

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Peace, peace
on earth
Good will towards
men



copied M.S.

1943

The Tramp Who Blundered

by Birdseye-twinkle

Just as the red sun was setting over the barren hills a "sundowner" knocked at the door of our lonely shack.

"Good evenin' mum," he said as I opened the door. "Can yer gimme a job o' work to pay for some tucker and a bed?"

"Oh yes," I said, "There's over much work wants doing, but I'm afraid the tea is rather uninteresting."

"That's all right mum," he answered, "Just a drop o' beer and a hunk o' meat'll do me."

"All right," I agreed, "I'll

give you a job. Carry those sacks of wood into the kitchen."

"Sorry mum I can't do no liftin'" he answered hastily, "You see, I've a weak 'art."

"Well, can you dig up that cabbage patch?" I asked.

"Sorry mum," he apologised "Doctor's orders - no 'ard work. I aren't even allowed to eat what I want. 'No cabbage, sez doc, 'no green peas, no beer sez 'e. I'm a very sick man, reely I am," he protested.

"O dear how awful!" I exclaimed "I'll get you some bread and milk right away."

"Just what I like mum" he replied eagerly. "Doctor's orders mixed with plenty o' brandy in" he added quickly.

give you a job. Carry those sacks of wood into the kitchen."

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"Well, can you dig up that cabbage patch?" I asked.

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"Dea dear how awful!" I exclaimed. "I'll get you some bread and milk right away."

"Just what I like mum" he replied eagerly. "Doctor's orders mixed with plenty o' brandy in" he added quickly.

"Go on with you" said I, changing my tone. "First you want a drop of beer, then doctor's orders for none, now special orders for brandy. No dinner for you till you've dug the garden and brought the wood in."

He went to do his job, muttering and scowling, but he did not show the slightest signs of tiredness when, a quarter of an hour later, he came in to say everything was done. And the amazing part is that it was done!

