

GUINEA GOLD

No. 1

WEEKEND SUPPLEMENT

March 14, 1943

Now You Can Have Your Say

THIS is the first issue of "Guinea Gold's" weekend supplement which, from now on, will be published each Sunday.

While its size and appearance must be governed by limitations of materials and equipment, it is hoped to develop something which will be informative as well as entertaining.

It is thought, too, that with a little extra space available, personnel on the island should be given an opportunity to express themselves. Therefore, a section will be reserved each week for Service contributions, and for the expression (within security limits) of the views of servicemen or servicewomen on any topical subject.

It is felt that such a section may help to develop literary talent. It will also give men (and women) with literary aspiration an interest in their spare time.

But, here is a word of warning: Space is limited, and competition for what there is of it will be keen. So contributions will have to be good to make the grade; and in the case of poetry they will have to be particularly good. The supplement cannot be allowed to become a jingle-sheet.

Keep everything short. "Guinea Gold" is probably the world's smallest tabloid daily. It cannot afford to run to length about anything less important than the shooting of Hitler or the collapse of the Axis.

Within these limitations, the columns of the Week-end Supplement are open to you. If you think you can write, let us hear from you. Who knows? We may find a genius!

Manuscript should be addressed to the Editor, "Guinea Gold," Moresby Area. Contributions will be returned only if accompanied by a properly addressed envelope.

Melody on Broadway

AUSTRALIAN airmen who visit New York—and most of those who train in Canada—manage the trip—enjoy something "right out of the box" in the way of entertainment these days.

IN what was a "speakeasy" known as the Little Club during the flamboyant prohibition days, some of the most prominent people in the American theatre have opened the Stage Door Canteen in 44th Street. Here Allied servicemen can enjoy—without spending a cent—dancing, refreshments, and the cream of Broadway's musical shows.

The building was obtained rent free, and donations of labor enabled a \$6500 renovation job to be done for \$66. Press agents, ushers, wardrobe mistresses, directors, playwrights, producers and dance bands are giving their services free, and talent has poured in from radio, grand opera, films and vaudeville.

Running the canteen has become a big business undertaking, but all officers are honorary except two who have full-time jobs. Although the club holds comfortably only 500 at a time, as many as 2700 have been guests during a seven-hours' period. The week's record attendance to date is 15,000.

Broadway shows each have their night at the canteen, and some of the world's best artists appear there.

PRIESTS' DRAMATIC MYSTICISM KEEPS JAPAN'S 'DEATH FASHION' FLOURISHING

ROMANCE OF THE CENTURY



THE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR, the most discussed woman of 1936, flashed back into the news this week. American United Press sent a correspondent, Jeanne Bellamy, all the way from New York to the Bahamas "to see how the romance of the century" was faring under war-time conditions. She found Duke and Duchess happy and extremely devoted to each other after nearly three years of marriage. The Duchess was formerly Wallis Warfield, an American.

By Peter V. Russo, Former Professor at Tokio University—Condensed From the Melbourne "Herald"

BEFORE leaving for the front, Private Ozaki took the precaution of killing his mother, wife and three children

As he explained at the inquiry, he felt that if he had to go on worrying about a dependent family, he would not be able to do justice to the war and die cheerfully for the Emperor.

Although there was praise for Private Ozaki's patriotic motives, there were some who thought that the way he had chosen to settle his household affairs could not be considered strictly economical.

THE old mother did not matter very much, of course, but the wife was young enough to have been capable of producing several more children for the war effort, whether Private Ozaki was about or not.

And, what was really alarming, Private Ozaki's sentimental action was having repercussions all over the country. A young wife stabbed herself with the family dirk and, in the inevitable farewell letter, expressed her hearty approval of the Ozaki method of relieving the pre-occupations of the fighting men. She hoped that more conscientious wives would follow her example and save their husbands the time and trouble of getting in first.

An old couple immediately followed suit, but with the different explanation that they were going prematurely to their ancestors because they were afraid that their son might return alive from the wars, and they would not be able to bear the shame.

To prevent what was known as the patriotic-suicide-to-console-soldier wave from spreading, the War Office officially announced that it regarded the vogue not only as selfish but as against national ethics. People should not commit suicide unless they were absolutely assured of their total disability, and soldiers resorting to Ozaki's easy way out would in future be severely reprimanded.

THROUGH Japan's history we find ingrained in the people this morbid cult of death, this estimation of life as a purely physical value that becomes sublime only when it is discarded.

And from this attitude has derived the custom of kari-kari as the highest form of self-justification, the implications of face and honor that cause a student who has failed in examination to make a trip of several hundred miles so that he can leap into the Mihara crater, the impulses that cause a dismissed servant to spend her last night in the house of her employer asphyxiating herself in the gas oven.

These Japanese manifestations appear to be natural traits, the result of centuries of social urge. It was the Army that first moulded such diseased introspection into heroic form and gave it the potency of a war weapon.

By careful indoctrination, militarism guided the Japanese readiness to die into higher channels of inspiration. From the pages of synthetic history arose a divine emperor and a World Mission, in the services of which every Japanese could find

the Nirvana his inadequate soul desired.

