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The Luck of Roaring Camp

(Condensed by the Padre.)

THE CAMP.

Perhaps you know Bret Harte's yarn "The Luck of Roaring Camp." Here is part of it, very much condensed.

The population of this settlement during the "golden era" of California, consisted of wild characters who had been repelled from more civilized communities by the unwelcome attentions of certain gentlemen of the law. They were outcasts all, attracted to the rugged barrenness of the Camp by the promises of refuge, and of gold. The type of men they were can be judged by the fact that their town derived its name from the innocent pastimes in which its citizens indulged!

It was unwise for an outsider to attempt to take up residence in the Camp, usually in such cases a small section of land (about 7 feet by 3 feet) was set aside as the permanent home of the aspirant to citizenship, and the affairs of the Camp troubled him no more. The pioneers were jealous of their haven of refuge, and its gold!

ONE WELCOME STRANGER.

But one day a stranger did find welcome, and his privilege was won by his unique method of entry. Never before had a babe been born in Roaring Camp. A strange hush fell upon the assembled community as the first faint cry was heard. That quietness could not have been due to the passing of the Mother; death was too common there, to elicit sympathy. But the coming of the small new life spread its quietening influence and stilled the passions of the crowd.

All must see the little stranger, and by mutual consent a line was formed to file past the table on which the baby lay. The sight stirred something in the heart of the first spectator and awkwardly he pulled his hat from his head. The others followed his example. Thus was shown the first mark of respect for another, ever expressed in Roaring Camp!! As each man passed the candle box that formed the cradle some offering found its way into a hat nearby.

PROBLEM.

Outside once more, heated arguments arose as to what was to be done with the child. Opinions differed widely until someone remarked that he should be sent off to Red Dog, 40 miles away, where female attention could be procured. The suggestion met with fiercest opposition. No plan which entailed parting with the new acquisition would be entertained. Nor was the suggestion of a nurse favoured, because no "decent" woman would make her home in Roaring Camp—and "the other kind" wasn't good enough for the child! Finally it was settled that "Stumpy," who had been elected from the first as official guardian of the baby, should continue to supervise his welfare, with the assistance of Jenny, the ass, who provided the necessary nourishment.

By some strange working of kindly nature the experiment succeeded. Day by day the child grew, and day by day the roistering citizens of Roaring Camp bowed before the quiet and unassuming influence of a tiny babe.

NAMING THE CHILD.

Before many weeks it was apparent to all that a name must be found. He couldn't always be called "Stumpy's Boy," or "The Kid," or even "The Coyote" (an allusion to his vocal powers). So a christening was indicated. Such a ceremony presented endless possibilities. One ingenious satirist spent two days preparing a burlesque of the Church service. The "choir" was trained to render ribald parodies of hymns. The nock altar was built. On the day appointed the procession marched to the ceremony and the rough cradle was deposited before the altar. Then quietly Stumpy stepped forward, "It ain't my style to spoil the fun, boys, but it strikes me it ain't just on the square. It's playing a pretty low trick on the baby to ring in fun on him when he can't understand. But we're here for a christening. I proclaim you

Thomas Luck, according to the laws of the United States, and the State of California, so help me God." It was the first time that the name of the Diety had been uttered in Roaring Camp, other than as profanity. So a name was given to Tommy in a ceremony, perhaps ludicrous, but nevertheless as sincere as any performed under more enlightened circumstances.

INFLUENCE.

After that the change in camp was more rapid. The hut set aside for Tommy Luck, or "the Luck," as he was more commonly called, showed the first signs of improvement. First it was swept, then scrubbed!—Then the outside was repaired and little extras were added—entirely unnecessary trifles, which nevertheless made the hut more attractive to look at. Then it was whitewashed. Soon Stumpy sent to Red Dog for curtains—curtains in Roaring Camp!!

A rosewood cradle was packed 80 miles by mule, and when it arrived it, "sorter killed the rest of the furniture," so complete refurbishing and painting of the cabin became an urgent necessity. Men who had formed a habit of strolling along to see how the Luck was progressing seemed to like the change. In self defence and to attract once more the attention it was rapidly losing "Tuttle's grocery" bestored itself and imported a carpet and mirrors. Reflections in the latter seemed to indicate stricter habits of personal tidiness. Again, Stumpy imposed a type of quarantine on all who aspired to the honour of holding the Luck. Some had been in the habit of regarding clothing after the manner of the snake his skin—something more came off only through decay. But such was the influence of the Luck that soon it was noticed that several of the worst offenders against cleanliness were appearing regularly every afternoon in clean shirts and with faces still glowing from the vigour of their ablutions!

RADICAL CHANGES.

Nor were social and moral laws neglected. The Luck must sleep—woe betide any who indulged in the yelling and shouting that had earned the camp its name. Profanity and tactily given up within sound of the sacred precincts of the hut, and throughout the Camp the popular form of expletive "Damn the luck," or "Curse the luck," was abandoned as having too much personal significance.

When summer came Tommy was carried to the diggings and deposited on a soft bed of pine boughs, to sleep and to play while the men were at work. Soon it became the habit to decorate this rude bower with flowers and shrubs. Clusters of wild honeysuckle and azalia would appear, and realisation dawned that there was beauty in these trifles which previously had passed unnoticed and had been trampled underfoot. Then, while the men worked, they began to seek strangely marked pebbles and fragments of variegated quartz that would "do for Tommy to play with."

So the transformation of men, and of Roaring Camp went on until the expressman, the only link with the outside world would say in Red Dog, "They've got a street in Roaring Camp that would lay over any street in Red Dog. They've got vines and flowers round their houses—and they wash themselves twice a day!!"

Through the influence of a babe common decency came to a camp where men had lived in degradation.