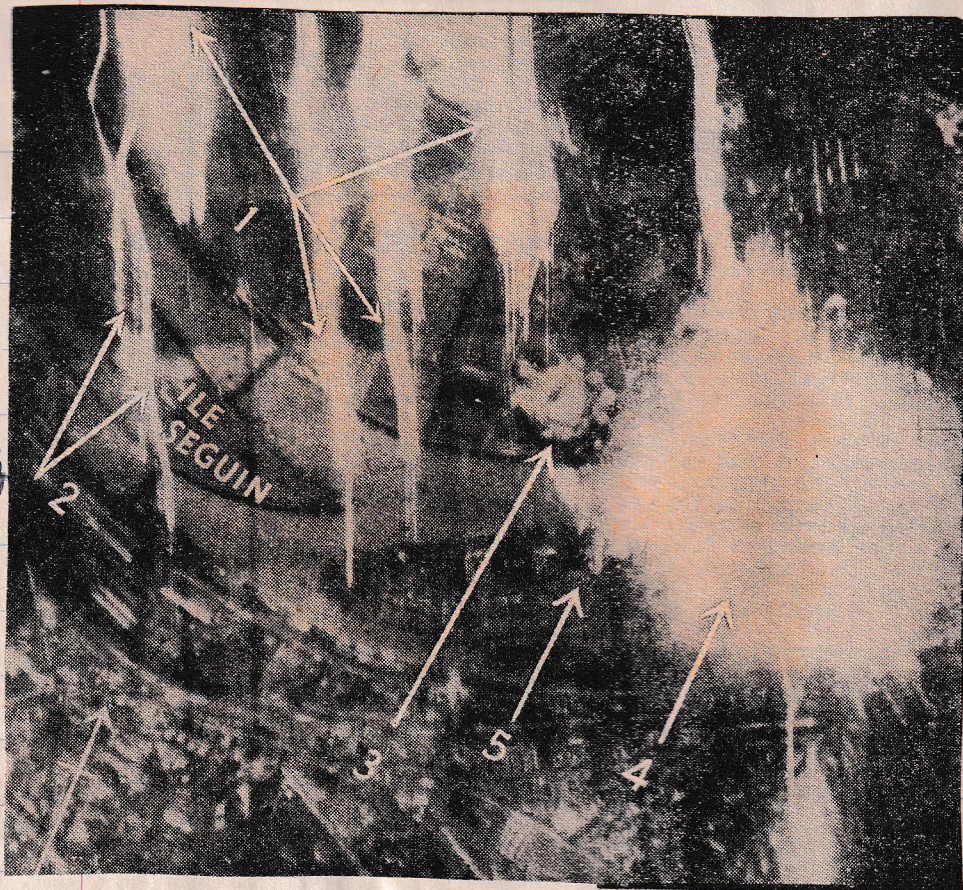
~~~~~  
Riddle.

Why did the wall flower?  
Because it saw the jam roll.



PLACES  
of  
INTEREST

The  
RENAULT  
WORKS



These are some of the most famous  
French motor-building factories.

The attack in progress on the Renault  
works at Billancourt, Paris, as seen  
from one of the R.A.F. bombers.  
Figures 1 and 2 indicate fires, 3 and  
5 bombs exploding, and 4 the terrific  
flash from a heavy bomb.

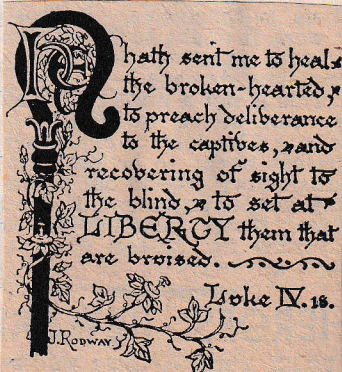
### Millinery Memo

I CAN keep a fairly reasonable  
attitude  
Towards the snood.  
But even a girl with long eye-  
lashes and a dimple  
Looks pretty simple  
In a wimple.

Phyllis McGinley, in the "New  
Yorker"



Inside the home.  
Eskimo Igloo





## Lewisham Poems

Written by the Editor while in hospital

### The Ward Bore

Dear old Mrs Rae

How I wish you'd go away,  
Go away and never come again.

You've told me all your woes  
Till I'm boredom to the toes

Go away and never come again

I want a little sleep

"There the house was, in a heap"

Go away and never come again.

Stop saying silly things

"Yes, he thought that he'd got wings!"

Go away and never come again.

You nod your dear old head

Up and down beside the bed,

Go away and never come again.

I'm tired of your talk

Won't you go and take a walk?

Go away and never come again.



### Bellbird

A honey sucking bird  
with  
a very beautiful note.



MS

### Fantail

A live-insect catcher  
with  
a pretty twittering  
song



MS





### Bimbo's Battle Honours

For three years Bimbo, a Yorkshire terrier, has flown with his master, an R.A.F. pilot, all over the Middle East. Round his neck he wears the collar (right) covered with brass plates recording his "battle honours."



PLAYER'S CIGARETTES

LABRADOR  
RETRIEVER

### 'A.B.' Buster of H.M.S. Stork



Buster and a shipmate.

A SHIVERING puppy was found alone on a Carley float, far out in the Atlantic Ocean, by H.M. sloop Stork.

Now, named Buster, he is an Able-Bodied supernumerary member of the crew—and he earns his keep, if only as a mascot.

Buster has had more adventures than many sailors.

He has seen quite a few marauding Focke-Wulfs shot out of the sky by his shipmates. He is unmoved either by exploding guns or depth charges.

He has been in at the "kill" of three U-boats, at least one by ramming, and had helped to guard prisoners from them.

Whenever 'Action Stations' sounds, Buster scrambles up an almost vertical ladder and always makes for the same spot—the damage control position.



West Highland white terrier



"Buttons" and the Burglar.

'Buttons' had been naughty, and he knew it! Now he sat with head on paws, looking up at his mistress with innocent eyes, whining piteously.

"No Buttons, you've been a very very naughty dog, and I'm not going to take your paw," as the little fellow proffered a muddy paw. With these parting words, she walked away, leaving a miserable little Buttons behind her.

