

EWAA

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THE VAGARIES OF CANINE PETS

All the best people in the 22nd Regiment possess dogs. Whether it was the example of our Brigade Commander, a mere longing for comradeship, or the fact that the wife will not have dogs around the house, almost everyone of any standing in the Regiment is followed by pattering paws and wet muzzling noses.

Love of the canine is an admirable trait in any man, but it can cause the owner some anxious and embarrassing moments. Take, for example, the time the Brigade Commander visited R.H.Q. with his dog Whiskey. That, in itself, is perfectly natural. It was also only to be expected that Boss (the four-legged one) should show his customary Quartermastering hospitality and offer to show his doggy friend the sights. BUT, after all, that fountainhead of all knowledge, the Adjutant's table, is worthy of some respect. The attitude adopted by Boss (the four-legged one) and the faithful repetition of his partner in crime was most unregimental, in fact, is was "viewed with alarm." Whiskey may be the life of man, but it was almost the death of the Adjutant.

It is reported on good authority that the heap of returns piled in the wastepaper basket from the 95th Battery, which had been produced with such loving care and meticulous accuracy, had to be re-typed (by the 95th Battery, of course).

Danger to Posts

The recently-installed 2 i/c at Regiment is reputed to own a particularly massive chunk of canine. It is to be hoped that he does not follow precedent when inspecting gun posts—drainage has always been a problem at the 95th.

It would seem that all is not well in the R.H.Q. dovecote. It has leaked out that there is bitter personal enmity between the Assistant-Adjutant, the Regimental Training Officer and the Regimental Education Officer. All are

mild-mannered men, but the introduction of a dog into their midst brought out the Mr. Hyde in these Dr. Jekylls. It has even reached the wilds of Whenuapai that the dog sold by one to the other was not the well-mannered animal it was made out to be. At least one of these gentlemen must have a twinge of conscience every time he glances down at the local police station.

Battery H.Q. of the 95th has always had a delightfully informal rural atmosphere. Kittens cavort around the cookhouse, white-tailed rabbits bob about in nearby paddocks, and cows munch contentedly at the grass around the Orderly Room. Like all good O.C.'s, ours came up to standard by producing a small and very curly spaniel. A rather sad little dog, Lannie

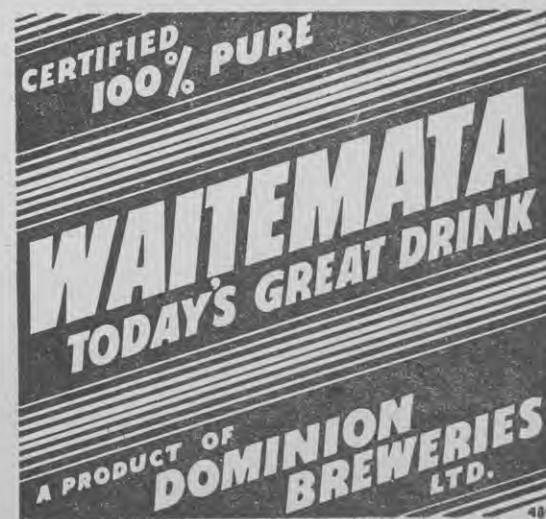
was definitely seen, but not heard. Then entered a wild Scotsman, Jock by name, he was much younger and more playful, long in limb and in temper short. Soon he had distinguished himself by baling up the B.S.M., and he had a rooted objection to any begoggled Don R's.

Peculiar Personal Habits

The unquenchable spirit of this youngster is reputed to be largely responsible for the number of wrinkles on the forehead of the 2 i/c (the Adjutant, Battery Cadres and Stocktakings also have left their mark.)

We can excuse the sock-stealing tendencies of his dog, for he concentrates his efforts on the property of his proud owner. We can excuse his eccentric antics before the Administration Officer on Battery parades, for he is barely 12

(Continued on page 8)



None Less Than Hess

(67th S.L. Battery Correspondent)

Included among the other glorious exploits of the searchlight men in England, in the recently published book "Roof Over Britain," is the story, now revealed for the first time, of how they captured Rudolf Hess, Hitler's right hand man who has been A.W.L. from Germany for some time. Of course this capture was made easier by Hess obligingly baling out right over a searchlight site and sliding down the beam so to speak.

