



# WE MEET THE IMMOVABLE OBJECT

BEFORE A THRIFTY CROWD INCLUDING THE C.O.C. AND SOME 200 OF THE BATTALION WHO HAD ENDURED A LONG BUSSET RIDE, THE 29TH BATTALION RUGBY TEAM BOWED TO DEFEAT FOR THE FIRST TIME, IN THE SEMIFINAL OF THE BARRACKS CUP PLAYED ON SATURDAY.

The game was close and the keen interest which preceded the contest and resulted in exceptional backing was not allowed to flag. Maroon played steady football and won by 11 points to 6.

Red, the Battalion side, appeared to be static, and their usual combination was lacking. The Maroon forwards packed better and won the majority of the scrums - a fact which hampered the efforts of their more speedy opponents in the back division.

The score was opened by Maroon shortly after the commencement, when they crossed to score from a forward scramble. This was converted.

Barlow then kicked a penalty, which brought the score to 5 - 3.

Further success came to the 29th and shortly after this Thurston crossed following a concerted back movement to score wide out. The kick failed.

Maroon attacked strongly and from a penalty brought themselves into the lead again, the score remaining at 8 - 6 at the half time whistle.

Following close on the change over, Maroon again scored from a penalty kick. In spite of valiant efforts by Red, this was the last score of the match, and the game ended: Maroon, 11; Red, 6.

The Field of the 29th Bn.

Vol. 1, No. 13

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## Main Ramp

Yes, surely, we have builded some buildings such as you have never seen. And holes have we digged, and canals like unto pythons graves. In everywhere we behold sand from the sea and tins from old Chicago.

These weeks and weeks skeletons of strange structures have risen grand beneath the tropic moon. And when we asked when all would be done, ye builder replied: Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow... Now it is still.

Ye chow house of ye officers lacks but somewhat of aiaouli bark for a roof. Ye gathering place of ye common folk bleats out the morning sun.

And B. B. B. with its dancing floor, no more serves ye arpiey-tah but as a butler box.

Ye, and about the Companies vest officers to the little...

And in the lesser ranks the...

Verily, our camp is a most sweet place after the woe of the long days of labour and night and day of each...

## Goodbye

All denominations and ranks (Call na Dick) gathered on a recent evening to farewell Horrie (W.O.II) James - long famous for a hardened, quartermastering ability to say "No." On this occasion, however, he found it very hard to say even "Yes."

Fresh from his triumph in having a Battalion parade of L.D. men (some brought on stretchers) Horrie, at his concert effort to shone. When presented by W.O.II O'Brien with a pipe, he is reported to have replied in tones over 100 per cent humidity.

In our turn, wish him good hunting, and no change in roads.

Loud cries and the glistering of an unworldly room attracted our attention, and we investigated. Sure enough, it was Archie Strong up to his old tricks again. Another "Magenta" scoop...

# What is N.Z. doing?

NEW ZEALAND HAS MADE A VERY FINE CONTRIBUTION TOWARDS THE ALLIED WAR EFFORT - ONE OF WHICH SHE HAS SOME REASON TO BE PROUD.

THE DIVISION IN AFRICA HAS PERFORMED SIGNAL SERVICE IN THE WAR AGAINST THE ITALO-GERMAN FORCES.

NEW ZEALAND TROOPS ARE ON SERVICE IN THE PACIFIC ISLANDS THROUGH AT THE TIME OF WRITING NONE HAVE YET GONE INTO BATTLE.

Let us hope that the negative policy of waiting for the enemy to arrive will soon be replaced, not as some apparently imagine by going home and forgetting about the war, but by a positive offensive programme to destroy the enemy everywhere and so finish the war the right way.

## The Manpower Question

There are altogether 160,000 New Zealand men on active service in various branches of the armed forces. There are 150,000 engaged in farming operations, much of which is directly or indirectly essential to carrying on the war. There are 110,000 factory workers, although some of the factories are not bound up with war production.

Vast quantities of butter, cheese, meat and wool have been exported to feed the armies of Britain, America and even of Russia, as well as that used in supplying the armed forces in New Zealand itself.

