

GUINEA GOLO

No. 2.

WEEK-END SUPPLEMENT

March 21, 1943

GEISHA GIRLS AND OTHERS IN JAPAN TO-DAY

THE ODD SPOT

● **CLASSICAL:** The following exchange of telegrams took place recently between a private on leave and the captain of his unit:—

Private: Whosoever findeth a wife, findeth a good thing.—Proverbs 18, xxii. I married today. On this account request is made for five days' extension. My confidence in you tells me I'll receive grace for such an occasion.

Captain: Parting is such sweet sorrow.—Shakespeare. Extension denied. My confidence in you assures me you will be back in time.

● **UNORTHODOX:** Oklahoma is a prohibition State, but the Office of Price Administration there has ruled that ceiling prices for "boot-leg" whisky must be posted in all "speakeasies."

● **LEG BAR:** With stockings short, New York's Stork Club has established a "leg make-up bar" in the ladies' powder room. It is stocked with toenail lacquer lotions in all tints, and there is a maid to put them on and "repair" them.

● **AGRIEVED:** Because his wife refused to be seen in public with him after his nose had been put out of joint in a car accident, Liverpool (Eng.), wharf laborer Edmund Greenall was awarded £253 damages against the driver. Having seen photographs of Greenall before the accident, Mr. Justice Hallett said: "The man is quite entitled to prefer his original nose."

● **TASTY:** A beauty parlor in New York has lipsticks for sale in six delicious flavors—raspberry, strawberry, orange, lemon or lime!

BEST RECRUIT



This Alsatian is rated the best dog now in training for the Australian Army. It lost its name with "enlistment" and is now known by a number. Story below tells something of the training methods followed.

OUR CANINE COMMANDOS PREPARE FOR TOTAL WAR

YES! They're training "canine commandos" in Australia, and there's plenty of trouble in store for anyone who crosses their path without express permission.

RATED A1 for breeding, stamina, and intelligence, dogs in the Canine Experimental Training School, "Somewhere in Queensland" are proving a formidable A.I.F. auxiliary. Within six months, the period of training, they will be savagely fit—for the enemy—and ready to take up, among other things, guard duty at dumps and vulnerable points, either in Australia or abroad. The dogs, principally Alsatians, Labradors, and border collies, have been given or lent to the Army for the duration by patriotic citizens.

AFTER preliminary training, the dogs are taught to track down a man—probably one of the most thrilling aspects of the course as far as the trainer is concerned.

The sagacious animal is taught to "fly" at its objective. The "victim" is encased in a costume heavily padded, a hood to protect the face and head, and gloves. The dog is trained to grip the leg or the arm.

For guard duty, the dog is placed on a long lead, which is attached to a ring on a wire. He lies between posts, and can "patrol" for 12 hours at a stretch. Only a man

clad in armor would dare venture near anything guarded in this way. The animals are trained to run up and down stairs; to leap obstacles 12ft. high, and to carry messages.

Some are specially trained to seek out wounded men. They carry a stick in their collar equipment. When they find a wounded man, they take the stick in their mouth and race back to their base. The dog is then followed to the injured man.

Another part of the training teaches the dog to scout and seek out snipers.

MAJOR secret of success in training these dogs is care and kindness in training.

The dogs have their own quarters well away from the men; they have their own showers and shampoo baths; they have their own portable kennels; their cook is the man who cooks for the officers and men; and their kitchen is similar in every detail to that provided for the men.

Actually, they live in luxury. They even have waterproof coats when on duty in the rain.

WE'VE all heard a great deal about Japan's geisha girls, and what their job may or may not be. Here, Dr. Otto D. Tolischus, who spent a year in Japan quite recently, tells us something about Japanese parties, geisha girls—and others on a rather lower strata. The story is condensed from the Sydney "Daily Mirror."

I WENT to several geisha parties in Japan. At each of them, about half a dozen men sat down on the straw-matted floor of a private room in a geisha house—with a geisha next to each man—and ate Japanese food with chopsticks from the usual low table.

Kneeling waitresses put the food on the table, and the geishas served it. They themselves did not eat. Between bites we drink sake, and because sake was getting scarce and frequently ran out, we took to beer. Dancing, and games followed dinner. Some of the geishas performed classical Japanese dances, slow rhythmic movements, in which each move of the hands and feet had a special meaning, telling a love tale. Then a phonograph was produced and we danced western style; but dancing on one's stockinged feet on a straw mat, I discovered, is one of the lesser pleasures. Our shoes, of course, were left outside.

