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DEMOBILISATION STRIKES THE 22nd REGT.

By MAJOR F. KINGSFORD, N.Z.A., 94th BTY.

By the time these notes are in print the majority of those who once composed the 22nd Lt. A.A. Regt., and who have not already passed to others of this country's fighting forces, will have been demobilised. The residue still in service in the regiment constitute the cadre staff in whose hands will lie the responsibility for administration of the unit and training of its personnel, both demobilised men and fresh recruits.

To those men whose first war service commenced in the regiment, and who gave with enthusiasm of their best, the present phase of our regimental life must seem in the nature of an anti-climax. Those of us who have served in other regiments which have helped to make history are more readily able to see the present developments in their proper perspective and less liable to be discouraged by the turn events have taken.

Let us briefly view the position. First, let us remember that demobilisation does not in any sense mean discharge—it implies nothing more than a "stand-down" period. This being so, it is to our advantage as individuals, and to the great benefit of the country we serve, that we should take advantage of what may be no more than a breathing space to help further our country's economic life, and, within the regiment, to reorganise and train fresh personnel to replace the many men who have left our ranks to add lustre to the traditions of other proud regiments.

This regiment came into being only in May last. Inspired by the enthusiasm and leadership of its commanding officer, whose unflinching example drew from all an unswerving loyalty and keen, cheerful and competitive spirit, it achieved a high state of efficiency within an unusually short period.

This performance was the more remarkable by reason of the fact that we have contributed almost from day to day both men and equipment to the cause we serve. The replacement of these men, and the provision, in spite of lack of materials, of adequate fighting posts will form much of the romance of the early days of this regiment when its history comes to be written.

We now come again to a period of reconstruction. Those of us who proceed to our homes on demobilisation remain just as much members of the regiment as when we served on our gunposts. We will carry with us the pride of our traditions. More than this, we will take with us that discipline which we have learned during our army life—that instinctive trait of steadfastness and loyalty to our country, our regiment, our comrades, and the best that is in ourselves.

Meanwhile, in some training depot near the area where our batteries will concentrate in the event of later mobilisation, the nucleus of the training staffs will be training new gunners; so that when the time arrives for our first annual mobilisation we should be able once more to take our familiar places with new comrades. All of us who are now proceeding to the demobilised strength should not lose sight of this fact.

And so may we always proudly carry with us the knowledge that we have helped to add to the manna of a regiment that is destined to last as long as the flag of freedom flies over our fair land; a regiment which might, with all modesty, take for its watchword the phrase:

Ex Labore Felicitas.

Which, broadly translated, can mean "Through adversity to efficiency."



Meet the 15th Heavy Regiment

We, together with our illuminating off-spring, the 67th Searchlight Battery, are happy to be associated with the 22nd Lt. A.A. Regt., in the healthy future of the enterprise "FLAK." We hope our contributions will be worthy.

Now we have heard before somewhere that "there may be plenty of reasons but NO excuses," so we will not offer any. But all will agree it has been a tough go to fill our quota at a very short notice. So please don't judge us too harshly this time.

Our officers, gunners and gunner Waacs, will without doubt take up pen and ink (any typewriters, too, if BHQ's come clean), and produce plenty of first-class literary efforts. Don't hesitate to send in your contribution, and remember some of the best English literature has been written in gaols. Anyhow, see your Battery Representative and let him judge.



Lt.-Col. E. Elliott, N.Z.A.

Of course we are justly proud of our C.O., who really needs no introduction, but nevertheless is Lt.-Col. E. Elliott, N.Z.A., who has been actively engaged in the obtuse problem of

AA. since the beginning of the war. Many of his old stalwarts are scattered to the four corners of the globe, but there are still others who remember scrubbing shower recesses at Mt. Victoria after B.C.'s inspection. But there is no doubt they would not swap their "boss" for six months' furlough.

So let's get going, because it's going to be hard to catch up to the 22nd Regiment standard, but we will do it.

Athletics

Bdr. V. Knight (H3), and L/Bdr. Deane (G8) were selected from the regiment to represent N.M.D. at the Combined Services Athletic Championships at Wellington last week, and although they were not successful we are proud we were represented, and congratulate them.

Congratulations

Married.—Lt. R. F. Kelly (H5) to Bdr. M. C. Burrell (G8).