OUR ROARING CAMP.

The Luck of Roaring Camp is just a story, but at Christmas time we are reminded of another Babe. It is a true story this time. He came into a Roaring Camp—this world of ours and through the years His influence is at work subduing the wild passions of mankind, and ennobling the human race. Not long ago my attention was drawn to the following quotation taken originally from the "Detroit Young Man."

"Here is a man who was born in an

Whereabouts of Past Officers

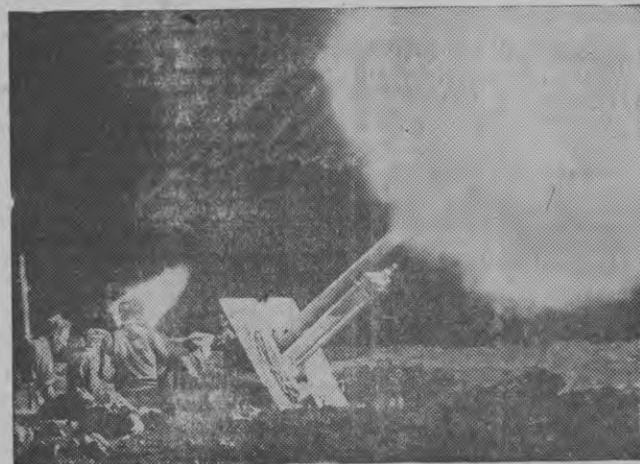
We had news the other day of Lt. Fred De Vere, who was B. Troop Commander, 5th Battery in 1940 and part 1941. He spent some time at Papa-kura in N.Z.E.F. Reinforcements before he was posted to the Army Tank Brigade. Lt. De Vere has had fourteen months at Waiouru and feels that it is about time that he shook the dust off his feet.

They say, once a gunner, always a gunner, well Lt. De Vere feels that he would like to have a shot at tanks with 6-pounders. Older members will remember the De Vere saying: "Don't call me 'Fwed', that's what you sew your 'trousers' with." We all wish Lt. De Vere, good luck when he moves on.

We have also heard from Capt. Fowke, our late Adjutant. He is now dwelling under tropical skies with the temperature always around the 100deg. mark.

Gunners at home have little to worry about compared with the conditions where Capt. Fowke is. The roads are in name only and mostly they degenerate into mountain tracks with scarcely room to move a vehicle. Cars and trucks are worn out at 20,000 miles.

Beer does not exist in the country, and one does not realise what thirst really is until you cannot quench it. The only liquid available is small quantities of chlorinated water. They



A striking battle picture showing British artillerymen fighting through the hours of darkness. Salvoes from a 25-pounder battery shatter the desert night.

obsure village, the child of a peasant woman. He grew up in another village. He worked in a carpenter's shop until he was 30, and then for three years he was an itinerant preacher. He never owned a home. He never feared a family. He never went to college. He never travelled two hundred miles from the place where he was born. He never did one of the things that usually accompanies greatness. He had no credentials but himself.

"While still a young man, the tide of popular opinion turned against him. He was turned over to his enemies. He went through the mockery of a trial. He was nailed upon a cross between two thieves. His executors gambled for the only piece of property he had on earth while he was dying, and that was his coat. When he was dead he was taken down and laid in a borrowed grave through the pity of a friend.

"Nineteen wide centuries have come and gone and to-day He is the centre-piece of the human race and the leader in the column of progress.

"I am very far within the mark when I say that all the armies that ever marched, and all the navies that ever were built, and all the Parliaments that ever sat, and all the Kings that ever reigned, put together have not affected the life of man upon this earth, as has that One Solitary Life!"

Congratulations L/Bdr. and Mrs. Flower — A Son (25-pdr.)

The fluctuating emotions fitting across the face of Bdr. Ron Flower indicated something worth celebrating. It is understood that with a big pay (and a big heart) our Ron is shouting everyone he meets because he has been promoted to the rank of Father. His chest has expanded a further nine inches because he has a son who weighed 9st. 8ozs. (or was it lbs Ron?) when born last Saturday.—Congratulations Ron, we hope he will be a chip off the old block!!

Birthdays

Very many happy returns of the day to—

S/M. Clapp, 14th.
Sgt. Tanner, 14th.
Sgt. Buchanan, 6th.

find mosquito swotting over the odds, 24 hours a day.

Capt. Fowke sends his regards to all his friends in the Regiment and we wish him a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year in his new surroundings. Our regards also to Major Bryden and Major Lovelock, who are with Capt. Fowke.

Six Inch Men

(By Gnr. Parker.)

(Continued from last week.)

STARVED TO DEATH.

Bert leaned closer and with a confidential aspect said softly, "Did I ever tell you about the time I was starved to death?" He stood back slightly then, to observe the effect of his words and by the incredulous expression on the face of Tony perceived that for a while, he would be able to bathe himself in a small area of limelight.

"Go on," said Tony, with the mental thought that for a man starved to death Bert looked remarkably well fed, why the only place where his battledress fitted at all was a paunch that would have made the lacing of his boots a most difficult if not hazardous performance.

"Arl a minute," said Bert and with a rapid motion elevated his handle, swallowed twice and planted it on the bar with its gaping mouth crying eloquently for more. Tony likewise tossed his tot and blinked a little dizzily while the bartender did his stuff. Bert planted his foot on the rail, his elbow on the bar and placing his handle within easy reach, spoke thusly.

