HALF-A-CROWN net

NEW ZEALAND AT THE FRONT

Written and Illustrated in France
by Men of the New Zealand Division

COMPANY, LTD.

C. M. R. Hickson
1917

NEW ZEALAND AT THE FRONT

PRESENTED

TO

THE CORPS OF ROYAL NEW ZEALAND ENGINEERS

by

Mr C.D. Elder

on

21 June 1982

Received by the Corps Curator

New Zealand At the Front

Written and Illustrated by
Men of the New Zealand
Division

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EDITOR'S NOTE

THE contributions for this book have come from Trench, Dug-out, and Billet. They are the offspring of the Battlefield. Therefore they may show a lack of polish, a certain roughness, that would not be so apparent had they been evolved under more favourable circumstances.

It may be said of these productions that they are the children of the imagination of men who, in the wielding of the sword, have scant time for the handling of the pen and brush. Therein lies their peculiar virtue. If they have neither the quality of culture nor of genius, at least they have the merit of freshness, and reflect something of the ideas, the temperament, and the life of men who, from a sense of duty, find themselves engaged in a mighty conflict in a strange environment, far from their own land. As such they will be treasured in the homes of our own people, and also, perhaps, receive some kindly attention in what we New Zealanders still call the Homeland.

Owing to the difficulties of publication and of transport in these times of great adventure, the material for the book had to be procured at short notice from the men of the New Zealand Division. It was hoped to have included contributions from that section of our Forces that is still fighting the Turk in the Desert beyond the Suez Canal, but, as the book had to be ready for the Christmas mail, this was found impracticable.

To all who have contributed the promoters convey their grateful thanks. Sufficient was received to fill two books. One only could be published. On some of the children of these generous authors the Editor has had to use the knife of the literary surgeon. To the fathers of such he conveys his

apologies. There were other children of fancy too weak to be operated upon. To the parents of these he expresses his regrets. In either case it may be that his diagnosis and his knowledge of literary anatomy have been at fault, although his intentions were of the best. Fortunately, in war, there can be no inquests, and surgical failures on the battlefield have not yet come under the heading of Courts-Martial. There remains the possibility that some irate parent, brooding on the mutilation or death of his favourite child, may take the law into his own hands; in that case the Editor's sole claim to fame may rest upon the brief though ambiguous epitaph that has become common in this war: "Missing, believed killed"!

GLOSSARY

A BLIGHTY.—A wound of sufficient severity to take you to England. Much prized when not too severe.

AK EMMA.—Ante-meridian.

AOTEA-ROA.—New Zealand, the Land of the Long White Cloud.

AUSSIE, or OSSIE.—The "Tommy" of Australia.

BARMY.—Dotty; weak in intellect.

BATMAN.—Officer's servant.

BLEW OFF.—Went away.

BLIGHTY.—The place where all good soldiers hope to go—on leave, for preference.

BOOZE.—Any kind of drink stronger than water.

BRASS HATS.—Important Staff officers; so called because they wear gold braid on their cap peaks.

BULL RING.—Training ground.

COBBER.—A friend; a pal.

C.S.M.—Cerebro-spinal meningitis; also Company Sergeant Major.

DERES.—Turkish word for valleys.

DIGGER.—The New Zealand soldier. No doubt because he has proved himself a handy man with the pick and shovel, as he is with the rifle and the bayonet.

THE DINKS.—That part of the New Zealand Army which rather fancies itself. No doubt a derivative from the Australian word "dinkum."

DINKUM.—True; the correct thing.

D.R.S.—Divisional Rest Station.

DUD.—A shell that doesn't explode. Applied also to an officer, non-com., or man in whom none have any confidence. It will no doubt continue as a generic term after the War.

ESTAMINET.—A house in the war zone at which weak beer can be procured.

FIRED.—Thrown out of your job.

FLAPPER.—A young girl.

F.P.—Field punishment; the reward of evil-doers.

FRAY BENTOS.—A brand of bully beef tinned somewhere in America.

FRITZ.—The enemy on the Western Front.

GASPER.—A cigarette of the commoner variety.

GETTING THE WIND UP.—Getting nervous.

GO CROOK.—To go on the crooked path.

HAKA.—A Maori dance, with grotesque gesticulation and accompanied by a chant often as fierce as the dance.

KAKA.—A New Zealand parrot, the scarlet feathers from the under wing of which were prized by the Maoris for ornamentation, and especially in the manufacture of their feather mats or cloaks.

KAI.—Food, rations, pork and beans, etc.

KOWHAI TREE.—New Zealand laburnum tree.

LIZZIES.—Big guns. Probably so called because of the impression of the fifteen-inchers used by *Queen Elizabeth* in the bombardment of Gallipoli.

LOTION.—Liquid of various kinds, applied internally.

Glossary

MANA.—A Maori word for prestige.

MINNIE.—Otherwise "Minnenwerfer," a heavy and destructive bomb, weighing about 120 lb. It is fired from a heavy trench mortar.

M.O.—The man with the stethoscope and the "Number Nines." In other words, the Medical Officer.

MOPOKE.—A small owl of New Zealand.

NAPOO.—Army French for "finish."

NUMBER NINES.—A pill panacea for all the ills that soldier flesh is heir to.

OSSIE.—*See* AUSSIE.

PAKARU.—Broken, smashed.

PAVÉ.—Rough stone pavement forming the crown of many of the roads of Northern France and Belgium.

P.B.—Permanent Base.

P.H. Helmet.—A kind of helmet worn as a protection against poison gas.

PHIZ.—Face, features.

PINEAPPLE.—A German trench mortar bomb of small size.

PIUPIU.—A Maori garment extending from waist to knee, from which the kilt was copied.

PLURRY.—The great Australian adjective as expressed in the more mellifluous language of the Maori.

PORIRO.—Of unknown origin, not in Debrett's. The English form is used as an expletive or term of endearment, as the occasion demands.

REWAI.—Potato.

RUM-JAR.—A German bomb, smaller than a Minnenwerfer: fired from a trench mortar.

SAUSAGE.—An observation balloon. So called from its rounded oblong shape.

SKITE.—To boast.

SLING.—A New Zealand training camp, somewhere in England.

STOPPING A BLAST.—Taking a scolding or rebuke from someone higher in rank than yourself. The strength of the blast is regulated not so much by the excellence of the officer's or N.C.O.'s lungs as by the state of his liver.

STRAFE.—A bombardment. Sometimes a man is strafed. *See* STOPPING A BLAST.

STUNT.—A fight, ranging from a raid to a big battle.

TAIHOA.—Later on.

TIN HATS.—The steel hats worn as a protection against shrapnel; also a synonym for "brass hats."

TOGS.—Clothes—in war sometimes unrecognisable as such.

TUI.—New Zealand bird with sweet song.

'UNS, or HUNS.—Descendants of Attila.

WHIZZ-BANG.—A shell that arrives quickly.

LAY down the sword; take up the pen!
'Tis not the season for tirade.
'Gainst Hunnish hordes of fighting men
One moment be the fight delayed
To let the crayon's light and shade
Diversion for our friends afford.
Let's show by stylo's artful aid
The Pen is mightier than the Sword!

H. S. B. R.

New Zealand at the Front

THE TAIAHA

WHEN Tapi Himiona, the Binder of Wounds and Dispenser of Tabloids to the Battalion, returned from leave to his Highland home near John o' Groats, he brought back with him two priceless *Taiahas* of ancient Maori manufacture. These, with modern Scots ceremony, he presented to the *Tohunga* and to Mango Maroke, the Scribe. The incident, to the uninitiated, was merely the passing of a curio from one comrade to another. To us, it held a far deeper significance.