But it was not enough that a Japanese should merely risk his life for the cause. He should actually court death, for it was not until he was dead that his spirit could be enshrined at Yasukuni-Jinja—the Vallhalla of Japan—and become a patron deity of the nation.

Fond parents farewelling their sons departing for the front do not, therefore, express hopes that the fighting members of the family will ever return. That would be almost an obscenity. The stereotyped departing words are: "I hope to see you at the Yasukuni Shrine."

It would be far-fetched to assume that all of Japan's fighting forces are impregnated with this mystic craving for immolation on the field of battle. There is much evidence to show—from Japanese diaries even—that normal instincts of fear and self-preservation frequently shatter the conditioned reflexes of militarism. But there is also little doubt that the average Japanese soldier, before his departure for foreign battlefield, strives conscientiously to absorb the Army tenet that the culmination of achievement is enshrinement at Yasukuni and not safe return to home and family.

And it would require a recalcitrant soul indeed not to respond to the dramatic mysticism of a deification ceremony at the Yasukuni (country-protecting) shrine.

Here in May and October every year, are performed the rites of dedication for all those whose lives have been accepted (not "sacrificed") in the cause of nationhood. And the Shinto priests, after many centuries of practice in ritual voodoo, can put on an elaborate pantomime of mumbo jumbo, sacred gibberish, occult incantation and hysterical exhortation such as is not often found in Occidental countries.

Bonfires, lighted and extinguished at ritual intervals, branches of the sacred sakaki tree, priestly groans and wails in the inner sanctuary, combine to produce in the thousands of young recruits paraded outside the shrine a fanatical urge to take a leading part in the ceremonies as soon as possible. To do that they must die on the battlefield.

Not courage as we know it impels the Japanese to feats of suicidal valor. Life meant little enough to him at any time. He is stimulated rather by an awful, driving fear, a dread that his conduct may infringe the code which has made him a "superior being," which ensures him, through death, a permanent and hallowed niche in the national Olympus.

Portrait Of A Monster

ABLES during the week told of the return of Von Bock to the inner councils of the German High Command. Here's a good look at Hitler's "total assault specialist," who has probably led more Germans to death than any other man.

FIELD MARSHAL MORITZ ALBERT FRANZ FRIEDRICH FEDOR VON BOCK is a cold-eyed, thin-lipped, stony-hearted monster. He is also a thoroughly capable and completely ruthless commander.

It is hard to explain to normal Australians and Americans in Bock's special qualities of character. He is the product of a system, a tradition and a way of life entirely foreign to anything we know. He is not a Nazi in the political sense; if he has any political orientation at all, it is pro-monarchy, and specifically pro-Hohenzollern.

But he has avoided political involvements, schemes, putsches and purges. He probably regards the Nazis as just so many unstable sentimentalists, and, from his own point of view, that judgment would be eminently justified. Measured against Bock's glacial ruthlessness, Adolf Hitler looks like an resolute soft-hearted, Goering like a toothless old sheepdog, Himmler like a semi-skilled amateur in bloodshed.

Von Bock, above all else, is a Prussian officer. He is perhaps the perfect and final flowering of his kind. He recognizes no virtues save the military virtues of courage, power, confidence and the implacable will to conquest. His guiding passion is the fanatical belief that every real man must be a soldier, and that every soldier MUST die on the field of battle; he cannot properly die anywhere else.

Von Bock's nickname in Germany is *Der Sterber*. This has been wrongly translated as *The Killer*. Actually, it means *The Dier*. It was a piece of irony hung on him years ago by his fellow officers, who delighted in baiting their frozen-faced contemporary into another harangue on the necessity of serving the Fatherland by dying in combat.

According to his own lights, the man is a patriot, serving his Fatherland under the present regime as he served it under the senile Hindenburg, the hamstrung Weimar Republic, the wrong-guessing Hohenzollerns. And he is consistent in his mania, carrying his theoretical austerity into his daily life. He prefers a wooden chair to an upholstered chair, a camp cot to a mattress, garrison food to hotel fare. He scorns anything in the nature of popularity and has an active dislike of public attention.

He cordially despises all civilians, and probably dislikes journalists more than any other species of the non-military human. And his harshness in public is legendary. Once he primanded a younger officer who had unbent a bit too much in public, snapping: "An officer does not forget his duties—not even in bed."

Today, at 61, von Bock is more in character than ever. He is a gaunt, bony, hard-bitten man, just beginning to creep. He has fairly prominent cheek-bones—which would seem to lend some credence to rumors that there is a strong streak of Russian or Slavic blood in his family. His lips are narrow and unsmiling, as are his eyes, usually described as jet-black, beady, or snaky. He has a jutting jaw. His hair is greying.

Ordinary people who have had a good look at him within the last few years say they can't imagine him as a young cadet, and refuse to believe that this personage ever could have been a baby. The facts are against them, however. All standard reference works agree that Fedor von Bock was born in the usual way on December 3, 1880, in Kustrin, Brandenburg.

