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IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF JAPAN

By. 2/Lieut. T. H. H. SKEET, 69th Hvy. A.A. Battery, N.Z.A.

The world stood aghast when a detachment of the Japanese Navy slipped silently into Port Arthur and sank several Russian warships without giving a formal declaration of war. This occurred in 1904; yet the world seemed surprised when the suave little Japanese employed this pattern of trickery against the U.S.A. at Pearl Harbour in 1941. Hitler was impudent enough to publish his designs in "Mein Kampf," and the world was foolish enough not to believe him. For years the elder statesmen of Japan have given the world the clearest exposition of their policy, but few have paused to listen.

After their first triumphs, the Japanese divisions inundated the Asiatic mainland and the Netherland East Indies; the waters of abhorrent conquest rolled violently against the bulwarks of India, and (in the Pacific) the ramparts hastily thrown up by the Allies. In June last, the storm abated. Had the Japanese Command decided to consolidate their gains, or was the lull only preparatory to a further onslaught?

If the Imperial Diet had been convinced that enough territory had been obtained a new policy would certainly have been declared. In this case a close watch would have been maintained while Nippon greedily digested her victims.

Nippon's Intentions

A communique issued by General MacArthur in March this year throws some light on Japanese intentions. He said: "The Japanese are now taking up positions in readiness. . . ." Unfortunately he declines to comment further on this topic. About the same time U.S. spokesmen in Congress declared that their Allies had resolved to direct their strength against Germany until Hitler's power had been liquidated, and then to divert their attention to Japan. This policy involved holding the Japanese

meanwhile, and it certainly could not be accomplished by pursuing a static role. Fixed fortifications have often proved to be of greater service to the aggressor than to the defender.

Recollecting the lessons from recent events, the U.S. Command decided to wage a "fluid" defensive. Daily air reconnaissance was carried out over enemy territory, and whenever a menacing concentration was revealed, bombers were despatched to destroy it. Thus offensives were destroyed before they had time to develop.

Recently, a number of transports left Rabaul for Lae (New Guinea). They were successfully intercepted, and the convoy dispersed. A little later our intelligence revealed that the Japanese were concentrating a

considerable force at Kavieng in New Ireland. Promptly the R.A.A.F. dealt a surprise blow.

Allied Defensive Arc

No doubt feeling acutely Allied pressure in the south-western Pacific, the Japanese decided to convert We-wak into a potential supply base, and accordingly landing-strips and auxiliary air-fields were constructed in several localities, and an overland route pushed through to Lae, via Medang. This road was to enable supplies to be sent to the beleaguered troops in the south overland, if the Allied fighter command prevented provisions being carried direct.

(Continued on page 8)

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AT ALL CANTEENS.

Looking to the Future

Everyone has at least a couple of hours spare time a day. The whole of it is not needed for play and relaxation. Half of it is enough. And the other half should be spent on preparation for the future.

Older men judge a young man by what he does in his spare time. This shows his character and his quality. By what he does in his spare time, he puts a price on himself.

Spare time is worth two guineas an hour to any young man of fair abilities, and perhaps much more than this. It may develop his job into a career.

The fact is that an ordinary education, at a school or even at a university, does not prepare a lad for business responsibilities. His real education begins when he gets a job.

Self Education

We often speak of a "self-made" man. This is one way of saying that he had very little schooling. But every competent man who rises to a high position is "self-made." The only complete education is self-education.

We know that in order to be a professional man, a young man **MUST** study. If he wants to be a doctor or a lawyer, he must study for at least six years.

If he wants to be a business man, he is not **COMPELLED** to study; but he will not rise very high unless he does.

Every big job in the business world requires professional skill. A competent business man is as highly skilled as a doctor or a lawyer. He acquired his skill by study, observation, and experience.

Learn For The Future

In connection with every trade and industry there is specialised knowledge. There are facts, ideas and methods that have been originated by

practical efficient men. When a young man acquires some of this knowledge, it speeds him on his way.

There is no future worth talking about for a young man who will not make himself **LEARN**. He must have the inner power to drive himself.

If he works only when he is driven, as a horse does, then he will be stuck in small jobs for the whole of his life.

There is a Correspondence Course on nearly every business or technical subject. There are books, plenty of them, low-priced and high-priced books. And almost every one of them is worth much more than its price.

Persistence Needed

If a young man reads only thrillers and picture magazines, he will sacrifice ambition to amusement. And he will have a future of regrets.

