

HAIR FALLING OUT?

This Letter Speaks for Itself

Clifford Street,
Seddon.
Dec. 20th, 1942.

Salmond & Spraggon Ltd.
Dear Sirs,

I have been using Pure Silvikrin for a few months now, and have had amazing results—was nearly bald—the hairdresser said she never saw a person with so much new hair. I am very pleased with my new hair—it has come back as it was in my schooldays. I am still in ill-health so it is only thanks to Pure Silvikrin that I am no bald now, instead of having a thick head of wavy hair.

Now what makes it curly and wavy—the reason is I always use Tonic Lotion Silvikrin in the daytime. No need for a hair set when you can get natural waves as well as keeping your scalp clean. And don't my girls like it. I've just got to hide the bottle if I want any left, so will give them a bottle each for Xmas. Not forgetting the shampoo—I have been using all three for six months. I'm using the last bottle of Pure Silvikrin now, will carry on then with Tonic Shampoo and Oil.

Now let me tell you, I am not telling you all this just to please you—it's all true, as my friends can tell you. But you must use it every day, not miss two or three and start again as a friend of mine does, and then wonder why you aren't getting results. The only thing is I cannot get my hair to shine (that is because of gland trouble). So you will understand Silvikrin has had a battle and come out with flying colours.

Yours faithfully,
Mrs. P. Watson.

FOR HAIR BEGINNING TO FALL—Slight Dandruff—apply Silvikrin Lotion—keeps normal hair both healthy and tidy. Price 3/5 & 6/- per bottle.

FOR SERIOUS FALLING HAIR—Severe Dandruff—apply Pure Silvikrin—the Concentrated Hair Food. Price 8/3 per bottle.

Silvikrin

FOR THE HAIR

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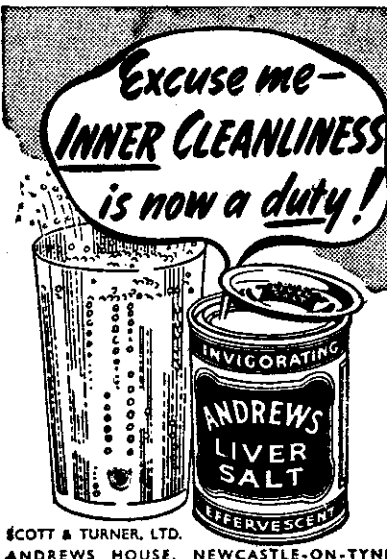


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THE BOYS IN NEW CALEDONIA

THE wife of a New Zealand soldier now in New Caledonia has permitted us to make some extracts from a recent bundle of letters. The key-note of all is: "Don't worry about the boys in New Caledonia."

ON the way here, I was doing a spot of picket duty outside the crew's quarters during the morning, and among the men I chatted with was a chap from my birthplace, Liverpool. He has four brothers and sisters living in the States, and they all think it's the greatest country in the world. He said that he found the French people (on this island), very friendly and anxious to learn English.

OUR first camp was situated in a pleasant valley not unlike one of our Waikato valleys. The grass was thick and green, but as far as I could see quite unlike our New Zealand mixture of Italian rye, cocksfoot, timothy, etc. There was also a profusion of trees, a species of gum called, I believe, "niaouli." These are to be found all over the island and are regarded as the national tree, just as the kowhai is ours. T—T—told me that the mosquitoes rest on these trees, and that the gum in the bark neutralises any germs they carry.

We met our first native, who looked like a cross between a Melanesian and an Australian black. He told us that the district was mainly given over to farming, and that there was a butter and cheese factory close by. He said that there were coffee plantations to the north and the south, but none near.

FROM this camp we came north in trucks. The first 10 or 15 miles of the road ran through a pleasant valley, which was thickly wooded throughout with these niaouli trees. The bark is used by the natives for thatching the roofs of their houses.

Most of the houses we saw along the wayside were built of what looked like plastered brick, and they were all roofed with bark. They all had luxuriant gardens and plantations around them.

ON the whole, this place is remarkably free from insect pests. The flies are not as bad as I have often known them at home. There are myriad ants, but they seem contented to stay on the floor—so far—and anyway, I have nothing to tempt them. But the mosquitoes, la, they are "of a badness." (Admire my French?).

