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# AH! HOW NOBLE A CREATURE IS WOMAN

(By D. RAE, 67th, S/L Battery)

Ruskin has remarked: "To be without books of your own is the abyss of poverty—don't endure it."

Into this very abyss, however, were the personnel of a recently occupied Ack Ack position apparently cast. They had at their disposal one of the stately homes of Auckland set in ample grounds, and furnished (in an abandonment of luxury) with three spring beds, a Victorian sofa, a pedestal cupboard, and even a bamboo palmstand. But in all this lavish collection not a book was to be found.

After three book-less days, a close inspection of the house revealed a staircase cupboard which revealed in its turn (and in its darkest recesses) as unusual a pile of weighty volumes as could be desired.

They consisted mainly of bound periodicals published between 1850 and 1890—"Chamber's Journal," "The Windsor Magazine," the "Leisure Hour" (forerunner of AEWS pamphlets), and "Sunday at Home"—all well known names in every Victorian household. The remainder were a motley set ranging from "The Methodist Sunday School Hymnary" to the more exciting "Zenobia—or The Fall of Palmyra."

But the undoubted gem of this almost fossilized library was an unpretentious volume entitled "True Womanhood—the Memorials of Eliza Hessel," by Joshua Priestley. The author commences his preface with an excuse for writing about this model but otherwise obscure young lady.

"Miss Hessel's history," he says, "illustrates how a young woman with only ordinary advantages, may effect a self-improvement, and diffuse a joy-

ous and quickening influence in the social circle."

When Miss Hessel herself is directly quoted, her style is stilted and pedantic. Her long words and stately periods are reminiscent of Dr. Johnson and his many imitators.

She writes in her diary: "My reluctance to journalising, after the manner I have hitherto pursued, increases. My feelings are such an unsafe criteria of my real state of mind and heart that I ought to be very careful in recording them merely for my own reference. Much internal examination with view to record tends beyond a doubt to a morbid state of feeling."

Later, she quotes from Longfellow, rather to the discomfiture of the military reader:—

"Were half the power that fills the earth with terror,

Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts

Given to redeem the human mind from error,

There were no need of arsenals and forts."

Having completely routed the military gentlemen, she proceeds to attack what appears to be, in this city, at least, their favourite pastime—namely, gay parties.

She replies to a friend's letter:

"My views on this matter are very decided. What a solemn mockery to pray 'Lead us not into temptation' when we deliberately walk into it! Do you remember Mr. Jay's startling address to his young people on the subject of balls, gay parties, etc.? 'If I

(Continued on page 8)

Look Smart . . .

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# Care For A Lift?

(95th BATTERY CORRESPONDENT)

Did you ever hear of the occasion when the 2 I/C accompanied by a trusting and unsuspecting brother officer pushed off one Saturday on week-end leave, in the former's car. If you have ever travelled by one of the buses which cater (?) for our requirements, you will appreciate the smug looks on the faces of these two gentlemen as they bade airy farewell to the poor unfortunates, who, for the modest sum of 1/6, would have the privilege of riding on a mudguard or the running board of one of the no doubt one-time excellent, but now very venerable buses.

They had proceeded perhaps 200 yards when a sinister cough was heard from the engine, followed by a series of short, sharp coughs, and the car came to a stop. The usual antics were gone through, efforts to restart, hopeful queries from the passenger as to whether there was any benzine in the tank, and finally looking hopefully inside the bonnet, with what object in view is never explained. This state of affairs continued until the advent of the B.C. and the 2 I/C's dog, which the want of a bath and his predilection for being sick down the neck of the occupants of the front seat, barred him from travelling.

The B.C., after a careful survey, diagnosed the trouble as a blockage or stoppage or something in the feed system, and forthwith proceeded to unscrew things.

The 2 I/C applied himself to the end of a pipe, and endeavoured strenuously but unsuccessfully to remove the obstruction by blowing through it. He got redder and redder in the fact, veins stood out on his neck, and his eyes were in danger of popping right out of their sockets, but still nothing happened. A cheerful passer-by not knowing how close he was to being murdered on the spot, murmured something about "Won't it go Papa?"

