

EWAA

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MOBILE EXERCISES IN THE REGIMENT

(By MAJOR J. F. CALLAGHER, R.N.Z.A., 98th Bty., N.Z.A.)

With the approval of the Brigade Commander, mobile exercises have been carried out regularly by the 98th Battery each week over the last couple of months. They have created great interest in the unit, and are having a marked effect on the general tone and efficiency of the Battery as a whole. It is therefore at the request of the Commanding Officer that a resume of our activities in mobile exercises is published in the hope that it may be of benefit to the Regiment in the event of opportunities being afforded to the other batteries to carry out similar exercises.

The first exercises were simple, and merely entailed getting the gun out of the pit, packing stores on the tractor, and moving to B.H.Q. where they were checked over by the B.C. The guns were then taken in convoy for a distance of about eight miles, halts being made en route when necessary to check intervals, etc. These exercises were carried out under test for time, instructions for the move being sent out by Don/R without previous warning. The time was taken from the receipt of instructions to the arrival at R.V.

Protecting a Bridge

The next exercise was in the form of a definite Tp. task, a simple verbal operational order being issued by the B.C. to the T/C who passed them on to those concerned. The task was to protect a bridge and cutting during the passage of an infantry unit en route to the north to repel an imaginary enemy force moving on to Auckland. The enemy was assumed to have several warships and an aircraft carrier standing off the West

Coast, and air attack was expected.

The area selected for this exercise is ideal for instructional purposes. actual gun sites are obvious, the routes to each are excellent, and the layout of the whole troop can be seen by every member. Each troop in turn carried out this exercise, and the results in each case were most satisfactory.

Kumeu Station Defended

The success of these exercises prompted something on a larger scale, and plans were duly made for a mobile exercise. The enemy was assumed to be in possession of all country north of Russell, and his spearheads were in contact with our forces. The 98th Battery was holding a general line from Whangarei to Dargaville, and C. Troop was detailed to defend Kumeu Station against air attack. The guns met at an assembly point and put into action.

Arrangements had been made with the Air Force for an army co-op. plane to carry out a recon-

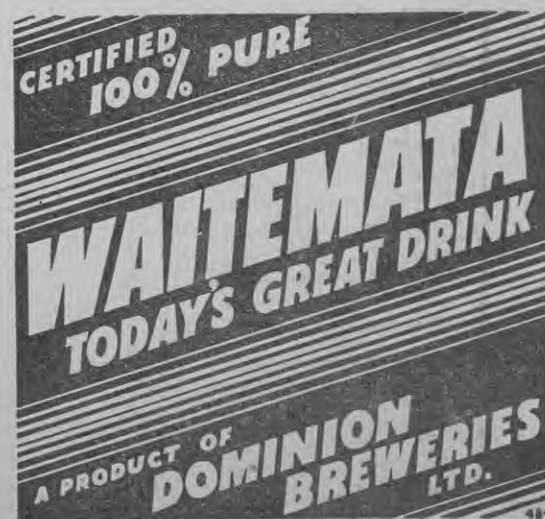
naissance of the area prior to making low-level attacks on the V.P. It was gratifying to learn that it was not until the guns uncovered to engage the plane that their positions were located.

Immediately after the engagement, the guns took up alternative positions and again camouflaged themselves most effectively.

Troop Sergeant to offending gunner: "Who brought you here?"
Gunner: "Two policemen."
Sergeant: "Drunk again?"
Gunner: "Yes, sarge — both of them!"

* * *

"Does you hut always leak?"
"No, sir. Only when it rains."



There's A Lot Of Good Times Coming

Everyone these days feels more or less unsettled. That is understandable. With the current reorganisation of manpower nothing is really certain; many of us have lost mates who are being returned to industry and to their studies.

But this will pass. Many of us can expect to remain in the regiment under the cadre system, and once we settle down again under rather different conditions, we are going to find ready to hand for us an unlimited variety of entertainments, hobbies and pursuits.

