

Don't Hoard!

ENJOY THE SECURITY OF A SAVINGS ACCOUNT

Hoardings . . . whether of money or goods . . . is neither wise, patriotic, nor safe. Saving, on the other hand, when you use a Commonwealth Savings Bank Account, is of definite benefit to you and to your country. It keeps your money active, allows you to build up your savings for the clearing of urgent liabilities and for investment in Australia's war effort, and provides security for your future. Save . . . and put all your savings in a Commonwealth Savings Bank Account.

A COMMONWEALTH SAVINGS BANK ACCOUNT

Simplifies saving for investment in National Savings Bonds, War Savings Certificates or the Next War Loan in advance.

Men's and Boys' Clothing & Footwear

LOTS of goods are hard to procure but we still have quite a good stock of Clothing & Footwear for Men and Boys.

We realise it is value you want for your coupons and we endeavor to give you full value every time.

Have a look over our stock, you will find many lines you want that are not available elsewhere.

We are agents for Ford Bros. Dry Cleaners and Dyers. We send away every Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday.

MAKE USE OF OUR SERVICE
It is prompt and efficient

W. R. BARKLEY

MEN'S AND BOYS' OUTFITTERS AND TAILORS.
PHONE — 85. MURRAY STREET, GAWLER.

Alliance Assurance Company Limited.

With which is united the Imperial Insurance Co. Ltd. Assets exceed £30,000,000.

O. M. Elliott, Manager. Gawler Agents—Wm. Dawkins & Co., R. E. Sheedy, Gawler P.O. Fire, Marine, Motor and Workmen's Compensation and Accident Insurance. Accepted at Lowest Current Rates.

The Colonial Mutual Fire Insurance Coy., Ltd.

17-19 Grenfell St. Adelaide, opposite Tattersall's Club, undertakes Insurances in the following Departments: Fire, Workmen's Compensation, Plateglass Livestock, Marine, Personal Accident, Motor Vehicle, Hay and Crop. In Agricultural Business, in addition to the usual Discount of 10 per cent., further substantial reductions in rates have been made. Gawler Agent—F. E. BARKLEY.

ROYAL EXCHANGE Assurance.

A.D. 1720. Fire, Accident, Hay, Crop, Live Stock, Houses and Furniture. Insurances effected at Lowest Rates. For information apply—GEO. A. W. McLEAN, Jacob St., Gawler. Local Agent.

New Zealand Insurance Company Limited.

FIRE, ACCIDENT, WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION
E. TATE, Salisbury, Agent.
South Australian Branch: Albion House, Waymouth Street, Adelaide. J. W. Stackhouse, Manager for S.A.

ANCIENT ORDER OF FORESTERS.

Court Bushman's Pride, No. 2484
Family Benefits: Additional Benefits, £2 per week Sick Pay. Funeral Benefits to £100 may be secured for slight additional contributions
S. N. BEADNALL, Fin. Sec.

Independent Order of RECHABITES.

S.A. District, No. 31.
Benefits, £50 at death and Sick Benefits 20/- per week, available immediately after Initiation. Initiation fee at any age 2/6
GEO. McLEAN, Fin. Sec. Jacob Street, Gawler.

Loyal Gawler Lodge.

Manchester Unity Oddfellows, No. 7. I.O.O.F.
Benefits: £40 at death; available on Joining. Sick Pay: 20/-, 10/-, 5/- per week up to a maximum of £200 if necessary.
W.R.M. SAYERS, Fin. Sec.

W. E. PASSMORE

100 MURRAY ST., GAWLER
PIANO AND ORGAN
Phone MECHANIC 256
Pianos & Organs bought & sold

RABBIT & FOX SKINS

Also Water Rat, Kangaroo & Sheep Skins, Horsehair, Hides, Tallow etc. Prompt Cash. No Commissions. Rail to Mile End or Carrier to our Store—
CAIN & JACOB.
187-9 Waymouth St, Adelaide.
Phone—Central 6492.

