come on to the market every day and any one who has saved or can borrow a few hundred pounds can buy one. But before you act think about ex Private Jones and ask yourself some questions.

Ask yourself why so many small businesses do come on to the market. The answer is that small businesses seem an easy way of making a living to

people with little business experience or ability. No training is required and not much capital. Many of these people find after a few months that the life is unattractive and the profits meagre. So they move on.

Ask yourself why the particular business you are interested in has come on the open market. A man does not sell a profitable business without good reason. And usually it isn't necessary to go on the open market if the profits are good.

Ask yourself whether you are certain that all the profits of the business come from legitimate trade. Ex Private Jones could have made a comfortable living in his milk-bar if he had been willing to go in for bookmaking.

Probably you can't give an answer to any of these questions because you are without previous experience of the sort of business you are thinking of buying. If that is the case, get an accountant to investigate the business for you. If the vendor is honest, he would not expect you to take his word about profits and prospects. He will regard your caution as normal and wise. Don't be stampeded by stories of those other buyers who are clamouring for a decision one way or the other before to-morrow night. It's a very old story and very seldom true.

Suppose your accountant has given you a favourable report on the proposition and you really believe there is a living in it. Now ask yourself the most important question of all—the question whether you are choosing a way of life you are going to enjoy. A small shop means long hours. Probably you won't be able to afford an assistant; you will be on the job yourself from 9 to 5 and if you want a week off you will have to risk loss of trade. If you fall ill, your earnings will stop. Being your own master sometimes means being your own slave.

Are you really better off, are you really more independent, as a small shopkeeper than you would be as a man with a trade—a carpenter, a plumber, a fitter? Those occupations don't keep you cooped up in a small shop each day, they enable you to work in the company of other men, they ensure you regular holidays with pay, and they involve a skill for which there is always a market. You don't hear people lamenting the shortage of milk-bar operators.

Remember, too, that when you are demobilized you have an opportunity to learn a craft and to earn a living wage while you are learning. Have you good reasons for rejecting that chance?

If you have thought about all these things and still want your small business, good luck to you. But you owe it to yourself and your children to be certain you have thought about them.

A POLE WRITES TO A NEW-ZEALANDER

This is a translation of a letter to a New-Zealander which appeared in *Fighting Poland* the weekly newspaper published in London for the Polish Forces.

Dear Johnny,

The war in Africa is over. It was not given to us to begin it together, nor did we end it together. But so often did our ways cross and recross while we fought our battles and skirmishes in this immense country from the salty marshes of Msus to the stony wilderness of Jebel Drus, that I can truthfully say that we went through this long and dreary chapter of the present war as real comrades-in-arms.

It just so happened that we never have been included in the same unit. They have put us Poles together with Australians, Indians, Englishmen, Free French, and South Africans; never with you. And yet how often did we meet.

The first time we had to go jointly with you was to Greece. We looked forward to it. You went first, we followed. But at the last moment they ordered us back to port. The Greek campaign was over before we joined in.

Ships were wanted for evacuation instead of for reinforcements. Bad luck!

Then came Crete, and we felt happy that you managed somehow to return, and with you your "Frey"—as we called him—alive and unscathed.

* * *

To be frank, I thought after these two campaigns you would not be anxious to fight again. We also had two lost campaigns behind us—one in Poland, another in France—but for us people from overcrowded Europe, tucked in between great imperialistic countries, misfortunes had become daily bread. But you who came from happy and beautiful islands so far away in the Pacific, islands with a lovely climate and up-to-date towns full of kind civilized human beings, why should you care for a scrap with European gangsters?

Yet you haven't changed. You remained what you were—quiet, determined soldiers—and you waited patiently for the opportunity to pay back. It was then that I met you, Johnny. We were drinking whisky—there was still whisky in the Middle East during 1941—in the "Phaleront" in Alexandria. The little Cleo, half-Arab, half-Greek, was sitting between us. We nearly came to blows over her. Afterwards we talked about everything and nothing, mostly by signs, very little about war. Only one thing we knew quite well—that this war business would be settled somehow, and whatever might happen eventually, we would have our way: we would . . .