A surprising range of manufactured articles have also been sent for the Military forces in the Middle East, India and the U.S.A.

THE ENGINEERING AND RADIO INDUSTRIES IN PARTICULAR HAVE DEMONSTRATED THAT NEW ZEALAND CAN TURN OUT GOODS THAT WILL FAIRLY COMPARATE WITH ARTICLES PRODUCED ANYWHERE ELSE IN THE WORLD.

## Arms and Ammunition

The "Woolworth" version of an automatic the Sten Gun, is now being manufactured in New Zealand except for the steel. A company involved was presented with a sample and asked to submit prices for 10,000.

After five months testing, the gun is now ready for production at the rate of 500 to 1000 a week indefinitely. The cost is slightly above the English price of £6, but after the initial expenses are paid production costs should drop considerably.

The Hon. D.G. Sullivan, Minister of Supply, said recently that the production of small arms ammunition had increased by

nearly five times since the early months of the war, and was now several million rounds a month. In hand grenades we were producing 40,000 to 50,000 a week.

Though the war situation at the moment looks brighter than it has done since the war began, and the return home of 6000 troops from the Middle East might lead some to think that it is all over bar the shouting, there are possibilities of unpleasant turns and twists unless the Allies, including New Zealand, really gear all their activities toward a total war effort.

## How Do we start?

"We have organised the production of Tommy Guns at the rate of hundreds a week," said the Minister. "Two- and three-inch mortars are being turned out in large quantities for ourselves and overseas. Bulbs to feed these weapons

are also being made here in huge quantities.

"WE HAVE BUILT HUNDREDS OF BREN CARRIERS. THE NEW ZEALAND ARMY IS NOW FULLY EQUIPPED. WE ARE NOW WORKING ON AN OVERSEAS ORDER FOR SEVERAL THOUSAND, AND WILL SOON BE TURNING THEM OUT AT A RATE OF OVER 100 A MONTH.

"A huge factory will soon come into production and start turning out shell fuses at over 1,000,000 a year. All this is new work, never done in New Zealand before with the exception of .303 ammunition."

## Clothing the Troops

Mr Sullivan further gave impressive figures showing that New Zealand has produced nearly 1,000,000 uniforms, about 2,000,000 pairs of socks, over 1,000,000 pairs of Army boots and nearly 500,000 blankets.

IT IS TOO OFTEN ASSUMED THAT THE ORGANISATION OF NEW ZEALAND'S WAR EFFORT IS SIMPLY ONE GLORIOUS Muddle. THIS IS FAR FROM THE TRUTH. RELATIVE TO MOST OTHER COUNTRIES, SHE HAS NO NEED TO BE ASHAMED OF HER CONTRIBUTION TO THE WAR.

But more can be done, particularly in making full use of those who are mobilised.

## DAY AT THE RACES

Good times were made by the wooden horses at the second meeting of the Macmillan Jockey Club last Sunday. The day was fine and the track fast.

Ignoring all past forms, the punters kept the tote staff busy for the five races. About 1900 dollars passed over the counter, an increase of 300 dollars on the last meeting.

Those on the "lawn" will remember seeing the editor of this paper at the rear of the tote in earnest conversation with "our John". Not being Sale Day, we think he was trying to obtain a ticket half price.

# Dear Daffy! HIT OR MISS *by* Winchell

I am a W.S.A.C. and I have heard of your column. I am very interested because I have my own personal problems to put before you.

I am desperately short of elastic. Should I bother to keep up appearances?

But that is not the worst of my problems. I have left my American boy friends all alone with those tough No. 4's. I am afraid he will not remain true, and I love him so much.

What can I do?

Julia.

Dear Julia,

I can sympathize with you in your need of elastic, for appearances, for elastic and other things must be kept up at all costs. Our orderly room sergeant has told me that there is a lot of good Japs here. If I persuade the authorities to do without it, he will deliver it in person.

His How tragic is a separation such as yours! But I suggest that you ask your U.S. boy friend to transfer from New Zealand to the N. Island - he will be quite at home there.

