

So sing a song of the bright brown bean,
 And let the welkin ring.
 A fairer sight you've never seen,
 A dish that's fit for any queen.
 Oh, raise your voice and sing
 To the bean, brown bean.

The Scotchman sings of Burgoo;
 The Englishman of beef,
 The Irishman of Irish stew,
 And stuff that rots the teeth.
 I sing to you of none of these;
 The best food I have seen,
 The food that fills the tummys up
 To the bean, brown bean.

At this moment the Camp Leader shouted "Wood Hulen", members adjourned hurriedly to their bunks and simulated sleep. Subsequent proceedings will be reported next week.

SHOP ACCOUNT FOR MONTH OF OCTOBER

Stock as of Oct. 1.	Fl.	185.75
Purchases in October		2915.28
		<u>3101.03</u>
Sales		<u>3046.25</u>
	Balance	54.78
Stock at end of the month		<u>169.27</u>
	Profit	114.49
Shop Expenses		
Commission to banana man	Fl.	33.15
Damaged goods		4.80
Loss on sugar		6.27
Administration expenses		<u>5.40</u>
	Fl.	49.62

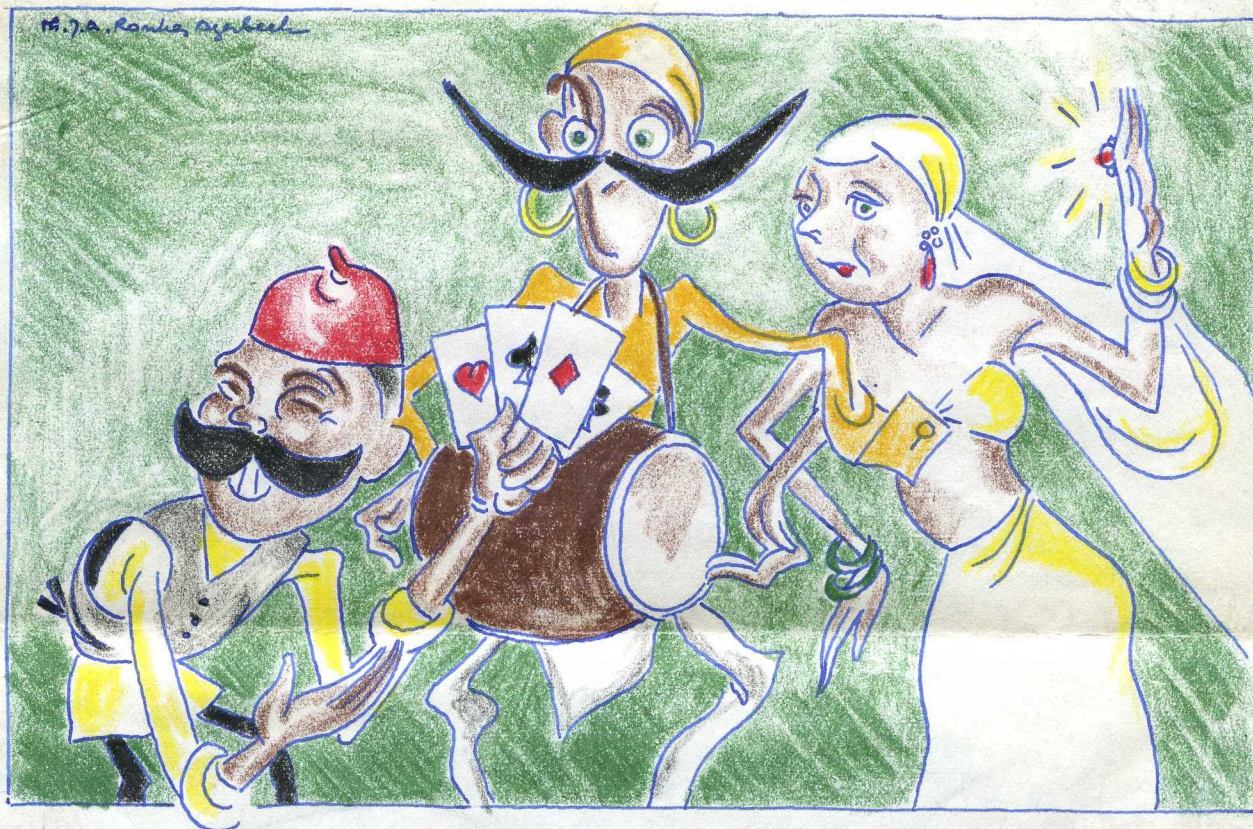
(over)

Expenses on behalf of general fund

Amount general fund owes shop per ult. Sept.	Fl.	31.13		
Deliveries commission		5.71		
Camp & block administration		2.05		
Expenses Camp News		1.60		
Strings for guitar		1.25		
BUCKET for well		1.75		
Supplies for hairdressers		1.10	(x)	
Repair of camp buckets & dippers		2.50		
Bathroom expenses		1.05		
Deliveries to English library		.60		
Washing soap distribution		<u>5.60</u>	<u>54.34</u>	<u>103.96</u>
Balance on profit & loss account				<u>10.55</u>

The capital belonging to the shop remained at Fl. 148.32. The loan capital at the beginning of October, which was Fl. 436, was reduced to Fl. 383.50 as at the end of the month several members withdrew their shares.

(x) For tobacco supplied to hair dressers. In addition to this Fl. 6.55 was supplied from hair dressers receipts. Total receipts Fl. 18.88 and net profit Fl. 11.33



CONCERT HITS NEW HIGH IN CAMP HILARITY

Camp concerts hit a new high in hilarity Wednesday when Attenborough, van Geyzel & Company convulsed spectators with Indian musical high jinks. And when Bosun Brodie slid down the hemp to climax the Indian rope trick, the audience practically rolled in the aisles. Consensus of camp comment was that the show was the funniest yet.

Because the announcer's thoughts were dallying in fields where nautch dancer Fatima dwells, he forgot about the collection box for the Womens' Camp Christmas Fund. It should have been beside the coffee urn at intermission. As result, Block Leaders will be asked to gather the cash from their constituents.

Since you all saw the show there is little need to describe it. Undisputed hit of the evening was the Indian troupe, with Bill Attenborough as Hamed Din doing his magic and card tricks; Elder Boswell as Fatima the nautch girl, Victor van Geyzel as moustachioed Gunga Din with his drum, snaky fingers, flashing eyes and India rubber knee! Frank Kennard the gullible sailor lad, redoubtable Jock Brodie was Barnacle Bill the bosun and J. A. Gillbrook as Hussain Din, the silent stooge.

Jock Brodie, doubling in kilts and later as a crusty salt with designs on Fatima, more than lived up to his previous reputation for humor.

Black faced Gillbrook and Kennard, with their dice and drinking act, and later with N. Boswell in the darkies' southern plantation number supplied many laughs and were well received.

(over)

Malcolm Boswell, singing, "Rainbow on the River," was another hit. The stringed instrumentalists, Max Breuer, H. Debrichy, A. van der Meulen, supplemented by Case Steur on the harmonica, did yeoman's service. P. Stout sang two numbers, a Malay Kronchong and "Schocier." In the later he appeared as a hobo.

The cowboy songs "Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie," and "The Last Roundup," sung by W. H. McDougall Jr. as well as his recitation of "In Flanders Fields," which opened the concert with an Armistice Day note, also were well received.

The concert began where it was interrupted by rain Tuesday night, just after F. Boswell sang "Bill Bailey" and "Maggie." Stage hands Wally Bagby and E. Hasselhuhn are due plenty of kudos for their lighting effects and decorations.

As was expected, Elder Boswell brought down the house with his hulah hula in "Hawaiian Night" and later as Fatima in the Indian number. Enthusiastic admirers presented him a bouquet, plucked during a recent working party.

To the regret of producers and spectators, one scheduled number was canceled. Illness prevented Bert Smallwood from signing and trumpeting.

The regular full moon concert will be held as scheduled, Impresarios Carruthers and Magnay said as Camp News went to press.

Camp News editors are planning a New Year's Eve revue, wherein it is hoped the best numbers of previous concerts will be reproduced together with some new, surprise turns.

Camps members are invited to submit suggestions and propose personnel for the Revue. Let us know what numbers were your favorites.

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

Camp members today extended many Happy returns to Dr. G. F. West, whose birthday it is. He is keeping his age secret but Winnie has noticed twinges now and then, suggestive of lumbago, creaking joints and other manifestations of advancing years.

Dr. West denies the lumbago accusation and terms it Palembang Stoop, brought on by much stooping over Palembang feet and peering up Palembang Bottoms. Be that as it may, we all are glad he is here to do the stooping, peering and probing which has done so much toward keeping most of us fit and in good health.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

In last week's Camp News appeared a letter signed "Skeptic," criticizing a letter on punishment, written by Mr. van der Vliet which appeared the week before. Mr. van der Vliet, in last week's Camp News, said he would reply this week to "Skeptic," however, Mr. van der Vliet informed Camp News editors he had changed his mind, explaining, "the gap between my opinion and that of 'Skeptic' is too great to bridge and can not be done by letters."

Another letter on the punishment subject has been received and follows

(next page)

The Editor,

Dear sir and fellow Worm:

Last week you published a letter whose writer suggested formation a police squad. I too, believe this to be the one efficient way of ensuring the enforcement of regulations.

However, as all systems of law and order boil down in the end to physical force, such a squad would be useless, as is the present spineless and vacillating collection of committees, leaders, deputies, urgers and hangers on, unless they were free to adopt ruthless methods.

We have plenty of men big and ugly enough to form a squad; but have we any who are good enough, man enough, game enough and sufficiently impartial to commit violence on the persons of those citizens who persist in breaking rules?

Laugh as you may at the "I'll tell the Tuan Besar" business; but breathes there a man with brain so dead who would slap down the ears of his Tuan-Besar-that-was (and will again someday be)? Or who would even catch the fellow in unfriendly wallp between the horns in the execution of his duty?

This squad would need to be independent of committees and leaders, free from T.B. recriminations, thick of head and strong of arm. Only three brands of jail bird come within this limited scope: 1), colonials, 2) Tuans Besar, 3) regular cops.

No. 1 are too clankish, truculent and sudden and quick to quarrel. No. 2 are only tough when dealing with their unfortunate, poverty stricken fellow prisoners. No. 3 --- Any better than these would spoil it. After all, cops are used to belting, dark-celling and half rationing honest citizens, so now's the chance to discover if their continued breeding is worth while, by their performing these useful operations now that they are needed.

Even so, who will doubt that the cringing attitude of my fellow jelly-spines to any measure which did not emanate from Noah's old dad, will suffocate with apathy any attempt to prevent their faces being walked on by the first pig-headed thug who decides to continue on his wilfully selfish way?

Tuan Damurize

To which of the three brands of jail bird do you belong? Or is there a fourth ---EDITOR

Editor Camp News:

Sir:

With reference to the action proposed in the Toko announcement detailed in Camp News of 7/11/42 I trust that it is realised --- particularly by the shop officials --- that:

Either --- each individual in the Camp will be entitled to choose goods in person at the shop when making a purchase and cannot be expected merely to place orders through his Block Leader as at present;

Or --- that block leaders will be entitled to accept goods from the shop on behalf of members of their blocks on the understanding that acceptance may yet be refused by the purchaser.

If either alternative is adopted, there should be no objection to the arrangement proposed. Without one or the other, however, the arrangement becomes an unfair and unwarranted imposition on the purchaser.

There is an article, "The Law and the Shopper," in the "World Digest" of January 1942 (obtainable in the library) which the shop assistants might study with profit.

H. B. Sym

(SIGNED BY HIM)

Editor:

The authorship of Shakespeare and the tiny stir it makes here
Show how little is the interest that's taken,
But, without opinions quoting, I am sure we'd find by voting
That the jail's whole crowd would firmly vote for Bacon!

T. A. C.-S.

Editor:

In the last quiz one question was "How long does it take on an average to march out to the site of the new camp?" The answer "about half an hour" was adjudged wrong, the correct answer being 22 to 25 minutes. Since then three test runs have been made, out and in, from the tail of the column leaving the lane to the halt at the gate. The times, to the nearest half minute, were outgoing, 29½, 30, 30; incoming, 31, 29, 31, (leaders de Jong, Penrice, de Jong). To walk to the site in 22 minutes, or even 25, while not impossible, will involve something very different from the usual weary waddle.

Little Nurmie

WELL WHISPERS

Whispering Winnifred's news activities last week were confined to war correspondence work on the Block 7 and Block 11 fronts. At great danger to her life and limb Winnie crept through the canned food entanglements of Block 7 and snapped closeups while one combatant held his falling pants up with one hand and swung with the other. Like most modern wars the causes were obscure but Winnie gathered blows were exchanged after one warrior complained the other was standing between him the light, thereby interfering with composition of an Ode to the Womens' Camp.

Winnie then jumped into the small but heavily armored tank she uses on such occasions, careened across camp and cautiously entered the gloom of Block 11's most exclusive cell. Ducking dried fish, empty arack bottles and other missiles which were flying about, she interviewed Taurzan the Terrible as he blitzed his roommate on general principles.

Casualties were not serious in either case.

For SALE --- one silk kimono. Price Fl. 17.50. One bottle Coty Eau de Cologne red stopper. Price Fl. 7.50. See Block 11 leader

for Sale--- one pair grey flannel long trousers, large size, price Fl. 8. Apply block 2 verandah.

WOMENS' CHRISTMAS FUND

A man in Block 1 informed editors he was unable to donate financially to the Christmas Fund, but had two handkerchiefs he would sell, if any buyers appeared, and donate the proceeds to the fund. The editors think its a good idea and that he perhaps others in camp in similar circumstances might do likewise. Prospective handkerchief buyers can amply to Block 1 leader.

For SALE--- One pair black shoes. One pair blue cotton trousers. Apply Block 6 Leader

MAN OF THE WEEK



A splendid old soldier, with most martial air,
He weilds comb and scissors when cutting your hair.
Although he's now barber he doesn't talk much
But can, if annoyed, speak the strongest of Dutch!

FULL MOON CONCERT SCHEDULED

Weather permitting, the regular full moon monthly concert will be held this evening. Previews indicate the show will be something new in the line of camp entertainment.

LECTURE SERIES ARRANGED

Camp News editors announced revival of the weekly lecture series. The first will be held next Thursday at the well after tea. First four speakers will be: Mr. Maurice Philipps, Block 9, "Remniscences of Malaya Horse Racing Days;" Mr. L. R. Blake, Block 8, "The British raid on Zeebrugge in World War I;" Mr. F. Cotton, Block 3, "Prospecting;" Mr. H. P. Kendall, Hospital, "Jungle Anecdotes."

ALLOCATION OF PLACES IN NEW CAMP

At its meeting on November 18 the Joint Committee decided that allocation should be on the lines recommended in the report of the subcommittee appointed to go into the matter. In this report it is emphasized that there is no desire to segregate nationalities and that the general wish is that, so far as possible, blocks as they now exist shall remain together in the new camp.

The scheme is that each block will choose its place in the new camp by lot, lots to be drawn by the block leaders. Each block will be able to choose any space still unallotted, these, and not parts of sections, must be taken up.

Nine of the existing 11 blocks can be put each into a single section. The block drawing the tenth lot will have to be divided into several parts and put into different sections. The members of the last lot will have to be put in wherever there is room. The committee will arrange that these persons do not get the worst places in the section, i. e., near the bathroom.

(over)

Before the drawing of lots, places near the kitchen will be allotted to the kitchen staff.

One of
The two small sections in the hospital wing will, for the time being, be reserved as public rooms, (for church services, meetings, etc.).

~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ Given the possibility opened for individuals going from one block to another, before the lottery takes place, it is clear that the splitting of the blocks which have the last choice can be limited when the larger blocks increase their number to 36 or 40. This will allow one block to occupy a whole section in the new camp.

Before the drawing of lots the subcommittee, who have been entrusted by the Joint Committee with the arrangement of details, will explain and discuss the matter with the block leaders.

The Joint Committee thanks the subcommittee for the work which it has done.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Sir :

Mr. Curran-Sharp's method ^{of} publishing the reasons for his resignation appears to some of us to be distinctly reprehensible.

