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GOODBYE TO "FLAK"

It is with regret that I take up my pen to write "Finis" to "FLAK," and a little thought when I wrote the initial article in the first publication some three or four months ago, that the curtain would soon be rung down on our activities. I can assure you, however, that the decision to close down has been taken most reluctantly by those responsible for the publication, but in view of the drastic cuts in the personnel of the A.A. units commonsense is the deciding factor.

The success, both financial and otherwise, of a unit paper such as "FLAK," depends largely on its circulation, which in turn is governed completely by the supply of sufficient and suitable "copy" from units, so that to carry on in the light of present happenings would be exceedingly difficult and hazardous, and would probably result in a deterioration of the standard of the paper. This would indeed be a pity, and to avoid such a happening the present course has been decided on. The closing down of "FLAK" is just another of the series of set-backs and difficulties with which A.A. units have had to contend since the formation of the Brigade a little over a year ago. All these were overcome, and every unit was well on the way to attaining a high degree of efficiency and knowledge of the many A.A. problems when what we familiarly call the "axe" fell, denying us the fruits of our labours. However, despite our disappointment at not having had an opportunity to prove ourselves, we must take the broader view and be thankful for New Zealand's sake that she has so far

been saved the consequences of a direct attack.

To come back to the point of this article, it will, I hope, be appreciated by all that the present decision to discontinue the publication of "FLAK" has been dictated by circumstances over which we have no control. It was thought better, so to speak, to die a sudden death than to linger on and peter out in senile decay. No blame is attachable to those who undertook the responsibility of the venture. In fact, to them and to those who have contributed copy, is due all praise, for to the nature and high standard of the articles published is due the success of "FLAK," which, during its short existence, provided both amusement and interest to its readers. In conclusion it is desired to think units for their support of the paper and also those business people who have helped the paper by advertising in its columns. Finally a word of thanks and praise is due to Edr. H. R. L. Blanks, who undertook the editing and general management of the paper, and who continued to carry on these duties most efficiently and conscientiously even after he was demob-

ilised—and so, readers, good-bye to "FLAK" and all that.

E. CLAYTON GREENE,
Lt.-Colonel N.Z.A.,
C.O. 22nd Lt. A.A. Regt.

WRAP UP YOUR TROUBLES

There are two things in life to worry about.

Either you're in the Army or you're not in the Army. If you're in the Army there is nothing to worry about. But if you're not in the Army there are two things to worry about.

Either you're in good health or you're in bad health. If you're in good health there is nothing to worry about—you'll soon be in the Army.

But if you're in bad health, there are two things to worry about. Either you go to heaven or you go to hell. If you go to heaven there is nothing to worry about. But if you go to hell, you will find so many of your friends there that you will not have to worry. SO WHY WORRY?



Victory for the 95th

The 95th has a Rugby team. This it not mere wishful thinking, but a bold statement of fact. After several scratch games we had hopes of a team, and long and loud were the arguments of the many self-appointed sole selectors.

Our season commenced with a pipe-opener against Hobsonville Air Force Station. After an even tussle, we came home 5—nil. Then came the turning point in our career. No, it was not the advent of several All Blacks to replace the cream of the Battery which has steadily been filtered by Regiment to make up other Battery cadres. The remarkable change—the B.C. and others, would perhaps call it a miracle, was wrought merely by the arrival of some jerseys.

This may seem an exaggeration, but you haven't seen our jerseys yet. Nothing could be dearer to the heart of our Battery Commander than the startlingly vivid green which graces the upper half of our 15 stalwarts. In fact, the coincidence was so marked that our Transport officer, who chose the jerseys, has been accused of "crawling." It is rumoured that he is busy working a neat golden shamrock on each jersey in an endeavour to elbow, the Battery Training Officer from his firmly embedded position in "the Big Four."

It is remarkable the difference a uniform will make. Prior to our red-letter day, our team turned out in Jerseys woollen, shirts flannel W/O collars, multi-coloured shorts and sandshoes. The jerseys arrived just in time for our game with Whenuapai Air Force, and such was the effect on esprit de corps that we won 29—0.

Looking for fresh fields to conquer, we found our old friends, the 94th, straining at the leash. Thanks to the R.N.Z.A.F. at Whenuapai for the use of their ground, a most enjoyable

game resulted. Major Kingsford arrived with his team, as well as a referee, a cheerful Bombardier staggering under a load of oranges and several leather-lunged supporters. We are glad to know that one battery at least can produce such an imposing array of manpower.

