

New Zealanders: In the Old World you are highly spoken of as a progressive and courageous people, ever ready to espouse the weak against the strong; valiant champions of Truth; scorers of petty schemes of personal advancement; upholders of the rights of depressed peoples throughout the world. It is to you that I appeal for justice, fair play and a sympathetic understanding.

Since the arrival, some time ago, of the N.Z. Division, the lives, security and fair name of all mosquitoes, sandflies, fleas, ants, mice, rats, spiders and hornets....the whole insect population of New Caledonia in fact, has been abused and libelled in a manner that does not become you, and is grossly unfair to us.

Let me assure you that we hold no grudge against you on this account. We like you. The admiration that is universally yours, we are the first to acknowledge. Take my tribe for instance. You had no sooner set foot on this Island than we were ready to welcome you; it was not just one or two, but we literally swarmed upon you. The most highly respected joined with the most disreputable in singing your praise. Wherever you went we went. The solitude of the jungle, the eerie swamps and the lonely hills, found us with you. We followed you to bed. You, as the good book says, we "sticketh closer than a brother".

The disregard you displayed towards us is even more marked in your attitude towards the ants who are probably our most ancient and wealthy group. Ever since their landing here centuries ago they have been most industrious and have contributed greatly to our culture. They too, have not been sparing in their attention to you, as you know. You always find them in your blankets at night; in your pants first thing in the morning and in all your personal effects. You do not appear to appreciate ants of the best class in your pants which is perhaps the highest honour they can pay; You may not know that the origin of the now famed Hula Dance symbolically expresses the early settlers joy when he first sat on an ant hill.

I have heard that the solicitations of our fleas do not even meet with your approval. That is regrettable. You have fleas in your own country, even as you have rats and mice which you maintain at great public expense in large public buildings. A highly respected rat friend of mine recently told me how he was most ill-treated when one night he was attempting to sample a National Patriotic Cake. He was sitting up on hind legs doing his best with a very poor tin opener when a large boot was flung at him. That, men, is very poor appreciation of a very genuine interest in what you eat. We do not

wish to eat your food, but we want you to eat nothing that may weaken your magnificent war effort.

It is not my wish to catalogue our troubles, but I must draw your attention to the complete and, I might add, wanton disregard of private property shown by the Works Service Engineers as they rip and tear up Ant Hills, destroy Spiders Webs, and in a few hours completely fill in vast lakes which have been the preserve of ancient Bull Frogs and people of my race for centuries. We own this fair land, it is you who are the foreigners, it is we who have to remain. As an old and honourable Mosquito, I implore you not to rob us of our heritage.

CHALLENGE DEBATE I

At a Current Topics Discussion the question of Advertising somehow became tangled with Social Security. How, we do not know. But two ex-advertising men got to grips on whether their line was beneficial to the community. They were kept apart by a powerful and discreet chairman. Two teams are now formed on the question and will meet on SATURDAY NIGHT. Chairs have been bolted to the floor, the table strengthened. Partisans will be searched before entry, chairman and judge will be provided with armed escort. For further precautions see notice board.

STOP PRESS !!

Sgt Paul, very excited and proud, has recovered his breath sufficiently to gasp out the news. "Darkie" is now the proud mother of SEVEN SONS...all doing well.

Further details will be given in our next issue when we present the life story of our young and proud mother. We congratulate Sgt. Paul who is now resting after his labours. He is excellent as a midwife.

SEE OUR NEXT ISSUE FOR STORY.

Old men forgot their rheumatics on Tuesday night as they watched a fast and slippery game of Cribbage fought out between Wharf Rops Ned Sainsbury and Hec, Mulholland Bldg defenders Tom Yuill and Bob Haycock. Ned tore up the board, Tom palming fast to ask for nineteen. Bob jumped several holes on the blind side. Hec electrified the crowd with his wharf language. Tom saved the game by clever cribbing. Stop work meeting likely to follow. Head Office cabled for lead.

CUDDLES AND KISSES.

Cheerio to all at home- Hello Pat- This will give you some idea. Love, Brian.

Audrey, Dale and Russell Knowlins, Greetings from Nalouli Land. Love to all. Ted.

Cheerio and Beers to Grange Road and the Gang. Loads of love. Ray.