I admit that had the letter been handed to the now existing British Committee it might not have been circulated so widely or have received such prominent publicity, but could not the writer have circulated it himself and so confined the dispute over policies to the British section?

Cautious

Sir:

The recent resignations of two members of the British Camp committee --- one of whom was the secretary --- has certainly given the ordinary Camp member cause for serious consideration.

Whatever justification the two members concerned had for resigning must be given the fullest publicity in order that Camp members will clearly understand the issues involved, and I hope the Camp News will be the instrument for such enlightenment.

The committee business which precipitated the resignations is of vital importance to every member of the British section of the Camp particularly, and if the best interests of the section referred to have been neglected a change of government should follow without delay.

All camp business should, in my opinion, be given fullest publicity through the agency of the Camp News.

Yours faithfully,

John C. Brodie, Block 8

Sir:

Among potential flying squad material (Tuan Damurize" (signer of a letter in last week's Camp News) mentions "Colonials." We assume from his remarks that the Tuan is even less well informed than Macaulay's schoolboy.

The term "Colonial" does not refer to nationals of Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. These countries are His Majesty's overseas Dominions, united in the British commonwealth of nations by their common loyalty to the Crown, but entirely self governing. The Colonial Office has no say whatsoever in their affairs.

(more)

PUZZLE PROBLEM

J. J. Jones, Block 1, and J. Bakker, of the kitchen, win fried eggs this week for correct solution of last week's problem.

Solution

3954
7862
7908
23724
31632
27678
31086348

This week's problem

From his bed in Charitas Hospital, Ye Old Puzzle Editore Prior submits the following brain twister:

Give the value of c; u, b, e, that satisfies the following equation:

$$(c+u+b+e)^3 = \text{CUBE}$$

(There are two correct solutions. Both must be given)

PUZZLE VERSE

Who is the man of bland visage
Invariably who sneaks with furtive hand
Luscious fruit destined for this menage.
Ludicrous his filching seems to us.
Incredibly paltry, as though to charge
Camp "tuan besars" his efforts to curtail;
Known, as he is, as "tuan besar at large."

Reflect, you wretch, as you secrete bandana.

A shout rings out: "Put down that b--- banana!"

D. C. T., Block 11

LIBRARY BROKE

The English Librarian today disclosed that his treasury is as flat as the proverbial pancake. Unless library funds are augmented by donations he will be unable to purchase any more books and Camp readers will have to struggle along for the duration on present reading fare. Any suggestions from readers? Or even better still, any donations?

NOTICE

Will any Camp member wishing to alter the address of his next-of-kin on the official list please see Mr. C. Q. Starkey, Block 1.

CAMP MEMBERS WEIGHED

Of the 303 Camp members weighed on November 15, 141 showed an increase over their weight as taken on October 15, 80 showed no change and 82 showed a loss. The net variation among those weighed was an increase of 0.228 kg. per head.

DR. TAMAMA LEAVES

The Camp Leader Friday expressed thanks on behalf of Camp members to Dr. Tamama for the latter's kindnesses to the Camp in medical matters. Dr. Tamama called to bid farewell and inform the Camp he is leaving Palembang.

Please.....Please.....Please...read Camp News quickly and pass it on. Don't hide it if you are occupied when it arrives. There are only two Dutch and two English copies for 308 men. PASS THIS COPY ON QUICKLY!!!!!!

Seenat Moonlight Cabaret



REVIEW ENTERTAINS CAMP MEMBERS

The sixth concert --- fifth beneath a full moon --- passed into Camp history when it ended Saturday at 10:20 p.m. after a three hour show. In the nature of a review, the performance was divided into three parts. The first two simulated radio broadcasts from a pub "somewhere in England" and from the 'Chili Rouge' cabaret in Amsterdam. The third phase of the show was a topical sketch built around kitchen conveying.

Andrew Carruthers directed the pub scene and earned some laughs with a well done turn in which a candle and cross-talking, cleft-speeched family figured. Bartender Knobby Clark raised a colossal thirst among the audience and one of the best character bits of the evening was chalked up when Block 4's S. A. Anderson did a drunk act.

Hit of scene II, in the "Chili Rouge," was that satin swathed siren, A. "Millicent" Wrigley of Block 10, who shaved his scraggly beard and, under the skillfull touch of J. R. Quinn, transported Camp members in spirit to other and better days. Quinn deserves some extra kudos for writing and directing the farce. Garcon C. Q. Starkey, of Block 1, did some excellent characterization in his waiters role.

Last scene of the evening was G. E. Magnay's topical sketch, the convey-ing number. It had some punchy parts but was over long. Dutch camp members especially enjoyed one of the numbers, G. R. van der Wiering's alphabetical take-off.

The show was an innovation in many respects. It was in the nature of a review and almost devoid of music. Camp comment was favorable but indicated that old Father Time had too much of a hand in things. The hour glass sands got stuck somewhere and the Old Boy just wouldn't toddle along fast enough.

CONCERT POLL

Camp News editors this week polled Camp Members concerning the latters' views on Camp concerts --what the Camp likes and does not like in the way of entertainment. Principal objective of the poll was to determine the nature of a show to be presented New Year's Eve. So, to learn the poll's results, we invite you to attend the concert and see for yourself. We will do our best to stage the kind of show you voted for.

PUZZLE PROBLEM

L. Rottier, of Block 7 and T. M. Paton of Block 11, win fried eggs this week, their names having been drawn from a hat which contained correct solutions to last week's problem. Incidentally, there were only three Dutch and ~~four~~ British solutions offered. Unless more entries are received to this week's brain twister, Camp News editors will drop the weekly puzzle, as being of insufficient interest to readers. The deadline for entries has been advanced from Wednesday to Thursday at 6 p.m.

Correct Solution to
last week's problem:

$$(4+9+1+3)^3 = 4913$$
$$(5+8+3+2)^3 = 5832$$

This week's:

The distance "D" in statute miles of the horizon from an observer "h" feet above sea level (neglecting refraction) is given very closely by the formula

$$D \approx \sqrt{3h}$$

The usual prize will be given: ~~20~~ ^{For} (a) the neatest proof of this formula, (b) a similar simple formula expressed in kilometers and meters. Data: radius of earth 3960 miles; one statute mile equals 5280 feet; five statute miles equal eight kilometers and 45 meters (however for purposes of this formula the 45 meters can be ignored) ~~five x six x three x~~ 36 feet equal 11 meters.

LECTURE SERIES BEGINS

H. P. Kendall, of the Hospital Staff, Thursday began the new lecture series with a tale of how he shot a tiger with a revolver. The next lecture will be held next Thursday after tea. Camp News editors request Camp members to submit names of possible lecturers or subjects. We are endeavoring to keep the talks non-technical and on a purely amusement basis.

ADVERTISEMENT--- The United Laundries announce to their clients that, owing to the increased price of soap, the charge for laundrying will be increased from 6 to 7 cents per piece, effective Nov. 29.

the so-called baker's beetle in Europe is one ?
 THAT turkeys are fully grown in their second year, and can live to be about 16 years old ?

PATIENCE A VIRTUE ???

For many years, Winnifred has amused herself in dull moments with games of Solitaire or Patience. She knew from experience that the odds were somewhat against her; that the pack always seemed stacked; that the house invariably won. But like most gamblers, she never thought of analyzing the play. And now she has discovered that pure science has invaded the realms of solitaire. As proof, read the following interesting contribution.

In odd corners of the Camp, at all hours of the night and day, solitary and fervent devotees may be seen silently and solemnly performing the rites appropriate to their worship of that Virtue that is always associated proverbially with Patience.

With worn cards, torn cards, new cards, old cards, Dutch cards, British cards, and by the devious paths of Canfield, Golf, Demon, Thirteen Dogs, Nines, and others too recondite to mention, they tread the way to the ultimate goal of all the worshippers..... the magic vision of the Goddess vouchsafed to them when they win, or, in their parlance, "get it out."



The worship is a stern affair... not for these anchorites the war-like cry of 'Check,' the satisfying 'Three No-Trumps', the challenging 'Double', or the sorrowful 'No-Bid'.... such distractions to the pursuit of Virtue are for lesser men. No outward signs of the inner conflict can be seen, save an occasional gleam in an eye as a long-awaited ace at last appears, or an increased heart beat as red follows black in unexpectedly welcome alternation.

Nor is each suppliant rewarded according to his importunity.... too often are the elders chagrined by the flashing smiles that the Goddess abundantly turns to the newest convert to the Faith, while they themselves, fervid and regular worshippers, are rewarded perhaps once in a life-time with the prize - precious above rubies - of "getting it out!"

But do not think that the pursuit of Virtue is alone the spur for the faithful; in this Eden, the serpent of private profit-making is ever at hand, and many hypocritical worshippers who, to outward eye seem among the most enraptured followers, have, up their sleeves, slide rules, tables of logarithms, and complicated statistical data, with which they

hope to discover infallible systems for breaking the bank "when we get out of here!" Their tabulated results, though savouring of blasphemous innovations in a hitherto pure creed, are not without interest to the infidel passer-by. Thus one impassioned follower of the Canfield school for many years, told us of 380 successive Acts of Faith which had resulted in the meagre average of 8.8375 'out' per Act, and that while he was now temporarily reduced to bankruptcy, he was confidently expecting something to turn up, since he was certain that he was on the right track. Another devoted and similarly financially interested follower reported 100 Acts, for which he paid the theoretical (!) price of \$52 per pack, and was paid \$5 for each card 'out.' He finished with a loss of \$9. Of the 100 Acts, five received their full reward, and came out. On the other hand, one of the more recently converted of the faithful revealed that during the 100 Acts of his novitiate, the Goddess showed herself 'all-out' in her full beauty on the 31st, 62nd, and 93rd occasions.... a highly significant sequence for the statistical schismatics.

Some may be born virtuous, some may have virtue thrust upon them, but here among us we have a goodly company striving earnestly to achieve it; so let us wish them 'Good Luck' and be sympathetic to their rule of life..." There's just time for another one!!"

FOR SALE Mattress, 2m long, 80cms broad, 10 cms thick. Can be seen on application to Touw, Block 11.

- P Winnifred Nominates
FOR MERIT P. Hastings, of Block 8, who daily performs the arduous self-appointed task of chopping logs, and keeping the kitchen supplied with small wood for the fires.
FOR DEMERIT A Camp member who was recently observed to use 63 dippers full of water in the bathroom before starting to lather himself.

PRIZE COMPETITION

A prize is offered for the best English sentence of 26 words submitted, each succeeding word of which must begin with the following letter of the alphabet; i.e. the first word must begin with 'a', the second with 'b', the third with 'c', etc. until the final word, which must begin with 'z'. The sentence may not be interrupted with full stops, and proper names may be used. The prize is one fried egg, and the Editors' decision is final. Send your entries to the Editors, c/o the Surgery before 5.30 p.m. Wednesday

THE LATE PILOT-OFFICER R.G. MAUND. R.A.F.V.R.

Mary of the British members of the Camp will have learnt with regret of the death of Geoffrey Maund on Sept. 28th in Palembang Hospital. He was a pioneer motorist and motorcyclist, and competed a good deal at Brooklands in the early days, holding several speed records for a time. He served in the Royal Naval Air Service in the last War, finishing up as a Captain, R.A.F.. He went into the motor business after the War, and was associated with the Roote brothers, the precursors of Rootes Ltd. He worked in all parts of Malaya from 1926 onwards, and from 1934, he had been the Far Eastern representative of Austin Motors Ltd. His father was a member of the British South Africa Co., and a contemporary of Cecil Rhodes, while one of his three brothers, all now serving in the War, was in command of H.M.S. Ark Royal.

APOLOGIES TO LIBRARY

Apologies to the English Librarian are now in order, lest we be suspected of evil designs on the library. Camp News editors hasten to explain there is no truth in reports that library notices in the last two English issues were deliberately botched. It so happened that on both occasions the notices were typed at the bottom of the page and carbon copies slipped. Because of the shortage of paper we didn't throw the paper away for the sake of making new carbon copies.

BADMINTON

If there is sufficient interest it is suggested that shortly a badminton tournament be held. The tournament will be played in accordance with the knock-off system. Competitors will draw for partners.

Entrance fee will be 50 cents (guilder) per person. The total purse will be available for prizes. Interested persons please notify C. Broerse, block 9, before Sept. 30.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

The scattering of refuse on the side path behind the kitchen is a very dangerous practice, as it provides an ideal breeding-ground for flies inside the camp, and thereby leads to the spread of infection. All refuse that cannot for any reason be placed in the rubbish bins MUST BE BURIED AT LEAST ONE-HALF METER DEEP and the earth well pressed down on top.

GOOD CHEER FOR WOMENS' CAMP

A large consignment of parcels was sent to the Womens' Camp Sept. 23. A quantity of fruit was sent Sept. 24 and 25. Thanks came to us through the children who lined up and shouted "dank u wel" and "Thank you very much," to the working party passing in the distance.

Letters were sent to the camp and to the hospital Sept. 24 NEXT MAIL FOR WOMENS' CAMP MUST BE HANDED TO THE CAMPLEADER BEFORE 4 p.m. OCTOBER 7.

It is planned to send parcels to the Womens' Camp every fortnight and fruit every week.

In addition to parcels sent to individuals, a quantity of things, including soap, bully beef, butter, needles, toothbrushes and jam, was sent to the Australian and British Nursing Sisters and to those who have no relatives in the Men's Camp. The sending of such an assortment of goods was made possible by the generous response to the appeal for funds for that purpose, which resulted in donations totalling £1.25.00 and \$45.00. Some presents from Dutch and British friends also were sent. Goods sent to Sisters:

Common washing soap	Doublets	15	Sunlight Soap	Packets	12
	Small bars	2	Toothbrushes		6
	Large bars	1	Colgates Tooth P. tubes		6
Talcum powder	Bags	6	Needles	Packets	10
Thread	Reels	10	Sardines	Tins	14
Butter	12 oz Tins	16	Margarine	12 oz. tins	12
Bully beef	" " "	29	Jam	5 lb. tins	1
Toffee for Sisters	Tins	5			
" " Mrs. J.B. Collery & Mrs. A. Weir				tins	1

(over)

QUIZ CONTEST

The first of a series of block vs. block quiz contests will be held next Saturday afternoon. Instead of selecting a Dutch and English^{team} at random, a series of matches will be held, following the elimination system, to decide the champion team.

Blocks 9 and 4 will oppose each other Saturday. The teams are: Block 9, C. Broerse, H. van Rooy, H. Lawson and M. Phillips; block 4, C. G. Harrison, G. B. E. Truscott, A. E. Stam and A. Schuyff.

SUGAR

Sugar will be issued only on Sundays and Wednesdays.

VETERAN PLANTER DIES

William Leggatt, 57, well known British planter and yachtsman in Malaya, died Sept. 22 in the Andreas hospital. Mr. Leggatt, who held the rank of Lieutenant-Commander in the British Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, had been in the Services Camp.

Mr. Leggatt is survived by his widow, in Australia, a daughter in England. His only son was lost while serving on a British submarine in the Mediterranean during the present war.

For the past 34 years a planter in Malaya, Mr. Leggatt was active also in social and yachting circles. He was chairman for 10 years of the Incorporated Society of Planters, manager and chairman of Bukit Kepong Estate and manager of Laynton Estate and Commodore of the Port Dickson Yacht Club, Negri Sembilan. His home was in Selangor, F. M. S. He served in the Royal Navy in World War I and rejoined when the present war broke out.

Rev. A. V. Wardle conducted funeral services for the deceased.