"Back in '39, the Army was a grouse show, and being at Foxton was a darn sight 'grouser,' what with leave from five to ten every night, plenty of beer, an' steak an' eggs, an' the old gang, all as keen as mustard. I remember the time," he said, "when me an' old Lobo went out on the scout, an' drank ourselves silly. We got tossed out at seven o'clock and wandered off across country, quite slap happy we was, and singing fit to raise the dead. Lobo had a damn silly idea that he wanted a rooster to take back to the cooks, and as I was just as silly I said, what about two. She's right gunner, he said, and sniffed the air, he could smell chooks miles away. After we had wandered around for a while and bust through a few hedges and fences, we ran slap bang into a fowl run."

Bert took a long thoughtful pull at his beer, his eyes a bit brighter than before, as though kindling with the sparks of reminiscence.

"Anyhow, we opened the door and sneaked in," Lobo winked slyly. "Ever seen this one he said." He picked up a short stick, an' I followed him, as he oiled into the fowl house. The place was warm and rank with a foul smell."

He! He! Get the joke!—fowl smell. Tony opened his eyes and gave a sickly grin.

"Well after we got used ter th' dark," Bert went on, "Lobo goes up to a cackler, all fluffed up and snoozing on its perch and holds the stick in front of it, just near its legs, and then started to move the stick slowly forward, until he was touching the blooming hen, and strike me pink if the darn thing didn't climb on to the piece of tree! Sorta walked in its sleep it did, and carried on with its shuteye as calm as you like. Lobo gives a chuckle and started moving out, with the cackler on its new perch in front of him, and rocking slow like. We got into the yard again, an' Lobo has to step into a bucket. It was just like a battery opening fire. There was crashes and squawks and cackles an' the air was thick with feathers, then a darn dawg starts barking and Lobo rushes clean through the wire netting with me after him, an' off we go again larrupping across country. Lobo gives a yell and vanishes, an' I pulls up on the edge of a blinking ditch and judging from the smell, it must have been a sewer. Lobo crawled out the other side, and boy did he talk long and loud and when he saw me cackling at him he fairly blew up."

(To Be Continued Next Week.)

LOST.

ONE CAP F.S., in Shower Room, on Sunday. Finder please return to Gnr. JACKSON, C/o The Ration Store. REWARD.

The Observation Post

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1942.

Swearing

The Padre's forceful sermon last Sunday evidently sank home with the result that there has been a decided improvement in the language used in camp, but still the two words he complained about can still be heard in the camp frequently.

Our thinking man must realise the amount of prayer and thought devoted to this matter before coming out in the open and actually using the words, and also using them in the beginning portion of his sermon.

The Padre probably does not look on many things in the same way as most of us, he has a narrower outlook and sometimes we feel that he is not "of us" but there is not a man, who, having heard his straight-from-the-shoulder sermon, will dare to deny his courage and his manliness.

We are going to our homes, are we going to swear before our women-folk and young children? Of course not! Well, how about making one New Year resolution we intend to keep. One that will be comparatively easy because we shall have refrained from swearing at home for at least seven days—that is, if we are proud of our homes. Let our resolution be: "No swearing or blasphemy," or as one Padre put it, "Keep your swearing clean."

"A Merry Christmas"

(By "The Gaddy.")

Within a few days we shall be wishing each other "A Merry Christmas." By "Merry," of course, we shall mean a merry as any Christmas, which is being celebrated under the awful shadow of war, can be. But it is well to remind ourselves that this Christmas, even though it be far removed from the real merriment of a peacetime Christmas, would be even further removed, were it not for the wonderful stand that the Russians have made against the Nazi hordes. Without their stubborn resistance, just what sort of a Christmas would we be "enjoying"?

It is too terrible to contemplate. Therefore, as a tribute to the gallant Russians, I offer a couple of extracts from the Soviet War News, which is published by the Press Department of the Soviet Embassy in London.

They reveal, in some measure, the spirit of the Russian Army.

Here they are:

INDIVIDUAL INITIATIVE— DUTY OF EVERY SOLDIER

Pravda writes:—

To-day every division, regiment, battalion and every squadron, every detachment, every individual soldier of the Red Army must be imbued with the realisation that the enemy must not be allowed to advance any further. That is why it is the duty of every soldier to improve immeasurably his fighting initiative. Each must think incessantly how to strike a more powerful blow at the enemy to-day, how to exterminate a greater number of invaders to-day.

An example of such military skill and unshakable fortitude was recently set by Lieutenant Shuklin's gun crew. In one engagement in the Don steppes this gun crew put 14 German tanks out of action. All artillerymen must fight the enemy as Lieutenant Shuklin and his comrades fought.

Soviet Cossacks too are showing the way to fight. The Don Cossack unit commanded by Tatarinov was instructed at all costs to hold an important position. The forces were most unequal. Facing the Cossacks were units of a mountain rifle corps, two tank and two infantry divisions. Fierce fighting developed.

The Germans incessantly launched attack after attack. One village changed hands three times. The Cossacks not only skillfully repulsed the enemy pressure but themselves sought out the weak spots in the enemy's defence, inflicting on him severe blows.

Together with other detachments they exterminated two enemy regiments, killed more than 3000 Nazis, put dozens of tanks and guns out of action and captured 80 German officers and 200 men. This is the manner in which every unit, every detachment, every Soviet soldier must fight.

Every soldier must always try to support his comrades with fire, with bayonets or hand grenades, always giving mutual aid without waiting for special orders. When Red Army man Alejev saw that a nearby group of Red Army men were defending themselves against attacking Nazis, he did not stop to wait for orders, but immediately opened fire. By shooting 14 Germans he eased the situation for his comrades and helped them carry out their task.

Every soldier must act in this manner, in whatever situation he may find himself: whether in attack, on reconnaissance or in defence. At the same time he must guard the ranks of his unit from needless losses, strengthen their positions, employ better camouflage and deceive the enemy.