A PART from faulty teeth—which appear to be a common Japanese failing owing to a deficient diet—most of the girls were young and pretty, and some beautiful.

The manners of all were gentle and feminine, without the hardness of the professional entertainer, and their effort was to please.

Some of the Japanese men played "go" (Japanese chess), but the serious business of the evening was drinking. The host pledged his guest by passing his sake cup to him, and the guest returned the compliment with his cup.

The geishas saw to it that they were always filled. Other Japanese wishing to extend the same compliment did likewise; so did each geisha.

As a result, the guest of honor drank more than anybody else. When that palled, drinking games were started. One, usually played by two persons, was to guess how many fingers one's opposite would open up from a closed fist. Whoever lost had to drink a full cup of sake—or beer.

As everybody played this game with the guest of honor, and he could not always win, he again drank more than the rest.

The "killer," however, was the cigarette game. Ten cigarettes of the tall Russian variety, with high paper mouthpieces, were placed in a row spaced more than an inch apart, and the trick was to scoop them all up with one sweep of the hand. For every cigarette missed one had to drink a cup of sake.

The unpractised guest of honor was, of course, challenged by all. He missed many cigarettes, and drank many cups as penalty. By the time midnight rolled around I usually had had enough.

AFTER seeing the geishas, I was curious to see other samples of that vast business enterprise—known elsewhere as prostitu-

tion—which enjoys the status of a recognised and almost respectable industry in Japan.

I was especially curious to see Yoshiwara, famed in Japanese literature as the place where the doughty samurai used to have their fling, their loves, and their brawls.

Yoshiwara, I found, was a shabby, segregated district with narrow alleysways lined with tiny two-storey houses in both Japanese and foreign style. Each house had a cross-bar in front, with gates at each end, and at each gate sat a man who took in the cash.

Behind him, peeping out through the curtains of a doorway, was a painted girl's face, smiling at the male strollers.

Most of them were broad, pleasant faces, and except for the lack of trained manners, the girls were much like the geishas. But whereas the geishas were primarily entertainers, these girls were here for one purpose only.

Here's the Quiz!

HERE'S your weekly Quiz—not so tough this time, so you should manage 60 per cent. without much trouble. Anything over 80 per cent. will be good.

1. You get Chianti wine (when you CAN get it) from:—Portugal, France, Italy, Spain?

2. A duodecimo sheet of paper is one that cuts up into a certain number of leaves. The number is:—2, 3, 10, 12, 20?

3. You know what suicide is; but sororicide means to murder your:—Stepson, sister, grandmother, aunt, bridge partner?

4. "Pony" is an English slang term for a certain sum of money. How much?

5. The Sallie Law has to do with:—Court of Petty Sessions, tax on salt, disinheritance of women, physical causes governing trajectory of moving bodies?

6. Alexander Woolcott, American writer, who died recently, was the subject of the play "The Man Who Came to Dinner." He wrote a widely read book entitled "What?"

7. "We buried him darkly at dead night."

The souls with our bayonets turning."

This is an excerpt from Charles Wolfe's well-known poem about a British soldier. Who was the soldier?

8. Oxford defeated Cambridge in the second war-time boat race a few weeks ago. Colors of these two universities are light blue and dark blue. Which is which?

9. Beer has been in the new again lately. Average alcoholic content of beer drunk in Victoria is:—2, 3, 4, 6, or 8 per cent.?

10. A Husky is an Eskimo dog. The term Husky is also applied to: An Eskimo, an Eskimo hut, the Eskimo language, an Eskimo blubber lamp?

(ANSWERS IN PAGE 4.)

A Lamb Meets The Lions

(By MARK HELLINGER.—Condensed from the Brisbane "Sunday Mail.")

AT the moment, life was very lovely indeed for Roscoe Browne and Marvin Williams. They occupied the finest suite in town, the evening was undeniably beautiful, the cards were in readiness—and the sucker would arrive soon. Surely, this was the card sharp's heaven!

BOTH smiled dreamily as they thought of the sucker they were about to greet. His name was Cogswell; Raymond Cogswell. He was a country lawyer on vacation, and he just loved a sensible game of cards. Not too steep of course. Just sensible. Mr. Browne hummed softly as he stood beside the window. The door opened. The lamb walked in.

Very soon the game was in progress. It was an extremely sociable game. Between hands, Mr. Williams and Browne related the latest quips about Hitler and gasoline rationing. Naturally, Mr. Browne and Mr. Williams lost ten of the first twelve hands. You know, of course, that the sucker is always permitted to win extensively at the beginning.

