

A CHANCE THAT WILL
NOT COME COME AGAIN.

" BE honest with me , dear, " that was the plea she made to you before you sailed into the South Seas. She asked you because she promised to keep it for you. She put her faith in you; yes, you carry her trust with you every hour; that is a sacred gift you must guard. Only an utter cad would let her down.

WELL, fellas, I just about beat you to New Zealand last week. This is how it happened. I had it figured out that you chaps wont get home before Christmas now that you have so much work to do on the road between here and Bourail, so I thought I'd take a chance to see N.Z. while the goin' was good before the end of the year. I hopped on the truck with Fred Kronast and the rest of the boys when they went down to BRD. But I missed out on the wharf; instead of bein' able to sneak up the gangway behind Gordon Berry, I was pushed and shoved among a heap of kit bags. The way them fellas made up the gangway made me think they don't trust the Army too far. They made one mighty rush and I heard one chaps say: " I never thought we'd get so far without the Army changin' its mind. :::: TALKIN' of changin' one's mind, I reckon Peter Wingfield 'll change his mind when he hears that all grade two men are stayin' on the island to build up good relations after the grade one men go home. I heard him sayin' that when he was re-boarded next week he was going to peddle the MO a line of bullshit that would be a sure grade 2 story. :::: SPOSE some of you chaps seen Bill Charlton's haircuts. Now I don't want to do Old Bill any harm, but I guess his style of haircuttin' is what some blockes would call realistic: He just leaves the scalp - in patches. First he offers you a bottle of beer and the next thing is you've no hair left. He's gettin' ready to open a shop for them Taranaki farmers he's always talkin about. :::: SAY, I hear there is a free beer issue this week, and a big dinner comin' off in a few eeks - looks like we'll be here for a long time yet. Wish I had caught ship to Noo Zealand. I'm goin' there some day, no kiddin' - an' I'm gonna tell 'em all about you chaps.

:::: YOU must not fail her - you dare not. And you need not - no sir, not while your Canteen has a bottle of Passionate Sapper after-shave lotion on the shelf you can keep your promise - all for thirty cents. :::: THIS lotion is dedicated to our fighting men on all fronts; wherever the flag unfurls for victory you will find this lotion ready to play its part in preserving that fresh, youthful and glossy skin she loved to caress. The war might rob you of the race meeting, the good old bar in Willis St and Queen St., the poker game and the surreptitious visit to the pakapoo den, but Passionate Sapper after-shave lotion will preserve that Sex Appeal she loves so well. And remember, this lotion is convertible into Jungle Juice by the simple method of straining through an old sock or any piece of rag you have about the tent. It is sure fire. :::: IF you are an APR take a bottle home for the farm where you can use it as high explosive when stumping. :::: WHEN you go home do not forget Grandma. The dear old soul will be thrilled with one of our strong dressy money belts. She can carry her plug tobacco in the pouches. You Canteen Committee, after lengthy deliberation offers one dozen slightly used pipe cleaners with the first two money belts sold. There are a host of pleasing presents on the shelves just waiting for you. Such things as shoe polishers, fish hooks, soap, and cheap pipes - do not miss this opportunity. (Inserted on behalf of Canteen Committee)

OLLIE NAIRN, Works playboy, returned from greatly rotated from Kiwi Club where he had been sent on a job and brought back the following day. " This army balls-up makes me sick", he said, " If there is a job at the Club why cant I be left to do it? This sending me down and bringing me back is like puttin' 'em in and bungin' em out. I never get an even break with a Waac " (OC, actio please)