Von Bock's father was a bred-in-the-bone soldier who sent his son, at the age of 10, to begin his military cadetship. Fedor took to the life from the first. He thrived on the Prussian regimen, was commissioned in the Gardekorps and as a captain assigned to the General Staff in 1914. He did staff service on the Eastern Front, got a bellyful of routine, and finally got his chance for action in command of an infantry battalion in France, later becoming second staff officer and aide to the Crown Prince, who became his close friend.

He wound up the war a major, but promotion went slowly during the years of the Republic. It wasn't until 1929 that he was jumped from colonel to major-general and placed in charge of the 1st Cavalry Division.

Hitler himself seems to have noted von Bock early in the game, and to have admired his truculent militarism. He invited the general with great courtesy, sent him a special invitation to attend his inauguration as Chancellor, and made him head of the new German Military Academy in 1935. Hitler once commented that "Nobody in the whole world but von Bock can teach soldiers to die."

In 1905, von Bock married Molly von Reichenbach, daughter of another noble and warlike house. She died in 1910, leaving one daughter who married in 1928 and now lives in Berlin. Von Bock deeply resented the fact that his wife did not give him a son to carry on the line. He has never been known to mention her, his daughter, or his second wife in public. Once when the subject rose inadvertently, he shut off with the comment, "Women are not important."

The name of his second wife as well as the date of the wedding are not listed in any reference work. A son born through this marriage must be 16 or 17 now. He was being rushed through an officers' training course last year.

In this war, the Field Marshal has won much territory and gained some great victories, but only at appalling cost. So long as Hitler can find the men, however, von Bock unquestionably is ready to show them how to die. Meanwhile, the war goes on, and there are many battles yet to be fought. Fedor von Bock, *Der Sterber*, often has said that he looks forward to the moment of his own heroic and spectacular death on the battlefield.

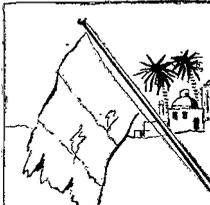
Perhaps it can be arranged.

STORY OF AN AUSTRALIAN



SIX FEET FIVE OF SHEER COURAGE

THE STORY OF LIEUT. ARTHUR RODEN CUTLER, THE MAN WHO CAPTURED MERDJYOUN, WHO WON THE V.C. FOR "ONE OF THE MOST GALLANT FEATS IN AUSTRALIAN MILITARY HISTORY." (Army Minister Forde)



SYRIA, JUNE 1941.



CONQUERED FRANCE, CONTROLLED BY MEN PREPARED TO COLLABORATE WITH HER ANCIENT ENEMY, HAD LEASED OUT HER COLONIES TO NAZI AGENTS AND INTRIGUERS.

AND SO THERE WAS WAR IN SYRIA—A BITTER, UNHAPPY WAR BETWEEN TRADITIONAL FRIENDS IN WHICH NOTHING WAS GLORIOUS BUT THE PERSONAL VALOUR OF THE FIGHTERS.



A COLUMN OF AUSTRALIANS BATTERED ITS WAY IN FROM PALESTINE, AND AFTER FIERCE FIGHTING WAS NEAR MERDJYOUN, AMONG THEM WAS A NSW ARTILLERY OFFICER, LT. CUTLER, WHO WAS RAPIDLY BECOMING FAMOUS FOR HIS PERSONAL BRAVERY AND DETERMINATION.



THERE GOES THAT BLOKE CUTLER AGAIN. THEY TELL ME HE'S A GREAT SWIMMER AT HOME. GOT HIS VARSITY BLUE FOR SWIMMING AND ONCE RESCUED A CHAP FROM A SHARK AT BOND!



BUT THE LINE WAS CUT AND CUTLER WENT OUT UNDER FIRE TO REPAIR IT.



THE POST WAS HEAVILY ATTACKED, BUT RODEN CUTLER WAS A DETERMINED AUSTRALIAN.

GOOD ON YOU, LAD. WE CAN BEAT 'EM OFF BUT WE'VE GOT TO GET THE WOUNDED AWAY AND STILL FIX THAT O.P. ON THE MERDJYOUN ROAD.



I RECKON YOU'RE RIGHT. IT'LL BE JUST TOO, TOO BAD IF WE'RE CUT OFF, BUT WE'LL GET OUT OF IT SOMEHOW. AND WHAT'S MORE, I'M GOING TO REGISTER ON THAT ROAD!

'CRIPES, BOSS, AREN'T THEY THE FOREIGN LEGION OVER THERE TO THE LEFT?

HAVING PERSONALLY ATTENDED TO THE EVACUATION OF THE WOUNDED, CUTLER GATHERED A SQUAD OF VOLUNTEERS AND SET OUT TO ESTABLISH HIS POST. FIRE WAS HEAVY, HOWEVER, AND FINALLY ONLY ONE MAN WAS LEFT WITH HIM.

SNIPPETS FROM HERE and THERE

REAL MONEY

SOME vitamin concentrates are worth considerably more than their weight in gold. A ton of Vitamin B would cost £200,000; a ton of Vitamin B6 about £2,000,000.—(Saturday Evening Post.)

HEAR HEAR!

PUBLIC speaking is the art of saying in a hundred words that which could privately be said in ten.—(Cavalcade.)

