

FOR SKUNKS ONLY

Don't go all bashful and decide to read no further. Maybe, as the advertisements say in these days of war loans, "This Means You!"

This paragraph is not going to lecture you on halitosis or B.O. No, it deals with a far greater evil—that of borrowing. Some things, of course, it is legitimate to borrow, like a bottle-opener or your friend's wife (but be careful).

The point is this: Did you buy this copy of "FLAK" or have you scrounged it off a mate? You have! Well, you dirty dog!

If you're one of those lofty-moralled individuals who paid for his "FLAK," then, of course, you are quite disinterested. If however one of the aforementioned dirty dogs tries to borrow this, or if when you come off picket you find his guilty nose buried in it, then don't say anything; just give him a hefty kick in the—well, where it will do most good!

—Editor.

PROTECT SHIPS

A little heard-of section of anti-aircraft defence is the English Channel Mobile Balloon Barrage flotilla. This flotilla has been engaged in escorting convoys through the Straits of Dover for more than two years, during which time only one ship has been lost through air attacks from its convoys. In two years, the vessels attached to the Mobile Balloon Barrage have steamed a total of 227,000 miles and have given protection to more than 3000 merchant ships in convoy. Most of the vessels have escorted more than 100 convoys, and one vessel has the record of more than 34 consecutive convoys without a break.

Only one officer and rating of this service have been killed through air attacks on the convoys. The flotilla consists of a number of small craft operated by the Royal Navy, and equipped with barrage balloons, supplied and serviced by the R.A.F.

TO THE FIGHTING MAN

I want to walk by the side of the man
 Who has suffered and seen and knows,
 Who has measured his place on the battle line,
 And given and taken the blows.
 Who has never whined when the scheme went wrong,
 Nor scoffed at the failing plan,
 But taken his dose with a heart of trust,
 And the faith of a gentleman.
 Who has parried and struck and sought,
 And given and scarred with a thousand spears,
 Can lift his head to the stars of heaven,
 And isn't ashamed of his tears.

I want to grasp the hand of the man,
 Who has been through it all and seen,
 Who has walked in the night with an unseen dread,
 And stuck to the world machine.
 Who has beaten his breasts to the winds of dawn,
 And thirsted and starved and felt,
 The sting and the bite of the bitter blasts,
 That the mouths of the foul have dealt.
 Who was tempted and fell and rose again,
 And has gone on trusting and true,
 With God above supreme in his heart
 And Courage burning anew.

ARMY NURSERY RHYME

Little Miss Muffett sat on a tuffet,
 Eating her curds and whey,
 Along came a soldier and looked at her bolder,
 Than any youth of her day.
 She put down her sandwich, and in plain army language,
 Asked him what he wanted, and when
 He said he was looking for some good home cooking,
 So Miss Muffett is finished with men.

SPORTS EDITION

Never let it be said that the H.8 Glee Boys did not rise to fame and glory in that noble old game of Queen's "Soccer." A summary on the matches played:—

Glee Boys v. 69th Battery.	Lost	3—2.
Glee Boys v. 69th Battery.	Won	5—3.
Glee Boys v. 9th H. Battery.	Won	5—2.
Glee Boys v. 9th H. Battery.	Lost	5—3.
Glee Boys v. 9th H. Battery.	Won	2—1.

Well done, the H.8 Glee Boys, and our football critic predicts a bruised future for our team.

93rd BTY.

SOCCER

The return match played between H.2 and H.8 at Mt. Albert resulted in a win for H.8. Both teams were fit and worked hard from the kick-off. H.2 gained the first goal early in the game. They maintained this lead and by half-time had added two more goals to their score.

Half time . . . H.8—3, H.2—Nil.

The teams were re-shuffled at half-time and took the field with plenty of vigour. H.2 has rallied somewhat and took the ball through their opponents' defence to make two tries within 15 minutes, but H.8 made two more tries and H.2 one, making the score at the final whistle:

H.8	5
H.2	3

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