At first he said he was "Alfred Horn," but some bright lad suggested that it was rather strange that a person with a good English-sounding name like that should be flying around in an Me. 110 so late at night. (Note: These boys were all so bright that we feel sure they must have been trained by B.S.M. Partner).

They were about to make a report to HQ (in triplicate) about it when another gunner (who went to the pictures) said he thought his face looked familiar.

Finally, they looked through a pile of newspapers and magazines until the Gunner said "Stund Fust! That's him, I'm sure that's the —? —? (censored)." He pointed to a photograph of Hess, Hitler's best friend and Deputy-Fuehrer of Germany. The gunner's friends roared with laughter (we can imagine).

When his identity was established they considerably asked him if he would like to be dropped over Berlin with the next load of bombs. "No! No! No!" he screamed, "I'd certainly die if I said yes."

Several reasons have been advanced for his sudden flight from Hitler's New Odour (yes, that's right, it stinks).

1. He quarrelled with his mother-in-law.

2. He was looking for a White Christmas. They haven't had one for years in Germany on account of the Black Outlook.

3. He heard of the hospitality for which all S/L men are famous.

Anyway this brief account has given the 67th a new interest in life ... you never know, one day Tojo might borrow a Zero and hop toward New Zealand before the Son of Heaven catches up with him.

We at LA 1 can promise him a warm reception if he should try.

—(With apologies to the authors of "Roof Over Britain"—We mean to read their book if we can get it.).

SECURITY!!

A convoy of trucks en route from Wellington to Auckland recently were due to arrive at a small town late one evening. As NOBODY had been warned of their arrival, the Don/R was sent on ahead to warn the S.M. in charge of the local Drill Hall. Imagine his surprise on arriving in the town to find notices announcing a dance (posted up at noon that day) which read:

**DANCE
TO-NIGHT
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Any sceptic who doubts the efficiency of the "bush-telegraph" can see the poster for himself in our orderly room.

SHORTAGES

The water shortage in Auckland may be due to natural causes, but the beer shortage in Wellington is reported to be due to the activities of certain members of the 67th now in that village.

ZERO, ZERO, ZERO

The powers that be have decided that 0 (as in 1000 or morning tea time), written 0 and spelt "nought," will in future be pronounced "zero" instead of "owe" in signal messages. (If this doesn't read sense read it again slowly and carefully ... if you were out last night give it up).

Now although we don't care a fig ourselves we consider that this change places some of our local blue orchids in a dangerous position. One morning as an innocent little Harvard is stocging along on co-op., some temperamental officer at one of the local gun sites is going to hear the words "One zero zero zero," coming from G.O.R., jump to conclusions, and order "Fire."

This might be distinctly uncomfortable for the bloke in the Harvard, but on second thoughts (and having watched several shoots) he would probably be quite safe, and no doubt the Heads have taken this into consideration.

WAACS

A new bunch of Waacs at LA 1. They should be able to give us some "Spice-y" stories and also something about the "Grimmer" side of army life. Nothing to report yet, unfortunately.

HALT!

A new and rather timid Waac had great difficulty in learning the phrases incidental to picquet duty, and her greatest fear was that one night she would have to challenge the Orderly Officer.

Sure enough one evening while she was on picquet an officer suddenly loomed into view through the gathering dusk. Summoning all her courage she screamed: "HALT. LOOK WHO'S HERE."

Orgies of intoxication
And similar nocturnal ventures,
Followed by regurgitation,
Result—the loss of Waller's dentures.

FURLOUGH COURSES

Arrangements have already been made for a few Gunners to attend courses during furlough. If you feel like doing a Trade Course during Furlough, see your U.E.O. at once.

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Gee Whiz At G.5

Passers-by in the afternoon of May 10 were granted the unexpected pleasure of seeing the combined might of the 67th (all six men) and the 65th (both men) in action against a force of two-man huts. Our mechanised units arrived early in the pip emma, and the battle commenced with that famous war-cry, "Let's Get Crack-ing!"

Although heavily outnumbered, the boys from the cactus, ably assisted by the "Glow-worms," held their own, and honours were even at the interval. We attribute our success to the tactical genius of our Commander-in-chief, who was awarded five marks.

Great was the rejoicing when the sixth hut teetered on its centre of gravity and slowly turned over, nearly wiping off the site commander. Two more were turned over in quick succession, both by our own driver who has already been decorated with the C.B.