The *Taiaha*, as a few New Zealanders may know, is an old-time fighting weapon of the Maori. Made from the seasoned tough wood of the *Manuka*, the *Maire*, or the *Ake* of the Sounding Leaves, its grain resisted snapping or fracturing when brought into violent contact with a foeman's skull. The six feet or so of its length is broadened out at one end into the *rau*, or striking blade, and the other end is narrowed and rounded off into a carved head from which protrudes a long carved tongue forming a sharp stabbing point. It was the *arero*, or tongue, of the *Taiaha* that was the most dangerous

part of the weapon. Let a combatant regard too exclusively the sweeping blows of the blade at his head, then, sooner or later, would come a feint, and as his guard went up, swift and sudden came the short, sharp under-jab and the tongue of the *Taiaha* was crimsoned with his blood. Well might the ancients say :

"Shun the tongue of the false friend in peace,
Beware the tongue of the *Taiaha* in war."

The cunning hand of the craftsman so carved the head, that from either side, on the flat, a face with two gleaming eyes of *'pawa* shell is seen. Looked at from either edge, a face with two eyes still gazes at you. Thus the ingenuity of the carver has, with only four eyes. provided four faces, each fully equipped with two eyes, that look in four different directions. It was an old-time conceit of the Maori that the *Taiaha* was the weapon that was ever on the alert. No matter whether the enemy attacked from the front, the rear, or either flank, a face of the *Taiaha* was looking at him with both eyes wide awake.

With the neck encircled by a deep woven collar of crimson feathers taken from under the wing of the *Kaka* parrot, with a fringe of white tufts of dog's hair, the *Taiaha* was a weapon with which chiefs and warriors went proudly forth to battle.

Thus, where an alien race saw merely "curios" of little intrinsic worth, the Maori saw two time-worn exiles who, after an absence of perhaps three generations, had returned to their own people. But what a meeting, and in what a place ! What changes since they were hewed from the parent tree by the stone axes of the pre-European Maori ! What warlike careers may they not have led ere they were parted from the homeland ! Who can recount now beside the camp-fire or within the meeting-house the glorious raids and inter-tribal wars they took part in ? Who knows what famous warriors wielded them in the press of battle ; or what illustrious chieftain's tattooed temples they crushed in with the blade ; or what blood of an ancient line they spilled with the carved tongue ? The historians are gone, and their unwritten service records are lost for all time. Yet, in spite of the silence of their wooden tongues, we know they must have marched in the van of tattooed armies when the villages were full of young men and the Maori was at the height of his *mana* and warlike achievement.

Then came the coming of the *Pakeha* and the advent of the *Pu*, or the White Man's gun, which robbed them of their birthright. But they did not tamely submit. Who knows but what they may have fought with desperate courage against the guns of the *Ngapuhi* tribe and striven in a for-

lorn hope to reach their old accustomed point of vantage at close quarters, where they could hold their own against either butt or bayonet? But the bullet was too strong for them, and smote their warrior chiefs down from afar off. Alas for vanished greatness! The *Pu* of the *Pakeha* relegated them to the ranks of the P. U., and they rested on their laurels. The walls of the thatched cottage became the abiding place of the Taiaha. Much honour, however, still remained to them. The historians knew their record, and they were cherished by the tribe. On state occasions they were carefully oiled and polished. In the ceremonial of welcoming visitors and farewelling the dead, their blades flashed in the old-time strokes and guards—their tongues quivered and darted to right or left in jabs and parries as the chiefly descendants of the families they had served used them in the throes of impassioned oratory.

* * * * *

And now, after half a century of exile, these *Taiahas* have returned to the tribes. On Hill 63 in Belgium they joined up with their unit. Time, trial, and tribulation had left their marks upon them. They were both bald and blind. The *kura* of scarlet feathers and the necklet of tufted dog's hair were gone through the ravages of the moth and decay. The four faces looked out with unseeing sockets, for the *pawa* shell eyes had disappeared. The unpolished wood seemed like a faded skin wrinkled by senility. One of them had attempted to revive the glories of *Tangaroa*, the God of the Sea, by figuring in a pageant as the trident of Britannia. Patches of gold paint still remained in the grooves of the uncomplaining tongue, and remnants of silver paper still adhered to the long-suffering blade.

With reverent hands we bathed them and anointed them with such oil as we had. But the scarlet collar and the white necklet we could not replace, though the *Tohunga*, armed with a tomahawk, stalked a woolly-tailed dog from a neighbouring farm. They must wait until the war is over, and until their return to the Homeland, where they will be fully clothed and their sight restored.

Meanwhile they look fairly contented. We wonder what they think of the present war-party of their race, young and untattooed, with only the deeper brown of the skin and an occasional word of the ancient language to distinguish them from the *Pakeha*. When the platoons go out armed with picks and shovels, will they think we have been dedicated to *Rongo-ma-Tane*, the God of Agriculture? Perhaps the rifles and cartridge pouches will reassure them that we have also to do with *Tu*, the God of War, or will they say with Kipling that we are—

> "A kind of a giddy harumphrodite,
> Soldier and *labourer* too."

What do they think of machine-guns, bombs, "minnies," high-explosive shells, gas, and the thousand and one things that the highest culture has invented for the taking of human life since the time the Maoris were taught by civilisation to lay aside the wooden *Taiaha* and the stone *Patu* because they were relics of barbarism and signs of

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a lower culture stage? Whatever they think, they can feel proud in that, in their day and generation, they fought a clean, manly, hand-to-hand and breast-to-breast fight which it were better for the world to-day to go back to. All honour to these old veterans of the past! May they soon see the red blaze of the blossoms of the *Pohutukawa* on the coasts of *Aotea-roa* in place of the red of the Flanders battlefields! We wish them, in the terms of the ancient toast, "A speedy return to their home."

MANGO MAROKE.

HOME

I SIT at my attic window,
Watching the sun go down,
Over the labyrinth of roofs
Of this great London town.

The noise of the city rises,
The tramp of hurrying feet,
Endlessly coming and going
Below in the unseen street.

I shut my eyes and remember
Our cottage beside the sea,
The mellow note of the tui,
The gold of the kowhai tree.

Our long days of happy labour,
Evenings of rest and love,
The sunset glow on the opal sea,
And the southern stars above.

For I wait their dear home-coming,
The click of the garden gate,
And I wake in the grim grey morning
Widowed and desolate.

Dear God, when the war is over,
And the horror and anguish cease,
I crave no glory or triumph—
Only just love and peace.

The touch of lips that are silent,
The clasp of hands that are still—
After our tender loving
The kindness of strangers is chill.

Grant us in your fair heaven
A little sheltered nook,
A cottage set in apple bloom,
Music of bird and brook.

Give us no harps nor timbrels,
Mansion nor golden street,
The grassy tracks between the flowers
Suit best their war-worn feet.

My heaven I crave is but a home
Facing a western sea,
Where my men who died in Flanders
Await to welcome me.

F. R.

Idiot (nearest to dug out): "It's all right, boys—I think it's one of ours"

RISING TO THE OCCASION

Fritz : "Mein Gott ! Hans, if the English Bainsfarder could now see us !"

A Bolt from the Blue

THE spring poet tore at his tangled hair;
In his heart was a wild unrest,
For he longed to sing like the lark in the air,
But his Muse had given him best.
He had tried the old themes of "budding leaf,"
Of "blossom on branch and spray,"
But his Muse sat dumb—not even a brief
Inspiration would come his way.

He heard a throbbing away overhead,
And he turned his eyes up on high,
Where above a gallant aeroplane sped
Like a bird in the azure sky.
"O fair ship of the air," he wildly cried,
"Would my spirit might soar like thee!
Oh! let inspiration fall, that my tied
And manacled Muse may go free."

Now "the man up above" was a "frightful Hun";
Of poesy little knew he.
A big bomb he carelessly dropped *for fun*,
As he chuckled with "Hunnish glee."
It hit the poetical cranium *whack!*
Caused his Muse to awake with a jump,
And (maybe 'twere Inspiration!) alack!
It certainly raised a big lump!

The poet arose and solemnly vowed,
As he wiped the tears from his eyes,
His Muse could "go hang" before he allowed
It again to seek help from the skies.
The moral is this: If you wish to upset
Such a thing as poetic aplomb,
You must bring to your aid something deadlier yet
Than a *gentle aerial bomb!*

R. A.

RED LODGE

IN happier days, men say, it was the entrance to a royal hunting ground. Certainly, as Bob and I strolled together along the winding forest road which it commands, it was a lovely spot—as lovely a spot, maybe, as there is in the whole of Flanders.