So far, the activities of the Army Education Welfare Service in this unit have been confined, through necessity, to the provision of study courses for men whose education has been interrupted, or who wish to improve their knowledge in spheres likely to be of use to them on their return to civil life. Our army is a civilian army and a temporary army. Every man knows it is temporary, and realises that one day he will once more have to make his own way and earn his own living. Hence the urgency of giving men the opportunity to prepare themselves for their return.

Owing to the nature of our regiment under its present form, it has been a difficult and arduous job even to inform men of the facilities available to them. In spite of this difficulty, the work has now been accomplished, and a host of

survey forms from the men of the regiment is to hand. Already, enrolment forms have been issued to many for study courses which are now ready, and as others come from the press enrolment forms for them will be issued.

AEWS is like a great department store. It will stock as many helpful commodities as possible, and at all times will study its customers' needs. Every genuine demand will be satisfied as far as is humanly possible.

Gunpost Hobbies

But there are other sides to AEWS. Already some units less scattered than we are at present have fostered hobbies and lucrative spare-time pursuits. Within our own brigade we have evidence of these activities.

For those who may be somewhat sceptical of what can be done on a gunpost in the way of hobbies and handicrafts there is the example of the 15th Heavy Regiment, which, since the introduction of the Army Education Welfare Service, has instituted an amazing variety of pursuits.

Men on gunposts have drawn up plans for pig and poultry runs. The offer of a donation of livestock and materials has been received to help them start. Many other gunners have decided to take up fretwork and carpentry, and, through a generous grant, are able to buy the necessary tools.

One of the N.C.O.'s, working from photographs he saw in a magazine, has drawn up plans for the construction of small wooden toys such as jeeps and ack-ack guns, and with the money raised from the sale of these popular playthings, they will be able to buy more materials and more tools. Here they have a hobby which will stand them in good stead in the winter months.

Others have taken up model aeroplane construction, building some very good scale models from balsa. Waacs also have figured in this pursuit with marked success.

Waacs' Pastimes

Waacs have a variety of interests of their own. With the help of several commercial establishments in the city they have taken up dressmaking and hairdressing as a winter evening pastime. Instructors from the city visit them several nights a week with equipment for instruction. These two courses have proved the most popular yet.

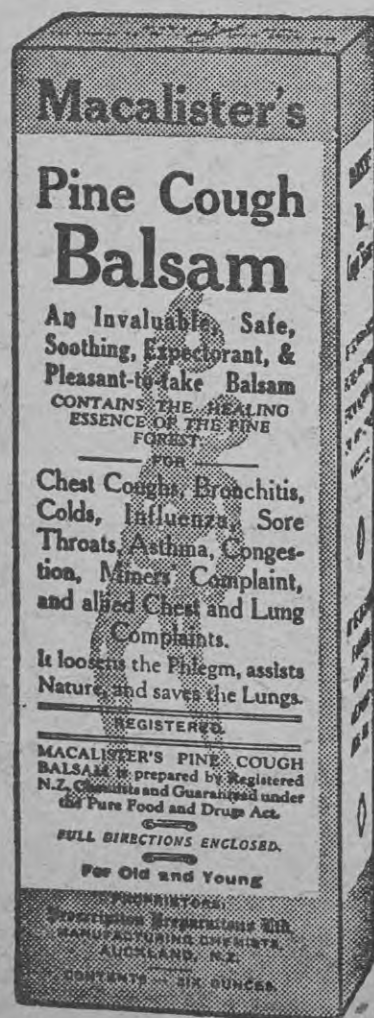
Others are making toys and articles of papier mache, from instructions supplied by the occupational therapy hospital. All these facilities were acquired through their AEWS officer. Shortly we too should be able to push ahead with similar, although not necessarily identical, handicrafts.

In one respect we lead all Auckland units, and that is with our magazine "FLAK." It has aroused much comment, and already copies have been sent by the authorities to Wellington and also to other units as an example of what can be done by a regiment with a little initiative. Here is one way in which you have the opportunity to help now. Write for "FLAK," and try to keep it at as uniformly a high standard as possible.