By this time the B.H.Q. driver was almost green with envy. However, his next effort surpassed even his wildest dreams. . The hut slid down the back of the truck, cannoned off the cushion, all but slaughtered the Orderly Sergeant (did someone say "Too bad?") and collapsed in a heap. There was much scone-doing in great quantities on a large scale. . This was undoubtedly the piece-de-resistance of a good show.

In spite of the fact that our only sergeant came close to losing a finger while looking for bottles (empty) amongst the debris, both batteries agreed that they hadn't had so much fun for years, and the 67th have extended to us a cordial invitation to call around and wreck a few of their huts sometime.

BASKETBALL

On a recent Wednesday H.2. played Epsom District Sigs at basketball. A lively game was enjoyed by both teams and resulted in a win for H.2., the score being: H.2. 14, Sigs 7.

WOOLLEN TOYS

Closing day for the 15th Regt. Woollen Toy Competition is just about here, and entries are popping up from different sites. Don't delay, send yours in at once.



DEAD JAPS IN NEW GUINEA—On the beach at Buna Mission, last point of Japanese resistance in the Papuan section of New Guinea, the bodies of slain Japanese soldiers lie a few steps from their shattered landing boat. The Japanese suffered heavy losses in this engagement before they were finally routed by Australian and U.S. forces

GUNNERS IN THE LIGHTS

A mechanic from a garage,
A fellow from a farm,
Another from a boot shop,
All spring to our alarm.
One hundred men and twenty odd
On duty here at nights,
We used to be civilians,
Now we're gunners in the Lights.

We laid out all the stations
And we mowed off all the grass,
We painted the equipment,
And we polished all the brass.
We've turned out for our co-op,
While it pelted down with rain,
If the need should come to-morrow
We'd do it all again.

But the days are nearly over
When we'll operate the lights,
For the Waacs have come to join us
In this battle for our rights.
Soon they will be our gunners,
And they'll have to learn to do,
What we were taught more grimly
Back in nineteen forty-two..

But memories of our stations
We always shall retain,
The times we put the beam up
But couldn't find the plane,
No. 5 has lost his carbons,
The listeners never "On,"
The spotters did a snigger,
While the sergeant did his scone.

A gunner in the Ack Ack,
The lowest of the low,
Two years without promotion,
And we never met the foe.
But now that we are going—
We didn't want those stripes!
For we're really rather proud to be
Just Gunners in the Lights.

R. J. SHORTALL.

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ESSAY ON MAN

Man is what a woman marries.

Men have two feet, two hands, and sometimes two wives, but never more than one collar button or one idea at a time. Generally speaking, they may be divided into three classes—husbands, bachelors and widowers. An eligible bachelor is a man of obstinacy surrounded with suspicion. Husbands are of three varieties—prize, surprise, and consolation prize.

Making a husband out of a man is one of the highest plastic arts known to civilisation. It requires science, sculpture, and common sense, faith, hope and charity—mostly charity.

It is a psychological marvel that a soft, fluffy, tender, violet-scented, sweet thing like a woman should enjoy kissing a big, awkward, stubbly-chinned, tobacco and bay-rum-scented thing like a man.

If you flatter a man it frightens him to death, and if you don't you more him to death. If you permit him to make love to you, he gets tired of you in the end, and if you don't, he gets tired of you in the beginning.