PRECEDENT

THE reported massing of soldiers and war equipment by the Japanese along their Manchurian border recalls that during the past eleven years, they have been involved in more than two thousand "incidents" with the Russians. These have ranged from pot shots at one another to a great battle at Nomonhan in 1939 in which the Japs were badly beaten, losing 18,000 of 60,000 men.—(Colliers.)

TELLING THE WORLD

WHEN they advertise in America—they "do it big." Take this example of a simple explanation of the qualities of asparagus sold by Fortnum and Mason, of New York:—
"...our asparagus has known no equal. We do not cut it. We fell it. Enormous shoots! White as a debutante's shoulders! Tender as the flesh of peaches! Cool as anemones in a fairy grotto! The freshness of its flavor is the freshness of dawn."

Can You Find The A ONE-MINUTE M

(WITH ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO THE

"YOU know you stole my basic idea when I let you observe my experiments!" roared the irate man. "And you're not going to get away with it!"
The other man laughed, walked away.

"I've been working on a process and formula for months for manufacturing synthetic rubber from grass, almost any growing plant—even garbage," chemist Jonathan Markey explained after the body had been found. "I've been annoyed with all sorts of crackpots and twice burglary of my laboratory has been attempted."

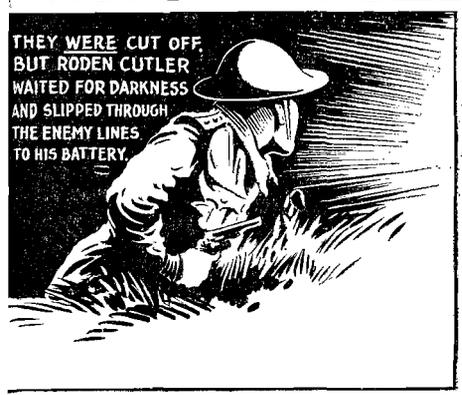
Professor Fordney, noted criminologist, observed details of the expensively-equipped laboratory situated about 60 feet from Markey's house, noted positions of windows and doors, nodded for the scientist to continue.

"After an early dinner, I came over here about five o'clock. About six I turned on the powerful electric light bulbs over my bench there, and then until a few minutes before ten I worked on some extremely delicate but dirty experiment. That's why my hands are so filthy. My watchman doesn't come on duty until 11.

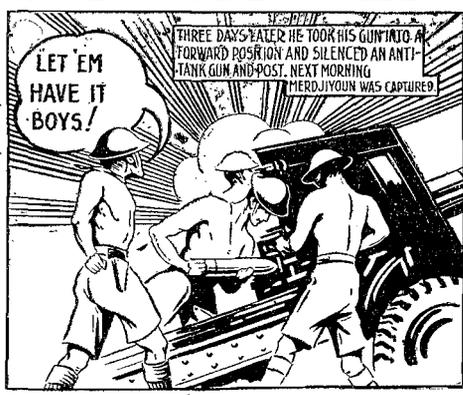
"I heard a noise in the hall. Remembering I had neglected to lock myself in, I quietly unscrewed the bulbs and held them while steps advanced and the door slowly opened.

"A flashlight stabbed the darkness; I threw the bulbs at the door! They ex-

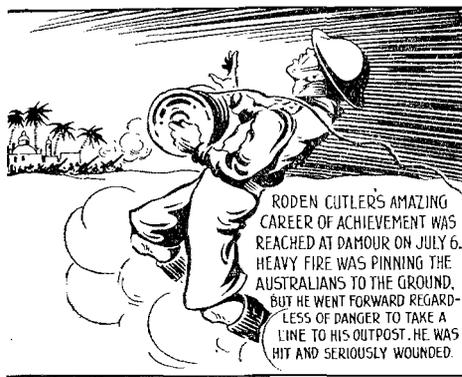
WHO WOULDN'T SAY DIE



THEY WERE CUT OFF BUT RODEN CUTLER WAITED FOR DARKNESS AND SLIPPED THROUGH THE ENEMY LINES TO HIS BATTERY.



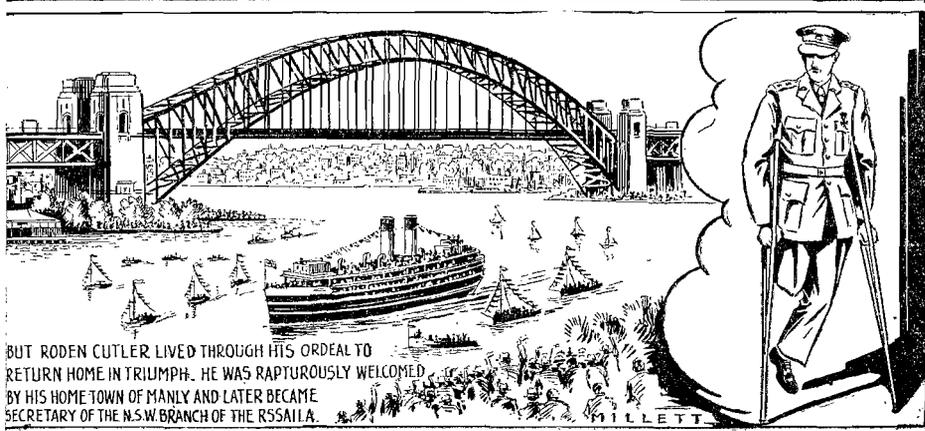
LET 'EM HAVE IT BOYS!
THREE DAYS LATER HE TOOK HIS GUN INTO A FORWARD POSITION AND SILENCED AN ANTI-TANK GUN AND POST. NEXT MORNING MERDJYOUN WAS CAPTURED.