Five minutes later she returned and crossing to her dresser, began to search for something in the drawer. Buttons opened one eye. He knew what that meant. Jill was going out! But he wasn't. Oh no, he had been naughty. Any way Buttons consoled himself, how was he to know that the coloured piece of paper had been Jill's precious pound note? — Slam — the front door was shut tight, Buttons began to doze. Presently a slight creaking sound from somewhere downstairs, and later a footstep outside the room, roused him; in a moment, he was



"all cars." Buttons slithered under the bed. A tall, unshaved man appeared, looked round, grunted and walked out. But he left the door open. Out of his hiding place came the little fawn, tawny dog. By this time he had decided that the man was an intruder, obviously a burglar.

Then the man from the dining-room carrying a brief-bag. Fortunately ~~he~~ hadn't seen Buttons so he proceeded downstairs. He was just half-way down, when footsteps and voices sounded outside the front door, the family had returned. Like a startled fawn he bolted towards the window opposite the front door. He was getting away! "Wow!" barked Buttons tearing downstairs full speed in his wake. "Coo!" gasped the man in sudden surprise, as he hurriedly opened the window. Then the front door opened just a bit, Buttons was outside in a flash. "What the—" said Cousin Bert in surprise, as the small dog dashed between his legs, nearly sending him off.



his balance. "Oh!" gasped Ned the gardener from next door. Buttons heeded not. Round to the window he scampered where the burglar was thrusting a lanky leg over the sill. "Wow! Get back, or I'll give you a smart nip! Wow, wow, wow!" barked Buttons threateningly.

"Galloping gaspipes!" gobbled the terrified burglar, and he hurriedly withdrew his leg. As he did so a heavy hand fell on his shoulder. "Hullo, what's all this about?" said a gruff stern voice. It was Jill's father, Mr. Macey. Then Jill caught sight of Buttons barking excitedly and wagging his tail madly. "Darling!" and she gathered him up in her arms.

An hour later found ~~the~~ a very proud doggie, sitting on best cushion, partaking of chocolate in his mistress' room. The burglar told them how Buttons had successfully blocked his escape, so Jill knew that although he was naughty sometimes he was really true and faithful. She had readily forgiven him for chewing up her pound, but as they got a reward for the recapture of the burglar, she didn't mind a bit. And was Buttons Happy, or was he? **END**

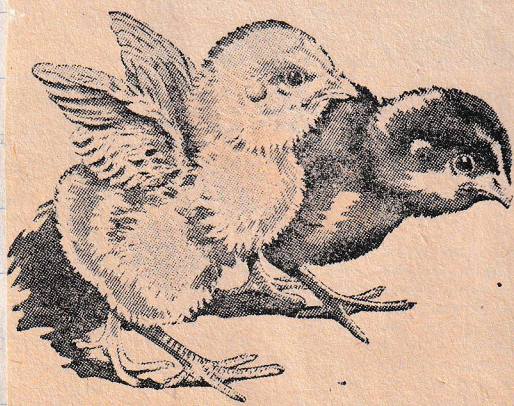




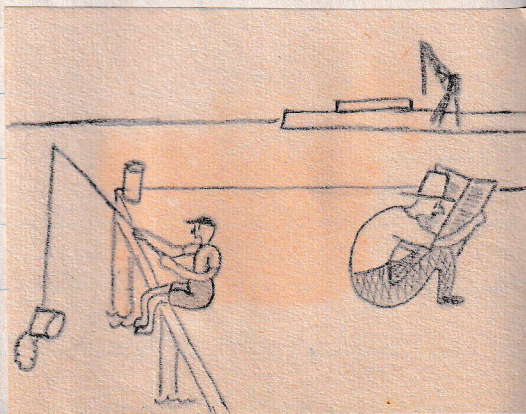
"Can I lick the spoon, Mummy?"  
 "I'm afraid I've already done so."  
 "But you didn't lick it very well!"



"Oh! Billy, you threw that snail  
 into my garden!"  
 "I only wanted to see if he  
 breaks his neck."



"Blackie, why do they feed us on pellets of stale bread?"  
 "Whiteie To teach us to lay dehydrated eggs."



Tina "Daddy, I've caught a fish!"  
 Dad "Oh. What sort?"  
 Tina "Tinned Salmon!"



The last instalment at ----

## The Mayfield Mystery Serial Story by the Editor

Synopsis. May Hut was visit by her parents when she was at school. Her mother was assaulted and the police when they came, found a secret room. Many strange messages etc were discovered and the detective went into the secret room to look around. Suddenly loud cries and bumps were heard.