2/Lt. J. A. Allan (R.H.Q.), to Miss Norris

Gnr. K. J. Crosbie (69th BHQ late H8) to Cpl. J. M. Chamberlain (1st Tanks N.Z.E.F.)

Births—To Capt and Mrs. W. A. Potter (G8), a son

To 2/Lt. and Mrs. B. G. Thompson (G8) a son.

Swimming Pool

The majority of those in the 15th Regiment have heard of the Chamberlain Park swimming pool, and many have contributed to it through one or other of the many raffles held. Thanks to the assistance of the Wilson Portland Cement Co., Ltd., Winstones Ltd., and the Mt. Albert Borough Council, the idea is now a reality. Great credit is due to Sgt. Kerr and the many gunners who toiled to make it such a creditable effort. Very soon now, the pool will be filled (after the shortage). There is great excitement to see who will have first dive, or, conversely, to see who will be the first to be thrown in.

Belmontasia

OR WHO'S WHAT IN A NUTS-HELL?

(No Kernels Need Apply)

In presenting ourselves we feel we can do no better than quote that memorable saying used on so many occasions by all the most memorable people—"So this is Belmont!" Yes, this is Belmont—spelt with a B (B for beer, you know, in the old phonetic alphabet—but of course you haven't used that since last year, so you've probably forgotten it).

Do drop in and see us some time. You really can't miss us. There's a big sign over the gate, "Visitors welcome (Marines and Gobs not during business hours)." In fact we really couldn't get on without our visitors. People popping in all day long . . . you really do meet the most interesting characters, don't you—m-m-m, don't we!

But if you're coming up the drive after dark, mind your toes, because there's three-quarters of a large warehouse parked across the old path at the darkest point. . . The other quarter? Oh, that's what you've been tripping over all the way up. And once past this obstacle, watch out for a couple of over-grown Baby Austins disguised as rose-bushes; they're dangerous after sunset, especially if started up. Now here's a quiz for all the clever girls and boys. Who's in charge of this colossal moving job? That's right. Five bob to you—it's none other than B—, — (B— this censor!) Ferdy.

We can offer all types of fishing, oysters on the rocks, sprats in the bay, and kingfish in the beam. To go out after kingfish you have first to qualify on sprats. We feel we should warn any intending kingfishers that these fishes have strong opinions about class distinction.

It is on record in our Fishing Book (kept in a safe place, and called "Fighting Book" for security reasons) that, on occasion, three gunners have caught eight fish, three 2/Lts. have landed four, but a colonel, a major and a Captain I.G. couldn't get a nibble between them.

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"FLAK" IS GROWING

Members of the 22nd Regiment who have been "FLAK" fans since its inception will notice that, with this issue, we have grown in scope. The 15th Heavy Regiment and the 67th Searchlight Battery have come in with us, and the increased circulation should allow us to add another four pages to the size of our magazine in the very near future.

In the meantime we are pressed for space. If you have sent in contributions and they have not yet appeared, it is probably because of space restrictions. Continue with the good work but keep your efforts as small as possible. Write on one side of the paper, and if you type your work please use double-spacing. Material for the next issue should reach your regimental representatives not later than next Thursday.



END OF ATTEMPTED LANDING—An American soldier examines the bodies of Japanese troops lying near the barge from which they attempted to land on the beach near Buna, New Guinea. The barge was wrecked by artillery fire, and the Japs were shot down by American marksmen.

RANDOM SHOTS

Since three Waacs were seen being marched to the public phone, fewer requests to use same have been made. Local shopkeepers have noted a marked drop in their biscuit market.

* * *

We have a suggestion that Waacs should wear baskets on route marches. Tins of jam, loaves of bread, watermelons, etc., result in misshapen battledress tunics—now don't get me wrong.

* * *

Waac officers have recently been posted to some of our gun sites. Seen around the place last week were officers wearing buttonholes and Casanova smiles.

* * *

Perhaps you have wondered about the expression of "uplift" in those around you. Do you want to learn about coughs, colds and—er—carbuncles? Would you like your mess menu in French, or Chopin's reveille in rhythm? Well, ask your UEO about it...

Bored ... ?