A tow by the B.C.'s car was next suggested, but after covering two miles and severing the former's tow-rope, this was given up. Then arrived on the scene, the one and only Austin, the hero of Tobruk. Under any other circumstances the thought of this gentleman being let loose on a car other than his own Citroen, and or other cars he is reputed to own, would bring a painful shudder from the owner. However, the position by

this time was desperate, so much so that even the worthy Austin's assistance was welcomed.

In no time, before the fascinated gaze of the others, parts were strewn over the road just as motor cycle parts use to lie about in the garage. What was done was carefully explained with a wealth of technicalities, and to the amazement of all, Austin in particular, the car started.

The 2 I/C was loud in his praises and profuse in his thanks, as with grimy hands he wrung his saviour's horny hand, inwardly blaming himself for having misjudged this prince of mechanics.

With light heart the owner and passenger climbed in and set off, by this time 1½ hours after the commencement of their journey. A quarter of a mile passed, the engine purring gently, half mile 3/—cough, cough, etc., etc. Having watched the maestro at work, it was nothing for the two amateurs to remove the carburetter, drain out a pint or two of water, reassemble it and start up again within 32 3-5 seconds. The passenger essayed a short cut by not replacing the float on one occasion, but the engine did not appear to function so efficiently, so it was decided to play fair in future and put everything back. This state of affairs continued for a further two hours, and it is now a source of wonder why the one-time passenger so politely but firmly declines further invitations to travel with the 2 I/C unless he has the latter's personal guarantee that he will get him at least to a bus stop.

## No Longer Virgin

The U.S. submarine Sturgeon radioed to its flagship after sinking its first Japanese ship: "Sturgeon no longer virgin."

# It's A Paradise

We're in the camp that is the best,  
Of all the camps we know,  
Where we get co-operation,  
In all ranks—high and low;  
Where extra leave falls in your lap,  
If you've the urge to go,  
Where all the Waacs are glamorous  
Just like a Broadway show.  
When "Smithy" orders—"Jackets On"  
To worst the icy blow—  
Our curves are then all camouflaged—  
Bad show boys—he's not slow.

We have a super Swimming Pool,  
But last week as you've read  
The water shortage knocked us back.  
Still, next summer's well ahead.  
The bath in which we all delight,  
Before we go to bed,  
Attracts the baby centipedes;  
Huge spiders there are bred;  
And rats and bugs disturb our sleep,  
The squeals would wake the dead;  
But still our hut's a Paradise—  
Our Mr. Skeet once said.

The Waacs may rave and do their  
block,  
And curse as ne'er before,  
But every little bit of fluff,  
Is a soldier to the core;  
And tho' they say—if they'd a chance,  
They'd be smartly out the door,  
And leave it to the other chap  
To fight this blinkin' war;  
If the Japs should try their little  
tricks  
And land upon our shore—  
We'll show 'em we can take it lads,  
And hand it out, what's more.

—H2.

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## With the 94th

We have been semi-officially informed that the 94th Battery is about to adopt a new motto—"Absque Labore Nihil" (Without Labour, Nothing). We treat with lofty scorn the ribald comment of a would-be witty gunner who suggested that "And With it, Less than Nothing" should be added. And we would further add that the achievements of the 94th do not require the services of the 67th's spotlight.

The great topic of the last fortnight has been the Mystery of the Missing Heater. In spite of the engagement of that eminent criminologist Mr. Sheerluck Jones, no solution of the mystery was forthcoming. The O.C. was on the point of ordering Gnr. Frothing to fill in form 27643 LL.B. in desperation, and submit the whole matter to caucus, when an urgent appeal was made to the Minister of Supply, Dr. Defoe. Armed with unlimited authority, a pretty Waac and a Ford V8, Dr. Defoe was able to convince the authorities in Auckland of the urgency of the case; a heater was supplied to cover the deficiency, and the high lords of the battery once more resumed their interrupted slumbers. On such small things do crises turn.

A requisition for starch to our Minister of Supplies, Dr. Defoe, was put in by that venerable and austere descendant of the Roman matrons, Sgt. Tenderdaughter. In the name of all gunners we protest. We would have our lady gunners as nature intended them to be—bright-eyed, laughing daughters of Aphrodite; to the haughty, aristocratic dames of other units we would leave such things as starch or any other stiffening measure they may desire.

