KORERO

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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.

"I CANNOT SPEAK too highly of the behaviour of officers and ship's company," wrote Captain W. E. Parry, C.B., R.N., Commanding Officer of H.M.N.Z.S. "Achilles," in his official report on that ship's proceedings in the memorable Battle of the River Plate, fought on December 13, 1939. "Very few people in the ship had been under fire before. Yet every one carried out his duty with complete unconcern; and it was not until after breaking off the main action that any signs of unusual excitement appeared. This took the form of a souvenir hunt amongst those who were fortunate enough to be detailed to clear up the debris . . . I can only add that New Zealand has every reason to be proud of her seamen during their baptism of fire."

Sir Henry Harwood, R.N., who commanded the division of three cruisers—"Exeter," "Ajax," and "Achilles"—that boldly fought the "Admiral Graf Spee" and drove her to Montevideo and her inglorious scuttling there, recorded in his official despatch describing the action, "the honour and pleasure I had of taking one of H.M. ships of the New Zealand Division into action, and I fully concur with her Commanding Officer's remarks concerning the behaviour of her company."

The Battle of the River Plate, the first major naval engagement in this war, and the first in which a New Zealand ship largely manned by a New Zealand crew ever took part, wrote one more brilliant page in the age-old story of the Royal Navy. It demonstrated that New Zealand seamen, equally with their brethren of the parent Navy, "can find precedent or parallel for any situation that the force of the weather or the malice of the King's enemies may bring about."

There is not space here fully to retell the famous story of this bold, swift action in which three cruisers tackled the heavily-gunned, armoured German ship and ended her brief commerce-raiding career. Nine British merchant ships—two of them New Zealand traders—had been sunk by the "Admiral Graf Spee" when she was intercepted and engaged by the patrolling trio. Between them they opposed six 8 in. and sixteen 6 in. guns to the German's six 11 in. and eight 5·9 in. guns. In the early morning main action lasting barely three hours, H.M.S. "Exeter" had four of her six 8 in. guns disabled and sustained other damage which greatly reduced her speed and compelled her to withdraw. H.M.S. "Ajax" also took punishment, and at one time had only three of her eight 6 in. guns in action.

Department of Internal Affairs.

A Fairmile submarine chaser the day before her launching in a New Zealand shipyard.

But by this time the "Admiral Graf Spee" had had enough and retired at high speed to the westward, shadowed by "Ajax" and "Achilles." As she made for the River Plate, the "Graf Spee" opened fire with her 11 in. guns whenever her pursuers came too near. Half an hour after midnight the German ship anchored in the roadstead of Montevideo. Reinforced by the cruiser "Cumberland," "Ajax" and "Achilles" kept watch off the port while the world waited and wondered. A few days later the "Graf Spee" was scuttled and blown up by her company, and her Captain committed suicide.

The "Achilles" sustained only slight damage in the engagement. About twenty minutes after action commenced an 11 in. shell fell short of the ship in line with her bridge and burst on the water. Splinters killed four ratings in the control tower and stunned the gunnery officer, Lieutenant R. E. Washbourne, R.N., himself a New-Zealander. Captain Parry and the Chief Yeoman on the bridge were slightly wounded.

Two men were killed outright when heavy shell splinters entered the control compartment. An ordinary seaman replaced one of the dead men and carried out the essential duty coolly and efficiently for the remainder of the action.

A boy acting as communication member to the guns behaved with exemplary coolness throughout. He passed information to the guns and repeated their reports clearly for the information of the control officer. He was heard at one time most vigorously denying the report of his untimely death which had somehow spread round the ship.

The River Plate action was the first serious blow dealt in this war to the Nazi forces of Hitlerdom. Since then the Royal Navy and the Dominion navies have passed through more than four years of one of the most exacting and dangerous periods in the whole of our great naval history. They have demonstrated again and again that British seamen "can outwit, outmanœuvre, outfight, and outlast the worst that the enemy's malice and ingenuity can contrive."

It has not happened that other New Zealand ships have fought in actions such as that of the River Plate. Naval warfare has been described as months of dull routine, punctuated by brief periods of intense activity. This has been the lot of "Leander" and "Monowai" and some of the little ships of the Royal New Zealand Navy. They have seized their chance whenever it has come their way, and their standard has been that set by "Achilles" in her first action. That standard is in line with the highest traditions of the Royal Navy.

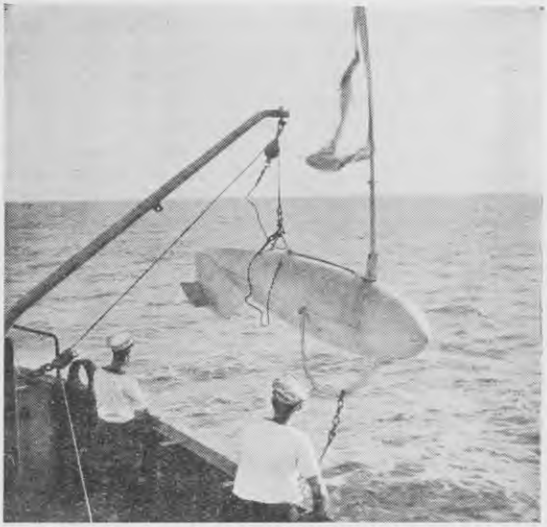
In May, 1940, H.M.N.Z.S. "Leander" left New Zealand on a cruise which lasted more than sixteen months. Much of that period was spent on patrol and escort duties in the Indian Ocean and the Red Sea. "Leander" had one stroke of good fortune when she intercepted the Italian armed merchant cruiser "Ramb I," which was sunk after a brief action. In June-July, 1941, "Leander" was in the eastern Mediterranean and took part in offensive operations against Vichy French naval and military forces on the coast of Syria.

In the meantime enemy activities in New Zealand waters had occasioned considerable expansion of the minesweeping flotillas, and during the period June-September, 1940, these newly-commissioned vessels successfully carried out a major and arduous operation, in the performance of which officers and ratings gave of their best in skill and endurance. The growth of the anti-submarine minesweeping flotillas has been one of the major developments of the Royal New Zealand Navy, notably since the outbreak of the war against Japan. Their work is of vital importance, but, in the main, monotonous and unspectacular. The constant prayer of their ships' companies is to come to grips with the enemy, and on one memorable occasion when it was answered two of them showed that they could fight to the same purpose as their big cruiser sisters.

During the night of January 29, 1943, two little ships of a New Zealand minesweeping flotilla were patrolling off the northernmost tip of Guadalcanal when they contacted a large Japanese submarine. A depth-charge attack forced it to surface, and it opened fire with its 5·5 in. gun. A hot action ensued. The submarine was considerably larger and faster than either of its opponents, but the New Zealand ships were well handled and poured in a rapid fire with their 4 in. guns. One of them thrice rammed the submarine, to such good effect on the third occasion that she rode up on the submarine's deck, listing heavily and firing every gun that could be brought to bear until she was able to clear herself. Firing was continuous for about an hour, the action ending only after the submarine, attempting to escape in the darkness inshore, struck a reef and wrecked herself.

Notable in this action was the conduct of Acting Leading Signalman C. Buchanan, of Port Chalmers. He was mortally wounded by machine-gun fire, but remained at his post operating a searchlight until relieved. He died next day. The successful action of the two ships earned the congratulations of United States Navy Commanders-in-Chief, the Admiralty, and the New Zealand and Australian Naval Boards. Decorations awarded included the United States Navy Cross to the Commanding Officers of the ships and posthumously to Signalman Buchanan, as well as five United States Silver Star medals and twenty-three letters of commendation to others of the ships' companies. Both Commanding Officers, it should be noted, had gained the Distinguished Service Cross while serving earlier in the war in small craft of the Royal Navy in the English Channel.

The outbreak of hostilities with Japan in December, 1941, found the "Achilles" and "Leander" operating in New Zealand waters mainly on escort and patrol duties. It is not possible yet to tell the full story of their subsequent activities while serving with United States Navy Task Forces in the strenuous operations which checked the enemy's offensive in the South Pacific and ultimately threw him on the defensive in the Solomon Islands and elsewhere. It must suffice to record here that "Achilles," "Leander," and "Monowai," as well as the smaller vessels of the Royal New Zealand Navy, per-



Department of Internal Affairs.

Minesweeping. The beginning of a sweep: the float goes out.

formed invaluable service under trying conditions for months on end in escorting important convoys of troop-transports and supply ships.

In January, 1942, H.M.N.Z.S. "Monowai" engaged an enemy submarine in Fijian waters. The former opened fire, which was returned by the enemy. No hits were made by either side, and six minutes later the submarine broke off the action and submerged. This was the first and only occasion on which the "Monowai" was in action. Her ratings included many young hands, all of whom showed great steadiness under fire.

During the operations which resulted in the capture of New Georgia and adjacent islands in the Solomon Islands, "Leander," operating in a United States Task Group, took part in several highly successful night actions against Japanese destroyers. The work of the New Zealand ships in the South Pacific area was highly praised by the United States Navy authorities. Admiral C. W. Nimitz, Commander-in-Chief United States Pacific Forces, expressed to "Leander" and "Achilles" his appreciation of the "splendid manner in which every task assigned has been carried through to a successful conclusion. Well done!"

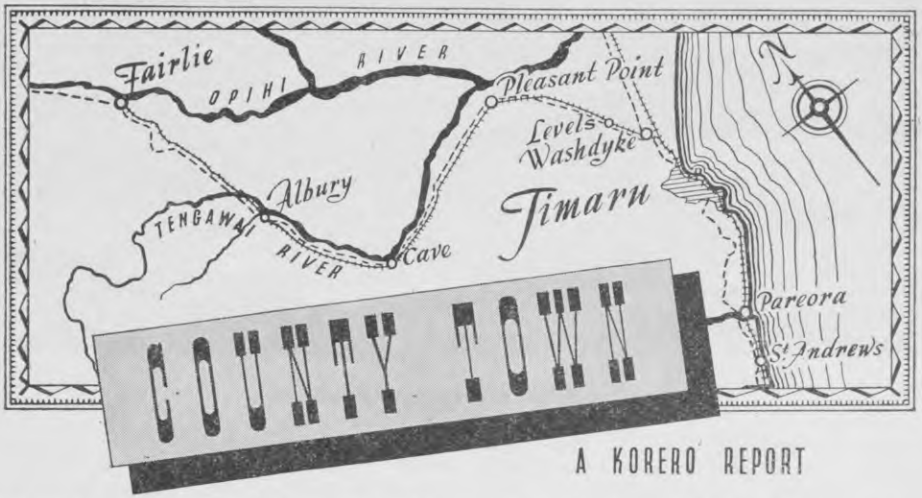
Notable in the recent major expansion of the Royal New Zealand Navy was the commissioning of H.M.N.Z.S. "Gambia," a modern light cruiser, which is at present operating under the control of Admiralty. A number of New-Zealand-built anti-submarine minesweepers have been added to the flotillas in recent months. Since September, 1939, there has been a seven-fold increase in the personnel of the R.N.Z.N. But whereas, at the beginning of the war, officers and ratings lent from the Royal Navy made up 40 per cent. of the total number, their proportion at the end of March 1944 had declined to 6 per cent. Of the total personnel at the latter date approximately 28 per cent. were serving with the Royal Navy.