Daffy

"EVER SEEN this trick," asked Capt Cutler, tossing a bottle of rum in the air - and missing it. The other four officers followed a brief shocked silence with magnificent profanity



INDEED with Battalion spirit. Sgt. Lawlor paraded his platoon (also the worse for wear) into one night. The resemblance to an Aldershot tattoo was most marvellous.

WE HEAR that H.Q. Company opened a case of "beer" to find three large rocks very neatly packed in straw. Stone giager, no doubt...

REMOURS that Jimmy Flynn is to become official scout of the Battalion and joined by Mount Carroll.

MARCHED OFF. Unpateen thousand gallons of Apple Juice. How let someone else try and sell the stuff.

THERE WAS an issue of five bottles of beer per man last weekend. You're telling me?

AS THE PATROL slipped silently into the night, the message was whispered from man to man "Whenever we stop, go to ground." Back came the reply, "Stop now, Brown's tired."

The most adroit manoeuvres yet seen on the island have been those by which several officers have avoided the task of organising an officers' concert.

COMPLAINTS have been received at the local Comandante Nacionalo concerning a revival of the Ku Klux Klan movement. However, investigations have revealed that these ghoulishly garbed bands are only the 29th on the march with respirators.

THE C.O., it seems, could not find G Company H.Q. the other night. All the snakes sounded the same.



A hail of stones greeted Telford, G Company runner, on a recent night stunt, when he approached B Company H.Q. Capt Nation was just making sure it wasn't enemy.

## What did you do in the war Daffy?

Oh Soldier, Oh Soldier, where have you been?  
I've been to the tropics to see the Japs.  
Oh Soldier, Oh Soldier, what did you there?  
Sat 'neath the palm trees for ever a year.

Oh Soldier, Oh Soldier, when did you fight?  
Ants by the day, and mosquitoes by night.  
Oh Soldier, Oh Soldier, what did you that for?  
To help keep the Japs from New Zealand's front door.

Oh Soldier, Oh Soldier, what did you then?  
Came back to N.Z. then the islands again.  
Oh Soldier, Oh Soldier, what place was that?  
New California, and once more we sat.

Oh Soldier, Oh Soldier, did you fight there?  
Not one word was fired in anger, my dear.  
Oh Soldier, Oh Soldier, why didn't you fight?  
God only knows, though we hoped day and night.



# NOSSIR!

I could never understand a-  
Bout such foolish propaganda  
Managing to educate a  
World to worship a dictator.

Think of it, who could be littler  
Than that ranting rooster Hitler?  
And look - who's proved so toony  
woony  
As deflated Mussolini.

# THIS HOCKEY

Among the last to get under way in the Battalion, hockey has nevertheless proved itself against all comers, and is now the only sport not to show a defeat in its A grade matches.

Initially only friendly games were played with neighbouring units - the score in the first being 10 - 0. But then a competition was arranged, and both an A and a B team were entered. Although the second team has been bettered on a few occasions, only a game with the A team - shortly to eventuate - can convince them that they are not just about as good.

## A TEAM McCann

Joffs Curtis  
Burton Rough Fairo  
Lawton, Wham, Simon Cox Brooks

The problem of a ground has been acute, the Battalion having an unfortunate site as far as flat areas are concerned. Together with the Soccer, they have made a ground of sorts but, as the traffic cannot be persuaded to keep off it, the surface is - to say the least - irregular.

# CURTSEYS

Those directly interested in the production of this paper are as follows:-  
Staff

Lieut Salo  
Sgt. McLeod  
Sgt. Sturmer  
Sgt. Irvine  
Sgt. Barlow.  
Cpl Gray

## Artists

Sgt. Loveridge  
Pte Kendall

## Other Contributors

Cpl. Blackston  
Sgt. Strang  
Pte Kendall

# BIG, DID YOU SAY?

Magnificent, supercolossal.... How can we describe it? The new Battalion recreation hut roars its form over the countryside, dwarfing even the R.A.P. - up to now the chief social centre.

Statisticians say the building is 120 feet by 30 feet, with wings 40 and 50 feet long. But isn't that a bit of an understatement?

