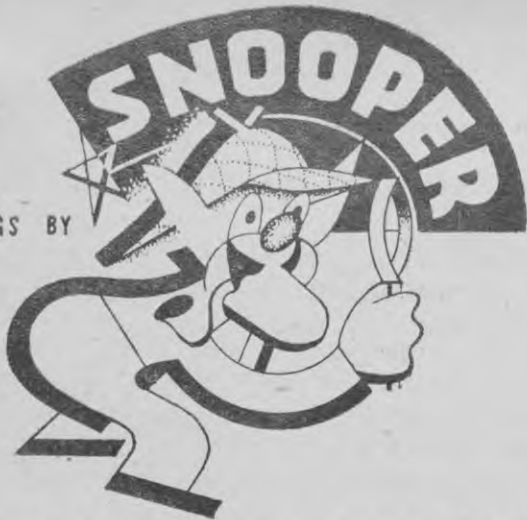


SNOOPINGS BY

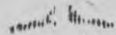
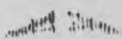


HELLO FOLKS , hows everything in Kiwiland ? Reckon the chaps here are gettin' kinda anxious about them cows and calves fer this milkin' season. Don't know much about 'em meself, but from what the chaps say, I reckon that idea of bitin' lambs tails off calls for pretty good teeth. I ain't never seen it done myself. ::: I overheard the " Old Man " tellin the Editor to see that " Old Moonshine ", Ted Knowling and " that young Snooper " didn't go writin' articles in this home issue that wasn't fit for folks to read. Chaps wouldn't send last two home issues to their folk 'cos - well, I 'spose they didn't want to have to answer too many questions. ::: THE other night I heard Claude Lowe sayin' how he missed " Tired " Norton; he reckoned that " Tired " set a great example - moved about so quiet and slow - just right pace for the tropics. Claude, he's got into the habit of runnin'p places. ::: You know folks, different times I been up this way, I often wondered how the chaps in the CRE Store got through so much work - lumpin' about ten thousand bags of cement about and lots of other heavy things. Well, this is the lowdown. When the fellas got a bit weary, Lieut. Brooker used to get his ukulele out while everyone would join in the songs. Val Reid leads the chorus - that is , when they are throwing bulldozers, steam heaters and ice cream plants on to the top shelves. Hec Mulholland is a great cheer leader. He should make a name for himself in the Boy Scout Cubs when he settles down in civvie life. ::: TALKIN' of settlin' down, its funny how chaps get a dislike of things. Take George Bolton from Petone (somewhere in North Island, they say). I heard George say that he didn't give a D - when he was on the "list". It ain't the black list, it ain't the list of chaps that's got French gals, it ain't the Fat Spread Eaters List. Got me whacked. Eddie Heald, Jack Burchall, and Tom Gillcooley won't have anything to do with it either. Even Jim Hawthorne whose always talkin' of bringin' his Barry, Jean and Ivy over here. Even Tom Yuill who had a birthday the other week says : " Don't you bring one of them there 'lists' along to me ! In next home issue I'll tell you all about it. I'll tell you about our "Speed Hogs " too, in the next "homer ". They are Smithy, Young Vogt, Cliff Burns and one of two other. Tom Skelton, I ain't got the lowdown on him yet, but I know he's done about 25,000 miles since he's been on the road. ::: LOOK after yourselves, folks.

" Sundry forms which these fertile growths of lip hair may take".
Bulldozer.

FROM our distinguished contemporary, the Bulldozer, we reprint the following extract on the " fertile growths " for the guidance and warning our our readers. ::: First the articles summarises the reasons why the " gr ths " appear. Far, as soldiers are in the Pacific, from social social approval and disapproval, they try themselves out: one man appears with his " noggan as bald as a cocoanut; another hides behind a scraggly growth he vainly calls his beard," and other indulge in :-

" THE ' Pretty Boy ' or ' Clark Gable ' style which is characterised by sleek lines and a meticulous trim-job. It may be straight lined or it may have an nasal extension, or a nostril tickler.::: THEN there is the carefree, unkempt type which is seldom trimmed and is left at its natural width. This one could hardly be described as an outcropping of vanity. A very familiar type, though quite rare is the " Adolph " style - a highly disgusting and nauseating European mustache. Yanks who wear these jeopardise their future welfare. Last in todays discussion is the picturesque and guant " HANDLEBAR HANK " variety which is flaunted in all forward areas and which is fascinating to all who behold. "



Handlebar Hank.

Jesse James.

Take Your Pick.

LAUNCHING " LOLITA "

" LOLITA " was (note past tense) the pride of Alan Chapman, Bill Charleton, Bob Williscroft, Rupert Robbie, " Panhandle " Johnstone, Arthur Ward and Lieut. Marshall - and several others. ::: SHE was a trim craft of sixteen feet, painted white, sleek lines and a auxiliary motor. But her temperament was uncertain; her career a chequered one and her trimness deceptime. ::: ONCE she lost her bottom; once she was washed away; several times she just sank. But it was at the launching she displayed a petulance that left her maker's shamed. ::: ALL was ready for the big event on the Bourail river. Onlookers of all nationalities lined the river banks for the fame of the Kiwi boatbuilders had gone abroad, Kanakas and high ranking officer vied with all and sundry for the first commercial trip.::: AFTER tinkering and last minute tying with wire and string, the motor kicked over with a whirr and " Lolita " shot backwards up the river. Rupert Robbie almost swallowed his pipe. The language of the crew is still unprintable. Then the craft - well we draw the story to a close. But she looked good .