Food on the whole is much better than I expected. Although the officers have a separate mess, we all eat the same food. We have fresh or tinned fruit at least once a day, and though all our vegetables seem to be dehydrated or tinned, they are not so bad. Yesterday a native came in selling fruit, and we bought three dozen mandarins at 2d a dozen, or 6d the lot. For the same price we bought a bunch of bananas but the latter are not quite ripe. The mandarins, however, are delicious.

I HAD a wonderful outing yesterday. We set out about 11.30, and left the main road just outside the village, striking out up a side alley along one

of the prettiest lanes I have seen. We crossed a stone bridge erected in 1888, which in design and workmanship might easily have been transported from any of a half-dozen European countries. After a couple of miles, we went into a farmhouse to see if we could get a cup of coffee. The house was like most of the French country places I have seen, that is, built of dingy, crumbling mud brick, but with a tin roof instead of the more usual thatch.

They seemed quite willing to provide the coffee if we didn't mind waiting about half an hour for the kettle to boil. We didn't. We unpacked a 5lb. tin of pears, and our hosts joined in and helped us to clean it up. The coffee, when it came, was delicious. Grown on the premises, freshly ground and with a spoonful of sugar and a slice of lime fresh from the tree, it was the finest I've ever tasted. When we left, we gave them a tin of New Zealand butter.

We saw a lot of coffee growing by the road as we went along, but mostly it was growing among trees; it does not thrive if it has no shelter from the sun. After another mile or so, we called in at another place to have a rest and a chat. This place was cleaner, but hardly less drab. These people seem to live with hardly any of the amenities we take for granted as necessities. They have no radios, no electricity, not even stoves. They mostly have earthen floors, and if they rise to the dignity of wood, they never aspire to the luxury of rugs or lino. No telephone, no papers, neighbours few and far between, and transport very limited.

Yet they seem happy enough.

AFTER we left there we had to ford a couple of rivers. We saw acres of guavas, but they grow much bigger than they do in New Zealand, and are probably quite a different variety. They make good eating. There were quite a few mandarin trees, but the fruit was not ripe enough to eat. We were told that none of the fruit is greatly prized, and that most of it is allowed to rot.

We reached our destination about four o'clock, and after a swim, found afternoon tea set out for us. Not like our idea of afternoon tea, but tea none the less, and most welcome.

Papa is the youngest of six brothers, and has a family of 11. There were about 20 people there, but I never succeeded in finding out just exactly who was who. We shook hands gravely with the whole lot, for the French are very formal about handshaking.

This home is a cut above any other I have seen. The sleeping quarters are in the main house, and there is a separate building used as dining room and general sitting room. This latter is built like a summer-house, octagonal in shape, white-washed inside, and very airy and clean.

All the cooking is done in yet another shed. They have no stove, the boiling and frying being done in camp ovens. The nearest approach to a stove is a long concrete bench divided into three.



New Zealand troops unpack their gear in New Caledonia

and with three small separate fires. There is a huge clay-brick oven for baking. They light the fire inside the oven until they get sufficient heat, and then rake out the ashes and put in the bread, which cooks in about three-quarters of an hour. There were no mosquitoes there, and apparently no blow-flies, for the meat was just left hanging from a rafter. There were hundreds of house flies, but they did not seem to worry anyone. A tame grey heron wandered round the kitchen, and appeared to be very friendly. The bread is excellent, but I have yet to meet a French household which understands the art of cutting thin bread. Without exception, as far as I have seen, it is served in thick slices, and usually without butter.

Just before tea, the whole crowd of us went along to the coconut grove to get coconuts. One of the visitors climbed up the tree more quickly than I could climb a ladder, and he simply rained down coconuts. We had a regular orgy of drinking. Each nut holds a good pint of juice, and in a full-sized nut it is very pleasantly flavoured and most thirst-quenching. I got through one and a half. I was amazed at the fondness of the dogs for the meat of the nuts. They ate literally dozens of them, and scooped them out as clean as a whistle.

We paid a visit to an old Arab who works (?) on the place. He is 83 years old, and the skin hangs from him in immense pouches. He squatted at the doorway of his hut, which had a smoky fire burning in the centre of the floor. He told N—that he was sent out here as a convict in 1880 for taking part in a rising in Algeria. His nails were fully an inch long. It appears that he is one of the few survivors of those who were still prisoners when the convict settlement ceased to exist as such. His main ambition is to go to Nouméa to die. His name is Amede, possibly the French form of Ahmed.

(Continued on next page)