The war front is thousands of miles long. On whatever sector of this front the Soviet soldier finds himself, in the south or in the north, before the German line in the Don steppes, he should have one object; not to give the enemy a moment's respite. In sniping, in mortar fire, in shelling fortified positions, in attacks by small groups on enemy fortifications or in massed blows

by tanks, planes and artillery—fighting initiative must be displayed in everything, always and everywhere.

The invaders must be made to feel that death and the fierce hatred of our people pursue them at every step.

Fighting initiative means that each man knows not only his own task but understands the task of his section, platoon and company. The great Russian general, Suvorov, pointed out that every soldier should understand the manoeuvre of his unit.

There have been hundreds of instances in which a rank and file soldier has taken the place of a commander who has been put out of action and successfully completed an operation. The activity and shrewdness of the Soviet soldiers facilitate the success of operations planned by the Command.

In a recent engagement a Red Army unit was attacking an enemy position. A well-camouflaged enemy machine-gun rained a hail of lead, barring the road to our infantry. Mortar-gunner Bondarenko saw this. Making his way to a hillock dominating the battlefield he set up his mortar there and opened accurate fire. The enemy machine-gun was destroyed and the road was opened for our infantry.

Red Army regulations demand determination and activity from every soldier. Every Red Army man must be prepared to go over to the attack on the instructions of his commander or on his own initiative when he sees a suitable opportunity—this is laid down in the fighting regulations of the infantry.

CUNNING IN BATTLE

(By Colonel S. Gurov, Red Army)

In modern war the individual soldier's inventiveness, initiative and cunning are just as important as courage and steadfastness. These qualities are systematically fostered in the Red Army. The great Russian general Suvorov used to tell his soldiers to "fight not with courage only, but with understanding." In the past thirteen months Soviet soldiers have become both more experienced and more cunning. They have learned to guess the enemy's intentions and to trick him.

Two scouts of a Red Army unit, Kuzmin and Dubrin, set themselves to discover how the Germans directed their bombers to their objectives. They soon observed that when the Nazi planes appeared on the horizon enemy signalers sent up flares from the neighbourhood of the Soviet positions. The German pilots relied on these flares as indications where they should drop their bombs.

Not long afterwards Dubrin and Kuzmin captured a large number of German flares. Before attempting anything they carefully studied the methods of the German signalers. Soon it was apparent that white flares indicated Soviet infantry positions, while green flares were used to direct the bombers to our batteries.

NAZIS TRICKED INTO BOMBING OWN FORCES

The following day the Nazi planes made their usual appearance. Simultaneously from right and left, in the direction of the German batteries, Dubrin and Kuzmin sent up green flares. The planes dipped their wings in acknowledgment of the signal, circled over the point from which the flares had appeared, and dropped their whole load on the German artillery. At the same time a white flare went up, and the Germans started wiping out their own infantry as well.

Red Army man Nikolai Yegorov, a signaller, recently had the following experience. He was suddenly attacked by three German automatic riflemen. Yegorov flung himself into the snow and started firing his rifle, but was wounded. The Germans drew closer and closer. Yegorov had only one grenade. He realised that if he threw it in the ordinary way it would kill no more than one of them.

He flung one of his mittens. The

Buried Treasure

(By W.O. IL. L. V. Winks.)

Mac was a medical bloke, a rat easy-going chap who was as cheerful on sick parade as if the flock that he shepherded to the M.O.'s tent was a leave party.

Every man in the Regiment liked Mac. He handed out "two of these and one of those" with a grin you could cut with a jack-knife. He walloped on poultices, soothed septic sores, and measured out dope day in, day out. He was as decent a bloke as any I've met in the army; white all through, and game as a bulldog. But he had a kink all the same.

"Bill, d'you notice that bit of a rise, just before we came to the sand dunes?" Mac shot the question at his cobbler as they strolled along at where the Regiment was "resting" after one of the Desert stunts.

"Yes, . . . Why? A rubbish heap, I reckon."

"Rubbish be hanged!" Mac retorted. "You wall-eyed coot, it's a kitchen midden of the ancient people who lived in Palestine long before David put the knock-out on Goliath."

"And what the hell is a kitchen midden?" Bill demanded.

TONS OF FALOOSE

Mac looked with patronising pity at his cobbler. "A kitchen midden's a place where the ancients camped. You generally find things in 'em, implements, pots and pans, coins, and whips of other things. Some of 'em are worth tons of faloose. Do you get me?"

Bill was still hazy, but he kept mum.

"I'm going to sneak up there to-night, and have a cut at the midden," Mac declared. "Might strike a pot of old coins worth a couple of hundred quid!"

"Pigs might fly!" With this rude comment, Mac's cobbler hopped into his tent.

Mac mooned around after sick parade. His grin was missing, and whenever his cobbler came within eye-range, Mac glowered.

"What's got you down, Mac?" I asked.

"Nothing, Corp. Only I'd like to plug that damned idiot Barton."

DOG-EARED BOOK

Then Mac opened out, and put me wise to the whole business. He spouted about archaeology, about Sennacherib and Sesostris, and a lot of other "heads" who hit things up in old times. Mac had a tin of fags, so I let him carry on. He showed me a little dog-eared book about ancient Palestine—picked it up in Cairo. It was by a French bloke, and poor old Mac had swallowed every furphy in it.

"There's tons of buried treasure in this blighted land," Mac declared. "Tons of sand and sorrow," I said.

"Cut it out, Corp! I'll bet you my rum issue for a week that I get treasure out of that mound near the dunes."

"Done!" I snapped.

Mac's dial sprouted the cheerful grin, and he hopped out of the bivvy to get some dope for a chap who was down with malaria.

I "didn't see him again till "cook-house" sounded next morning.

Mac was grinning, but he looked dopey, as if he'd been on the razzle.