Suddenly the door opened again and Mr. Jagger came out with a little man under one arm and a bunch of papers in the other. He handed the man over to one of the policeman and put the papers away until he had more time. He then dressed himself in the man's clothes and repaired to Foul's Bridge. Here he sat and waited until he heard voices and soon two other men made their appearance. Luckily they seemed to give him orders all the time and he hardly got a word in edgewise. While the other two men were quarreling about something



prisoned and the girl, on her father's request, sent to a convent.

Mr. Jagger became a fast friend of the Butts and all the police concerned got promotion. Even to this day the girls, new and old, crowd round Miss Shanks of an evening and ask her to tell them the story of "The Mayfield Mystery."

THE END

## NEWS

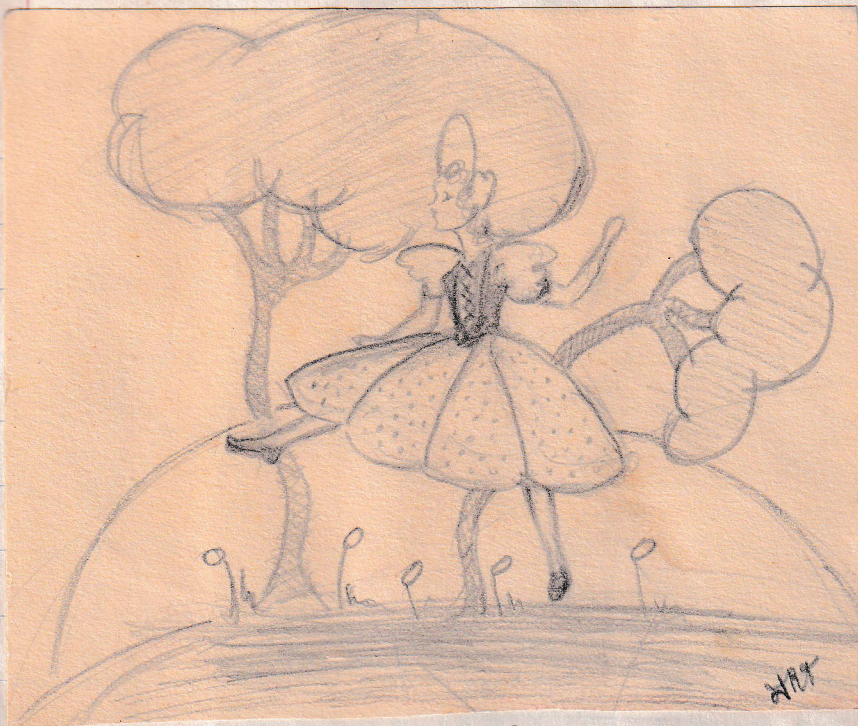
Nelly, our little brown donkey has died after a week's illness.

Bonny has a dear little foal. It is nearly 2 months old. There is a white star on her fore head and she is brown with a short, wavy, black mane and tail.

Daddy is going into the Home Guard as the I.M.R is finished.

Billy, our cat, had 3 Kittens on Wed. 28 Oct. 2 are ginger & 1 tortoiseshell. We have found a home for 1 ginger and the tortoiseshell. We only kept the two.





## Pictures from Members

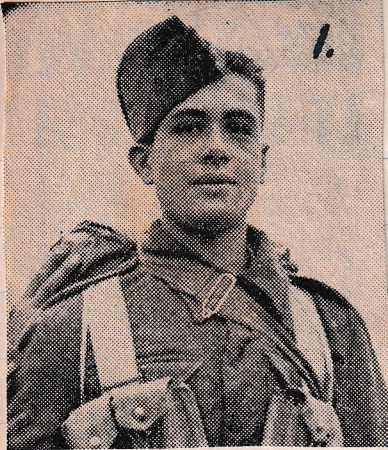


BLOSSOM IN THE MEADOWS

by WILTON WILLIAMS

Princess Margaret's Christmas card bears a reproduction of a charming child study from the brush of Wilton Williams—(Valentine and Sons, Ltd.).





These  
are  
privates  
from  
EIGHT  
ALLIED  
ARMIES  
What

How  
much  
per day  
do they  
get?

nationality are they?  
<Answers at back>  
KEPT THE TWO.



Poem by the peasant writer John Claire

Early Nightingale

When first we hear the shy - come  
nightingales,

They seem to mutter o'er their songs  
in fear,

And, climb we e'er so soft the  
spinney rails,

All stops as if no bird was any-  
where.

The kindled bushes with the  
young leaves thin.

Let curious eyes to search a long  
way in,

Until impatience cannot see or hear  
The hidden music; gets but little way  
Upon the path - when up the songs  
begin,

Full loud a moment and then low again  
But when a day or two confirms her story  
Boldly she sings and loudly for half the day;  
And soon the village brings the tale  
Of having heard the newcome nightingale.



## New Recipes for Eggs

People living in the country sometime become tired of the old fried, boiled, poach and scrambled eggs so here are some new ideas.

**Stretched Eggs:** break eggs on a flat plate, cut in strips, take hold of the ends of a strip and stretch till at least a foot long. Hold in front of the fire until quite black and serve in melted sulphur.

**Eggs ala Cinder:** have a fire of glowing coals, drop eggs on coals then scoop out with a spoon. Crush the eggshells to make shellpaste and serve eggs with paste and plenty of red coals.

**Hollypop Eggs:** boil eggs hard, stick a ~~squar~~ skewer in it, peel off shell and serve with dishes of hot mustard to dip them in.

**Floating-Yoke Eggs:** make a small hole in the top of the egg and let all the white out. Pour salt water into the shell and seal it up again.



Mix the whites with plenty of sawdust and put them in a saucepan. Drop the shells (with the yoke and salt water) into the saucepan. When the whites are stiff take out and served. the salt water should be just tepid and will make a good emetic if the dish disagrees with anyone.