As Mr. Browne and Mr. Williams continued to lose, Mr. Cogswell became increasingly sympathetic. "This is a crime, boys," he cried. He pointed to the stack of bills in front of him. "Look here, I'm almost 200 to the good already!" Mr. Browne accepted a new hand and opened the cards slowly. "That's the way it goes, Mr. Cogswell," he observed, "in both poker and life. The winning hands are dealt to but one man at a time. And tonight you seem to have been chosen by the fates."

SO the game continued. Feeling quite certain of themselves, the boys allowed the lamb to prosper. The bills piled up in front of the country lawyer. Soon—very soon now—the game would switch with dramatic suddenness.

And it was at that precise moment that Mr. Cogswell did the completely unexpected. He quit! Yes, my friends, that's exactly what he did. He pushed the cards away and stood up. "I'm going to leave you boys for a while," he announced. "I'll be back in about half an hour."

Mr. Browne almost burst a gasket. Mr. Williams coughed violently into a handkerchief. "Why—er—why, certainly Mr. Cogswell," said Mr. Browne. "You are at liberty to leave whenever you wish, of course. But since you intend to return, might I ask your reason for leaving?"

The lawyer spoke very soberly. "It's because of my dear, departed mother," he responded reverently. "I once promised her I'd never win more than five hundred dollars from my friends in one sitting at cards. That's what I've won here, boys. Five hundred dollars. So that ends this game. I'll take a turn around the block, come back here, and start a new game. In that way, I'll be keeping my promise to mom."

Mr. Williams seemed to be verging on apoplexy. But Mr. Browne had recovered his composure completely. "Why, certainly, Mr. Cogswell," he said. "You were under no obligation to explain to either Mr. Williams or myself. This has been strictly a gentleman's game. You do exactly as you deem best. But I might add, sir, that your explanation was very touching, indeed. Such reverence for the departed is a thing of great rarity."

Mr. Cogswell was paying very little attention. He was too busy placing the extra five hundred dollars in a wallet that was already fat with bills. Mr. Browne held the door open for him. The two men shook hands warmly. And the "sucker" apologized again.

"I'll be back in a few minutes, boys," he smiled. "I'm sure you'll both have better luck then." "Oh, yes," chorused Mr. Browne and Mr. Williams. "Positively!"

THE door closed and the lamb was gone. Mr. Browne walked to a cupboard and drew out his valise. "Roscoe," said Mr. Williams from the depths of his chair. "I deeply fear that we have been taken in. Mr. Cogswell is not coming back, and I certainly do not believe that story about his mother."

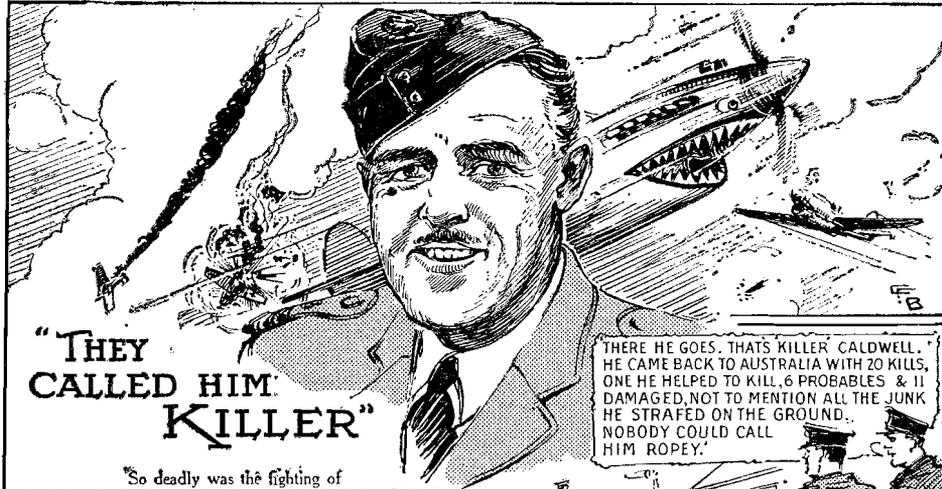
"Quite right, Marvin," said Mr. Browne. "As a matter of fact, I am by no means certain that Mr. Cogswell ever had a mother. But it is not for us to complain. We are in a business of a highly speculative nature. It is only natural, therefore, that we should be called upon to accept an occasional loss."

He looked up from his valise. "I would suggest, my dear Marvin," he continued, "that you, too, start packing. Obviously, there is nothing to be gained by lingering in this town any longer."