RODEN CUTLER'S AMAZING CAREER OF ACHIEVEMENT WAS REACHED AT DAMOUR ON JULY 6. HEAVY FIRE WAS PINNING THE AUSTRALIANS TO THE GROUND. BUT HE WENT FORWARD REGARDLESS OF DANGER TO TAKE A LINE TO HIS OUTPOST. HE WAS HIT AND SERIOUSLY WOUNDED.



FOLLOWED 36 HOURS OF AGONY BEFORE HE COULD BE SUICIDED. DURING THAT TIME HIS WOUNDED LEG TURNED SEPTIC AND EVENTUALLY HAD TO BE AMPUTATED.



BUT RODEN CUTLER LIVED THROUGH HIS ORDEAL TO RETURN HOME IN TRIUMPH. HE WAS RAPTUREDLY WELCOMED BY HIS HOME TOWN OF MANLY AND LATER BECAME SECRETARY OF THE N.S.W. BRANCH OF THE R.S.A.I.A.

MILLETT

SHORT STORY

THE OUTSIDER

By WILLIAM LYNCH
(With acknowledgments to the "Daily Mirror," Sydney.)

EVERY time somebody mentions Singapore, I think about my first sight of Malay Street and the gambling dens that lined each side of the most cosmopolitan thoroughfare in the world. I think of the stolid-faced Dutchmen, the voluble Chinese, the hisping Malays, the sweating Europeans and the pariah dogs. But mostly I think of the time I made and lost a small fortune at the game of poh, all in the space of two hours. It was a steamy night, like most other Singapore nights. Most of the ship's crew had gravitated to Mike Sullivan's, the only European gambling joint at the wharves. As we entered we saw Sullivan himself, a giant of a man, sitting on a raised dais at the back of the room, a revolver resting easily on his lap. I'd never played poh before, but it was played with dice and so it suited me admirably. The odds were three to one against the customer; but I've played in games where the odds against winning were about five times greater. And I've backed a good many racemasters. True, odds of three to one did strike me as being a bit generous, but as they were on my side it wasn't for me to question the apparent magnanimity of a gaming-house keeper.

SITTING round our table were five persons, two Chinamen and a couple of nondescript half-castes. There must have been over two hundred men in the joint altogether. They were all from our ship and paying their first visit to Singapore. The dice were very kind to me. After an hour's play I'd collected chips to the value of nearly five hundred pounds. An hour later the pile had amounted to half that much again, and from the corner of my eye I could see Mike Sullivan growing restive on his throne. Then, just as I was about to call it a night, Mike got down and walked across to our table. "I'll cash your chips, buddy," he said. "I'll give you an escort to wherever you're going." He waved the gun suggestively under my eyes, so I told him I was going anyway. He took my chips and was walking to his office when the room was suddenly stilled.

Coming slowly into the room, walking with slow, majestic strides, was perhaps the most princely figure I have ever seen. He was fully six feet six inches tall, and as straight as a pole. Behind him came six Malay boys, leading something on the end of a rope. The rattle of a hundred dice was instantly hushed as the boys half dragged, half led their charge—a great black panther—into the room. Mike Sullivan was the least affected of us all. Calmly he walked into his office to get my money. The panther padded along, glancing disinterestedly at the crowd around him. If there are demented animals, as there are demented humans, I suspect that the black panther is the raving lunatic of the animal kingdom. He looks at you crazily and the narrow-set eyes, with the deep vertical lines in between, seem to supply the finishing touch of madness.

THE panther looked at me, paused, and then his black eyes seemed to light up with all the venom that it is possible to conceive. I shrank back in the chair, my legs frozen beneath me. Then it started to pull at its rope. Steadily it pulled, dragging the six boys behind it. And it was slowly traveling in my direction. It soon became apparent that the boys would not be able to hold the animal much longer. The tall man didn't look round once, but continued his majestic walk down the aisle between the tables.

Mike Sullivan was taking potshots at the panther from the safety of his office, but none of the bullets took effect. Meanwhile, four of the boys were prone on the floor, still clinging to the rope, and being pulled along the greasy boards. The other two had turned tail and were now outside with the rest of Mike Sullivan's customers.

Suddenly, the tall native turned and caught sight of what was going on to his rear. Uttering an unearthly yell, he gathered the folds of his skirt round him and fled out the back entrance. Finally, I managed to shake off the fearful lethargy that had taken hold of my legs and I made a dive for the door.

