

in the street and cry out 'Ma ree ee a' and then commence a creche scramble to disentangle the assorted offspring who answer the roll-call. A popular diversion on the part of the rude foreign soldiery is also to cry out 'Ma ree ee a' in the still watches of the night (when these can be found) and then await results. A well-delivered cry of this nature is guaranteed to populate every window and window-balcony in a block.

"The leading industry is growing vines and selling vino. This last may be had in all grades from *multo buono* to lousy. Rude foreign soldiery drinking the latter become even more rude. Those drinking the former become insensible"

Identified

Much as in the days of the French Revolution, when there was a very popular inquiry, "Who is Pimpernel?", so was indentification sought for Johnny Enzed's creator, anonymous to all but a few. Recently, however, a collection of the columns has been published in New Zealand under the title "Johnny Enzed in the Middle East," and the author is

identified as E. G. Webber, of Rotorua, who recently returned to New Zealand after four years' service overseas.

Captain Webber wrote his first Johnny Enzed column in the sixth issue of *N.Z.E.F. Times* (August 4, 1941) and, in his own words, has "continued to beat out these belles-lettres on tom-toms, anvils, dixie lids, and Army typewriters ever since."

Johnny Enzed's creator makes no claims for the column other than hoping "that this collection of ill-assorted facts and observations may prove a not altogether depressing record of some aspects of life in the 2nd N.Z.E.F.," at the same time freely admitting that "any similarity between characters and persons wholly or partially living is intentional." For thousands of New Zealand servicemen, however, there was no question of retribution against the character, pictured with tilted hat and pendant cigarette, who spoke for the private soldier. To them there was no question of an outrage against the public weal. Johnny Enzed was a Dig among Digs, their representative and champion, and the greatest quality they saw in him was that he made them laugh at their own vexations, prejudices, and the constant trials of a rigorous campaigning life in the field.

REACTIONS FROM FIGHTING

"One got skilled in avoiding being hit, and as time went on our casualties became fewer, though we were desperately tired and thought less about personal danger. But we had acquired a kind of sixth sense and somehow did the right things automatically. In moments of half dozing, whilst manning my attic position, I felt terribly pleased and grateful for this newly discovered ability. No one can know or can influence his reactions to great personal danger beforehand. And this feeling of pride and pleasure compensated a little for the hatefulness of the whole bloody business. I hate war, I can't stop thinking of the

friends and relatives of anyone who has been hit. I know the Germans. I have seen them do the most vile and frightful things. I know that they have destroyed millions of Jews and political opponents. But I do not enjoy killing or wounding any one. Once I'm forced to fight, however, the whole affair becomes a matter of skill and a job that needs all my powers of concentration. I no longer consider the effect it has on my opponent."—This paragraph is reprinted from *Arnhem Lift, Diary of a Glider Pilot*, an eye-witness account of the famous landing of the 1st Airborne Division at Arnhem in September, 1944. The author is anonymous.