Enrol with AEWS

ARMY SLANG

Most of us are familiar with the lingo employed by our own soldiers. Here, however, are a few terms employed by our American allies:

- Armoured cow, canned milk.
- Army banjo, shovel.
- Blind flying. A date with a girl you've never seen.
- Chinese landing., one wing low.
- Dog show, foot inspection.
- Galvanised gelding, a tank.
- General's car, wheelbarrow.
- Refugees, newly arrived recruits.
- Serum, intoxicating beverages.
- Shot down in flames, jilted by a girl friend.
- Side arms, milk and sugar.
- Skirt patrol, search for feminine company.
- Sugar report, a letter from a girl.

AUTUMN

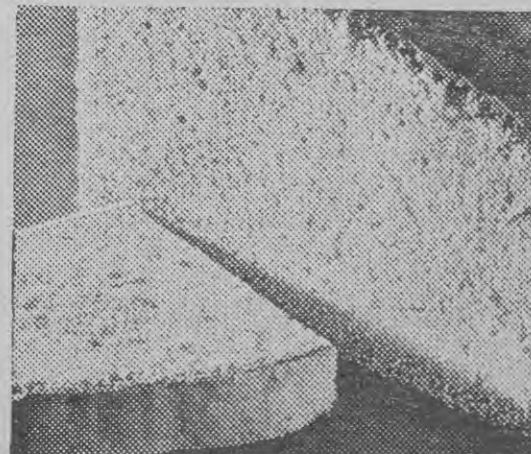
Summer's gone,
The grass is dead,
The Boid is on the wing,
Ain't that absoid!
The wing is on the boid.

—"GYPSY QUEEN."

NEW CARRIERS!

The O.C. of a motorised unit in North Africa recently was puzzled when he received notification to make immediate arrangements for the arrival of "Carriers, general utility, one-wheeled, 60." After deliberation, he decided they must be a new type of whippet tank, and made the necessary parking arrangements.

He received 60 wheelbarrows!



ADAMS BRUCE
Rich
BLOCK CAKE



Army Education and Welfare

AEWS is now getting well under way, many have already taken advantage of it and many will be receiving Study Courses during the next few weeks. Those who have so far received University books have been more than pleased with them. I think every one has been agreeably surprised that AEWS has been launched so successfully and so quickly. There are quite a few, however, both Gunnes and Waacs, who do not yet realise the opportunity now presented, and to those I would say read an article in the next issue headed "MY FUTURE."

Play Reading

A whole library of plays suitable for all male, all female and mixed castes is now available. We sincerely hope that all gun sites and Battery H.Q.'s will put on at least three or four plays during the next few months. Several sites have already had a great success, and they have found them most enjoyable both from the view point of the players and audience.

Careers

If you are wondering about your career after the war, ask to see the Education Officer's new book on "CAREERS."

Library

As yet not many requests have been made for special books or for information about almost anything. Don't forget to make use of this service if you want to know anything.

Discussion Courses

These are now available through the kindness of the W.E.A., and if groups of six or eight would like to form a class to meet and discuss subjects such as economics, English language and literature, reconstruction in the Pacific, etc, see your Education officer and he will arrange it. Special subjects are available for Waacs, but all subjects should suit them as well as the men, and indeed it will probably lead to better discussion to have mixed groups.

Woollen Toys Contest

The 15th Regiment Education Officer is pleased to give a prize to the value of £1 for the best woollen toy made by a gunner or Waacs in the regiment. Sole judge: Miss E. Avenall (RHQ); closing date: 31st May. Prize: Order for £1 on Messrs. Milne & Choyce, Ltd., or Messrs. John Court, Ltd. Materials can be supplied, but it is hoped that in addition you will bring from your own homes old materials, felt hats, etc.

MISFIT!

A P.B. gunner who had been complaining to the Q.M. that his new battledress didn't fit anywhere, walked, unsatisfied, out of the stores into the arms of a very senior officer who was visiting his battery. Not recognising him the P.B. gunner didn't salute.

The officer pulled him up.

"Here, you," he said. Look at my uniform!"

"Yes, I know," said the P.B. gunner. "Mine's pretty lousy, too."

66th Snarls

In the first issue of "FLAK" there appeared an observation on the guiding principles of the 66th which the Waacs cannot allow to remain unchallenged.