Society thronged to the opening last Sunday night. The Brigadier, nurses, visitors from many units. The Battalion was also there - and the hut held 'em easily. Ian Jacobson, proprietor and licence holder, beamed with pride.

Thanks to the Pioneers - who drew the thing on a specially large sheet of paper - and then did much more - the Black Aces who thatched, and the men who navvied, were offered by the C.O. in opening the hut.

In spite of a spirited rendering at the C Company concert the night before, Mr. Rusden was not asked to sing "My Kid's a crooner at the opening of the new hut

Features of the night were tea and cake (free) and an exhibition of local art (very good, too) by Pte Kendall.

A programme organised by Padre Baraganath went off very well, although the pioneer sergeant had left acoustics off his big piece of paper. A surprising array of vocal talent was revealed, among those looking modest being Capt Burton, Lieut. West, Sgt. Forsyth and Pte Anderson, and, of course, the Padre himself. Pte Anderson was heard in two violin solos.

The standard of a few recordings did not compare, but when the Battalion was asked to lend a hand the acoustics were ruined for good and all.

# WHOOPEE!

Much wassail and good cheer were in evidence on Saturday night, when C Company was entertained at dinner in their company mess room. Everyone enjoyed themselves as never before.

For we had roast fowl - 23 of 'em - baked spuds, green peas and gravy. To follow, fruit cake scones and some of Malkie's biscuits. Not forgetting the five bottles of plonk per man.

The evening started under strict table manners and as the hours crept slowly by and the plonk did its duty, there was music and song as is seldom heard. The highlight of the evening was a quartette rendering of "One Dozen Roses" by Cpts Bullon and Cutler and Lieuts Rusden and Olliver. A feature solo which brought the hut to a sudden quiet was Mr Rusden's "My Baby Goes BOO BOO (like Bing)". Many of the lads also gave spirited items.

The old go-anna was ably punched along by the talented Padorwiskors understudy, Arty Robinson.

# STOUT HEARTED MEN

Defeated only once - in its latest and fateful game - the 29th Rugby team is the Battalion's pride. Under the coaching of Archie Strang (All Black 1928-1930), who has written the following comments, it looked a good bet to win the rugby premiership of the island. We still think that at top form it is the best.

The players have combined excellently and at all times have worked as a team and not individually. The backs are a useful, foot-footed combination. All handle and tackle well and have played very attractive football.

The forwards are light, but active and speedy. The scrum work is machine-like, and quick hooping from rucks has paved the way for many tries.

The following members have represented the Battalion consistently during the season:-

GILLESPIE, H.G. (Ponsonby and Auckland University). Full-back. Light physique, solid tackler. Has taken hard knocks but has never let the team down.

EASTWOOD, P.J. (Wairarapa, Wellington, All Black trials)

A great scoring player, combining determination with speed.

WAUGH, H. (Manawatu). Wing three quarter. Speedy, with good hands and determination. Useful kicker.

McDONALD, H. (Grammar Old Boys and Auckland Colts). The most improved back in the side. Has made excellent openings for the wings, and never passes when his outside men are in a worse position than himself. Rucks up and tackles well.

In sympathy with the general mood of the Battalion following the loss in the Barrowlough Cup match yesterday there was a partial eclipse of the sun this afternoon. How news travels

JORDAN, L.R. (Auckland League). Second five-eighths and vice captain. A brilliant player with pace and great penetrative powers.

BARKER, R.H. (King Country and Auckland). First five-eighths. A classy player, with excellent hands, speed off the mark and a resolute tackler. A good kicker.

SWINBURNE, D.S. (Pverty Bay and Combined East Coast Unions). Half back. Has given on excellent service from the base of the scrum.

ROGERS, C.E. (King Country) First five-eighths. A sound back who backs up well. Good hands and tackles well.

NOT enough practice is the moral behind the story of Capt Condor and one Pte Ward who came to grips after a scrummage on manoeuvres. A change of blows and an unwilling exchange of weapons was the result - Ward having a pistol and Capt Condor a rifle and tin hat. Referee Davis missed the incident.

THURSTON, D.H. Wing threequarter. A solid back who uses judgment and kicks with accuracy.