CONCERT PROGRAM

Space prevents printing of the Concert program as it should be displayed, so it follows, with numbers in numerical order:

Overture, orchestra; 1, Orchestra with vocal solo "The Shiek of Araby," Frank Kennard. 2, Curran-Sharp, Palembang, So Early in the Morning. 3, Peter Pauw & Lublink-Weddik, Hawaiian guitar and harmonica, musical interlude. 4, de Jong, Sarie Marais, Farewell to Ambon. 5, Lublink-Weddik, guitar solo. 6, Carruthers, Matilda's Fancy Ball. 7, Brödie, A Wee Deoch an' Doris, Teoralyooralyay. 8, Choir, directed by Father Bakker. Interval. 9, Choir. 10, Phillips, A Tale or Two. 11, Orchestra, Wish Me Luck; Duet, Norman Boswell, van der Meulen singing Terang Boelan; van der Meulen, Breuer, ~~Angin~~ Stout, singing The Fisherman. 12, Pauw, Peter Pech. 13, Carruthers, Annie Laurie, ~~Magnay~~ 14, Magnay, The Egg. 15, Curran-Sharp, Palembang's Farmer Giles. 16, Orchestra, Some of these Days, Goodbye Blues, Farewell Blues.

BLOCK LEADERS ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR RETURN OF CAMP NEWS TO HOSPITAL

FOR SALE : One pair of white Trousers, medium size. John Close, Block 8.

WELL WHISPERS



Whispering Winnifred, who lives in the well, had dark circles beneath her eyes when Camp News went to press. Ex-charges of scandal and innuendo had kept in a continuous eager dither all week. Furthermore, she had lost much sleep while furtively sampling numerous Christmas brews in various stages of fermentation and distillation about these confines.

Such activities definitely buoyed Winnie's flagging spirits, albeit somewhat hard on her physique. It was almost like the good old days at home, she thought, when bathtub gin and backhouse moonshine soothed the inner man and gave the cops something to do between checker games.

Newest addition to Camp population is "Jail Lady", a pot-bellied canine maiden of tender years, who was carried into jail from a working party in the loving hands of Krongcheng Singer Stout. "Jail Lady" won't be homesick, we are sure, for she brought with her a host of tiny playmates who keep her in fine scratching fettle.

A veritable blizzard of birthdays swept Camp this week, taxing black kitchen to their capacities and keeping Winnie out until all hours.

Although not invited to all the anniversary celebrations, nevertheless Winnie managed to muscle in on so many that she wore a groove to the surgery door getting bicarbonate of soda. She ran one dead heat to the door with three dyspeptics and would have beaten them another time but they elbowed her out on the turn round the drain.

Crime of the week Winnie attributes to a birthday dinner. Tuesday evening she heard a strangled cackle from environs of Rooms 1 and 2, Block 8, where lives the Wootton-Quinn-Manning et al kongsi. The sound was familiar to Winnie who, in her leaner days was not unfamiliar with hen roasts and wringing of chickens' necks. Her suspicions were justified. Although only a few feathers marked where the hen had been, no corpus delicti was visible. However, Winnie was reliably informed that the chicken was the main course of the birthday banquet for A. N. Wootton on Wednesday.

Casualty of the week was to Jock Brodie's dignity. Jock was conveying when a rat scurried across the kitchen floor. Another conveyor hurled a block of wood, missed the rat but winged Brodie.

Details of another Camp rat hunt, told in the best London Times fox hunting jargon, appear elsewhere in this issue.

Sight of the week was J. H. Beijer, Block 2, prancing across Camp from the gate propelling a child's two-wheeled toy cart. Beijer acquired the vehicle on a working party junket for luggage carrying purposes. Winnie is looking forward to the day he piles his two trunks, one book case, a camp bed and other equipment on the cart for the trek to the new camp.

Idea of the week... the coconut oil lamp in room 3, Block 8, which burns continually from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. for 10 days per bottle of coconut oil (35 cents) and provides perpetual lights for pipes and cigars. Cheapest ignition yet, excepting kitchen fires.

RACE MEETING

The steeplechase race meeting for benefit of the Womens' Camp Christmas fund netted Fl. 25.50.

A field of six went to the post Wednesday at 4 p.m. with weather overcast and track fast. Statius Muller's Hollandia, with Malcolm Boswell up, broke quickly for a fast start and lead all the way. Jockey John Close booted his mount Billy Barton, owned by Folkerings, home for place money.

In the second race Pootjes' Green Sea, ridden by Young Hobbs, fought it out in a close field; but took every obstacle nicely and came home, with his rider shaken but still seated, for first money. Jockey Bagby rode Hoogerwaard's Moss Trooper to second place.

Total receipts were Fl. 79.50 of which Fl. 15.50 was paid out to winning ticket holders and Fl. 22.50 to owners in the first race. Only Fl. 9 went to owners in the second race and Fl. 10.50 to ticket holders. A total of Fl. 57.50 was paid out. Net profit was raised from Fl. 22 to Fl. 25.50 when several winning ticket holders did not collect their money.

Financial results of the meeting was a barometer of camp pocket books. Compare Wednesday's to the race meeting August 31, when Fl. 103.60 was netted.

FOR SALE... khaki shorts, waist 38 inches (96 cm.). Price Fl. 3. Apply Room 6 Block 8.

HUNTING NOTES

(From our Correspondent in the Shires.)

The Hospital Hounds met at the Surgery recently, and a large field was shown excellent sport by the Master, Dr. West, hunting the hounds himself. After the company had been hospitably entertained, hounds moved off to draw the first covert, Mr. Allen's Bed, where they quickly found, and a fine rat broke immediately.

He went off briskly towards McDougall's Corner with the field strung out behind in full cry. At the Corner, however, when an early kill appeared imminent, Rattus doubled back, and went to earth in his previous abode. He was quickly dug out, and broke, this time covering a good deal of open country and finally leading the pack under Prior's Couch, and round Garston's Trunk to Dispensary Table.

He found temporary refuge in the dense undergrowth here, and hounds cast around for some time before a loud Tally-ho heralded Rattus' reappearance; this time heading westward on what proved to be the longest point of the season. He passed the Ant-Frap, Packing-Case, and Typewriter in fine style, leading the pack in a zig-zag across the county.

Rattus clearly was an old soldier, and knew the terrain intimately, as witness his visits to all his known earths, which intelligent work by the Hunt servants had previously stopped. Turning sharply at Armchair Patch, he was overrun by the leading hound, Kendall, who was seen to leap into the air, and give a sharp yelp. The rest of the pack was temporarily demoralized by this lèse-majesté of Rattus who again went to ground in his favourite covert.

NOVEMBER KITCHEN FUND ACCOUNTS (all figures in guilders)

Available for Nov.	1455.95	Total kitchen expenditures, food-	
Maximum available	1500	stuffs	1458.59
Excess Sept. Exp.	46.30	Miscellaneous expenses	.70
	<u>1453.70</u>		<u>1459.29</u>
Oct. balance	2.25	Available amount exceeded	
	1455.95	by 2.64	

Kitchen fund expenses in:

Sept.	1546.30	Available	1500	Am't 1458.59 composed thus:	
Oct.	1497.75	"	"	Brown beans, katjang idjoe, butter	1346.21
Nov.	1458.59	"	"	meat, eggs, etc.,	81.49
	<u>4502.64</u>		<u>4500</u>	Fruit supply	<u>30.89</u>
				Frees supply to kitchen staff	<u>1458.59</u>

Note: A stock list as of Nov. 30 was not furnished by the Kitchen. Mr. Bois said the stock at that date can be taken as about Fl. 100 (stocks as of Sept 30 was Fl. 188.10; Oct. 30, Fl. 62.05).

QUIZ CONTEST

Second round in the Quiz Contest begins this afternoon, when Blocks 11 and meet on the brain battlefield. Blocks 1,4,6,7, 11 won in previous contests and now being paired in the second round. Block 10 drew a bye in the first round.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Sir:

It is no use asking men who have no money whether they want the ladies at the other camp to have a Christmas dinner of rice and vegetables. But if this camp were for the next two Sundays to forego its usual "rysttafel" and subsist solely on the official rations and send the money so saved to the Womens' Camp, everyone will have helped to give the ladies a happier Christmas, at a small but real cost to himself.

K. G. A. Bohoo

Once more dislodged, he moved away across country, but was clearly tired, and after being penned in at Garston's Trunk, he was wounded, and the end came at McDougall's Corner, where, taking refuge under a bed of straw, he was stamped to death by the popular tenant of this part of the county.

Rattus was the finest quarry seen in the country for many years, and Master "Grindus" Marle, whose first kill it was, had the privilege of being blooded. A large assembly, both mounted, and on foot, followed the sport, and the Secretary trusts that those whom he was unable to cap at the meet, will forward their subscriptions to him, c/o The Surgery.

CONCERT DISCORDS

Camp concerts can become more complicated than Camp politics, the editors of Camp News discovered this week to their sorrow.

After conducting a poll of the Camp to determine what the men want in a New Year's Eve show, the Editors were naive enough to believe that was that. But that was only the beginning.

When the smoke of battle cleared, Andrew Carruthers of Block 8 had resigned from the Music Committee in order to keep the peace by compromise and become producer of the New Year's Eve show. Harold Lawson was elected to replace Mr. Carruthers on the committee.

Past and prospective future concert performers voted to hold a camp communioning the night of December 26, which is known as Boxing Day in England.

The Music Committee squelched an effort to hold a rival concert to the New Year's Eve show the last week of December and promoters of the attempt tentatively scheduled their show for January 14.

Mr. Carruthers, who now has the headache of producing the December 31 show outlined a program in conformity with desires expressed by camp members in the

P. S. The choir, which is outside all this squabbling, will give their scheduled special concert on Christmas Day, Dec. 25.

CHRISTMAS CARDS for the Womens' Camp..... GRIXONI has prepared a number of striking Xmas cards in colour. Price 50 cents. Inspection invited at Cell 8 Block 8. (adv).

(over)

The hospital staff stood by most Wednesday night (well, they talked about standing by anyway) with stomach pump, thermometers and soda bicarb, in case worst should happen as result of the week's most colossal birthday spread.

When Whispering Winnifred peeked into the kitchen late Wednesday night to congratulate Willems Geroms on his 40th^{BIRTH} (hoping of course she might be invited to participate) her bulging orbs blinked rapidly. There sat four good trenchermen and true, belts loosened, knives and forks poised for the attack. In front of each was a hunk of meat so big it needed only four legs and a ring through its nose to prove it wasn't a fried steak but in reality a slightly scorched bull.

Winnie later learned that the steaks, which weighed over one catty each, were too much even for capacities of Block 6 veterans. But it was a valiant effort. Better to have tried and failed than never to have tried at all to transform at one sitting an entire steer on the hoof into a digested proteins.

666

Mehitabel the cat, who has been "expecting" for some time, had a rough go the other night. Winnifred now wonders whether Mehitabel is still expecting or whether the still-born kitten she deposited in Room 4, Block 8, is the best Mehitabel can do.

Some time before dawn Thursday, Holderness of Room 3, Block 8, was awakened by Mehitabel, obviously in labor pains, cuddling against his neck. Indignantly, Holderness flung Mehitabel out into the night. Shortly thereafter, Woodford of room four, awakened to find Mehitabel, still in labor pains, curled between his legs. However, instead of casting her forth into the night, he found a box, put his shirt in the box and Mehitabel on the shirt. Thursday morning a still-born kitten was found in the box. There was no sign of Mehitabel having birthed any more kittens, and no indications that more were expected. But she is still in room 4 and that expectant look is still in her eyes.

Christmas cooking activities already have begun in Camp. "Knobby" Clark, of Block 2 verandah, created several plum puddings. Block 8 leader Blake turned his ingenious hand from distilling to baking and a loaf of bread resulted. Both used rice flour. Both were successful.

(over)



Last week a rat hunt intrigued the west end of camp. This week a bug hunt kept residents busy. When long suffering inmates of Room 2, Block 11, could stand their bites no longer they took arms against a sea of cimices lectularias. Like a routed Chinese army the bugs swarmed out. But also like a Chinese army which, when rebuffed, apparently evaporates in the sun ~~and then~~ only to mysteriously re-materialize and attack its adversary in the rear, the bugs were exhibiting signs of reorganizing their forces in other quarters.

When Winnie saw Simons of Block 6 neatly slicing a thin board at the rear of the west walk, she asked questions. And thereby was revealed the first known casualty resulting from enthusiastic exchanges of greetings between working party husbands and their wives and girl friends in the Womens' Camp. The splints, said Mr. Simons, were for a lady who was waving from the top of a two meter high wall. She wigwagged too vigorously, fell off, sprained an ankle.

Another black kitchen appeared in Camp this week when a Block 6 kongsie built a fireplace on the opposite side of the barbed wire from one of Block 8's barbeque pits.

Happiest men in camp this week were Pastor Wardle of Block 1 and Grixoni of Block 8, who received packages from their wives in South Africa. The packages were addressed to the recipients' Singapore addresses, via the Prisoners of War Information Bureau, Tokyo. They contained no writing except a self addressed card to the Johannesburg Red Cross Society bearing the sender's name and a place for the recipient to acknowledge receipt.

The Camp Hospital needs old clothes, rags, etc., which can be cut up and used for dressings. Please don't throw any piece of cloth away. If you don't want it the hospital can use it.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Camp News will publish a special Christmas number which will be issued next Thursday --- if the presses don't break down. Contributions of a suitable nature must be in the editor's hands by Tuesday noon. A fried egg will awarded the author of the best contribution entitled "The Strangest Christmas I ever Spent."

QUIZ RESULTS

(article 200 words or less)

Riding from behind on the nimble wits of Harrison, Block 4 won the opening canto of round 2 in the quiz contest, defeating Block 11 by a single point. Harrison solved a race problem on which brains of both sides were whirring, thus garnering six points for his side and beating out opponents who had been leading from the start. The score -- 25½ to 24½. Teams -- Block 4 Harrison, Drysdale, Stamm, Pootjes; Block 11, Paton, Wrigley, van Arkle, Levit.

Weights

Of 303 men weighed Dec. 15 73 showed an average increase of approximately 1 kg. per head over their weights of Nov. 15. Sixtyseven showed no change, 163 showed an average loss of 1.25 kg per head. The net variation over the 303 men showed a decrease of 0.43 kg per head.

FOR SALE:-- One pair long white trousers, Fl: 5; one pair tugsoe trousers, Fl: 5 one shirt size 17, Fl: 3; one shirt (new, Arrow) Fl: 5. Apply Shop.

CAMP NEWS

-CHRISTMAS-NUMBER-

December 25, 1942
Vol. 1 No. 31

CHRISTMAS PAST AND CHRISTMAS PRESENT An editorial



Elsewhere in these pages are narrated some strange, interesting or pleasant former Christmases spent by Camp members. If the writers were to pen their stories a few days or years hence, probably they would nominate this Christmas in Palembang Jail as their strangest yet.

But the important thing is whether, a few years hence, you who read this will enter this Christmas on the profit or loss side of your ledger of life. If you waste the day in profitless repinings, fretful grumblings or vain wishing, it will be listed among your liabilities and be forever lost. But if you use it well --- and it can be used well --- this Christmas will be forever among your assets. And no one can take from you that credit, that satisfaction of accomplishment and fillip to your own self esteem.

Ironical though it may sound to some, this imprisonment is pregnant with opportunity such as few of you have ever had before or will have again. Some day some of you will count it as the Great Period of your life, the Crucible whose fires tested the stuff of which you are made. You will leave Palembang Jail when the time comes either better or worse --- depending on the mettle of which you are made --- than when you entered. It will be one or the other; you certainly will better or worse --- but certainly not the same as when you entered.

By now you should know your own inner selves better than you ever did before. You also have learned more than you realized before about your fellow men.

Having tasted the dregs of the cup of life, you will better appreciate the good wine when it is served.

(over)

Among more material credits --- or debits --- in your account, will be the utilization --- neglect --- of the opportunities of time and education. For the first time since school days most of you have leisure to study, read much, or otherwise improve your mind and body. You have the chance of accumulating more wealth of the kind no man can take from you. Thieves can not enter the treasure house of the mind.

Many of you have lost most, if not all, the material possessions you spent your lives accumulating. All that are left you now are your heart and your soul, and your wits and the will to use them. All? On second thought they seem more than enough. Would you trade any one of them for anything that you lost? Would you trade any one of them for a million pounds or a million guilders? They are the tools left with which to build anew. Sharpen them now while you have all this never-to-be-recovered precious time.

But, you demur, "we have no books, nothing to work with."

Look around. See how many of your fellows with "nothing to work with" are doing things now which will pay dividends later.