Our road skirted the foot of a low hill-slope, whose outline was concealed by the luxuriant greenery of a forest of oaks and elms. To our left the wood extended past the road to the more level ground beyond. Ahead the main road curved round an avenue of graceful elms—a sweeping curve to the left, while straight in front of us, through great white gates that even then were never closed, since kings rode there no longer, the narrower bridle track led upward. Up it led through the varied greenery of trees and shrubs and wayside flowers, till it became lost to view over the brow of the ridge itself.

In the sharp angle formed by the divergence of these two roads—the broad highway of Flemish peasants and the hunting track of Belgian kings—there stood facing us a small red cottage. Wholly red it was in walls and roof and woodwork, unrelieved by any touch of painted coquetry, but comely as a Flemish maiden in its unpretentious symmetry of form and outline.

Bob said, I remember, that it reminded him of a scarlet poppy on a mossy bank. There was no flaunting brazenry, but bold, bright, picturesque relief of perfect artistry against the background of massing green.

* * * * *

It is all changed now. Red Lodge is beautiful no longer. All is an ugly ruin. Scarlet poppy and mossy bank have alike been trampled under foot. The red-tiled roof has fallen in—great gaping holes break the contour of the red-brick walls—the red-painted woodwork is smashed and splintered—there is nothing now but an unsightly heap of bricks and mortar. Of the winding avenue naught remains but a few scorched and blackened tree-stumps, lining a muddy, almost lifeless road.

And on the hillside yonder, where kings were wont to ride a-hunting, the pitiful little white crosses huddle together on the drab, scarred slope, as if to seek protection in company against the rending shells.

But it is not only beauty that has fled in horror from that stricken corner. Indeed, it may be beautiful again, when time has softened the harshness of its desolation. It is not mere loveliness of form and colour that has fled—Red Lodge has lost its soul.

* * * * *

Bob was killed on that accursed corner . . .

Q.

How Sol Dodged the Bull-ring

(A True Yarn)

"WELL," said Sol, "it's a dashed bull-ring day again to-morrow."

And the boys gave a melancholy "Yes" as they strolled along for the evening orders.

"Parade!" shouted the Sergeant-Major. "'Shun! Stand at ease! Dental appointments for to-morrow: Privates Standback and Gothere, 52849176 and 5867439 respectively, Twentyumpth Anzacs, 10 a.m. It is proposed to form a Depot Band; any man who can play an instrument is to hand in his name to Orderly Room, and will parade at Headquarters, 9.30 a.m. to-morrow."

General whispers among the musicians.

"H'm!" thought Sol. "I wish I could play some darn thing or other." And then a bright idea struck him. Half an hour later he strolled up to the Orderly Room and gave in his name.

Next morning, at the appointed hour, a motley collection of aspiring musicians lined up at Headquarters. Presently the Adjutant came on the scene.

"Well," he said, "I expect all you men play brass instruments."

"No, sir," said Sol; "I play a reed instrument."

"Oh!" said the Adjutant. "What is it you play?"

"The saxophone, sir," answered Sol.

"Well," said the Adjutant, "we don't possess one, so I am afraid we shall not require you, for the present, anyway." And Sol "blew" off, happy in the thought that the "bull-ring" was dodged for that day, anyhow.

"I wonder," he thought to himself as he lit a "gasper," "what a saxophone is like?"

N. S.

The Hills of Faraway

WHEN we were children long ago,
Awearied with our play,
We'd watch the red sun sink behind
The Hills of Faraway.

We'd long for that thrice happy time
When we were free to stray
Abroad to find what lay beyond
The Hills of Faraway.

Since then—ah! many a well-tried friend
Has fallen 'mid the fray,
And solved Life's problem passing o'er
The Hills of Faraway.

And when my race is run, and I
Win home, I trust and pray
That God will guide me when I cross
The Hills of Faraway.

PARAU.

A "Q" RIOSITY

THE following returns called for under D.R.O. 276 of April 1st, 1918, will be rendered in triplicate. All operations will be suspended during the compilation of such returns :

X 2742. Return of men who gained Sunday School or Band of Hope prizes or parchment certificates prior to or after enlistment.

Y 43695. Descriptive return of mothers-in-law as per animal register; colour, age, height, marking.

S 726.31. Return of buttons lost (trouser, shirt, vest) while in the weekly wash.

S 372. Roll of men of unit desiring a weekly issue of cucumbers.

Y 46.3. Casualty return from Foden Disinfector distinguishing between black and grey backs.

X 2763. Weekly return for Div. Entertainment Officer of soldiers whose voices have broken during the preceding week showing new class to which transferred—viz. tenor, baritone, bass.

T N 42. Roll of A.S.C. personnel drawing old age pensions.

F 376. Schools of instruction. Roll of men proceeding to Crown and Anchor and Two Up schools.

BONES.

"The only sure, safe and speedy cure is resort to surgery, the use of the knife"

BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA

IN THIS WAR—AND THE NEXT

[SCENE—*Any dug-out, on a very wet day.*]

THE occupants are enjoying all stages of pessimism, from the Main Body type to the 1917 model; and the last is worse than the first. Twelfth is trying to copy a test sketch from an advertisement on to the back of an envelope. A rumour has just arrived that all leave from the Division has been cancelled. The report is quite without foundation, but that makes no difference.

The Latest Reinforcement carries on the discussion.

"This is no —— good to me. In the next war I'm going to be the chap who stands on the wharf and waves a flag when the troopships go out."

"That game's called in," said Third. "We all thought of that two years ago, only there was such a crowd in N.Z. trying to hold the job that somebody had to start conscription."

"Good thing too," said Twelfth. "Besides, you don't get paid for waving flags, not unless you're a Signalling Instructor in a Base Depot."

"That wouldn't be a bad job," said Main Body, "only you don't get enough leave out of it, and you're too close to the war. I've got a much better one than that sorted out for myself."

"What is it, Bill?"

"No good to you, my son. It wants brains. Let's hear yours first."

"As a matter of fact," said Twelfth, "I used to be a bit of a blackboard artist, and I might as well make some use of it. I'm going to be a Camouflage Expert."

"And tie bits of old sandbag on to wire netting?"

"No. I'd have a lot of chaps like you to do those jobs. Mine would be an artist's work."

"A what?—*Comment*, monsieur!" said Third and The Latest, both talking at once. "I bet you couldn't draw a quart of beer!"

"No," said Twelfth. "I'd have a man to do that; it's unskilled labour. My job is a lot more tricky.

"You know those guns," he continued, "the ones with the pretty red and green patches on them——"

"What is the idea of choosing red and green?" asked The Latest, interrupting.

"So that the batteries will be taken for bunches of carrots, of course. Well, anyway, that's the job I'm after, doing those guns. The new ones would all be drawn up ready, and I'd just go out in the morning with a bit of chalk and draw a wavy line or two on them. A crooked line, mind you. I'm fairly good at drawing them crooked. Then my work would be finished for the day, and

some of you chaps would have to get to work and do the painting, red one side of the line and green the other."

"Yes," said The Latest, "that's not a bad job. What rank goes with it?"

"I don't know yet, but——"

"Then it would be no good to me, if it's less than a Colonel. I think I'll be a spare Colonel in a Base Depot."

"No good at all," said Third. "For one thing, the Depot itself would be a bit slow; and for another, you would be liable to be called up for the first vacancy. And besides that, suppose our Brigadier indented on D.A.D.O.S. for Colonels, spare; mark, Crown-and-One-Star, and you arrived by return of post? Good Lord!" he added, looking at The Latest's rather ample proportions; "the fat would be in the fire! No, my boy; if you're looking for a Base job, much better get one just out of the Depot, like me. I'm going to be a sort of Town Major, or rather Esplanade Major, in charge of the beach, at some place where there aren't too many troops. And on fine sunny mornings I'll walk down to the beach, about nine or half-past, and dip one finger in the sea. And then, of course, think hard for some minutes."

