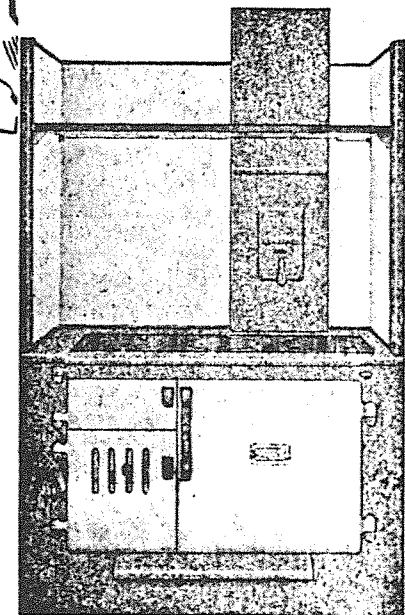
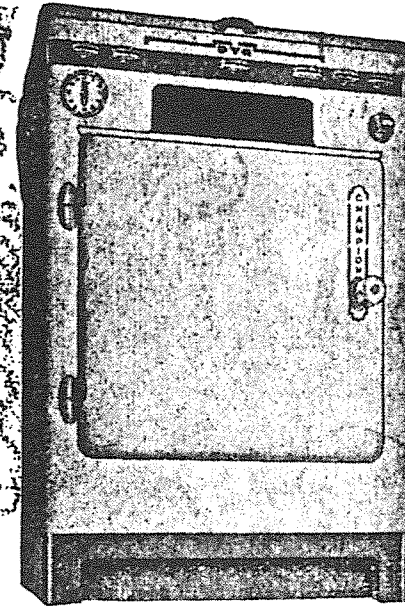


PY KORRY!
IF WE ONLY HAD
A "CHAMPION"



Some years ago when Captain Cook
In local Harbour dropped his hook,
He said, "For just a month I'll stay,
And eat roast moa every day."
He handed over ration book
To leading local Maori cook
(Who ran a thriving bisinis
Of making meals for visitis).

But poor old "Captain" never dreamt
Of previous time that would be spent
On soft'ning up so old and tough a bird
(Who'd lived a life of hardship with the herd).

On CHAMPION COOKER, wages spent,
And back to Maoris Captain went,
With answer to the cooking question
Of stopping pains and indigestion.
Said Maori housewives, "She all right,
Enamel finish nice and bright.
We cookem moa, pig and lizard,
Py korry, Boss, she plurry wizard."

Thus CHAMPION settled in Dunedin,
To give our people better feedin'.
Now Captain Cook has passed away,
But CHAMPION COOKER'S here to stay.



Just as New Zealand's national game is undoubtedly Rugby, so her national drink is unquestionably tea, of which New Zealanders seem to consume more pints to the natter per head than the inhabitants of almost any other country. It was probably some old-timer who introduced to the Maoris the gentle art of concocting a delicate, cheering cuppa from manuka shoots, but Mr. J. Rattray, founder of the firm of J. Rattray & Son, Ltd., put all that in the primitive past when he came ashore in 1874 with his famous Tiger. Under one arm he carried a cricket bat—Mr Rattray introduced the noble game to Otago. Since when TIGER TEA, distributed by RATTRAYS, has always been recognised as the very best makings for New Zealand's national brew.

OH, THAT TIGER