So we are being led along the paths of righteousness by Gipsy Queens and rum Beau Brummels, are we? Of course righteousness is a relative term. Not even a monster of iniquity would darken the fair and blameless souls that grace the halls of the Gipsy Queen's playground. It has occurred to us girls that the 66th might be incorporated in the AEWS as a school for scandal, "Advanced Studies in the English Slanguage," and "Technique."

For Waacs we would recommend the 66th as a finishing school. What your education lacks is taught here, and not by correspondence either.

Come, boys and girls, onward and upward to the House on the Hill, where dwell the seven pillars of wisdom. A hot reception awaits you.

* * *

"A Dance will be held on Wed . . ."
 "A return of bowlegged batmen . . ."
 "A divine service for Waacs . . ."
 And so it goes on.

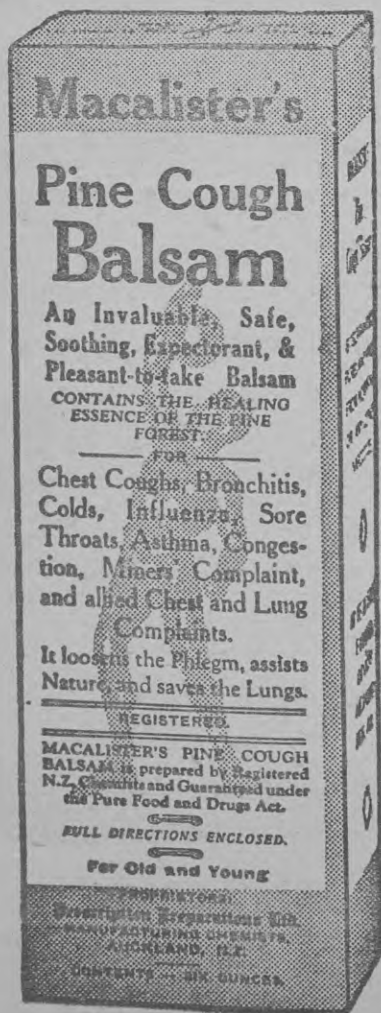
After meditating on why Waacs should need divine service, and silently approving, one immediately springs into action in an energetic manner that would earn three hearty cheers from the Adj. The sheaf of papers is thrust into the S.M.'s hand with the terse words "See to these S.M.," and one ambles off to smoke a Yankee cigarette given by a fair Yankee nurse. (Phone number on application).

Some officers have requested that the rules of playing the "Muffin Man" be published. The writer will gladly demonstrate the entire game if the necessary materials are provided.

Well, having written out an application for special leave, recommended it on behalf of the O.C. and approved it on behalf of Regiment, I will now leave the peace and quiet (well it was 'til the Waacs came) of B.H.Q. and go to compete with the Yanks..

—"GYPSY QUEEN."

Make your wants known
 to AEWS



Open Forum

RELIGION IN RUSSIA

Probably one of the most controversial subjects of the day is the religious situation in Russia. But in order to understand its present peculiarities it is necessary to glance at the historical background. Following his baptism into the Greek Orthodox branch of the Christian Church in 988, the Czar Vladimir destroyed the people's idols, and ordered the inhabitants of Kiev to gather at the Dnieper and be baptised. Thus Christianity was imposed on an ignorant and superstitious peasantry.

Everyone likes a good argument. This column is going to be the place to have it in the open. In open forum everyone can ventilate his ideas—but he lays himself open to anyone who disagrees. Anonymity will be retained.

The padre sets the ball rolling with an article on Russia. You should have some ideas on the subject, and maybe they are ideas that don't agree with the padre's. Put them on paper and send them in.

For nearly a thousand years the Czarist regime depended on the Orthodox Church for the enforcement of its claims to Divine Right and rule by royal decrees. In return the Church was rewarded by financial assistance of the State and the petty persecution of religious minorities.

Six months after the revolution, the Bolsheviks modified the theory of religious liberty by prohibiting the teaching of the Christian doctrine to the young; while at the same time the religious dogma of atheism replaced the service of a personal God with the service of a class, i.e., the worker, as the supreme function in life. Thus atheism replaced orthodox Christianity as the established faith of the Soviet Republic. The militant Godless movement had enormous funds for anti-religious propaganda and banned the Bible from the nation.