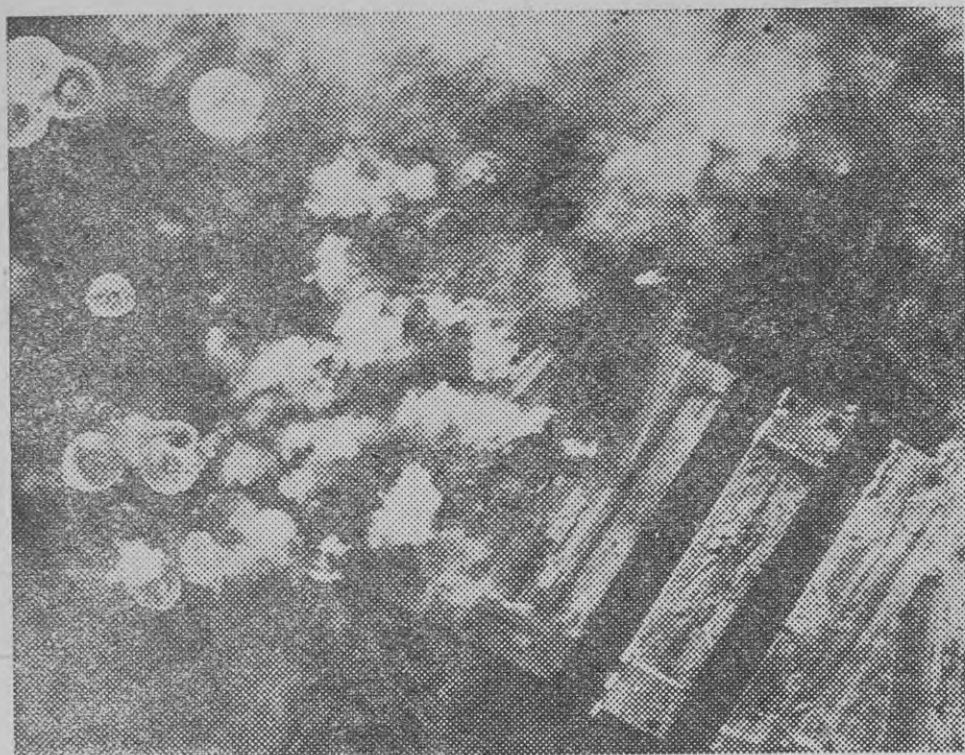
If you wear gay colours, rouge and startling hats, he hesitates to take you out. If you wear a little brown toque and tailor-made suit, he takes you out and stares all evening at a woman in gay colours, rouge and a startling hat.

If you are the clinging-vine type, he doubts whether you have a brain. If you are a modern type, an advanced and independent woman, he doubts whether you have a heart. If you are surly, he longs for a bright mate, and if you are brilliant, he longs for a playmate.

If you are popular with other men, he is jealous, and if you are not he hesitates to marry a wallflower. If you please him he seldom mentions it, but if you displease him, he never fails to tell you about it, especially if you are his wife.

That's all.

—"DOUBLE SIX"



ALLIED BOMBERS POUND GERMANY—Bomb bursts and smoke mark hits by Flying Fortresses as they strike the German Naval Base at Wilhelmshaven. The base, named for Hitler, was heavily blasted in the U.S. Army's first air attack on Germany.

OPEN FORUM

CARTOONS, PLEASE

In one of the early issues of "FLAK" the Editor invited comment on this paper, and now he has started an Open Forum. That's asking for trouble, and here it comes.. May I suggest that he drops the war pictures now published and replaces them with cartoons (preferably by Petty!)

These war pictures do NOT print well in "FLAK" and we get enough of them in the daily press, anyway. Cartoons would brighten up the rag and would probably print better.

In conclusion I would say that almost the only complaint I hear about

"FLAK" is that it is "too respectable." —H.M.T.

Thanks for the suggestion, H.M.T. The whole question is one of expense. You will admit that it would look a pretty dull rag with just page after page of solid grey print. Pictures of some sort are needed to brighten its appearance. And the process of making a "block" from a photograph is a mighty expensive one—more than we can afford unless our circulation increases considerably. We are fortunate in getting the pictures we now use free of cost.. Cartoons are not available. Of course, if some philanthropist likes to pay the cost of having one made we will gladly accept it.

When considering the complaint that "FLAK" is "too respectable," you should remember that girls are numbered among our readers, and copies of our Mag., find their way into many homes.. Risque material needs delicate treatment.—Editor.

Inquisitive

An army nurse went to stay with her sister when on leave.

Her small neice said: "Do you nurse soldiers on your knee, too, aunty?"

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PARS FROM THE 69th

Provision has been made for the comfort of the Waac personnel to a fair extent, but it is suggested by the local budgies that a cubby-house be built in the shade of the lonesome pine at a certain BHQ or the QM be requested to indent for fleecy-lined groundsheets.

Old Man Winter has convinced us that he has arrived, the trees have shed their leaves, the mud is on the ground, and the blossoms of love are coming into bud. Underground seepage advises that "Love in Bloom" is the theme song at R.H.Q. these days. Yes! another pair have mated. Good luck, Pat and Tubby.