"What's all that for?"

"To decide whether the water is warm enough for the troops to bathe. And then I'd issue orders to my Sergeant-Major accordingly, and stroll back to my hotel for breakfast. Finish for the day. Of course, it's only a summer job. Five months' leave every winter. Can you beat that?"

"I don't believe there's any such job in existence," said The Latest.

"That doesn't matter—I'm talking about the next war, not this one."

"I've got another idea," said Twelfth, "in case I get a bit stale at drawing, after four or five years. I've got my eye on a job where you can travel about these back areas a bit."

"What, *not* A.S.C.?"

"Oh, dear no—I.W.T. Which, being interpreted," he added, looking at The Latest, "is the Inland Water Transport."

"You'd live on a one-horse-power barge, would you, and do half a knot an hour? Man, you'll have to work up the language a bit. They tell me that Flemish bargee is some talk."

"You don't quite get me. I'd have a motor launch, about a twenty-knot one, with a good locker on board too. If they can't give me that, I won't join them at all."

"Hard luck for the I.W.T.—they might have to shut down."

"How about being a newspaper correspondent? A fellow could live away down the other side of G.H.Q. and write up all the rumours."

"But they go up to the line for stunts, don't they?" asked The Latest.

"Not on your life. How about Messines? Didn't half of them say the Irish took it, when really it was me and old Bill here, and one or two more of the boys? And the others all said it wasn't there to take, because the Canadians had blown it up. Did you hear those mines? I never noticed them above the barrage—just a bit of a shake!"

"You should have been in England to hear those," said The Latest. "They all said they heard them there.

Anyway, I'd never go ink-slinging. *Trop d'embusqués maintenant.*"

"What! Thanks, old man—mine's a whiskey. That's what you said, wasn't it?"

"I see what job you're after," said Main Body. "You want to be R.T.O. in Paris. Believe me, you couldn't run it—you'd want a private income of a thousand a year."

"Well," said The Latest, "you haven't told us yet what your own job is to be."

"In the next war," said Main Body thoughtfully, "I'm going to be the man who goes to Jamaica to buy the rum!" L.

THE SUBSTITUTE

Private Mulooney: "Ye see, sorr, me cheese lathers better than me soap, an' me soap tastes better than me cheese, so I eats me soap an' I washes wid me cheese!"

THE SANITARY MAN TALKS

(Taken from Life)

NOW, I've got a bit fed-up about the way you fellers is roustin' and kickin' up a fuss about the way things is in the line. Yer come over 'ere expectin' to find trenches like they 'as in Featherston, with 'ole-proof shelters an' duck-baulks an' square travesties an' the like, wot no shells nor no other projidies can't perpetrate into. An' w'in yer finds that they's a war on over 'ere, yer goes crook about it. Wot if yer strong pint is on'y a wavery kin' o' ditch? D'y expect a garden plot? Yer on'y in a matter o' few days, an' 'en yer goes back inter billits wi' clean straw or pale asses ter sleep on, an' French mazelles ter talk ter, an' beer ter drink, attached roof over yer 'eads, powder t' kill th' greybacks with, an' all th' other comforts y'was useter at 'ome. Just think o' th' decent times y' 'ave in caparison wi' some o' th' other apartments o' the service. Wot about the blokes wot sits in the baskets of them obligation balloons, w'en th' Tubes comes over an' drops preposterous balls on 'em, an' they 'as t' come down in their parasols! 'Ow 'd *you* like ter be up about ten thousand feet in th' air, with on'y a bric-à-brac basket to 'ide in, wi' th' scrapnel a-bustin' all roun' yer? Sometimes, as I've bin walkin' down the considery line, or in the communion trenches, wi' m' grease oil tin, I've watched them pore blighters up there in th' sossidges, an' I've thought t' m'self that I wouldn't be them for a king's 'ansom. A bird's all right in the trenches 'slong 's 'e's got some sandbags up in front, an' a bit of a paradise be'ind 'im. An' now they're that clever wi' their preventin' frames an' disbanded metal an' sich, that a man's reely safer in th' line than wot 'e is out of it. I on'y wisht some o' yer c'd 'a' bin with us in Armen-blinkin'-tears, th' day our areoplanes inflamed a good 'alf-dozen Allyman balloons, an' the preservers all got burnt up, like they was in th' insinuator. Then you'd 'a' knowed wot's wot! So nex' time Fritz starts puttin' over minniewoppers an' things, jus' yer go away an' be thankful y've got a 'ole t' crawl inter, an' that yer not one o' them pore beggars in the Flyin' Corpse, or even a centenary man like me, 's 'as t' get along with 'is tin o' grease oil all day, even if it's rainin' pineapples an' dud three-ought-threes. Yes, all right, sir! Comin', sir! I on'y stopped 'ere t' put some disaffectin' on this 'ere mustard an' cress 'ole. S'long, boys!

HORATIO JOHN.

Fritz: "Kamerad! Mercy! I no soldier am! I only the Minnenwerfer shoodt!"
N.Z. Raider: "Oh! you're the Hun who fires the minnies at us, are you? Well, you won't 'shoodt' any more!" Exit Fritz.

THE OPTIMIST

ROUTE MARCHING

TRAMP—tramp—tramp,
Along the blinkin' cobbles;
Tramp—tramp—tramp,
Till every blighter hobbles.
Oh! we love the Flanders roads,
And our bally full-pack loads,
And the sergeant's jokes and goads—
We don't think!

Tramp—tramp—tramp,
Right through a dinkum village;
Tramp—tramp—tramp,
Past miles and miles of tillage.
Oh! we love to leave a lass
("Keep your right, you silly ass!")
And *estaminets* to pass—
We don't think!

Tramp—tramp—tramp,
Till our knees begin to sag;
Tramp—tramp—tramp,
Till our feet begin to drag.
Oh! this marching game is Hell!
But we love the Col—o—nel,
And the Majors just as well—
We don't think!

Plod—plod—plod,
Another hour has passed;
Plod—plod—plod,
A blooming halt at last!
Each man dumps his blooming pack—
("Quit it, 'Dig.' You'll stop a crack!")
Has a most refreshing snack—
We don't think!

Plod—plod—plod,
'Neath a ruddy, blazing sun;
Plod—plod—plod,
And our water-bottles done!
But the C.O.'s on a nag-
("Keep your right, you flaming dag!")
And he humps a great kit-bag—
We don't think!

Tramp—tramp—tramp,
We'll jolly soon be there;
Tramp—tramp—tramp,
Why worry, grouse, or swear?
Every man his neighbour slanders:
Says he's got the mumps or—glanders;
It's a jolly place, is Flanders—
We don't think!

Tramp—tramp—tramp,
The same old farm-house yard;
Tramp—tramp—tramp,
The same "Fall out the guard!"
There's a barn for fighting men
Next a bleeding cattle-pen;
Yes, we'll come to France again—
We don't think!

Tramp—tramp—tramp,
I dream of it till morn;
Tramp—tramp—tramp,
Till the cheerless, chilly dawn;
For *reveille* is at six—
("Here — fatigue to sweep the bricks!")
And our metaphors we mix—
We don't think!

Tramp—tramp—tramp,
All the next darn crimson day;
Tramp—tramp—tramp,
But we're getting mighty gay;
For we're near the blanky Line;
"Say, old Digger, this is fine!"
For we'll soon create a shine—
We *do* think!

C.

"NECESSARY EVILS"

OFFICERS is necessary evils! I knows all about 'em. I used to be a batman to one once, but that was a long time ago. I was young and innocent in those days, and got taken in.

"Must have them," you say!

Oh! certainly. Ammunition is no good without guns. They are the guns (pretty big ones too, sometimes), we are the ammunition. It's through them that we gets "fired"; but it's not very often that we turns out "duds."

A good many of them, from what I can see, ought to be labelled "spare parts," like wot a Lewis gun can't do without.