DINKY ANTIKA

"Saieda, Corp. I'll trouble you for that rum issue. Struck oil last night

Nazis thought it was a grenade and threw themselves to the ground. As soon as they rose again the second mitten flew towards them and they dropped to the earth. Then Yegorov threw his helmet.

Now the Germans understood that he had nothing to fight with. They rose carelessly to full height and made a dash towards him. But that was just what Yegorov was waiting for. He flung his only grenade. Two Nazis fell. The third tried to run away, but Yegorov tackled him easily. His inventiveness saved him from captivity, torture and death.

DECEIVING GERMAN GUNNERS

Soviet commanders are fond of provoking the enemy into action which wastes his ammunition to no purpose. Red infantry on a certain sector were planning an attack. A Soviet battery had the job of silencing the Nazi guns but did not know their exact position.

The Soviet artillery commander had guns mounted on tractors. One night he had them driven backwards and forwards some distance in front of our infantry formation. The guns mounted on the tractors blazed away at the Germans, who apparently decided that Soviet tanks were concentrating on that sector, for at daybreak they opened artillery fire. That was exactly what the Soviet artillerymen wanted. They smashed the enemy's batteries and cleared the way for the infantry.

There are innumerable ways of deceiving the enemy—dummy fortifications, faked troop movements, and all the tricks of camouflage. To these must be added the cunning of the individual soldier. It is this quality which has often helped Red Army troops to out-manoeuvre the enemy.

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old timer. Dinky little antika, worth a hundred quid if it's worth a piastre."

"Go to Jericho! Let's have a squint at your treasure. Bally old M. and V. tin, I s'pose."

Mac's cobbler was in the bivvy when we got there. He sniffed when Mac opened his haversack and produced an earth-strained brass pot about the size of a fifty fag tin. It was covered in curious characters—heiroylyphics, Mac called them—and looked pretty ancient.

"Is 'nt it a beaut?" Mac gloated over his antika, rubber it gently with his shirt sleeve, and then put it back gently in his haversack.

"Give you five dizzies for it, Mac."

Mac glared at his cobbler, and then opened on me with a free translation from the French bloke's book.

"In B.C. 701, Sennacherib invaded Palestine and put the wind up Zelekiah, King of Askelou, Hezekiah of Judah and a lot of other tin-pot kings. He made Lil-baal, King of Gaza, sit up and think; but that old girl got the oil before the Assyrians swooped on him." Mac lowered his voice. "His treasure was buried in a mound near the sea, below Gaza!"

"I get you. And you've got the treasure, Mac."

DINNER AT SHEPHERDS

"A bit of it, Corp. Soon's I hit Cairo, I'll take that brass pot to the museum. If I get a hundred for it, Corp., you're on a dinner at Shepherd's."

Mac left on sick parade. I was Orderly Corporal, and it was my painful duty to detail his cobbler for cook-house fatigue.

Bill went like a lamb to peel spuds and chop up Gypo melons for the stew.

After inspection, I told the S.M., who was pretty keen on the "Wonders of the Holy Land," about Mac's discovery. He streaked away for the M.O. tent and froze on to Mac.

"Report to me when the parade's over."

"Very good," quoth old Mac.

Ten minutes later I saw Mac and the

S.M. making for Mac's bivvy, and I happened along in time to be in at the death.

"Isn't it a beaut? One of King Lil-baal's perfume pots. B.C. seven-double-O!"

MADE IN JAPAN

The S.M. grabbed the little brass pot, eyed it all over, and rubbed some caked earth from the bottom. Then a grin, a grin that a Manx cat might have envied, spread over his dial. "Get an eyeful of this!" The S.M. handed the pot over to Mac with his finger on the space he had cleaned.

"Made in Japan!" Mac spluttered, and flung the pot down.

"A beaut! Worth a hundred if it's worth a piastre!" said Mac's cobbler, and dodged a water-bottle, and hopped into the open.

Mac's grin was on leave for a week. He cursed the French bloke daily, and wondered how the brass pot came to be on the ground.

His cobbler might have given him the linkum oil—but he didn't.

—"Aussie" Magazine.

GIFT SUGGESTIONS FOR MEN.

Have you purchased your Xmas gifts yet? Well secure yours early this year and make your selection whilst stocks are complete. At Manhattan there are gifts for soldiers and civilians.

In Camp—

Holdalls, Money Belts, Mirrors, Hanks.

Out—

Ties, Hanks, Scarves, Hose, Etc.

Make This a Grand Xmas.

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General Giraund Was Near To Execution By Firing Squad

[The author of this article, reprinted from the American magazine Life, was a motion-picture producer in Paris before the war. A member of the naval reserve, Michael Bernin was attached to the photographic division of the French navy. After serving as secretary to Admiral Abrial, commander of the northern squadron of the French fleet, Bernin became liaison interpreter for the French aboard the British escort ship Valentine. When the Valentine was sunk off the Dutch coast in May, 1940, he was among the 55 members of the crew who survived. After the battle of Dunkirk he fled to England, returned to Cherbourg just in time to be captured by the Nazis. After his release Bernin obtained an American visa and arrived in New York last March.]

HISTORIC SCENE

The Chateau of Tourlaville is just four and a-half kilometres from Cherbourg. When I saw it last on June 19, 1940, it was the setting for a historic scene which I and all French men hope will never be repeated. The French navy, at least that part of it which fought so bravely in the defence of Dunkirk, was preparing its surrender to a detachment of Germans who had captured Cherbourg without a struggle and were coming to get us in their own good time.

The Admirante Nord, charged with the defence of the north coast of France and lodged at Tourlaville, included in its high command some of the most gallant and venerated officers of the French navy. There was my admiral, Leclerc, his face already grey and shrunken. There were captains and commanders, lieutenants and ensigns, and sailors like myself.