Egg Pudding: into a pint of lemonade break 6 eggs. Add 3 bad oranges & finely chopped leathers and red, white and blue pepper. Boil for 2 hours take off and add gelatine. this makes a fine jelly and should be served with souer cream.

East-End Eggs: separate whites from yokes, beat whites stiff and hold in smoke of fire till they are grey. Put a spoonful on each plate and place the yoke, well dusted with soot, in the middle.

Blue-pea Omelette: mix half a pound of blue peas with 1 egg. Fry for five minutes. Do not soak the peas overnight as this spoils the hardness.

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Have you read;

"Heavy Sleep" by X. Naustion

"Before Sunrise" by Earl Lee

"Well Earned Rest" by Sid. Ingdown





## War-time Guy Fawkes

How many of you remembered Guy Fawkes day?

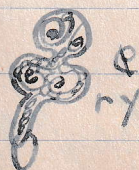
How many of you had a Guy? You say "no one did. It's not allowed" yet we did; and we weren't breaking the law either.

This is how we did it. We made a wee Guy about 3 inches high, complete with match arms, large paper hat and twigs, shavings and candle grease piled round him. We placed him in the grate and burnt him after the black out was up!

## Picture Message



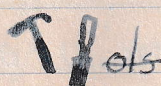
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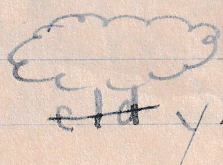
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ols





A Tour to England  
An unfinished diary of a small  
girl.

March 1<sup>st</sup> Got up at five o'clock in the morning and did all our last jobs.

The buss came up to the top of our road and picked us up at seven.

I felt rather car sick, so Mummy gave me a sweet but that did not help at all, in fact it made me feel worse.

After that Mummy gave me some sandwiches.

We had dinner in George Court, having reached Buckland. After lunch we did shopping.

That night I slept on the top landing as there was no room else where. An old man came and looked at me.

March 2<sup>nd</sup> We saw "May Time" there



smorning! It was lovely but sad at the end.

John bought for lunch. We did shopping in the early afternoon, then rested in Albert Park.

March 3<sup>rd</sup> 4<sup>th</sup> 5<sup>th</sup>. We were in Dublin 3 days doing the same sort of thing. "Victoria the Great" was the only other picture and it was sad too.

March 6<sup>th</sup> Excitement! to the station we go at half past 2.

Puff! Puff! at 3 o'clock of we go! Looking forward to tomorrow morning and OUR COUSINS.

Brinda and I had the top bunk. Mummy & Daddy had the bottom bunks. Pat slept on the floor so our cabin was full!

March 7<sup>th</sup> We went to Mrs Graylishes and we stayed 2 days.

March 10<sup>th</sup> Went to Mrs Latens lovely big rooms and closed in veranda. Stayed there 10 days at present but we are



going to stay longer.  
March 19<sup>th</sup> I have stayed 1 night at  
Luntip.

March 20<sup>th</sup> 21<sup>st</sup> 22<sup>nd</sup> 23<sup>rd</sup>. Have stayed here  
4 more days.