Some of them, though, are quite nice, like the one I used to bat for. He had great faith in mankind, but mankind did not have much in him.

He trusted me, poor devil, for he was no reader of faces. He was quite young, and believed in a girl called Phyllis. He always carried her photograph about him, and hung it up wherever he was staying. I had a good look at it, and think she believed in others besides him—all of which is by the way, though. He was an exception. I had to leave off being batman to him, for the C.O. gave me twenty-eight days 1st F.P. because I knew better than to carry out some orders that he had issued.

Officers usually looks nice and smart. I wish they had to turn down their trousers four inches over their puttees, though!—trousers that are about eighteen inches around the knee!

They are good advertisements for the regiment, and always do their best to keep its end up among the fair sex. They never suspect what they can do in this line till they try, and I think sometimes they are very sorry they ever tried.

On the parade ground they are a positive nuisance; they usually look like accidents trying to get somewhere, or to get something to happen.

Sometimes they knows too much about drill and inspectin'. In fact, they knows a devil of a lot. Then the sooner they leaves the better we likes 'em!

Yes, I have been a long time in this army, and I think I knows all about all sorts and kinds of officers. I always sums them up as soon as I sees 'em, and acts according. So you see now how it is I dodges the "mat" so often.

DUD.

SHORTSIGHTED!

A Tragedy of the Line

SOME say he was born and bred on the wild plains of Canada; others declare he lived his life on the streets of London; yet, uncertain and obscure though his origin may have been, he was certainly tough and hardy, like others of his ilk who have played no small part in every campaign since the war began.

He, too, came swaggering to France, and after a spell at —— arrived in the line, where, strange to relate, he was shunned by nearly all. Neither by word nor sign did he show surprise. Unmoved, he merely waited; waited for the battle which cost Britain so many brave lives, a battle in which many looked to this late-comer for succour and relief.

It was two days after that costly struggle that I picked my way along our battered front line, over broken timbers, under twisted, crumpled iron, gazing in pity and sorrow at the dead that lay in almost lifelike attitudes amongst the litter and débris caused by the devastating German artillery fire. Groping my way farther, I stumbled over an almost shapeless and unrecognisable object, half-buried in the wreckage. Bending down for some signs of identification, to my astounded sight was revealed . . . the mysterious stranger . . . his side torn and ragged. Gently I removed the covering of mud, and gazing down beheld . . . Fray Bentos!

H. L.

Honi the Fisherman

"THE Island" was about three hectares in area, and surrounded by a moat. In the moat were small fish.

One night Honi the Maori went a-fishing. He had neither rod, nor line, nor hook; but we knew that the Maori was accustomed to catch fish with his hands.

Three hours passed, and Honi had not returned.

At ten o'clock we went out to seek —perhaps, if not too late, to succour him.

"Hon-i! H-o-n-i!" With pathos in our voices we called.

"H—O—N—I!"

"Hi—you!" came the reply, as the nude, wet form of the dusky pioneer emerged from the weedy depths.

"Nom de Dieu, Honi—we thought you were drowned! What luck—any fish?"

"Plenty."

"Yes; but have you caught any?"

"Lots."

"'Bout how many?"

"Nea'ly two!"

S. S. Choate.

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

HIS LONG SUIT!

"BULLA-BIFF"

THIS is a true little story of France—of the War. It is merely an incident. To me it is an incident symbolical of France's burden of grief and suffering. If, as you read, you find the language crude and abrupt, please know that to us life has become a matter of deep, keen impressions — impressions at times almost brutal in their detail and outline.

* * * * *

A mile or so across the fields of green wheat is a village. As I write I can see the broken tower of the church through the trees.

Half a mile from the church, on the cobbled main road, is a place where Ted and George and I used to go for a quiet bottle of champagne or an omelette. Madame made such splendid omelettes and the champagne was good.

And the girls—there were five of them—they were so bright and chatty and seemed much above the common peasant class of the village. They were such capable girls, too. Some made lace, some made coffee, and some "made eyes." And always they seemed so genuinely glad to see us.

The youngest, aged twelve, was such a bonny child, big-built, with great wide eyes and tawny hair.

I called her "Bully-beef" because she was so plump. She was delighted and pronounced it "Bulla-Biff." And we all laughed merrily.

* * * * *

Then came the order to move up. We had two days on "The Ridge." You've read of "The Ridge." And on the evening of the second day I met the company with the rations as they came out. They told me that Ted had gone through the dressing station with a fragment of shrapnel in the temple. . . . He died. . . .

George, when he came out of the sap, wobbled up to me all white; eyes deep sunken, lips trembling. George wasn't built for this sort of business; he's too finely-natured. We shook hands and George leant on my shoulder and cried like a kid. You see, we'd been rather good pals, Ted and George and I.

I swore hard at George and called him seven sorts of an old fool. It was the only thing to do. After that I led him down to the M.O., who felt his pulse and nodded.

"Gas and shock; send his kit down." And I was glad George was going out.

The company, worn and tired, came back that night to the village, and the next day I stole half an hour to go and see Bulla-Biff.

She ran to meet me at the door, and

while I was sipping my coffee she sat on my knee and questioned me on all manner of things in her quaint, broken English.

Soon I took my leave. That was at noon.

* * * * *

At a quarter to one a German nine-point-two burst squarely through the roof of the shop.

It tore the inside out of the building and left it a wrecked and hollow shell.

Bulla-Biff was killed, and her sister, and two soldiers. Madame was wounded.

Next day I saw Bulla-Biff's funeral. There were twelve girls in white carrying flowers. It was all very beautiful.

I have seen men killed. I have heard the piteous cries of the sorely wounded. But never have I experienced such a sense of sadness and desolation as, hat in hand, I saw them bear away little Bulla-Biff and her flowers to the tiny cemetery by the canal.

CYRIL LA ROCHE.

REQUIEM

OH! leafy lanes of Belgium!
You hold my heart in thrall,
Your woodbine and your briony,
And flowering grasses tall,
Clematis rambling everywhere,
Whilst in the sheltered spots
A violet here, a primrose there,
And blue forget-me-nots.

Oh! leafy lanes of Belgium!
You make my pulses sing,
For saw I not you answering
The magic call of Spring?
Each tender budding leaf and spray,
Each blossom with its scent,
Doth sound a note of ecstasy
To which my heart gives vent.

Oh! leafy lanes of Belgium!
When grisly War is dead
Perchance I'll wander o'er again
This land where we have bled.
I'll seek amidst your fastnesses,
'Neath leafy canopies,
The graves of friends who fought and fell
That Tyranny might cease.

Dear leafy lanes of Belgium!
These hallow'd graves embower
With loving wealth of foliage
Bedecked with many a flower;
And we, with aching hearts, who still
Go trudging down Life's way,
Will know that all is well with them
Until the Break of Day.

PARAU.

WINTER IN FLANDERS

From the Firing Line—His Letter

The Dinkum Dug-out,
Flanders, 27 *July*, 1917.

DEER LIDY,—

Seein' as 'ow you were so kind as to arst me an' my two mates to your 'orspitible 'ome, I ought ter 'ave written ter thank yer afore this, especially as we 'ad a meal in your 'ouse too, wich is the best meal I've 'ad fer menny a long day, with musick too from the gaytahr, wich is an instroument me an' my pal Bill is very fond ov, especihally me since hinfancy, wen an ole nigger we 'ad on the farm used to sing them same songs as you sang to us that evenin' after the wegetables an' the puddin', wich we seldom 'as out 'ere in France, leastawise at all properly cooked, wich it is a sin to spile good wegetables, especihally in war time.

Since I been back 'ere we been 'avin' a—I was agoin' to put in wot we usually say, but it ain't a lidy's word—but we 'ave bin 'avin' a blinkin' 'ot time, wot with gunnin' an' bombin', but we can stick it out all right if the peeple at 'ome don't get the wind hup about these hair raids, an' the wukkin' classes don't start a revolushun 'cos there beer is a little bit weak like, wich my pall Bill seys is not such a bad thing for them after all, and that English beer is still a good bit stronger than the French, but the Frenchies don't know 'ow to brew good beer, so with best respeckts to you an' the two kiddies, an' me an' me mate's thanks for your kind 'orspitallity to a puffict strainger, I remains,

Your umbel servent,
Jack Digger.