"If," to quote Kipling, "you can fill the unforgiving minute with sixty seconds worth of distance run" then this Christmas and every other day spent here will not have been spent in vain. Look into your souls and ask, "Have I really tried to utilize this time profitably --- mentally, spiritually and otherwise?" And answer honestly. If, after nine months, you not yet have taken stock of yourself, do it now. The hour is later than you think.

Past Christmases were happier, we admit. But this Christmas need not be sad or gloomy.

How lucky we are to be here and not at the bottom of the Malacca Straits, or the Indian Ocean, or prisoners in certain other concentration camps. For there are worse. We have reasons to smile today. We are in good health. We are not hungry. We are not cold. We are not being bombed or shelled or machine-gunned.

Truly, this is a wonderful Christmas because we are not among the maimed or dead. We are alive!

"Merry Christmas!

TO FATHER CHRISTMAS

P'raps you may wonder where we are interned,
And we oft wonder if you yet have learned
Long since that we are here in durance vile,
Encamped upon this wealthy, oily isle.
Mayhap our names and whereabouts are known
Both to yourself, and also to our own
Acquaintances. We cannot tell. Now soon
Nine idle months bring round the Christmas moon -
Glad tidings, greetings, feastings, and the rest
Seem out of place; but still we think it best,
Utopian to it be, to send this hidden
Message to you, because it is forbidden
Addresses in the usual way to give;
Thus reading this you'll find just where we live.
Remember us as on your rounds you go,
And think of us, so far from all the snow.



The following contributions described:

THE STRANGEST CHRISTMAS I EVER SPENT

IN RETROSPECT

"Yes," said Grandfather to the little ones who stood by his knees, "that was a queer Christmas. Grandma wasn't there, nor your Daddy either. They were then far away, and I was in a big house with lots of other men.

"We didn't have a Christmas tree; we had no nowhere to put it. There were no fine paper bells on the lamps, but just black cloths around the butter tins which we used as lamp-shades. That was called the 'black-out'. There were no church bells to hear, but only the hum of bombers in the sky. And we had no Christmas pudding and tangerines to eat, but morning, noon and evening --- rice: rice with greens and meat sauce. No one had any fine clothes to put on for Christmas and all those men wore nothing else than black shorts.

On Christmas Day we sang and the priest read to us from the Bible. We sang "Peace on Earth," but everyone hoped in the depths of his heart that our friends would soon come to free us with their airplanes, warships and guns. Yes, that was the queerest Christmas that I ever spent."

Grandfather fell silent. In the silence that surrounded the Christmas ^{TREE}, a small voice asked, "When was that, Grandfather?"

The old man was startled out of his meditation: "Just twenty years ago, child, in 1942 and at that time they called the big house and internment camp.

Submitted by some one who hopes to be a grandfather in 1962!

LISTENING POST

Date: Christmas Night, 1941. Time 8 p.m.

A small room, a table running round it, 16 wireless sets with earphones, three dictaphones, a polyglot crowd, each one listening and making notes. A turbaned Punjabi, a pretty Dutch girl, two Chinese, a young Malay, an obscure Briton - suddenly notable for ability to understand Japanese, an elderly French woman, a bespectacled Bengali, and the writer.

To this, and similar groups the world over, comes the job of sifting and analysing enemy wireless propaganda, a 24-hour task, though in the tropics, concentrated between sunset and midnight.

Their job: to listen constantly to what the wild waves from enemy-occupied stations are saying in every known language to friend and foe. (And some of them are wild, I can tell you; like the lady in the play, they protest too much!)

French news from Radio Saigon, a talk in Spanish from Tokyo to the Philippines, a French priest from Tokyo describing his good treatment, then a Berlin broadcast to Spain, or to Indo-China.

And so on, until "Bonnes Nuits" and "Buenas Noches" begin to sound, and the insidious voices are stilled.

And then, through blacked-out streets, to bed.

Anonymous

SNAKES!

Forty airplane pilots and a few newspapermen crowded a small hotel's stuffy lobby in a western America desert town Christmas night, 1936. Two hours before, blue-lipped and stiff with cold, we had clambered from airplanes which for days had been searching snow-blanketed mountains and desert wastes for an airliner which had disappeared with prominent passengers aboard.

We were far from home. The only Yuletide touch was the liquor supply from which we were drinking ourselves warm. Carrier pigeons used to fly search stories to my newspaper were near in a wicker basket. Some queerly shaped boxes containing rattlesnakes collected by a wandering herpetologist were stacked beside a table. Near the stove, curled "Queenie" a big police dog who was "Expecting."

As the tobacco smoke thickened, whisky bottles emptied, and our hearts lightened, ~~the lobby~~ ^{the lobby} ~~and welled into the night, which was 20 degrees~~ ^{below zero. Then some one yelled "Fire!"} Scrambling feet kicked the boxes, which bounced across the floor, disgorging snakes. The reptiles, undoubtedly as startled as we were, and just as anxious to be elsewhere, slithered towards my pigeons. I grabbed the basket, jumped for a table-top. The basket lid flew open, and the pigeons flew out. Queenie yelped and bit a passing ankle. The ankle's owner howled "snakes!" and plunged through the lobby's plate glass window.

To say that bedlam of snakes, pigeons, and evacuating airplane pilots was pandemonium would be an understatement. But it would be no understatement to say it was one of the strangest Christmases I ever spent.

(more)

RUSSIAN CHRISTMAS

I could tell tales of hectic Christmas festivities in many parts of the world, more especially in Manchuria and China. Of Christmas with the Tientsin Volunteers, a tough crowd. The Christmas morning guest-receiving at the Volunteer Club, followed by rounds of clubs, restaurants, cabarets and theatres; carousals and escapades; but give me the quiet Christmas with a Russian family, spent the old fashioned style. (The Russian Christmas is celebrated in accordance with the Julian calendar, 13 days after ours.)

First, the morning service at the Church, to remind us that Christmas is not a time to carouse and revel, but a Christian holiday, appointed for the purpose of recalling that at this time, near 2000 years ago, the greatest event of history occurred. The Saviour of mankind was born, and the angels proclaimed the most marvellous message that has ever fallen on the ears of men. "Peace on earth, good will toward men." which meant reconciliation between God and man. It meant that He was born who was to die the death of the Cross, and thereby slay the enmity that existed between God and man.

Then home to the marvellous Christmas meal, prepared as only Russians are able, with the inevitable vodka and wine, but not necessarily over-imbibing. The afternoon is for the children, and a happy hour is spent amusing the kiddies with their new toys. The evening meal arrives and the candles on the beautifully decorated Christmas tree are lighted. After dinner, all lights are extinguished, with the exception of the Christmas candles, and adults and children sit around the tree and sing such carols as "Tyexchaya noch" (Silent Night.) The children then receive a gift from the tree, play for a while, then to bed.

This is the most pleasant way I have discovered of spending Christmas, strange as it may appear to many; and it does not result in a hangovers!

J. A. Gillbrook.

TO MY WIFE CHRISTMAS, 1942

It needs no festal time to bring you to my mind,
For every sunrise, every close of day, I find
Your image by me, smiling, bidding me good cheer,
Whispering our private nonsenses I love to hear.
Yet to be parted at this season, for this cause,
Seems doubly hard to bear; though if men break the laws
Of Him on high, they ^{only} have themselves to blame
For suffering; the Eternal Rules are still the same.

Last year I hung a stocking, child-like, by your bed
While you were sleeping; but this year my thoughts instead
And prayers and wishes to the stars and round moon spoken,
Are all the gifts that I can send to you for token
Of all the joy there is between us, come what may.
Have faith, my love, although the night is dark, the day
Will break, and peace and good-will come to men at last.
God bless and keep you always.

SACRED CONCERT SCHEDULED CHRISTMAS

Weather permitting, our Camp Choir will give a concert Christmas night. As it is not practicable to prepare programmes, a short explanation follows: The performance deals with the Christmas story and is in two parts. The first part deals with the Annunciation and the second with the Birth of Christ. The whole is a narrative, interpolated with songs of the Gospel story.

(over)

The Bible text will be read in Dutch and English and relevant songs will be sung in appropriate places. The first part commences with Luke 1:26-56, continues with Matthew 1:18-25 and ends with "O Jesu vol Genade" (O Jesus Full of Grace) by Guide Geselte. The second part opens with Luke 2:1-22 and closes with the carol "Wy Komen tezamen," (O, Come, All Ye Faithful.)

We hope with all our hearts that our performance will contribute to making the celebration of Christmas in these unhappy days one which we will recall with pleasure.

Father Bakker

YULETIDE PROGRAM

- Thursday: 4:15 p.m. Lecture, Gordon Burt, "Motor Trip Across Europe."
7:15 p.m. Rev. Wardle's quartet, followed by reading condensed version of Dickens' "Christmas Carol" in English.
- Friday: 5, 5:30, 6:30 a.m., Catholic Masses, with High Mass at 6:30 a.m.
8:30 a.m. English Protestant Service.
9:30 a.m. Dutch Protestant Service.
7:15 p.m. Sacred Concert.
- Saturday: 4:15 p.m. Quiz Contest
7:15 p.m. Community Singing.
- Dec. 31 7:30 p.m. Dutch Protestant Service in Block 3
9 p.m. New Years' Eve Cabaret.

DR. HOLLWEG SENDS CHRISTMAS PRESENT

Dr. Holweg sent word he would be with us in spirit on Christmas Day and gave concrete evidence of his good wishes by donating 20 books to the Dutch Library, plus other presents to many of his friends in camp.

SONG STARES WEEK

An unexpected concert by the Dutch Choir and an impromptu sing-song by Camp members Saturday began Yuletide festivities in Palembang Jail.

The choir concert had not been planned and was a pleasant surprise. Camp members express their thanks to Choir members and the director, Father Bakker.

Following the Choir's performance and after coffee was served, the Camp had one of its most spirited sing-songs. Statius Muller of Block 2 turned loose with his accordion to start things off. Then British and Dutch songsters, in two competing groups tried to out-warble each other. Honors were even, although Britons claimed victory by a nose, or a note, because they sang the last song.

CHRISTMAS CHEER SENT TO CHARITAS HOSPITAL AND WOMENS CAMP

The Camp sent Christmas cheer in the form of money to Charitas Hospital to the Womens Camp. Our gift was the Christmas Fund collection, which amounted to F. 191.81, and \$6.30. Of this total, F 75 was sent to Charitas Hospital for patients and sisters who have no funds, and the balance went to Womens Camp for women and children who have no money.

Editors' Note: Well whisps are printed on Page 4 of the Supplement.

As a supplement to Camp News Christmas Number, we are giving a selection of General Knowledge questions, mainly of a literary flavour, which we hope will serve to amuse our readers during the Christmas holidays.

In order to avoid undue delay in the circulation of Camp News, it is suggested that the questions be done in groups, rather than individually.

No prizes are offered for correct solutions, but the Editors would be glad to have readers' opinions on the supplement, as if it is favourably received, they propose to take steps to make it an annual feature.

Who wrote:-

1. A little learning is a dangerous thing.
 2. Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage.
 3. Escape me, never.
 4. The old order changeth, yielding place to new.
 5. Life is real, life is earnest.
 6. Man's inhumanity to man.
 7. The child is father of the man.
 8. Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.
 9. Water, water everywhere, nor any drop to drink.
 10. Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.
 11. Beauty is truth, truth beauty.
 12. A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.
 13. And so he passed over, and the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.
 14. They shall grow not old as we that are left grow old.
 15. They also serve who only stand and wait.
 16. If winter comes, can spring be far behind?
 17. Who offered his kingdom for a horse?
 18. Who hid in an oak-tree, and where?
 19. Who "nothing common did, or mean?"
 20. Who never smiled again, and why?
 21. Who was drowned in a butt of Malmsey?
 22. Who lighted a candle, and how?
 23. Who was "the Hammer of the Scots?"
 24. Who were suffocated in the Tower?
 25. Who was "this turbulent priest?"
 26. Who had a wart on his nose?
 27. Who wished he had served whom with half the zeal he had served whom, and to whom was he speaking?
 28. Who expected whom to do what when?
- What were the names of:-
29. Don Quixote's horse, the Hunchback of Notre Dame, The Three Musketeers, (all four of 'em!) The Four Just Men, The Seven Dwarfs, The Beloved Vagabond, Mr Standfast, The Scarlet Pimpernel, Sir Nigel (surname), Major Barbara (surname), Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme, Bulldog Drummond (Christian), Sherlock Holmes's brother (Christian), Lord Peter Wimsey (middle names), little Wilhelmine's brother, The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, Chaucer's Prioress, Jeeves' master, She-who-must-be-obeyed, Wendy's dog.

30. Who built the Taj Mahal, and why?
31. What is "satyagraha"?
32. Name the Hindu Trinity.
33. Name the four Mogul Emperors.
34. What were the home towns of: 6 Omar Khayyam, Kim?
35. Who, "with a fine disregard for the rules, ran carrying the ball in his hands" for the first time, and where?
36. What, in games, is a bisque?

Give the context (Shakespeare) of:-

37. All the world's a stage.
38. Well, thereby hangs a tale.
39. Cabin'd, cribb'd, confined.
40. I can conjure spirits from the vasty deep.
41. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.
42. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.
43. We are such stuff as dreams are made of.
44. All our yesterdays.
45. Every inch a king.
46. How like an angel.
47. Her privates we.
48. Knock! Knock! Who's there?
49. The rest is silence.

What were the real names of the following:-

50. Joseph Conrad, O. Henry, Georges Sand, George Eliot, G.A. Birmingham, Ian Hay, Mark Twain, Lewis Carroll, Ouida, Evoc, Bartimeus, Beachcomber, Boz, Sapper, Taffrail.

Who said:-

51. L'état, c'est moi.
52. Le style est l'homme.
53. Je pense, donc je suis.
54. Il faut cultiver notre jardin.
55. L'homme est né libre, mais partout il est dans les fers.
56. Fay ce que voudras.
57. Où sont les neiges d'antan?
58. De l'audace, encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace.
59. Who was "sans peur et sans reproche?"
60. Of what was it written "c'est magnifique mais ce n'est pas la guerre."
61. To whom was it said "Ce n'est pas une révolte, c'est une révolution."
62. Name the girl-friends of:- Theseus, Perseus, Achilles, Aeneas, Anthony.
63. What was Zeus' disguise in his affairs with:- Leda, Europa, Danae?
64. What was the Latin name for:- Zeus, Aphrodite, Dionysius, Artemis, Hermes?
65. Explain:- Pyrrhic victory, Achilles heel, Fabian tactics.

66. Who dragged whose what how many times round the what of where?
67. Who said "Eureka, Eureka!" When?
68. Who said "Veni, vidi, vici."?
69. Name the three Fates.
70. What does S.P.Q.R. mean?
71. Distinguish between hedonist and sybarite.
72. Who said "Delenda est Carthago"?
73. Who did a far, far better thing?
74. Who said "suppress that guinea-pig!"?
75. Who went to sea in a sieve?
76. What sword was thrown by whom where? Whose was it, and what happened?
77. Who said "Frailty, thy name is woman."?
78. Who cut off whose what with what?
79. Whose was the first fine careless rapture?
80. Where did the Golden Road lead?
81. Who was left alone with his glory, and where?
82. Who was the Grand Cham of literature?
83. Who stood in tears amid the alien corn?
84. Who did not like whom, why?
85. Who was monarch of all he surveyed?
86. Where did who a stately pleasure-dome decree?
87. Who was a trained band-captain?
88. Who was a pure woman?
89. What was the wee, sleekit, cowrin', tim'rous beastie?
90. Who was a **snapper-up** of unconsidered trifles?
91. She is coming, my own, my sweet. Who?
92. What died away nobly to the North-West?
93. Others abide our question, thou art free. Who?
94. Who **awoke** one night from a deep dream of peace?
95. What was brought from where to where?
96. Who was the landlord of Poet's Pub?
97. Who saw whom die with what?
98. What by any other what, would what what?
99. That last infirmity of noble minds. What?
100. What never won what?
101. Translate into English these place-names:- Firanze, Mailand, Mechlen, München, Livorno, 'Sgravenhage, Wien, Köln, Stamboul, Gand, Genf, Genova, Lüik, Regensburg, Doornijk, Bogor, Namen.
102. Who painted:- La Gioconda; The Blue Boy; The Laughing Cavalier; The Angelus; Henry VIII?
103. Distinguish between Norman and Gothic architecture.
104. Where was the inscription written:- Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate.?
105. Where is the inscription written:- Abandon hope, all ye who enter here?
106. Who presumed whom to be who?
107. What does U.S.S.R. stand for?
108. Who wrote:- Seven Lamps of Architecture; Seven Pillars of Wisdom?
109. What was Don Juan's surname?

