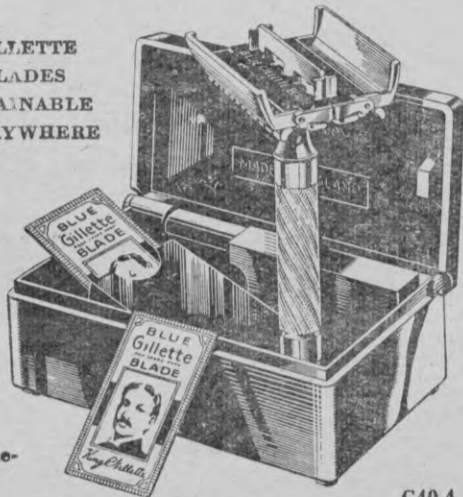




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BLADES
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G40.4

The Gillette 'one-piece' is the perfect shaving unit for the fighting man. Swift in action. Sturdy. No loose pieces to assemble. No odd bits to go astray. Twist—and the head opens for cleaning or a new blade. Twist again—and it shuts—ready for use.

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MEN OF SELF-RESPECT SHAVE WITH GILLETTE

Sergeant Major —

Don't forget to wake me in the morning and bring me in a nice hot

POPULAR PIE

MEMBERS OF H.M. FORCES — A Welcome awaits you at
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BILLIARDS — POOL — SNOOKER — 8 MATCH TABLES
A Special Concession allowed to all Members in Uniform

THE ADVENTURES OF 'PRIVATE SEAL' — No. 2



A chap in our tent always rolls himself fags,

Either too tight to draw, or so limp that they sags.

"I wish I could roll 'em like you blokes," he snorted.

"Then try 'PRIVATE SEAL'," we politely retorted.

Private Seal

FINE CUT TOBACCO

2 oz. TINS

PS.12.12



N.Z.E.F. IN EGYPT

Little Contact With Enemy

Writing on September 16, Lieutenant M. C. Fairbrother, former secretary of the Automobile Association (Southland), who is now in Egypt with the 1st Echelon, 2nd N.Z.E.F., stated that up to that time the New Zealanders had seen no fighting, nor any of the enemy, except some prisoners. All activity had been confined to the mechanized units, which did their job thoroughly in conjunction with the Royal Air Force and the Navy.

"However, for all that, our presence in Egypt has been very useful at all stages, first, as a moral and deterrent effect," wrote Lieutenant Fairbrother. "Then, a few months after our arrival, we became relief for several famous British regiments engaged on internal security or garrison duty. This was most important, too, with a local population then not very favourably disposed toward entering the war, and in Cairo an Italian population of some 80,000, a proportion of which was known to be subversively inclined."

NEW ZEALANDERS POPULAR.

"New Zealanders in England rank with the pick of the Empire. They are immensely popular and are upholding the fine reputation left by their fathers of 1914-18," said Mr. Langford High, an English business man now visiting Christchurch, states the "Press." He was in London only five weeks ago. "Your boys have made firm friends all over Great Britain," Mr. High said, "and we saw them on most of our railway stations, in most of the big cities, and along the roads. They are conspicuous because of their distinctive uniform and are a cheerful lot. They seem to be making a great number of friends, and their presence there will help materially to bring our Empire into a closer and more lasting unity."

VALLEY OF THE KINGS.

"A dirty little town, but as ancient as it is dirty," is the description given to Luxor, headquarters of distinguished archaeologists for generations, by a New Zealander now serving with the First Echelon in Egypt, Private Stanley Griffin, in a letter to a relative in Christchurch, states the "Star-Sun." Describing a tour he made in the district, Private Griffin states that the Valley of the Kings, just across the Nile from Luxor, looks as if it were the last place God made. A road of sorts leads up between two barren hillsides—just heaps of sand, schist, and boulders. "It is also called the Valley of the Dead, which is a very appropriate name," he adds. "It was set apart some thousands of years ago as a burial place for kings. There are many tombs there, of which those of Tutankhamen and Rameses II. are the most outstanding. Tunnels several chains long, cut into solid rock, lead to the burial chambers, which are as big as an ordinary room, and a sarcophagus several tons in weight contains the casket that holds the mummy of the dead monarch—or did, until it was removed."

WATER IN EGYPT.

The humour of training to use as little water as possible is discussed by an Auckland soldier serving in Egypt with the Expeditionary Force. He writes in a letter that the men were being accustomed to doing with the minimum amount, and the chief topic of conversation was how to make the water go the longest way. "There are several systems in operation," he states. "For example, if you feel you would like to remain deliciously dirty for a day and can do without the customary shave and avoid the eagle eyes of all lance-jacks, sergeants, and officers, you fill your water bottle and then drink the rest of the liquid. Personally, I don't agree with this method and so I fill my water bottle, take a small tobacco tin full for cleaning teeth, and afterwards shave. I fill up the radiator of my truck. Soapy water of course, is no good, as when the engine gets hot, bubbles issue forth from the radiator cap, and, besides, the major doesn't like it. What is left of the water, approximately a quart, is used for washing. Then, if there is time, I proceed to wash some clothes." The soldier also says he has met many English troops. Their definition of a New Zealander is one who wears a Boy Scout hat, a wrist-let watch, and calls everyone an uncomplimentary name. However, he says, the Boy Scout hat has now given way to a topee.

THE SINGING HEAD

Guns

guns

g-u-n-f-i-r-e!

Grapeshot and shrapnel together in one fire.

Oh—rumble on stumble . . . on . . . gunfire.

With an—action station!

Range! Fire!

Gunfire!

My head my head

my head is singing is singing a song a song of might of Might!

No sleep, no sleep to-night no sleep . . .

Oh guns you battle on prattle on—on . . .

On my head be blood

eyelids like lead

face flicker-red

lips bled

("What was that? Speak louder! Can't hear you!")

for my sickly singing head there is no rest.

No rest for the Wicked, 'cept

death!

—Lindsay M. Constable