Mr. Williams rose from his chair and closed the window somewhat harshly. "All right," he grumbled. "I will accept your suggestion and start packing. Iseldom question your decisions, my dear Roscoe. Although I must say that, in this case, I do not quite comprehend. Mr. Cogswell has five hundred dollars of our money. That as the boys say, is not tin. Suppose by some chance or other, his story is true. Suppose he does return. Why not wait and see?"

Mr. Browne snapped the lock on his valise. He stood up. "Because, my dear Marvin," he replied softly, "I have already insured our five hundred dollars. Just before Mr. Cogswell left, I lifted his wallet!"

FAMOUS PILOT COMMAND



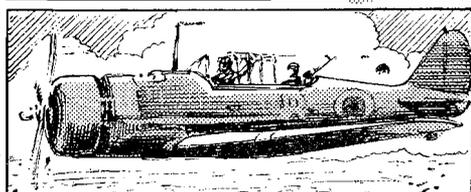
"THEY CALLED HIM 'KILLER'"

So deadly was the fighting of SQD-LDR C. R. CALDWELL that he achieved the highest total of air victories of any Australian fighter pilot.

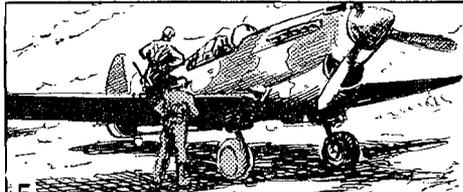
THERE HE GOES. THAT'S KILLER CALDWELL. HE CAME BACK TO AUSTRALIA WITH 20 KILLS. ONE HE HELPED TO KILL, 6 PROBABLES & 11 DAMAGED, NOT TO MENTION ALL THE JUNK HE STRAFED ON THE GROUND. NOBODY COULD CALL HIM ROPEY.



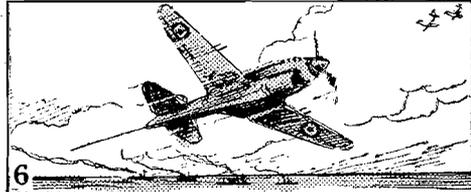
3 An old Sydney Grammar boy, swimmer, oarsman, and hurdling champion of NSW, Clive Caldwell joined the RAAF the day after war broke out.



4 The future fighter pilot was wholly Australian trained under the Empire Air Scheme. He did his course at Mascot and Wagga in New South Wales.



5 Posted to the Middle East in January, 1941, Caldwell joined No 250 Fighter Squadron of the RAF. Here he soon began to bring down Italian and German planes out of the skies.



6 He did the brilliant and consistent work of a born fighter pilot. This culminated in a remarkable achievement. He was attacked by 2 Messerschmitts while engaged on patrol over units of the Royal Navy, and although he was wounded in 3 places, he brought one down and drove the other off. For this he received the DFC.

HOW WEALTHY IS LORD NUFFIELD?

HOW much money has Lord Nuffield? Millions have asked that question since he sprang spectacularly into the news again recently. Yet it is a question which even Lord Nuffield would find some difficulty in answering.

From a fortune as complex as it is great, Britain's motor magnate—who began his industrial rise as William Richard Morris, in an Oxford bicycle shop—has given away another £10,000,000.

His biggest gift yet, this £10,000,000 for the formation of a charitable trust, in the form of his shareholdings with the Nuffield organisation, brought the total of his gifts to £26,500,000.

An Oxford University spokesman has described Lord Nuffield as "one who by his munificence has surpassed the generosity of every age."

But Nuffield would need to disburse £213,500,000 more—if he had it—to equal the amount John D. Rockefeller gave away—and that was only half of Rockefeller's fortune. To equal the amount Andrew Carnegie disbursed throughout the English-speaking world, Nuffield would need to give £43,500,000 more.

However, neither Rockefeller nor Carnegie during their lifetimes gave away as high a proportion of his total wealth as Nuffield.

Biggest known Nuffield gift before the £10,000,000 announced recently, was about £3,000,000 in Morris Motors ordinary stock with which he formed a trust for the benefit of all his employees.

Sudden Death On ONE-MINUTE M

HERE is another One-Minute mystery given. See if you can solve the elements for this problem are made

THE case is another from the notebook of Dr. Fordney, professor of criminology. It takes one minute to read, and every fact, and the one single clue leading to the solution are here. Can you solve this detective problem:—

"I just got the last hundred bucks we'll need out of old Uncle Adrian," excitedly exclaimed Fern.

"Great," said Elanor. "Now we'll reverse that old bromide to read: 'City gals make good in country!'"

Working hard, Fern and Elanor had their poultry farm on a paying basis by mid-summer. They were exuberantly happy.