This battery has been honoured by a visit from a B.S.M., one of the principal ornaments of the great Smith family. His principal object in life sees to be the tagging of huts—fot fear they should be missed. With humble deference we suggest a far greater scope for his activities. In the words of Gilbert and Sullivan: "He's got them on his list, and they never would be missed." C.O.'s please note.

## Battery Badinage

The most disconcerting thing that could ever happen to anyone is to be placed in such a position that, though there is nothing to do, you've got to appear to have the responsibilities of a Regiment on your shoulders. One unfortunate, on being caught in the act of trying to find something to do, was promptly pounced on by one of the very few who successfully pretend they have something to do.

"Just the man I want." A most expressive and heartless sentence. It means anything from "You're Orderly Officer to-morrow," "You're going to town to buy two split pins," to "You're going on leave on the 4.30 bus, and you've got three minutes to catch it." Well for once, fate intervened in another form, and caused an already distracted mind to set forth on paper something that even as yet is not exactly clear to the aforesaid mind. It could relate the story of "How I trumped my Partner's Ace," or "The reason why you should play Bridge." Probably you'd be just as bored after reading this.

However, let's eulogise on the exigencies of the service. To wit, How to pass the evening in the mess without taking undue risks. At present should you come to sit by our roaring fire you would probably think that some horrible disaster had fallen upon us. No longer those hectic nights that made you wonder if you would ever get to bed in time to get up for the morning parade.

All but the pleasant recollection of these days have passed away, and now we only celebrate when such days of rejoicing warrant it. For example, to-night will be different from last night, when from one corner frantic howls of "You've trumped my ace," rent the air, and the Big Four passed sarcastic comments on each other's play at Bridge. But, to-night, is an occasion. Someone has got engaged, someone is leaving and we're going to win the football match this afternoon.

Speaking of hoping to do things, you realise what the Government housing scheme is like. If you put in your application two years ago and you have had three more children since then, you stand a chance of a house next year, if the Union increases the wages. Well, we're somewhat in the same position. Our family has increased so much that the

construction is making fast and furious headway. The back garden is completely cluttered with 4-man huts. These have one disadvantage, however. The usual procedure is for a truck to arrive with bits and pieces in the morning. There aren't too many bolts, so the huts go up with bits missing, and nails sticking out from all directions. Everything is to specification, except the parts that aren't, and somebody sleeps in it that night, and next morning a truck comes to take it away again, and you go back to living in the gorse.

However all these little things are sent to try us, so they say. Well finally we'll close off with the "Battery Supper Song," to the tune of "One Dozen Roses."

Give me one dozen eggs,  
Put some steak in beside them,  
And send them to the 2 I/C.  
The Adj. will receive them,  
The Tiffy 'long beside him,  
And the acting ex-15C M.T.

There'll be half cooked onions with them,

And some dirty coffee too.  
If you think that you will get some,  
Then you know just what to do.

When the Waacs start in complaining,

When the gang commence their training.

On cooking lessons number two.

We make no apologies for our "pome." Just a sidelight, why did they adopt Scrim's locked door policy? For reply to this, hesitate before you look at the next issue.

### "FLUFFY"

1st Gunner: I see the O.C. with a new car, Joe.

2nd Gunner: Yeah, she's a whopper—new Vacuum brand.

1st Gunner: What! Vacuum car—never heard of it before.

2nd Gunner: Oh, you know the kind. Every time he's out in it he picks up a bit of fluff.

# The 67th Spotlight

## Congratulations.

Congratulations to Captain C. S. Maguiness, O.C. of the 67th A.A. Searchlight Battery, on his promotion (long overdue) to the rank of Major.

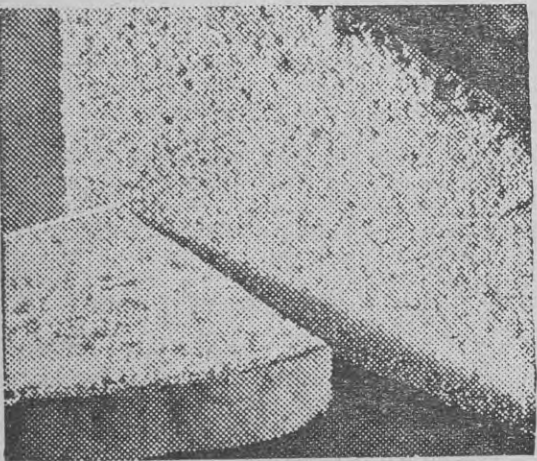
Major Maguiness is one of the Old Guard so far as Ack Ack is concerned, and except for a brief period with the coast lights, when he was commissioned a month after the outbreak of war, he has been in the A.A. Searchlights since the Territorial days of 1936. At the outbreak of war, away back in 1939, he was one of the first mobilised.