Our Commanding Officer also found time to come out and view the game and to lend a much-needed note of impartiality to the barracking.

It would scarcely be fair to report the game, for this is being written by a 95th pen. Suffice it to say that the 95th got home by 21—5. In his usual sporting fashion, Major Kingsford was overheard to remark that the better team won. We are inclined to agree, but will admit that we had certain advantages. For instance, we are now quite blasé regarding aircraft. The 94th, however, have not had the same opportunity; and it was a distinct help every time an aircraft took off, as 94th heads would bob up from a scrum and backs would gaze skyward, while the 95th would stick to the job in hand.

Some of the highlights were Major Kingsford almost becoming entangled in several loose scrums in an endeavour to photograph the herculean struggles—the rather unconventional methods adopted by Gnr. Harkins and Purdon in line-outs, the rare turn-out of Gnr. Edwards.

Since this has been penned, the latest copy of FLAK has arrived. Under the heading "When Giants Clash," we read the following:—

The result was 31—6, needless to say in favour of the 94th. 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."

It is obvious that when the 94th penned their praises they were unaware of the prowess of the 95th "Greens"—in fact, we think they crossed their bridges before coming to them. In view of our recent victory, we implore you not to misinterpret the non-de-plume "Greens." It merely applies to our famous colours, as anyone can see that the 95th is, as always, a definite factor to be reckoned with.

THINGS I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE IN THE ARMY

1. Phone number of any movie actress named Lana Turner.
2. Whole cookies or cake from home.
3. Fifteen day furlough starting tomorrow.
4. Three day pass when I get back.
4. Quarters and rations for my girl friends.
6. Free beer in the Canteens.
7. A longer rest between gun drills. Preferably six months.
8. Something you ask for in the canteen.
9. Four pay-days a month.
10. A way out.
11. Shoes that never need a shine.
12. An egg that looks like it came from a chicken.

* * *

Pretty-legged girls who encase same in slacks,
I'd condemn to life term in the Waacs!

TO A NON-COM I KNOW

The Romans had a word for you—
Three words, I should say,
No single word could comprehend,
A Noncom, anyway.

They are, NON COMpos mentis,
Words which quite embrace
The things you are—nuts, insane,
A psychopathic case.

The Sergeant slays his cringing brood
With curses lurid, crisp and crude,
The Colonel's equally emphatic,
But uses swear words most gram-
matic.

Look Smart . . .

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ACK-ACK HYMN

(Suggested by a similar poem in a previous issue)

Dear boys, we have come to a wonderful place,
 Where there's petticoats, panties and plenty of lace,
 There's the funniest things hanging out on the line,
 And I'm firmly convinced that none of them's mine.
 When "Stand Easies" are given there's great consternation,
 They mean something else to the rest of the nation.
 There's only one place this could possibly be
 Where the tall Cliffs of G1 sweep down to the Sea.

Now these beautiful creatures are Waacs I am told,
 A few are so coy, with others so bold.
 There are long ones and short ones and others so slender,
 It's the boys overseas that they have to remember,
 And never before have we ever seen One out with a Gob or a bloody Marine.
 It's just not the thing, couldn't possibly be,
 Where the tall Cliffs of G1 sweep down to the Sea.

We's taught them G.L. and other devices,
 But there's little to teach them of life and its vices.
 But the thing the predictor just cannot explain
 Is how true to our local lads they'll remain.
 They say that their love-life is sadly neglected
 By the work on their hope chests there's something expected.
 They will always be faithful, our dear boys, to thee,
 Where the tall Cliffs of G1 sweep down to the Sea.

—G1.

DARNED GOOD TRICK

A drunk watched a man enter a revolving door. As the door swung round a pretty girl came out. "Darned good trick," he muttered, "but I don't see how that guy changed his clothes so fast,"

Gleanings from the 93rd

We of the H8 Utopia are about to have a long-awaited dream and desire fulfilled. Yes, you've guessed what our dream is, and is it not the dream of all gunners, until it is built? Our new Rec. Hut is nearly finished, and we will be holding a grand opening very shortly.

That is what might have been written a few weeks ago, but now it is certainly no dream. Our Rec. Hut has been opened, and what a bumper opening, what a party. Memories in more ways than one. No longer will we lads and lassies be the curse of those untiring food vendors of the mess hut and the cookhouse girls.