Entertainments

But AEWS has two sides. The first, Education, we have dealt with. The second, Welfare, is already functioning. Entertainment is constantly available to a degree not realised by the average gunner. For instance, how many of you have asked for gramophone record recitals? Do you know that the whole library of the National Broadcasting Service is available to you? You have 14,000 records to choose from. All you have to do is ask.

Forms have already been issued and others are available on request for securing one of these recitals. Use them. Ask your officer for one. AEWS will send out a man with gear and records to provide you with an evening's entertainment. You may ask for particular records, or a type



of programme. Remember, however, that with the whole record library open to you, it is possible to get records not usually heard, and so it might be better to pass over light numbers which are heard on the radio every day.

The men who are available to take these record selections round to you are experienced qualified men, and if you so desire it, they will tell you a little about the numbers they play—the stories behind the music.

You don't have to have a large group before requesting a recital. They will visit your post if there are only half-a-dozen, providing there is a keen audience.

Library Requests

You all know by now of the library service which is functioning as part of AEWS. Once a week the truck calls at your post. But don't forget that a request service is available. The books carried are a fairly representative selection of ordinary reading. But there are many books on special subjects available. In fact, whole libraries are open to you if you request it. Just name the book to the librarian—she will do the rest.

These are only a few of the many benefits of AEWS open to

Sports Feud

The well-known ten-a-quoits match which has been raging at 98th H.Q. for some months past between "Basher" Benton, the last of the Battling Bentons, and Guerilla Grey, more commonly known as "Cheer-a-ho" Campbell, is now at its peak.

This contest started off as a friendly means of recreation, but has now developed into a grim struggle for supremacy. Those who have witnessed the many workouts between these two contestants were at first inclined to

favour the Basher, mainly due to the dashing figure he presented on the field and the very good ballyhoo promulgated by his crafty trainer, Artful (W.O.II) Arthur.

On the other hand, the terrific propaganda issued by the "Guerilla's" manager, Juggernaut Joyce, was inclined to influence quite a number of the unwary punters to stake their shirts on copies of "Observation of Tracer" on this gallery hero, whose training programme was very similar to that of Tony Galento.

As the sports critic of this battery does not wish to lose favour by forecasting any decision of this Battle of the Rubber Ring, he hopes to be able to let you have more news in the next edition.

PARADE OF THE WAACS

In army manner, do or die,
The City Waacs go marching by.
Shoulders back and heads erect,
Each platoon in perfect step.
They swing along with easy style;
Catch their eye and watch 'em smile.
Major Hawkins to the fore,
Pipers and sergeants by the score,
Signals, Ack Ack and the rest,
Uniforms smart and neatly pressed.
Each a flower of our land
Marching fit to beat the band.

—Pip One.

Proud Mother: Just fancy that!
They promoted our 'Enery for hit-
tin' the sergeant-major. They've made
him a court-martial.

you individually. If you want to make your own music, the service will assist you. If you want to start your own small play-reading circle, expert help is offered, and from time to time really first-class concert parties and groups of really first-class concert parties and groups of recitalists will be touring the unit.

Auckland's professional talent is mustered in one great array for your benefit and enjoyment.

Yes, provided we are ready to make some personal effort, there's a lot of good times coming.



END OF JAPANESE GUN CREW—Australian soldiers look over four dead machine-gunners found in a blasted pillbox on the Buna front in New Guinea. Australian and American troops have now driven the last Japs from Papua.

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At Home With the 98th

Despite the reorganisation, disorganisation, disintegration or any other nomenclature which one cares to apply to the present shemozzle, the show must go on, but wondrous strange are the duties of military minions. Take for example the day preceding the farewell dinner given at Regiment to the Brigade Commander.

Getting the Bird

The rain was pelting down and the wind had reached gale force. The Administrative Officer sitting in a comfortable fug was busy on one of the innumerable returns so dear to the heart of Regiment, between times mentally commiserating with any poor unfortunates who might be exposed to the elements, when the 'phone rang. It was the Assistant-Adjutant requesting the A.O. to procure a brace of birds to grace the festive board. Donning sou'-wester and oilskins, and making sure that the self-emptying cockpit in the car was in working order, this intrepid officer sallied forth.

