

Unnameables

"Once again as your M.G.M. crime reporter, it is my privilege to bring to you a further episode in our 'Waacs Do Not Woo' series. I will now pass you over to the Site Commander at an A.A. site—in a northern metropolis. Don't panic girls, even though he is big, strong and silent—it's only a film anyway.

"The problem I am going to put before you this evening troubled the authorities here for some time. The clues were very scattered and apparently unrelated, but by hard work and clever deduction the case was finally brought to a successful conclusion.

"It opens on a fine autumn day with great consternation round the Command Post—an unidentified plane flying across the city—frantic telephonings—are those Jap. markings on the wings?—consultations with authority. General conclusion: It's flying at less than 3000 feet, so needn't be identified anyway!

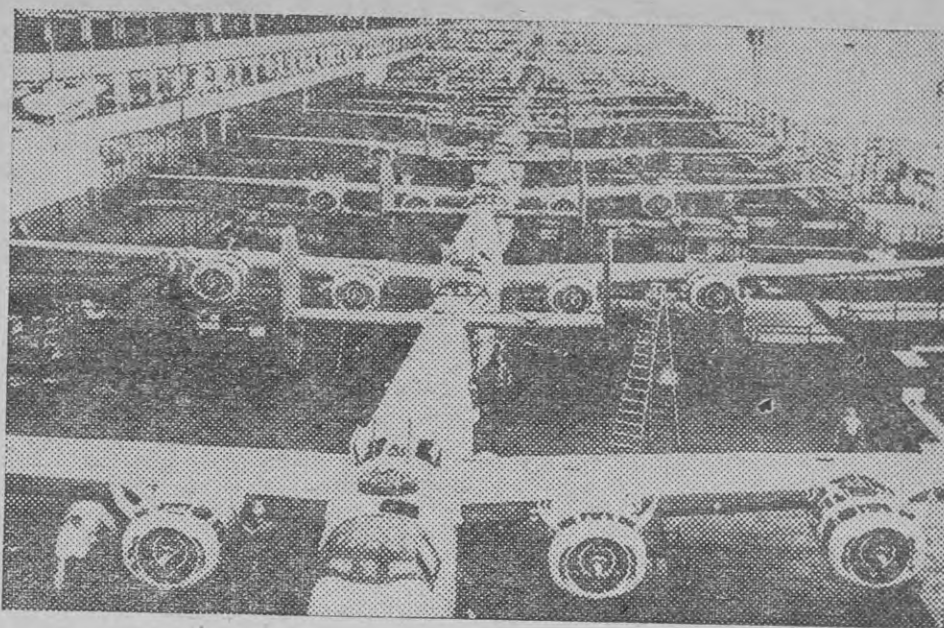
"Next we have a sudden influx of inebriates—no, they weren't seeing pink elephants—just blue and red dogs and checked ducks. Solution: Discontinuance of AEWS toy-making classes.

"Clue three across—an example of skill and economy in travel shown by some of the officers. A very small car was showing decided bulges from within and almost concealed by a tableau daringly executed on the rear bumper. Conclusion: They were darn lucky the Major didn't see them.

"Your bid partner—Why the uncommon interest shown in the maintenance of certain equipment by a particular officer? Solution: One Waac with big brown eyes.

"Lastly the most puzzling feature of the whole case. Let me give it in full. Alarm! The whole station rushed into action, the G.P.O. roared orders to his men, who stood staunch and ready at their posts. Long after came the order 'Stand Down..' All four gunners collapsed. Even our incomparable sleuths 'The Twins,' couldn't solve this one.

"However, by a lot of deep thinking we managed to arrive at the answer. The whole gang got a stiff asylum sentence, but as the bug-houses were all full they were left in the army to work it off. Which is just as good anyway." —G.I.



FORD PRODUCES GIANT LIBERATORS—Huge B-24 Liberator bombers lined up on the final assembly line of Henry Ford's Willow Run plant in the American Middle West. Built with the help of an intricate system of conveyor belts patterned upon Ford's famous automobile construction technique, the four-motored machines are now being turned out in great numbers.

Waac---o Wellington

Everyone was in high spirits when nine Waac "glowworms" left for Wellington on a course. As the weary trip dragged on they began to think that maybe it would have been better to have been left on the station (railway or otherwise). When they arrived finally three hours late they were quite certain of it.

There was no breakfast—instead a parade with pay-books, and all those particulars wanted again that they'd already given at least ten times in their army career; name, age, height, colour of eyes, etc.

Eventually they got a meal and a spot of leave, and wandered off to see the sights of the windy city. (Note: There aren't any).

Unfortunately there was no leave in the evenings, so we were able to get to bed early—well by 1 a.m., anyway. We spent some enjoyable evenings at one of the clubs, where strangely enough, we ran across some officers we knew (also on a course) who also couldn't get leave.

Anyway, a good time was had by all.

Wishful Sinking

Japanese communique on naval warfare might be described as "wishful sinking."

The Home Front

A woman who had driven the other members of a first-aid class nearly frantic by her continual criticism of the whole idea turned up one morning a complete convert—first-aid training was a wonderful thing, it ought to be compulsory.

"Why," she said, "yesterday I was sitting at home when I heard a screeching of brakes and then a terrific crash. Two cars had turned over right in front of our gate, and four people were lying in the street. One woman had a deep cut in her arm, two women had broken legs, and another severe lacerations of the face. But, thank heaven, I remembered exactly what you had taught me. So I bent over and put my head between my knees—and I didn't faint!"

WITH THE COMPLIMENTS
OF

ALEX HARVEY
& SONS LTD.

Canister Makers and Sheet
Metal Workers

5-7 ALBERT ST.,
AUCKLAND