

The Paradise That Is G5

Overheard: "Have you been out to G.5. lately?"

"G.5—Can't say I have. You don't mean that little camp attached to — do you?"

Well now I ask you—the ignorance of some people is appalling. Still up till now we haven't been advertising ourselves, on purpose. Much hard work and slogging had been going on in preparation for our grand opening day on May 2nd. On that fine and sunny day the station was officially opened, and it was an inspiring sight to see our 150 guests milling in and out of the buildings, listening to the band and watching a very fine basketball match between our stalwarts and a selected team from G.1.

Afternoon tea was provided for all, and we heartily invite you to come out and see us some time and sample our cooking. As a matter of fact we are seriously considering opening a home cookery stall for passers-by. Representatives of all Batteries were present as well as from the local committees and ladies' organisations. They were one and all impressed with our site, and, as the president of one ladies' committee stated, we have practically everything we could wish for.

For all that, offers of assistance of every form have been made by the local ladies, and for this we are deep-

ly grateful. The question was asked: "What do you do in your spare time?" and the reply was naturally spontaneous, "We don't have any."

By this it was not meant that we are badly done by really, nor work 24 hours a day. By no means. A fair example would be last week's "off duty" programme: —

Monday evening: Movies. Tuesday evening: Instrument concert. Wednesday: Hairdressing class. Thursday: A dance. Friday: Gramophone recital (ex 1YA).

Saturday night was left free to allow all ranks to recuperate, and the fact that all were in bed early speaks for itself. Hairdressing and woodworking classes are well established on this new station, and all the girls would not miss them for worlds. As a matter of fact the brakes have had to be applied slightly or else we would find ourselves entirely an educational and entertainment centre, instead of an important part of New Zealand's defence system.

Our opening dance on the 29th April was a huge success, the committee having worked overtime to make the show a success. A welcome visitor for the evening was Lt.-Colonel Worley, of the "First Aucks," along with quite a number of well-known officers of the battery. Our own site commander is a crackjack dancer, and although at first a trifle dubious about the holding of so many social affairs, he has now been converted, and enjoys himself as much as anyone. As a matter of fact he gave a demonstration of dancing (unwittingly, of course) to the joyous approval of all.

With these few remarks we will leave you for this issue of "FLAK" with a hearty invitation to pay us a visit and see for yourselves just what we are doing and can do.

Expose

Startled Sergeant (during manning drill): "No, no, girls, when I say "Expose" I mean the searchlight beam!"

Pithy Pars from the 69th

It is rumoured that certain officers (and Sergeants too) at Petersburg are undergoing an intense course of physical training with a view to taking on all-comers. To be seen stripped to shorts and vests are a certain O.C. and his staff indulging in competition regularly every evening. The game—aye—Tenakoits, with a few Middle East rules thrown in. Still they are ready to meet all-comers. One never knows, p'raps the wily Jap plays too.

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Amongst other things H.Q. is noted far and wide for its hospitality, and what a treat is in store shortly—well, some time before Christmas—the new "Wreck Hut" will be completed—and a grand "opening" night will be held. Again Dame Rumour has it that a certain Gunner will be presented with a putty medal by the Section Commander, and a book on carpentry by the local EUO. Never mind, our "Alf" is to be commended on his effort.

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One would have been reminded of the old song, "When Father Papered The Parlour," to see the three erstwhile craftsmen at work the other day renovating their BHQ for winter comfort. A few Eastern ideas were incorporated. Yes you have guessed, Wright; they were none other than Second Looey John Taylor and U.E. Officer Hugh Wright, aided and abetted by our incomparable O.C. The day? Oh—Motorless Thursday.

By the way, speaking of "Motorless Thursday," what about a "Fishless Friday," or a "Tobaccoless Tuesday," or even a "Moneyless Payday"? Even a change is as good as a rest, says "Manycraft Monty." BHQ Budgies say that the ever-popular and talented Sgt. Montgomery is taking up dressmaking as an additional hobby for the summerless season. One has to be fitted for a civvy job when the Ack Ack no longer Acks.

"I AM at attention, sir—it's my uniform that's at ease."

Says a Waac: "People who throw kisses are mighty near hopelessly lazy."

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