## THE SEASON'S

SCORES.	
16	9
26	0
26	3
8	0
17	9
10	6
21	3
23	10
23	3
42	10
50	3
23	3
8	6
13	6
7	11

BOLT, G.F.H. (Southern Club Christchurch)

WRIGHT, W.A. (Now Brighton Club, Christchurch)

These two rugged forwards are great toilers and are always on the ball.

BURKE, R.B. (Canterbury, Wellington, N.Z. University) Hooker and captain. A great deal of the success of the team is due to this experienced hooker. His leadership and general ability have been at all times highly commendable.

MEADOWS, J.P. (Marist Club, Wellington) Lock.

McKENZIE, J.E. (Acherburton, All Black trials) Lock.

Two untiring workers in the night, who have also held the scrum together successfully.

McKENZIE, P.B. (Wellington) Back row. The heaviest and tallest player in the team. A splendid line-out forward and always very fit.

CONNER, N.M. (Waikato). Side row. A splendid loose forward, with reliable hands and useful speed.

EYE, J.D. (South Canterbury) Side row. This tall forward has plenty of energy. A toiler in the tight and line outs.

CAMBERE, R.V. (Horowhenua) Back row. Good type of forward. Not often seen, but always on the ball.

WARD, K.L.J. (Central Hawkes Bay) A good all-rounder and forward and reserve hooker.

In my opinion, four of the players, Burke, B. Bow, Jordan and Eastwood are up to New Zealand representative standard.

## RUGBY B TEAM

Lieut McDonald		
Thorne	Borrie	
Galbraith	Rogers	
McMahon		
Horgan		
Wong	Dunlop	Skinner
Pullin	Ward	Cooper

# GATHER YE ROSEBUDS INVICTUS

At the end of our return Rugby game against our old Yellow rivals, the score board read 13-11 in our favour. It was a close game, and we were rather lucky to win.

The Yellow side crossed our line three times, while all of our points came from the boot of Bob Barlow.

Right from the start it was clear that the Yellow forwards were out to bustle the Red side. Blackmore scored for Yellow, his try being converted by Wornor.

We were five points down, but being behind at the start is no new experience for our side. From two scrum infringements Barlow kicked a brace of fine goals, putting the Red one point ahead.

The Yellow forwards were not to be denied and once again they smashed the Red defence, but Gillespie saved. Our forwards at last came to life for a few minutes and the McKenzie "brothers", Conder and Wright took play to the Yellow line. A scrum was ruled, Burke gained possession and Swinburne sent the ball under his legs to Barlow, who dropped a neat field goal. Half-time: Red, 10; Yellow, 5.

After the interval our opponents started with a great rattle, but one man, being keen, hung a little too long on to the tail of Capt. Conder's jersey. Result, a penalty which Barlow placed neatly between the posts. Red, 13; Yellow, 5.

Once again Yellow came to the fore and piled on two unconverted tries.

With only a two point lead our side was hard pressed, and it took Skipper Burke and his not too merry men all their time to keep the enemy at bay until the final whistle.

However, we won. "Jeep" McKenzie played a fine game. To Bob Barlow goes the honour of gaining all our points, no small feat for such a hard game.

In order to maintain our unbeaten record it is clear that manoeuvres before a big game should be stopped. It was even a bit tough for the supporters.

A double triumph for the hockey last Saturday, when two old rivals fell to the A and B teams! Neither game was easy - but who wants it that way?

The A game resulted in a win 4 - 0, but up to half time the score was only 1 - 0 after even play. The superior half play of the Battalion side, where Rough, Burton and Faire provide a combination with excellent stick work, was the deciding factor.

Goals were scored by Rough (2), Cox and Wham.

ONE who watched the game with keen interest was the centre forward Simon who received a back injury. He refused to admit himself done, however, and stood in a strategic point waiting for the ball to come withing reach.....

The surprise of the day, however, was the defeat by the B team of the strongest of the other unit sides. Vigorous forward play put them 3 goals up at an early stage.

Then, just before half time the tide began to turn, and ten minutes before the end of the game the scores stood even. Last desperate efforts were made by both sides - and the only other goal went to the 29th.