It is a black day for any young man when he says—"I want to have a good time"—when he allows himself to be a play-boy. He should say—"I want to have a good **LIFE**."

If he has the persistence to spend an hour a day in study, then he will not find himself a member of the "I-Wish-I-Had Club" when he is fifty.

Fifty big business men were once asked what they had done to prepare themselves to handle large affairs; and 45 of them said they had studied in classes or at home.

As a poet once said:—

"The heights that great men gained
and kept

Were not attained by sudden flight;

For they, while their companions
slept,

Were toiling upwards in the night."

TROUBLE WITH THE DENTIST

Four trembling Waacs from the 66th knocked timidly on the door of the Narrow Neck dental hospital one sunny day last week. Their hour of reckoning was at hand.

First on the list was our lady of many sorrows, Gunner d'Auvergne. Her visit to purgatory was short. However, she knows now that a dentist always has the last word.

When the next victim emerged from the chamber of horrors, all her teeth had been removed—we'd have never guessed, Gunner, but oh, you looked so cute for a day or two. (N.B. The Gypsy Queen has ordered that all teeth must be worn to regimental dances).

Then Gunner Morgan—just two holes stopped—both doing well, thanks to Dentist Gruesome and Nurse Giles. How could you remain so calm, Kathleen, when all around you were bitter, bitter tears..

Last on the list for the captain was Gunner Maguiness (my brother in the Life Guards). Six fillings done, and a promise of many more in the near future, found her minus her coat, jersey and tie, her shirt unbuttoned, shoes unlaced—well, that's enough. (I wonder why she bit the dentist's finger.)

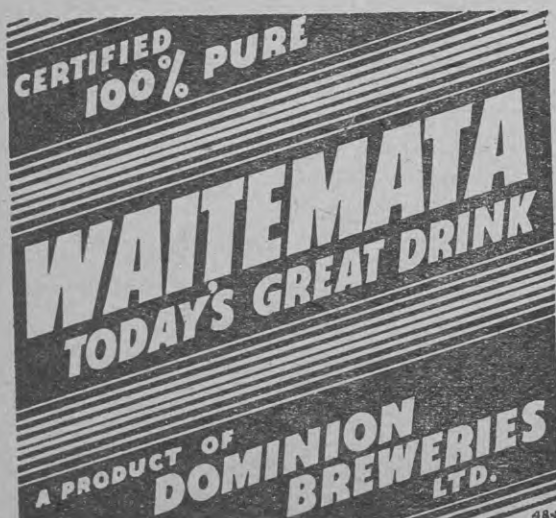
APRIL FOOLERY

April the First saw the break of the drought in Auckland, so the feelings of a certain officer who had enough sense to get in out of the rain and recline on his bunk, can be better imagined than described when he was suddenly called to the phone to hear that the padre would like to take Holy Communion on Sunday.. The officer, in a dazed but most polite voice explained that the camp was on furlough. The silence for a brief moment could be felt—when the voice at the other end of the wire suggested that he might be an April Fool. Then the officer's voice became staccato, and the polite tone vanished, but it would be most interesting to know what made the officer, in a camp abounding in N.C.O.'s, think it was a Gunner who perpetrated the outrage..

—H.2.

In a rut ... ?

AEWS will help you out.



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!

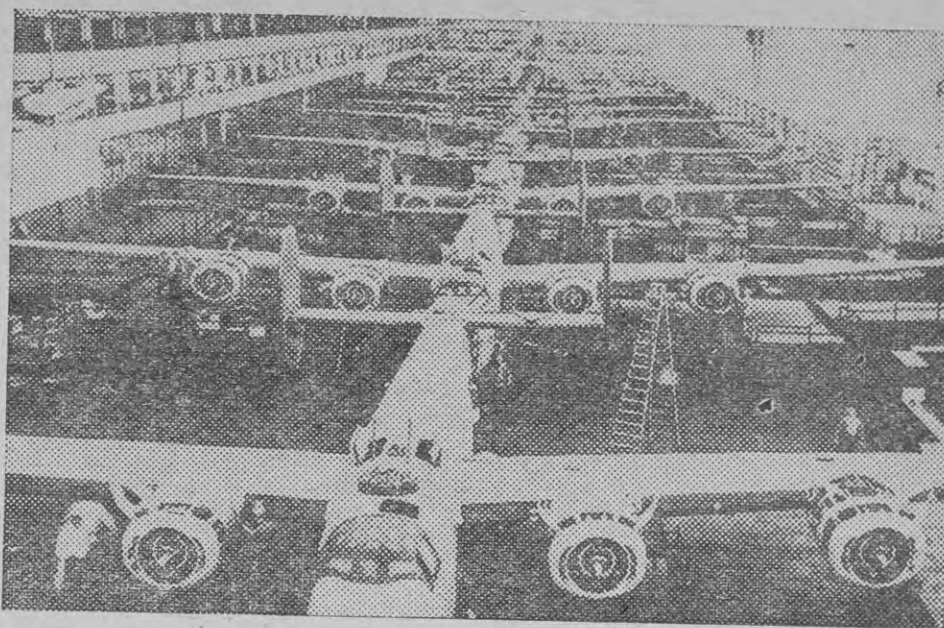
"Next we have a sudden influx of inebriates—no, they weren't seeing pink elephants—just blue and red dogs and checked ducks. Solution: Discontinuance of AEWS toy-making classes.