110. What were the name and nationality of Le Cid?
111. What English roads bear the numbers:- A1, A2, A3, A4, A5 ?
112. Name the four Inns of Court.
113. Who was the G.O.M.?
114. Expand the abbreviations:- e.g.; viz.; l.s.d.; nem. con.; N.B.; verb. sap.; Cf.; p.pro.; ad lib.; P.P.S.; p.p.c.
115. Who sign themselves thus:- Winton, Vigorn, Roffen, Ebor, Sarum, Dunelm.

Instead of the usual lecture next Thursday, Camp News Editors will be "at home" at the well to give correct answers to all questions in the General knowledge Supplement. So be on hand. It will be your chance to heckle us.

WOMENS' CAMP THANKS US

As Camp News went to press the Christmas committee, Messrs Koenes and Crananburgh, who so kindly undertook to raise funds for the Christmas celebration in the Womens' Camp (see details elsewhere in this issue) ~~have~~ received a letter from the Womens' Camp Leader wishing us all a Merry Christmas and saying that the Women also sent a cash donation to Charitas hospital for sick members without funds and are sending a parcel of candy to us for distribution.

As a matter of interest, the following goods are being sent to the Womens' Camp from here: 100 kgs. potatoes; 60 kgs meat, 30 kgs onions, 1 tin fat and 900 ~~eggs~~ for those without money.

cigarettes

WELL WHISPERS

Congratulations of the week go to L. R. Blacke, leader of Block 8, baker and distiller of rekrown, who was notified Monday that his wife bore a son in Charitas hospital. Mother and baby are doing well, Whispering Winnifred understands. The boy is their first child.

Mr. Blake, beaming proudly, announced that his son will be christened "Palembang Pete."

Virtue, Winnie was taught long ago, is its own reward. But she didn't believe it until this week when virtuous application of that diligence in regard to duty --- diligence with pots and pans, selfless devotion to corveying duty and gentlemanly conduct in the food ques; all qualities of an Essex man, resulted in the graduation of Block 2's inimitable Mr. Dohoo from a mere part-time kitchen worker to full fledged membership on the kitchen staff. Britons never will be slaves!

Speaking of Mr. Dohoo, Winnie has long been suspicious of the phenomenal luck at Patience enjoyed by him and Mr. de Mey of Block 3. Her suspicions were corroborated by numerous Block 2 witnesses Tuesday night. While he was playing, swear Block 2 members, the Queen and Five of diamonds fell on the floor. Unmindful of the fact he continued playing and "WON!" Whereupon, again Block 2 eye-witnesses declare, Mr. de Mey took over the deck, still minus the two cards, and "WON!"

LIBRARY HOLIDAY SCHEDULE

The English library will be open today, Thursday, after the lecture and will be closed all Day Friday, Christmas Day.

✓ TO MY WIFE

CHRISTMAS 1942.

It needs no festal time to bring you to my mind,
For every sunrise, every close of day, I find
Your image by me, smiling, bidding me good cheer,
Whispering our private nonsenses I love to hear.
Yet to be parted at this season, for this cause,
Seems doubly hard to bear; though if men break the laws
Of Him on high, they have themselves to blame
For suffering: the Eternal Rules are still the same.

Last year I hung a stocking, child-like, by your bed
While you were sleeping; but this year my thoughts instead
And prayers and wishes to the stars and round moon spoken,
Are all the gifts that I can send to you for token
Of all the joy there is between us, come what may.
Have faith, my love, although the night is dark, the day
Will break, and peace and good-will come to men at last.
God bless and keep you always.

By W. P. Allen in Camp News

A B C B O N D

Lectures on various subjects have been held regularly. The 'Quiz' sharpens our brains, while Camp News, the libraries, the choir and the concerts minister to our different needs.

The altruism of many 'silent workers'; organizers of help for the needy in hospital and in the Womens' Camp, hairdressers, kitchen volunteers, volunteers for sanitary work, etc., has rounded off our communal life.

Nor has Death spared. In the past year nine of our members have died, the majority on account of privations before they came into the Camp. R. I. P.

Peace and tolerance have reigned in the Camp. Our minor and major troubles were easily overcome, and this gives us hope for the future.

Fellow Internees, do not think that our troubles are over. Steel yourselves for the days to come. Work together with the motto 'One for all and all for one,' then 1943 will bring you the long-desired freedom.

A happy New Year.

WHISPERING WINNIFRED'S CHRISTMAS CAROL

Whispering Winnifred put the Camp News Christmas number to bed last Thursday morning the, exhausted, tumbled into her own sleeping quarters in the well. But she didn't sleep. The Christmas number had just been pinned together and circulated when working party members returned from the new camp site with word Yuletide activities already had begun. The women beat us to it.



As workers began the return trip, beloved and familiar voices, lifted in song, floated clear and high across the no-man's land between the Womens' Camp and our long familiar road. The women were caroling to their men. Many a man's eye misted and many a throat choked as three carols drifted across the fields.

Saturday morning we returned the gift of song when the Dutch choir marched out and caroled back to the women.

Gordon Burt's lecture Thursday afternoon, followed by dinner, Rev Wardle Christmas carols and W. P. Allen's reading of Dicken's 'Christmas Carol', kept Winnie up late.

However, it seemed hardly had she closed her eyes than a rousing hand shook her awake. Sleepy eyed she climbed out, realizing it was Christmas Day. Darkness still mantled Palembang but religious services already had begun. Two Roman Catholic masses were said on Block three verandah and at 6:30 a.m. Father Elling celebrated High Mass within the block.

Orchids, gardenias and palm leaves, sent by an outside friend, decorated the altar, above and behind which was a large mural depicting two shepherds gazing at two cherubim above Bethlehem's barren hills.

The Rev. Wardle conducted Church of England services at 8:30 a.m. at the rear of the west walk and at 9:30 a.m. Mr. A. Colijn conducted Dutch services.

After church Winnie slept back into her well for a pre-tiffin nap, a bell's insistent tinkling awakened her. Gazing up to the small blue disk of sky which is the ceiling of her deep, tubular bedroom, Winnie beheld an apparition which made her blink. Was she still dreaming about Scrooge and was that the ghost of Christmas Present peering down at her from the well top? Or was she back in childhood, blinking at the gnome-like countenance of Santa Claus? She resolved never again to touch Ye Olde Blake Brewe and looked again. It was Santa Claus.

Out of the well she shot, like a rocket. The figure looked rather small, even for Santa. She seized his beard and tugged. It came away, revealing Jockey E. E. E. Donnelly, the smallest man in camp. Donnelly, trailed by the Camp's biggest men, Gill, Cotton, Mulder and Allen, distributed presents from the Womens' Camp and toffy.

By that time a large crew of kitchen workers was chopping meat and peeling potatoes for Christmas dinner in time with the Camp orchestra which did its best to lighten workers' tasks. The ensuing dinner contained more meat than Winnie has seen since she unwisely left other and less confining climes. Winnie has a special niche reserved for Beissel and his staff in her own private and personal Hall of Fame.

Beissels's only rival in camp for food volume output is Knobby Clark, who made 50 Christmas puddings.

Cheered by these events, happy they could happen in a place like this to brighten mens' hearts on a day they need it most, Winnie was ready for sleep when night came. She retired contentedly to her well bedroom and blissfully sank into Morpheus' welcoming arms.

But the best was yet to come. Somewhere above her wafted music. Gently, as from a distance, it came and stole shyly down into the well. Somewhere, Winnie thought, an organ was playing. Nearer, louder, swelled the notes, then softened — fadding away and dying beautifully as good music should. Then sounded a man's voice in Dutch, speaking a few sentences. Another voice translated the words into English. Winnie emerged from the well.

Above her was a black velvet, cloud-flecked sky sprinkled here and there with star dust. Around her were crowded silent men, grey shadows standing or seated on makeshift benches. Before her, in a vivid splash of light was the Dutch choir and facing them Conductor Father Bakker. They stood on the kitchen verandah, a portion of which was disguised by palm leaves, sarong drapes and the mural of Bethlehem's hills. From the shadows on either side, Beissel in Dutch and Allen in English read lines from the gospel story of Christmas.

The organ strains had been the choir humming. Allen's voice ceased. Father Bakker's baton dropped and the choir began a cantata of sacred music which will live always in Winnie's memory.

Two hours later, as the last notes of Silent Night hummed by 20 deep voiced throats throbbed away into the night and as a full moon rose silvery and splendid over the high pitched kitchen roof, the concert ended.

The music and the memories it evoked held men silent ——— a silence of tribute 1 uder than any applause. Not even cigarets were lighted during the second half of the concert. During that period of song many a head was bowed many an eye was misty and many a man drifted out on the wings of reverie; over the walls of Palembang Jail, over the battlefields of war, across the seas to home.

Winnie thinks that silence of deep appreciation and emotion in the hearts of men here was the greatest tribute that could possibly have been paid to Father Bakker's genius and the choir.

WHO KILLED THE CAMP FOWLS?

1

Who killed the Camp Fowls?

"I," said Nobby,
"Behind the back lobby,
"I killed the Camp Fowls."

Chorus:

Nearly all the men in Camp
Fell to sighing and to howls
When they heard of the death
Of the poor Camp Fowls.

2

Who saw them die?
"I," said Wally,
"Wasn't it jolly?
"I saw them die."

Nearly all etc.,

3

Who wished them dead?
"We," said Block Ten,
"Ten good and true men,
"We wished them dead."

Nearly all etc.

4

What said the Committee?
"We'll make a minute,
"And put the fowls in it."
Thus said the Committee.

Nearly all etc.

5

Who gave the order?

"I," said the chairman,
"Don't say I can't dare, man,
"I gave the order."

Nearly all etc.

6

Who made a fuss?

"I," said the leader
"And how, my dear reader,
"I made a fuss!"

Nearly all etc.

7

Who owned the big one?

"I," said Eric
"It's not really not fair, ik
Owned the big one."

Nearly all etc.

8

Who got the corpses?

The Womens Camp said, "we
Had chicken broth for tea.
We got the corpses."

Nearly all the etc.

EPILOGUE ----- PALEMBANG JAIL, 1942

When the old year fades and a new one dawns men have a habit of reviewing the previous 12 months and their events. Camp News Editors also have the habit. But when we came compiled our camp history we discovered there were too many events therein to include in this limited space. So in the next few paragraphs we will attempt to recall only those episodes which impressed us the most at the time.

No one will forget the day he arrived here....On April 1 jail gates clanged on most Dutch residents of Palembang, as well as on Englishmen and Dutch who had survived shipwreck and had trickled into Palembang to that date. Others came April 5, together with Dutch upcountry officials and civilian residents. April 15 saw arrival of the Pladjoe gang. A hugh, bedruggled lot they seemed. The Hungry Hundred and their stretcher cases swelled our camp population to 360.

There were many firsts in April first fruit, first language classes, first church services, first deaths, first contact with the Womens' Camp, first lecture, first bread, first tobacco issue and first nasi goreng ---- not to mention the first wild rumors (our diary for April 8 reported Russia and Japan allegedly at war). But the first First which warmed our hearts the most was the first coffee on the morning of April 24. And with sugar and milk! On April 30 we celebrated Princess Juliana's birthday with kokak pisang. In April the Clinic and the library opened. In April the toko opened. In Aprilbut we could go on indefinitely. Let's look at May.

MAYFirst bridge drive...first parcels to Womens' Camp...first collection for Womens' Camp (F.458, \$650).... first chess contest...first British singsong and first fried potatoes...first duck eggs... first manufacturing of stools, chairs, terompaks etc.....but weightiest event of all ---- first weighing of men in camp. We hung from a meat hook on the scales. Remember? Camp News was born in May and straightaway fell victim to various adolescent ills from which it is still suffering. We hope that in 1943 it will cut its wisdom, ^{teeth} grow up or die an honorable death.

JUNE On the 7th Mr. Preiswerk, now a pillar of the Kongsj Ampet's Black Restaurant, arrived after a sea voyage to Singapore and return --gratis because of a slight misunderstanding. First and last free soap and tea issues... maybe to compensate for a long meatless period.....Sir John Campbell, Bart., paraded with all his war medals and we ate extra well on the birthday of His Majesty George VI of England, June 14. The first "big game" hunt was staged June 16 when all men were examined in the clinic. Ten days later Camp members again were checked over by Dr. West to determine their fitness for the working party. Flash lights were confiscated June 23 and the first Moonlight Cabaret was June 27....New Camp first mentioned June 30 by Tuan Myachi...June was important for another reason too ---- Beissel began a new kitchen regime, enlarging on Smit's yeoman service.

JULY.... Brother Director Loyola died and Camp officials attended requiem high mass in Block 3....Indonesian guards took over from Japanese...beer was offered for sale at F. 5 per bottle but the number of takers is still secret.... The Hole in the Wall episode disrupted Camp. John Close, who was whacked and tied, remembers it most painfully. The rear and side walks were barricaded... Various attempts at communication included cables which are written and still here and requests to communicate with Java, Singapore, etc.

Mr. van Nifterik, garrulous tug boat captain from Java arrived with tales galore....The Czechs and five Indo-Europeans left camp. So did Mr. Crookshank. Bahmei was served July 26 and the first British-Dutch bridge tournament was held July 27....Bintaners arrived July 28.

AUGUST Camp political pot boiled up...British elected and elected and elected....Infected by the virus, Dutch elec ed and elected. Camp Committee kelected.....Retiring Japanese Governor of South Sumatra paid respects to Resi-Oranje before departing....High Japanese officer arrived, wondered how we shaved and if we did gymnastics....Block leaders solemnly decreed no man could spend more than F. 16 monthly ---then came the working party on August 24, the first sight of our women and first signs that no one took seriously the F. 16 limit. Wigwag signaling inaugurated and later developed into a fine art...Camp News was overhauled and was graduated from diapers to its first pair of long trousers...First money exchange was allowed... First fruit was sent to Womens' Camp.. Mr. Kremer wrote a letter and was given a change of jails...Queen Wilhelmina's birthday was celebrated with a race meeting and unveiling of the choir.

SEPTEMBER...A pugilistic month but none of the battlers suffered more than wounded dignity....Second Dutch-British bridge tournament held...W. F. Roberts died.

OCTOBER.... Quiz contests began.... A stream of candies and other goodies began flowing from the Womens' Camp --- sweets from the sweet....Japanese guard commander installed...difficulties at gate began but soon ended.

NOVEMBER..... First interview with Japanese... A. H. Sellenraad died suddenly in Block 3...British political pot boiled over again...Camp "elders" went walking for first time...Scottish celebration of St. Andrew's Night rained out.... Pagar Alomers arrived.

DECEMBER.... Black-out shades issued and black-out enforced for a few days .. Three men released in May returned...Blake distilled first camp moonshine...Glum Malays paraded past jail December 8...Nanny goat entered camp hurrieadly night of December 16 and exited after stirring up inmates....Blood-chilling screams rent dark hours of December 28 and van Hutten escaped....Christmas came is mentioned elsewhere in this issue.....And, the last number of Camp News for this year is nearly finished... Exit 1942.

POSTSCRIPT

by Harold Lawson

The screaming Prophet of Terror tore into the peace of the day. We stirred uneasily in our chairs in the Club, glancing each at the other, a shade askance. Then the momentarily interrupted conversation flowed on again, on and on, just as though that hideous wail were not battling for supremacy: just as though, despite ~~the~~ outward appearance, it had not already rivetted the attention of men.

The little old lady facing me obliquely sat half upright. Must have been 80 if a day. She glanced around inquisitively, nodding as though in sympathy with secret thoughts. And then, unmistakeably, the heavy drone for which strained ears were waiting.