Not very long after this I was sent into the desert as a despatch-rider carrying some reports, which they always seem to have such a lot of in the Army. There for the first time I met impolite New-Zealanders, near Burg-el-Arab. As I remembered you fellows in the great cities of the Middle East, you were always the quietest and most polite of all troops. Your shorts were always properly pressed. A drunken New-Zealander always sang a bit softer than any other soldier. You seldom started a row, but on the signal "Come on, boys," you always rushed first into the thick of it. You looked a trifle queer in your peaked hats, somewhat reminiscent of that of Baden Powell, but you were nice to know.

In Burg-el-Arab, however, you behaved quite differently. You camped on a desert track, so that I had to make a detour and nearly broke my neck. You stopped me, and you started to shout and to jabber pretty fast. I could not understand—although you speak perhaps more distinctly than any other Anglo-Saxons—because my English at that time was still very poor. I could hardly believe that these excited, shouting men were New-Zealanders. But I explained to myself that this must be some inferior tribe, because instead of your Baden Powell hats you had those small glengarries which are always falling off. Afterwards, however, you gave me hot tea—with milk, which I don't like—but plenty of it and biscuits covered an inch thick with jam. Eventually I learned with difficulty the reason for your annoyance when I arrived. It so happened that you had been waiting all day long for a promised contingent of beer, and, instead, I had burst in unannounced, carrying some useless despatches. That was too much, even for you.

* * *

Several months later I found myself in besieged Tobruk, and you were coming to our rescue. We knew about it, and when you advanced sufficiently close, we moved together with the English to meet you. With great effort our extended arms were slowly closing at Sidi Resegh—yours from Egypt, ours from Tobruk. We reached Bel Hamed and advanced towards El Duda. You were approaching Zafran.

Do you remember the Pass of Zafran? Before our very eyes all your battalion was wiped out, together with your Brigadier, and we could not give you any help. Our extended line from besieged Tobruk was already too thin and our motorized forces after the long siege were not in the best of trim. We could only clench our fists. However

we had our way after all. We had our way, because even if you took one road and we another, we met again at Gazala ; we making the push towards Carmused er Regem, you on our left flank. And not for a moment were we afraid that the Germans sitting at El-Hamra would roll up our line from the left, because we knew . . . You were there.

* * *

I must tell you, dear Johnny, how happy I was to meet your countrymen again. We were moving through the desert towards the sea, thrilled with the prospect of seeing a railway-line. A railway-line and everything which is connected with it—a railway-station, and railwaymen and, perhaps, even water-taps. We were to come into touch with real civilization after many months of desert life, to see with our own eyes that the world does not consist entirely of dry sand, cacti drier than sand, and murderous heat. Can you imagine, Johnny, our joy on seeing those two long, black, straight lines of the rail-track ? When we saw the station with the water-pump, the tent of the R.T.O., and the little shed, " For Gentlemen Only," carefully covered with sand-bags—well, it appeared to us as a big city, a mighty capital reigning in the desert. Now you will understand how glad I was to see your countrymen. Because it was to them, who built this line, that we owed our newly established contact with the world. Your tall figures with the characteristic hats showed against the two black, straight lines as signs of organized labour, a symbol of progress and civilization. Our trucks at that stage were very tired and weary, so you took us into your railway and delivered us speedily into the civilized world.