The scorers were Crawford and Grievos, each with two goals.

Almost in the classification of a Strength Through Joy pastime, dock tennis is played fervently by a number of the officers to compensate for the restrictions on climbing hills. But we do think that when the Padre plays Mr Hammond there should at least be a referee in the ring.

## SHOOT MON!

## BUSY B'S

Although running up against keen competition, the Soccer team has never, however, suffered only one defeat. And after playing together for some time the side has developed excellent combination, with the result that some fine games have been seen.

In a game played a week ago one of the old Battalion rivals was defeated by 3 goals to 1. The game was very even, with our positional play turning the balance.

A really good game on Saturday ended in a draw, 1 - 1. Neal being the scorer.

In a curtain raiser to the big game our B rugby team succeeded in defeating the Yellow side by 8 points to 6.

Our forwards as a whole played quite well. It is a pity that the side does not get the same opportunities for practice together as the A team.

Horgan scored the only try, Greathord converting and kicking a penalty goal.

S	Beaton, Sproule, Neal, Forrester, Woods.	S
O	Stubblings, McDonald, Ponswick.	O
C	Ward, Williamson	C
E	Sharp.	E
R		R

# EXCURSION

ALTHOUGH mention of a tropic isle to readers of romantic fiction conjures up visions of glamorous nights and gluttonous days, we Brazzers in Nocal are less likely to be so misled. We were many months here before we saw "les vallees luxuriantes" or "les fruits delicieux" of which the French maps boasted. Such exaggeration seemed merely to confirm our impression of the French as a romantic race.

Eight o'clock one sunny Saturday two of us set out on a mission to secure a supply of mandarins. We were perhaps a little sceptical of any success, for we had staggered around for months and miles without seeing anything more than spider's webs hanging from the trees - niaouli trees...



But orders were orders, the day was fine, we missed a parade and we wore our own bosses for a few hours. It mattered little to us if mandarins proved to be plentiful as pork in Jerusalem.

On the outskirts of a straggling village we left the corrugated road and sought out the house of the French farmer whose fruit we were going to buy. We were greeted by a young man in his twenties, who, in the absence of the owner, offered to take us down to the plantation. We went with him through a grove of slender dark-leaved trees that thwarted the sun.

The smell of dank earth and rotting foliage assailed our nostrils. Mingled with the tall trees were sturdy red-barked coffee trees - and then, through a gap in the undergrowth, we caught a glimpse of paradise.

Hundreds of golden fruit were lying on the brown soil ahead of us. We flung caution to the wind.



I do not know how mandarins Bill ate, but mine had disappeared to my account before I realised that a grizzled, bare-footed, toothless French labourer was awaiting an explanation. Mistily I gulped and broke into my rusty French.

Matters were speedily clarified and we resumed our attack, deterred neither by the 16 yelping hounds that surrounded us, nor by the herds of mosquitoes that kept the Frenchman perpetually fanning his face with his hand, and exclaiming all the while "Pest! Les moustiques sent mauvais - toujours les moustiques..."

## DAYS OF YORE

Sometime someone is going to write our story - and in preparation for this day the paper committee is working on material concerning the days of the life of the 29th Bn. which have gone in all but memory.

We would be obliged for any material you can supply from your end. Photographs would be particularly welcome, and if they will not pass the censor to-day, we would be grateful for advice that you have some you would make available in the future.

We arranged to collect our fruit at three o'clock and somewhat reluctantly set out for the village. Our guide, by this time our friend, accompanied us, and we dined at the restaurant (that served also, he informed us, as maternity home) on grilled steak, beans and lettuce, accompanied by plenty of bread and butter.

After lunch Robert insisted that we should go to his home. A graying New Caledonian native climbed up a tree and lopped off several bunches of coconuts for us. Again we ate and drank, while cats, dogs and fowls rushed around us to share in the feast.

Time passed all too quickly as we compared rifles, chatted about the war and explained the virtues of our Ford truck to an interested audience of four. Trophies of the chase were brought out and an invitation given to us to return for a hunting and fishing trip.



