



First Ballerina: "Shut that b—— door. They will see me."

Second Ballerina: "The sisters have seen these things before."

F.B.: "But not with us inside them."

S.B.: "Here; you are not made up yet."

F.B.: "Do I have to put that grease on?"

S.B.: "Of course."

F.B.: "The boys from my Squadron will laugh."

S.B.: "They won't recognise you if you make up."

F.B.: "I can't, I didn't shave."

S.B.: "Then over the whiskers it goes."

F.B.: "Stop. That stuff smells."

S.B.: "Rubbish, if you look half as nice as the grease paint smells you had better watch—"

F.B.: "Quick, there is the overture!"

Producer: "Are you ready Trixie?"

F.B.: "Well, just about."

Producer: "You look O.K., Good Luck."

F.B.: "The liar. He knows I hate make-up."

S.B.: "Keep your face still or you'll have eye shadow down by your mouth."

F.B.: "I've got an itchy back."

S.B.: "Then do an arabesque and scratch it."

F.B.: "I'm not that kind of a ballerina."

Producer: "Everybody up!"

F.B.: "Oh hell! Here goes."

S.B.: "Hey, come back! You are not Lady Godiva. You have forgotten your tutu AND the socks for your uplift!"

The delay in the arrival of this publication was due in no small measure to our inability to secure a red-headed typist to work at night with the Editor. They all said they knew what these Tankers were. Distressing but true.



## THEATRE

The night life of a Tank man is no different from that of civilians. The proper balance of life must be maintained. Our Camp has a fine theatre, of which any city could be justly proud. The proscenium is one of the most dignified in the country. It is of white plaster with two plain colonades on each side. These are back-lit by Neon tubes of acid green and cherry red. The main curtain is biscuit-coloured with green borders. That is as the audience sees it. Back-stage are the poorest possible facilities for the production of a stage show, and in a theatre which has cost so much, it seems absurd that a little further planning could not have included back-stage facilities that makes a theatre playable. There is only four or five feet wing space, there are no pulleys for the erection of backdrops, and the footlights are placed so that half the light floods the ceiling and not the stage. The stage is shallow and has no height, so that productions are presented only under great difficulties. Apparently the Canteen Board does not greatly encourage the Camp shows to replace the showing of films. When a revue is staged, the front of the theatre is locked up, and entrance has to be made by the side doors. But in spite of it all, there are many theatrically-minded men in Camp who have done much to brighten the night-life of the Tanker. But could something be done to make this fine building into a fine theatre?

The Signal Squadron of Brigade Headquarters has held two successful shows in Camp during the year. The last production was linked with talent from Brigade Headquarters Squadron, and the amalgamation proved most successful. This and the previous show have been shown in the neighbouring towns, and the manner in which the inhabitants come and laugh each time is testimony to their real humour. The first show was "Humour Comes to Town," the second, "Solace For All." Personalities who helped greatly in carrying the shows were Signalmen W. E. G. Jones, V. R. King, Corporals L. Berry, A. Butcher, and the Producer, Signalmen Alan Matthews, who is to be congratulated on his untiring efforts to make the show "go." He is also a clever magician and it augurs well for the future of the concert party that such an experienced producer is at the helm. A feature of these shows has been the singing of Lieut. R. Johnston, the pianistics of Sgt-Major Ruff, and the clever work of the four who were largely responsible for comedy sketches. Also such names as Signalmen C. Wells (Guitar), Trooper A. Carson (Piano Accordion), Signalmen E. Turner and J. Mowby (Songs), could not go unmentioned. In all cases the stage settings were attractive, and it is obvious that a lot of thought had gone into production.

Sunday night concerts have been popular and each of the recreation huts have at some time or other, held entertainments. A party from Marton and Bulls recently travelled to the camp for a successful concert they gave in the Catholic Hut. No mention of camp entertainments could be made without eulogising the sterling work done by Sergeant-Major Bob Steele. Besides his generosity in loaning his valuable sound equipment to the various concert groups, he has given an average of three cinema shows a week for the past six months. It is estimated that over 14,000 men have enjoyed his efforts over this period. His "News Review" is a popular feature and no one knows when they are going to make an appearance on the screen. Sergeant-Major Steele is the official photographer of the A.F.V. School, and his finished work may be gauged by the many photographs with which this magazine is illustrated.

A highlight of the theatrical year was the two Revues staged by Headquarters Squadron. Despite its small size this squadron party is entirely self-contained. The first production, "Headquarters Presents," was a success. There were two ballets, and the work of the ballerinas was exceptionally good. In the Hawaiian Ballet, Rod McKenzie and Sunny Hammond hulaed to the huge delight of the audience, which included all the military dignitaries. In the mime ballet, "Little Red Riding Hood," there was some "charming" work from the temperamental ballerinas, Reg True (Fairy), Dame Bumstead (Jack Dunlop), Gerry Green (The Wolf), and Little Red Riding Hood (Vince Holcroft).

The second Revue was even more successful. This was due in no small measure to the assistance with lighting by Bob Steele. The staging and lighting was excellent. The show was briskly played and the new blue curtains