CUT OFF IN THE NEW GUINEA JUNGLE

Cpl (Sig.) John Burns, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Burns of Waikerie was on duty at the assault on Gona, New Guinea, last November, when, as he signalled, he was hit by a Jap hand grenade and wounded. He carried on. At about 4 p.m. on the same day a Japanese sniper in a cocoanut tree at a range of about 50 yards shot him in the hand. He could not signal any more and was relieved. He managed to get over swamps and flooded country and so reached the main body.

Cpl. Burns has seen much campaigning in the Middle East and the Syrian campaign. He arrived back in Australia early last year and after short leave was drafted to New Guinea. His father served in the last war gaining the Military Medal.

In a letter to his parents, Cpl. Burns, whose training embraced stretcher bearing and first aid as well as signalling, gave a graphic description of the experiences of a party of wounded of whom he was left in charge, cut off by the enemy forces in the New Guinea jungle and having to wait days for the arrival of a reserve party.

This is the day I have been longing for, for over five weeks now. I am at long last back with my unit and happy and well though I have lost over four stone. When I landed here yesterday there were over 30 letters awaiting me, so you can imagine just how happy I was to hear news of home.

Now, to tell you what I have been doing all the time. As you have seen by the papers we were encircled by Nippon and had to carry our wounded out over the mountains and through the forests. Well, for eleven days I helped carry my pal and in that time all I had to eat was two yams. When we were too weak to carry any longer we put the stretchers in a native garden, and a pal and myself stayed with them. We were right behind the Jap line and only three quarters of a mile from one of his strongholds at that time. We lived on yams there for 15 days, and were kept busy day and night by our 17 cases. How

we were never picked up by Jap patrols is a miracle. I think my prayers each night must have been answered.

Each night at about six I boiled light a small fire and boil a few yams for the lads and then roast enough to last us the following day. We couldn't light a fire in the daytime as Nippon would see the smoke, but at night he could not see our fire through the undergrowth. We ran out of dressings for the boys, so you can imagine the picnic I had. My sole medical supplies were ten field dressings, one bottle of morphia, and a syringe to inject with.

After five days at the garden my pal died and I had to bury him. The day before he died I did his wound up for him and in the half hour that it took I had two black outs and drank over a bottle of water. He felt nothing, as I had given him a morphia needle. I became such an expert at giving needles in the end that it was like signing my name. Four days after my pal died, one of the West Aussies passed away.

The 15 days we were there before we were rescued, I didn't get more than two hours sleep a day and with the responsibility of the party on my shoulders and Jap patrols around us all the time, it was a big strain. I used to try and cheer the lads up as best I could, poor beggars. To fill in their time when I wasn't busy I used to read my little New Testament to them; it was great company, moreso than I ever imagined it would be. It was just a month from the time they were wounded until I got then in the hospital here. At times I thought I would never see Aussie again, but by luck Nippon just didn't see us. I did not have a shave or a clean set of clothing on me for 30 days, so you can well imagine how I looked and smelled when I hit safety here. The seat was right out of my pants.

When I landed back here I was not allowed to have a clean up before the Brigadier wanted to see me, and over he lands and tells me lots of things about me, etc. Then the intelligence officer had an hour with me, asking me all sorts of questions about Jap positions there and all such things. The brigadier then saw me again and gave me a fortnight's leave and any luxury I wanted—but he said he could not send me home as no leave is allowed.

You have no idea just what a time I had, Mum. I never want it again. But I just could not leave my pal in the condition he was. His name was Len Williams. Poor old Viv, also went. I am happy now at any rate, we have all the lads out. You have to see the country we fought over to really realize just what a hell of life we had. We saved Port Moresby, so it was worth it. We were in thick jungle and rugged mountains up to 9000ft., so you can imagine our hardships. I was the only lad in the party who had a tooth brush and each morning I used to clean all the boys' teeth and went without a shave myself to give them one, as I only had a limited number of razor blades. The boys gave me a marvellous cheer when I left them at the hospital—it was good.

There were four parcels here for me when I landed in. I have done in my watch, Mum. A mortar blast broke the glass and the water and the mud just rusted the works. I have ruined all my snaps as for about a fortnight while I was in action I was out in the rain day and night and no change of clothes. How we all did not die of exposure beats me. I have a slightly poisoned ankle at the moment, but a couple of days will see it finished and me o.k. again.