You carried us through to Cairo, where I got a leave pass. Imagine, Johnny ! A leave pass after a year of desert sand. I went straight to your club and wanted to buy three bath tickets in a lump. But one of your lovely W.A.A.C.s—oh, how lovely !—told me that one ticket would do just as well. So I turned on all taps at once and started to wallow in water hot and cold until the accumulated cover of dust softened and was carried away and I felt clean. I was afraid that then I would have to do without tea as all the water had been used for my bath, but there was never any shortage of tea in your club. I can hardly recall what happened afterwards. I have some hazy recollection of something white and fluffy, cold, and very delightful. I do not remember whether it was the remembrance of the wonderful ice cream I had or of the wonderful girls I saw in your club—you must have handpicked them from all over New Zealand, those W.A.A.C.s in your club in Cairo. Do you remember the women in the Middle East ? Black-haired, dark-eyed, burning like a desert wind ? Do you know how your fair New Zealand girls compared with them ? You must, because you went to your club so often. Like beautiful ice-cream they were, cool and refreshing after the atmosphere of Arab coffee-houses full of hashish smoke. After leaving your club I did not catch the roving eyes of passing Arab women, so full was I of these milk-white maids.

And then I met you again, Johnny ; in Beirut this time. We drank strong coffee in the morning, after having drunk a lot of beer during the night. We could already understand each other without difficulty, and so we talked about the war, about the desert, about our families. You knew then that your brother was taken prisoner on that hellish Zafran Pass. You asked me what it was like being a prisoner of war, as I had already experienced that pleasure, but I could not give you an exact idea of it because you see I am a Pole, therefore I received " preferential " treatment from the Germans. After that you invited me to your camp this side of Jebel Drus. It was as much a wilderness as are some parts of our Carpathian Mountains, and you said that in view of that — why in view of that ?—you would like to go there

to blast the b—— Germans out of the b—— Carpathians. After that there was plenty more beer, and I cannot remember how it all finished.

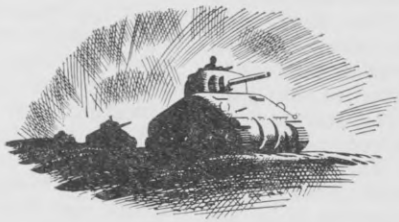
* * *

It was months later when I read the press report of your countrymen's sympathy with us in our great misfortune, the death of our General—that is what we called our Sikorski, just "General"—that I realized much more clearly than I did the night in your camp how strong were the links between us. Suddenly I knew that when you were at the Mass for our General you were thinking of me and my cobbers who had lost their supreme war lord, that you were sorrowing for us poor orphans as we had once thought of you and rejoiced when your "Frey" returned safe from Crete, and also when he recovered from the wounds he received in the desert. I realized more clearly than before that we are not only brothers-in-arms, but that there is as great a bond of common interests between us as there is distance separating our two countries; that as you came here to fight in order that Danzig, our window to the world, might not remain in German hands, so also have we to watch that New Plymouth will not become Japanese. Therefore, as you are here to help us, when the job is finished some of us will certainly go over to give you a hand.

So long, Johnny . . .

Yours,

Joseph.



A SWALLOW MAY MAKE A LIFE

When you have to hold your breath—when you are over your head in water, or before you get your mask on in a gas attack—here is a simple trick to remember that may help you save your life. Hold your breath as long as you can. Then, when you think you are done for unless you inhale, just swallow once or twice and you'll find that you can hold your breath several more seconds. If necessary, you can repeat the trick. Try it, now. (Naturally, you keep your mouth shut when you swallow.)

The physiological explanation of this phenomenon (if you're interested) is that our nervous system is so constructed that when we swallow, respirations are inhibited. Which simply means that nature fixed us so that when we eat or drink, no food or water gets into our windpipe.

This is not a trick to file and forget, but one to practise and remember.—*U.S. Infantry Journal.*

OCEANIA: WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT?

An American Opinion

By GILBERT CANT in *Asia and the Americas*, December, 1943

Gilbert Cant, was editor of the New York Post, toured the Pacific war area for several months on an assignment for Asia and the Americas and the New York Post.

WAR IN the Pacific has created a new continent of Oceania, which is destined to play an important part, when peace is restored, in the lives of the peoples of four other continents—Australasia, Asia, and the two Americas.

