

ON THE TIP OF THE TONGUE... **PETERS** "Supreme" **ICE CREAM** IS A PLEASURE BEGUN...



EXTENSIONS TO DEFENCE HEADQUARTERS:
The two-story wooden building which is being built facing Wellington Railway Station.



A Lively Column of Soldier's Wit and Gossip collected, compiled and contributed every now and then by "One-of-the-Boys."

PAY DAY

Rise and shine;
Fall in line;
Salute and sign—
"Giv usha pin."

Amongst a gift package of books, mags., etc., there was a none-too-tidy copy of "Cole's Book Arcade." Suppose we'll be getting an A.B.C. soon!

Hey, you men at the Wanganui R.C.! Lay off heaving "empties" into the Duckpond!

An epistle arrived recently at C.M.D. addressed to the Medical Corpse. Must have meant "from the neck up."

There have been some really brilliant literary memos circulating the district lately in the form of "pep talks" to Q.M. Artists.

Several Digs I know are keeping their fingers crossed until March 4th. Most of them are hoping to do better than in Race Cup Sweeps.

Or maybe they've got those "Buckle Street Blues."

Who has stolen the familiar Buckle Street trucks?

The lads will have to go farther afield for their petrol now. Tough!

A certain M.T. Officer of T.M.C. was the cause of some considerable merriment in official circles last week. He was, so the story goes, alarmed upon alighting at Lambton Station to see two brawny specimens of the local Provost Corp bearing down on him. "You're under arrest," quoth the leader. (Of course it was ridiculous sending two O.R.'s to arrest an Officer, but I've known of sillier things to happen in the Army.) "Really!" spluttered the M.T.O. "Surely there must be some mistake." Sorry, Sir, but you'll have to come. I've got my orders." And the M.P. waved a piece of paper. (Which no doubt was nearly torn out of his hand by the prevailing wind.) "See, sir?" He read: "Please arrange to have Capt. G. arrested upon arrival. The M.T.O. snatched (very rude) at the telegram. Ha, he snorted. "The dolts! The word should read "attested" not "arrested"! And off he stalked in high dudgeon to be attested N.Z.T.S. and, no doubt, to find out what the . . . why the . . . how the . . . !

More next time, Playmates! 2 (With A. to A.A.)

The sweet young member of the W.A.T.S. had a message to deliver. "May I see the Captain?" she asked a sailor on the gangway.

"Yes, miss," came the reply. "You will find him forward."

"Oh, I'm not afraid," she answered cheerfully, "I've been out with the boys of the R.A.F."

REPORTED MISSING

Wanganui Airman

Mr. and Mrs. J. McMillan, Anzac Parade, Wanganui, have been officially advised that their son, Sergeant Gunner John McMillan, aged 24, is reported missing from air operations in Egypt on February 16.

Sergeant-Gunner McMillan joined

the R.A.F. and entered training in Levin on December 18, 1939, later going on to Ohakea. He left New Zealand in March, 1940. He was stationed in England for nine months and just before Christmas was transferred to Malta, then going on to Egypt. He was educated at the Wanganui East School and Wanganui Technical College. He worked in the Railways Department at Aramohe and Hunterville. His brother is in the British Army and was formerly in India.

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