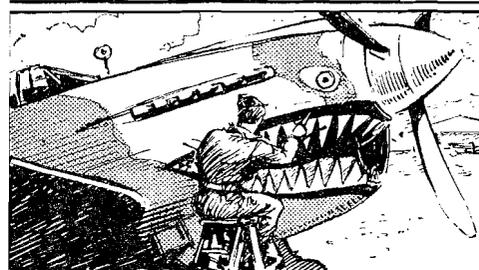
This was the life! Especially when they had such a pally and intellectual neighbor as Geoffrey Cain. He had seen a good deal of the girls since their arrival and had helped them to get their establishment going smoothly. But in their private conversations, neither had given any hint of more than a friendly regard for him.

THE professor stopped his car near a small crowd on a lonely country road. As the body of Fern Brownley was lifted into

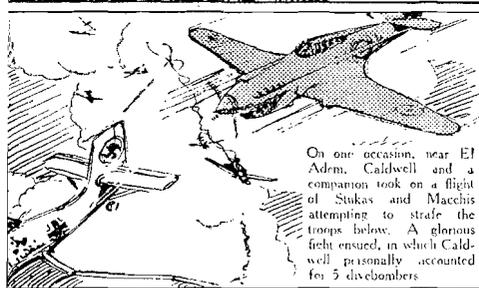
ING SPITFIRE SQUADRONS



7 A BAR TO HIS DFC came after air battles over the Libyan desert in the big offensive of December, 1941.



8 Eventually he was given command of the famous No 112 Fighter Squadron, a mixed Polish and British unit. By painting sharks' heads on the nacelles and fuselages of their Tomahawk fighters, they became known as the "Shark Squadron." And deadly as sharks they proved.



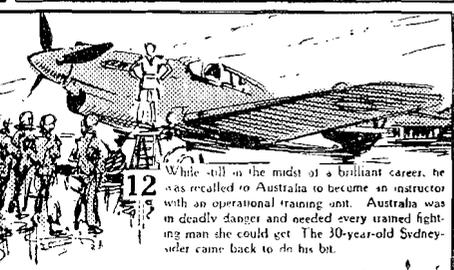
On one occasion, near El Adem, Caldwell and a companion took on a flight of Stukas and Macchis attempting to strafe the troops below. A glorious fight ensued, in which Caldwell personally accounted for 5 divebombers.



10 Caldwell also did much damage to groundcraft, transports, and installations.



For his work as commander of No 112 Squadron he was decorated with the Polish Cross of Valour, the equivalent of the DSO.



12 While still in the midst of a brilliant career, he was recalled to Australia to become an instructor with an operational training unit. Australia was in deadly danger and needed every trained fighting man she could get. The 30-year-old Sydney-sider came back to do his bit.

A Country Road ORDER MYSTERY

mystery. All the essential facts are
it in 60 seconds. Acknowledg-
to the "Sunday Mail," Brisbane.
an ambulance the physician said that she
had a badly—if not fatally—fractured skull.
A tearful, hysterical Elanor explained to
Fordney that she was driving their old-
fashioned vegetable truck to town while
Fern stood on the back step sorting
produce.

"I looked back to ask Fern if she had
forgotten the duck eggs for Johnson's just
as a car suddenly darted out of a crossroad
in front of me and sped on its way.

"We were doing about 40. I jammed on
the brakes, and the sudden stop threw Fern
to the ground. I—I—"

"I hope," he said to Elanor. "that your
friend lives. Why did you do it?"

WHY DID FORDNEY ACCUSE ELANOR?

HERE'S THE EXPLANATION

overlooking her mistake entirely.
ran to the nearest farmhouse for help.
been going for miles an hour then
she was being forced to stop had she
would have required to stop had she
drove the car just the distance she
stood on the step (at an isolated spot),
screed, she hit her on the head as she
coming more attentive to Fern than to
Maddy in love with Cain, who was be-
into the truck—not to the ground.
would have been thrown forward—
HAD Elanor's account been true, Fern

SQUADRON-LEADER CALDWELL, D.F.C.

Few Australian fighter pilots in this war
have had as spectacular a career as
Squadron-Leader Clive Caldwell, D.F.C.
The Minister for Air (Mr. Drakeford) an-
nounced recently that he is now leading
a Spitfire formation in Australia. The
picture-story above (from the Melbourne
"Argus") tells something of the famous
"Ace's" fighting history.

New York's £2,500,000 Gaol Has No Tenants

NEW YORK State's new 7,500,000-dollar
(£A2,500,000) gaol stands empty be-
cause there are not enough criminals to justify
its opening.