It may be argued that Oceania has always existed. But in the past it has been so unorganized as to remind one of the schoolboys' definition of a net: 'A lot of holes tied together with pieces of string." If anything, Oceania was even less coherent. It consisted of a myriad pinpoints of land, separated by water. An island might lie within a few miles of one of the world's great trade routes, and yet be as remote from commercial or social intercourse with civilization as though it had been on another planet.

It was natural, indeed almost inevitable, that Oceania should be the Cinderella of the continents. It differs from all other continents in the extreme diffusion of its habitable areas. Many thousand of its islands are so small that they cannot be considered land masses; they have position, but only negligible length and breadth. Even in the aggregate, their area is less than that of Borneo or New Guinea.

On such minute specks of land, lacking mineral resources, major commercial enterprise was impossible. And Oceania differed from all other continents, except Australasia, in another vital respect: labour was either absent or, in most sections, so reluctant that it might as well have been absent.

As late as 1940 and 1941 it was found necessary to import Gilbertese and Ellice-Islanders to work coconut plantations and guano diggings in the Phœnix Islands. In a few decades it has been deemed necessary to import cotton and sugar plantation workers from India to the Fijis in such profusion that they now total about 100,000, approximately equal in number to the natives of the islands.

If the vast, heterogeneous area of Oceania had been under a single political administration the physical handicaps might have been overcome, and it might have been developed economically and socially at about the same rate as other remote areas of the world. But the political map of Oceania is a crazy-quilt.

My definition of Oceania excludes all those islands or groups of islands which are natural extensions of other continental land masses (the Aleutians, the Kuriles, Formosa), and those which are large enough to constitute reasonably self-sustaining political and economic sovereignties (Indonesia, New Guinea, and the Philippines). There remains a huge area, the water boundaries of which form a parallelogram with a jagged western side (see map, page 29). The northern limit is 30 degrees North Latitude; the southern limit is 30 degrees South Latitude; the eastern limit is a line drawn between these parallels of latitude, from 140 to 100 degrees West longitude. The western limit begins in the East China Sea, at 126 degrees 30 minutes east longitude (30 degrees N. Lat.) and runs south-east to 160 degrees East Longitude (30 degrees S. Lat.) The straight line (as it would appear on Mercator's projection) is broken by a western salient to include Yap and the Palau Group, and by an easterly salient to exclude the capes of New Guinea.

Within the parallelogram lie the Ryukyu or Luchu Islands (except those nearest to Formosa), Japanese since 1879; the Bonins, Japanese since 1873 the Marianas, Carolines, and Marshalls, which have been under four sovereignties in little more than forty years, including

the present *de facto* Japanese possession; America's Guam, Wake, and Hawaiian Islands; the Australian-mandated Bismarck group, with two islands of the Solomon chain; the British protectorate covering the rest of the Solomons; the New Hebrides Condominium, which perpetuates the vices of both the British and French colonial systems and the virtues of neither, and the whole of Polynesia.

The catalogue of the islands' sovereignties is almost endless; in addition to those just mentioned, there are: French possessions; Australian and New Zealand possessions; New Zealand mandate; British mandate; American possessions (Johnston, Howland, Baker, Kingman Reef, Palmyra and Jarvis); Anglo-American joint occupations, such as Christmas Island; and, finally, in the extreme south-eastern angle of the parallelogram, the Chilean Rapa Nui (Easter Island) and Sala-y-Gomez.

At the end of the last war the Marianas, Caroline, and Marshall Islands were handed to Japan on a platter. The undemocratic statesmen of Japan appreciated the value of the gift. Long before Japan withdrew from the League of Nations preparations had been completed for fortifying the islands and preliminary work had begun, in violation of the terms of the mandate.

It was not until the middle 1930's that the democracies recognized the importance of fixed positions in the Pacific's great "land of water." Then, to provide staging points for trans-oceanic flying-boat routes, the United States and Britain entered into competition for islets which they had spurned or neglected for half a century.

