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Blinding flashes filled the cloudy western sky as a tropical thunderstorm spent its fury somewhere in the distance. Like the effects of a Hollywood film they split the dusty blackness throughout our journey. It was the eeriest night ride in my life, and desert travel in the darkness is impressive enough under any circumstances.

The convoy closes in at nightfall again, like ships at sea. All you see are the black hulks of the vehicles ahead and around you, and the noise is like the thunder of a heavy surf on the rocky coast. You climb escarpments, drop into hollows with the motion of a ship bucking a choppy tide. You hear the driver fling purple curses at a neighbour who sings too close. But you get there in the end, and the enemy is much nearer.

Across the Frontier.

INSIDE LIBYA, November 19.

New Zealand sappers gaily tore huge hunks out of Italy's one-time eastern frontier wire to let our motor columns stream into Libya last night. As I write this we are still roaming unmolested across the broad shingle plains of the former no man's land.

With the kind of Fascist extravagance that runs to the erection of impressive monuments to doubtful glories, Italy long ago marked her border with Egypt not by an imaginary line, but by a thick and costly wall of tangled barbed-wire. Like a super rabbit fence, it stretches sand-choked and rusty from Sollum across the plateaux up hill and down dale far into the south.

In the face of our historic trek, it was the most minor of inconveniences. Our engineers severed the tangled meshes in several places, dragged the wire away behind lorries, and left a gap, hundreds of yards wide through which we rumbled in the dead of night. At last we were within earshot of the war. Big guns were thundering across the frontier last night, and today we saw our first enemy planes—only a brace, which our A.A. guns sent squirming between white shell-puffs in the blue sky as they fled homeward across us.

But we lost count of the British planes flying back and forth over us all day after their numbers had reached at least 100.

Today is worth remembering.

First, here we are in Libya, starting our second foreign expedition, and starting it on the right foot. Secondly, here in black and white is the first realization of our most optimistic hopes for air and land support—planes in the sky, and tanks on the ground.

Today we were able to switch our eyes from a swarm of Hurricanes to five heavy tanks, and we know where there are more—lots more.

Already the air offensive we expected has opened with thrilling figures for the enemy planes destroyed in the air and aground.

Interrupted Football.

November 20.

As we enter the second day in enemy territory, I cannot help emphasizing again the unique nature of the circumstances and the outlook of the men round me. I have never before sensed such a confident—almost exuberant—atmosphere.

These may be grim days immediately before us, but just now, as we enter the battleground and the enemy lines, we feel as the German soldiers must have felt entering Greece. Even if this almost unreal sense of security were to end tomorrow, it has had a wonderful moral effect on the New Zealanders. Their trigger fingers grow itchier every day.

Can you guess how the men round me passed the time early this morning before the cooks yelled "come and get it." They played football. In battle-dress and greatcoats, they scrummed, tackled and kicked till the cold and stiffness had left their limbs. Their shouts and laughter reminded me of a suburban sports ground on a Saturday afternoon, but the noise was punctuated by the boom of field guns.

Suddenly the footballs rolled to a standstill, and the men became barrackers on the sidelines of a grimmer arena. A lone German plane had come droning overhead; then 20 British fighters appeared, flying westward. Our hopes of seeing a combat were so strong

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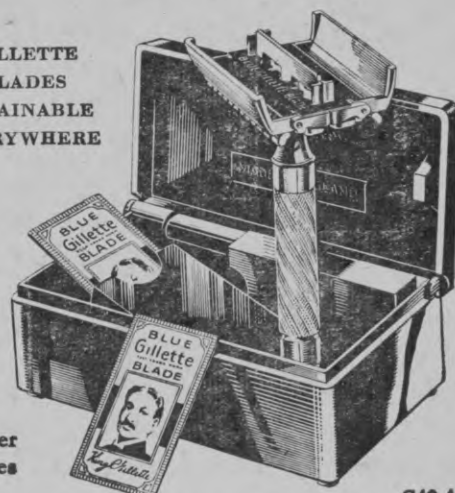
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MEN OF SELF-RESPECT SHAVE WITH GILLETTE

RUGBY AT HOME

N.Z. R.A.F. Team To Meet Rosslyn Park

(Received November 23, 7.5 p.m.)

LONDON, November 22.

The New Zealand Royal Air Force team to play against Rosslyn Park at Richmond on November 29 includes two Maoris, Sergeant H. Tomoana, a half back from Hawke's Bay, and Sergeant J.

Wetere, formerly of the Maori All Blacks. Both are playing as backs.

Both wing-three-quarters, Pilot Officer E. Grant, Auckland, and Sergeant A. Sutherland, Southland, have played in All Blacks trials. The forwards include Sergeant Goulding, Canterbury, who played for Harlequins before going to New Zealand, and Pilot Officer E. Cox, D.F.C., Hawke's Bay. Three of the forwards, Pilot Officers W. Knight, W. Kent, and L. A. C. Bromfield have played for Auckland in inter-provincial matches. Sergeant D. K. Samson, Wellington, is also among the forwards.

They were having their first quarrel.

"I'm disappointed" said the husband. "When we were first married I thought you were an angel."

"Yes," retorted his wife. "I suppose that's why you never bought me any clothes."

● The Dunedin Public Library possesses the most complete collection in New Zealand of camp and troopship magazines of the last war and is making every effort to build up an equally complete collection of the magazines of this war.

Copies of "Camp News" are at present being preserved. If you come from Otago, remember to send the Dunedin Public Library a copy of your troopship or overseas magazine.

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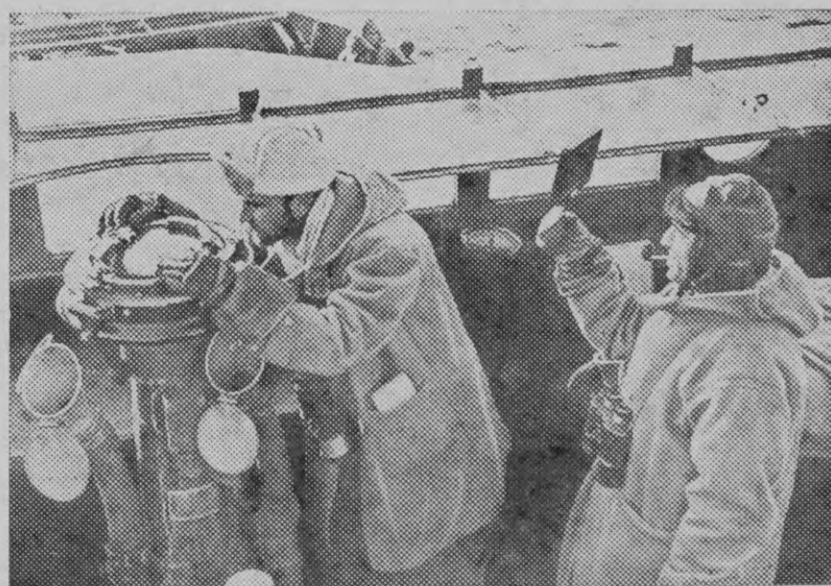
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