A landfall in the shape of a poultry farm was made with unerring skill, and the nature of the errand shouted above the noise of the gale, to the poulteress, or whatever the wives of poultry-keepers are called. From snatches of the shouted reply, the poultry procurer gathered that the man of the house was away, but that she would endeavour to select a pair, brace, couple, duo, or what, of drakes that would bring tears of joy to the eyes of an epicurean. Battling against the tempest, the duckyard was at long length

reached and a local feathered version of catch as catch can commenced.

Catching ducks might be a very entertaining sport for those who like it and when played under good conditions, but when played by one not versed with the rules, and not possessing a sense of humour which responded to slipping around in mud up to the ankles, the thought occurred to the officer that something out of a tin or a pound of sausages would have been a lot easier.

Two fine birds were eventually snared and taken to the block where they were to depart this vale of misery. Grasping the axe firmly and fully observing the three rules of aiming, the officer made a savage attempt upon the life of the first loudly-protesting bird. Opening his eyes to observe the results the white-faced A.O. could only record a near miss.

Setting in more T.E. he again essayed his skill, but this was no better. The look of reproach in the eyes of the duck was too much for him, and it was tactfully suggested that he should hold the victims steady what time the poulteress by guile, skill or any other means did the trick, with highly commendable results.

Numerology

After this war I propose setting up business as a numerologist. A bloke approaches, touches his forelock and enquires about a form of release from the Army, "You need an N.S. 179 but I am afraid we have none just now." Another, but slightly older bloke accosts you, and after throwing a snappy salute with his left hand, makes a similar request, "Oh, you need to make application on an N.S. 177 but we do not possess any. See the M.P.O." And yet another after knocking his forehead enquires as to when he will be released, "Your N.S. 175 has not yet been received, but when to hand we shall clear your NZ 324, make up your NZ 772 and send them under cover of a 701 to R.H.Q. Of course any equipment you hand in will be covered by a 148, and any shortage on a 323. On the infrequent occasions when I get home on leave,

per force of habit, I suggest to my wife that she make out an AB 55 for that pound of sausages.

Personalities

We have some very lovable characters in the 98th, quite apart from the Waacs.

First of all, do you know the Muffin Man (that has a familiar sound)? Small of stature, large of nose, grey-haired, and eyes that sparkle with impish glee, he is always the self-appointed M.C. of any function.

If the services of this S/Sgt. are required, look for him by the servery or wherever the greatest concentration of Waac power is to be found, and there he will be, striking a nautical attitude and retailing the colourful, not to say lurid, story of his life. His many accomplishments include his Muffin Act, and Cardinal 'uff, although his reluctance to pay the numerous penalties he incurs give cause for some conjecture.

Then we have Lofty, that genial long-limbed sergeant renowned for his grilled steaks. Lofty possesses a very remarkable voice, rather like the sound of distant thunder, but the illusion is shattered every now and again by it breaking and emitting a thin tremulo. His rendering of "Mother McCree" is something, once heard, is never-to-be-forgotten. A remarkable change has been observed in Lofty lately, however, and is causing his bonnie wee Jean considerable apprehension.

Among the officers there is one who may be seen during his leisure hours collecting odd pieces of grass. What he does with them is a mystery. Some are of the opinion that it might be a love potion, others suggest that it forms the basis for home brew, whereas the more charitable suggest a course of Botany under the AEWS. The same officer was recently called upon to say grace at a formal mess without due warning having been previously given. He started off with a rush, "Thank God—" halted, stammered, blushed furiously, admitted that was all he knew, and sat down in confusion.