"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!"

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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.

* * *

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.

* * *

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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At Home with the 67th

The celebrated poet Francis J. W——s, is known to have written two very fine works while serving with the armed forces. Both of these are published below exclusive to this paper. Readers will be interested to know that he has been released from the army and will now be able to follow his literary career in the peace and quiet of the Auckland waterfront.

This first sonnet was composed after the poet had been six months in the army:—

“When I was sitting on the stair,
I saw a man who wasn't there,
He wasn't there again to-day.
I wish that man would go away.”

The second poem was written after 12 months with the forces. The careful reader will notice the subtle influence of a military life on F. J. W——s.

“There was a young man of Dundee,
Who was stung on the neck by a
wasp.

When asked, “Does it buzz?”
He said, “No it didn't,
I'm glad that it wasn't a hornet.”

Random Shots

The glorious 67th are considering having the words “SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME” emblazoned on their escutcheon (whatever that is) in place of the sundry blots which now decorate it.

For although we have not yet had the pleasure of illuminating a Zéro, Messerschmitt or Dornier, we have recently been helping wandering Hudsons home.

Of course this business of guiding the faltering footsteps of their friends home is not new to members of the Searchlight Battery!

Our meat is good; 30,000 blowflies can't be wrong.

WAACS' OBJECTION

Recently when the Gunners were going to practise for a coming football match it was found that they lacked weight in the scrum. The suggestion was put forward by one bright hopeful that the Waacs should be called upon to help make up the weight. We're afraid they objected strongly.

—G.5.



SUB. SINKS JAP SUPPLY SHIP—Shelled and later sunk by an American submarine, this Japanese cargo vessel is enveloped in flame and smoke. It was caught in the Pacific.

BAD FORM BY A N.C.O.

Much to the amusement of the rest of the Waacs, after a fast and furious game of basket ball on Saturday, one of them emerged from the game with a black eye. It was found to have been administered by one of our N.C.O.'s while scoring one of our many goals. Unfortunately the rush to the cookhouse for steak was uneventful, so it was decided to let it take its course. Sunday morning dawned bright and clear and promised a good day for our opening. But, alas! Our poor Gunner was far from cheery as she found she would have to greet her visitors with a glamorous black eye. The moment arrived, and we were all greeting our visitors and welcoming them to our camp when suddenly a voice spoke with that familiar U.S. drawl: “Say, kid, where did you get that black eye?”

—G.5.

NEW OCCUPATION

When the raw recruit arrived at his unit, the officer examined his papers and said: “I see you're described as a carrier. I suppose you drive a truck?”

“No, sir.”

“What then, a horse and cart?”

“No, sir.”

“Then what kind of a carrier are you?”

“Typhoid, sir.”

BASKET-BALL

Two exciting basket-ball matches were played last week between G.1. and G.5. In both cases G.5., profiting by extra practice, just managed to win. The games were fast, and a high standard of play was maintained throughout. For G.1., Sgt. Teddy, Gunners Beet, Nixon and O'Hagan were outstanding. For G.5. Gunners Tomes, Hall and Simpson showed fine form.

Saturday's Game—G.5—5; G1—3.
Sunday's game—G.5—6; G.1.—0.

Herbalist---S. Geo. Pascoe



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IN THE SERVICE OF HEALTH

Ack Ack in the Pacific

(From 'FLAK'S' Special Correspondent.)

It was a dismal Monday morning, and a very early one at that, when the boys of "N" force sighted their destination.

A little island half hidden in rain. The closer our boat came, the smaller the island appeared. An ideal place for a six-day bike race.