This narrative is necessarily, but a restricted and wholly inadequate survey of the outstanding performances of the ships of the Royal New Zealand Navy. As has been shown, their services have ranged from the South Pacific to the Indian Ocean and the Mediterranean and across the wide expanses of the South Atlantic. The "Achilles" circum-navigated the Continent of South America during her first memorable war cruise.

It remains only to mention briefly the world-wide service of those New-Zealanders—numbering to-day not far short of 3,000—doing duty in ships of the Royal Navy. They are serving in battle-ships, aircraft-carriers, cruisers, des-troyers, submarines—in fact, in warships of every type and in every sea through-out the world where the enemy is likely to be found. There are nearly 700 New-Zealanders in the Fleet Air Arm and, as was recently revealed, a number of them took a considerable part in the successful bombing of the German battle-ship "Tirpitz."

New-Zealanders, too, were serving in several ships which played a prominent part in the hunting-down and destruction of the German battleship "Bismarck" in the North Atlantic in May, 1941, and the "Scharnhorst" in the far north Barentz Sea on December 26, 1943.

New Zealand officers and ratings have served and are still serving in ships that have taken part in numerous other actions and in escorting Atlantic, Mediterranean, and North Russia convoys. The naval forces of Great Britain and the Dominion have been the main support and safe-guard of the nation's prodigious war effort since December, 1939, and to that end the Royal New Zealand Navy has contributed in full measure.



MOST PEOPLE see Fairlie from the windows of a Mount Cook bus. In summer they see it usually as a dusty sun-baked main street—the near replica of a dozen or more main streets one might pass along in a day's motoring through Canterbury. The railway-station, the post-office, the pubs, the petrol-pumps, the stores that sell everything from sheep-dip to razor blades—all seem to have been cut from a pattern that has served country townships from Auckland to the Bluff. Fairlie's main street looked much the same ten years ago as it does to-day, and will probably look much the same ten years hence. Here, you might conclude, is a place whose currents of life are undisturbed by wars, revolutions, or general elections, a place where one might go to forget for a while that there is such a thing as war.

That is how it might seem from the Mount Cook bus. The truth is that the war has made much more of a disturbance in the life of Fairlie than it has in the life of Wellington or Auckland, even though most of the school-children have never seen a Marine. To know what the war has done to Fairlie you have got to know the township and its people, and something of their history.

As New Zealand country townships go, Fairlie is old because it depends on one of the country's oldest industries—the pasturing of sheep on the high tussock country of the South Island. For more than eighty years there has been a regular migration of sheep from the high country of the Mackenzie basin to the coastal lowlands as winter approaches, and back again to the Mackenzie country in late spring. In its beginnings Fairlie was a place where drovers camped and watered and fed their flocks. According to the Jubilee History of South Canterbury it was first called Fairlie Creek, after Fairlie in Scotland. As the district was first settled by Highland shepherds, this sounds probable enough. Nevertheless, one school of thought holds that the name was originally Fairlie's Creek, after a shepherd of that name who built himself a hut there. There was a regular rail service to Tekapo by way of Fairlie in 1862, and in 1870 Cobb and Co.'s coaches were taking freight and passengers. Then, in 1883, Fairlie's predominance in the area between the Mackenzie and the sea was settled by its becoming the railhead of a branch line from Timaru.

When the attractions of Lake Tekapo and Mount Cook was known, Fairlie became the half-way house for another sort of traffic. First the coaches, and then, after the last war, the Mount Cook Co.'s buses brought a steady and growing

Looking South across the Fairlie Basin.

stream of tourists through the main street. Transport, indeed, has always been Fairlie's main industry. The greater number of its male adults are employed on the railway or in garages, in keeping roads open and in repair, and in shoeing horses.

The Jubilee History of South Canterbury says boldly that Fairlie "lies in an amphitheatre of hills, snow-clad during the winter, and has a pleasant Old World appearance imparted by the number of trees." Whatever part of the Old World Fairlie resembles it is not any part of the British Isles, with their soft lighting and restricted perspectives. On a fine day the first thing that impresses you as you top the rise shutting in the Fairlie basin to the east is the brilliant clarity of the air, which makes it possible to pick out every clump of trees on a hillside ten miles away. Apart from that, the Jubilee History's description is faithful enough. To the west lie the high hills through which Burke's Pass leads into the Mackenzie country; to the south is the Two Thumb Range; and to the north is a lower line of hills beyond which lies the valley of the Rangitata. The floor of the Fairlie basin is flat, so flat that you are liable to forget that the road has been rising ever since you left the coast. Fairlie itself is 1,000 ft. above sea-level.

Like most country towns, Fairlie has grown like a tapeworm. Its main buildings are not a group round a centre, but an untidy straggle along the main road. At the east end are the railway-station, the post-office, the Gladstone Grand Hotel, the Mackenzie County Council's Offices, the courthouse, a garage, and one or two shops. The railway-station and the shunting yards take up the north side of the street and are partly screened from the building on the south side by a line of elms. Farther west, about opposite the Presbyterian Church, the road suddenly doubles in width and is divided along the centre by another line of trees. Fairlie's west end includes the Fairlie Hotel, the offices and stores of the stock and station agents, a billiard-saloon, two pastrycooks, more garages, a branch office of the Public Trust, and, at the extreme west end, the war memorial and the fire station. The oddity of Fairlie's layout is that a single railway line escapes from the shunting yards and goes unfenced the whole length of the west end. To visiting motorists the sudden encounter with a railway-engine puffing its way unconcernedly down the main street is unnerving.

So much for the Fairlie as it looks from the bus. If you turn off the main street you enter the Fairlie known only to the eight hundred people who live there. The side roads are metalled and flanked by waist-high cocksfoot which perilously masks open ditches. Interspersed with empty sections—Fairlie is a town-planner's nightmare—are pleasantly dilapitated houses surrounded by

Main Street, Fairlie, looking West.

old orchards. The most important side thoroughfare is School Road, which branches off by the Fairlie Hotel and takes its name from the district high school. On your right is the De Luxe Theatre (pictures three nights a week), an incongrously and deceptively modern-looking building with an open field on one side and a cottage on the other. The wooden erection over the entrance is an observation post for spotting aeroplanes. Over the road and a hundred yards farther on is the school, set well back among trees and with the date 1879 inscribed over the gates. Past the school seven State houses shock the eye even more severely than the De Luxe Theatre. Past the State houses again is Strathcona Park, the gift of a local landowner. Here are golf-links, tennis-courts, swimming-baths, and a bowling-green—a surprising crop of amenities for so small a town.

Now go back to the main street and turn right by the War Memorial. The pleasant and substantial red-brick building is the Fairlie Library, built in 1914 out of Carnegie funds. The library is an even bigger surprise than the amenities of School Road. Here, in addition to the best sellers, are Drucker's "Future of Industrial Man," E. H. Carr's "Conditions of Peace," J. M. Keynes on the theory of unemployment, illustrated books on modern art, a shelf of plays, and dozens of other books which a few years ago were available only in city libraries.

The chances are that you will find the librarian doing up books in sacking parcels, ready for distribution to remote parts of the Mackenzie country by the butcher, the baker, the grocer, or any one who happens to be taking a vehicle over Burke's Pass. The librarian's job is to know what her outlying subscribers have read and what they are likely to read; she is, in consequence, a sort of cultural dictator for the whole of the Mackenzie. The newspaper-room is well stocked, but little used. The librarian says this is because of the wireless, and recalls that in the last war there used to be queues at the newspaper files. To-day the newspaper-room is used mainly by

Three nights a week.

school-children, who begin to arrive as soon as school is out. The librarian's main regret is that the stocking of a special children's section will have to wait till after the war.

Fairlie needs books, because the winter is formidable. Frosts begin in earnest in May, and for three months or more the weather is sub-Arctic. Last year there were frosts of 34°. Fairlie people protest that their cold is invigorating, which may be so. But it is a trial, nevertheless. Prudent housewives empty the pipes about three in the afternoon, running off enough for dish-washing and baths. The motorist who forgets to empty his radiator is certain of a burst water-jacket. One motorist tells this story. Last winter he was called out at night and filled his radiator with warm water. He had driven only a few hundred yards when the water-jacket burst; the heat of the engine was not sufficient to counteract the frost. Shattered water-closets are a familiar sight in Fairlie back gardens—a memento of last winter. The school had to close for eight days because both the heating system and the lavatories went out of action.

For ordinary residents, winter in Fairlie is bad enough; for the County Council employees, whose job it is to keep the Mackenzie country's main roads open, it is a nightmare. They are out for days and nights on end with the snow-ploughs, which are equipped with heated shelters in case they do not reach a house by nightfall. Metal becomes so cold that it burns the flesh; frost-bite is a constant danger; and often the snow so completely obliterates landmarks that roads are hard to find.

The busiest man in Fairlie is the engineer-clerk to the County Council. Fairlie has no town board and is administered as a riding of the Mackenzie County. It has sewerage, electric light, and a bitumen-surfaced main street, which is about as much as any township of the size could expect. In the absence of a municipal authority the county clerk combines the duties of mayor and town clerk; he is also secretary of the school committee and the patriotic committee, and was commander of the Mackenzie

The Anglican Church.

battalion of the Home Guard. Apart from that, he looks after 640 miles of roads, most of them liable to become snowbound in winter, and 7,350 acres of plantation reserves.

