

# "Shooting A Line" Is His Bread And Butter

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"But if anyone tries to glorify the war correspondent, remind him gently that all the glory belongs to him who fights, not to him who watches the fight. The newspaper man is at liberty to retire gracefully from the scene if it becomes either too hectic or too dull. In the case of a soldier, that is known as desertion. We have some excuse in that a dead or captured war correspondent is of no use to anybody, and our first job is to get the news out. And in further defence of our corps, I must say I have never seen a correspondent run away when things got too hot, nor has there usually been anywhere to run to."

## The Enemy Draws Blood—But Not Much

Miller would have had to beat the blitzkrieg if he had wanted to "retire gracefully" from Greece and Crete. Instead, he has followed the fortunes of war under every conceivable circumstance, and has seen action from the snows of Northern Greece to the tropical jungles of Guadalcanal. He has been through as much close bombing and strafing as anybody, and worked under fire from enemy mortars, artillery, anti-aircraft guns, and machine-guns. Only once has he lost blood to the enemy—that was in a Stuka, dive-bombing attack in Greece, when he escaped with a slight scratch on the temple, while a man lying alongside him had his face blown off.

But on December 1, 1941, as the remnants of two New Zealand brigades fought a last desperate battle of men against tanks on the Libyan desert near Sidi Resegh, Miller was stricken with

an abscessed appendix, and sat in an ambulance for 40 hours while our columns withdrew into Egypt. Once, when an operation seemed imperative if his life was to be saved, Brigadier (now Major-General) H. E. Barrowclough, ordered a detachment of guns to stay behind while Miller's inside was to be investigated. However, he lasted out the journey to an emergency hospital near the border. He says to-day he has never got over the shame of being, at a time like that, a casualty "through natural causes." It was as silly, he declares, as if he had slipped on a banana skin in Cairo and broken his leg.

## A Guadalcanal Cocktail

In his Pacific assignment Miller has covered thousands of miles by sea and air, having flown from base to base, and on bombing and reconnaissance missions by Flying Fortress, Douglas transport, Lockheed Hudson and Catalina flying-boat. All this flying has earned him membership of the Short Snorters, the world's most extraordinary chain organisation. Anyone who has made an ocean crossing by air is eligible. To become a member you find three Short Snorters, pay them each a dollar and have your name, the date, the place and their sig-

natures inscribed on another dollar note, which now serves as your membership ticket. Unless you can produce it when challenged by other Short Snorters, you must pay each of them a dollar. Wendell Willkie, one of the most famous Short Snorters (others are Lord Beaverbrook and Lord Halifax), had to pay out 42 dollars in this way when he returned from England to New York without his ticket.

Miller became a Short Snorter on Guadalcanal over a Guadalcanal cocktail — 180-proof medical alcohol mixed with grapefruit juice!

When he returned from the Middle East last year, Miller told a newspaper reporter how nice he found the sight of New Zealand women after two years in the East. He likened the home-coming to "stepping out of a hot-house full of orchids into some very beautiful natural scenery." Within 10 weeks he had married his own special bit of scenery — Miss Patricia Hutchison, an Otago University Home Science graduate. Their home is in St. Heliers Bay, Auckland.

Now, after a dose of malaria, which showed its true colours only when he arrived in New Zealand on leave, Miller is back with the Forces somewhere on the South Pacific front line.

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A NEW photograph of Bruce Maxwell, who recently graduated and was commissioned in the Royal Canadian Air Force, and who was a frequent broadcaster before he left New Zealand. He has been a performer since the age of four and a-half, when he came second in the recitation for boys under nine in the Wellington competitions. In Nelson (while a pupil of Nelson College), he sang at Male Voice Choir Concerts, and he was also familiar to Wellington concert-goers both as comedian and boy soprano.