The Graves Commission people are going to try and find the two lads we have buried now that we have pushed Nippon out; and if they can't I am going to lead a party to them. It will mean another ten days' trip into the mountains, but it's the least I can do for them.

we were never picked up by Jap patrols is a miracle. I think my prayers each night must have been answered.

Each night at about six I boiled light a small fire and boil a few yams for the lads and then roast enough to last us the following day. We couldn't light a fire in the daytime as Nippon would see the smoke, but at night he could not see our fire through the undergrowth. We ran out of dressings for the boys, so you can imagine the picnic I had. My sole medical supplies were ten field dressings, one bottle of morphia, and a syringe to inject with.

After five days at the garden my pal died and I had to bury him. The day before he died I did his wound up for him and in the half hour that it took I had two black outs and drank over a bottle of water. He felt nothing, as I had given him a morphia needle. I became such an expert at giving needles in the end that it was like signing my name. Four days after my pal died, one of the West Aussies passed away.

The 15 days we were there before we were rescued, I didn't get more than two hours sleep a day and with the responsibility of the party on my shoulders and Jap patrols around us all the time, it was a big strain. I used to try and cheer the lads up as best I could, poor beggars. To fill in their time when I wasn't busy I used to read my little New Testament to them; it was great company, moreso than I ever imagined it would be. It was just a month from the time they were wounded until I got then in the hospital here. At times I thought I would never see Aussie again, but by luck Nippon just didn't see us. I did not have a shave or a clean set of clothing on me for 30 days, so you can well imagine how I looked and smelled when I hit safety here. The seat was right out of my pants.

When I landed back here I was not allowed to have a clean up before the Brigadier wanted to see me, and over he lands and tells me lots of things about me, etc. Then the intelligence officer had an hour with me, asking me all sorts of questions about Jap positions there and all such things. The brigadier then saw me again and gave me a fortnight's leave and any luxury I wanted—but he said he could not send me home as no leave is allowed.

You have no idea just what a time I had, Mum. I never want it again. But I just could not leave my pal in the condition he was. His name was Len Williams. Poor old Viv, also went. I am happy now at any rate, we have all the lads out. You have to see the country we fought over to really realize just what a hell of life we had. We saved Port Moresby, so it was worth it. We were in thick jungle and rugged mountains up to 9000ft., so you can imagine our hardships. I was the only lad in the party who had a tooth brush and each morning I used to clean all the boys' teeth and went without a shave myself to give them one, as I only had a limited number of razor blades. The boys gave me a marvellous cheer when I left them at the hospital—it was good.

There were four parcels here for me when I landed in. I have done in my watch, Mum. A mortar blast broke the glass and the water and the mud just rusted the works. I have ruined all my snaps as for about a fortnight while I was in action I was out in the rain day and night and no change of clothes. How we all did not die of exposure beats me. I have a slightly poisoned ankle at the moment, but a couple of days will see it finished and me o.k. again.

The Graves Commission people are going to try and find the two lads we have buried now that we have pushed Nippon out; and if they can't I am going to lead a party to them. It will mean another ten days' trip into the mountains, but it's the least I can do for them.

The Graves Commission people are going to try and find the two lads we have buried now that we have pushed Nippon out; and if they can't I am going to lead a party to them. It will mean another ten days' trip into the mountains, but it's the least I can do for them.

The Graves Commission people are going to try and find the two lads we have buried now that we have pushed Nippon out; and if they can't I am going to lead a party to them. It will mean another ten days' trip into the mountains, but it's the least I can do for them.

The Graves Commission people are going to try and find the two lads we have buried now that we have pushed Nippon out; and if they can't I am going to lead a party to them. It will mean another ten days' trip into the mountains, but it's the least I can do for them.

The Graves Commission people are going to try and find the two lads we have buried now that we have pushed Nippon out; and if they can't I am going to lead a party to them. It will mean another ten days' trip into the mountains, but it's the least I can do for them.