It has been said that "the blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church." Russia was no exception to the rule. For instance, in spite of



TESTING NAZI ACK-ACK GUNS—A captured German 88 mm. anti-aircraft gun (right) stands beside the corresponding American 90 mm. weapon. Exhaustive tests carried out at the U.S. ordnance proving grounds have shown the German gun inferior for both anti-aircraft and anti-tank work. The Nazis used the 88 mm. gun extensively in Africa.

ruthless persecution, the membership of the Baptist Church increased. This revival of genuine Christianity has had repercussions in the orthodox church itself, destroying much of the corruption.

To-day Russia is a nation fighting for her life. Her ruler has been wise enough to seek the co-operation of every party and denomination. The franchise has been restored to the clergy, and State aid withdrawn from the Godless movement. A religion without a personal God has proved of little comfort to soldiers dying in defence of their homes and loved ones.

Perhaps the day is not far distant when the nation which has adopted the communistic system will turn again to the Book in which it discovered the principles of brotherly love, and find a God who changes hearts as well as systems.

A. H. LOWDEN, Chaplain.

It was a very warm day, and the sergeant was fed-up trying to instil a bit of foot-drill into his troop.

"I don't know what to do with you," he said, mopping his brow.

"There are some trees over there," said one gunner, eyeing their shade hopefully.

"I know," answered the sergeant, "but I haven't any rope."

BLUE BLOOD

A snobbish old major was asked by a colonel to recommend a man for a certain job. The major wrote back: "Mr. Blank is an excellent young man. He is the son of Major Blank, the grandson of General Blank, the cousin of Lord Blank, and is otherwise well related."

The colonel wrote back:

"Thank you very much for your letter of recommendation concerning Mr. Blank. But I must point out that we require him for clerical work—not for breeding purposes."

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AT ALL CANTEENS.

Death of the 98th

After a short life of eleven months, the 98th Battery has ceased to exist. With it go many fond memories, and a certain sense of sadness, as if farewell-ing an old friend. These sentiments are shared by all its old members, for it is not an exaggeration to say that the name "98th" did stand for something in the heart of every gunner.

The oldest battery in the Regiment, the 98th came into being on May 18, 1942. It was a bleak, wintry day when its personnel were assembled at Nar-row Neck for their journey in to the unknown. The outlook in the Pacific was not bright at the time, and it was a rush job. Even the officers had had their first introduction to the Battery area only two days before. The first day of the Battery will go down as a classic of organisation. The only sign to distinguish BHQ from the surrounding paddocks was the partially com-pleted cookhouse.

About 150 men assembled in this paddock on the afternoon of May 18. Their hearts must have gone out to the Q.M. when he was handed one knife to cut bread for the midday meal of dry rations. Apart from a few hand basins, that solitary knife comprised the entire Battery equip-ment.

The complement of officers to-talled four, the only N.C.O.'s were acting bombardiers who had pin-ned chevrons on their arms that morning. The Battery had ar-rived fully one month in advance of the P.W.D. building programme and it was raining.

The first few nights were a night-mare. Semi-completed huts for an L.M.G. detachment were occupied as the only available accommodation. It was nothing to count 14 men disgorg-ing from a six-man hut for morning roll-call. Men slept in huts without doors and windows. If the roof of a hut was only half-completed when the carpenters finished for the day, it was

still considered sufficient to sleep sev-eral men. Leaking tents were com-mandeered.

Battery Headquarters was given the well-deserved name of the "Black Hole." Men slept on sinks and in vegetable racks. Beds were removed in the morning to enable the carpenters to resume work, and lunch was eaten sitting on a floor littered with shavings.

Then came the rains. Drivers per-formed herculean tasks with two soli-tary trucks. They started at 5 a.m. to collect milk and finished at 2 a.m. the following morning after deliver-ing hot coffee to semi-frozen picquets on far-away gun posts. There was no time to form and metal an entrance to BHQ, and the scene in the morn-ing light resembled the retreat from Moscow. Abandoned trucks wallow-ed in literally feet of mud, and the first detail every morning was a work-ing party to extricate them.

From all this chaos slowly emerged order. Buildings steadily sprang up, gunners wrestled might and main with mud to produce gun-pits, and even a flower gar-den came into being at BHQ.