Another officer, "Jessel, old boy," during a recent stay at B.H.Q. was

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The 94th On Parade

badly caught on several occasions for breaches of mess etiquette and had to pay the penalty. Since then he has been making determined attempts to recoup his losses, and it is now necessary for fellow officers to carry out rigid mutual inspections before entering the mess to ensure that no "pips" are upside down, etc., as we know that under the pretence of brushing a speck off our already immaculate uniforms, he is really checking up on the general turn out. The Acting Battery Commander is to date his best catch, when the aforesaid officer endeavoured to sneak into his bedroom unobserved to repair the omission of pips.

We also have an expert Cardinal Huff performer, who has qualified as a pope on three consecutive occasions on ginger ale. Can he do it on beer?

Be sure to order the next publication for the sequel.

The young English officer was extremely conceited and boring. "It's a fact," he boasted to the young lady, "that people often take me for a member of the Guards."

"Really?" drawled the girl. "Fire, railway, mud or black?"

A local picture theatre is much favoured by our Waacs on account of its very comfortable seating accommodation. This, it is understood, induces sleep. But who was the Waac who woke up suddenly during a tense and thrilling drama, while the audience was holding its breath and counting its heart-throbs, and remarked loudly: "Golly—I've lost my hat!"

Our gunners never stop work. That is hardly ever. A fair visitor on a recent Sunday afternoon saw Gunner Thorpe busily building a stone wall to keep the ration trucks off the lawn. It took a lot to convince her that he wasn't doing it as punishment. Gunner Thorpe's amusement at her idea finally overcame her incredulity. Now she wants to join the Waacs. Can this be pure disinterestedness, Gunner?

The more academic of our battery staff have got the crossword puzzle complex badly, and our general knowledge is increasing. We now know that there are birds called "ernes." (It is suspected that these birds may be responsible for dropping the litter that occasionally appears.) But Q.M.S. McLisky took a poor view

of it when awakened at 11 p.m. and asked if he could name a popular army dish of four letters beginning "st—."

We miss Gnr. White from B.H.Q. There never was a man with a more comprehensive grip on the problem of fish supplies in the northern suburbs.

Our sylvan surroundings tend to bring out unsuspected traits in our B.H.Q. staff. A certain Waac driver is believed to be cultivating goldfish in Kelly's Pond (not to be confused with Kelly's Corner), while others find the lake shore an idyllic place for ukelele parties on a Sunday afternoon.

Our returns expert is Lieut. Jackson. Whether it is the number of Waacs who on last Wednesday week were reported to be wearing their stockings inside out and failing to comply with the regulation to use lipstick only in moderation, or alternatively who wish to go to an AEWS course on "Care of Children," or simply an easy one like the number of one-legged paperhangers with glass eyes now in the unit (he can do this on his head), nothing puts him off his stroke. But ammunition returns are not popular just at the moment.

This battery has been deeply moved by the AEWS inquiry as to how many visiting concerts per month would satisfy its requirements. The officers at B.H.Q. are said to be of the opinion that if Dorothy Lamour and Ginger Rogers can be included in the concert parties, there aren't enough nights in the month.



STRAFING JAPANESE PLANES—An American Douglas attack bomber, skimming 100 feet above ground, attacks Japanese planes at Lae, New Guinea. The American plane has just passed over a disabled Japanese bomber, and a wrecked Zero fighter can be seen under the tree at lower right.

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The Drogue

Our O.C., Mr. Brebner,

By the nine gods he swore
To make his boys efficient men
Or gunners nevermore.

By the nine gods he swore it.

He named the trysting day,
And bade his Don/R to ride forth—
East and west and south and
north—

To summon his array.

Now are the gunners gathered,

Now, restless, watchers sway,
Now round them throng the High
Lords

To watch the great essay.

Now o'erhead roar the motors,

With drogues of colours gay.
A proud man was our Brebner then
On that great trysting day.

Now One is to the forefront

To lead the grand attack,
Spectators gaze with muttered awe
At rising clouds of flak.

Alas! for hopes unuttered.

Alas! for faces pale.
The drogue sails by, untouched, on
high,
And sprightly wags its tail.

But Brebner's face is pale,

And Brebner's brow is low,
And darkly looks he at his men,
And darkly at the foe.

