



AUSTRALIAN Jungle Commando:
"Hide, harass, ambush, disperse"

specially trained commando unit, harried some 6000 Japanese for 12 months before it was evacuated. Reinforced in September, 1942, by the 2.4 Independent Company, the Australians killed 1500 Japanese at a cost of 40.

Their tactics were simple: hide, harass, ambush, disperse. They did not try to hold ground. Platoons made audacious hit-and-run raids on Japanese posts; their patrols ambushed enemy patrols and shot up their convoys. It was two months before the company's home-made wireless set could make contact with an unbelieving Australia. They were months without quinine, and there were fewer than 20 in the company who did not get malaria. They were often hungry.

But please don't think of them as ragged guerrillas cowering in the jungle. This book shows them as an aggressive force in wireless communication with Australia, supported by aircraft, supplied and reinforced by ship, manning at one stage a 60-mile front linked by 25 wireless stations, and with a hospital and reinforcement training depot at its base. The credit for much of this must go to 2/2 Company's courageous and efficient commander, Callinan, who for the last two months on the island commanded the whole force and carried out successfully a difficult evacuation made necessary through enemy weight of numbers and native treachery.

—W.A.G.

MR. SPECTATOR

THE LIFE OF JOSEPH ADDISON, by Peter Smithers; Oxford at the Clarendon Press, English price 35/-.

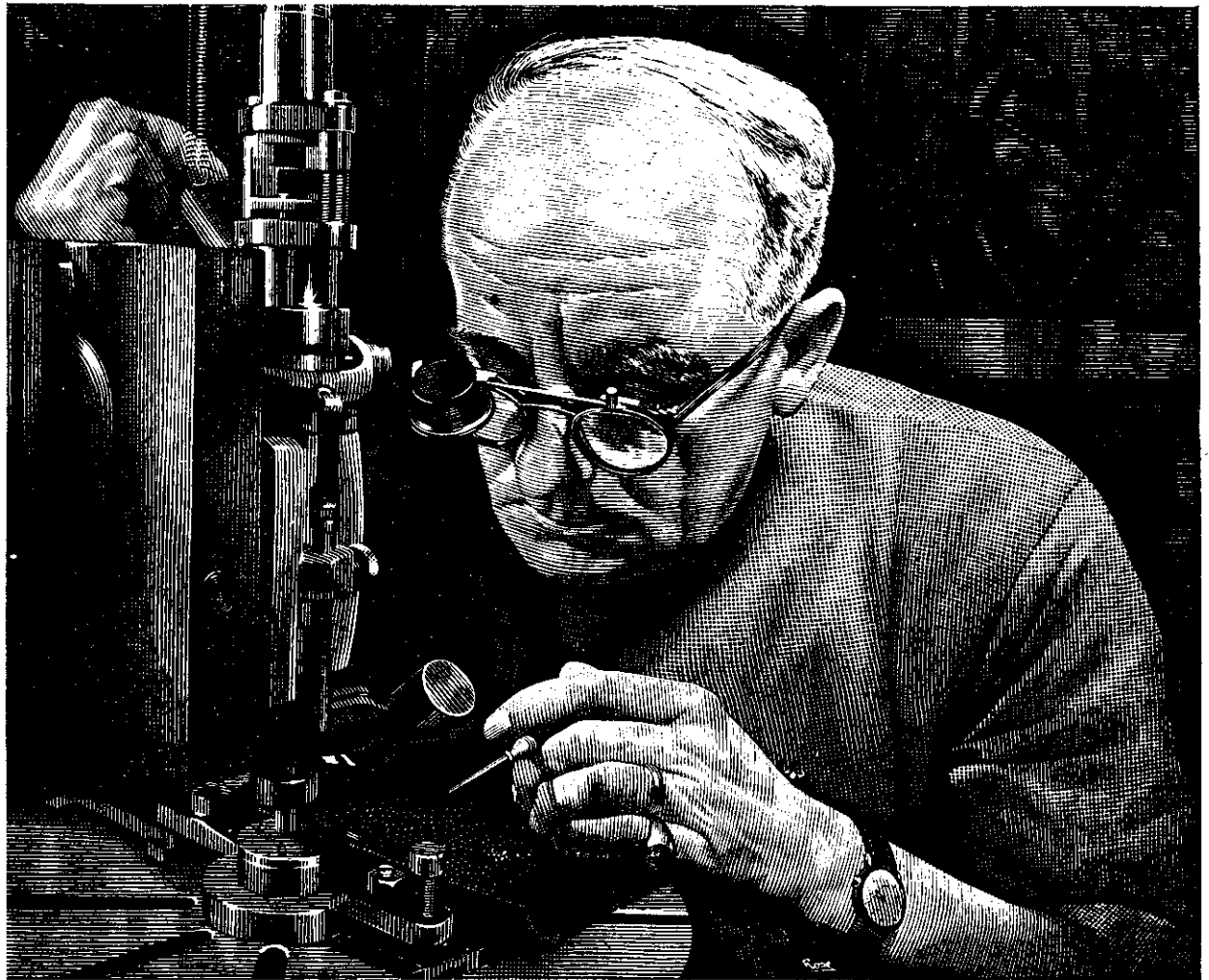
PEOPLE who believe that writers are unfitted for practical affairs should be persuaded to read this biography. Joseph Addison was not only the greatest prose writer of his time; he was also a sound administrator, and came to be one of the most powerful statesmen in England. The man himself does not stand very clearly before the reader. He was reticent and self-critical, and so adept in concealing his antipathies and avoiding quarrels—no easy task when Grub Street was full of angry men who wrote pamphlets at the drop of a hat—that he could rarely be seen as a human being.

He liked good company and wine, and although he warned readers of the *Spectator* against dreams of easy money, he once won £1000 in a lottery. He

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N.Z. LISTENER, MARCH 5, 1954.

TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS

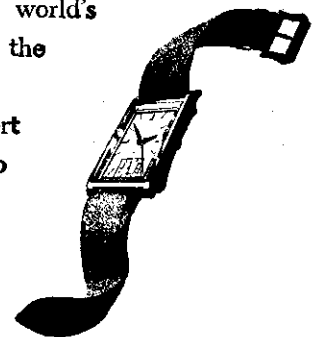


What time is it?

It happens to all of us every day. We've an appointment to keep. A train to catch. A shop to reach before it shuts. For these and a dozen other reasons we need to know the time and know it *exactly*.

That's why everybody needs a good Swiss jewelled-lever watch. It's accurate because it's made in the country where the watchmaker is born and bred in the tradition of accurate timekeeping; where he has the world's most advanced tools and machinery; where he's backed by the world's finest testing laboratories.

But when you buy expert workmanship choose it with expert advice. The reliable jeweller is your local expert. Ask him to show you his range of good Swiss jewelled-lever watches. Let him help you to choose. Let him keep your accurate watch accurate for many, many years to come.



Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard

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OF SWITZERLAND