Imagine yourself in my place, with those tingling icicles of fear running down your spine as a panther approached. What would you do? Exactly as I did, of course—run like hell! I had no time to think of collecting my winnings. . . . they could be picked up later, perhaps, if I escaped alive. Self-preservation was the all-absorbing job of the moment. As I bolted I had one thought in mind—to put as much country as I could between me and that malevolent-eyed animal in the shortest possible time. As I ran, I heard the faint "Ah's" of the boys as they were forced to let go their grip on the rope. I could hear the pad, pad, pad of the panther as it sped across the deserted street and into the inky darkness of the dockyard warehouses. I went straight aboard by ship and drank whisky until we sailed at daybreak.

I HAVE often told my story to cobbles at our favorite pub at the Quay, and the tragic loss of my fortune has never failed to elicit a few sympathetic words. Until last Saturday, when I told Toby Gavriloff about it. Toby lived in Singapore for fifteen years. As I came to the end of my tale he suddenly exploded into his glass of beer, sending the precious liquid all over me. "You—you—fell for that!" Toby stuttered. He took me by the shoulder. "You're just a plain sucker," he said. "For only a sucker would fall for Mike Sullivan's tame panther act. The act is famous from Bangkok to Balikpapan—the panther has neither teeth nor claws nor eyesight—and the tall, thin man is Mike's brother-in-law. You see, Mike's joint offers you odds of three to one—but only if you aren't panther-shy."

What's the Vital Clue?—MURDER MYSTERY

THE MELBOURNE "HERALD."
blodded loudly, and the intruder, thinking was shooting, fled. I caught him as he slipped from the building. We struggled. "He had a gun, and in the scuffle it went off and killed him. I was astounded to find it was chemist, Leon Burkon. "That's enough," interrupted Fordney. "You will be held on suspicion of murder." WHAT SINGLE CLUE PROMPTED THE PROFESSOR'S ACTION?—Solution is given below.

What Did You Know?

HERE'S what you've been scratching your head about—or haven't you been trying? We're printing the answers upside down so that you won't be tempted to have a peep at them.

Answers To Page 4 Quiz

1. Harbair, January 4; 2. James Cook; 3. light fitting start; 4. 408 m.p.m.; 5. 72; 6. "Major-General" is a contraction of the obsolete "Sergeant-Major General"; 7. scotch.

Minute Mystery Solution

THE power light bulbs had been burning for five hours, consequently Markie could not have advanced and the door slowly opened.

↑ LIEUT. CUTLER, V.C. ↓

THE resignation of Lieut. A. R. Cutler from the secretaryship of the New South Wales branch of the R.S.L. was announced during the week. His proposed entry into Federal politics has caused a great deal of public interest. The pictures above are a reconstruction by the "The Argus" (Melbourne) of the deed which won Lieut. Cutler the V.C.

The truth about marriage and divorce in Hollywood

ACCORDING to a popular conception, Hollywood is a place where nearly everyone has been divorced. There have been no trustworthy published facts on the subject, but the following data is the most complete and accurate available. It is based upon replies to questionnaires sent to professional groups in Hollywood.

Of 686 replies: 73 per cent. (501) married; 27 per cent. (185) single. Almost twice as many actresses are single as actors, largely because as a group they are younger. From 457 replies: About 25 per cent. have been divorced. Of these 25 per cent., 19.3 per cent. have been divorced at least once; 3.9 per cent. at least twice; 1.3 per cent. have probably been divorced at least three times. Of Hollywood's actors and directors, 75 per cent. have children. Almost 40 per cent. have one child; over a third have more than one child.

Short Short Stories Showed Skill

FACTS ABOUT DEHYDRATION

CLIVE TURNBULL, one of Australia's best known journalists, has been doing some research into the mysteries of dehydration—a word which doesn't enjoy 100 per cent. popularity among troops but which, nevertheless, has tremendous significance for the war effort.

"The results in space-saving are astonishing," Mr. Turnbull says. "For instance, take one ton of each of the following vegetables as they come from the growers:—

"**STRING BEANS:** Prepared for canning or dehydration, these will weigh 1500 lb. Can packed they will weigh 3832 lb. Dehydrated and packed they will weigh 200 lb.!

"**TOMATOES:** Prepared for canning or dehydration, 1100 lb. Can packed, 1763 lb. Dehydrated and packed, 125 lb.

"**CABBAGE:** Prepared for canning or dehydration, 1450 lb. Can packed, 2400 lb. Dehydrated and packed, 215 lb.

"The British Ministry of Food states that a full ordinary dietary can be reduced by dehydration to one quarter of its normal weight and volume.

"As an average person eats over half a ton of food a year, dehydration obviously affects a tremendous economy in transport.

"For, to put it otherwise, Britain's peacetime imports contained 3,000,000 tons of water!

"Spray dried skim milk was the first of the dehydrated foods to come into prominence in Britain. In the winter of 1941-42, many million tins were distributed to adults in order to release fresh milk for children.

"Previously eggs were sent to Britain from the United States in the shell. One crate in 20 didn't survive the journey.

"Now dried egg powder is shipped instead. A case of 30 dozen shell eggs weighs 58 lb., and occupies 2 cubic feet of space, but the same eggs, dehydrated, weigh 11 lb., and occupy less than half a cubic foot.