He is one of the most popular officers in the Anti-Aircraft units, and in the old days before the Ack Ack had really spread its tentacles around Auckland, those of us who belonged to the 67th were always being told how lucky we were to have "Mac" for our O.C. Even some of the kitchen hands who hated everyone (particularly officers, on principle), had a good word to say for "Mac."

There is an old saying that no man is a hero to his valet. To draw a parallel it might be said that no officer is a hero to his Orderly Room who must work at his elbow all the time.

Suffice to say that Major Maguiness rates very high with us and all at H.Q. No greater tribute could be paid.

God bless America. Q.M. Staff please note. Greater love hath no man than this, that he give up his girl friend for a Yank



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## EXIT

Old soldiers never die, or so the saying goes, they simply fade away. Life in the 67th Battery suggests that young soldiers meet a similar fate. For months our men have been gradually disappearing, to the Air Force, to industry and to overseas units, but the Battery was struck a severe blow last week when District clamped down on the last of our Grade 1 men.

We wish them the very best for the future and hope they will always retain pleasant memories of life in the 67th.

## BUSY B'S

It has been an eventful week for B Troop, as, among other things, we have had three afternoons set aside for ping-pong matches and one for basket-ball. One evening we had a play-reading and another a gramophone recital, so you see our leisure hours—when we do our training and what not—are getting fewer, in fact we get busier every day.

## BASKET BALL

B Troop played A Troop one day last week. The game was fast and exciting, and resulted in a win for B Troop, the score being 5-3.

Later the Battery team played G.O.R., the match ending in a draw with the score 6-6.

Although their beauty is fast disappearing through over-training, the Waacs on L.D.4 are developing considerable talent at table tennis. This transformation is taking place under the careful tuition of one Sgt. S. F. Watson.

## TELEPHONICS

Remark of the week, heard on the Orderly Room phone: "I've left my battledress trousers behind!" For the benefit of those of our readers with colourful imaginations, and those who do not know the Waac bombardier in question, we hasten to assure them that it was not nearly as serious as it sounds.

Then there was a Waac who gave two rings on a party line when she only meant to give one, and picking up the receiver screamed, "Check. Delete two rings, substitute one."

# Night Plane Co-op.

You sit in the mess and you laugh and you joke,  
And you watch the crowd through a haze of smoke.  
Someone's playing the gramophone  
And you're starting to feel quite at home;  
And suddenly out of the night's still calm  
Comes that discordant jangle:  
"Alarm!"

The Gramophone's left, and butts are dropped.  
You dive for the door but there you're stopped  
By everyone trying to do the same.  
So you wait your turn and endure the pain  
Of mild abuse and pokes in the back,  
Till you're out in the night with the rest of the pack.

Then you run like hell, and all the time  
You're thinking of words that will define  
That wretched bloke in his dirty plane  
Who seems to think it's just a game,  
As he spins and dives away from the lights,  
Then soars again like a bird in flight.

Then you strain your eyes and you peer about  
Till your neck near breaks. Then someone shouts  
"Plane," and you make a dive for your post,  
But the next thing you hear is "Target lost."  
Then after what seems an awful time,  
You hear "Stand down," and you think "That's fine."

There's a bit of a scuffle, a bit of a jig,  
And somebody's elbow goes into your rib.  
You turn to give them a killer stare,  
But it has no effect—it's dark up there.  
Then later still you crawl to your beds,  
You curse the army and curse its heads.

You curse the war and you curse the guns,  
You curse the spaghetti eaters and Huns.  
But if some say when you're on leave  
"H8's pretty good I believe"  
You smile and say "It's the grandest station,"  
You just don't mention night co-operation.

PREDICTOR (93rd Bty.)

## Open Forum

### MORALS AND MARRIAGE

"For this cause shall a man leave father and mother and shall cleave to his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

With this quotation the founder of the Christian religion opens his discussion on matrimony with his antagonists the Pharisees. There are three principles here which distinguish a genuine Christian marriage. "They twain shall be one flesh." This sense of "oneness" implies an equality based on love.