Opheodites apoda



...suffered, they still stand firm,
their strength and progress increase.
We can go forward into the New Year with happiness in our hearts.

And not by eastern windows only
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

My best wishes for 1943 to you all; I should like to embody them in
the words: 'We are winning!'

A.Oranje.

NEW YEAR'S PROGRAM

Thursday	4 p.m.	At Well	Camp News Editors 'At Home.'
"	7:15 p.m.	Block 3	Dutch Protestant Service
	19:30 p.m.	Usual	New Year's Eve Cabaret
	11:30 pm.	English Protestant Service, West Courtyard.	
Friday	5, 5:30	Block 3	Roman Catholic Masses
"	6:30 a.m.	"	" " High Mass & Sermon
	Evening	Usual	Dutch Entertainment
	Later	Well	Community Singsong

CAMP LEADER'S MESSAGE

It is not yet the right moment to give a detailed retrospect of these
times; for, without being pessimistic, it may be supposed that we shall be
together either here or in the new camp for some time.

The fine spirit in the

WHISPERING WINNIFRED NURSES NEW YEAR HANGOVER

Winnifred found Beissel's fruit punch bowl more attractive than the Concert New Year's Eve. Consequently, she spent more time in the kitchen than in the audience, and although it was fun while it lasted, not all Dr West's bottles, nor all Dr West's pills could put Winnie back into shape again for a full-sized Camp News this Saturday. For that matter, Winnie believes Campmembers have also not yet fully recovered from their Christmas and New Year festivities, and super-super Camp News issues. So they will probably welcome something short and light; to wit:-

Left Hook Lawson Dazzles Ring Fans..... When Man Mountain van Arkel playfully pulled Librarian Lawson's beard the other night, the book-worm turned, and tattooed Van's chin with some left hooks and right crosses which warmed the cockles of Winnie's heart. She is thinking of signing up the new fistic discovery, now known as Left Hook Lawson, for a match next Michaelmas.

OPINION SPLIT ON CAMP NEW YEAR'S SHOW

Camp opinion was split sharply concerning the New Year's Eve show, Winnie learnt. One school of thought said that the Concert was the best yet, and the other said that the show was among the worst ---because it did not come up to expectations. Camp News, which sponsored the show

was disappointed init. To us it seemed that the show lacked that spark necessary to lift it from mediocrity to a hit -- from just another concert to a bangup New Year's Eve production.

It is difficult to place the finger on any one thing wrong with the concert, except that Compère Magnay couldn't seem to get into his usual stride. For the rest, it was a matter of that indefinable "it" of showmanship. At least that is what Camp News Editors think. Many other Camp Members disagree with us, and declare it was not only a fine show, but the best yet.



Director Carruthers ran things smoothly, there were no time lags, and acts were snappy. Most popular numbers, judging by Camp comment, were the Dutch Choir's rendering of "Old Black Joe", Anderson, Starkey and Morgan in the Hospital Satire, and the new guitarists, Wener and Breuer. Bill Attenborough's characterization of a Chinese dentist was in a class by itself, and our hats are off to him also for his idea of ushering

in the New Year with the 1942-1943 placard trick at midnight.

Other performers, selected as a result of last month's balloting, were Tenor Malcolm Boswell, Comics Gillbrook and Kennard, Camp Leader van der Vliet, Hero, Villain, Damsel -- Quinn, Lawson, Wrigley; Cowboy Tunester McDougall; Baritone de Jong, and the Rhythm Masters Max Breuer, Stout, van der Meulen, van Maanen, this time in the role of Cannibals.

FOR SALE One blue sports shirt, as new. F. 3.50 Apply Morgan, Block 11.

COMMUNITY SONGSTERS.... in spite of our large and sumptuous lunch, brightened the night January 1, under the leadership of van der Weetering and de Jong heading the Dutch, and Carruthers and Magnay British warblers, while Breuer and Wener hotted up their guitars for both groups. Singing followed presentation of typical Dutch New Year's Day feature: Thomas Vaer and Peter Man (in this case) done by Maal and van Arkel.

COME AND CLAIM THEM..... The Toko holds the halves of four one-guilder notes, numbers 42805, 96719, 156122, and 171248. Possessors of the other halves are requested to present them at the Toko for exchange.

KITCHEN FUND ACCOUNT DECEMBER 1942

		Expenses	
Total available	1500	Brown Beans, peas, butter, meat, eggs etc.	1384.80
Total expended	1499.07	Fruit (free Distribution)	84.98
		Free supplies to kitchen staff	26.65
		Debit bt. fwd. from previous mths	2.64
)	Credit c.fwd. to Jan, 1943	0.93
	<u>1500</u>		<u>1500.00</u>

The kitchen stock on Dec. 31st, 1942 was worth F. 216.80, including Brown Beans F 50, Peanuts F 25, and Green Peas F 35.

Account of money for the Women's Camp

Cash in Hand	1.90	To Charitas Hosp.	75.00
Received from Blocks	144.50		
" " Horseracing	25.00	100 kgs potatoes, 2 tins fat,	
" " Collecting Box	32.11	25 kgs onions	66.00
## 9.30 exchanged at 0.85	7.90	60 kgs meat	66.00
	<u>211.41</u>	Gratuity to Carter	2.00
		Balance in hand	2.41
			<u>211.41</u>

WHISPERING WINNIFRED WHISPERS HER LAST Refuses Live in Camp Without Well



Camp News editors announce with regret the passing of Whispering Winnifred from our daily scene. Ever since August 22, 1942, when Winnifred took up residence in the Jail well, she has faithfully reported camp gossip in the columns. She had every intention of continuing here in Mud Lake City, but unfortunately this camp has no well.

Winnifred is a well girl. She can't live anywhere else. And even if she could, what section has a spare 16½ inches for Winnie's stream lined chassis. She thought for a while that her old pal and nightly confidant Bert Smallwood of the handlebar moustache beer barrel belly, macking horse feet and hoarse "Hello there" would help her. But despite all the nights he spent gazing down into the well trying to date her, despite all those promises he made, Bert failed Winnie in her hour of need. He refused dig her a new well here. "I got you in the open now, honey," Bert sneered, "come to Papa!" Indignantly, Winnie fled. She hid in the clinic several days under Dr. West's bunk, then slipped away one rainy night.

However, before Winnie sorrowfully bid us adieu, fluttered out the front entrance and along Boekit Besar (waving a last wave to the Womens' Camp), she told Camp News editors a thing or two for publication. To wit:

When Winnie emerged from her well bedroom early last Saturday she thought the jail as well as its contents had been dismantled and stacked up for transportation to Mud Lake City. The only things not taken, Winnie believes, were here well and the jail wall. They were too firmly fastened down.

Last men to leave the jail were Mr. Van der Vleit and Mr. Penrice, who on their way out passed the cleanup vanguard for 200 native prisoners going in. "How," asked the Indonesian chief jailer of van der Vleit, "am I going to squeeze in 200 men here when it was built for only 150?"

"Ha Ha," laughed van der Vleit, "I squeezed in 320. You're problem is a cinch."

Sights, sounds and thoughts on and after moving day.... the gasp from camp members last Saturday a.m. when van der Vleit announced 126 new men would go into the new camp with us, this wrecking allocations.... the glee with which hospital, kitchen and black kitchens received stoves, dishes, utensils and expert assistance from Pladjoeers.... best job of the week --- boiler constructed

for hospital by Pladjoe Wizards Schoe and Noordagraaf.... Problem of the week --- how to squeeze one 27 inch-wide man and his barang into a 26 inch space.

(over)

Winnie's sympathy to Sambal Deerehs whose genial bulk needs at least three spaces.....the dawn stampede on the Black Kitchen before regular morning coffee...Winnie thought she'd sneak a cup too but she was trampled in the rush.... Incidentally there are two Black Kitchens now and a price war which the camp enjoys the benefit. The guitarists of Farmer block 1 started the new establishment.....Winnie understands the No. 1 Black Kitchen has a new partner -- Dekker of the ever-drooping cigaret stub..... For special orders of merit Winnie nominated Beissel and his ^{staff} for their herculean kitchen work..th..Blitz of the week -- the fowl invasion by 54 ducks, 99 chickens and four dogs. Winnie's interest centered about the big rooster who began courting one of the lady ducks..... Winnie enjoyed watching tryouts on the camp's new skating rink---between the kitchen and block 5. She saw a local oil magnate collect his food then execute an outside loop and tailspin for a perfect three point landing on two shoulder blades and the back of his neck. Many other victims also did their stuff...But 'tis and ill wind that blows nobody good, as someone once said. All those spills provided merriment for spectators and scattered food for the ducks, thus fattening the quackers for duck dinners and making even more people happy... Winnie observed that distillers Blake and Messenger have erected an even more grandiose still. She likes the idea. Their brew should make drinkers forget slivers in their pants, mud in their hair and kicks in their ribs from fellow sleepers....

HOSPITAL HOURS

Clinic hours --- 8:30 to 10 a.m. ; 4:30 to 5 p.m.

URGENT CASES ANY TIME

Ward visiting hours --- 10:30 a.m. to 1 p.m.; 4 to 6 p.m.

--- ADVERTISEMENTS ---

WANTED TO EXCHANGE--- a pair of Australian army boots size 10/5 for a pair size 9/6. See Deerehs, Block 1

WANTED--- a piece of mosquito netting large enough to cover my head... See Johnny Close, Block 7

THE HOLE IN THE WALL

We all remember the "hole in the wall." New comers can easily be informed. The Camp Committee draws your attention to the fact that our planks are not strong. Keep this in mind and save us from a repetition of unnecessary trouble.

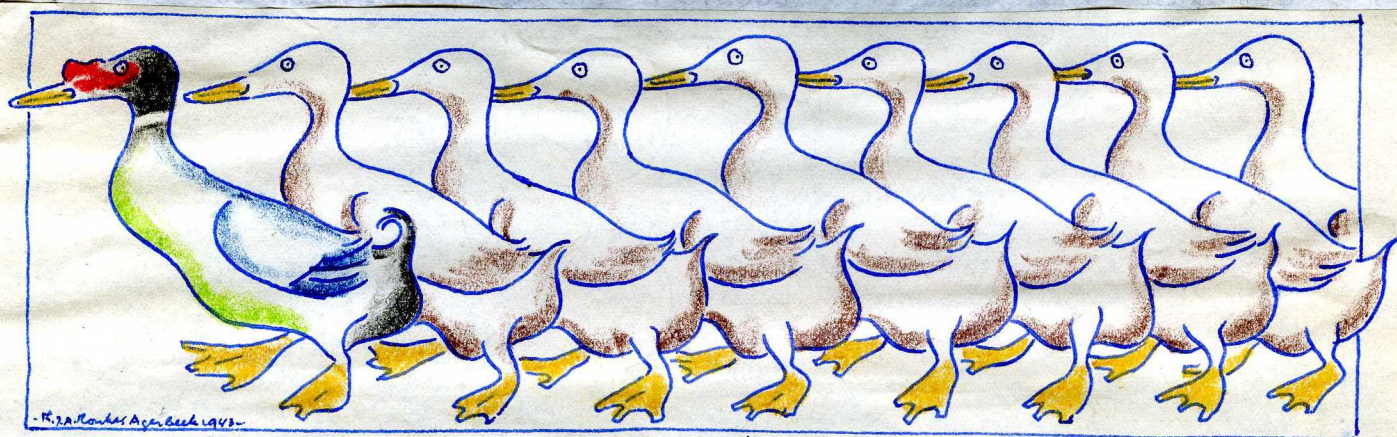
LIBRARY GROWS

Pladjoe arrivals brought 450 new books to our library, swelling the total to 1138. The library will be open on weekdays from 9 a.m. to 10 a.m. and from 4:30 p.m. to 5 p.m.. It will be closed all day Sunday. Mr. Van Rooy resigned as Dutch librarian and was replaced by Mr. Faubel. The librarians now are Harold Lawson, C. Lely of Pladjoe and Mr. Faubel. When in doubt as to whether library is open or closed, look for the sign. If its up library is closed. Dutch books have been numbered. When inspecting them please return to proper place. Also please don't bend book covers back. We can't replace covers and bindings.

SHOP NOTICE

The Camp Shop and the cashier will be open on week days from 9 a.m. to 10 a.m. Block leaders can place orders between 8:30 a.m. and 9 a.m. Orders for Womens' Camp can be placed with Mr. Everstein, Block 1, between 4:30 and 5 p.m. Each day there will be opportunity for one block to place orders. Block leaders will be advised in time.

(next page)



- REINFORCEMENTS FROM PLADJOE -

NEW ERA BEGINS FOR PALEMBANG CIVILIAN MALE INTERNEES

A new era has begun for civilian male prisoners of war in Palembang. We are in a new home with many new friends. New problems have arisen to be solved.

For many months we watched this camp grow from a blockar-covered field into a bustling community within wooden and barbed wire walls. We thought we were going to have it all to ourselves but our captors thought otherwise, so welcome, men of Pladjoë. Greetings and salutations. We all will pull together in making this a really liveable community.

Several weeks ago a wag christened our camp "Tinbertown." Right now a better name might be "Mud Lake City," or "Loempoor Land." However, we are sure that perhaps in a few months we will find a still better name for it. And so, until then, here's how!

ABOUT CAMP NEWS

For our Pladjoë friends we should explain that Camp News has been part of our life for many months. It was begun last May for the purpose of publishing official announcements and on August 22 graduated to a more extensive form for purveying camp gossip and brightening things up in general.

A contest to name the paper ended in a tie between "Terompak Echo" and "Hot 'n Less Hot News." Hence the present title. Shop Boss Everstein, assisted by Grixoni, published the original bulletins. Block 8 leader De Yong and W. H. McDougall, assisted by Block 2 Leader van Gouns and W. P. Allen edited the enlarged edition. T. J. A. Ronkers Agerbeek has been our staff artist. News of Pladjoë is brief herein because our acquaintance has been so.

WE MOVE

"We're here because we're here, because we're here because we're here...." so goes the song. The Camp Committee proposes but the Captor disposes.

For nearly six months working party members have been spending their mornings watching construction of a camp which optimists said we should never inhabit because we wouldn't be prisoners that long; which pessimists said we should never occupy because it was too good or would be occupied by our wives; wherein optimists allotted one meter of space per man but pessimists predicted we would be piled three deep ---with all internees between Singapore and Bandoeng ---fighting for a handful of rice and a drop of bath water.

When working party members saw mats, shelves and barbed wire installed it looked like the time was drawing near. On Jan. 14 we were notified the 15th would be the day. But that didn't stop rumors. Oh, no. Some rumor said there was a ship lying in the Moesi to receive us for transportation to ----(?). The women and children would be moving in immediately. The service men were about to take over.

January 16th dawned and with it coffee was served for the first time at such an hour since camp began. Word came that three promised lorries had dwindled to a greengrocers' wagon. That that 126 men from Pladjoe would move in with us -- thus destroying the allocation committee's work. Klaasen and Phillips hot-footed it to the new site with the first lorry and dispatched men and barang to new places.

More important, however, the first lorry carried the kitchen staff and equipment. Beissel and his crew set up shop and by mid-afternoon served a sizzling good meal. Then came the hospital staff with their medicaments external and internal, their knives, scissors and their victims. The lame and the halt came on a third lorry (transportation proved better than expected).

And then came Pladjoe! A uniformed gentleman in sword and sun helmet climbed over luggage choking the main entrance, surveyed the situation and climbed back again. Pladjoes were directed to disembark alongside sections 3 and 4. They appeared a cheerful, friendly crowd, so Klaasen approached them with hopes of carrying out part of our original allocation scheme. The aforementioned man in sun helmet barked menacingly and Klaasen retreated at a high lope which nearly broke into a gallop.

Meanwhile, in the jail, Camp Leader van der Vleit and British Chairman Penrice directed evacuation operations, which were completed by 1 p.m. All of us, jail birds and oilers alike, were under cover by the time the rain came. Rain has been with us since.

PLADJOE GREET'S US

We came from Pladjoe.

We came from another gaol than you, where we spent nine months behind barbed wire, the same as you did. We waited there all the time, without work, but full of hope as regards the future.