P.S.—If yer should 'appen ter 'ave a bit o' chewin' terbacker abaht yer don't ferget Bill an' me, as it sort o' bucks us hup in the lone nite watches, and kind o' pervents us from thinkin' ov 'ome.—J. D.

WHEN PODGER TELLS THE TALE

PAINTING THE BATH

(An On-Leave Episode)

AS I chipped my second egg at breakfast my wife came behind me and ruffled my hair. Obviously she wanted something.

"Dear," she said, "are you very busy?"

"Why?" I asked cautiously and of habit.

"Because I do wish you'd paint the bath. It is disgraceful."

"Nonsense!" I said. "We will get a man up from the painter." At ten o'clock I went to the telephone and explained to a mild-voiced tired man the other end what I wanted. He promised to send someone. My wife scoffed openly.

"You forget we are at war," she said. "He'll never come."

"Rubbish!" I said, perhaps testily. "How can I forget we are at war when it takes four double whiskies on a wet day to—well, never mind, anyway, I'll try. They've promised to send a man."

At noon I saw the man coming, and I shouted upstairs to my wife with pardonable pride. I went to the door and opened it and a workman stood before me. He was carrying a large sheet of glass.

"I've come to put in the window," he said languidly as he brushed past me into the hall. It took me ten minutes and half a crown to persuade him that we had not got a broken window in the house. Finally, I backed him out of the door and talked to him through three inches of the chink. At last he went away, rebelliously muttering, "The boss said there *was* a window to put in."

For a few seconds I thought wildly of rushing to the top of the house and breaking a window for him. He was so crestfallen, and it seemed such a shame to turn away any workman willing to work at all. Then I went to the telephone again and explained, and half an hour later another man came with paint pots and brushes. My wife, who had been crowing, sobered down.

He looked at me sadly. "I've come to paint the brass," he said. "What sort of brass is it?"

When I had shut the door on him I went to the study and bit hard on my pipe-stem. Then I rang up again and told the painter—well, I had told him about half what I wanted to when the girl at the exchange warned me and then cut me off.

"Much better do it yourself, dear," said my wife.

"I will," I said; "but not because I *couldn't* get a man. If they had been anything but hopeless idiots the wretched thing would have been half dry by now. I will go out and buy some paint." So I did, and I came back again with pots and brushes.

Have you ever painted a bath? No? Well, it's perhaps as well, for you need a great deal of stamina, an

indiarubber back, and an elastic vocabulary. My wife looked in for a while.

"Darling," she said, "you are in such a mess. You are just all over paint, and you've a big streak of white down one side of your nose——"

When I had locked the door on her I sat down on the edge of the wretched thing and cursed the whole Hohenzollern dynasty. Not even at the Front had the horrors of war been brought so completely home to me. Every time I went over one side the paint from the other ran down and formed a sticky pool in the hollow of the bath. I finally chased most of this down the plug-hole with my wife's toothbrush. At last I finished, but it did not look too good to me. It resembled the face of a badly made-up vaudeville artist after twenty minutes' buck and wing dancing at 120 degrees in the shade. Anyway, I tried to wash myself in the spirit from the lamp under the hot plate, and went downstairs smelling like a pair of kid gloves just back from the cleaner's.

We let it dry for three days, and then the maid had the first hot bath. She had splashed about for ten minutes when the bathroom bell rang violently. I went hot and cold all over. The worst had happened—she had stuck to the paint!

When my wife came down from the bathroom sniffing, and asked me what we should do, perhaps I was a little terse.

"Do?" I shouted. "Give me the tin-opener and I'll cut her out of it and take her down to the plumber's!"

From the bathroom came the sound of weeping, and then I got a brainwave, and gave my wife a bottle of turpentine.

"Take that to her and tell her to let out the water and pour this in the bath."

Tearfully my wife obeyed. She took her the bottle and we waited outside on the landing. Then came a muffled voice of entreaty from inside.

"Please, I can't reach the plug," it said.

Now I am one of those men always desirous of helping the weaker sex, and I made a rush for the bathroom door. My wife was once a crack hockey player, and I came to some minutes later on the landing below. She leant over the banisters.

"Noel," she said, "how could you?"

"I didn't," I said sadly, and wearily lay back with my head on the stair treads again.

After an eternity of time I heard the sound of footsteps going upstairs and my wife came down to me again. We had a most miserable dinner, and as I sat and smoked in the study she came in and took away the big, soft cushion I have in my easy chair.

"I want that," I said sternly.

"So does Annie," said my wife, as she went out of the door.

I looked at the bath afterwards and wept salt tears into it. I had a mental bill running through my head: Cost of paint, 8s.; brushes, 2s.. 6d.; suit ruined, £6 6s.; loss of time, reputation, domestic prestige, and waste of vocabulary, inestimable.

Next time I will scrape the bath with a pot scraper, but perhaps it doesn't matter, as we have no maid now.

NOEL ROSS.

GAS ALARMS!!!

AEROPLANE NECK

OLD MR. LARK

SAY! ain't the lark a dinky bird,
The way the beggar sings?
He doesn't care a tinker's cuss
For all the stuff Fritz flings.
He lives up in the trenches there,
He doesn't mind the noise;
He's just a friendly little bloke—
Good cobbers with the boys.

And when the "Minnies" twist and twirl,
And "rumjars" bob and bust,
While "five-point-nines" and other "fruit"
Stir up the bloomin' dust,
It's then I feels I'd like to be
Well up above sich things,
Like Mr. Lark, who knows what's what,
And climbs upstairs and *sings!*

And when the dawn is rosy pink,
And I am standin'-to,
A-leanin' on the sandbags, 'cos
There's nothing else to do,
Old Mr. Lark he goes aloft
And trills his little song,
And somehow, while I listens there,
I feels me heart grow strong.

I takes a lesson from that bird:
The trenches ain't *so bad*—
I feels I've been a thankless cove
To grouse and bite like mad!
I makes me mind up there and then
To take what Fate may bring,
Instead of *cussin'* all the day,
Like Mr. Lark, I'll *sing*.

C. R. AYLING.

"OLD SUNSHINE"

A loving tribute to my "mate," wounded on the Somme, September, 1916

FORM like Hercules of old,
Mighty limbs in shapely mould,
Manly strength in beauty rolled—
"Old Sunshine."

One-and-twenty summers sped,
Laughing face and curly head,
Steadfast eyes to Honour wed—
"Old Sunshine."

Heart of purest virgin gold,
Tender, loving, strong, and bold,
Treasure rich to have and hold—
"Old Sunshine."

Drear the roadway I had trod,
O'er this shell-scarred stricken sod,
Without him to help me plod—
"Old Sunshine."

Now that we are far apart,
Longing makes the hot tears start.
Who can ease my aching heart?—
"Old Sunshine."

So, when Night doth hold her sway,
Outstretched arms I fling and pray,
"Send him back, dear God, some day—
Old Sunshine."