You will have no excuse to pour your wrath upon us now Sue, those tubs at the back will rest in the sweet bliss of solitude (I don't think you will have to spend so much time in scrubbing those benches now). No longer will we Gunners, when the last dance approaches, suddenly merge into low cringing attitudes and slink guiltily with beating heart, around the back way to the barracks, saying to ourselves, "Well, we won't have to clean up anyway," and then the last dance finishes.

You look around, and what do you see? Two or three Waacs, generally of the Social Committee (oh, those staunch girls), one or two moony Gunners, and maybe a conscientious officer. They stare at each other for a few seconds, realise that they are the mugs, and then prepare to line up the mess for the morrow's breakfast.

Ah, but soon we can say, "that was long ago," and we look forward to the many happy and peaceful hours we are going to spend in utter contentment! Oh, Boy!

Social Highlights

News of the recent social functions in our little village, gathered by the camp's roving reporter:—

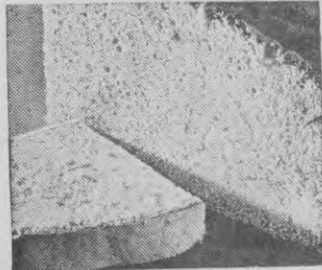
A while back we were visited by an AEWS concert party, who gave us an excellent evening's entertainment, and our hearty thanks go to them for the good work they are doing. We hope to see them again soon. The concert was attended by the leading socialites of the village. Some of those in attendance were—

Mr. and Mrs. Clark, Mr. and Mrs.

Craig, Mr. and Mrs. Rhodes and third party.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark made a delightful pair in the third row from the front, and as they were sitting very close to each other I could not catch a glimpse of their apparel, but I am sure it was of the latest design straight from the Q.M. Mr. and Mrs. Rhodes did not look the best, I don't know whether or not it was on account of the third party, but, you know how these things upset your appearance? Mr. and Mrs. Craig put on a lovely disappearance—I mean appearance. Mr. Craig being dressed in spats and cycle goggles. The evening closed with the usual appetising supper, put on by those good girls of the Social Club, and we again extend our hearty thanks for their good work. Last Saturday night a play was put on by several of the personnel. A play that threatens to rock the foundations of our social future. Its title was 'Cupid Rampant,' its theme, life as regards the State's outlook to marriage in, say, 1970. A very daring peep into the "marriages to come." It proved a great success, and may be put on again some time in the future. You ask any of the Gunners of our Battery!! The evening concluded with a small one-act sketch, with no vocal, acted by three enterprising youngsters. Nothing more will be said or will it suffice to merely quote "Quoth the Raven."

—ASPARAGUS SMITH (93rd Bty.)



ADAMS BRUCE
 Rich
 BLOCK CAKE



ACK ACK IN AUSTRALIA.—Guns of an Ack-Ack battery near Melbourne. Auckland gunners may be interested to compare the construction of their pits with the ones shown in the picture. Camouflage can be seen on the right.

94th Jottings

Sport.

The 94th paid a visit to Whenuapai, and there meeting the 95th, sad to relate, experienced what to us is a new sensation, viz., a Dunkirk. We retreated in all honour, but our modesty compels us to admit it WAS a defeat. The result was 21—8 against us. We are pleased to be able to say that even in senior club football we have never seen a better balanced team, nor have seen a more spark-

ling exhibition than that put up by the 95th. Their backs combined well, took the ball on the move, and tackled low and splendidly. The forwards followed up fast and hunted as a pack. We take our hats off to a great little team. May we meet again soon.

Ping-Pong.

The 94th staged a tournament. The standard of play amongst the toppers was really high class. Mr. Hurley won, with Bdr. Silk a close runner-up. Several boys were hard on their heels, and the whole standard of play throughout was excellent.

* * *

TRIFLES

Life, men say, is made of Trifles,
Drops of water form a sea.
But nowadays one thinks of rifles,
Or sugar in our morning tea.

Butter then, should be our care,
And Waacs with danger fraught
The burdens that the S.M.'s bear
Should be ever in our thought.

As N.C.O.'s—not rough but kind,
Let us all essay to be
Then for certain we shall find
Trifles bring felicity.

—ELSIE.