The democracies' intentions with regard to these islands were entirely peaceful. True, Oahu was being fortified to protect the growing naval base at Pearl Harbour. But positions which obviously would be of key importance in any Pacific war were neglected: Guam, Manila (outside the parallelogram); Rabaul; Noumea; Suva.

Before war broke out in the Pacific all argument as to the value of Oceania's islands as stepping-stones for aircraft plying between the Americas on one hand and Asia and Australasia on the other hand had ended. The routes were in operation, with Pan-American way-stations at Manila, Guam, Wake, Midway, and Oahu; at Palmyra, Canton, Samoa, and Fiji.

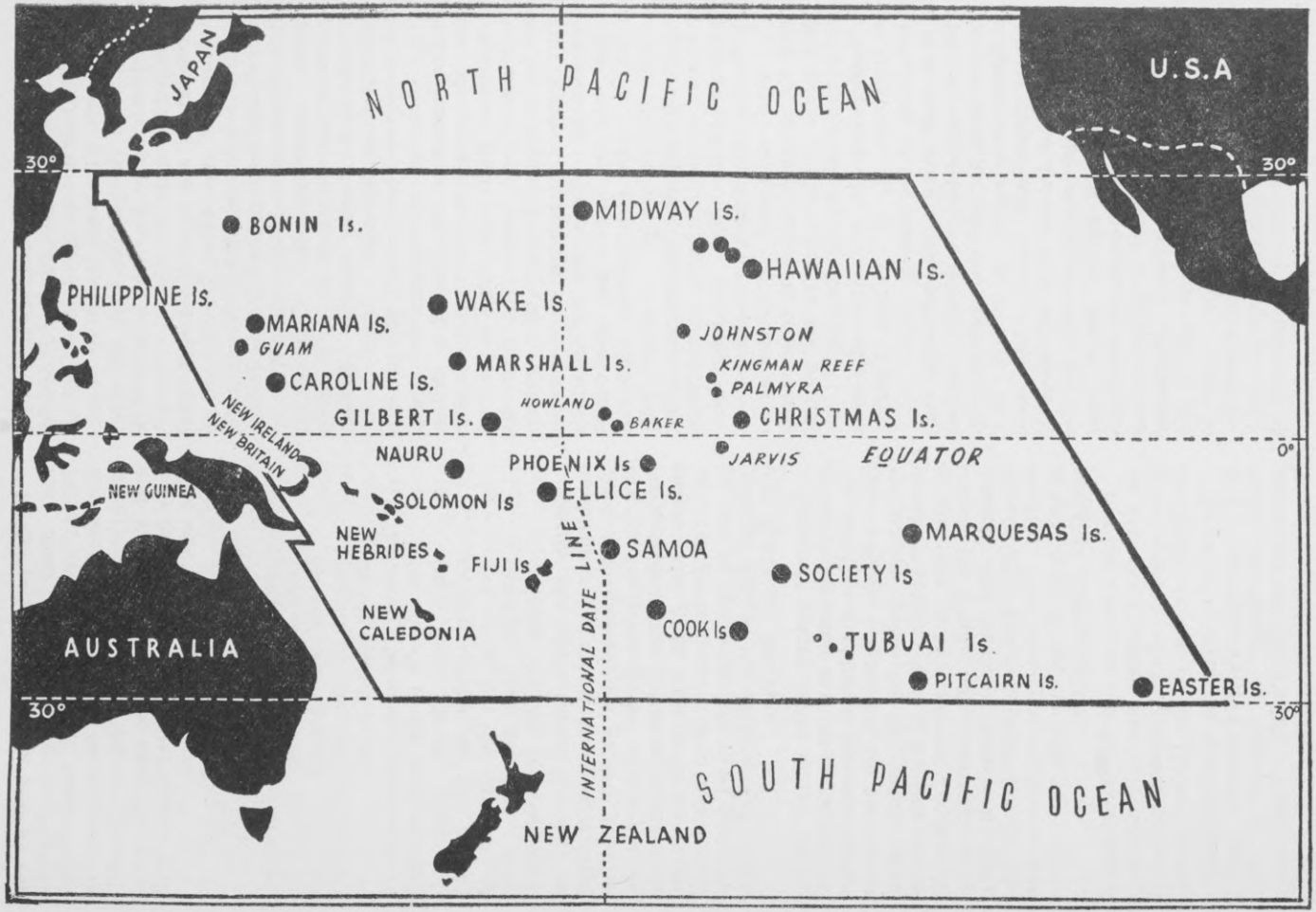
There can be no argument, after the war, as to whether these and other points are essential to trans-Pacific communication. But there will be plenty of room for argument as to how they shall be administered. And it must be remembered that the number of staging points has greatly increased under the exigencies of war.