There is no room for the idea that marriage is a financial transaction by which the groom purchases the bride from her father irrespective of her opinions on the matter.

While we have never gone to such extremes as, say, the Mohammedan in this direction, let us beware that financial and social considerations do not replace love as a basis of union. "Oneness" suggests a mutual agreement as well as physical union. What could be more destructive to a happy marriage than a "contrary" partner, who always objected to everything just on principle.

"What God hath joined together," stresses the spiritual aspect of Christian marriage. That is why the couple receive a blessing from the minister. They publicly confess their love for one another and make a covenant with their God to be faithful until death. But when any part of the above contract is absent in spirit, then the marriage is no longer a Christian one. For instance how can a man make such a vow to his God if he denies the existence of a supreme Being? Even if custom demands that he has a religious service, is it not a farce to make a vow to one in whom he does not believe?

Or again, in our land we must remember that one quarter of those who marry do so to avoid a social scandal. Wherever mutual convenience or lust is the only basis of marriage, is it not a mockery to swear love and fidelity before God?

"Let no man put asunder."

Now that we have eliminated so many formally religious marriages as sub-Christian, the problem of divorce

## Joys of Being a Second Looney

Gifted writers have told us some of the joys of being a Second Looney; of having the privilege of being black-mailed into going to dances, of receiving blasts from higher up, of carrying out the orders of one superior and earning his blessing while getting a kick in the neck from another, but no one has yet mentioned the bane of all second looney's lives—to wit "Courts of Inquiry."

Evidently someone thought I was too happy, so I received a duckie little chit one day ordering me to report to a certain H.Q. (military secret) to inquire into the loss of two bottles of wine. After duly being installed behind a table laden with a Bible, one pen (useless), one bottle of water, a waddie (for self protection), and a beautiful Waac perched two feet away with a typewriter, I started.

Me: What do you know of the looting of liquor?

Witness: The liquor was looted from the liquor locker.

Me: Was there a lock on the liquor locker?

Witness: Yes, a black lacquer lock was on the liquor locker.

Me: Did you notice if the liquor locker lacked a black lacquer lock?

Witness: Yes, when I looked the black lacquered lock on the liquor locker was lacking.

Here wild screams and frenzied sobbing interrupted my examination. I looked round, and the poor Waac typewriteress was gibbering and tearing her hair. I hastily adjourned the Court and drank the evidence.

At one time I was defending a man at a court martial. He'd been absent 30 days. "Here's my chance to shine," thought I. "Not only will I get him off, I'll probably get promotion too." I visualised hard-boiled Colonels and Majors bursting into tears at my stirring defence, the prisoner being found

loses much of its significance. This becomes a threat to any who deliberately attempt to disrupt a genuinely Christian marriage by slander, seduction or any other foul device of the Devil. A. H. LOWDEN, Padre.

"Not Guilty," and cheered lustily by the Court. Altogether a beautiful picture.

However, it didn't work out that way. They called on me to speak. My beautiful speech was forgotten. I swallowed hastily and said: "The accused worked on the wharf for three days; he was drunk on the proceeds the rest of the time." I sat down, absolutely done. My next coherent thought was one of admiration at the obscenities directed at me by my client as they lead him away to six weeks' hard labour.

Aw' gee, wot's the use? Who'd be a second looney? —GYPPSY QUEEN

### "ODE TO AEWS"

When first the AEWS

Was born, I really must confess  
I thought the thing would more-or-less  
be one colossal b— mess.

But no; the scheme has come to stay,

Arrangements now are on the way,  
To make our Army life more gay,

And P'raps increase our post-war  
pay.

They teach you French and Latin  
prose,

And how a Diesel engine goes,  
And Waacs, to subjugate their woes  
Can try designing pretty clothes.  
You'll learn all these, and other  
tricks,

And once a week you see the  
"flicks."

They even teach young Country hicks

The gentle art of sexing chicks.

So if you want to stitch or sew,

Or learn just how to dig and hoe,

Or how to take a Waac in tow,

Why then, consult your UEO.

—B.G.T. & L.C.B.