The Graves Commission people are going to try and find the two lads we have buried now that we have pushed Nippon out; and if they can't I am going to lead a party to them. It will mean another ten days' trip into the mountains, but it's the least I can do for them.

ENGLAND FOR AGRICULTURE

A giant trenching plough weighing 4 tons is now at work in England turning acres of waterlogged ground into land which will yield crops next year.

It is an ingenious trenching implement designed in the North of England chiefly for use in land drainage. The new machine cuts channels to a depth of 2 ft 9 in. at the rate of 100 yards in four minutes.

The base of the trench is cut by a share, while cutters carve the sides, the earth passing up inclined boards to ground level where it is formed in equal ridges on each side. The implement is hauled by a pair of windlasses driven by two diesel engines placed at each end of the field. One windlass pulls the implement along when cutting, the other returns it into position for cutting the next trench.

The standard windlass employed for this work by the designers has a range of gears with different speeds for different soils and the winding drum carries 450 yards of steel plough rope.

ARMY POSTMAN'S JOB IS NOT EASY ONE

Referring to recent complaints of the delay in delivering mail to troops, the South Australian Commander, Brigadier Bundock, stated that in most instances the Army Postal Service was not to blame. Whenever a soldier left a Unit on account of becoming a casualty, or through transfer, or to attend a school, he should advise either his Unit or the nearest Base Post Office as soon as he was aware of his destination.

Special cards were provided in thousands for this purpose and were available everywhere. In the case of a casualty, medical orderlies were able to supply the cards and would fill them in if requested. Mail is never held by a unit after a soldier has left. If he becomes a casualty he is evacuated usually through the Regimental Aid Post to a Casualty Clearing Station. The CCS advises the unit headquarters, but is unable to say to which hospital he will be sent.

On arrival at hospital the soldier should advise either his unit or the nearest Base Post Office or Postal Records. He can advise all three but notification to anyone will ensure proper delivery of his mail. It must be remembered that the Army Post Service are dealing with hundreds of thousands of parcels and letters. They work efficiently, as anyone may discover by a visit to an Army Post Office 67-69 Franklin St., but they cannot perform miracles.

If mail arrives at a base after a man has become a casualty it is returned to the nearest Base Office. If no notification has been received of the man's new address the APO endeavors to trace him. Perhaps, by the time they have discovered which hospital he is in he has gone on to a convalescent depot, from which, in a few days or weeks, according to his condition, he goes to a training battalion and thence through clearing and staging camps back to his unit.

Meanwhile his mail may be following him round and just missing him by days.

Mails may be delayed on occasions when a whole unit is constantly changing its location. In New Guinea for instance, when troops were advancing over the Owen Stanley Range and on to Buna and Gona, conditions were extremely difficult. There were no roads to carry vehicles, and transport was confined to bearers whose loads are limited. Moreover, food ammunition medical stores and supplies must all take priority over mails. Urgent operational requirements must come first.

One other cause of delays is incorrect addressing of letters. At Adelaide, for instance, there is staff continuously engaged in the dealing with such letters. At the Army Post Office yesterday there were letters addressed to Pte. S. —, 4 Platoon, Australia. There are hundreds of No. 4 Platoons wherever Australian troops are operating. Another letter was addressed to Cpl. J. —, c/o Army Post Office, Australia. Sometimes the wrong number is given as well as the wrong address, which makes it doubly difficult for the APO to find the man. There were several letters addressed to men in the "Aust Gen Tpt Coy." There are hundreds of transport companies and the Army Post Office has no easy job finding the right one.

The result of this sort of thing is that each day a man has to take a bundle of letters and telegrams down to the Records office and endeavor to get the complete addresses.

When a friend or relative of a soldier learns that his letters are not reaching the addressee, the quickest remedy is to get in touch with the Army Post Office giving full details, and the matter will soon be cleared up.

Many people who have complained and have subsequently accepted an invitation to visit the APO and see it at work, and see its difficulties and the pains it takes in getting the mails to the soldiers, have come away ardent champions of the Service.