Who said all Sergeant-Majors were heartless creatures? Don't you believe it. Why! Only the other day, following the promotion of an illustrious sergeant to the rank of B.S.M. at a northern post, a truck was seen transporting a one-eyed, distressed-looking animal—to wit, a dog, late mascot to the now extinct H.3.—kennel and all to G.8. Dame Rumour has it that the kennel and occupant were traded by the kindly Sergeant-Major to a farmer for three sacks of really juicy, rose-red apples, which in turn were exchanged for three shiny new half-crowns of the realm. It is really surprising what some social workers will do to augment the camp social funds. Congrats, Rooter, on your fine effort and promotion to B.S.M.

All roads will lead to H.2. one night in the near future, when the Pantomime "IF you KNOWS of a BETTER 'Ole," written by that well-known Gunner, Edgar Allen Chamber, will be produced by the Milne-Tyler-Johnson combination. The show should be a pronounced success, as the services of 2/Lieut. Skeet are being obtained to play the lead, "Mademoiselle from Armyintears."

Building progress has advanced to such an extent during the week (really the outcome of praise and encouragement given by "FLAK" in last issue) that our Alf has fitted two more panes of glass, and did not work overtime either.

Horrid Things in a Night

Rome may not have been built in a day .. but horrid things can happen in a night!



JAP BOMBER DOWNED—Chinese children examine the wreckage of a Japanese Mitsubishi Army 95 bomber destroyed by Col. Robert Scott, Junr., of the U.S. air forces in China.

HAVE YOU AN HOUR TO SPARE?

If so, take five minutes to read this and the rest to do one of the interesting things we suggest here:

It may be an hour each, once a week or only once a month, but however little it is, there is something in AEWS for you; or if you have been fortunate to have already acquired some particular knowledge, help others, so that they, too, may learn.

If you like farming, and are thinking of going on the land after the war, AEWS has many courses for you. These will be ready soon, and in addition your Education Officer will be able to give you advice and assistance.

If you like bookkeeping get one of the three courses available on this subject. The first of these Courses is now out. See if one of your friends has it, and don't forget opportunity will come to you after the war. See that you are fit to take advantage of them.

Do you like dressmaking? Every Waac should be able to take advantage of this course. Study Courses are being prepared, but in the meantime classes are formed at most sites and others can be arranged. If you like Arts and Crafts, opportunities can be taken to do different things, such as Papier Mache work, Woollen Toy-making, Bookbinding, Carpentry and the like.

Tools are now available at all sites. Take every opportunity to learn something, and if you have trouble

see your Education Officer for help and guidance.

If you are interested in reading, make the fullest use of the travelling library, and don't forget there is a Special Request Service by which you can get any special book which you may want or which may be useful to you in your study.

If you want to make your own clothes after the war remember dressmaking classes are held regularly on all the sites. We have been extremely lucky with instructors both from within and without the Regiment. See that you can make your own frocks, etc., and join the class.

—15th REGT.

A person who is always out for a lark often gets the bird.

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The Passing of H.3

One of the most strategically situated gun positions in Auckland has been closed. Strategic because of its proximity to the Gluepot and easy access to the city—a big advantage for hedgehoppers. Social amenities were few, but we were fortunate in having the big hall, which was very handy for badminton and basketball, and of course we were known everywhere for our super dances.

From Caledonia to H.2., from Noumea to Ngataranga, and from Papua to H.3., "Ring" will mean more to the Ack Ack than "Love Honour and Obey." "Ring" was our mascot—half Alsatian, and half unknown. At detachments rear "Ring" invariably took part in the dash to the guns. As a full-fledged sentry, who would bare his somewhat worn-down teeth at the approach of a civvy, he received his daily rations, as was his due.

On the Saturday before closing, Col. Rowbottom, accompanied by Capt. Brookes, paid a surprise visit, and complimented all on the precautions taken to preserve the equipment during our temporary absence. The ambitious project of the 60ft. x 30ft. recreation hut, practically completed, was whisked away to parts unknown. The majority of the materials used were "scrounged," and it was built entirely with slave labour.

H.3., the problem child of the Regiment, one-time training establishment (and one of the best), satellite operational station and orphan of the Regiment, is no more.