"Gee!" I thought, "one day's leave and there will be nothing left to see." Sure enough I was right. On my first day's leave I saw all there was to see. Next leave I will have to travel backward and see where I have been.

Maybe we were not expected, but anyway the sun was not out to welcome us. A storm was brewing, and we were lucky to land as easily as we did. All the landing was carried out with lighters. We boys had to scramble down rope ladders hung over the side into tossing lighters, and in full web equipment it was no easy task.

The last two feet were the worst. The best method was to close one's eyes and let go, trusting to luck that there would be someone soft to land on. A sigh of relief. We made it.

"Life on the ocean wave" had nothing on those blighters. One moment we were looking at the ship's keel, and the next were leering down its funnel. We finally made the shore but in none too dry a condition. Next came our kitbags, and they were no drier than we.

I have been told that, like us, the gear came ashore in lighters, but I am willing to bet my first pay (when I get it) that they were dragged through the breakers on ropes. You have seen lucky dips, but believe me,

they had nothing on the contents of our kits when we opened them. Everything was a sodden dirty grey mass. The cigarette paper suffered most. Try to extract one, and they all came out like a beautiful roll of toilet paper.

We were no sooner ashore than the rains came—with a vengeance. There was also a 50 m.p.h. gale tossed in for good measure. For three days and three nights we cowered in our tents. If we had had a dove of peace to send out, like Noah from his Ark, it would have needed waterwings.

We sat huddled six in a tent, waiting and looking for the silver lining. Once the sun did come, though, the land soon dried. Kit-bags were emptied out and clothes and gear spread on trees, fences and even the ground. In no time at all our camp looked like a cross between a second-hand shop and a chinese laundry.

This was our initiation to active service.

—RUNT.

AIRCRAFT BREVITIES

The Ford Motor Company at Detroit is planning to build gliders of a type capable for carrying 15 fully-equipped soldiers for invasion purposes.

* * *

An employee in an aircraft factory in England, Frank Salt, has been sentenced to three years' penal servitude for failing to tighten a vital nut on aero-motors. Of 81 aero-motors examined in the factory, 19 had a slack nut for which Salt was responsible.

BOUNCED OVER MINE

A Supermarine Walrus of the Air-Sea rescue service alighted on the sea in the middle of a German minefield last month to rescue the pilot of a Whirlwind of the Fighter Command who had to bale out a few miles from the French Coast. The pilot of the Walrus said he had to alight crosswind to avoid the mines, and when taking off had to bounce the Walrus over a mine.

Begin now with AEWS

Morals and Manners

Highlight of the week at one Troop H.Q. of the 66th is the opening of a campaign for "Better Manners."

A certain gunner felt that the slogan should be extended to include: "...and Better Morals," but since everyone felt that theirs were above question, by a majority vote the motion was defeated at a recent lunch-hour stop-work meeting.

Our hard-baked sergeant opened the proceedings by reciting that useful little word that describes the place where the water ain't these days. Penalty, one penny. The managing committee have drawn up a set of rules to ensure a regular return of profits for the swear-box.

Substitutes may be used where the situation demands an increased vocabulary, but words with a double meaning are charged for at the rate of 3d. per meaning. If the accused can prove to the committee's satisfaction that no additional meanings were implied, the accusers are fined 1d. each for having bad minds.

Chief difficulty is small change. One Waac (with a brother in the life-guards) complains that because she had only 3d. to offer for a penny fine, the committee decided that it would be necessary for her to swear twice more to get over the difficulty.

Other punishable crimes include speaking-with-the-mouth-full, failing to use the Battery butter-knife, drinking tea out of our china saucers, and upsetting the jar of toothpicks.

The question of the distribution of income, less tax, less accounts overdue, less damages paid for defamation of character, less salaries to the committee, is to be decided at the next Union quarterly.

HAUL

At 2nd N.Z.E.F. Headquarters there was a German-speaking New Zealander whose job it was to interrogate German prisoners. He was working on a new batch one day when an impatient British staff officer enquired of him "Got anything out of them yet?"

Confidentially: the Kiwi replied "Two watches so far, sir. Do you want one?"

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LION A&E

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Open Forum

Everyone likes a good argument. This column is 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 if desired. The letters published this week in reply to the padre's article in the last number. If you have any ideas, put them on paper and send them in.