Though the hall was full of people, no one spoke loudly. In a room off the hall I heard a phone ring. Cherbourg was phoning to say that a German colonel had just left with a few men to officiate at our surrender.

Admiral Abrial turned towards the officers of his staff, now all grouped around him, and nodded. He then drew his sword and tried to break it over his knee. It was too tough, so he trod on one end of it and bent the blade back from the hilt. The sword vibrated in a single shriek, and broke. Such other officers as had swords followed his example except my admiral, Leclerc, who had motioned to me. "Bernin," he ordered, "take this thing and break it. It's stupid of me, but I just can't do it." I took the sword out into the park of the chateau and buried it under a tree. I think that is what he wanted me to do. If I go back to France some day and if Admiral Leclerc has earned the right to wear his sword again, I shall tell him where it is.

When I slipped back into the chateau the Germans were already there. On the great outdoor stairway, Admiral Abrial was listening to the German officer read him the terms of surrender. The other officers stood behind him. We of the non-commissioned rank were being herded out into the road. After a while my name was called. Admiral Leclerc had asked for me, and the sentries passed me through to him.

"You know my orderly was killed some days ago," he said quietly. "I have not replaced him. The Germans allow me to take an orderly into captivity with me. This is not a command and you may feel better off with the boys, but would you like to come with me? I am as much a prisoner as you and can promise you nothing."

"I shall be glad to serve you, Admiral."

"Thank you, Bernin. Join the others."

Thus I became part of the convoy of prisoners to be sent to the fortress of Koenigstein, 25 miles from Dresden, in the German province of Saxony.

Our caravan set out. First went the car of the German officer in charge. Then six cars full of our admirals and their orderlies, plus several French generals who had been rounded up in the region. I was picked to drive Admirals Abrial and Leclerc, and our car was the last of the six. A German

scout car, full of guards, followed behind.

At the entrance to a military camp in Mainz we were ordered to stop. The officers, weary by the long journey, alighted from the cars. There were already 30 of them and the number was increased on the arrival there of another group of prisoners. Among the latter was General Giraund, who had come from Berlin, where he had been held since his capture by the Germans. We were left alone for a few minutes while the officer in charge of the prisoners went to get his instructions regarding our future itinerary. He soon returned in the company of a German general.

CALL FOR GIRAUD

"Which of you is General Giraund," asked the latter. General Giraund, who was among a group of generals, presented himself.

"It is I."

"General, I have been ordered to place you before a firing squad."

With no emotion visible on his face, General Giraund replied: "I am a prisoner. All I can do is to protest against this flagrant violation of international law regarding prisoners of war."

"Not at all," interrupted the German. "You are accused of having given orders to kill two German civilians in northern France. This is assassination, for which you are criminally liable."

"It is perfectly true that I gave such an order," replied Giraund. "While military operations were in full course, two Germans wearing civilian clothes landed behind our lines with the evident intent of committing sabotage. If I had to do it again I should not hesitate."

"Very well," said the German general. "Please follow me."

General Giraund shook hand with the other French generals and followed the German into his headquarters. We were stunned, but hardly had the two men disappeared when we received the order to continue our journey.

We set out again. The two admirals I accompanied maintained a deathly silence. I could observe them sitting there, their lips tightly closed, and with the same question written on the face of the two men. "Are the Germans going to assassinate the captured French generals on any flimsy sort of pretext? Will we all suffer Giraund's fate?"

AGREEABLE SURPRISE

Between steep rocks a single narrow and precipitous path leads up to the summit of Koenigstein. There is no other road in these mountains. As we climbed, at each turning we met a sentry who, with a rifle on his shoulder, stood as immobile as the rocks, watching us pass by.

With our arrival the number of superior officers imprisoned in Koenigstein rose to 120. But we had a very agreeable surprise. General Giraund suddenly reappeared. When questioned as to how he had escaped execution, he replied good humouredly:—

"Like a soldier. Faced by a court martial, instead of uttering a lengthy plea, I put the following question to the chief justice, a general: 'If you captured two Frenchmen in civilian clothes and you were certain that they had arrived by parachute behind the German lines with the purpose of spying and committing sabotage, would you, as a responsible officer, give orders for the execution of these two men?'"

"The general pronounced the court-martial adjourned and withdrew. I heard him telephoning in the adjoining room, obviously asking for instructions. When he came back, accompanied by all his assistants, he brought with him my acquittal—a cancellation by the general staff of the order he had given for my execution."

After a pause General Giraund added: "It was truly a miracle that I escaped the firing squad. I have often faced death, but never had I felt with such certainty that I had only a few minutes to live."

Things We Want to Know

Did the M.O. think there was an air raid last Saturday night? Did the Padre hear him?

Which Div. Sig. N.C.O. said "She's respectable"?

Who is SCARVO?

Which Div. Sigs were in Greece and Libya with Sid and Bob?

Which R.H.Q. Sgt. wears his hair like Alf Alfa?

Who made the water boil quickly? And how? and why?

Does our Fish and Chip S/M believe in selling his wares around the huts in the early hours?

If anyone wants to know who hit Nev on the nose the answer is—Tugboat.

Which B.C. stalked a hedgehog for half an hour thinking it was R.H.Q.? Sir, you should know that R.H.Q. are experts at camouflaging themselves, even IN camp.

Are sleepers to be provided on local leave trains?

Which officer had the grace to blush when he got the answer, "Not for that there reason"?

Why did Sgt. Short blush when Sgt. McKenzie gave him a message?

Who let someone else take his girl friend home?

Do ducks swim of their own accord, or do they need assistance particularly to get out of the water?