Quoth he: "The bat-faced airmen

Have put us on the spot.
But Heaven help you boys at home
If that drogue you do not swat!

And those whose turn it is to shoot
Now wish to be the last.

The faint ones swig their ginger-ale
Whilst drogues sail by, and fast.

The orders given are to fire;

The troops can not obey.

The bugle calls of victory

Die fitfully away.

But hark! The cry is "Tasker!"

And Lo! the ranks divide;
And the great Lord from the Lower
Hutt

Comes with his stately stride,
Around his ample buttocks
Gleams bright the sharpened steel,
And in his hands he shakes the cards
Which none but he can deal.

He smiled on frowning Brebner

A smile serene and high.

He eyed the flinching gunners

And scorn was in his eye.

Quoth he: "The bat-faced airmen,

They mock us from on high!

But will ye dare to have a shoot

If Tasker has a try?"

Then whirling up those playing cards,

With both hands to the height,

He rushed into the gun-pit

And fired with all his might.

And the airman in his cockpit,

Dismay upon his face,

Saw drogue and ropes, with flying
gear,

Shot gaily into space.

They took that shattered, shell-torn
drogue

And tore it into bits;

They gave each gunner there a piece,
For emergencies or fits.

They took the shattered flying gear
And hung it up on high.

In our rec. room bare, it still hangs
there,

To witness if I lie.

They took that sergeant gunner,

And carried him on high..

And Waacs cried out with waving
scarfs

As the procession gay passed by.

Then from the sacred Canteen
Funds,

Where lie the boys' delights,

A pack of cards they gave to him

To soothe his weary nights.

And in the depth of winter,

When the south wind howls and
blows,

When the boys play with their toast-
ers,

And the good beer froths and
flows,

With weeping and with laughter

Still is the story told,

How that drogue was downed by
Tasker,

In the brave days of old.

—“ELSIE”

R.H.Q. LONG SHOTS

What brand-new sergeant at R.H.Q.
has taken to that exhilarating sport
"Indoor Bicycle Riding?" We know,
don't we, Cassy?

* * *

Which of our more prominent
Waacs was heard enquiring for a lost
groundsheet after she had been on
leave?

* * *

And what shade of lipstick is the
well-dressed regimental training offi-
cer wearing this season?

* * *

Peculiar how appetites change. For
instance, it is very dangerous these
days at R.H.Q. to mention tomatoes
to three certain gentlemen. Whether
considered as fruit or vegetables,
they were certainly never meant to
be missiles . . .

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94th JOTTINGS

We wish Gnr. (Dave) White, our ex-reporter for "FLAK," all the best in his new venture at the 15th Heavy Regiment. He has made his bed—we at B.H.Q. hope that he lies on it.

* * *

Our sympathies go to Lieut. J. L. (Tim) McCoy, and we sincerely hope that he will soon be fully recovered and back with us again

* * *

"Best of Luck" is the wish of the battery to the 24 gunners who departed this weary life for the care-free life of civilians.

* * *

Congratulations go to Bdr. Silk and Bdr. Powell on their promotion. In the words of that famous poet Robbie Burns, "You Ain't Seen Nuthin' Yet."

* * *

A cold snap was experienced the other morning, and a Gunner was heard to remark that it was a case of "Winter draws on." Also he hoped that Staff McLisky had plenty in stock.

* * *

Gnr. (Pauline) Grey and (Minnie) Karora, our B.H.Q. harmonizers, are to be heard almost every evening vying with the tuis and other native birds.

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Kauri Point Kapers

Presenting a drama in one act, from real life:—

Scene: An army pay-room.

As the curtain rises to the soft strains of the "Star-Spangled Banner." Lt. Ochjoy is seen seated at the central table. A stern frown hovers over his dark, manly beauty, as various one-pipped gentlemen hurry to and fro, a world of care shown on each martial face.

From the right centre a gunner marches smartly in, snaps a salute, and stands rigidly at attention. The sun, reflecting from her platinum blonde hair, throws a ray of glory into the sombre atmosphere; a shy but expectant light shines in her beautiful blue eyes.