Despite innumerable difficulties progress was steady until the depart-ure of almost two-thirds of the Bat-tery for overseas.

After this set-back it was a story of continual improvement, and the Battery was approaching a standard of real efficiency. Various mobile ex-ercises were teaching valuable and practical lessons which will be of in-estimable value to the entire Regi-ment. Esprit de corps was running high. At last, the 98th was a Battery to be proud of.

Then came the crash, and in a twinkling the 98th was no more.

First reactions were of profound regret, coupled with a sense of frus-tration. On more sober reflection, one could realise that the eleven months had not been wasted. Fully 300 men had been trained to a high standard of efficiency. Protection had been given to valuable airfields at a time when it might have been needed.

From a sea of mud gun-pits had been constructed — pits which need fear nothing in comparison with any in the Regiment. Guns and equipment were maintained to a standard comparable to any.

From the solitary bread knife had grown a store fully stocked with vital equipment. From the solitary cook-house building had sprung first-class living quarters, messrooms, shower-blocks, drying rooms, and a recre-ation hut. To some, all this may seem a waste, but if it is looked upon as a form of insurance against attack, it will perhaps be seen in a different light. We should be thankful that it was never needed.

If the only thing recovered from the ashes of the 98th is its spirit of comradeship, the toil and labour will not have been wasted. With this spark, the new 95th Battery cannot fail to succeed.

THE 98TH IS DEAD . . . LONG LIVE THE 95TH.

Security First.

"Married soldiers never discuss military matters, even with their wives," runs an extract from a Secur-ity Order. A case of Wed Men Tell No Tales.

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* * *

LAMENT

Mourn! Ye daughters of Ao-tea-roa.
Wail! Ye warriors of En-Zed.
A grand old totara has fallen.
We are a body without a head.

In the bush the tui is silent,
The bell-bird no longer sings,
Our major is going to leave us,
To shelter 'neath aircraft wings.

The voice of our O.C. is silent.
Old Bill now drinks all alone,
As the Man-Power takes our picked ones,
And the winds through the ti-tree moan.

The sun of our glory is setting.
The horizon is cloudy with rain.
But shout! Ye Ack-Ack warriors,
Our Phoenix shall rise again!

—“ELSIE.”

WELL OILED

66th Battery Headquarters staff endeavoured to work out your problems re the oil in canisters, Major Pym. We were unable to solve it, as we used the “dinkum oil” instead of lubricating oil, but a happy time was had by all, you bet. (Hic!) Canteen profits on “Aspros” were high.

—“GYPSY QUEEN.”

REST IN PEACE

The P.B. gunner reported sick. The R.A.P. said they could find nothing wrong with him “Well,” he remarked, “If I die, it’s a comfort to know that I will die in good health.”

Spotlight on the 67th

For once in their lives, members of the 67th Searchlight Battery find themselves in someone else’s spotlight for a change. The sudden glare of publicity has caught us unawares, but we will do our best. However, for the next issue we are expecting some real literary gems.

A visit to the Editor of “FLAK” took us recently to the Headquarters of the 22nd Lt. A.A. Regiment for the first time. After travelling through dense “jungle” for so long that we began to wonder if we were in New Guinea, it suddenly loomed into view.

Frankly, we were not impressed. Having inspected all the A.A. Headquarters around Auckland, we are convinced that ours is the best and that the choice of this site was a stroke of military genius on the part of the Battery commander.

Right on the beach with a pub on the opposite corner and the picture theatre within a stone’s throw, it is the ideal location. Of course, in the winter the beach loses its attraction, but the pub and the pictures are popular all the year round.

For security reasons, the pub is known as “C Troop HQ!”

In this topsy-turvy, fast-changing world where searchlight stations can disappear over night, it is to be hoped that Battery HQ will not be moved.

A few silent tears were shed recently when the oldest searchlight post around Auckland was handed over to the 66th Battery and became a Bofors position. This site was occupied in September, 1939, and was one of the most popular with the men.

At the beginning of the war the accommodation consisted of tents pitched on a muddy section. When these were flooded, in the first month of the war, two local residents, Mr. and Mrs. Les Smith came to the aid of the boys and have been looked on as members of the Battery to this day. It was with regret that we said farewell to them and to “the gunners’ happy seaside home.”