Throughout Oceania these facilities have been installed for the most part by American initiative, with American material and American labour. Local administrations have co-operated in varying degrees—not necessarily in proportion to the potentialities. After the war these air routes and their staging facilities will be used not so much by the residents of the islands wherein they are situated, as by the travelling public of the Americas, eastern Asia, Australia, and New Zealand.

Ignoring the commercial rivalry between American and British (including Dominion) airways, which probably will be bitter, I believe that sound statesmanship requires the placing of all the key points in Oceania under a trustee form of United Nations government.

Military considerations provide a more compelling reason than the problems of civilian aviation for evolving a United Nations government for Oceania—and for doing it now, while co-operation in the area in question is at its best, and before bickering breaks out around a peace table.

The shop-worn, shoddy answer, "Let's get on with the war and worry about the peace afterwards," has no validity at this juncture. For the first time in history Americans, British, Australians, New-Zealanders, and Fighting Frenchmen, alongside the indigenous populations are working toward a common goal in Oceania: to defeat a common enemy. When that object has been achieved, community of purpose will vanish. And we shall not revert to the *status quo*


NORTH PACIFIC OCEAN
JAPAN
U.S.A
30°
30°
BONIN Is.
MIDWAY Is.
HAWAIIAN Is.
PHILIPPINE Is.
WAKE Is
MARIANA Is.
GUAM
JOHNSTON
MARSHALL Is.
KINGMAN REEF
PALMYRA
CAROLINE Is.
HOWLAND
BAKER
CHRISTMAS Is.
GILBERT Is.
NEW IRELAND
NEW BRITAIN
NAURU
PHOENIX Is
JARVIS
EQUATOR
0°
NEW GUINEA
SOLOMON Is
ELLICE Is.
MARQUESAS Is.
NEW HEBRIDES
FIJI Is
SAMOA
SOCIETY Is
INTERNATIONAL DATE LINE
NEW CALEDONIA
COOK Is
TUBUAI Is.
AUSTRALIA
PITCAIRN Is.
EASTER Is.
30°
30°
SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN
NEW ZEALAND

ante; we shall find ourselves in a worse situation, because the extent of American participation in the government of an area which has been saved or reconquered from the Japanese by the force of preponderantly American arms will be bitterly contested.

Americans are apt to forget that Guadalcanal and Vella Lavella are in the British Solomon Islands Protectorate, theoretically administered by the British High Commissioner for the Western Pacific. Americans on Guadalcanal invariably are surprised to see the jeep (lease-lend, no doubt) marked "British Resident Commissioner."

A favourite story, which recurs with minor variations throughout the South Pacific, concerns the true-blue Briton who happened to be ashore near Henderson Field on the night of November 13–14, 1942. The land was held by American Marines and American Army forces. American ships were in the roadstead. During the day, American aircraft had demolished Japanese transports. A few hours before that American cruisers and destroyers, at heavy cost, had routed a superior Japanese squadron. American battleships were on the way. Japanese forces were bombing and bombarding the American positions.

