



BY SNOOPER.

HELLO folks, I just been down to the coast lookin' up the Wharf boys. I guess I had a good time sittin' on a heap of rope watchin' the lads at work. It 'aint like work on the wharves in New Zealand, or so I hear 'em sayin'. These boys got something different on their hands. Same as when they make concrete.... they start off with mighty little and before you know where you are they have something to do the job with. : : : EVER meet " Shorty " Lovell ? He's a little guy like me, but he's travelled at lot and you should hear him on the piano. But get him on the jeep and, whew ! It's like this. " Shorty " drives for Capt. Clarke, he's O.C. of the Coy., well, all you got to do it tell " Shorty " someone else is goin' to do the driving, or that someone's rubbin' their boots on the wheel. You get music from " Shorty " that no piano could give. But he aint a bad sort and he always picks up when he tells you of the family back home. So does Eddie Hoald. Guess there must be something good about bein' married, 'cos all the chaps when they get tired just take a look at the photographs of the family and feel better after. I take a look at them too when no one's lookin'. Seems to me you boys and girls look pretty good. Different from these little brown boys and girls that run around here barefooted. I just been used to the wee fellas out in the Islands. Be nice to know boys and girls like you. I thought of askin' you to write to me, but I guess you're all too busy writin' to Dad. : : : OF course we got some young fellas in the wharf Coy. You know young Ned Sainsbury, he used to work in a bank they tell me; then there is " Curly " Griffin, he had a job pushin a pen too. Guess these lads wont settle down when they go back: they'll be same as me...maybe.....

BUT they all want to go back to New Zealand in a big hurry. They all say that. Listen' in the other night I heard Merv. Forscutt, Burchall, Mulholland arguin' which was best part of N.Z. and they all seem to say different places, but these chaps that come from Auckland gee, they talk plenty bout the place. But guess it must be pretty good. And I 'spose the girls are all as nice as the boys say. When you knock round way I do, you dont find many nice girls. Some wont look at a little guy like me 'cos my pop didn't have his name in hte stud book, or 'cos he wasn't rollin in cash. But your girls seem different. They look good, are kinda straightforward and no hanky-panky about 'em. That's good. And I reckon that's why you aughta look after yourselves and keep that way. : : : SAY, here's Licut. Wright comin' along, guess I'd better scoot. He might try to give me a job. Mind you he aint a bad sort, but I gotta keep snoopin on the boys. Guess I'll see if Capt. Clark's goin' out in the jeep. Have to watch " Shorty " doesn't see me sneak in. Before I go, 'spose I say, Merry Christmas, to all you little Kiwis in New Zealand...best wishes from SNOOPER for 1944.

WOLF AND SHEPHERDS.

A wandering wolf, that prowled
around the fold,
Did through the fence behold,
How chosing out a sheep, the
fattest and the best,
The shepherds at their ease
set putting it to death;
The dogs lie still and dont protest
He turned in spits away, and
snarled beneath his breath,
"Ho,ho, my worthy friends, you'd
make a fine to-do,
If that were me instead of you!"

The above fable is from a collection written by Ivan Krylov, the favourite Russian fabulist. Many stories are told of him. Above the couch on which he spent a great deal of time hung a photograph on the wall. When warned that it was likely to fall on him, he replied: "I have worked out the angle at which it will fall; it will miss me by two inches!"

LOVING greetings to Sunny Taurenga & Marlborough the Golden, from a Pacific Isle. XXXXXXXXXXXXOLIFF.