Looking round the main street you would see few signs that Fairlie is a township in a country at war. Both the banks are closed, and all banking business is now done on one day of the week by two bank officers from Timaru. They arrive by the 10.30 a.m. train and leave by the bus soon after midday; and for two hours financial activity in Fairlie is as brisk as it ever is on Wall Street. In the pastrycook's shop garishly-coloured bottles of aerated waters imperfectly conceal the emptiness of shelves. A card in the window says: "No Sweets, No Chocolates, No Chewing Gum." War-time bureaucracy is represented by a printed announcement: "By Order of the Price Tribunal, Cakes 1s. 3d. a dozen," and also by a confused bundle of printed matter labelled "Price Orders." The cleanness of the price orders shows that no none in Fairlie bothers about them. The only shortage that really annoys Fairlie is the tobacco shortage. The general theory is that the Army gets all the cigarettes. There is also grumbling on sale days when farmers and auctioneers

having bought and sold some hundreds of sheep, find they can't have cold mutton for lunch at the pub. because they've forgotten their coupons.

If you live in Fairlie, you know that the war has made more differences to the township than are visible in the main street. Notices in the Anglican Church ask you to pray for more than one hundred parishioners who are with the Forces. There are few reserved occupations in the Fairlie district,and the young men—and many of the young women—are almost all away. The swimming club, the football club, and the drama circle have suspended operations; the annual show is being revived after a lapse of three years; and the tennis and golf clubs just manage to keep going.

Some day, it must be hoped, some one will write the story of the Mackenzie Home Guard. Fairlie and the Mackenzie raised 22 platoons and were given priority in equipment. The battalion's assignment was the defence of a coastal sector just south of Timaru. When the first battalion parade was held in Fairlie, only women and children were left to watch, and of the women most were members of the Women's Auxiliary. And when orders came to start an E.P.S. organization, the only possible solution of the problem of personnel was to make E.P.S. duties a Home Guard function. The trial mobilizations presented a problem of transport such as few other Home Guard units faced, some platoons travelling nearly 100 miles from their assembly point.

Fairlie has two war industries. One is linen flax, which employs between sixty and seventy workers and has made the township's already difficult labour problem more difficult. The factory is half a mile away on the north side of the town and has near it cottages for married workers. Single women employees live in a hostel. The other war industry, surprisingly, is munitions making. This is a story that might be told round the life of one of the garage-proprietors, a man who has lived in Fairlie all his life and began work in a garage about the time service cars began to run through to Mount Cook. To begin with, he had the flair for making things, which a man is born with or not born with. In a city he might have been apprenticed to a large engineering firm, gone to night classes, and become in due time a highly competent engineer. Whether that sort of training would have discovered his real genius is questionable. In Fairlie he had a very different sort of training. What he learnt he learnt always in relation to some practical problem. Every second job was a challenge to his wits and imagination. If a service car stripped a crown wheel battling through a snow drift, there was no question of telephoning Timaru to send out another part. There was nothing for it but to make another part. When New Zealand seemed in danger of invasion, and desperately needed military equipment, this man, and others like him in the Fairlie district, went over to war production. They made their own machine tools, they made parts for Bren gun carriers, they made rifle parts, they made mortar bombs, they made trench mortar parts—and they are still in production. In its way, the story of Fairlie's munitions factories is as remarkable as the story of Willow Run.

Indeed, when the official historians get down to the task of telling the story of New Zealand at war, they might do worse than start with Fairlie.

Blacksmith and Wheelwright.

INTO BATTLE

With the New-Zealanders in Greece

The writer of this article was a medical orderly with the New Zealand Forces

WHEREVER WE camped in Greece we seemed always to be surrounded with a wealth of great natural beauty. Our first headquarters was sited in the midst of a wood where the first touches of spring gave promise of the loveliness soon to be. Close by was a mountain stream of ice-cold clear water flowing through wide stretches of white sand. Nature seemed to have become the leader of a conspiracy to make the war appear to us the mere shadow of a distant threat. There were flowers among the green of the undergrowth, and birds in the trees. Sometimes a clumsy slow-moving tortoise would waddle unconcernedly across the winding bush tracks almost between our feet. In the distance the mountains, snow-capped, coldly watched us.

There was work to be done—that everlasting digging which is the bane of the soldier's life, but often his salvation when the guns begin to fire. But in the evenings we were still free to visit nearby villages, and once or twice there were trips to a more distant town. In contrast with the small rural villages which boasted only small wineshops, this town had banks, public buildings, two fine churches, and quite a number of shops with a fairly wide range of goods.

Many of the shopkeepers could speak a little English, and boasted of the happy days they had spent in America "many years ago." To deal with the heavy demands made by the soldiers on the town's resources some enterprising former American Greeks opened restaurants, which, after all, supplied the main need, for there were none when first we arrived.

It was a busy place, transformed overnight from placid normality to bustling excitement by the arrival of the New-Zealanders. Scores of tiny wine-shops, where once the locals used to sit for hours, chatting, singing, laughing, or sleepily musing over a single glass of "krassi," became in an instant crowded with noisy throngs of soldiers.

Greeks and New-Zealanders formed countless little international groups, the members of which vied with each other in extending expressions of friendship. Mutual salutations were exchanged. Many a soldier called to his aid all the scanty knowledge of schoolboy French at his command combined with a smattering of Greek learnt from booklets sold in the streets of Athens and generously helped out by smile, shrug, and gesture in order to explain the beauties of his home country to admiring groups of listeners.

Others made the acquaintance of strange little places where rich, sweet cakes and pastries soaked in honey were sold, to be eaten with a glass of hot goat's milk, or else ambled leisurely among the countless little stalls of the town markets where they would critically examine the stock put up for sale, commenting with the air of experts on the qualities or otherwise of anything from sheep and pigs to watercress and pickling onions.

In our camp among the trees we were settled in greater comfort than we had known for some time. There was soft white sand with which to floor our tents. Close at hand the clear stream provided a luxury unknown in Egypt. Somehow, in spite of wounded Greeks back on sick-

leave from Albania, whom we sometimes met surrounded by their fellow-countrymen in the village streets, there was an atmosphere of peace. There was no threat of death, but in the bursting buds, the birds, and all the myriad joyous signs of spring was a promise of life.

Quite suddenly everything changed. One evening in April—I had just celebrated my twenty-first birthday—a silent, grave little group round a wireless in a camouflaged dug-out tent, we heard the news of Germany's attack on Greece and Yugoslavia. The time had come. Soon we would be in action. And shortly the frontier guns began to sound the prelude to battle, their thunder coming to us like the roll of distant drums, jarring the earth.

Events moved with lightening speed. Came the news of murderous Nazi barbarity in Belgrade. Our busy town began to empty of civilians, and then one evening came the order that we, too, were to move back to the main line of defence. Next morning found us in our new position, erecting tents at 1 a.m. in pitch blackness and drizzling rain, shivering with the cold.

Daylight revealed a valley surrounded by high snow-topped hills in the shadow of Mount Olympus. A dreary drizzle of steady rain fell from low threatening clouds. It was not at first a pleasing outlook, but in this spot we settled down for a while and found many compensations. In spite of one or two floodings we were soon comfortably housed in tents and ready for action.

We were something like 4,000 ft. up, and at times the cold was bitter, while morning and evening all-enveloping clouds of mist came rolling down from the heights above the snow-line. At first there was a good deal of rain, and we were at times struggling through mud. In fact, it was necessary to build a road, and the " navvying nurses," as we had come to regard ourselves, set to work with great vigour. Over half a mile of passable roadway was completed in short order.

At the beginning of Easter it began to snow, and one morning we awoke to find the whole earth buried under about 4 in. of whiteness. The cold was such that the men hit upon the idea of making braziers from empty benzine-tins, and placing these inside their tents. Results were excellent, though the tents soon became filled with smoke. We began to do some of our own cooking, and some evenings could sit round the cheery brazier gossiping, making toast, or frying eggs and chips bought from the peasants.

Easter Sunday was a notable day, for we attended a special service held by our Padre while we stood amid the snow, grouped round the stones of what had once been a type of corral in which goats were milked. It was Easter, and from near at hand came the thunder of our guns hammering the advancing enemy. Easter, and the hills rolled back the echoes from a hail of fire. That night we had our first experience of the front line, our first stretcher parties going forward.

Other units had been in action for some days, we learned, and on all sides there were encouraging reports of their splendid work. We felt that, whatever might happen, we too would do our job well. And from official reports it seems we did. However, that's not for me to discuss, but I may be permitted to tell of one or two of the incidents which befell us.

The turn of the party in which I had a place did not come till later, and the intervening time will be long remembered. One day, a beautifully fine one, at a time when the guns were silent, I was resting outside our tent. There was a flat grassy patch below a tree-covered slope. Bees were droning lazily among the many wild flowers, while the tinkling music of a mountain stream in a rocky bed sounded a pleasant symphony. On the slopes of the opposite hill a bearded ancient was ploughing. Everywhere was peace.

Awakening was rude. A distant hum grew swiftly to a droning scream, a sound like the vicious voices of countless angry bees multiplied until it filled the air with menace. An air armada—there must have been over a hundred planes—was passing above and beyond us. They were mere black shapes to us, but soon after they had vanished behind the hills came the crash of bombs. When the first wounded began to arrive they brought with them many a story of high courage and work well done. Jerry was getting hell, they

said. The Artillery was giving him the Devil's own of a hammering. "The Maoris put the fear of Hades into 'em with the bayonet . . . ." Before long it became plain that the Medicals, too, were doing their job splendidly.

In one area our chaps went up to the most forward area to bring back wounded, under fire. Once they had to run the gauntlet. A cobber told me this story: "There were more cases than our party could handle," he said, "and it wasn't possible to get an ambulance up. The Jerry had a machine-gun post firing right across the road. There was shelling, too. It seemed a bit of a hole . . . A truck-driver volunteered to try and run us through the danger zone. 'Of course,' he said, sort of questioningly, with a bit of a grin at us, 'we may never get across, you know.' He spoke just like a chap who says 'I may pop in and have a beer on my way home.' Well, we had to give it a go, so we just grinned back and put the stretchers on the truck.

"We started off quite well, two of us in the back holding the stretchers down on the bumps. Then came the place where enemy gunners had a plain shot at the road through a gap in the hills. We could see where Jerry had been pasting away all day. There was a groove cut, at about the height to catch us fair and square, all along the clay bank on one side.

