

ON THE BUCKLE STREET FRONT

War Psychology in Wellington

IT was a windy day in Wellington when New Zealand's first recruiting for service "at home or overseas" started a story which came back in quick time from the appreciative BBC Empire News Service.

And the north-west wind blew everyone in the direction of Buckle Street, where the capital city's local defence headquarters hid behind murky barrack fronts in the shadow of Wellington's magnificent war memorial.

The Buckle Street front was busy—not quite as busy as Auckland's Rutland Street, but busier than any other part of New Zealand.

In one day Wellington and Auckland each registered a total of men almost equal to the whole of the recruiting in the South Island.

The reason would not be entirely a matter of population.

Temperamental differences in the psychology of the two islands would be one explanation, if it were not for

Wellington's joke, almost serious, that the wind would have no hats to steal, hair to tousle, or skirts to rustle, if all the South Islanders packed up and went home. Wellington is supposed to be full of "foreigners," who bring their habits and thoughts with them.

War has come perhaps a little more excitingly close to the North Island cities. Christchurch has had no flying-boat marvels to make isolation seem less safe, no cruisers in her harbour. Dunedin has not seen so many uniforms as Wellington; so many fixed bayonets, guns ready mounted, guards ready posted.

Although Wellington has been outwardly calm the capital is alive with military activity. Precautions taken everywhere in New Zealand seem here to be intensified, with so many more nerve centres to be watched.

With it all, there have been few outward signs of heightened interest. People in the streets may have walked with more anxious step, or darted about the narrow pavements with eyes anxious not only about the traffic; a traffic officer is stationed outside a newspaper notice

board at rush hours, for the crowd pushes out across the road; there is stricter surveillance of visitors to Government Departments; more paint-bedaubed lorries move around from dawn to dark; yet there are no scenes of public excitement as there were in 1914. Wellington cannot, however, avoid being more aware of the changed conditions than the other centres.

Perhaps that was why 1,157 young men crowded into the Barracks last week; and trickled through in batches on each of the succeeding days, undergoing medical examination, taking the oath, getting used to the grinding of the cogs as the military machine speeded up to absorb them.

They were a surprisingly representative lot. There was no hope of dissecting them into a category which would say: "This class of young man wants to go to war; that one does not."

Young corporals clicked heels in impartial demonstrations before concerned clerks as well as nonchalant labourers. Earnest young men in neat suits surveyed the barracks' bustle with looks as blank as the gaze of the "chaps" in careless flannels, chewing gum.

Everybody was quite serious.

Biggest topic of conversation during the waiting hours was "Where are we going?"

They did not know but determination must have overcome bewilderment or it would have taken more than seven or eight hours to fill the quota.

Before the Invasion

A Wellington resident has in his possession this letter from a woman living in Poland. It was written from Lodz, now in German hands, before the outbreak of hostilities.

"You would like to hear something about Poland? Well, the country has a population of 30,000,000; it is an agricultural country. We export coal, sugar, bacon, and eggs, the three last to England. Lodz is a cotton and woollen industry town, and is commonly called the 'Manchester of Poland,' though it is a very dirty town with very badly paved roads. There is a population of 600,000 inhabitants, chiefly Jews and Germans, the Poles being in the minority. Nowhere in the world are there as many Jews as in Poland.

"The Polish corridor is just that part of the sea which Poland has access to; they would like Danzig, too, but it is quite sure they will never get it.

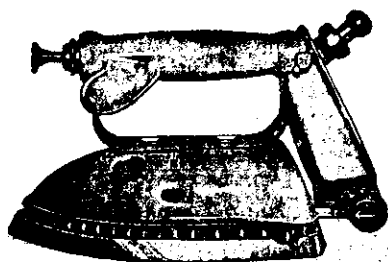
"You ask how we fare between Russia and Germany? Well, we are very good friends with Hitler, as I think all European countries must be to-day, and as for Russia, we ignore and abhor them!"

● MY NAME IS ALADDIN

AND

I WANT TO BE

YOUR SLAVE



I am Streamlined and Beautiful — Economical, Efficient and Easy to Use

I am the ALADDIN KEROSENE SAFETY IRON

I will make Light Work of your Heavy Ironing!

FOR FULL DETAILS OF THIS WONDERFUL KEROSENE IRON, WRITE

YOUR NAME _____

AND ADDRESS HERE _____

AND POST TO _____

ALADDIN INDUSTRIES PTY. LIMITED 168 WILLIS STREET WELLINGTON

YOU CAN BE A FIRST-CLASS WRESTLER!

- No matter where you live—in the heart of the city or on the most isolated farm in the country—I will absolutely GUARANTEE SUCCESS to every man who follows out my scientific Wrestling, Physical Culture, and Body Building Course. Let me send you my Wrestling book—it's free. This wonderful book is crammed full of marvellous action photos, and shows you how to become a marvel of physical fitness. Send 6d. in stamps to cover postage and packing to

GEORGE WALKER SCHOOL OF WRESTLING,
G.P.O. Box 310 Y, Wellington.

SKIN TROUBLES

First impressions are often lasting; and what creates most first impressions? Your face. If your skin is not healthy and your complexion dull, this book by Bernarr MacFadden will help you. Send for Free Catalogue and Price List of Health Books.

MACFADDEN AGENCY,
Dept. S., 15 Courtenay Place, WELLINGTON.

DIABETES

treated without Injection, Fasting or Strict Dieting

FREE: New book entitled: "A Treatise on Diabetes—its cause and treatment," which explains fully this latest theory. Thousands of letters received testifying to this safe and easy method. Don't suffer any longer! Write at once for your FREE COPY to

CHEMISTS' SUPPLIES CO.
Dept. L.I. Box 1178, CHRISTCHURCH.

Don't take that COUGH Home

Take BAXTER'S LUNG PRESERVER