Block off the Old Chip

They say that Marshall Goering's father was a short thin man, and weighed only nine stone. So the Marshall is a block off the old chip.



The Art of Conversion

(95th Battery Correspondent)

Stress can—and does mean much. Of course it all depends on the person or persons or anyone other than the old 98th, now the new 95th. The stress might have been distress, but such is our spirit (35/- per bottle) that we soar high above our difficulties in conversions (C.V. to those who know). This handing-over business has been like the twins, a mixed blessing. There's no doubt about it: we should have a Phoenix on our crest as from the chaos of Stock Survey sheets, Boards of Indignation, Boards of Dismay, Committees of Telling Off (or Writing Off or whatever they are called) we are risen supreme. From the ashes has developed the greatest showing of talent seen in the Pacific. Not of course, the type of Friday night talent the boys like.

Outstanding on the talent list, of course, comes our worthy Major, who may be persuaded for a certain consideration to perform miracles. You have no doubt heard of the titled bloke called Midas who turned things to gold with a touch. Well, our old man can turn anything into anything else without even a touch. He uses a gadget called a C.V., and believe us, the results are truly remarkable.

He started off in a nice refined manner by changing "teaspoons, Waacs, for the use of" into "Tablespoons, Gunners for the use of," as there seemed to be some little difference in mouth sizes (they look much the same to us, but what the —! does that matter—he did it anyway). He also helped to turn a certain sleepy Adjutant into a car one dark night. (Author's note—No. C.V. was necessary on this occasion, I think it was a R.U.M.)

To return to the subject, the Major nonchalantly, merely with a flourish of the wrist, changes spark plugs into floor mops, soap to sugar, sausages to nails, ad infinitum. We have so much faith in him these days that we took a Bofors over to the aerodrome this morning and planted it down on one end of the runway. To-morrow we are all going up for a flight!

And we must tell you of two of our more senior officers who tried this C.V. racket on an R.N.Z.A.F. Equipment Officer. Too bad he couldn't be persuaded that two hexagonal nuts were springs syn. gear power, trav. long. His final remark was "They still look like Simmon's nuts to me."

What with C.I.V.'s, C.R.V.'s, N.Z. 138's, N.Z.1 B's, etc., we are all rapidly becoming experts in Accounting For Stores—but we wish the B.Q.M.S. would not keep referring to 1 Z.B.'s. We have not quite reached that standard of racket yet.

"EXAMPLE IS BETTER THAN PRECEPT."

As the fully accredited representative Of Military Law (of crimes preventative),

Captain Maguiness, both stern and impartial,

Adorned with his presence a district court-martial.

Before the prisoner was even attested The president of the court requested The records and files of the case to encumber

With Captain Maguiness's registered number.

Crimson with obvious mortification At such an unsoldierly, sad aberration,

Captain Maguiness at length must confess

To a temporary state of forgetfulness.