"The driver just put his foot hard down, and we raced across that open space as though the devil himself were after us. As a matter of fact, I suppose, in a way, he was, but we had the luck. A heavy mist came up, hiding the road from the gunners, and there wasn't a a shot fired. It was a pretty rough ride for the patients, though, and, despite all we could do, the stretchers bounced about a foot at every bump. Those wounded took it all without a murmur, too." He went on to say that it was not the thought of the guns that had worried him as they entered the zone of fire, it was the fear that if anything did happen he just might not be able to attend to the new wounds which might be inflicted. Field Ambulance men were exposed to just the same dangers as the fighting forces, with the difference that they faced those dangers unarmed.

Several times shelling came pretty close. Once an M.O. was shaving, with his usual carefree stroke of razor and brush, when the morning barrage began. There was a roar and a crash. Something whizzed close to his head, leaving a gaping hole in the roof above him. He dropped the razor and swore violently, eyed the hole in the roof, eyed the smoke of the burst shell outside, then slowly and deliberately walked to the doorway and directed a stream of invective in the general direction of the enemy.

When my own party moved forward, some time later, it was to a village half way up the slopes of Mount Olympus. We began the climb, by ambulance, in pouring rain. As the road became ever steeper so it became muddier and more nearly impassable. There were bends so sharp that they seemed impossible to negotiate. More than once we had to "put our shoulders to it," scrambling, cursing, in the mud. The cold was biting, and we were glad indeed to reach our base, which we did just as darkness began to fall. The village school was our stretcher-bearer post. Joy of joys, fires were alight, and the class-rooms in which we camped were cheerily warm, though the wind whistled through cracks in the floorboards. We found our mates, whom we were to relieve, busily drying their clothing before the stoves. They had had an exceedingly hard carry, it seemed, working in rough mountain country, and with a long distance to march. "I'd never honestly seen mud knee deep before," said one, "but I waded through oceans of it to-day." And it seemed he had, for he was using a pocket-knife to clean his trousers from the knee down.

We settled down on the hard boards to sleep, ringed about the fires, while outside the rain fell steadily. Some thirsty soul found the caretaker and whispered longingly in his ear of cognac. "Yes, yes," said that worthy, "Cognac. Good. Give me hundred drachmae." There was

hasty consultation in the darkness, from somewhere came the money, and very shortly there was cognac.

Little sleep was permitted us that night. Towards midnight there began a resounding series of crashes in the rest of the building. Our men were falling back, seeking shelter in the school. Morning found us so nearly in the front line that it did not much matter. The school was packed with weary, mud and rain soaked men—men who had been in action day and night without sleep, without rest for over forty-eight hours.

Water was put on to boil, and hot drinks were quickly prepared for as many as possible. The enemy was pressing on, they said, creeping unseen, and often unheard, through the mist and rain. Our men were holding him just beyond the village. Outside, on the muddied slopes men were preparing to fight again. The mountain, the village, the advancing foe, all were hidden in thick, rolling mist.

Soon a runner appeared. There were shouted orders, and out into the fog again went the weary men, tired almost beyond endurance, but still keen to give the enemy all and more than he could take. " You medical orderlies had better clear out," said the M.O., " the enemy's entering the village." The ambulance moved out, while seemingly only a few yards away, but unseen, tommy-guns and rifles began a deadly chorus.

As we went on our own artillery began to fire, with a sound that nearly split our ear-drums. About a mile down the road a series of caves in the mountainside offered shelter from the still steadily falling rain, and in one of these we prepared to receive wounded. In the cave next to us flocks of sheep had been shut in for protection against the cold, and two small shepherd boys guarding them set to work, unasked, to find dry sticks with which they lit a fire for us.

Across the road another small boy and his sister were minding goats. I could not help wondering how they would fare when the Germans came. The sheep, the goats, and those tiny Greek children seemed very much out of place in an area soon to be under fire.

We had hardly established ourselves before out of the mists came a messenger with a laconic " On your way boys. Jerry's coming." Down the mountainside we drove and out of the mists into comparative clearness, though we thanked our lucky stars for the low-lying cloud which made strafing from the air an impossibility.

A short way along the road we came across a large ration dump which was being prepared for destruction so that it should not fall into enemy hands. There were literal mountains of cases containing foodstuffs, rations of every conceivable type, food for an army, including many items of which we had been short. Someone shouted " Want any rations ? Be in boys ! " Before long all our spare space was piled with goods, not forgetting many a luxury item. There were cases of tinned fruit, cases of this, cases of that. We dined more luxuriously than ever before—or since—that day. Peaches and cream, in greater quantities than we could ever hope to deal with. As we left they were breaking into the piled cases with picks, pouring on petrol. At least the enemy would never benefit from the stores we could not take away. Greek peasants, though, were not denied, and many a mule-cart groaned under a load it could barely carry.

Official War Photo.

Racing on a Pacific Island.—The finish of the Consolation Plate of five furlongs. "Over There" wins.

Official War Photo.

Rugby in the Middle East. An incident in a match at Cairo in which a South African team beat a New Zealand team by 22 points to 5.

Official War Photo.

2 Div.'s Athletic Championships. J. Sutherland, winner of the shot-putt with a distance of 36 ft. 8½ in.

(Answers on page 23)

1. Mr. Dwight Davis, of St. Louis, presented his Cup for International Tennis competition in 1900. Which country is the present holder of the Davis Cup ?

2. A rather full programme of representative matches is planned for this Rugby season. It would be interesting to know what is the greatest number of tries scored by one player in a representative match in New Zealand ?

3. Some years ago a mare named Wairoa Belle paid over £1,000 at a trotting meeting at Nelson. Of course, the dividend was not published because the publication of race dividends is illegal in New Zealand. In what year did this become law ?

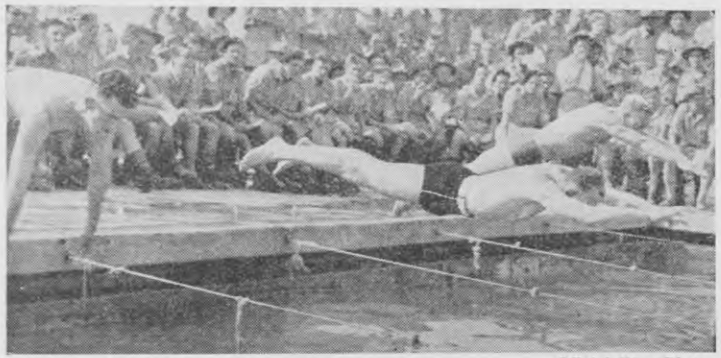
4. The Third Test at Auckland against the Springboks in 1937 will always be remembered as the BLACK DAY in New Zealand football. We all remember the score was 17 to 6. Can you name the back-line of the New Zealand team ?

5. The cricket season has closed, and it is well to remember that a New Zealand record was made when Mooney and Buchan added 127 for Wellington's ninth wicket against Auckland. Can you remember what is the world's record score in first-class cricket, and who made it ?

6. In 1907 Tom Reece startled the billiards world by compiling a break of 499,135 unfinished, with the "anchor" or "cradle" cannon. He didn't pocket the red even once. Incidentally, how many times may the red be pocketed from the "spot" in one break ?

7. Joe Louis has held the World Heavyweight Boxing title since 1937. Can you name the holders of the title from Johnson to Louis ?

8. Now that racing is held only on Saturdays and public holidays, the jockey who wins the premiership cannot hope to ride as many winners as in pre-war years. Who was the jockey who rode the most winners in a New Zealand season ?



Official War Photo.

Div. Swimming Championships in M.E. Off to a flying start in the 100 yards breaststroke. Taylor, the winner, is in the centre.

Official War Photo.

2 Div.'s Athletic Championships. G. Baker wins the high jump, clearing 5 ft. 3½ in.

Allied South Pacific Boxing Championships. W. Newton (Wellington) and C. Williams (U.S.), who fought a thrilling bout in the semi-finals. Williams won a points decision by a narrow margin.

Official War Photos.

Wrestling in New Caledonia. Leo Park (Hawera) and B. Liddell (Wellington) wrestle a draw.

By GAVIN LONG, in the *U.S. Infantry Journal*

Training and organization—and more training—make the Aussie what he is—a grand fighting man.

THE LEGEND that the Australian soldier is a wild, undisciplined fighting man who owes his success to some innate instinct for war dies hard. "Australians are grand fighting men," a veteran British officer said to me when I was in a British transport steaming out from London to Egypt in 1940. "I saw them in the last war. Pity they can't be disciplined."

"Our idea of an Aussie," said *Yank*, the U.S. Army weekly, last June, "is a six-footer, standing in a torn and dirty uniform, a rifle in one hand and a bottle of beer in the other, cussing a blue streak and beating hell out of anything that comes along."

It is a picturesque legend, but, as a matter of fact, saluting and other compliments, parade-ground drill, dress, and bearing in the veteran Australian units to-day is smarter than I have seen in any British regiments except the Guards, and I spent a good part of 1939 and 1940 as an Australian correspondent with the British Army. The system of recruit training which Australia introduced in the Middle East was made the standard system for all troops in the Middle East. From the time Australians assaulted the miniature Hindenburg Line that ringed the Italian fortress of Bardia, through two almost unbroken years of fighting, up to the campaign in the heat and gloom of the Papuan jungles, "training and organization" has been the simple and useful doctrine of the Australian Army in general. In the few particular cases where this doctrine has not been the first and greatest commandment, Australian troops have not done so well.

The law that the Australian citizen soldier has been taught in three years of tiresome schools and exciting campaigning is that training does not kill initiative, but strengthens it by adding confidence and skill. It was not because training standards were low that the Australian soldier taught himself how to fire Italian field guns and machine guns, and used them in the defence of Tobruk; or that, in Greece and Crete, after brigades and battalions had been surrounded or fragmented, companies, platoons, and even squads went on fighting as organized units. To-day the emphasis is still on training and more training, even in veteran units with four compaigns behind them, where officers and sergeants who have fought in four continents are taken out of battalions in the front line at Buna or Gona and beyond, to go to school again in Australia.

The power-house of Australian army training, whose current circulates right through the Army from headquarters away to the front line, is the Royal Military College and Staff School, situated

at Duntroon, near Canberra, the Dominion capital. Thirty years ago Duntroon was modelled not on Sandhurst or Woolwich, the British military colleges, but on West Point. It was decided then that Australia would rely on a citizen army with citizen officers, except for a relatively small corps of professionals, who would make up in quality what they lacked in numbers. Consequently Duntroon was designed to give each professional officer a four-year course as at West Point, not an eighteen months' course as at Sandhurst or Woolwich; and to train him in all arms—infantry, artillery, engineers, &c. Most engineer specialists also go through a university degree in engineering after the military course is over, and a big percentage of Duntroon graduates go to England or India for a two-year course at one of the staff colleges after they have served in the Army for some years.