"I say," exclaimed the Briton, as he made for an American foxhole, or so the story goes: "This must be the hottest spot in the whole British Empire."

Henderson field is now hallowed ground to Americans, as is Chateau Thierry, Gettysburg, or the Alamo.

If we drift along to the end of the war, with no comprehensive United Nations plan for Oceania, and then permit it to be Balkanized again, it is not only Oceania that will suffer. The very peace of the Pacific will be insecure. We must make proper provision for the administration of islands taken from Japan. We must remember that the emergent great powers of south-eastern Asia, China and India, have substantial minority populations in several of the islands of Oceania. Always there is the question of trans-Pacific communications and the policing of approximately 24,000,000 square miles of island-studded water.

If the people of Oceania and of the four other continents surrounding the Pacific are to derive full benefit from the wartime emergency development of countless islands, from Oahu to Funafuti and Vella Lavella, plans must be made now for the post-war government of this vast and long-neglected area.

There are three main objectives—

(1) To secure the peace of the Pacific;

(2) To insure the ordered development, both social and economic, of the islands of Oceania, for the benefit of the peoples resident in the islands; and

(3) To assure the most effective use of the islands in an internationalized trans-Pacific communications system, for the benefit not only of the peoples of Oceania, but of Asia, Australasia, and the two Americas.

Clearly the obstacles in the way of establishment of an international government for Oceania are great. Just as clearly, the prize to be achieved is of inestimable value. Before attempting to suggest the form that such an international government might take it will be well to enumerate the most powerful political forces, the resultant of which will determine the issue.

The most potent factor in the Pacific situation for years to come is going to be the fact that the United States is, in the last analysis, responsible for the maintenance of peace in the entire area, possibly excepting a small Russian sphere of influence in the extreme north-west. China, the Philippines, Australia, New Zealand, and Canada theoretically have equal rights and responsibilities in this matter. They already have given earnest of their desire to assume both their rights and their responsibilities.

But the events of this war have shown all too clearly that the only military power capable of guaranteeing peace in the Pacific is that of the United States.

However, it would be fatal to assume that these considerations give the United States the right to impose a *Pax Americana* on the Pacific. There must be no American imperialism.

America might be able to impose its own peace upon Japan and upon areas which must be removed from Japanese domination, such as the mandated islands. But America cannot impose peace upon its Allies. To do so would result in a fatal process which Walter Lippman has described: "A realignment of the powers, with former allies seeking alliances with former foes."

Within the United States there will be isolationist opposition in the assumption of responsibilities extending to the East China Sea and to Vitiaz Strait. There will be sour comments in Congress about "making Funafuti safe for democracy" or "a quart of milk a day for every Solomon-Islander."

Outside the United States, in the countries of the British Commonwealth and in whatever French government may emerge, there will be reluctance to make concessions in national sovereignty even over the remotest and most neglected territories.

Both of these divisive and obstructive elements will be given free rein the moment peace is restored, while neither can exert much influence during hostilities.

A great source from which bitter opposition may be expected is the civilian population of Hawaii. The five largest islands of this group, concentrated at the south-eastern extremity of the chain, have achieved a degree of economic and social development unequalled elsewhere in Oceania. For years before war came to the islands there was agitation for statehood. The politically conscious sections of the populations of Hawaii are oriented toward the north-east, toward the United States, rather than to the south.

But the island of Oahu must always be the nexus of any system of maintaining peace in the Pacific.

If Hawaii were included in a Confederation of Oceania, there is no question that it would quickly assume a position of leadership in the affairs of the entire area. Geographically, Hawaii is the narrow end of the funnel through which all traffic to the North American continent must pass. Commercially and economically, Hawaii is so much more highly developed than any other island group that it would instantly become the natural middleman between North America and the rest of Oceania. Militarily, Hawaii is certain to be the strongest position between California and Singapore, so long as the United States bases a major portion of its fleet there for the dual purpose of policing the Pacific and defending the West Coast.

