



Learn this Amazing Secret

Start to-day to wash your hair with Sta-blond. You will be amazed at the difference. And you will learn this secret . . . that Sta-blond can bring back that lovely 'lighter' colour to faded fair hair. It succeeds—simply because it is made specially for blondes. Give back to your hair its lost golden beauty. Recapture that lost sparkle and charm—for Sta-blond can prevent fair hair from darkening and keep it bright and lustrous.

STA-BLOND
THE BLONDES OWN SHAMPOO

FREE: A chart of NEW Hair Styles specially for Blondes. Write to Fassett & Johnson Ltd., Dept. L.2., Manners St., Wellington. Box 33.

ADDRESS.....

NAME.....

While Others Sleep

Dear Sir,
In Reply to Yours of the . . .

THIS morning, between morning-tea and lunch, you dictated a couple of dozen letters to your typist who, between rows of purl and plain, typed half of them, went to lunch, typed the other half and had them ready for you to sign by about three o'clock. It was about four o'clock when you got back to your office—that fellow Burns talked so long—so by the time you had signed the letters and your typist had put them into window envelopes, stuck down the flaps and put on the stamps, your typist had only just enough time to put on her street-going lipstick, hair-bow, hat, etc., snatch up the bundle of letters and fly clicket-clicket down the stairs and along to the post office.

Most of the other junior typists and office boys in the city are posting, too; so in 10 minutes around five o'clock you can see 10,000 letters go into the apertures at the Chief Post Office, Auckland.

You've written your letter, you've dropped it through the aperture; you



If only he would begin licking early in the day. . . .

don't need to give it another thought—it will be delivered by a heavily-laden post-girl about 9 o'clock to-morrow morning. But if that letter is going to a suburb it has to be handled nine times during the night and early morning before it is dropped into the box at your gate. And wherever it is going it has to be handled at least six times—you will be peacefully sleeping while it is being hustled from pigeon-hole to pigeon-hole.

From the street apertures at the C.P.O. the letters do the first stage of the journey in snappy time: 80 seconds on a moving belt of canvas till they come avalanching down a chute on to one of the longest tables I have seen outside a sheep station bunk-house. From 5 to 7 p.m. the letters pile up a foot to two feet deep on this table. Fifteen girls are facing-up. At last I have found out what the expression means. I thought it had something to do with courage or danger; but no: facing-up is bundling the letters together, addresses upwards, stamps to the top, ready for the date-stamping machines. There are two of these, each attended by a man. The letters are stacked, the power is turned on, and those greedy rollers swallow the letters with a rattle at the rate of 800 a minute. You can scarcely call it one-by-one at this rate; and yet they actually go through one at a time—but I wouldn't like to have to move so slipper to keep ahead of the fellow behind.

No Orchids for Flimsies

Date-stamping in wartime is no fun, the men say. The reason is that there are too many flimsies—letters with save-paper-stickers instead of envelopes; envelopes with one label stuck on top of another for a second, a third or even a fourth use; poor quality paper which crumples and wilts before the greedy rollers of the machine have so much as grabbed it once. So every few seconds there is a jam session; but if you listen carefully you won't describe the comments you hear as music, jazz, swing, or jive. The machines make an automatic count, and they put through from 86,000, to 120,000 letters a day, 20 per cent of these inevitably being those foul little flimsies that can only be described as etc., etc. . . .

I saw at least a dozen different shapes and sizes of envelopes which had to be sorted into groups for the machines;

(continued on next page)



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