High in snow-covered hill country near the
Hudson River town south of Poughkeepsie,
Greenhaven prison's 50-acre buildings hear
only howling winds, occasional footsteps as
22 maintenance men make their rounds.

No expense was spared to make Green-
haven America's most modern prison.

Inside are great kitchens, 50 special punish-
ment cells, accommodation for 1000 prisoners
—and a hospital complete with operating
theatre.

Topping Greenhaven's great walls are 12
modernistic guard towers equipped with
searchlights, sirens, gun emplacements,
bullet-proof glass windows and radios.

Construction stopped after Pearl Harbor,
but three weeks' work would make the huge
buildings ready for occupation.

Officials say its only possible use now
would be as an enemy alien concentration
camp.

HOME RULE IS STILL A HUSBAND'S PRIVILEGE

PROMINENT now in professions, literature, science, art and
industry, as well as in vital war services, women have one
major battle still to fight, for in the matrimonial sphere their
status remains inferior to man's.

Archaic legislation and outworn tradition give a husband
autocratic rights over his wife, even to the extent of allowing
corporal punishment. Judges differ and wives are still spanked,
and the law says they have to stay and take it, although some
judges take a more liberal view of a woman's rights.

The law goes further and rules that a wife must be meek,
submissive, and by failing in with her husband's wishes and
adapting her tastes and desires to his, avert his possible
displeasure and disciplinary measures towards her. If a hus-
band chastises his wife, even to the extent of "cruelty" in the
legal sense, and it is found that by amending her conduct she
can avoid such cruelty, she is bound to change her behaviour,
and is denied redress through the Divorce Court against her
husband.

Recently, the question of a husband's right to spank his wife
was again raised in the Sydney Divorce Court, and Mr. Justice
Halse Rogers ruled that a husband, even in these days of
comparative enlightenment, retains the right in law to hand
out "moderate chastisement" to a provoking wife.

The laws which give a husband such powers date back to
Roman days, when the head of the household had power of
life and death over all under his roof. There is an old
English law which specifically gives a husband the right
to beat his wife with a rod no thicker than his thumb.

But while wives may find chastisement (within limits) unsound
ground for divorce, they have to be careful that they don't
treat their husbands too roughly. There is a case on record in
Sydney where a husband divorced his wife for cruelty, saying
that she had beaten him black and blue. Mr. Justice Boyce
gave him a decree.

FROM BARK STEW TO A LITTLE PILL

IN 1637, Drake and his cronies were no longer
harassing Spain in the New World, and life in
Peru was not unpleasant for the Countess of
Chinchon, wife of the Viceroy.

Safely sheltered from many of the kicks and buffets of life,
nevertheless she fell a victim to the ague which lay over tropical
South America like a pall. But she was lucky (and so were
a hundred million people after her) because, on the eastern
slopes of the Andes grew plants, the bark of which had served
the ancient Incas as a cure for malaria.

This bark—Cinchona—contained quinine. The Countess con-
sumed a most obnoxious bark stew; her shivers and fever
departed, and she rose from her sick bed—pale and shaky—
to sit in the sun and nibble a biscuit soaked in wine.

This famous cure brought Cinchona bark to Europe as the
standard treatment for the ague. Fine gentlemen in Italy,
plump wives of Burgheis in the Lowlands and, in fact, all
the shivers in Europe were now able to get prompt relief.

An Englishman, Robert Talbor, in on the ground floor,
exploited it as a secret remedy and cured the Dauphin of
France and Louis XIV. To the latter he sold his remedy for
the modest sum of 2000 gold louis and retired from the vulgar
hurly-burly of medical practice on the proceeds.

The bark was introduced to Calcutta in 1657 and with it,
malaria was successfully treated in India until 1804. The
treatment was adopted by Dr. James Lind, famous naval
surgeon who was responsible for ringing down the curtain on
scurvy by recommending an issue of lemons to sailors. (Inci-
dentally, in this case, the Government acted promptly and
carried out Lind's recommendation only 40 years later.)

IN 1765, Dr. Lind treated 400 cases of fever in Bengal. He
used 140 lb. of bark and recorded only two deaths—a splendid
result. But Dr. James Johnson, newly arrived in India, was
not impressed. His first fever patient was discourteous enough
to die, and he there and then decided that the well-tried bark
treatment was a washout; so he introduced a new one. He
was a forceful man and so roughly did he handle all opposition
that his new treatment became the generally accepted one for
India.