YES, IT'S A QUIZ

YOU couldn't expect a Sunday supplement without a Quiz—so here's ours, and it's tough! Answers appear in Page 3. Go to it—and no cheating please!

WHERE and when did the Japanese first carry out an air raid in the New Guinea theatre?

(a) Moresby, Feb. 3; (b) Bulolo, Jan. 22; (c) Rabaul, Jan. 4; (d) Kieta, Jan. 1; (e) Rabaul, Jan. 23; (f) Pearl Harbor, Dec. 7.

2. Talking of Pearl Harbor, one explorer of Australia was killed in the Hawaiian Islands. Who was it?

(a) Matthew Flinders; (b) Lovell; (c) La Perouse; (d) Tasman; (e) James Cook; (f) Livingstone; (g) Admiral Byrd.

3. If your C.O. wanted a Justacorp, would he be needing:—

(a) a Bavarian Panzer division; (b) a collection of 30 enemy dead; (c) a tight-fitting shirt; or (d) a Dutch legal officer?

4. Fast planes are common over New Guinea today, but can you remember the speed of the ancestor of the Spitfire (the Supermarine S6B) when it won the Schneider Cup 11 year ago?

(a) 168 m.p.h.; (b) 509; (c) 381; (d) 396; (e) 274; (f) 408.

5. Hearts beat may quicken during air raids and the serving of fresh meat for kai, but about what is the normal number of beats a minute?

(a) 92; (b) 72; (c) 78; (d) 56; (e) 60; (f) 69.

6. Now a military poser. A Major ranks higher than a Lieutenant, yet a Major-General ranks lower than a Lieutenant-General. Why?

7. We have become used to talking about such ailments as malaria, dysentery and dengue, but there has been no talk in New Guinea of the King's Evil, which is (or was):—

(a) leprosy; (b) elephantiasis; (c) childbed fever; (d) scrofula; (e) barber's itch?

ANSWERS IN PAGE 3.

FIRST PRIZE TO A.I.F.

"GUINEA GOLD'S" short short story competition attracted 678 entries from all branches of the Allied services in New Guinea. Judging was a job and a half.

The result may not—probably will not—please all entrants, but it is based upon the voting of four judges and that seems fair enough. Prize winners are:—

FIRST: "Honorable Showdown," by Pte. G. McDonagh (A.I.F.).

SECOND: "Street Scene," by L/Cpl. J. L. Brown, of Papua.

THIRD: "His Star Has Set," an effort in verse, by LAC H. D. Cox, R.A.A.F.; and "Satisfaction," by R. H. Murphy (U.S. Forces), equal.

The above list would have included "Here's Hoping," which is published below, but the author omitted to forward his name with his entry. However, the judges thought he should not be penalised for this omission, so a special prize of £1/1/- is awarded for his effort. It is felt also that the third prize should not be shared, but that a prize of £1/1/- each should be awarded to the two entrants who divided the honor.

Following are the competition's prize-winning efforts. Successful entrants, and the author of "Here's Hoping," are asked to communicate with "Guinea Gold."

HONORABLE SHOWDOWN

(By Pte. G. McDonagh.)

SURPRISING stories sometimes have historical significance. Herein, subterranean smoulderings (Hirohito's sneers, Hitler's scorn) herald sensational showdown. Secret signals show how squabble started. . .

SIGNAL:—"Sanananda, Sunday: Herr Honorable Hitler: Honorable situation stinks (STOP) slouch-hatted soldiers handing horrible hiding Heavenly sons (STOP) send help hurriedly soonest. Hoping honorable health heavenly.—HIROHITO."

SIGNAL:—"Super-Serene Highness, Hirohito: Heil Hitler (STOP) Suggest snaring slouch-hatted hell-hounds strategically (STOP) Having hot session here; hard send help (STOP) Spitfires straining Strassbourg; Hurricanes hammering Hamburg (STOP) Health, so-so.—HITLER."

SIGNAL:—"Honorable Highness, Hitler: Horrible suspicion heavenly self surrounded (STOP) Hateful heathens shelling honorable shelter (STOP) Heavenly sons seeing stars; Hysterically.—HIROHITO."

SIGNAL:—"Heavenly Humberg Hirohito: Suffering snakes! Shoot straighter (STOP) Stop snivelling; see sunny side. Heroically.—HITLER."

SIGNAL:—"HITLER: Honorable hopes shattered (STOP) Humble self safely submerged submarine (STOP) Suggest honorable heel soon scuttle self. Heil heel!—HIROHITO."

STREET SCENE

(By L/Cpl. J. L. Brown)

HOTEL shutting hour sees Harry struggling homewards. Harry's half stewed, Sam's half sober, so Sam helps Harry—sharing his hicks, staggers, hicks.

"Hate schemes, hate shielas," says Harry.

"Schame here."

"Hate shuspicious sphouses," states Harry.

"Schame here."

"Hate husbands having secret shielas."

Sam stays silent. He sometimes slips, so Harry's sanctimonious statements heartily sicken him.