Lt. Ochjoy glances up; slowly a gentle smile softens his stern beauty as the following dialogue takes place:

"Good afternoon, Gnr. Throbbing."

"Good afternoon, sir."

"Are you doing anything to-night, Gunner?"

"Oh, no, sir" (shyly and expectantly).

"Good. Very good. My uniform is in a shockingly dirty condition, Please see what you can do, and don't forget to polish the buttons."

The gunner collapses on the floor, and four sobbing Waacs tenderly carry the body out as the curtain falls.

* * *

Kauri Point has been honoured by a lengthy visit from our revered and venerable B.S.M. His present occupation seems to be to encourage our young rookies to hit a certain given spot in a certain given time. A ribald suggestion has been put forward that a few spots judiciously administered might greatly enliven proceedings generally. Enquiries as to the B.S.M.'s health from B.H.Q. were as follows (over the phone): B.H.Q.: "Hello, S.M. How are you getting on?" S.M.: "Fine, sir, I am now back on a battle station." B.H.Q.: "What's that? A bottle station?" We pass such suggestions over in dignified silence.

We must admit, however, that Kauri Point, from a scenic point of view is, if it can possibly be imagined, benefiting from the S.M.'s visit. The S.M. was overseeing the preparations

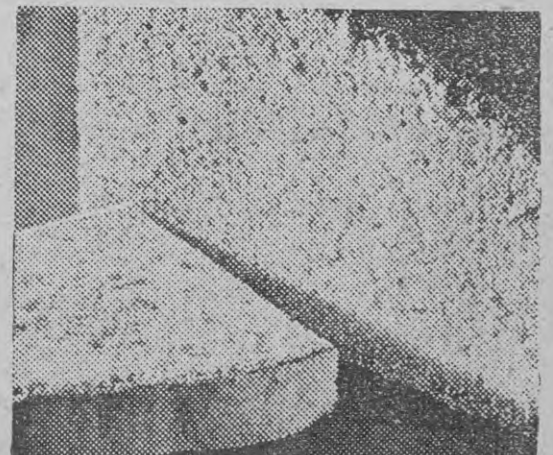
for the planting of pungas. One inquisitive gunner asked the natural query: "Say, S.M., what are we supposed to be planting? Pansies?" Back came the S.M.'s answer: "Pansies! Pansies be damned! There are far too many here already." We the guardians of Kauri Point morals, take that literally. We scorn any hidden inference.

The Kauri Point cricket pitch is definitely taking shape. A beautiful rustic fence is being constructed round it, volcanic soil is being spread and rolled in. The expected results have given rise to a furious controversy. Which is the more profitable to raise on our future pastures—springing heifers or woolly sheep? Apart from the war effort we have given our vote to the heifers as serving a double purpose. Our lady gunners would just love to attend them as a break from gun routine, and our commanders, gently dozing in their cots in the early hours, their great minds fixed on imperial problems, would have ample milk in their morning cups. Waited on, of course, by shy and beautiful batwomen. Oh, Aphrodite! What a jolly war!

—"ELSIE."

ALLIES

Muttered a Gunner as he offered a cigarette to a member of the R.N.Z.-A.F.: "After all, they're our Allies, just like the Chinese or Greeks.."



ADAMS BRUCE Rich BLOCK CAKE

ROUND THE SHOWS

THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER

For two years Broadway laughed at Kaufman and Hart's stage comedy, "The Man Who Came to Dinner." In the ordinary course of events Aucklanders would never get the opportunity to witness a performance of a play of this calibre. But Hollywood, with one of those flashes of sense which we see only too rarely, has bought the screen rights of this comedy gem and filmed it with the original stage star.

Monty Woolley is his name, and Warner Bros. have surrounded him with a selection of their greatest talent—Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, Billie Burke, Jimmy Durante, and Reginald Gardiner.