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# The Fighting 69th



## GUESS WHO?

The above cartoon caused a sensation when published in the G1 "Wall Newspaper" last week. Even Major Blampied showed his appreciation by commenting on the excellent likeness. We take this opportunity to congratulate the Major on his new appointment 2 I/C, 15th A.A. Regt. He leaves the 65th after many years service with that Battery

## THE PERSIL TOUCH

Lily white lily white hands,  
He gave up motors to wash pots and pans.

—Spike.

Sgt. Richardson, L. J., can give you more details of his domestic science course (cum. M.T.), at N.M.D.S.I. His hands are beautifully kept, but we wondered when he was seen slinking into the R.A.P. whether he was getting fixed up for his house-maid's knee—or something.

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We of the 69th Battery were amazed (or some of us) to read in the daily press headlines recently that a movie titled "The Fighting 69th" was coming to the Civic Theatre. Everyone in the 15th A.A. Regiment will, no doubt, immediately conclude that the 69th Battery has again stolen a march. But, alas, we have to admit that this picture refers to a Regiment with a similar number in the United States of America. However, the title fits this battery very well indeed. As all know the birth of this battery occurred only about one year ago, but its exploits already would make interesting history, and it is rather a fitting coincidence that the local movie authorities should do us the honour of screening the story of the exploits of this famous U.S. unit on the occasion of our first anniversary.

First under Captain Cole (now overseas), and now under Captain Foot (returned from overseas) we have been well trained in all details of A.A. gunnery. . Our Waacs, too, would have proved their mettle in action, and proved themselves equal to the fine work done by the A.T.S. girls in England.

Nowadays we earn the name of the "Fighting 69th's" by fighting to hold our officers, N.C.O.s, Gunners, and Waacs, but alas, our fame as a well-trained unit has spread far and wide, consequently we are losing personnel daily to other batteries—or should we say another battery?

## 69TH PARS

One never knows what is wrapped up in khaki these days—people from all walks of life are in the services. Why, only the other day a certain highly respected and popular gentleman of commissioned rank indulged in a game of football, and his team mates were really astounded to see the way he took punishment during a rather rough and tumble game—with both eyes heavily discoloured and lacerated ear. After the match he was heard to exclaim that he did not know that he had so many friends on the opposing side. Never mind, Smithy, the next round may go to you—and on points too.

Who said that the AEWS was not doing a grand job? Why, the "yearn-

ing to learn" craze has taken on well in this detachment of the Service. Ask the Waacs. Many are fitting themselves for post-war occupations, such as barbers, clothes-makers, etc. Even the male personnel are taking up studies and trades too. It is rumoured that plans are already being by some to start in business on their own account when this 'ere bloomin' fray' is o'er.. Don't be surprised to see signs hanging out bearing the following inscriptions: "Kerr's Concrete Krafts," "McGrevy's—Manicurists," "Smith's Smart Frocks," "Tyler's Turf Tailors," "Milne's Mirthmakers," "Carter's Cute Cakes," "Tong's Toilet Tablets," or "Mayn-Coxhead, Ltd.—Building Contractors, Manufacturers of Doll's Houses—Plans Submitted."

Now that the rain has arrived it is rather noticeable these evenings to see the various insects, grubs, snails, and slugs that make their appearance in the gardens of the home. A certain B.H.Q. bearing the name of a once famous Russian city, has its garden, insects and all chucked in, and many and devious are the methods employed to exterminate these pests, particularly at night. Quite recently a certain officer, resident therein, was espied making his way cautiously through the undergrowth and trees towards the lighted street, and it was observed that he made a catch. After all, the early bird really does catch the worm even if the worm is dressed in feminine attire.

Once again those Budgies at B.H.Q. have been talking, and they say that the concerts held at H.2 are of a "high" order, and the local talent real class. They say that the "strip-tease" act would compare favourably with anything put on (or should we say taken off) before a Sultan of the East. The birds whisper that there is a likelihood of orders for a command performance before long.

The engagement of popular Gnr. Brooks, the first Waac to come to H.2. has created great interest among 69th Battery personnel. Her marriage to a New Zealand naval man is to take place very shortly, and we wish her all the best. Don't forget our piece of wedding-cake.