It consisted of purging, blood letting, and in making the saliva
flow like a tap by means of doses of mercury (or blue pill).
And he did it in a big way. God help his patients! He bled
as much as three-quarters of a gallon in four days; and
during that time would give up to 55 grains of calomel (there
is a fair-sized stomach ache in two grains), 44 grains of blue
pill and various other daily doses of assorted purges. Strong
men sometimes survived.

Fortunately Edward Hare came to India in 1839. He treated
his patients by Johnson's system and was rather disconcerted
to find that they all died. While desperately searching medical
literature for light on the treatment of fever, he came upon
Lind's writings and at once reintroduced the Cinchona bark
treatment. During the Burmese war and throughout the siege
of Delhi and the Indian Mutiny, he treated 7000 cases of
malaria and only 30 odd died—truly a remarkable effort.

It is only within the last 10 years, with new drugs to
supplement quinine, that we have been able to improve on
such figures. Let us be thankful that in these times we in
New Guinea aren't required to munch a chunk of Cinchona
bark or drink a bitter bark soup each day. At least a little
yellow pill slips down easily.

Services Have Many Poets

MOST CONTRIBUTIONS WERE IN VERSE

THE vast majority of contributions received this week from servicemen for "Guinea Gold's" Week-end Supplement were poems. The three published below were considered the best of many submitted.

Most of the prose contributions were far too long for "Guinea Gold's" limited space, and could not be used. We seek items with punch and point, and if there are sufficient suitable ones, this whole page will be thrown open for servicemen to have their say. But, in future, 150 words must be the limit for any contributed item.

HERE are three poems on widely differing subjects:—

WHAT OF THE BOYS IN THE HATCHES?

(by Colonel Hubbard, U.S. Forces)

THE Marines have a radio program.

You hear of exploits by the score; The Air Corps boys get all the glamour,

And the Navy has pictures galore.

WHAT of the men who are toiling Fifty feet down in the holds Of the ships that are carrying rations?

How shall their saga be told?

WHO will press agent the soldiers Who have made a fine art of their toil;

Laboring under the New Guinea sun, Handling fuel and oil?

UNLOADING tractors and graders, Faithfully doing their share; Forwarding bombs for the bombers To hammer the Japs from the air.

WHEN they go down with the fever,

Keeping an eye on the ball; They stay in and keep right on pitching,

Asking no favors at all.

ENDLESSLY working on schedule,

Twenty-four hours of the day;

Toiling from twilight to sun up, That ships' may be sent on their way.

LISTENING in on the programs

That tell of the hardy Marines

But never mention the stevedores

Who send 'em their bacon and beans.

WHY does no-one ever wonder

Who keeps the "Glamour Boys" fed?

Who sent 'em their ammunition

That killed all the Japs that are dead?

THEY are just as proud of the lacing

The others are giving the Japs

As the Radio Boys on the programs—

A little bit prouder, perhaps.

DRIVERS and winchmen and stevedores,

Choekful of courage and sand,

Why don't you folks in God's country

Stand up and give THEM a hand?

REMEMBRANCE

(By Cpl. J. L. Griffith, A.I.F.)

I SHALL remember long after this

madness has pass'd away

The lonely call of bugles by night

and by day;

The sentry's ringing challenge borne

on the midnight blast—

These things I shall remember long

after the war has passed.

I SHALL remember a landscape in

the midst of early dawn,

Tree by tree emerging as the winter

day is born;

I shall remember a hill top, the

silence and the stars.

And the beauty that outlasts a thousand wars.

I SHALL remember the laughter, the merry song and jest, The comrade spirit born of war which gives the game its zest; And the thrill of our first engagement, the night we opened fire— These things I shall remember when sweeter memories tire.

I SHALL remember the joy of a difficult job well done, The muscles strained, the concerted action of men and a gun; But the headache that knows no balm, the fever and the fret, And the sorrow of leave-taking—these things, pray God, I'll forget.

"MOONIN'"

(By Sgt. J. R. Swanwick, A.I.F.)

IN your loneliness you're thinkin'...

Of two lives that should be linkin'...

In an everlasting mutual regard;

For the moonlight is upsettin'...

And it's started you to frettin'...

And you're wishin' things for you and me

Were not so flamin' hard.

FOR the city looks so splendid

With the full moon's light extended

Over streets, and homes, and gardens (and the park);

And you're hopin' (and I'm hopin'),

That you'll soon be done with mopin'.

For all the good this moonlight does

It might as well be dark.

THEN you think again, and gazin'

At the old moon brightly blazin'

It's the same old moon that's shinin' down on me;

And I'm sittin' upward starin'

While the sirens are all blarin'.

And I hope the bloody bombs are going

To lob nowhere near me.