Constitutionally, the inclusion of Hawaii in a Confederation of Oceania would pose many problems, and a final detailed solution cannot even be outlined until it is clear what form of United Nations organization will emerge from the war, or rather from the peace.

But a provisional settlement can be made, and in my opinion it must be made without delay if an ocean-wide system of military and political co-operation is to become effective as soon as hostilities cease, and is to have a chance of spontaneous growth in the years immediately following.

On the military side, the "articles of confederation" must provide for a commander-in-chief of all armed forces in Oceania.

If any critic, civil or military, should argue that there will be plenty of time after the war to worry about military establishments in Oceania, since Japan will be supine and we shall have all the installations and material we need, the answer must be: there is not a moment to lose.

For every moment that we lose in instituting a permanent system we lose some of the value of the temporary system we have now established at such great cost. The base facilities which have been constructed, under the impetus of war, have been constructed for the express purpose of winning that war. They were not designed to stand forever, as monuments to the democracies' preparedness as were Pearl Harbour and (ironically) Singapore. These base facilities in Samoa, the Fijis, New Caledonia, the New Hebrides, and the Solomons must be taken in hand as soon as war ends, and must be re-equipped for a long-term, peacetime service. Not only these, but others which cannot now be named.

On the political side there could not be a better time than the present for each power represented on the Pacific War Council, plus the French Committee of National Liberation, to nominate one member each to a new Council of Oceania.

And the United Nations concerned should, by convention, delegate to this Council supreme governmental power in a confederation to embrace Hawaii and other American islands in Polynesia; all British, Australian, and New Zealand possessions, protectorates and mandates; the Anglo-French Condominium of the New Hebrides; the several islands jointly held by the United States and Britain.

Of course, if the governments of the United Nations should see fit to take a bolder course, and establish a federation rather than the looser confederation, so much the better.

In either case, the local government should cede to the Council of Oceania, or to the Commander-in-Chief of Oceania, all rights necessary to insure the maintenance of defensive installations in time of peace. They should surrender to the Council all authority over communications between Oceania and other continents. They should surrender substantial control over most intra-Oceania communications, excepting only those of a purely local nature.

They should surrender the power to issue currency, and should establish a postal union. They should surrender their authority over customs duties in sufficient degree to permit the setting-up of a modified Customs Union. It is unlikely that there could be free trade with Oceania for a long time to come; there would be conflicts with British imperial preference and with the United States Customs laws, because of the preferred position of Hawaii. But a start—indeed, more than a start, substantial progress—could be made.

To invest the Council of Oceania with the dignity which is associated with the execution of an urgent task it should be endowed with the powers of the Allied Military Government of Occupied Territory and should be charged with the administration of the Marshall, Caroline, Mariánas, Bonin, and Ryukyu islands as soon as those groups are secured by the United Nations forces.

If such steps as these are taken it is likely that the vast expenditures of sweat, blood and treasure which the United Nations, and especially the United States, have made in Oceania under the lash of war emergency may bear lasting fruit. If no such steps are taken not only will those great exertions have been made for an ephemeral purpose, but the great democracies will have frittered away another opportunity to make regional progress toward world-wide federation or confederation.

The only alternatives to federation are: outright American imperialism, which would be bad enough; British imperialism, which probably would be no better; or a return to chaos, possibly ending in a resurgent Japanese imperialism—a prospect so repugnant that it needs no characterization.

The suggestions which I have made for the surrender of sovereign rights in certain spheres are minimal. The whole programme, as I have outlined it, is cautious and conservative, because it is designed to appeal to that corps of opinion which styles itself realistic and practical.

But the leaders of the United Nations can confer proportionately greater benefits upon their peoples, and especially upon the peoples whose lands look out upon the Pacific, in the same measure as they advance towards the essentially practical vision of a United Oceania.

E. V. PAUL, Government Printer, Wellington