SNAPSHOTS

Who was the picquet who remarked to a certain officer as he returned to camp at 0425 hours, “Five minutes early this morning, sir”?

Perhaps it was the one who stamped into another officer’s hut in the cold grey light of dawn and asked what the letters N.F.D. stood for on Battery Orders. On being told that they meant “Next For Duty,” he merely remarked, “Oh, then, it isn’t you,” and sloped off, before the officer could re-

cover sufficiently to tear him into shreds for interrupting his slumbers.

Opening the Herald recently we discovered we were NEWS. Of course we owe it all to the Waacs. Judging by the noise coming from a passing U.S. Army truck the other day, the Yanks have also “discovered” our Waacs.

Who was the Waac who typed Battery Orders and put a certain officer down as Orderly Officer and also as Orderly SERGEANT? In the immortal words of Cyril Fletcher, “Dreamin’ of thee, always dreamin’ of thee I be!”

Thought for Easter by two of our officers: We don’t give a jacht as we lie in our yacht, drinking lachts and lachts of tachts!

Wacht racht!

Who was the bombardier, who, when making a report upon the Canteen, wrote: “It appears that there has been no attempt made to exploit the proletariat”? Yes, you guessed it . . . the wily Russian.

Theatre Advt.: “Sergeant York.” “The Man Who Wouldn’t Talk.” Just shows the value of these security lectures.



Warning to Waacs

One of the things I have repeatedly noticed since I joined the Waacs is the number of new members who cry "Why weren't we warned of this? Someone should tell us these things." As briefly as I am able, and without any personal motives, I will endeavour to outline a few of the things a raw recruit must be prepared for.

Perhaps if the various trials and difficulties are arranged in tabulated form they will be more easily digested. The order of importance is, of course, dependent upon your particular case, but here they are:—

Your first parade.

The Sergeant-Major.

The salute you didn't try and the one you (disastrously) did.

The erratic and incorrigible behaviour of the local farmer's cow.

The process of army bed-making—very involved this.

The importance of Being Earnest About Your Work, and, on the other hand, the importance of Not Taking Things Too Much to Heart. You will find this last impressed upon you by fatherly and well-meaning people during your early days. On the other hand, an epidemic of giggling wears thin very quickly with the very people who wagged a playful finger at you before. This, I find, is a frequent la-

ment of the callow Waac, and it is a very important point.

Work.—Now this is really important. It is bound to be pointed out that you are in the army for that very reason. Also that a kindly Government pays you a daily sum for that specific purpose. You must accept this state of affairs with reason and fortitude, and remember you are doing this for Your Country. Even if your reasons are different, be patient and don't argue about it.

Mess Conversation.—Many difficulties here for the unwary, and a difficult subject to deal with fully in the little space an impatient Editor allows me. Favourite trend, however, seems to be general abuse. This generally impartially includes all personnel, beginning with the camp kittens, and working up to pips and crowns.

Grievance.—An attitude of acute grievance is also a grave mistake for the raw and uninitiated. Laugh it off! Even when on your morning constitutional the Sergeant-Major comments on everyone being out of step except "Gunner Mabel Jones," remember he will be doing a little mental effort later on thinking out a new and better one for someone else.

A final warning I must add. Impatience. Quite fatal this, and no use to anyone, as well as being of the utmost inconvenience to the Army generally; and although they cannot perhaps cure it all at once, they will frown blackly on the foolish recruit and wish her in any other unit. Remember . . . the wheels of somebody or other grind exceeding slow, but they get there just the same—or words to that effect.

HADN'T FAR TO FALL

A gunner had been promoted to the rank of lance-bombardier and proudly displayed his stripe to his family. He explained that he was on the lowest rung of the military ladder. His bright sister remembered a verse she once read in a book. Here it is: "Fiercely the battle raged, and sad to tell, Our Lance-jack heroically fell. Fame from her heights looked down upon the brawl And said, "He hadn't very far to fall."

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Sgt. Longdill: Now Gunner Whitefield, what's the first thing you do when you clean your rifle?"

Gnr. Whitefield: Look at the number.

Sgt. Longdill: What's that got to do with it?

Gnr. Whitefield: To make sure it's mine!



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