DID YOU KNOW?

There are eight foreign Governments functioning in Britain apart from General de Gaulle's French National Committee. As they are being brought more and more into the news with talk of United Nations' conferences, they are listed briefly below for your information.

Belgium.—Prime Minister, Hubert Pierlot, Cabinet of five.

Czechoslovakia.—Prime Minister, Jan Sramek, Cabinet of 11.

Greece.—Prime Minister, Emanuel Tsouderous, Cabinet of five.

Netherlands.—Prime Minister, Professor Pieter Gerbrandy, Cabinet of 13.

Norway.—Prime Minister, Johan Nyardsvold, Cabinet of 13.

Poland.—Prime Minister, General Pladyslaw Sikorski, Cabinet of 15.

Yugoslavia.—Prime Minister, Slobodan Jovanovic, Cabinet of 12.

Luxembourg.—Prime Minister, Pierre Dupong, Cabinet of five.

Vichy France is still the "legitimate" Government of France, but the British Empire and the United States recognise the Fighting French National Committee in London.

In addition to Cabinet Ministers, exiled Governments have departmental staffs totalling 480 persons.

Britain has advanced these exiled Governments £75,584,000.

Talking of Talkies.



ACCORDING to the Press agents—if you can believe them—some of Hollywood's lovelies are taking to the rural life. And so—Paulette Goddard is growing soy beans and running chickens; and Mary Astor is providing onions for the M.G.M. commissariat. Well, maybe!

FOR the time being Hollywood is to lose stars who have been in popular favor lately. Jeanette McDonald is to go to the Metropolitan Opera in New York for her debut in grand opera..... Joel McCrea will leave soon for Washington, where he will do special work for the Secretary for Agriculture (Mr. Wickard)..... Jack Benny is to make a tour of Canada and Mexico entertaining troops in Army Camps. He is also seeking permission to go to Britain for the same type of work..... Veronica Lake left during the week for Seattle to be with her husband, Captain Dittie.

IT was Veronica Lake, by the way, who became the subject of a Government order regarding the way she wears her hair (in films).

Mary White of the Women's Division of the War Manpower Commission, sent this inter-office memorandum to her chief: "Subject: Veronica Lake's hair.—Working girls' indifference to dangers of long, flowing hairdos has driven personnel directors to the last stages of profanity."

Investigation showed some 28,000 would-be Veronica Lakes, all with unfettered manes and hanks of hair covering one eye. Too many had already had themselves half-scalped through hair catching in machinery.

Government officials contacted Miss Lake to see if she could do anything about. Said she:

"Any woman who wears her hair over one eye is silly. I've never worn it that way myself except in pictures."

Veronica explained her one-eye hairdress was just an accident in the first place.

"I was making my first movie test as a drunk. That hank of hair came down in front of my eye, and the head-men insisted I leave it that way. I've been worrying about it, stumbling through life ever since."

It was a shattering reply to her imitators, but it has already reduced the number of flowing manes—and probably lives will be saved as a result.

SNAPSHOT OF NEW MINISTER

MEET the new Soviet Minister to Australia—M. Andrei Petrovitch Vlasov.

* He worked in a timber mill at the age of 13, and worked his own way up to diplomatic rank.

* Now 37, he is good looking, fresh complexioned, with a shock of fair hair and the bearing of a man impressively keen, alert and intelligent.

* He had a young and attractive wife and three daughters—Tania G. Valya 11, and Galva 12.

WHO MIGHT THIS BE?—

You're right the first time! It's Carmen Miranda, South American bombshell, who has rocked Hollywood. The purpose of the ironmongery she is wearing is not clear.

Enter Without Knocking

Sgt. C. F. O'Neill: Good, but far too long. Try something short.

Sgt. G. Hall: Sorry. Your contribution would have no general interest.

Sgt. P. P. Flanjak: Too involved, too many adjectives, too long. Try something simpler and shorter.

L.A.C. C. R. Hellier: We are unlikely to have sufficient space for a total of 2000 words. We are reducing everything from next Sunday. In any case, we would want to see the other articles before reaching a decision.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ

1. Tuscany, in Italy; 2. 12; 3. Sister; 4. £25; 5. Disinheritance of women—the Sahan or Merovingian Franks (about 5th century) would not allow women to inherit lands. Later certain European countries would not allow a woman to inherit the throne; 6. "White Rome Burns"; 7. Sir John Moore, killed at Corunna in 1809; 8. Oxford, dark blue; Cambridge, light blue; 9. 4 per cent.; 10. An Eskimo and the Eskimo language.