Suddenly, sharp slaps herald shrieks. Sam stares helplessly. Here's his spouse slogging his supposedly secret shielas—his shielas scratching his spouse spitefully.

"Hell," he says, "here's strife. He shoulders several spectators aside, showing Harry his horrible scene.

"Here's hellish strife," he stutters—"shielas—spouse."

Harry stares spellbound. "Hoh schmoke," he says, "Schame here."

HIS STAR HAS SET

(By L.A.C. H. D. Cox.)

"HELL Hitler!" still his helot

Saluting hands held high.

Shall strident shouting save his skin?

Since Stalingrad has spun his shroud

HALE Hitler, hangman!—Hale him

high,

His hempen halter holds

Humanity's harsh handicap.

Her hateful scourge, her holocaust

"HAIL, Harmony!" see'strife ha

stopped.

Sweet sanity holds sway;

Soon happy soldiers homeward lie

Since Stalingrad his star has set.

SATISFACTION

(By R. H. Murphy.)

SANDA surveyed Henry shyly. She

held her head high. Somehow

her senses seemed hazy. Still, she

stood her stand steadfastly.

"Show her home," he'd said. His

statement had struck her humor

ously; still, such situations shouldn't

have humorous sides.

How he had hated her—hatred had

saturated his heart.

However, SHE still had hopes.

She surmised his hatred had sub

sided. She hoped he had surren

dered.

Her hopes, her surmising soon

seem substantiated. She stepped

sideways. . .

"Sanda, stay!" he said. "Stop

stalling. . . Say something, Honey."

She scrutinised him. He seemed

honestly sincere. Subconsciously, he

saw her statliness, her homeliness.

She seemed so sweet.

He surrendered his soul.

She saw her strategy had succeed

ed. She had hooked him. . . . SO

HELP HIM!

HERE'S HOPING

(By Unknown Author.)

HORRIBLY homesick, Harry Smith

strolled seawards.

He hated staying here. Having

seen Sanananda show, soldiering

sickened him. How he hoped he

should see Sydney—his home—soon

Suddenly he saw her. Stopping

he stared. Such style, such shape

he had seldom seen. She seemed

homely, smart, her size suitable

She HAD something.

"Splendid," said Harry happily.

However, Sally—sweet, glende

Sally Harrison, his schoolhouse

sweetheart, held his heart strings

Since sixteen, he had seemed her

hero;—since Simpson's swimming

hole scare (she had slipped, he had

saved her).

Still, Sydney's suburbs sheltered

Sally. Here stood something—

something he hardly hoped he should

see.

"Such splendor—her stern so

huge," he said.

Her stern, says someone, horri

dled?

Sure! Ships have sterns. So ha

she—HIS ship, soon sailing him

home.

* AND TALKING OF TALKIES *

HANDS that once drew Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck and scores of other animated film characters are now drawing machines and other weapons of war for defence instructional courses.

Remember Dopey in Snowwhite and the Seven Dwarfs? Dopey was drawn—24 drawings for each second he was on the screen—by Lt. Robert G. Leffingwell, now officer in charge of the animation department of the U.S. Army Signal Corps Photographic Centre. Most of the soldiers and civilians comprising his staff have worked at one time or another for Disney, Max Fleischer, Paul Terry or other producers of animated cartoons.

Animated films can reveal the inner workings of guns and machines and drag out into the light a thousand things invisible to the human (or the camera's) eye.

● IRONY

JOAN FONTAINE, star of some of Hollywood's best films of the last two years and an Academy Award winner, has found one of the ironies of war.

Although she is pure American, she was born in Tokio, where her father was a doctor. In America, she is therefore regarded technically—only technically—as a Japanese citizen, but she has to sign papers declaring non-ownership of firearms, secret radios, and so on.

But don't let it be thought that the glamorous Joan is suspect. On the contrary, she is one of the film colony's keenest war workers, and she has given biting interviews which show what she thinks of the Japs. And that's plenty.

Twins For Gale Page

GALE PAGE, who has played several good film roles as the attractive, unsophisticated girlish type, has become a mother. Twins—boy and girl!

● SOME ROMANCE

FILM star Wendy Barrie has announced her engagement to Benjamin ("Bugsie") Siegal, former racketeer. Siegal, alleged to have been a member of the notorious Brooklyn killing syndicate, has been tried for two murders.

Wendy Barrie, who is nearly 30, has starred in some of the best British and American films of the past few years.

In 1932 she signed a five years' contract with London Films and played in "Wedding Rehearsal." She was praised for her work with Charles Laughton in "The Private Life Of Henry VIII."

Her recent films include "The Saint" series, adapted from Leslie Charteris' novels.

DID YOU KNOW THIS?

MALARIA kills nearly 2,000,000 people a year.

As many as 100,000,000 cases a year have been recorded in India, and the ravages of the disease have made some of the finest lands on earth uninhabitable. Yet the exercise of common sense could do a great deal to prevent this.

IN New Guinea, where 100 per cent. co-operation

could keep the disease in check, more man-days were lost last year because of malaria than of any other disease. Taking the world figure, 2,000,000 is a hell of a lot of deaths. It makes you think, doesn't it?