* * *

Apropos of Trifles; the 94th turned out in force for the big parade. The boys descended to the weapons of the G.B.I., but even at that, the question whether the American Marines or the 94th made the better showing is still in dispute. We, ourselves, have no doubts whatsoever, but of course we cannot descend to controversy. The O.C., attended by a guard of honour of one Waac with the B.S.M. hovering at a respectful distance, was on the sidelines helping to swell the already large audience. They took the marching of the boys as a matter of course but even he was slightly overwhelmed at the display. Of such trifles is life made up.

* * *

A Waac we know, not with malice aforethought, upset the milk, and the boys had milkless porridge—milkless tea—Ah! Me. Life is indeed made up of trifles.

—ELSIE.

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CREDIT FOR AEWS

As one of a body of 20 men who recently attended a Cabinet-making Course at the Seddon Memorial Technical College, I wish on behalf of those men to thank AEWS for the opportunity given us. Not only were we taught to make useful things, but more important, use of various tools.

The hours were 8.30 a.m. to 4.30 p.m., and during that time every man worked hard and conscientiously. All work was thoroughly examined by the instructor before classed as satisfactory. To 90 per cent. of the men the work was new, and yet included in finished work was the following: Tables, iron-boards, stools, dinner-waggons, boxes, clothes horse, tea-trays, etc.

In most camps to-day there is always some kind of carpentry or wood-work going on, and I say without hesitation that the AEWS opportunity has made these men better soldiers.

My proof is this, that the knowledge gained by these men will enable them to give advice and help to those boys who are doing their best without proper tools.

And, as the Army teaches, there is only one way to do a job, and that is the correct way.

CONFABS WITH CONSCRIPTION

I've talked to lads of every walk, And lots of lads to me, About the jobs that they once had, And things they'd planned to be, About the raise there would have been,

Had they not been conscripted. About that case of solid love, The Army had interrupted.

I've talked to lads who had no goal, No mark wherewith to aim at, Who thought that life and all therein, Was meant to wax profane at. I've talked to those who never had A home with friends and dear ones, Conversed with those who had de-grees,

And, too, some mighty queer ones, I've heard on land, our Ministers, Our Parliament, our houses, Discussed in terms, both pro and con, Heard Nazis labelled louses, Each man, without exception, Would give his all for Britain's Cause, And that's no misconception.

An early Current Affairs bulletin contained the suggestion that U.E.O.'s (no Audrey, those letters do NOT stand for Useless Excess Officers) should prepare a News Bulletin each day containing the main items taken from the daily newspapers and have "a few boldly-stencilled copies posted up where the men can conveniently read them."

Now there is the germ of an idea here. After all, the average gunner has not time to read the paper carefully each day, and probably never gets further than the racing news, the latest scandal or crime and a glance at the war news. In this way he (or she, this unit gets more like the Girl Guides every day) misses numerous gems, for, as every careful newspaper reader will testify, the really good bits are often hidden away in odd corners.

Consider the following bright spot of reading taken from the Star the other night, which you probably all overlooked:

**PRISONERS' ORGY
At Birthday Party
Hobart Gaol Inquiry**

Sydney, May 26.

Giving evidence at an inquiry in Hobart into the administration last year of Hobart Gaol, Frances Castles, a young woman and former prisoner, said that she used to go to the cell of a convict, George William Payne, and get into bed or behind the door. At 7.30 p.m. the warder would lock them in without knowing of her presence. She would get out in the morning to have morning tea with the Governor.

Very intriguing this, although one or two things are not very clear.

How did this "lady" get into the cell in the first place so that the warder could lock her in at 7.30 p.m., and how did she get out in the morning to have morning tea with the Governor?

Apparently the prisoners used to get in and out of the cells with the same ease, for the article goes on to describe how they met and held "bashes" reminiscent of the 67th, in the Governor's house!!

A "News" Idea

The bloke that wrote the "Prisoner's Song" didn't serve his sentence in the Hobart Gaol obviously.

We only hope the foregoing will show the importance of reading the newspaper thoroughly, and encourage U.E.O.'s to start bulletins featuring all the latest and best from the local dailies.

—67th S/L BTY.

THE END OF THE LINE

In line for Mess,
In line for Beer,
In line to use up half the year,
Make up your mind to stand all day,
The line will never break away,
We wait for pay,
We wait for mail,
We wait and think our food grows stale,
The moon rides up and the sun falls down,
The lines grow longer, trees turn brown,
Sweat out your leave,
Sweat out the breaks,
You'll never know what time it takes,
When there's a day you're not in line,
You may be nearing eighty-nine.