RELIGION IN RUSSIA

Sir,—

There appears to be a considerable misapprehension existing about the anti-religious campaign in Russia. It would be more correct to call it an anti-clergy campaign. Czar Vladimir and his successors through centuries "imposed" not only Christianity, but an organisation which became the greatest "power behind the throne" that ever influenced the history of Europe.

One of the notable aspects of the Bolshevik revolution and the subsequent reorganisation of the vast Russian Empire, was the typical social-psychological reaction against religion. It is not easy to re-educate a great body of people to recognise the supremacy of the State and not a Church. Hence the necessity for the anti-religious propaganda that characterised the early development of the Communistic philosophy.

However, religion formed too great a part of the social structure of the Russian people to be readily incorporated into a non-religious society. Therefore, when the Communist regime was well established, interference with the religious inclinations of the people relapsed and has now practically disappeared.

From a psychological point of view it is natural that the more practical a people's economic philosophy, the greater the need for a symbolic and emotional theology.

So it is desirable in commenting upon, or observing, the reactionary history of religion in Russia, to bear in mind that the great anti-religious campaign proved a means to an end—and a very successful end.

STAR-CROSS'D LOVER

We were young, we were gay, we were lovers, and the world was a garden of flowers:

Now the blossoms are faded and fallen, and a winter unending is ours.
We are parted, and parted for ever—condemned without hope of reprieve;
For my love has a pip on her shoulder, and I but a stripe on my sleeve.

We have met since it happened, but somehow—Paid Lance-Bombardier though
I am—

I just can't make love at attention, while addressing the loved one as "Ma'am."
Oh, Spirit of Wellington, aid me! A soldier has no right to grieve,
But . . . My love has a pip on her shoulder, and I but a stripe on my sleeve.

So play me "The Flowers of the Forest," let me drain sorrow's cup to the
dregs,

I have loved, as a care-free civilian: I have lost, as laid down in King's Regs.
Let me burnish the breech of my Bofors and forget about seven days' leave;
For my love has a pip on her shoulder, and I but a stripe on my sleeve.

The leading question now becomes:
"Will the Russian people succeed in maintaining the right balance between their obligations to the State, and their support of the organised church in the coming years of world readjustment?"

—"WAAC GUNNER."

Sir,—

In reply to the article in last issue of "FLAK," on the above subject, the following extract written by Alexander Werth, a war correspondent in Moscow in 1941, is of interest:—

"I haven't seen the slightest trace of anti-religious propaganda here; and God is often mentioned in conversation. I don't think the Soviet regime will ever bother about anti-religious propaganda again; but it will remain anti-clerical. It is, of course, probably justified in regarding the clergy as an undesirable influence, and the obscurantist Orthodox Church as having done its best to prevent the spread of education. The existence of churches and priests will be permitted, but limited, by the possibilities of having the priests trained and the churches financially maintained."

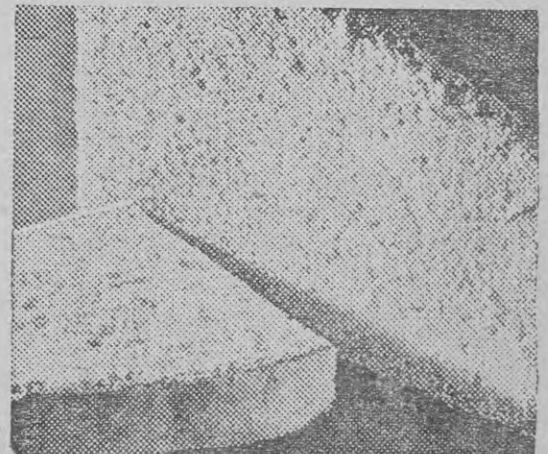
Atheism did not replace Orthodox Christianity. Rather should we say that non-religious bodies were allowed to flourish as well as religious. The tendency to swing against the clergy was caused by oppression and not from any anti-religious sentiment. However, according to the above article, Christianity seems to be taking its proper place in their lives.

—L/BDR.

URGENT APPEAL

"FLAK" takes the printer four days to prepare and publish. Before it goes to the printer, material has to be prepared by the editor and passed by the censor.

It is therefore urgently necessary that your material should be in the editor's hands **AT LEAST A WEEK** before publication. Please co-operate and hand in your copy for the next number **BEFORE** next Wednesday.



ADAMS BRUCE
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TYPHOON'S GREAT FIRE POWER

The announcement that the new fighter, the Typhoon, is at last in operation in England and over the Continent, comes close on the heels of the news of the two-stage supercharged Rolls-Royce Merlin 61 engine, which in itself is likely to give the R.A.F. a fighter superior to anything it is likely to meet in the battle against the Luftwaffe.