We organized, cooked and passed our days in much the same manner as you did. We grumbled because we are oil people, tough customers, and because we are Dutch. We thought quite often of the people at the other side of the Moesi, who were in prison and in concentration camp and who had lived through so much more difficult times than we had. Dutch, English and Australians.... We heard about a split in the ABCD front and did not believe it.

We crossed the river Moesi and came to this new camp, saw familiar faces and were moved. We have been accepted by your large family and shall certainly do all we can to foster pleasant relations. We were impressed by the pleasant relations between the English and the Dutch, by your excellent organization as a result of the freedom which you were allowed for arranging your own affairs.

We feel more free here and happy than under the old management.

We pay our tribute to the chief of the kitchen and his staff who found our weak spot and our only complaint is that it won't stop raining when we fetch our meals. We apologize for being the cause that you feel your neighbor's elbow during the night and hope that this will be forgiven. We could not help it that we came to this place and hope this will be forgiven. We did not bring the rain from Pladjoe.

So much for the correction. We note that while the Tuan is careful to stress the alleged pugnacity of Dominionites (let him produce that Camp internee who has suffered at their hands anything beyond a terse and salutary description of his antecedents and upbringing) he considers them sufficiently law abiding to form a nuclear police force. Unfortunately this compliment, as gracious as it is unexpected, leaves room for a misunderstanding which we hasten to obviate. The Camp's Dominion residents are prepared to cooperate in any scheme for dealing with those whose actions prejudice the safety or comfort of the whole community. They do not aspire, however, to be sole contractors for the washing of the Empire or inter-Allied dirty linen. Leave that to a combined posse of vigilantes directly under the highest Camp authority (at present the Joint Committee) and responsible to it for any action they may take.

Blast His

WELL WHISPERS



Picture of Black Committee meeting in Black Kitchen on a black night--the black chairman drinking black coffee and voicing black opinions on black camp problems.

Whispering Winnifred, who lives in the well, had a whale of a time last week as the Camp seethed with affairs of state. Reports and counter-reports, charges and counter-charges kept her nipping from cell to cell.

She nimbly dodged lobbyists rushing from one conspiratorial caucus to another and was nearly trampled in the rush to the bulletin board one morning.

But gossip lover though she is, Winnie wasn't satisfied. She thought longingly of good old days in another land when political debates or election campaigns were accompanied by brass bands, torch light parades, soap box orations and platform bellows ---with a few old fashioned brawls thrown in for good measure. Nothing like a hot and heavy public debate to clear the air, or a punch on the nose to clear the mind, thinks Winnie.

But such old fashioned methods being considered too boisterous for this modern enlightened camp, Winnie decided there was only one satisfactory solution, one sure way to guarantee that every man in camp may sit on some kind of a committee, and thus forever be silenced, to wit:

We have black kitchens, black restaurants and black concerts. Why not a few black committees with black chairmen, black secretaries and black minutes?

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY

Last week's Camp News published a parody in verse on a British Committee meeting. The author promised to continue the parody this week. However, he has changed his mind and offers the following alibi:

Long ago my teacher said,
"The stiller the tongue the wiser the head."
And something about, "Where angels tread."
So I guess I'd better keep quiet,
And not add fuel to my fire.
It's easy enough to sling the mire,
But believe me friends, I have no desire
To precipitate a "riot."

Francott

WANTED TO BUY -- Valet razor blades to fit model with spikes. See Camp News

Editors.

CAMP RULES

The start is usually the most difficult part of a new scheme and this will undoubtedly also be the case with our new camp. However, many difficulties will be easily overcome if everybody follows the instructions given by the Camp Committee.

It is not always pleasant to follow instructions because they are usually given in order to prevent things which may be to the benefit of a few but which are contrary to the interests of the majority. A few months ago we had some discussions as to how camp rules should be enforced. Opinions differed. However, it is certain that unwillingness to adhere to instructions may cause trouble and unpleasantness which could be avoided easily.

Since our arrival in this camp it has been necessary to make various rules and the Camp Committee hopes everybody will realize the necessity of obeying them:

I FATIGUE PARTIES

A number of men will be required daily for work in the kitchen and for other jobs which will be executed under supervision of one of the members of the technical committee. For this purpose a list has been compiled giving the names of all camp members in alphabetical order with a number for each man. The numbers of those required for duty one day will be published the previous day.

Workers will assemble near the kitchen in the morning when the signal for "workers" is sounded. The first three workers on the list will be coopted for kitchen duties, beginning at 5 a.m. and will be freed from further duty after lunch.

In order that they may return to their work in time, working party members will be served meals after the kitchen staff, when they will be called simultaneously with the hospital.

II FETCHING FOOD

Food will be served to blocks in the following order: 1, 5, 2, 6, 3, 7, 4, 8. Blocks are requested not to line up near the kitchen until their number is called.

III ANIMALS

- (a) An arrangement has been made with duck owners whereby the ducks will be consumed in the near future.
- (b) Chickens will be kept in their cages until 4 p.m.
- (c) The number of dogs will not be increased.

IV BATHROOMS, LAVATORIES, WATER SUPPLY

Everybody is requested to limit use of water to lowest possible minimum. In order not to interfere with people's rest men are requested not to make unnecessary noise between 8 p.m. and 5 a.m. Bathing before 5 a.m. is forbidden. Bathrooms should not be used for cleaning dishes.

Taps near kitchen may be used for cleaning dishes after meals for half an hour. Drums filled with water will be supplied for a first cleaning and taps should be used only for rinsing off.

Bathrooms will be closed for an hour each day for cleaning. Bathroom for blocks 1 to 4 will be closed from 11 a.m. to 12 noon; for blocks 5 to 8, from 10 to 11 a.m.

V FIREWOOD

FIREWOOD for private cooking can only be obtained by permission of the kitchen staff chief or Messrs Hastings, Boele or Dalmeyer.

(over)

VI MEALS

It is urgently requested that men eat outside the blocks and not inside.

VII POPULATION

Present population of the camp is 456, all of whom, except a few, have to be accommodated in blocks 1 to 8. because authorities would not allow us to use the main building which had to be reserved for other purposes.. Also, were ~~we~~ instructed to reserve space for 40 people who have so far not arrived. We do not know who these people are or when they will come. There are 60 people in each of the blocks 3 and 4 and 54 in the other blocks. The number of people in latter blocks will be increased to a maximum of 60 when the 40 additional 40 arrive.

VIII SIGNALS

Because of the large area of our new camp it is no longer possible to call out orders and information. Therefore a gong has been installed and the following signals will be used:

A ruffle and 1 beat	-----	Summons Camp Leader
" " " 2 beats	-----	Roll call in five minutes
" " " 3 "		Fatigue party assembly
" " " twice 3 beats	-----	Food serving begins.

CAMP COMMITTEE

Mr. H. van Asbeck was coopted by the committee as representative of the Pladjoe people. Leaders of the various blocks are: Block 1, Seidel; Block 2, van Geuns; Block 3, Bettenhaussen; Block 4, van Hilten; Block 5, Thompson; Block 6, Broerse; Block 7, Scheffer; Block 8 de Jong.

Mr. Lammers has been added to the technical committee which now comprises Messrs Joseph of Block 2; Alexander, block 7; Ran, block 8; Cotton, Block 5; Lammers, block 4.

ADD TO SHOP NOTICE

Because of the shortage of funds, the shop requests buyers to pay cash. Suppliers are not prepared to take goods back therefore buyers cannot return anything which has been purchased.

This time conversation lagged and then lulled, ~~with~~ no pretence. Anxiety lined the faces, eyes narrowed in fear; but the occasional reasuring word bubbled forth every now and again — heartening, meaningless. "What! Again! Haven't they any respect for tiffin?"

People rose without hurry as the ack-ack cracked, moving in solemn procession to the shelters. "God, what a Christmas!"

The old lady, sedate, assured, refusing the proffered arm, moved with the rest. Inside, breathing the redolence of moss covered earth, they sat, quiet. The the fateful whish-sh-sh of bombs through the air. A sudden quick intake of breath, pallor on every cheek. A sigh. "Thought — " Best not say what you thought. "Not frightened Granny?" The little old lady nodded her head. "Of course I am. Aren't you?" Whispered, "Yes." They held hands, old and young.

"Seems a mockery, this Christmas business," said a young man bitterly. "Peace on earth and all that, while we wait like rats ——" Whish-sh-sh. Crash!

.....

The doctor stood over his patient, talked to the nurse.

"A miracle!" he said. "This one old lady out of them all!"

She opened her eyes. He bent over her. "Doctor, will you give a message to that young man for me?" He didn't know what young man, but it really didn't matter.

"Ask him," the little old lady whispered, "does he think we deserve a happy Christmas?"

.....

We know we don't — selfishness, greed, avariciousness still come before generosity, kindness, consideration. We must pay the price until we have learned the lesson of Christ. That is what Christmas should mean. Old lady — thanks for the thought.

----- SEASONS GREETINGS -----

CAMP NEWS wishes you all a Happy New Year —
and hopes that the lessons of 1942 will profit you in 1943

"The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on; nor all they Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all they Tears wash out a Word of it."