# Aitch Ee at Gee Ate

At last G.S.'s advertising staff has decided to release a few facts about our station to the public. Our site could be rightly called the "orphan" of the regiment. (We are orphan called the orphan). This unhappy state of affairs is caused by our site being so far from town. For this reason our leave is ten days on and two days off. The neutral observer would think it was two on and ten off, judging by the amount of leave the Waacs seem to manage.

On one occasion we received a letter from the City Council complaining of the crowds which met our leave bus.. We understood they were United States servicemen, waiting for the beautiful, bashful, bathing belles brought back by the bus from the back-blocks.

Our latest addition is a one-eyed member of the canine species known to all as "Ring." We took him over from H.3. At last the dog, poor thing, has found an ideal home.

After lining and painting our Rec Hut, two of the officers have decided to take up interior decorating. They guarantee even to make the ablution block look smart.

Now-a-days table tennis is the site's favourite indoor sport. A team visited the air base the other night, but the results of the match were not the best. However the next time we hope to show the Air Force what we really think of them. At this stage we would like to apologise to those members of the public who were unable to witness this match, and we wish to inform them that a larger hall will be taken for our tournament next time.

Occasionally a party goes to the Air Force for the dances. An officer accompanies the party, and the only officer available last time was "Gunner Pat," as he is called by the Waacs. As "Gunner Pat" could not dance, a hurried lesson was given him by one of our Waac Bdrs., and we understand he had a very enjoyable evening at the aerodrome. As a result "Gnr. Pat" keeps asking "When is the next dance."

It is thought this new dancing fan will take a lot of holding down in future, so Waacs, "BEWARE."

Owing to the approach of winter our usual Sunday sunbathing picnics on the beach have ceased, but our Maori P.T. courses are continuing without a hitch in the Rec. Hut and in the Barracks.

If you are interested come out and see us sometime, and watch this paper for further news.

## CO-OPERATION

Are you pleased with FLAK? Seven issues have now been published, the last three a combined effort of the 22nd Regt., 15th Regt., and 67th Battery. The sales have been quite satisfactory, but could be much better if everyone bought a copy. Contributions from some batteries have been good and from some fair, and from others NIL. The paper can only be produced to please YOU if you co-operate both in contributing matter and in buying a paper.

Remember Kipling:—

"CO-OPERATION! It's the everlasting team work of every blooming soul."

## DO TRIFLES COUNT?

Who was the wise one of yore who said that it was the little things of life that counted most? Well trifles really DO count. Only the other night the cook—to put the officers on a fuss as it were—produced at a moment's notice a gloriously prepared trifle. The remnants of the meal were securely deposited in the kitchen larder, but (the truth will out) the gunners (Yes, Waacs) found some trifle and in no time devoured it. Well, ask yourself what our Cookie said—it's really unprintable. The Cook is of the Goud Ould Irish stock. Never ye mind, Murph, it was good cooking anyway.

## Tempting the Court

A buxom, scantily-clad negress, getting pert with the judge who admonished her for not dressing sufficiently, was fined five dollars for contempt of Court. When asked by the clerk what the fine was for, she replied "Fo' tempting the Court."

# Sport

## WHEN GIANTS CLASH

The 94th and 63rd met in head-on collision on the Takapuna football field recently. The result was 31—6, needless to say in favour of the 94th. This just about sums up the merits of the two teams.

Of course, as hosts, we were bound to withhold our full strength. Modesty is only one of our virtues, but we feel bound to issue a friendly warning to other units, "Beware," the 94th is on the march!

## SOCCER

Recently the 69th played the 93rd at Soccer. The game was a hard-fought battle from the "kick off" to the final whistle. At first the play was rather patchy with only a few individual efforts to arouse the interest of the few supporters of each team. After a while it settled down, and, from a fast run on the right wing, Gunner Duffy scored for the 69th.

In the second spell the opposing teams played better football, concentrating more on combination. As a result of this, the 93rd scored their first goal, and very soon afterwards scored again, putting them in the lead. This latter goal by their opponents seemed to rejuvenate the 69th, for, very soon, following a forward rush, 2/Lt. Cheeseman made the score even. Play was very fast in the closing stages of the game, and the 69th won when Gunner Alexander found the net just before the final whistle.

## BASKETBALL

On a recent Wednesday a keen game of basket ball was indulged in at H.2 between the 65th and 69th Batteries. The 65th team proved its superiority on the day, the final score being 12 points to 5 points. A strict Association referee was in control of the match. A bright and sparkling game was enjoyed by all.