The Typhoon is a long-range single-engine fighter, and was designed by Mr. Sydney Camm, who also designed the Hurricane.

It is powered by the Napier "Sabre" engine of an estimated 2400 h.p., and has a most amazing climbing power. It is this climbing power which gives it its great tactical advantage.

Instant Attack

Its speed militates against its ability to turn in a small circle, and therefore it can only attack anything slower than itself by "head-on" tactics or overtaking from behind.

Once it is off the target it must go past the enemy and do a climbing turn in order to come into an attacking position. This is where the climbing ability is so important.

The Typhoon carries either cannon only or machine-guns and cannon. The original model carried eight cannon. It would enhance its reputation if it were able to carry the .5 machine-gun of the Flying Fortress which, with its high muzzle velocity and greater rate of fire has a flatter trajectory than the 20m. cannon, and can be devastating at a range of 1000 yards.

Nearly Invulnerable

If something like this is the armament of the Typhoon, it is more than probable that the Luftwaffe have no machine capable of equalling it either from the point of view of speed or fire power. It comes therefore within sight of being an invulnerable aircraft.

But as yet the Luftwaffe have not anything like the American "Battle-wagon," so we may never know exactly how good the Typhoon is.

If it is an exceptionally long-range fighter we may see this year the Air Battle of Germany over, shall we say, Berlin?

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF JAPAN

(Continued from page 1)

The Allies have thus kept the enemy engrossed along a huge arc extending from the Aleutians in the extreme north to the Andaman Island and Burma in the west.

A commentator in the New York Times correctly appraises the position when he states: "The ingredients for a flare-up have been cooking for some time, and it can be surmised that the brew will be boiling soon."

It is hardly to be expected that the Pacific volcano, after such a display of violence, will now remain dormant. It is hardly to be expected that the Japanese, inflamed by their remarkable triumph over a great Power during its embroilment in Europe, will be unconcerned about further acquisitions in the Pacific, particularly when even greater prizes are offering further south.

Obligations to the Axis

Tojo, in his frequent addresses to the Diet, has declared that Japanese aspirations reach southward to those countries where Japanese surplus population can be settled without fear of congestion. Further, since Japan is a member of the Axis, it is scarcely to be expected that she will repudiate her obligations and refuse to co-operate with Hitler at this critical juncture. There is every reason to suppose that she will be induced to commence a fresh drive in the Pacific so that the heavy pressure borne by the Axis in Europe may be somewhat relieved.

While this unhealthy atmosphere prevails, nothing could be more foolish than to reach the conclusion that the menace of Japan has disappeared. The "Yellow Peril" manifest in 1900 is just as present to-day. Japan is determined to be master of the Pacific, and will proceed with her design with the greatest tenacity until the Allies have made a really victorious stand.

MAJESTIC

A Fuller Theatre

Continuous 11 a.m. to 7.15 p.m.

EVENING SESSION 8 P.M.

PROGRAMME

WEEK COMMENCING

FRIDAY, 14th MAY, 1943

UNIVERSAL PICTURES PRESENT

GLORIA JEAN

Donald O'Connor, Jane Frazee & Robert Paige in

"SHE'S MY LOVELY"

APPROVED FOR UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION

2ND FEATURE

PARAMOUNT PICTURES PRESENT

Chester Morris & Jean Parker in

"I LIVE ON DANGER"

RECOMMENDED BY CENSOR FOR ADULTS

Box Plans at Theatre — Phone 43-210

"SHE'S MY LOVELY"

Universal's youthful singing star, Gloria Jean, makes a welcome re-appearance in the breezy romantic drama "She's My Lovely," which commences at the Majestic Theatre this week-end. Donald O'Connor plays her boy-friend. She is cast as a child singing celebrity who runs away from home to live a normal life after a near-collapse from over-work. Her remarkable soprano voice is heard in renditions of "Drink To Me Only," and "Sempre Libre," from "La Traviata."

"I Live On Danger," the associate attraction, features Chester Morris and Jean Parker.

FILM BREVITIES

Abbott and Costello's next film is a screen adaptation of the famous Damon Runyon short story "It Ain't Hay."

Sir Alexander Korda has left Hollywood to take charge of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's British productions. His company's players will include Vivien Leigh and Ralph Richardson.

Telephone 41-249

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