Did the R.S.M. go to the Regent to see the film last week-end?

Who wants to visit the Masonic Hotel, Gisborne? Is she nice, Buck?

Does Shorty carry the measurement in his hand?

If Murray is the Fat Boy, who is the Thin Man?

Why do the flies hang round Keith Clapps' hut?

Is it customary for Duty Sgts. to wear lipstick at 0900?

Which R.H.Q. officer thinks he is making a profit when paying 10/3 for one dollar?

Did Santa Claus give L/Bdr. Robertson and Sgm. Scott a rattle or a tin trumpet?

Which now Sgt. had a "Ta Ta party under false impressions?"

Who WAS the R.H.Q. Orderly runner on Tuesday?

Was there a three ringed circus on Tuesday with all three rings going all the time with non-stop variety?

Which Officer in 4 thinks that callipers O.P. are used for measuring the size of the O.P.?

The only time some of these politicians make their weight felt is when they stand on somebody's foot.

Then there was the wrestler who was nick-named 'Boarding-house Steak' because he was so tough his opponents couldn't get their teeth into him.

Then there was the patriotic old soul who wanted the architect to design her a house with Free French windows.

"A rich manufacturer has left his entire factory to his employees," says paper.

This is giving them the works.

They've altered the old expression to: "When in Rome do as the Germans do!"

The 1941 girl knows a man's no good when he just keeps driving and never runs out of petrol.

It is reported that Hess expected to be given petrol and maps in Scotland for his return trip to Germany. The poor fellow should have known that in Scotland one is never given anything.

Rookie: "How long do I have to wait for a shave?"

Barber (after close look): "About six months, I guess."

"Frequent water drinking," said the advising sergeant, "prevents becoming stiff in the joints."

"Yeah," replied the rookie "some joints don't serve water."

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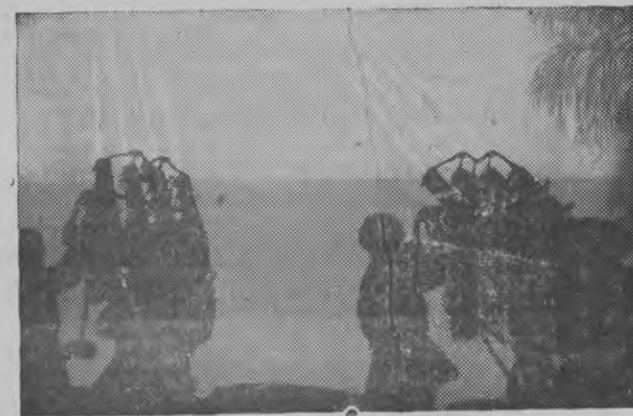
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British artillery officer at a control post directing gunfire to where it will hurt the enemy most: a battle of Egypt picture.



Soviet 4-Barrel A.A. Guns Spit Death at Enemy Night Raiders: These deadly 4-barrel guns are known to British naval gunners as "Chicago pianos."

BETWIXT HEAVEN AND EARTH.

"Padres arriving with parachute battalions pass through the same course as the men, and one of the classic remarks which will always be remembered at my school is one attributed to a padre. He is reputed to have said, on the occasion of his first jump, that although all his life he had put his faith in God, it wavered for a few seconds in favour of a W.A.A.F. parachute packer," records Wing Commander M. A. Newnham, D.F.C., in a talk on parachute training.

At the conclusion of a meeting of an urban district council, members linked hands and sang "Auld Lang Syne." It seems to be perfectly true that a sinister spirit of whoopee is menacing our municipal life.

He sat by the cradle and he crooned a song of cheer. But he didn't rock the cradle, for 'twas there he kept his beer.

American Sailor: That ship of ours goes so fast that we often have to stop to cool off the propeller.

English Tar: That's nothing. Our destroyers go so fast that we have to stop to pick up wireless messages.

Head Cook: "Didn't I tell you to notice when the soup boiled over?" Assistant: "I did. It was half past ten."

The man who tried to grow bananas with zip-fasteners on them.

Russian place names suggest that telegrams are sent along barbed wire.

Father (to son). What do you mean, You'll be good for a penny? — You should be like me, m'lud; good for nothing!"

"Frequent water drinking," said the advising sergeant, "prevents becoming stiff in the joints."

"Yeah," replied the rookie "some joints don't serve water."

Don't Say We Didn't Warn You The Landing at Anzac

SOFT PEDAL

Sandy was learning to play the bagpipes. One night, while he was strutting about the room, skirling for all he was worth, his wife attempted a mild protest.

"That's an awfu' noise ye're making," she said.

Sandy sat down and took off his boots and got up and resumed his piping in his stockinged feet.



An Alimentary Canal, Ron.

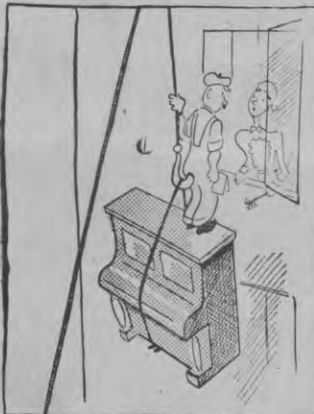
THE VERY LAST.

"How's your uncle, Bill?"

"Didn't you know? He has committed suicide."

"No, really? That's the last thing I should have thought he would do!"

"It was."



I've Always Been Musical.

RUSTIC REASONING.

A motorist approached a ford on a strange road, and before venturing, he asked a passing youth if it was safe to drive through it.

Being assured, he drove on, but was soon stuck in the middle.

With a withering glance he turned to the youth, who had stopped to watch proceedings.

"That's funny," said the lad. "It only comes up to the middle of my father's ducks."



W.H.S.