Monty Woolley has the role of Sheridan Whiteside, famous lecturer and vitriolic wit, who accepts a society woman's invitation to dinner and stays a month. The cause of his prolonged visit is a broken hip, and it is doubtful whether any guest the world over has ever created so much havoc.

The film will open at the Civic Theatre this week-end.

"PIERRE OF THE PLAINS"

One of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's newest screen finds, John Carroll, has the leading role in the action drama, "Pierre of the Plains," which heads the double-feature programme which will begin a season at the Majestic Theatre to-morrow. First seen in the musical production "Babes in Arms," John Carroll has rapidly risen to stardom, and in this film is seen as a Canadian backwoodsman. Ruth Hussey plays opposite him, and Bruce Cabot heads the supporting cast. The second feature is "Almost Married," a typical Universal comedy featuring Jane Frazee and Robert Page. That ace of fat comedians Eugene Pallette heads the supporting cast.

For those who enjoy serials, chapters of "Overland Mail," and the amazing "Captain Marvel," are showing at certain sessions during the week-end.



"THE SHANGHAI GESTURE"

A famous hit play, long coveted by Hollywood's leading companies, has reached the screen at last, and Aucklanders will have the chance to see it when "The Shanghai Gesture" opens at the Century Theatre on Friday, Gene Tierney, Victor Mature, Walter Huston, and Ona Munson head a magnificent stellar cast. As is to be expected from a picture directed by the famous von Sternberg, lavish sets provide the background for the Oriental story. One of the most spectacular is the Casino operated by Mother Gin Sling—a den for Shanghai's seamiest derelicts.

One of the most outstanding sets is a Chinese street scene at the time of the celebration of the New Year. Against this colourful background is played out a strange drama of love and hatred, with seven fascinating characters bent on destroying each other.

Mother Gin Sling, a fascinating, glamorous woman, bent on dire vengeance, is portrayed by Ona Munson, and Gene Tierney plays Poppy, a girl who rushes headlong into disaster.

The Century will open for troops this Sunday.

MAJESTIC

A Fuller Theatre
Continuous 11 a.m. to 7.15 p.m.
Evening Session 7.45 p.m.

NOW SHOWING

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Present
JOHN CARROLL — RUTH HUSSY
and BRUCE CABOT

in

"PIERRE OF THE PLAINS"

Approved for Universal Exhibition
2nd Feature

Universal Pictures Present
JANE FRAZEE — ROBT. PAIGE
with EUGENE PALLETTE

in

"ALMOST MARRIED"

Recommended by Censor for Adults

"Overland Mail" Serial
at 7.30 p.m. Friday and at
Saturday Matinee

"Capt. Marvel" Serial
at Saturday Matinee only

Box Plans at Theatre — Phone 43-210

FILM BREVITIES

Walter Wanger's technicolour version of "The Arabian Nights" is due for early screening in Auckland. Sabu, Jon Hall and the alluring Viennese actress Maria Montez are featured. The film is staged on the same lavish scale as "The Thief of Baghdad."

* * *

Walt Disney's full-length musical masterpiece "Fantasia" is now on in Wellington, we are informed, and will shortly reach Auckland. Disney's finest cultural effort, this film created a sensation overseas.

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A smile every second, a laugh every minute.
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BETTE DAVIS — ANN SHERIDAN
MONTE WOOLEY — BILLIE BURKE
JIMMY DURANTE — RICHARD TRAVIS

In Warner Bros. Happiest Hit

"THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER"

(And stayed six months)

Recommended by Censor for Adults
Also screening

"THE GAY PARISIAN"

In a riot of glorious Technicolor
Warner Bros.' Million Dollar Short of the
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BALLET RUSSE DE MONTE CARLO

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People — Each Determined to
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The

SHANGHAI GESTURE SHANGHAI GESTURE SHANGHAI GESTURE SHANGHAI GESTURE

Starring

GENE TIERNEY

Co-Starring

ONA MUNSON — WALTER HUSTON
VICTOR MATURE

Released Thru' United Artists.
Rec. by Censor for Adults.

Unsuitable for Children.

Reserves Cost No Extra