

Aunt Alice's Answers to Injurious Anxieties.

Dear Aunt Alice,

Although I am only 41 I have already had four French girl friends since my arrival in New Caledonia 4 leave days ago, but I've lost each one of them almost at once, & each one has smacked my right cheek as she left. My best friends tell me I haven't got B.O., and I and I use Lifebuoy, and they never laugh when I sit down to play, so what can it be that is wrong with me? I'm just a country boy struggling to learn the language but I've looked up a few words in the dictionary and stuck them together in nice flowery phrases. Perhaps you could tell me if there's anything wrong with them. I meant to say "Oh, Miss, how beautiful you are. I think our meeting is pregnant with possibilities. If only you were struck with me !!" and in French it went like this, "Oh, Mademoiselle Vous etes tres belle. Je pense que notre rencontre est oprise des chances. Que merveilleux si seulement vous serez enclente de moi !". And each time that was the end of our conversation. Dear Aunt Alice, have I said the wrong thing? - for now I see them going out with the Adjutant so it can't be my looks that upset them.

Yours in Cupid's tails,  
"passion's Delicate Flower".

Answer:

Dear Pash,

Juxtapose 'enceinte' and 'opris' or one of them will take you at your word and you'll be leaving in New Caledonia something "that is forever New Zealand" and 15/- a week maintenance is still 15/- less beer money even though it is expressed in francs. And you leave the Adjutant alone. You should not judge people on first impressions - he may conceal a heart of gold beneath that gluteal spread.

Aunt Alice.

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SUGGESTIONS FOR GOOD JOBS -

"APRES LA GUERRE".

1. Vacuum Cleaner Salesman.

News flash from one of our corporations:-

Miss C----- reported to Police the loss of \$20.00 today. She said the money was concealed in her stocking and the loss was discovered soon after the departure of a vacuum cleaner salesman who had been demonstrating his line

----- Herb.

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"FANTASTIA"

List' to my tale of a Padre new,  
With a mind quite virgin, pure  
and true,  
Who joined us back in old NZ,  
and now our buddy heart and head.

At our black hearts he stood amaze  
In such untrod jungle planned to  
blaze,  
Salvations' path for all to trot,  
Whether we liked that way or not.

He bore in mind the surest way,  
To win men's hearts, or so they say,  
And nightly filled our stomachs  
full,  
With cakes and tea, and likewise  
bull.

On Sundays though we all marched in  
To let him preach to us of sin,  
And tell us how we really ought,  
To mend our ways, or we'd be caught.

But this sabbath attack, however  
bold,  
Upon our hearts just left us cold,  
And all his plans to make us good,  
He could put them with the "Xmas  
Pud".

He beat time till his arms were numb  
But with his hymns we were quite  
dumb.

Each passing Sunday every verse,  
Only made the silence worse.

Until one Sunday, in a hymn,  
The silence it so angered him,  
That fury he could not restrain,  
And burst into this hot refrain.

"With dirty songs you shake the  
walls,  
So to say you can't is just plain  
-----,  
All the week I fill your -----,  
So now, you -----s I'll have no  
buts.

Sing, you sons of bitches, sing,  
Make the ----welkin ring,  
All I ask is just a song,  
Help a ----- man along!

Cold horror swept his seething  
brain,  
And sanity he did regain,  
To face our eyes he was not game,  
but bowed his head in deepest shame

To his surprise we smiled on him,  
Now we obey his slightest whim,  
That Padre's game is surely made,  
Who calls a shovel a ----- spade.

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So our beer wasn't waylaid, after  
all. It was all a rumour.

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