March 24<sup>th</sup> Went to a Miss somebody's  
place, had great fun with 3 black  
corner spaniels.

We stayed a week in which time  
we saw very, very little of our cousins  
because Dick had measles!

I did shopping for Miss —  
all by myself! One of the span-  
iels had five pups and they are so  
sweet, four black and white boys  
and one black girl. They have been  
having bad luck as the mother sat  
on two boys and one died, the other  
was left very thin and weak but is  
getting better every day.

One exciting afternoon we were  
taken to the Hotel Windsor! Mummy  
and Daddy were there and Pat, said  
("goodbye")



to everyone and got in a taxi and went down to the boat. The boat was the wonderful Huataa!

While we were looking at the crowd from the boat deck we saw all the cousins et. waving to us. In half an hour's time we started.

You NEVER saw so many waving handkerchiefs as there were then. The whole wharf seemed alive with them!

We went down to our cabins and went to bed. I was seasick and Binda felt pretty bad so we ate oranges and acid drops and went to sleep.

The first morning I stayed in the cabin and had soup and bread and butter (Mummy and Pat did the same).

Binda had to leave the dining saloon rather quickly several times. The second day I got up and



inda and I went upon deck and played deck tennis.

Mummy came up to dinner so did Pat. The saloon was very airy and all in pink and brown (they had lovely menus too)

The third day Binda and I played on deck and really enjoyed ourselves but since the ~~chutes~~ got into Sydney at 1 o'clock we didn't have long. We went on shore and found our bags and cases then we got in a taxi and went to the Peoples Palace but there was no room. Then we went across the road and took some rooms for a few hours.

We went to the Esperance Bay at 3 to 5 o'clock.

Started about eleven next day. Pat & I have our meals with the children half an hour before the others. I wish we didn't they don't have nearly such nice things, while they have



brain frills and such um, we have  
mashed potatoes and gravy with  
the pepper simpy. PILED on, only  
one meat & vegetables, and either  
pudding or preserves to chose from  
(Ghastly)

Pat and I both have colds, (bother  
it! We have to stay in the dull old  
cabin all the time) We were on the  
Esperence Bay for five days in  
which our colds and coughs got worse.

One night when Pat was extra  
bad Mummy sent for the doctor!  
He had a look at us both and said  
he would come again next night.

He came and Pat was getting a rash  
on his and the doctor said it was  
most likely measles!! Horror of horrors

Just as Mummy was in bed  
the doctor came back and said  
we all had to go to isolation hos-  
pital. MORE HORRORS OF HORRORS!!!

So we had to get all our trunks  
packed and go to the room.



On it was a place where maws were  
gloomy lights and hard, damp  
beds. Binda had not been near us  
so she stayed where she was.  
[Here the diary stops]



Copied from J.H. Dowd's Book  
"Important Business".



# Pictures at Leigh



Looking down our  
garden path.  
Calf down the path.



Looking down the valley  
to Goat Island and the  
sea.



Meddy and Nell with  
Anne and Pat riding