The president said, "Though deploring this lapse,

In Captain Maguiness's case, perhaps

A search through his pay-book will quickly uncover

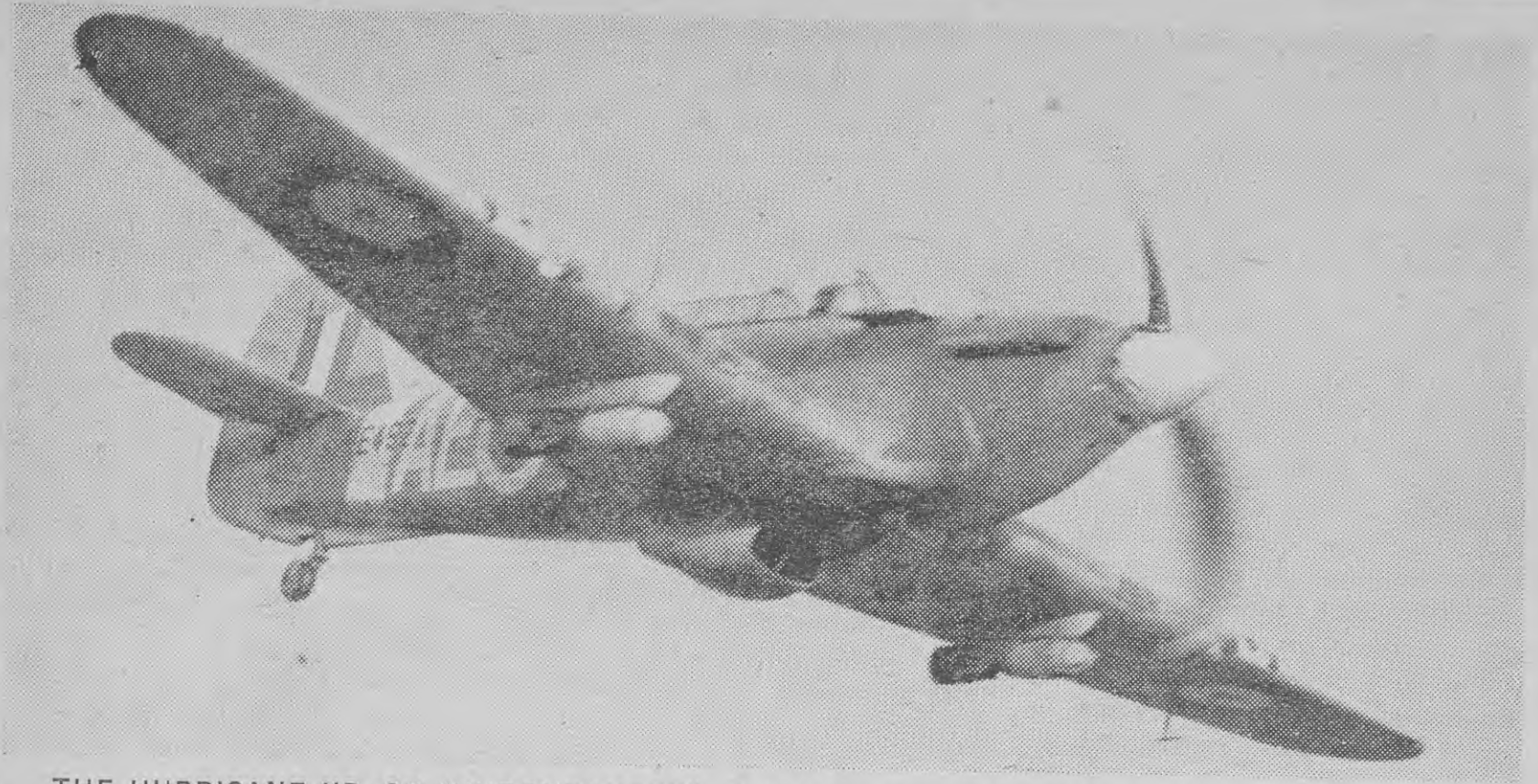
The exact information we wish to discover."

The captain's discomfort a climax is nearing—

His pockets turned out but no pay-book appearing.

This shameful admission from him must emerge,

"I've left it behind in my second best serge!"



THE HURRICANE IIB, OR "HURRYBOMBER"—A Development of the machine which played a main part in the Battle of Britain, the IIB carries 250lb. bombs, and is armed with eight machine-guns. It played a major role in harrassing the retreating Axis convoys during the recent triumph in Tunis.

15th R.H.Q. Flashes

This, our first appearance in these columns, has been delayed owing to the highly secret and confidential nature of our work over the last few weeks. As a result of sustained pressure from all batteries we have at length resolved to divulge "the oil," and seekers of this highly desirable but volatile fluid would be well advised to study this column with more than customary diligence. This may be the answer to the half-looey's prayer.

We are pleased to report that Lt. Colonel Elliott has now recovered sufficiently from his indisposition to be up and about, and we all wish him a speedy and complete recovery.

We extend to Captain Williamson our sympathy in his recent bereavement.

To those who believe in natural retribution, poetic justice, or Divine Providence, and who, at the pictures, sit quietly in their bob seats confident in their belief that the villain always gets his deserts, it would have occasioned no surprise, only intense satisfaction, to have looked in at R.H.Q. on a recent sunny morn.

So often had the despots who inhabited that lair issued peremptory demands on personnel to leave at a moment's notice that they had become oblivious to the heartburnings and sufferings which follow such orders. Now, by the irony of fate, the time

had come when the whole R.H.Q. establishment itself was to move, lock, stock, flash and bang; all except Tommy the Persian, who declined to have anything to do with the matter and stated that the rations had never been either satisfactory or adequate. Fortunately, Rex, who has always been attached to a military family, took a more sensible view.