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IN ACTION IN TUNISIA.—While a New Zealand gunner applies a field dressing to his mate's wound, the remainder of the section never falter, but continue to work their gun, firing point-blank into enemy masses, until the line is broken. A spectacular incident from the recent Tunisian campaign.

Beauties of a Southern Course

It is noteworthy to mention that yet another G.P.O.'s course has finished, and that the northern boys have all safely returned to their emplacements, thanks to the guidance of the head boy, Max Gerrard. Max and his students have all graduated as supermen, and may be suitably employed anywhere as licensed contractors to carry predictors, height-finders, blocks of wood, and other junk.

The school throbs with life. Students will certainly become acquainted with Mr. Thompson, who will give them full instruction in how to scramble through the inside of a predictor in quick time, how to match wits on a plotting board, and so forth. Charlie is down there too—Charlie Roe. It is significant to mention that he still lisps beautifully, and that his eyes are still set on Auckland. What's the attraction?

If Shelley was alive to-day he would certainly have rewritten Adonais in memory of our old friend Captain Brooks. Everybody mourns that he is amongst the departed. Is there a gunner in the country that has not felt the bracing effect of his personality when he has unexpectedly stormed on to a site? The G.P.O.'s heard him breathe his last when he gave his Gettysburg address on "Calibration."

The last G.P.O.'s course survived five weeks in N.Z.'s ice-chest and apparently distinguished itself by registering a splendid

shoot. The drogue—that elusive piece of silk—was hit three times with 50 rounds, thus establishing a standard that may be difficult for future courses to excel. Firing having ceased at about 1530 hours, the ammunition supply numbers (and others) retired in disorder and refuelled at a local pub. The campaigners sauntered back to barracks before dawn, not without casualties.

The school provides charming quarters for the officers. They inhabit dwellings on the tennis court and stand in constant jeopardy of being hurled down into the suburbs by a landslide. They say it is their reputation that keeps them up there. Incidentally, this is one way out of the school. The N.C.O.'s have a hide-out in the woods. According to the prospectus there are three meals a day and food is provided to suit everybody's taste. This should recommend the school to anyone. The menu reads: Monday: Stew. Tuesday: Stew modified. Wednesday: Curried stew. The courses are all inter-related and can be sensed well in advance. How true it is that variety is the spice of life!

—H.2

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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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Leopold Stokowski's method of conducting is completely original. He uses no baton, and although his beat is very exact at all times, the motion of his arms often agrees with the motion of the instrumentalists who are playing that particular section. He very definitely depends upon the music to excite him, and if any particular section of the orchestration seems unusually vibrant during the performance he will change tempo and dynamics in order to get the utmost out of the orchestral tone. In actual rehearsal he is extremely efficient and believes in working on only the sections which need work most. He rarely rehearses a composition in its entirety. After a first reading, he will plan carefully a schedule of sections which are not well executed and will concentrate on these sections until they are accomplished with an ease comparable to the simpler sections. He believes that this system gives him more flexibility in actual performance.

Known among the world's leading conductors since the day he ascended the podium of the Academy of Music to conduct the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, Stokowski is recognised among musicians as a great musician and by an international public as a powerful dramatic force.

OF HEARTS AND FLOWERS

At a military wedding, the groom, only recently back from the islands, had hardly glimpsed his bride before the ceremony. Therefore when time came for the kiss, it was a long one, lasting on and on, until a child's voice rang out in the silence of the church: "Mummy, is he spreading the pollen on her now?"



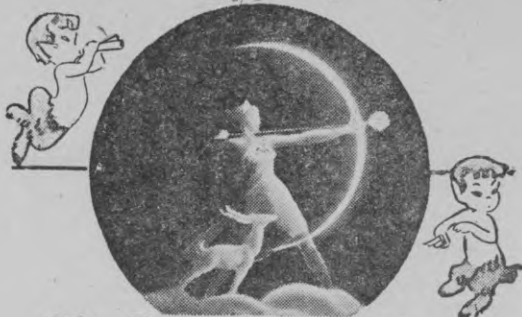
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An Irish soldier in the Middle East received a letter from his wife saying that because of the war she would have to dig all the garden herself. "Please don't dig the garden," he wrote back in reply. "That's where the guns are."

The letter was duly censored, and in a short time soldiers came and dug the garden from end to end.

The wife, worried over the incident, wrote asking what she should do. Pat's reply was short and to the point: "Put in the spuds."