To-day graduates of Duntroon—the most senior of them are now in their middle forties—lace the Australian Army from top to bottom. A dozen of them are Generals, and half of these are in command of fighting divisions—Clowes, who pushed the Japanese marines out of Milne Bay in Papua, is one of them; Berryman, General Blamey's deputy chief of staff, is another; Vasey, who was the field commander during a vital phrase in New Guinea, is another; Robertson, Australia's senior armoured force commander, is a fourth. With them work professional soldiers of an earlier generation, of whom Blamey is one, and citizen soldiers such as Morshead, Allen, and Herring, who have managed to see so much fighting in this war and the last that some of them have won every step in promotion, from platoon commander to divisional commander, in action.

You cannot turn a few tens of thousands of civilians into an army in a week-end; and when the first instalments of the Australian Imperial Force embarked for the Middle East early in 1940 there were a good many men in its ranks who shared *Yank*'s idea of an Aussie, "with a rifle in one hand and a bottle of beer in the other." There had been little money to spend on the Army in the years between the wars and, except for the small corps of professional officers and sergeant instructors, and the part-time militia officers who had made soldiering their week-end and evening hobby, there was only a handful of trained soldiers in the country.

It was a good thing that Australia sent its Imperial Force overseas almost as soon as it was formed, because that made a break between civilian life in Australia and the soldiers' life in the big camps in southern Palestine and in the Egyptian Desert. Over there the commanders of the raw force worked on the fairly accurate assumption that the hodge-podge collection of volunteers had everything to learn and mighty little time to learn it in. Officers, from top to bottom, and sergeants were sent off in batches to British Army schools in the Middle East for courses that lasted up to four

Australians in Papua. A forward section post less than 30 yards from Japanese positions. These Australians lived and fought in mud and water. The photographer who took this picture could hear Japanese talking, but couldn't see them.

Australian-manned "General Stuart" tanks bust Japanese pill-boxes in the final assault on Buna. Infantry commander warns tank crew of another Japanese pill-box at right as the tank blasts away at a pill-box ahead.

months. The men were taught to snap to it on the parade ground and on exercises, to know their weapons until they could handle them blindfolded, to move so fast and far across the dust and stones of the desert that they cursed their commanders for "forgetting they were not still in the bloody cavalry."

At Tobruk, just a year after the arrival in Egypt, an Australian brigade trained in this way made a fighting march of twenty miles in one day and fought and won, at the end of it, a tough fight against superior forces whch were backed by tanks.

"First Libya" proved to every Australian that training paid. The man who could move fast, though carrying a load of gear that would worry a mule, who could get his weapons into action in split seconds, was less likely to get killed. The battalion and the company that were with a leader who did not lose his way and did not lose control in broken, featureless country, and kept close up behind the barrage, came through with few casualties and many prisoners.

It was not the demoniac courage of natural-born fighting men that took the powerful fortifications of Bardia and Tobruk—though it took plenty of courage to keep on and not go to ground while the machine-gun bullets whipped past knee-high and the shells raised sudden tree-high clouds of dust and whistling steel—it was a sudden, accurate artillery barrage pounding down on the Italian line, groups of infantrymen who were so close behind it that they were in the Italian posts before the garrisons had recovered their wits. Tanks and infantry were behind the Italian line and among their guns before the Italians knew what was happening.

There were plenty of reinforcements in those days—raw recruits keen to conform with *Yank's* idea—but the fighting units that had been through it did not like them that way. Back to the training camps in Palestine the blooded battalions sent their best officers and sergeants to knock the new arrivals from Australia into shape. Each battalion, for example, had to staff a training company back in Palestine from which it would draw its reinforcements. If it did not send back first-class officers and

sergeants to school the new recruits, it would not get first-class reinforcements. As an additional check, if the commander of the training division in Palestine did not approve of the quality of the officers and instructors sent back to him from the units, he returned them and asked the units to choose again. To keep training up to date and to prevent the development of a class of behind-the-line instructors, the officers and N.C.O.s were returned to their units from the training division after they had spent six months there teaching recruits.

Newly-arrived officers were also sent to school for four weeks as soon as they arrived in the Middle East. Every soldier from Australia was put through an eight-weeks course regardless of what training he had done at home; and, on top of this, specialists were given additional courses. At intervals the sergeant-majors were sent to school. The Australian training division was made the master gauge for training in the Middle East, and three hundred British, South African, New Zealand, Polish, French, and Greek officers were sent to learn its system. It was less than a year old when the greater part of the A.I.F. left the Middle East to fight the Japanese.

By December 7, 1941, the Australian overseas force had fought in the Western Desert, in the mountains of Greece, in Crete, in the bare and rocky ravines of Syria. Japan's entry meant that they had to learn jungle fighting, and the overwhelming of the 8th Australian Division in Malaya, Amboina, and Timor and Rabaul—it was scattered among all these places—was a challenge. Australian units fresh from bivouacs in the snows of Lebanon began training for jungle warfare in the thickest bush they could find in South Queensland. Other brigades, which were delayed to garrison Ceylon on their way home to Australia, used the Ceylon jungle to train in.

When the veterans arrived home they found that Australia was trying to maintain a far larger army in proportion to her population than America will be maintaining even when the American Army reaches the limit of 7,500,000 men which President Roosevelt has announced.

Some of the brigades which beat the Japanese at Milne Bay and in the Owen Stanley Range trained for those campaigns, working out their own technique of jungle warfare in the forests of Queensland. They had six weeks to get ready for the new kind of fighting in between the time they reached Australia from the Middle East and the time they were in action in New Guinea. Other brigades—and these were the veteran troops—were halted in Ceylon on the way to Australia. There was practically no force on the island to defend it except those Australians at the time when Japanese aircraft were bombing Ceylon, and it seemed likely that Japan's next big move would be towards Ceylon and Madagascar.

The experimental, self-critical, intensely practical Australian brigade—the same which had broken the perimeter defences at Bardia and Tobruk early in 1941; had foiled a German blitzkrieg in Greece and had come out unshaken and intact; and then had fought their hardest battle in Crete and Syria—was one of those which spent four months in Ceylon working out this new jungle warfare. They worked so hard on it that when they departed their memoranda were text-books on jungle fighting.

These men were among those who met the Japanese in New Guinea and pushed them back to Gona on the coast, using tactics they had worked out in Ceylon.

The lion's share of the fighting in the New Guinea campaign has been done not by *Yank's* Aussies, but by Australian veterans with three or four long, uncomfortable campaigns behind them; who have left men they fought with dead in Cyrenaica, Greece, Crete, and Syria. They judge themselves and the men they meet by their ability to do their jobs and their determination not to let their mates down. In this war, as in the last, this simple standard has produced rather better infantry than the Germans could put into the battle, either in France in 1918 or at El Alamein in 1942.

PUBLIC TASTE AND PRIVATE OPINION

Miss Bulley's judgment (Korero No. 6) is open to correction. An ornament need not necessarily be an integral part of the structure. For example, note the diving figure on the prow of a Maori war canoe. In this case a sense of mass need only balance when judged with the surroundings of the room. No chests of drawers are placed on a special stand and judged without a suitable background. There is only one place for the handles and key-holes—the most convenient for the user of the article. The fact that the mass is closer to the floor makes cleaning harder. The lower rail or bar is in the correct place for lightness and strength. The chest on the left is better because there is no attempt made at over-ornamentation.

Neither teapot is a " thing of beauty." The bottom is the better designed article. The wine-glass on the right is to be preferred because, even if the stem is thick, the curves blend better with the general design.

On the whole the article is timely, but the writer has overlooked two main points in modern life : (1) a general desire for simplicity in all art ; (2) art for art's sake must combine some measure of usefulness.

Cpl. J. Bethell

LAND-DEVELOPMENT

Many years ago a politician coined the slogan : " Go North, young man." He was referring to North Auckland or, as it is preferred—and I think wisely—by people there, " Northland," a constituency which he represented in the New Zealand House of Representatives.

For many years Northland has suffered from the stigma of being poor in the quality of its land and roads. In comparison with the length of its occupation, the birthplace of British settlement in New Zealand, it has not made the progress it deserves, and it is to be hoped that the thousands of young New-Zealanders who have served a term there in the Army and Air Force will have realized some of its still latent possibilities, especially those of them who desire to take up farming as a livelihood.

At once it will be said there is no land there worth farming, and in any case it is too hard to get at. This is but to repeat a popular and fallacious cry. Northland offers many valuable opportunities and a pleasing reward to those who will but look at it through practical eyes. Incidentally, as I have inferred already, it has been neglected, to a large extent, so long that there are many such opportunities still waiting. All that is required is a progressive policy of land development and settlement to meet the situation and open the way to the fellow of initiative and enterprise to get places as a farmer.

My purpose in writing this is not to " sell " the Northland, but, as one who has spent some time in land-development in several parts of the North Island and who is now reaching more mature years, if not wisdom, to draw attention to what is possible and worth-while to the young

men who are serving and have served in this war as I do in this and did in the last. More than this, we need more men on the land, even as we are bound to need more production from it. We need more production here and now, but all we can hope for in this is to stem the decline and in the course of the next two or three years regain the decrease we have suffered through one cause and another in recent years.

To put Jack Browne on Bill Jones' farm is not "land-settlement"—it is only land exchange, and, too often, adds nothing to our production from the land. And Bill Jones probably only takes the place of Tom Smith on some other farm, while Tom may give up farming altogether. How, then, are we to improve the position? There is only one logical way, and Northland provides a more complete answer than almost any other district in New Zealand—land-development (that is, to "break in" some of the more suitable areas of idle land so plentiful there).