TOO GENEROUS

Nineteen-year-old William was puzzled over the girl problem and he decided to discuss the matter with his friend Martin.

"I've walked to the tennis club with her for three weeks," he confessed, "and carried her racquet. I've given her flowers and chocolates, and I've taken her to the pictures once a week. Now, do you think I ought to kiss her?"

Martin gave the matter earnest thought.

"Well, you don't need to," he replied. "You've done that for that girl already."

UNFORTUNATE

Political Speaker: "I'm pleased to see such a dense crowd here to-night."

Voice from the crowd: "Don't be too pleased we're not all dense."

Both the photographer and the mother had failed to make the restless little four-year-old sit still long enough to have his photograph taken. Finally the photographer suggested that "the little darling" might be quiet if his mother left the room for a few minutes. During her absence, the picture was successfully taken.

On the way home, the mother asked: "What did the nice man say to make mother's darling sit still?"

"He said, 'You thit still, you little brat, or I'll knock your block off. Tho I that still.'"



Seen in the Hospital This Week eh, Reg?

A new gunner was having his first lesson in motor-driving. The expert was at some pains to make him understand the action of the brakes.

"The hand lever," he explained, "brakes the rear wheels only, but the foot pedal brakes all four wheels. Now, is that plain?"

"It is," answered the gunner with a trace of annoyance. "But what is going to happen to me when all the wheels are broken?"

"I have no confidence in men."

"Why not?"

Every time I go to the pictures with another young man I find mine there with some other girl."



Camouflage.

PUT HIM IN HIS PLACE.

Magistrate: "What did you do when you heard the prisoner using such awful language?"

Policeman: "I told him he wasn't fit to be among decent people, and brought him here."



That Kruschen Feeling.

Mess Sergeant: Who in hell put those flowers on the table?

Orderly: The captain.

Mess Sergeant: Purdy, ain't they?

U-boat Commander: Enemy ship in sight. All men to action stations! Ready! Scuttle!

(Continued).

PROVISION FOR CONCEALMENT

As the disembarkation of the fresh troops would extend over several nights, some method had to be devised or securely concealing the newcomers during the few days which would elapse before the opening of the battle. Terraces and shelters were accordingly dug on the hillsides, and in these they lay hidden alike from the enemy aircraft and scouts on the heights. Great supplies of food were landed and ammunition in such quantities as the resources of the force were capable of furnishing.

WATER

The provision of an adequate supply of water was the most difficult of all problems, its solution calling for the most careful forethought and calculation so that no contingency might be unprovided for, and nothing left to chance. Little ever stood between Anzac and thirst, so dependent had it always been on the sea-borne supplies of tepid but welcome water; but in the battles that were to be fought on the sun-baked heights, water would be as indispensable almost as ammunition. Dependence on regular daily supplies involving too great a risk, a reservoir of great tanks was formed on the hillside above the beach. A system of pipe-lines and supply tanks was created, and the water from the barges, after being pumped by hand into tanks standing on the beach, was lifted up to the reservoir by a stationary engine brought from Egypt. There were delays and mishaps of course, but anything that could not be supplied was improvised, and every obstacle was overcome by the fertile resource of minds which had been trained to cope with many desperate situations.

TROOPS ARRIVE

At last the long-expected reinforcements began to arrive. Throughout the night of August 3rd, 4th, and 5th, they swarmed on to the beach from the crowded boats and barges that drew silently in and out of the night, and as they landed, were guided away to their concealed bivouacs to wait the opening of the battle. The troops now at the disposal of General Birdwood amounted in round numbers to 37,000 rifles and 72 guns, with support from two cruisers, four monitors, and two destroyers. This force was divided into two main positions. To the Australian Division, strengthened by the attachment of the 1st and 3rd Light Horse Brigades and two battalions of the 40th Brigade, was entrusted the task of holding the existing Anzac position, and of making the frontal assaults which were to divert the enemy's attention and draw his reserves from the quarter in which the main blow was to be struck. The remainder of the force was to carry out the attack on the Sari Bair Ridge.

ARTILLERY SUPPORT

The artillery support in the operations was so planned as to make the most effective use of the very small number of guns available on shore. These numbered only 72 of all classes. In addition to the 18-pounders of the Australian and New Zealand Field Artillery, and the one New Zealand 4.5in. howitzer battery, there were the 10-pounder guns of the Indian Mountain Artillery, five batteries of 5in. howitzers, three 6in. howitzers, and the solitary 4.7in. naval gun on the right flank. There were in addition, of course, the guns of the fleet, but their effective value was limited, and they could not be used for the close support of attacking troops. In view of the great issues at stake, and the terribly difficult nature of the operations upon which the army was about to embark, it must be said that in material, whether in numbers or guns or in supplies of shells, the artillery at Anzac was pitifully inadequate.

THE ATTACK AT LONE PINE

The New Zealand batteries played a very prominent part in paving the way for the frontal attacks which were made by the Australian Division on August 6th and 7th, and particularly valuable was their support to the 1st Brigade of Australians in their heroic and altogether successful attack at Lone Pine. During the 4th, 5th, and 6th of August, the works on the enemy's left and left centre were subjected to a slow bombardment; the 1st and 4th Batteries bombarding the Lone Pine trenches, which were provided with strong overhead cover, and well protected by barbed wire entanglements. The 1st Battery was given the task of destroying the wire, and wire-netting, as experience showed in France, calls not only for accuracy of fire, but for a large expenditure of ammunition. Though this latter was impossible, the battery commander himself satisfactorily accomplished the task. Every round had to be conserved, so using one gun only, and observing from the forward trenches in the vicinity, he carefully and methodically prepared the way for the attack.

(To be continued.)

High heels were invented by a woman who had been kissed on the forehead.

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