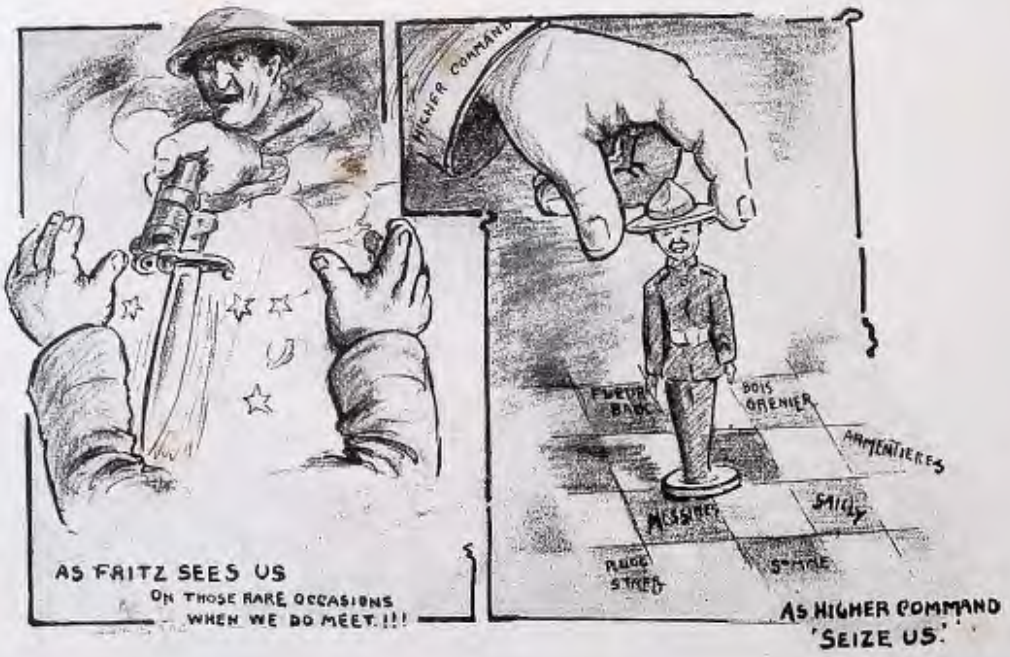
C. R. A.


Apres la Guerre
Machine-gun bullets raise a vicious dust,
And shells drone slowly through the tortured air.
Why worry? but I'd like to live till just—
Après la guerre.
Après la guerre! My God, the thought of it!
The red day's storm ends in an evening clear,
No more the fiendish clamour of the pit—
Après la guerre.
No more the sudden clamorous alarm
Of gas attack or flammenwerfer near.
No "Up" and "Over" causing many a qualm—
Après la guerre.
When stra'e parades and "Please explains" are past,
And brigadiers cease to lose their hair,
And all is peace, and no one stops a blast—
Après la guerre.
When no one's kit is lost, or feet are sore
And, if they are, there's none to interfere;
That's the Elysium I'm looking for—
Après la guerre.
And then there's She who's promised to be mine,
A daughter of the gods, divinely fair,
Who vowed to wed me, when we'd crossed the Rhine—
Après la guerre.
My bivvie door swings open with a slam,
My dream melts quickly into thinnest air;
The "Colonel's compliments, will you—?" Oh—
. . . Mais . . . . C'est la guerre!
PYCO.

AS OTHERS SEE US

BY G. P. HANNA.

AS THE PADRE SEES US
THE LIMIT. !!!



AS MADAME SEES US
JUST OUT OF THE LINE.

AS MADEMOISELLE
SEES US

AS THE MATER SEES US

MESSINES

BOOTS! Boots! Boots!
Tramping all the day
Down the dusty, war-worn road,
Well they earn their pay—
For they carry such a load.

Boots! Boots! Boots!
If you treat them fair
They will save your feet from pain,
Any honest pair
Take you there and back again.

Boots! Boots! Boots!
Till your latest breath
They will climb the hill to fame,
Trudge the road to Death,
Or march back the road you came.

Boots! Boots! Boots!
Help to win the War;
Though they are only leather
They will take you far
In fair or stormy weather.

Boots! Boots! Boots!
Oil them if you can;
Then, when you are dead and gone,
On some other man
They may still keep marching on.

Boots! Boots! Boots!
Tramping all the day
Down the dusty, war-worn road,
Well they earn your pay—
Bearing such a heavy load.

REWI.

THE N.Z.A.S.C. FIELD POSTCARD

Delete words not required.

I am { alive. / fed up. / frozen. / dead. }

My harness is the best in the { Company. / Train. / Division. / Corps. / Army. }

I am covered with { Glory. / dirt. / decorations. / mud. / medals. / manure. / parasites. }

Everything here is { Très bon. / damnable. / in the pink. / putrid. }

Please send me some { Money. / cash. / P.O.O.s. / cheques. / beer. }

I have { received / not received } your { letter / parcel / card }

Because the N.Z. Base P.O. are { playing football. / shop-gazing. / going to the theatres. }

I come home on leave { this year. / next year. / some time. / never. }

Signature .....

SOME OF OUR FRENCH FRIENDS

A Corner of "Blighty"

THE O.C. leaned back in his chair and lighted another cigarette.

"That's all, Wilkinson," he said to the man standing beside his table in the low-roofed iron hut at headquarters. "You are to deliver the package at ——, in Paris, and await a reply; and—don't forget for one moment the importance of your mission."

Bud Wilkinson saluted and went out.

He was a fine specimen of what N.Z. can produce: tall, dark, intellectual—he looked the embodiment of frank manhood; yet in his eyes there was a sadness, born perhaps of the horrors of war that he had never quite got used to.

And Bud was homesick—desperately homesick for the hills and dales of his own land. Perhaps the thought of a certain brown-eyed little girl had something to do with this. In the Somme fighting, at Messines, and elsewhere along the Front in France and Flanders, he had seen her face in the battle-smoke; and the picture that always came to him was of brave eyes holding back the tears as the big, grey transport swung out from the crowded quay at Wellington. Of late he had not heard from her. The other fellows got letters; but the usual answer to Bud's inquiry now was, "Nothing for you Bud, you blighter; she's forgotten you—sure!" And a laugh would go up all round.

"It'll be the fault of your d—— postal arrangements if she has," Bud would fling back, and he'd stalk away with a jaunty air, but with his heart a little heavier than before.

* * * * *

Bud was charmed with Paris—with the splendid beauty of the city itself, and the brightness of the people, even in war-time.

He delivered his message and got orders to report again.

The little tables set outside the cafés looked inviting, and Bud sat down at one and ordered a drink. Sipping it, he watched the crowds go by. There were uniforms of all descriptions, of every nationality—French, Russian, Serbian, Portuguese, American, and the picturesque Zouave. There were men and women and girls; ladies taking out their dogs for a promenade, children with their *bonnes* shrieking with delight at the Guignol, and there were little girls in their bridal-white just come from taking their first Communion.

Bud sat there fascinated, but he felt lonely. He wished that he knew some one of those careless people who were laughing and chatting with their friends and now and then throwing a curious glance at the big colonial smoking his cigarette. In the midst of these thoughts, Bud caught the

eyes of a girl sitting alone at a table near by. She dropped her gaze immediately. Bud never thought to ask himself why she was sitting there alone. He only noticed that she was pale and quiet-looking, with a sweet face framed in fair hair drawn back, after the prevailing fashion of Parisiennes, and that her figure was shapely in its coat and skirt of dark blue. She passed out of sight among the trees, and Bud, with a little sigh, left for his hotel.

* * * * *

The bells of Hell go ting-aling-aling
For you and not for me-e!
Oh, Death, where is thy sting-aling-aling,
Oh, Grave, thy victoree-e?

These strains, roared out to the accompaniment of jingling glasses, greeted Bud as he reached the bar-room of the Hôtel Mont Rouge (in a not too reputable quarter), and indicated that the boys were not suffering from home-sickness or from thirst. Clouds of smoke filled the place, and another burst welcomed Bud as he made his way across the room.

"Hell, Bud, old chap!" said one. "Where you been'sh—eh? Enjoyin' yerself at the Morgue, or a-leadin' of the choir at the Maddaleena? 'Ave a drink? Garsong, bring a whisky-and-shoda for 'Is Grace the Archbishop, and be d—— quick about it!"

"This is a bit better than the trenches, Bill," said Bud, as he tossed off the drink.

"You betcherlife," answered Bill, "this *is* life. Met a little girl to-day, and we're going to meet again to-night—at the Olympia. Boys, I tell you, this place is some joke, and no mistake!"

"Don't keep all the good things to yourself," broke in red-headed Higgins of the A.L.H. "Why shouldn't I go to Olympia—and why shouldn't Bud go too—why shouldn't we all go to Olympia? What d'you say, boys—shall it be Olympia?"