There is little to be gained now in saying that such a project of land-development should have been undertaken in the early days of the war against the time when men returned to civil life. The fact remains it was not. Of course, the question arises, Is it too late now? I submit for your discussion that it is not too late. In the first place there is our need of greater production of primary produce, a need likely to be acute for many years to come, certainly while Britain and Europe are being rebuilt and re-established. Following and co-incident with this is our own need of "greater population," with some, at least, of this on the land. If we imagine that with the defeat of any overcrowded race we have freed ourselves of the likelihood of their resurgence, or their desire, if not demand, for more room for their peoples we delude ourselves and deny one of the cardinal principles for which we say we are fighting and which are laid down in the Atlantic Charter. If we desire to keep our little country in the occupation of "white" men—together with our "brown" Maori brothers—then we must see to it, and at once, that we make greater use of it. This can only be done by land development and settlement, about which so much has been said and written in the past, but which now should be brought to the stage of accomplishment.

Much of our idle acreage belongs to the State, and so has no more than a nominal value. Labour, machinery, both these are to be had, and will become more plentiful as time goes by. Roads, telephones, electricity, we have shown already what we can do in these. Housing, we can do this, too. But you may say: What about the surplus produce after Europe finds her feet again? My answer: That question is as old as farming in New Zealand. What is your answer?

"Trooper."

ANSWERS TO SPORTS QUIZ

1. Australia won it from America in 1939.

2. Six by Phillipson, Wanganui *v.* Taranaki in 1919. Minns, Auckland *v.* Southland in 1928. Dick, Trial Match in 1937. Gillespie, Wellington *v.* Marlborough in 1939.

3. In August, 1907. The Wellington meeting in July, 1907, was the last meeting for which dividends were published.

4. Taylor; Sullivan, Mitchell, Caughey; Hooper, Trevathan; Simon.

5. 452 not out by Bradman, N.S.W. *v.* Queensland, 1929–30.

6. The Rule reads " . . . that if the red is pocketed twice in succession, in one break, from the spot without the conjunction of another score, it shall be placed on the centre spot, or if that is occupied, on the pyramid spot; and should both these spots be occupied the red shall be replaced on the spot. If again pocketed, it shall be placed on the spot."

7. Johnson, Willard, Dempsey, Tunney, Schmeling, Sharkey, Carnera, Baer, Braddock, Louis.

8. Keith Voitre with 123 winners in 1932–33.

Timber

A KORERO Report

THERE WAS a moment's silence as the two bushmen stepped back from the base of the tall rimu. Just before, the natural silence of the bush had been broken by the rhythmic bite of their axes, the rasping of the saw, the thud of maul on wedge. Down the track we could hear, too, the rattle of the winch working the high lead, the signalling toots of its whistle, and the smash and thud of a drag of logs being hauled down to the tramway. Now there was a moment's silence as we stood watching the slim, straight tree stand defiant and proud for a dying instant, then topple slowly with a noise of splintering wood that grew to a crackle, then a crash, as it fell to its bed of saplings below. A swish of displaced branches, a fluttering of leaves, and we again became aware of the thud of axes and the toot of the distant whistle.

To the watching layman the felling of a tree seems sad. For the bushman it's all part of the day's work. But it is a strong antidote to sentimentality to know that from that tree will come some of the timber so urgently needed to house New-Zealanders. From the sap at the top of the trunk will mainly come O.B. to be used perhaps for linings. Further down the clean sap will provide Dressing A for ceilings and furniture. Nearer the base of the trunk the clean heart will provide various building timbers.

In South Westland stand New Zealand's greatest reserves of timber. Huge forests run up from the beaches to the foothills of the Alps and here the red and white pines, with a little totara and matai, are being felled to meet some of the Dominion's timber requirements. But even though the forests are extensive they are not inexhaustible; we cannot afford to fell bush haphazardly. It is the work of the State Forest Service to grant timber-cutting rights to private companies, who pay royalties of so much per hundred feet of timber taken. Since the forests are all on Crown lands the sawmillers obtain only the right to cut and remove the timber, and this they do under the supervision of the State Forest Service.

The Service selects an area for cutting and calls for tenders. The successful miller must cut out all the timber within a certain time, but must take care not to do irreparable harm to the young trees and undergrowth. Thus erosion can be avoided and the young forests conserved. For New Zealand's forests must be conserved if we are to meet the steady timber demands of industry. A glance at the map in the bulletin on soil erosion will show the serious depletion that has taken place over the last one hundred years, and, though afforestation schemes will provide for the future needs of the community to some extent, New Zealand will need to conserve her present stores carefully to supply the requirements of an intensive house-building scheme. Remember that 140,000 new houses are needed by 1958.

In South Westland the exotics, such as *Pinus radiata*, which are usually planted for re-afforestation, do not flourish. Here the need for conserving our most valuable reserves is even greater.

In the Bush

At the head of the tramway a track is cleared out into the bush, and along this track the logs are dragged in. The bushmen, working in pairs, first of all fell the trees handy to their line of communication. Theirs is a job requiring strength, skill, physical fitness, and, in South Westland, a complete disregard for rain.

Leaving the mills early in the morning, and their homes still earlier, they travel up the tramway for perhaps several miles to the railhead on a petrol-powered jigger. Then they clamber over smashed foliage and fallen logs to the stand of timber on which they are working. They might start work in oilskins and end up in trousers and singlet. What does a little external moisture matter when you are wet through with perspiration, anyhow? On the job they cut with axes a scarf in the tree to be felled. This is a sharp V, its depth depending on the girth of the tree to be cut. Its purpose is to direct the line of fall of the tree. With valuable timber it is necessary to be exceptionally accurate, as a bad fall might break the tree or other valuable trees still standing.

Next, the two bushmen attack the other side of the tree with a long crosscut saw, cutting into the point of the scarf. Before they reach it, a wedge is driven into the cut to keep it open, and then one handle of the saw is removed and it is pulled right through. A couple of smacks with the maul on the wedge and the tree begins to topple and crash.

The "fidler" cuts the logs into manoeuvrable lengths.

Then the tree is topped and any branches jutting out from the trunk low down are lopped off.

The next job is to get the logs in to the tramway. This is done by a low or high lead and is called "snigging." With a low lead or ground haul the logs are pulled along the track by cables from the steam-winch at the tramway. A "dee" is cut in the top of the log, and around this the cable is passed. This end is also roughly rounded by axe to assist it to slide over obstacles. Two logs may be hauled in on the one cable, and this is called a "drag." When the winchman applies the pressure in they come (or do they?) along the cleared track. The difficulty is that the logs will often stop at an obstruction and dig in, causing much fraying of the ropes and the bushmen's tempers.

These difficulties are largely overcome by an American method of "snigging," called the high lead or overhead. With this method there are two tall trees, one at the winch and one in the bush. An endless cable runs out to the bush tree, returning via another track along the ground. This endless cable is attached to a free block which travels on a cable high up between the two trees. The drag of logs is attached to a line from the block and the block is pulled in, bringing the logs with it. Should they catch on any obstruction they are lifted over it by the natural pull from the block above. The life of the cables is four times as long with the high lead. There is a proportionate effect on the life of the bushman's temper.

At the tramway head the logs are either rolled up slips and dropped on to the bogies or lifted at the point of balance by a cable running up over the winch-tree and dropped on to the bogies. These four-wheeled bogies are spaced according to the length of the logs and may carry five or six trunks.

When the load of logs is ready they are hauled down to the mill by the small steam "loco" along the 3 ft. 6in. gauge tramway.

Building these tramways is a big job in itself, for they must be well laid and then maintained. Cuttings are put in and small viaducts constructed. Some

The breaking-down bench.

tramways are so well laid that where they cross roads they might well be mistaken for the main railway-line.

At the Mill

After their trip down the tramway the logs are hauled up skids singly by winch to one end of the mill, where the "fidler" is waiting to cut them into manœuvrable lengths. This term applies to both the saw and the man who controls it. The saw is like a large handsaw except that it is power-driven. Its to-and-fro motion chops off the various lengths of the log for sawing into timber of required sizes. These roll down on to skids to await the breaking-down bench. This bench, as its name explains, breaks the logs down into "flitches." In the older mills two circular saws, one above the other, are used. In some modern mills huge bandsaws do the work.

The breaking-down bench in a mill where band saws are used is a fascinating piece of machinery. You marvel at the speed and accuracy with which the huge logs are sliced up. In some ways it's like an outsize bacon-slicing machine.

The bench itself, a platform 8 ft. wide and 20 ft. long, is on wheels and runs up and down a short tramway past the stationary saw. Speeding back to the skids where the logs are stacked, the bench slows up and stops. A flick of a couple of levers and the "kickers" holding the logs spin round, sending a log up against the bench. A toothed upright shoots up from the floor and rolls and pins the log securely against the four uprights on the near edge of the bench, holding it there until the man on the bench spikes it firmly to the bench. Then the "nigger," as it is called, disappears again into the floor. The man on the bench leaps over to his control dial, the sawyer beside the speeding band of steel throws over a lever, and the bench, plus log, moves down on to the saw.

It is now the sawyer's job to decide into what widths he is going to slice the log. He knows what the mill orders are from a list on the wall beside him, but the miracle is that without a moments' hesitation he signals in a special deaf-and-dumb language to the man on the bench, who, by spinning his control dial, moves the log nearer or further away from the saw. Then with a screech the saw bites into the end of the log, screams its way through, and off drops a length to be handed on to the breast bench for more specialized treatment.

Back speeds the breaking-down bench, up shoots the nigger, kicking the log round so that another slice can be taken from it. A finger sign from the sawyer, appropriate adjustment on the bench, and again the band saw bites into the now slimmer log.

You could stand a long time watching this nimble machine and its equally nimble operators as it speeds to and fro over that short 30 ft. of track.

The "flitches," as they are called in the mill, are carried on revolving rollers let into the floor, down to the breast benches. There are four of these benches in the largest mills, and the delivery-line down which the flitches are carried is so arranged as to feed all four. A lever-boy stands in the middle of the mill and with his controls operates "kickers" let into the floor at intervals along the delivery-line. These kickers throw the flitches off on to skids beside the breast benches, where rollers carry them down to the saw.

The breast-saw work is done by two men, one in front of, and one behind, the

circular saw. The head sawyer in front of the saw is the most skilled man in the mill, for he has to decide, with due regard to the order requirements, how to use each flitch to the greatest advantage. In other words, he must decide whether the flitch will best provide 4 x 2's or 6 x 1's or 4 x 4's, bearing in mind the quality of the timber he is handling. And, like the sawyer on the breaking-down bench, he must decide in a hurry. There is no time to measure and mark the flitch, and there is no point in finishing up with a size of timber of no use to any one.