We collected the oranges and met the owner back at his house. Again hospitality was extended to us, this time in the form of a lamen drink enjoyed as we talked on a breeze swept verandah.

Our host, a typical French colonial, ruddy featured, white-headed portly man of sixty or so, spoke well of the "Kiwis" and expressed the wish that friendly trade relations might be established between New Zealand and New Caledonia. His daughter sought our help on the problems of English grammar.

But the sun was sinking; we had far to go. With mutual expressions of good will we took our leave. The back of the truck was overflowing with mandarins and for "our own private needs" we were given a kerosine case full of them, with a sugar bag full of lemons.

We were still tossing mandarin peelings away as our truck swung into camp.

# Cheerio!



FROM this island of sunshine while you have rain - of shattered dreams but shining hopes - this place where New Zealand is more than ever the grandest land on earth - the publishing committee sends its greetings.

HELLO PHOENIX: Love to Murray and Noeline, also Millie, Jack and Beverly and all at Rukaka. Keep your chins up.

Love, OSCAR

REGARDS to Yvonne and Mr. and Mrs. Foley, Papatoetoe.

Sgt. Foley.

LOVE ALWAYS to Mavis, Mum, Vic, Ross and Judy. Everything O.K. Cheerio

ALLEN B. CLAMPTT

CHEERIO Mum, Dad and all at Kauwhata. Lots of love.

OWEN

NEWS FLASH: Rushing Russ defeats Tiny Tooman in the three-mile race of the century!

LOVE TO Margery: Cheerio to everyone in Palmerston North, and to Mum and Dad and family.

CHEERIO to all at home and friends in Cambridge Rd, Tauranga. Lots of love.

OWEN

LOTS OF LOVE to Jimmie. Keep smiling. Love to Mum and Dad, and Carteru and Spreydon.

IAN

CHEERIO to all at home. My thoughts are always with you in Darmovirke.

STILL

CALLING Miss B Moody, Weikuku, and Mr. and Mrs. H.A. Wing, Ngapawa St., Sandringham.

Hallo, folks! I'm fit and well and hope you are the same. Love and best wishes to you both, Mother and Dad. Birthday greetings, Beatrice and fondest love. Cheerio to you all.

NORMAN

CONGRATS to Mr. Smith! He has just been presented with sextuplets by the G.M. cat.

LOTS OF LOVE to Vern, and all at the Bay, and to Mum, Dad, Pop and Bloss, Tuatapere.

GORDON

LOVE to Glad, Dennis, Mum and Pop and all my friends in Gisborne. I am fit and well.

GEORGE

The Yanks, while we're doing their duty  
Are stealing our girls over there.  
Give them the feminine beauty,  
But why should they get all the beer?

GOOD LUCK to Ruha. Am fit and well.

GEORGE

CHEERIO to Mairi and Ann, also Mum, Dad, and kids in Napier.

BATT

YOUR OWN CHEERIO!

LOVE to Mum, Dad, and all at 5 Cameron St, Dunedin. Cheerio Gran, Rube, Cossey, Pinks, Crawfords and Nell.

HEC GRAY

CALLING Te Akau Sth., Am O.K. and hope you are also. Love.

HUBERT

HELLO all at home. Doing fine. Best wishes. BOB (Shorty) Cummings

CHEERIO to Mum, Dad, Ted, Brothers and Sisters and all folks in Sanson. Love from

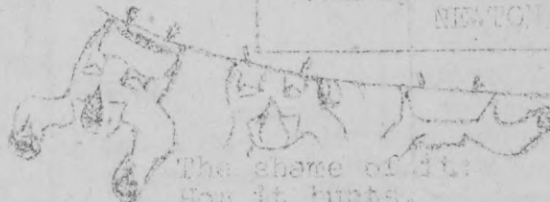
FRED MEYER

LOVE AND GREETINGS to MUM AND DAD. From

EDGAR

CHEERIO to Mom and Family, also Bill and Family and Brother Ben.

NEWTON



The shame of it:  
How it hunts.

Varished now a chance of wit  
For we've got some decent shifts  
At last...  
Blast!