Meddy, Jack, Anne, Nobby  
on the lawn with  
Arum lilies



Convoy of army lorries  
down our road



26 army lorries and  
4 motor bikes



Part of our farm from  
the opposite Hill. The road  
goes up on left of picture  
House behind 2 dark, distant  
+ loc 851



A True Story ..... A Story

One day a father was showing his little daughter some old photographs. He said of one

"This is my old head Master, he was made Bishop of Barbados when he retired from the school. He used to cane your Daddy!"

The little girl pandered for a minute, then she said; "I see. He was like Saint Paul; first he persecuted the righteous and then he was made a Bishop."

BRITISH PRIVATE  
2/6 a day

1

Answers

5

FIGHTING FRENCH PRIVATE  
2/6 a day

CANADIAN PRIVATE  
5/9 a day

2

to

6

DUTCH PRIVATE  
2/6 a day

NEW ZEALAND PRIVATE  
7/6 a day

3

Competition

7

POLISH PRIVATE  
2/- a day

AUSTRALIAN PRIVATE  
7/6 a day

4

8

AMERICAN PRIVATE  
8/10 a day



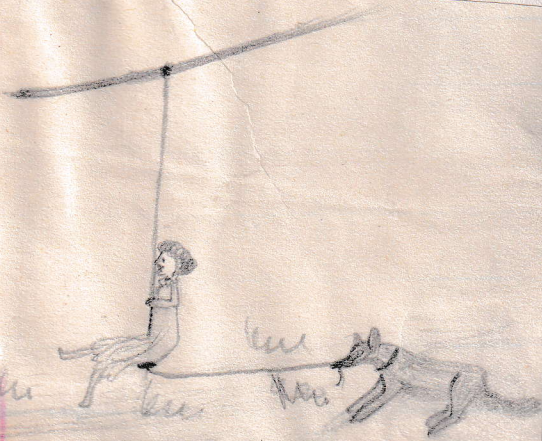


Doggie's Bath day



Flowers for Market  
(All to be counted!)

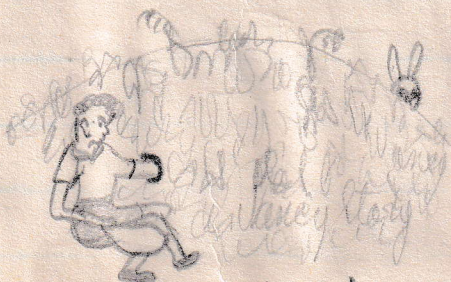
## Phrases of Life



Swinging



Snail Hunting



Rabbit Hunting



Digging

4 more

House wren  
+ wren



Short Story  
M. Willis

The Life of  
Te Rauparaha.



Te Rauparaha.

Kawhai, a quiet little harbour on the West coast, was once the home of the blood-thirsty Te Rauparaha and his band or tribe of murderous warriors and followers. Te Rauparaha was a Ngatitōa chief, unlike Hone Heke who was a Ngāpuhi and he learnt from the latter the use of muskets and how to easily overcome his enemies with these useful weapons. As Kawhai was very rarely visited by trading vessels this did not suit him because he could not obtain all the muskets he desired, so being of a strong and powerful build and his warriors likewise he was determined to march down through New Zealand to a little Island called Kapiti.

thus, a week later the march to Kapiti



was begun.

First he

marched

boldly through

all Taranaki,

following the



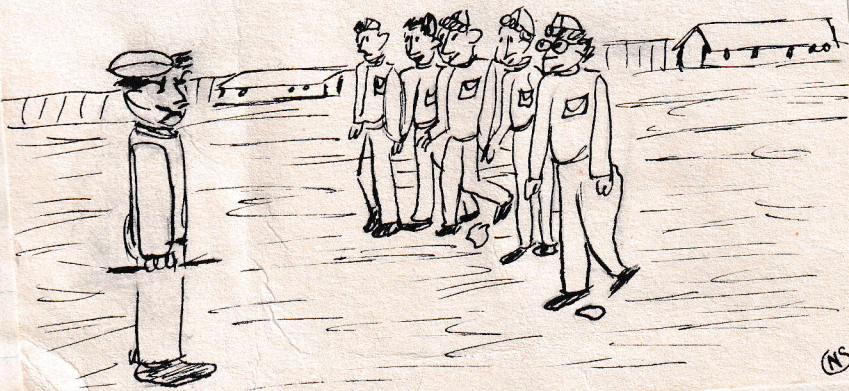
Kapiti Island from the mainland.

coastline down its irregular course destroying towns so much and eating a big per-cent of their inhabitants, so cruelly that it struck terror into the hearts of the settlers and the friendly disposed natives. At last after inflicting terrible slaughter and burning villages, they reached Kapiti, a small Island a few miles from the then, small settlement of Wellington.

Now Te Rau paraha, being very war-like built a strong fortified Pa, but Governor Grey who wisely saw that Te Rau paraha and Rangihēata were doing no good captured Te Rau paraha while he was sleeping in the Pa, in his whare, while Rangihēata fled into the dense, bush covered slopes



of the Horokiwi Valley for cover. Te Rau paraka,  
after being imprisoned for some time was  
at last ~~not~~ released and he went back to the  
Ngatitoo. But an unpleasant surprise awaited  
him, for the Maoris despised him, they said  
that rather than let himself be imprisoned by  
the hated white man, he should have killed  
himself, so, although he lived among the  
Ngatitoo until he died in 1849 he was never  
chief again.



"Stand still or I'll drill yer!"