Waacs of the "Fighting 69th" played a team from the "Weighty Ninth Regiment" on H.2 sports ground, battle honours going to the Ack Ack's. The game was an enjoyable means of sociable fusion of the two units, and a return match is being arranged at an early date.

# WHAT'S IN A NAME

Amidst the HURLEY-burley of this STRANGE war of disorganisation there is one shining light in the Regiment—the 94th Battery. Despite all the BUNKERS placed on the fairway, with the deepest and most difficult to the WEST, the gallant lads of the epic 94th have carried on through mobilisation and more than partial demobilisation to maintain the tradition of the most efficient of all Batteries in organisation, administration and fighting prowess. Led by KING FORD with the mighty SON of JACK as his JAMES, this Battery has always been the real McCOY, and even at this stage of proceedings is fully prepared and eager to shoot down all JONKERS that the enemy can MARSHALL, whether they come in SHOLES, high or LOWE.

Most of the officers should be placed in a little wooden BOX as they came from another Battery BENT ON mischief. The greatest affliction came from one of the warmest points of the compass, tailing behind the others, as he did like T REMAIN in other GLENNs and add to his knowledge of sin.

A HINT ON where to go and why drove him from his first Battery, so "he crosser de BRIDGER" to a certain well-known Headquarters where he could be under the eagle eye of de BOS, who was nowhere near as GREENE as most in such exalted positions. SPARKS soon began to fly, as when there was a FLAP Brigade would BROOKE no interference, and he could not even fill in the BLANKS. With one COVEY and another who was not a PORTER he failed to return to duty at the appointed time from a swim parade, and despite the

fact that all knew of the hotel on the way home the KERR would blame his watch. Being of disposition, YOUNG and JOLL, he would sit all day and LONG for the DAWN preceding a night for going PARKIN (Yes, PLEASE!! I'm all for it, THOW the RAYNES usually DO spoil it.)

There was a faithful old BREWER around the place who never would BUCK at carrying in gallons of the old nut brown fluid to him, so the menace was foisted on to the 94th, the 66th being too GOODER for the likes of him. After one look the Battery decided to HUNT for a LAND sufficiently FARR to keep him in check. DEEMING a dose of Castor to be the best thing, there he was sent with his BRIGHT new SILK among the faded purple of Coastal Artillery.

Even there, so we hear, he did indulge in much REVELL with a certain jolly MILLER. A NEW MAN would drop in sometimes and become quite WILD in finding he had mistaken him for someone else—which was not quite WRIGHT. Considering it not WORTH while leaving him there to BADGER the Coastal blokes, this Ned KELLY was LATTA brought back to Battery where he is still not a GODLEY man.

Oh DEERY me!

## Ah! What A Noble Creature Is Woman

(Continued from page 1)

saw the devil running away with some of you, I would not cry "Stop th'ef!" You trespass on his territory and thus render yourself his lawful prey. That is a solemn fact, stated in striking, though to refined ears, perhaps inelegant terms. We walk on enchanted ground when we wander into places of worldly amusement. Let those who have had experience ask themselves whether the moral atmosphere of such places is healthy. And let those who have not had experience profit by those who have.

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## Many Wonderful Characters

More than 500 new characters were created by Walt Disney for his new full-length production, "Fantasia," the revolutionary motion picture acclaimed as the most important news in the entertainment world for many years.

Pegasus and his flying horse family; Melinda, a shy centaurette; Brudus, a bashful centaur; Bacchus with Jacchus, the little unicorn he rides; thistle boys, orchid girls, Mlle. Upancva (pronounce it slowly and you'll see!), an ostrich ballerina; Hyacinth Hippo, Ben Ali Gater, and all breeds of prehistoric creatures are among the new starring cast in "Fantasia."

The only familiar character in the entire production is Mickey Mouse, who makes his debut as a dramatic actor in "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," one of the seven sequences of "Fantasia."

Lots of people think that the biggest hit is made by the bashful Sound Track, which is with difficulty persuaded by Leopold Stokowski, whose Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra of 103 is also starred in "Fantasia," to appear and perform.

It's all a part of the astonishing innovation marking "Fantasia," which is the coming attraction for Century Theatre.



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