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CUPID AT ANZAC BUFFET.

Little Miss Muffet, sat in a Buffet,
Sorry -
Little Miss V.A.
Worked in a Buffay.

Snap out of it man. This is the Anzac Buffet, in Hyde Park, Sydney...
a great recreation centre for the Servicemen on leave. For example,
reading. Nothinglike a good book.

Here's the real spirit of service. Unsung heroines, the Sister Susies
who'll sew anything from a shirt to a sock for a soldier.

Saying it with music. They're singing along the road to victory.
Just getting themselves in trim - because there'll be a shortage of Italian
Tennors after the war. anyway. Even the bravest got the wind up at
draughts. Your move pal - (Whisper) Hey -m there's your chance -
its a set up! One, two, three, four, five, six - (C.U. Airman -surly
voice) Sez you!

Luncheon is served...and tickets are on the house. So's everything
else at Anzac Buffet. It's the city's most informal, most democratic
Club. And what a membership. Many of these pretty misses work in an
Office all week and give up their Sundays to do a spot more toil. That's
the spirit.

(C.U. Pretty girl with tray) Fhew! NOW do you want to join the army.
(Sailor) Just a way they have in the Navy.

SAILOR. Uh-huh!
GIRL (weak voice) Ur -hur!
SAILOR. Oh boy. Say, you're a swell war worker.
GIRL. Think so?
SAILOR - Think so - (Ring) You can be one all your sweet life, Baby.

So Sydney's Anzac Buffet becomes a new home for romance. Riggs?
You get nothing else, but the engaged signal. No less than 26 lads
in uniform surrendered without a struggle.

"Oh to be in Hyde Park when Spring is in the Air"¹/_e

Some look happy...(Single soldier) Soom look harried(Aside) Cheer up Dig.
Some are joyful, some are married (Aside-) worse luck,
In the Anzac Buffet their romance began. In an atmosphere of war... true
love blossoms, And when't all over . . Who said War is Hell?
Young Dan Cupid's got thr bugler sounding the call to arms, the greatest
WAR song ever written.