So with a confidence born of long experience he seizes a flitch, measures it with his eye, knocks his gauge over a peg or two, and runs the flitch through the saw to his mate on the other side. This man, the tailer-out, throws the sawn length behind him with his left hand and slides the rest of the flitch along the table back to the sawyer with his right. This is run through again and again until sawn into the required sizes.

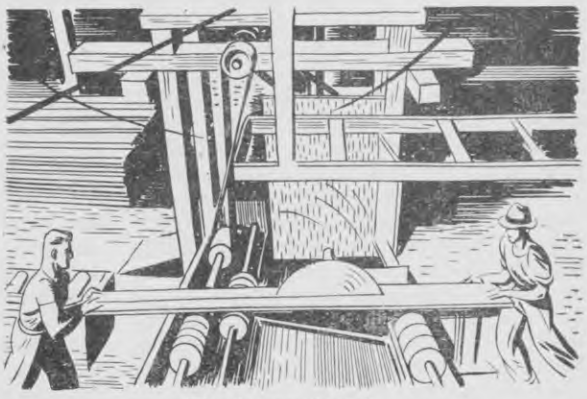
There may be an odd piece of timber over, perhaps a piece near the bark which is of no use except as firewood. This slab is thrown to one side and in the smaller mills cut into short lengths to be used by the locals to fire the family copper. Where the mill is steam-powered most of these pieces are used to feed the mill boilers.

In the larger modern mills many of the pieces are used as "hoggings." They are thrown into a chute called a "hog," in the bottom of which are a number of knives revolving at high speed. These chew the timber into small pieces, and it is taken away on a form of conveyer belt to be fed into the boilers.

The system of delivery-line which feeds the flitches to the breast benches is duplicated in another carrying the sawn lengths down from the breast benches to what is called the "docking" table. All rollers lead ultimately to this table, where the sawn lengths are deposited on a large portion of the floor of the mill into which thin conveyer belts are set. These belts carry the lengths up to stops where they are automatically trued up against one side. Then off they go over two saws set in the floor. One saw chops off pieces too long at one end, and then, by reversing the rollers, the lengths are trued against the other side and passed over the other saw. Thus the lengths are trimmed to four sizes and pass on until they come to their appropriate bin, into which they fall on the shortest-first-the-longest-last principle.

The modern mills are set up on 12 ft. stilts in order to give the necessary fall to the timber and get it away from the mill-floor quickly. Hoggings, slabs, and sawn lengths all disappear below the mill-floor and are despatched quickly to their various places. The sawn lengths are stacked outside the mill to await delivery by rail to the customer.

One of the smaller mills, unusual in that it is electrically powered, possesses a dressing-mill which dresses the sawn timber. This mill is as quiet as a country road after a city street when compared with the main mill. Here individual lengths are run through planing-machines to emerge smooth and trim. One machine planes only one side at a time; another dresses all four. A suction pump above each machine draws off the shavings along a pipe-line to a furnace some fifty yards away. Since fire is a big hazard in these mills the plan is to separate buildings as much as possible so as to avoid the danger of a fire spreading.



The breast bench.

An interesting section of any mill is the "saw-doctor's" shop. Here an expert sharpens and attends to the mill's armament just as an armourer tends to an army's weapons. And he is every bit as skilled. In the bigger mills the circular saws are set on a disk and revolve just so far each couple of seconds. As the disk stops a mechanical arm draws a rasp across one of the saw's teeth and then rises and waits for the next to come round. So the saw can be put into position, the machine set to work, and the "saw-doctor" return half an hour later to find his saw sharpened. Not so with the band saws. Each tooth of their whole 40 ft. must be done by hand.

At one mill they were selecting from their stacks of 4 x 2's and 6 x 4's and 4 x 1's and all an order for the girls hostel of the Y.W.C.A., Nelson. At another they were fulfilling an order for the Housing Department for Christchurch. Everywhere it was the same story—timber is wanted in a hurry. Everywhere it was the mills motto—"Timber's got to go down the railway to-day."

BELGIAN UNDERGROUND

As told to DON EDDY for the *American Magazine*, February, 1944

WHEN THE Germans stormed into Belgium, I was in Paris on government business. My wife, Marie, and our children, Lucienne, the daughter, then aged nine, and Claude, aged three, were at home in Antwerp. I managed to reach Marie on the telephone. I advised her, "Take the youngsters in the car, and drive to Biarritz. Wait there for me. Do you hear?" She replied, "Yes. Biarritz. Shall I——?" At that instant, the phone went dead.

I had to remain in Paris at my job. No word came from Marie. The catastrophe at Dunkerque ended my usefulness. As the Nazi tanks rolled into Paris, I joined three companions in an automobile and plunged into the torrents of refugees streaming southward. Three days later, after being bombed and strafed, I reached Biarritz, on the French coast just above Spain. I found Marie, the children, and our little dog, Fifi, in a small pension. Marie and I talked all night. Where could we go?

It was Marie who made the decision: "It seems cowardly to run away. And we can't stay here. So——"

"So we'll go home," I concluded.

We heard in mid-morning that the Germans were occupying all the French coast. We piled into the car, already heaped with belongings, and struck inland, slowly weaving a tortuous trail northward, sleeping where nightfall found us, drawing ever nearer to Belgium. My family was magnificent.

One noon we came to a barricade guarded by German soldiers. The commander was a cocksure young fellow. He listened impassively as I explained our wish to return to Belgium. Before he could speak, I placed 500 francs on the edge of his chair. "For the toll charge," I said, as though it were perfectly normal. He dropped one of his gloves over the money and said loudly, "It is impossible. This road is closed." And then, softly, "Go back 200 yards and take the lane to the left. It leads around the barricade." Fifteen minutes later we were on our way . . .

We drove two days through fantastic scenes cluttered with dead horses, looted towns, gutted farms. We passed the grotesque remnants of a column of refugees, a perambulator standing amidst the bodies. German soldiers were digging in a field. Their arms were bloody.

At nightfall we came to a town. It was forbidden to pass after dark. A German soldier led us to a looted house and assigned us a room. It seemed most courteous, until next morning, when we found our car robbed of everything of value.

We stopped beside the road for lunch, but were interrupted by the passage of an armoured column. We heard them laughing and shooting after they passed. Hurriedly, we drove on.

*

Up to that time, you must comprehend, we were more confused then resentful. Like most Europeans, we were accustomed to the thought of war as a distressing but inevitable phase of existence, more political than personal. Of the old war, I remembered only the excitement. As a man I had known some Germans. They did not seem to me as the Nazis seem now—monsters incarnate, beastly creatures to be exterminated with unrelenting thoroughness and an utter absence of compunction.

That cold anger grew as we reached my father's estate near Antwerp. German troops had used one wing as a brothel. In all other rooms, obviously done with deliberate contempt, were heaps of human offal. The cellars had been looted of the choicest wines: the rest had been smashed. China and crystal had been hurled against the walls. It was a shambles.

Our house in the city had escaped harm, although my business was wiped out. We tried to take up our life. Food became the paramount problem. Two pounds of tea cost $50; a loaf of bread, $2; two pounds of beef, $5; gasoline, $3 a quart. These were Black Market prices. The Germans ran the Black Market. They would post ceiling prices for the shopkeepers, then refuse to give the shopkeepers enough to sell. But German officers would sell anything, at 10 to 1,000 times the ceiling price. They would even have soldiers deliver purchases to the door.

In larger matters, they tried to cloak their depredations with a disarming suavity. If they wanted a man's business, building, residence, motor-car, they politely served legal documents and agreeably held conferences. Of course, they always got what they wanted. They have abandoned this mockery now.

But the problem of living, just living, surpasses belief. Malnutrition is the national ailment. The most pitiful victims are the children. I thank God each night that my friends in the Underground are watching over my own youngsters until the hour of liberation. . . .

As weeks passed, I feared I was going mad. Sleep became impossible; my nerves were fraying raw. The Germans—just their presence, the look of them, their arrogant insolence, their green uniforms, their placards on the walls, their diabolical hypocrisy—became intolerable. It was like living in a cage of monstrous beasts that played with us, taunted us, as a cat plays with a mouse.

Our neighbour was an old gentleman, almost 75. He staunchly refused to truckle to the Germans. One day he borrowed a bicycle and rode into the country, where he bought a small bag of potatoes from a farmer. Returning, he was caught by a German road patrol. They beat him insensible and threw him out of a car at his doorstep. He died that night.

I called upon the wisest, kindest man I ever knew. He had been one of my professors. I talked myself out. When I finished, he said quitely, "I have been waiting for a man like you. We must fight." We talked until midnight, making plans. That was the beginning of the Underground. Our first helpers were three of his young relatives.

From that night, the sight of the Germans annoyed me no more. I could even smile at them—anything, to get what I wanted. This is an odd thing, and I want you to comprehend. It is something that happens inside a man. He becomes a dual personality. On the one hand, he is solid, sedate, prosaic; on the other, he is an avenging spirit in whom the flame of resistence is a slow

and steady fire, burning deep and warm, never going out.

It is not like the cinema. We do not fight for glory or adventure. We fight because the urge is in us, driving us on; because it is a way to express ourselves and to help others. We do not use a yardstick to measure the fitness of those we select to fight beside us: we use a thermometer, plunged into their hearts. If the flame is there, they are worthy to become patriots.

We built slowly, one man at a time, striving for quality, not quantity. Other groups sprang up. We affiliated. To-day, we are legion. To-day Belgium seethes and boils with resistance. Almost a fourth of the total population works actively in the Underground; the rest are passively helpful, doing what they can.

*

We are two organized groups; the Armed Front and the Psychological Front. Each has its leaders. Both fronts work under a unified command which, in Belgium itself, has no fixed headquarters. To-day, it may be a residence in Brussels; to-morrow, a dentist's office in Antwerp or Liege. We work along military lines. If one command post is cut off, another takes over. If I were to die to-night, another man would step into my place. The flame never flickers; resistance never ceases.

Of the Armed Front, I can assure you it is one of the best small armies in the world. Its members are farmers, tradesmen, teamsters. By night they are mobile, well-equipped troops trained to strike with deadly speed and skill.

At the outset, our only weapon was psychology. We determined to combat German propaganda inside Belgium. To that end, *La Libre Belgique*, the clandestine newspaper of the last war, was born again. It is delivered by volunteers, of whom scores have been caught. We have had to move our printing-plant many times. But the paper has never failed to come out on time. I am proud that a copy of every issue has been placed on the desk of General von Falkenhausen, Nazi military chief of Belgium and northern France.