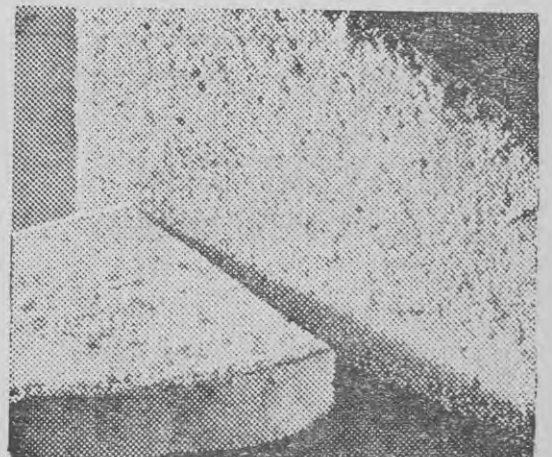
And so our observer would have seen us all dishevelled and perspiring, some even sweating, in the throes of a move. Surrounded by office furniture, empty red tape spools, files and unperused returns, our observer would have noted nothing but chaos.

Throughout the long day bands of stalwarts, male and female, toiled, and by evening the plan was discernible to the dullest Battery brain. Business as usual was the order the following day, and once more we marched forward resolutely towards victory.

Our correspondent denies the report that certain members of the staff purposely went on furlough or found urgent business elsewhere, and warns readers against such insidious propaganda.

Gunner Cupid, who recently established liaison with the District Manpower, reports "On target" for Myra and Cliff, and is quietly confident of further good shooting in the near future.

Life is one fool thing after another. And love is two fool things after each other.



ADAMS BRUCE
Rich
BLOCK CAKE



The Vagaries of Canine Pets

(Continued from page 1)

months old. But his performance at a recent Church parade was beyond all excuse.

It so happened that the Battery Commander was on leave, and it fell to the 2 i/c to take the Church parade. His pet behaved admirably on the parade, sitting up stiffly in best Battery tradition. Inside the Rec. Hut it was a different story. Determinedly the 2 i/c clung to his collar through seemingly interminable prayers and sermons, but one cannot do much when called upon to stand and sing a hymn.

The urge of freedom sent the dog into every corner of the stage upon which an enthusiastic Y.M.C.A. secretary was leading the singing. He inspected the piano, licked Follick's flying fingers, stood on his hind legs and peered out of windows and struck the most undignified poses in sniffing around the edge of the stage. The blue Air Force uniform of the Y.M.C.A. man fascinated him.

All this left the 2 i/c his usual nonchalant self, but every time the dog cast a calculating eye on the table-legs you could hear his heart fall with a dull thud to his boots. It would be mere word-spinning to picture the rest of that nerve-racking service—suffice it to say that the worst did not happen.

However, it was strange that no offers were later received by the 2 i/c to assist in washing his pup.

Still, life at the 95th would not be complete without its dogs.

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Dedicated to the Boys Overseas

(With apologies to the Author of
"The Mountains of Mourne")

Dear boys, we have come to a wonderful spot,

We fear we must stay here, but would much rather not;

It's quiet and peaceful but near to the guns,

Which makes us think of you facing the Huns;

We don't wake in terror of having to fight,

For we've one-pippers guarding us all through the night.

There's only one place this could possibly be,

Where the white cliffs of G.I. sweep down to the sea.

We are very nice girls, they call us the Waacs,

And we're togged up in khaki, with anklets and macs.

There's nothing we can't do, and oh you should see,

We maidens do drill just as smart as can be;

And if we weren't faithful to the lads overseas,

These guys from the States would win us with ease;

For they'd look very well with a Waac on each knee,

Where the white cliffs of G.I. sweep down to the sea.

We have stripers and pippers with voices like guns,

And their murderous faces would frighten the Huns.

They make us look ugly and teach us to swear,

We never were handsome but now we declare,

Could we have a smack at the Japs in the air,

For clothing and beauty we'd give not a care.

We will always be faithful, our dear boys to thee,

Where the white cliffs of G.I. sweep down to the sea.

PREDICTOR GIRLS.

Not Gold

Snowy: All is not gold that glitters,
Bluey: I know, you ought to have seen the Sergeant's eyes when he caught me with his missus.

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