----- Rubaiyat





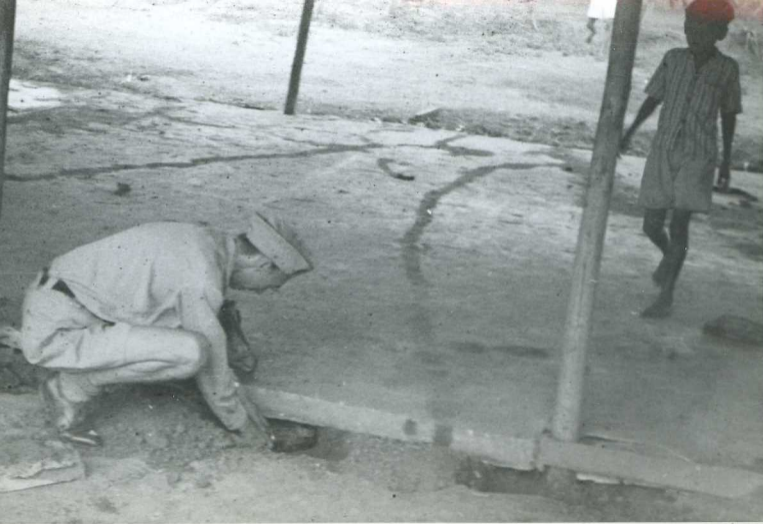








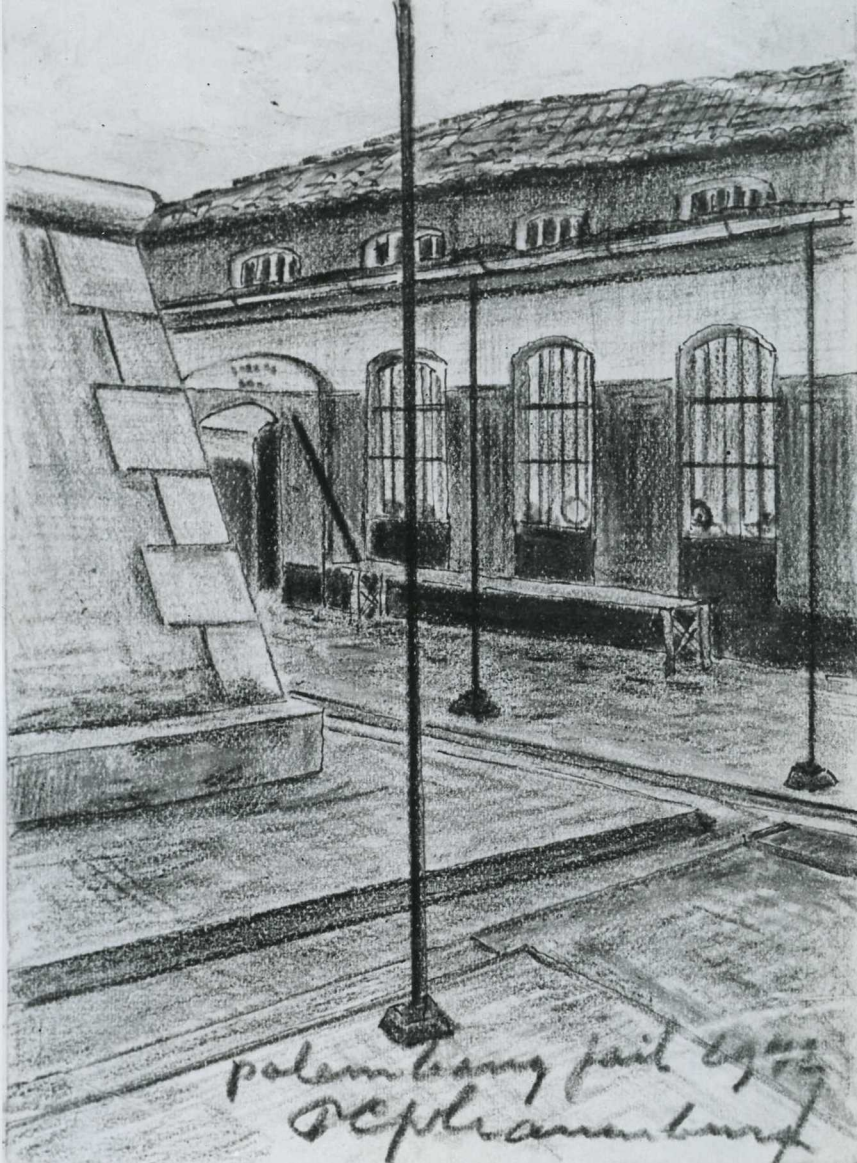


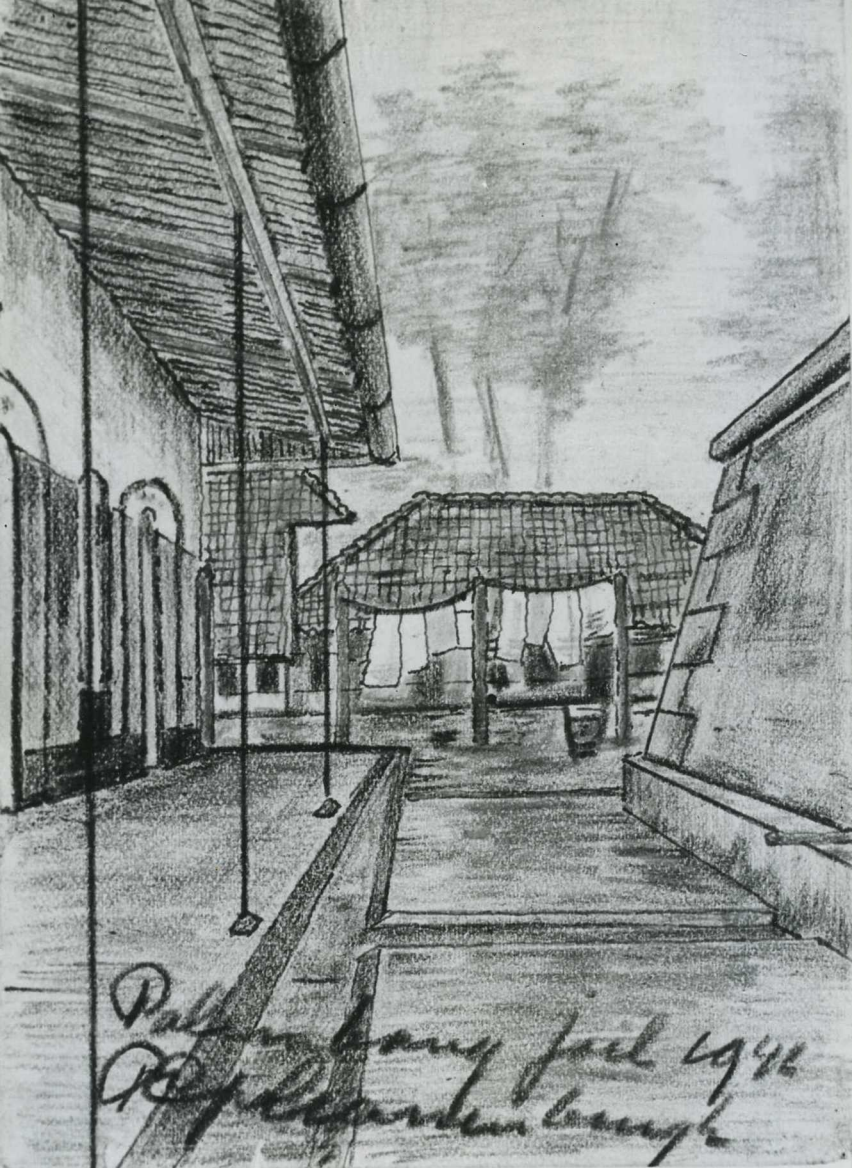




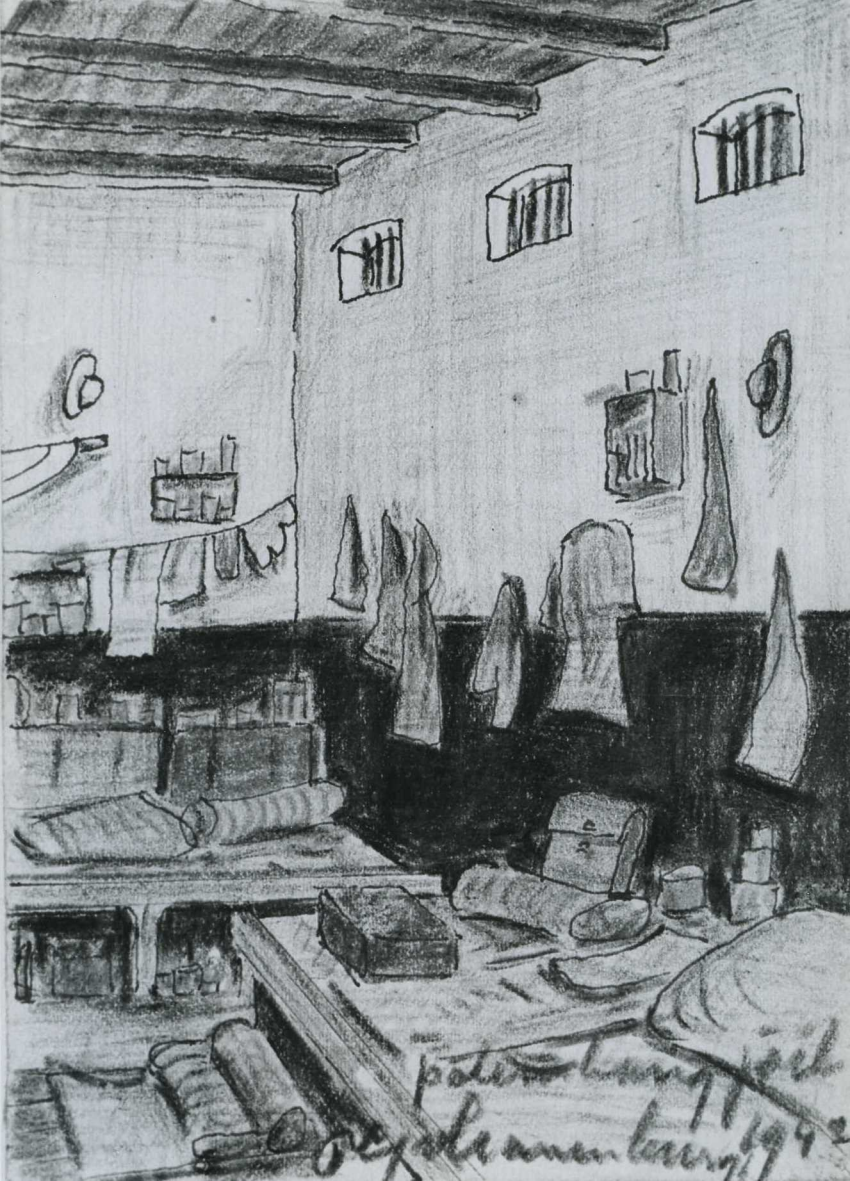


Prison cell, 1936

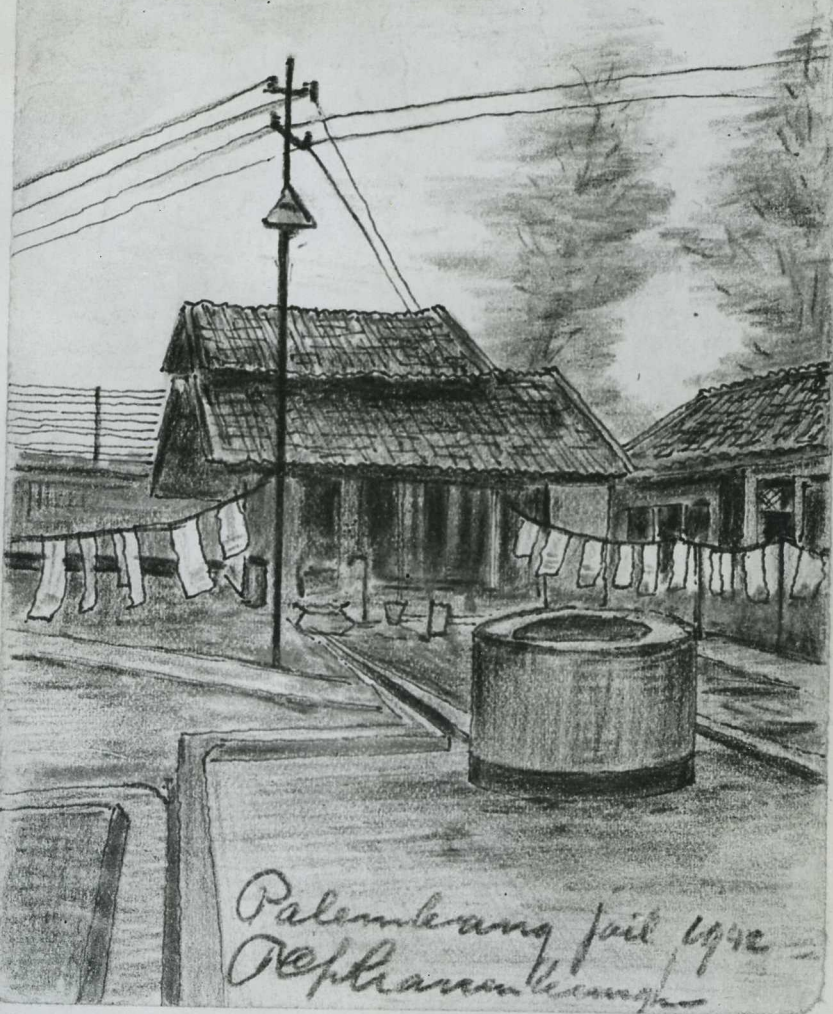




Palm Bay jail 1946
R. J. [unclear]



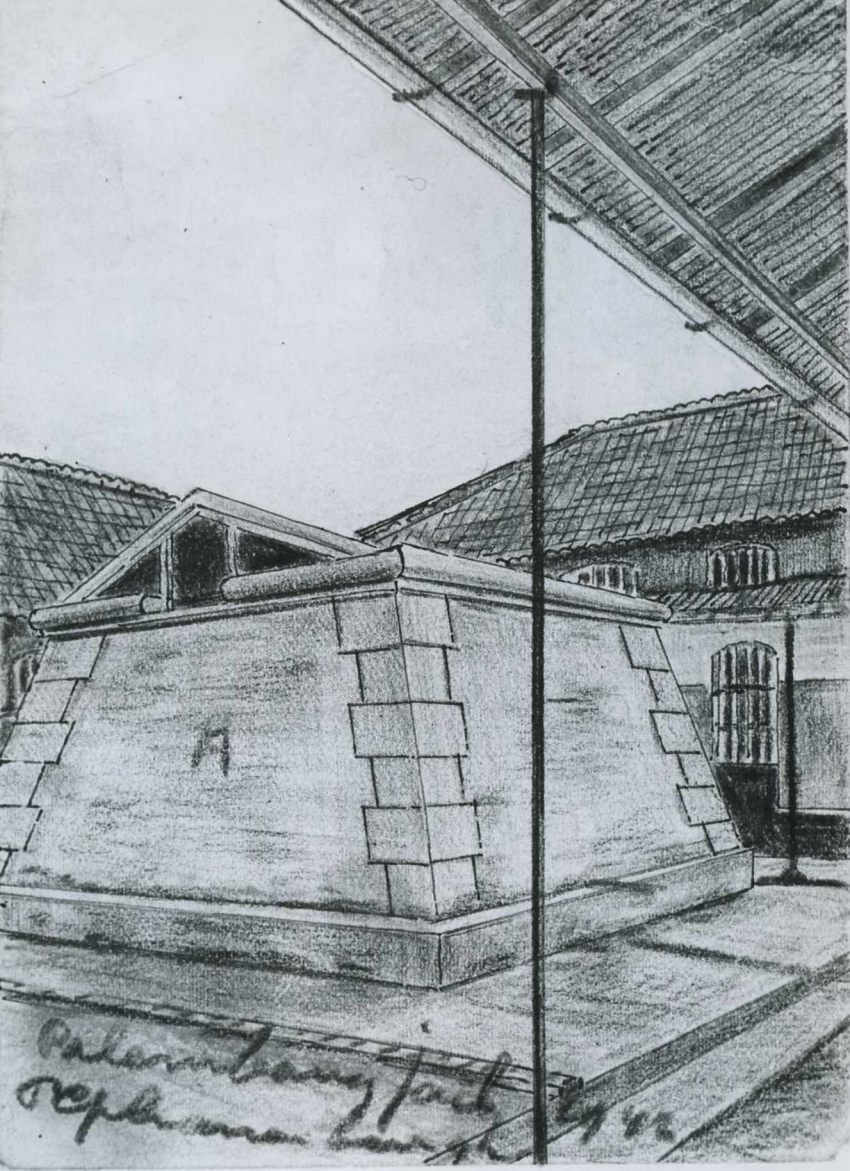
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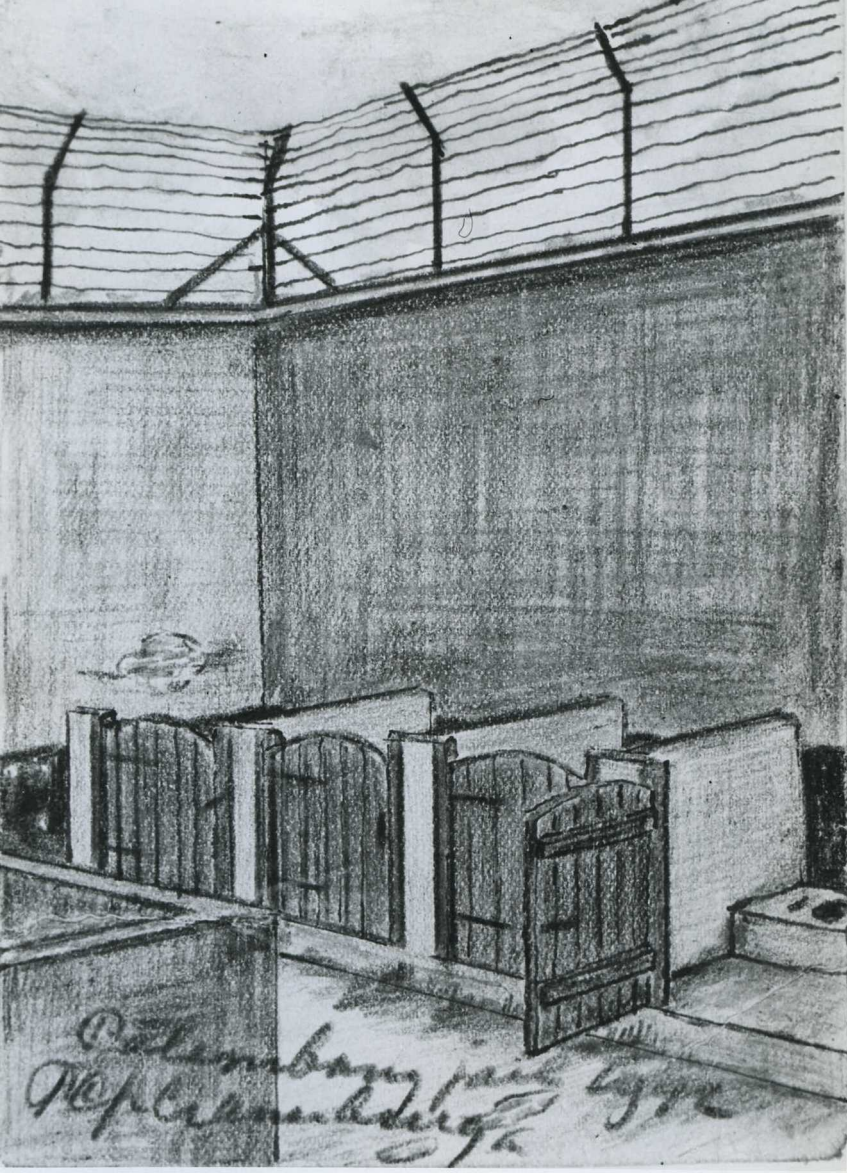
Palembang jail 1942
De Phranen



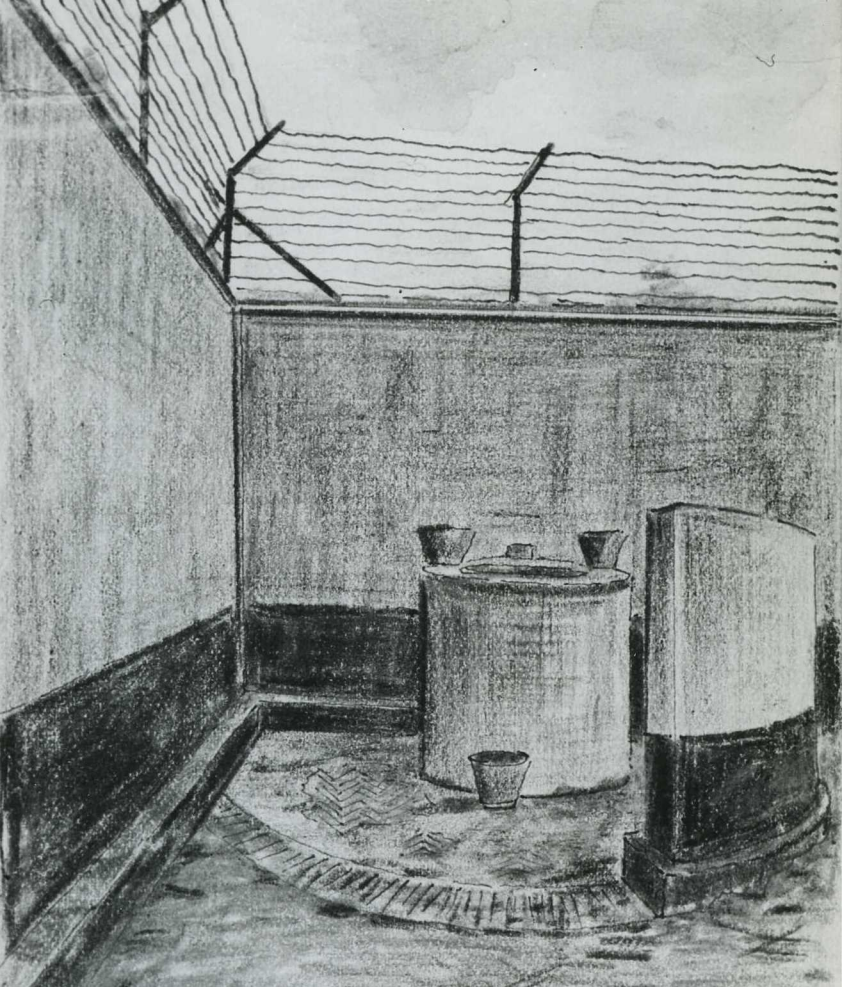
Putumang / ad
1942
Putumang



Palombari Fach 1942
Sepuluh bulan



Columbus jail 1912
H. C. ...



palombes jail 1942
Ophiostoma