Our most vicious opponent was Paul Colin, a renegade editor whose paper, *Nouveau Journal*, was a Nazi mouthpiece. We decided Colin must be exterminated. Volunteers were called. A few days later he was shot and killed. A boy of nineteen was arrested and tortured. All joints of his hands and feet were broken. He was then hanged.

Earlier atrocities had led to the formation of the Armed Front. Now men begged to avenge that boy. But we needed more weapons. We had contact with our friends in England through a secret system. We asked them to send guns, ammunition, explosives. The answer came: "Be at a certain place on a certain night."

We were there. It was a farming district. We heard heavy firing far away; the clump of exploding bombs. Soon we heard air-plane motors overhead. We flashed the signal with our electric torches. The planes swept away; returned. We saw the blur of opening parachutes. We gathered up the bundles and hid them. We cut up the parachutes converting the cloth to practical uses. Thus we maintain our arsenal.

Soon after, the Germans took over a factory to produce an improved type of airplane propeller. It was surrounded with barbed wire, soldiers and dogs. We notified England. Nothing happened. We grew restless; made a plan. The only Belgian permitted inside the gates was the milkman. He was not very clever, so we furnished him a strong young helper who spoke German. He listened to the Germans and reported what they said.

One hot day the milk truck blew out a tire as it passed a doorway of the factory. The milkman and his helper had to take out a dozen big milk-cans to find the tire tools. They set the cans just inside the factory, in the shade. Just as they finished repairing the tire, the young man walked to the milk-cans as though to return them to the truck. Instead, he struck a match. There was a blast of flame, a series of explosions. They were filled with high-test gasoline stolen from the Germans. The factory burned to the ground. Both men got away. The younger was burned and wounded by bullet, but we sent both to England that night.

We get many quiet laughs. Once we had some new incendiaries to test. A volunteer decided to be practical. He tossed an incendiary inside a Nazi army truck he found, apparently deserted, on a side street. But he had failed to strike the fuse properly. As the bomb banged into the truck, a German soldier and his girl popped out, both in dishabille. We wrote to England: "Our new incendiaries have more fire than a German romance."

We laughed, too, about the stoves. A whole trainload of stoves was awaiting shipment to the Russian front last fall. Our patriots in the railway system shuffled the shipping orders, and the stoves went to the sunny Riviera, where I am sure they did the Germans no good whatever. . . .

*

German soldiers are stupid animals. But the Gestapo is infernally clever. I do not know when they began to suspect me, but I have an idea.

One day I was taking a suit of clothes to the apartment of a Patriot who was hiding an Allied airman. I was wearing it under my own suit. As I entered the elevator, five tall, blond Germans shouldered in. I knew the type—the Gestapo. They asked for the apartment of my friend. Hastily, I asked for a higher floor. I went back down and waited across the street. The five Germans came down with my friend and another man who I suppose was the airman. We never heard from them again. I believe the Gestapo marked me down that day for future investigation.

Later, I was to meet one of our subchiefs in another city. He telephoned me in the morning and said, "What was the name of that toothache medicine you use? We have had toothaches in this house three days. They left us this morning, but we are afraid they may return." I understood; we often used that sort of double-talking. The Gestapo had been there three days and might come back. I had to think fast. I said, "I have some of that medicine. I'll bring it to your house."

I went there, carrying a bottle of medicine. As I entered, I took a pad from my pocket and wrote: "Say nothing. Where is the phone?" We went to his study. I unscrewed the telephone box. Inside was a tiny microphone. I burned the note and left the house. Next day, my friend and his wife had a loud argument about expenses, during which he called the telephone company and asked to have the instrument removed as he could no longer afford it. But the damage had been done. I thought I felt eyes watching me constantly.

That week I came into possession of a highly important document for transmission to England. Fearful for my safety, my wife insisted upon keeping it until a messenger came for it. She concealed it in her clothing. That afternoon, as she went to a friend's home for tea, a German soldier opened the door and yanked her inside. He marched her to the library, where the others were guarded by troopers. The Gestapo was searching the house.

My wife is resourceful. After a few moments she asked to be permitted to go to the lavatory. One of the soldiers said, "I'll have to go with you." They went down the hall. The German said, "You must leave the door open." Marie stared at him haughtily. She flared, "I'll do nothing of the sort!" Then she swept in, slammed the door, and locked it. While the soldier battered on the panels, she flushed the document down the drain into oblivion. Fortunately, her only punishment was a tongue-lashing. I shudder to think how much worse it might have been.

We both felt that our usefullness in Belgium was drawing to a close. . . .

How we reached America is of small consequence. It was not exciting. On the contrary, we found ourselves expected and welcomed. We worked in other countries for a little time, perfecting our courier system, arranging better methods for supplies to reach our comrades inside Belgium. I had a great deal of information to pass to the proper authorities. Then I was ordered to the United States, since part of the material for the Belgian Underground now emanates here. As I write, I am expecting to be ordered back into Europe. There is much, so much, to be done. . . .

PROSE AND POETRY COMPETITION

HERE ARE the awards in the prose and poetry competitions organized by the Army Education Welfare Service in conjunction with the National Broadcasting Service, :—

Radio Play (first prize 20 guineas, second prize 10 guineas).—Sergeant J. Gundry, 2 N.Z.E.F.I.P., "Strange Harmony," and Sergeant G. E. Windsor, 2 N.Z.E.F.I.P., "New Frontiers," equal 1.

Commended: 2/Lt. J. C. Reid, H.Q. N.M.D., "Slumbering Fire," and S/Sgt. A. B. Alexander, Featherston, "Road to Warsaw."

Short Story (first prize 10 guineas, second prize 5 guineas).—Recorder H. R. Cross, R.N.Z.N., "Commission of Enquiry," 1; Private T. E. Woodward, 2 N.Z.E.F.I.P., "Soldiers of the King," 2.

Commended: W.A.L. Darry McCarthy, W.A.A.F. Hostel, Auckland, "Veneer"; Gunner J. F. McDougall, 2 N.Z.E.F.I.P., "The Coins"; Barry Kirkland, Wellington, "Conflict"; Gunner Elizabeth Parsons, Wellington, "So Wot."

Descriptive Sketch (first prize 10 guineas, second prize 5 guineas).—Private D. D. Riley, 2 N.Z.E.F.I.P., "An Afternoon in a Main Dressing Station During Action," 1; Private D. M. Saker, 2 N.Z.E.F.I.P., "Ecole des Soeurs," 2.

Commended: Private T. E. Woodward, 2 N.Z.E.F.I.P., "The Lighter Side," "Going Up," and "Night Duty"; Private D. M. Saker, 2 N.Z.E.F.I.P., "Our Gendarmerie"; Electrical Artificer F. E. Goddard, R.N.Z.N., "Welcome Stranger"; Gunner D. W. Neild, Napier, "Home Defence."

Narrative Poem (first prize 10 guineas, second prize 5 guineas).—Sergeant J. Gundry 2 N.Z.E.F.I.P., "Route March," 1; Corporal L. M. Buick-Constable, 2 N.Z.E.F.I.P., "Galloping Priest of Bourail," 2.

Highly commended: L.A.C. W. T. C. Sutherland, R.N.Z.A.F., "The Simple Country Lad"; Sergeant A. S. M. Hely, 2 N.Z.E.F.I.P., "Field-General Court Martial."

Commended: F/O M. P. Byrnes, R.N.Z.A.F., "One of the Few."

Lyric Poem (first prize 10 guineas, second prize 5 guineas).—Corporal W. J. McEldowney, R N.Z.A.F., N.Z.A.P.O. 356, "Leaving Home," 1; Sergeant J. Gundry, 2 N.Z.E.F.I.P., "Requiem." 2.

Highly commended: L.A.C. A. A. Murray-Oliver, R.N.Z.A.F., group of lyrics; L.A.C. A. F. Cunningham, R.N.Z.A.F., "Ground Crews"; Corporal J. M. Laird, Wellington, group of lyrics.

Commended: Sergeant A. S. M. Hely, 2 N.Z.E.F.I.P., "Reconnaissance Patrol"; Sergeant C. B. Sage, 2 N.Z.E.F.I.P., "Discoverer"; Corporal L. M. Buick-Constable, 2 N.Z.E.F.I.P., "Symphony for Sunday" and "New Caledonia"; Gunner W. L. Colvin, Dunedin, "Mournin' Glory" and "Ancient and Modern"; Private G. F. Eyre, 2 N.Z.E.F.I.P., "Bourail Headland, Necal"; Private J. Smith, 2 N.Z.E.F.I.P., "My Little Man" and "Do You Find Me"; Lieutenant L. E. Vernazoni, D.C.M., "I Saw a Radiant Morn" and "He Was Mine"; F/O A. McCredie, R.N.Z.A.F., "Dunkirk, 1940"; W.A.1 E. P. Herbert, R.N.Z.A.F., "Lyric of Hope"; Captain L. M. Enting, Auckland, "Will You Remember"; Sapper H. E. Hooper, 2 N.Z.E.F.I P., "Song in Exile," "Lagoon by Moonlight," and "Madrigal"; 2/Lt E. S. Swete, 2 N.Z.E.F.I.P., "The Other View"; L.A.C. John Child, Otago, "Landscape"; Corporal G. M. Elliott, Auckland, "Paterangi Road"; Sergeant C. B. Sage, 2 N.Z.E.F.I.P., "The Higgins Boat"; S/Sgt. J. J. P. Nee, Ngaruawahia, group of poems (6); Major A. H. Bogle, N.Z.A.P.O. 200, "The Maoriland Lass"; Captain P. H. W. Nevill, Christchurch, "To Daphne, Wife of Hilarion, a Daughter"; Signalman S. Longworth, Dunedin, "We Shall Not Forget"; Corporal D. J. Joyce, Christchurch, "Presence in Absence"; A.C. 1 A. H. Falconer, Wellington, "Kiwi Bren Gunner"; Gunner V. M. Norman, Wellington, group of poems; Sergeant E. F. C. Hefford, Wellington, "Aftermath"; D. Burger, R.N.Z.A.F., group of poems; Sergeant G. E. Windsor, 2 N.Z.E.F.I.P., group of poems; Private D. G. Shaw, Balclutha, "Spring Song"; Driver G. E. Allen, "Vella Lavella" and "Carry On, Cobbers."

E. V. PAUL, Government Printer, Wellington