It is a Service that is always on duty, seven days a week and no matter where the troops go the APO delivers its mails.

If you would like to see the Army Post Office at work, pay it a visit at 67-69 Franklin Street, Adelaide.

FREELING

Mrs. A. Clifford and Mrs. E. E. Linke received and packed the Freeling February Hamper which was sent to the Cheer-Up Hut, Adelaide. The parcel contained vegetables, fruit, groceries, jam, eggs, pickles and sauce. Every month a hamper is sent to the Hut from Freeling.

Members of the Freeling Home Guard visited the Wasleys Rifle Range on Saturday and had practice shooting. The best shot for the day was obtained by Mr. M. Schubert who received 24 out of 25 at 200 yards. In a group Messrs D. Cawse A. Schubert, R. Turner and C. H. Schuster tied for best score. Colonel Farmer and a group of battalion officers with Captain Teasdale Smith from Corps Headquarters visited Freeling, and complimented the men on the good work they were doing. This is the first time the section had been officially inspected.

YOU CAN STILL BUY



Available in a range of durable colours made in South Australia in strict conformity with National Security Regulations.

PROTECT YOUR PROPERTY
Buy your supplies now—from
K.R. HOGBEN
For painting material and house-hold hardware.
Gawler and Willaston

FACTS ABOUT THE F.F.C.F.

Over 500 distinct items are included in the list of articles distributed by the Comforts Fund. The list ranges from pianos and refrigerators to chewing gum and covers foodstuffs, recreational and sporting facilities, smokes, wearing apparel and health aids. Some of the individual items issued run into millions.

Among the principal places where hostels have been established are Jerusalem and Tel Aviv in Palestine, and Halifax Canada. Comforts Fund hostels functioned in Malaya and Singapore until the chapter of that campaign closed.

In 1941, the Tin Hat Appeal raised £6753; Empire Emblems Appeal £4267; Victory V campaign netted £1108. The sale of Plum Pudding badges to provide hampers for the FF, raised £1571 to which must be added the splendid sum donated in units of 7/6 each for the provision of personally identified hampers.

Last March when the AIF came home, Comforts Fund trucks were despatched with crates and cases of good things to give the boys a rousing welcome. Thousands of pounds went in the purchase of good things for the men. Well over 30,000 packets of sweets, thousands of pounds of apples, over four tons of cake, went to satisfy robust Australian appetites. Smokes absorbed nearly a million cigarettes, two and a half tons of tobacco, and more than 50,000 packets of cigarette papers. Kit deficiencies were repaired by the distribution of case upon case of woollen articles of every description.

Every South Australian Army Nurse and VAD gazetted to an active service station abroad, receives an embarkation gift from the FFCF usually a cheque with which to buy articles at her own discretion. While on service, she regularly receives parcels containing food delicacies, toilet and perfumery gifts and other items dear to the feminine heart.

One of the most important tasks undertaken by the FFCF is looking after the interests of wives and families of men on active service. The task is a big one, and a special branch of the Comforts Fund has been created to deal with it. The branch is known as the Fighting Forces Family Welfare Bureau. On the executive committee is Colonel R.B. Jacob V.D., The social worker is Miss Helen Paine, B.A., A.I.H.A.

The Fighting Forces Comforts Fund is the title of the South Australian Division of the Australian Comforts Fund.

FARCICAL POSITION OF FARMERS

Bushel Barley will buy a Dozen Eggs

The plight of the farmer in the world war cannot be better exemplified than by the knowledge that a dozen eggs are the same value as a bushel of barley. Hon. J.W. Beerworth, of the Northern District of the Legislative Council of S.A., is moving that the State Government should appoint a representative committee to enquire into primary industries. He said that manpower shortage, acreage restrictions, transport difficulties, inadequate prices, interest charges, lack of markets, and other disabilities, were destroying the State's primary industries, which for 50 years had been the basis of the economic construction of the State.

In the past 10 years over 2000 South Australian farmers have gone through the Bankruptcy Court, and in the past 12 months 1000 farmers have ceased production.

Woods Great Peppermint Cure
Gives protection against Influenza