"Yes!" they roared in chorus.

And so Olympia it was.

When they entered the music hall Bud gazed around him, dazzled by the glare, the novelty, and the freedom, so utterly different from anything in his own country. It was strange to be in such a pot pourri of moist humanity. Here were people of every nationality. Next him a good-looking girl had a coal-black Senegalese beside her, and there were a couple of respectable French citizens, man and wife apparently, cracking their sides over the dubious antics of a performing ape. In a box were several officers. Girls were everywhere, painted and rouged, frail daughters of joy, brazen in their attentions. Young, strong, and full of the hot impulses of youth, Bud was no saint; but the fresh, free life of the King Country had welded into his make-up something of itself and fostered the innate purity of his Scottish ancestors. His nature shrank from these sordid exhibitions of human weakness. In disgust, yet with a certain longing for companionship, he sought the foyer, and a drink. His eyes fell on a group gesticulating and talking excitedly, as only French people can. Suddenly one of the men struck the table violently with his fist. The waiters rushed up, and in the twinkling of an eye there was a fight. A woman in the group gave a little scream. As Bud rushed up she turned

towards him, and he saw the girl of the café in the Champs Elysées—the girl with the pale, sweet face, and the fair hair drawn back after the fashion of Parisiennes. She, too, recognised him. With a little sob she ran to him.

"Monsieur!" she said. "Oh, monsieur! with you I shall be safe."

Bud felt the hand on his arm tremble, and as he looked down from his great height he saw that her eyes were full of tears.

"Come, mademoiselle, I'll look after you," he said, and he led her away from the brawl. They went out into the open.

"Shall I take you home?" he asked.

"If you would be so kind, monsieur," replied the girl, "I do not live so ver' far away. Let us walk—*si vous voulez.*"

"What was the row?" asked Bud as they made their way along the boulevards. "Who was that big French fellow who seemed to be making all the trouble?"

The girl trembled and cried.

"Monsieur, do not remind me of him. It is too terrible! Zere will come the day when I can bear it no longer, and zen I will throw myself into ze rivare."

She spoke with a pretty accent that Bud found charming.

They had passed beyond the boulevards and now arrived at a house in a street winding and ill-lighted.

The girl stopped at the door.

"Good night," she said, giving him her hand. "How can I ever zank you?"

Bud fancied that her fingers clasped his with a gentle pressure. "But perhaps it was mere fancy," he reflected.

"By letting me see you again," he cried. "Will you—and where?"

"*Mais, oui,*" was her reply; "but I should like ver' much that I see you again. To-morrow you will find me perhaps at ze same café as to-day." And with a smile and a nod she vanished.

Bud went home to his hotel whistling.

* * * * *

Some days passed, and Bud was still in Paris. He had called for orders, but had been told to report again. Each day he had seen Yvonne Delcartier.

Bud, like most colonial soldiers, was amply provided with money, and he meant to have a good time.

Yvonne and Bud had dinner together, and afterwards they had taken a taxi along the Champs Elysées. Bud had not made love to the girl, though he felt her attraction for him deepening. They had talked much. Bud had told her of himself, of his hopes about the brown-eyed girl, of his loneliness. Of Yvonne herself he did not learn much. She spoke little of her own life, but she was keen to know all about Bud's work, and asked endless questions in her quaint half English and half French.

One night they dined at a café in the Latin Quarter. Yvonne ordered the dinner—she seemed to know the waiter. She had often dined there, she said, and the man had got to know her. After dinner they ordered liqueurs, and Bud, under the influence of the spirit, felt his heart beating strangely under his tunic. They spoke of Bud's departure.

"You go away soon—yes?" she said, her eyes on his.

"I'm afraid so, Yvonne," said Bud, finding it difficult to control his hands. "Will you care at all?"

The soft eyes seemed to fill.

"I shall be—oh, so sorree, my Bood! You do not know 'ow I shall be sorree. I 'ave been so ver' 'appy these last days." And the lids drooped over the soft eyes. She raised them suddenly.

"When will you go?" she asked, gazing at him.

"Just so soon as I get a certain letter," said Bud.

When she looked at him his mind seemed to wander.

"Ah!"

Something in the word—something in her face: a shade of eagerness, perhaps, made Bud look up. But she was playing with the fastening of her bag.

"And is it so important, zen, zis letter"—the voice trembled—"so verree important zat you cannot stay one little day longer wiz me?"

"Don't tempt me, Yvonne. Don't make it hard; you know I have to go. I'm on duty. Why—if I didn't deliver that lett . . .!"

He stopped, realising that he had said more than he should have. But, after all, she was only a little French girl—a dear, soft little girl; what could it matter? Gee! But she was sweet—and she didn't want him to go! Bud felt as if he were walking on air.

"At least you will come to say goodbye when you 'ave received the letter that will take you from me?" she asked. "You will not go without. I shall be so désolée that I see you not again. Promise zat you will come," and she leaned forward and put her hand on Bud's.

"Allons! Let us drive," whispered Yvonne at length as they got up to go. The greasy waiter rushed forward to collect his *pourboire*. Bud left Yvonne for a moment while he got his hat and stick. She stood alone. The greasy waiter bustled around carrying dishes piled a yard high. Just as he was passing Yvonne a plate slipped and in his anxiety to save the others the whole lot went slithering to the ground. As he stooped to pick up the debris it seemed to Bud that Yvonne spoke. It must have been imagination; but he could have sworn he heard a low voice say: "I shall not fail."

"Rubbish! Drink's a curse," he laughed to himself as he rejoined the girl.

They rode far that night, and Bud forgot his past loneliness—forgot his duty—forgot that little sheep-run out near far-away Waimate—forgot the brown-eyed girl and all his hopes. He only remembered that a woman was with him who fascinated him strangely—and that in a few days he would be returning to the mud and loneliness of Flanders.

* * * * *

Next day Bud called to report, and got his letter. He was to return that day. The letter was to be delivered at once.

A young man of foreign appearance, sitting at a café not far away, got up as Bud passed, and noted the direction that he took. But Bud didn't notice him; he didn't notice anything. He was thinking of Yvonne. He had been thinking of her all night. He

was to see her again that night. She had told him that they would be alone—that Henri would be away.

The world swam when Bud thought of Yvonne. He felt that nothing on earth would stop him from seeing her. Then, with a sudden contraction of the heart, he realised that he must go by the train at seven. There were two trains: one later—at midnight; but he should not stay for that one—the letter must be delivered at once. When Bud realised this, all the devil in his composition rose up and wrestled with him. Never in his life before had Bud Wilkinson been faced with such temptation. Good at the core, he knew himself for a slave to an influence that held him as in a vice. He could not escape from it. Escape . . . ! Should he deny himself this last meeting with the woman whose kisses could make him forget everything: his duty—his girl? Pah! What did she care? She'd forgotten him, probably, long ago; and so there was no one to care what he did. By God! He'd not give up this evening for anyone! He'd take the midnight, and be dashed to the lot of them!

By this time it was afternoon, and Bud wandered aimlessly about the streets. He felt lonely, and wished that he had old Bill with him. Anything would be better than this. He did not know how he would put in the hours till eight o'clock, when he was to see Yvonne, but it had to be done somehow.

Going down the Rue de la Paix he met Bob Hayward.

"Hallo, there!" said Bob. "Where are you off to?"

"Nowhere in particular," answered Bud. "I'm just killing time. I'm going back to-night."

"The devil you are!" replied Bob. "What time?"

Bud swallowed. "Midnight," he said.

So it was settled; Brown-eyes had lost.

"Better come along with me to 'Blighty,' then," said Bob, taking Bud's arm.

"'Blighty'! What do you mean?" said Bud.

"What!" laughed Bob. "Don't you know 'Blighty'? Why, it's 'a little bit o' Heaven, dropped from out the skies'—a place where you can get the only decent cup o' tea you'll find in Paree. It's a home from home; a little bit of orlright, is 'Blighty'!"

So saying, Bob took hold of Bud, and together they walked down the street. Bud followed Bob mechanically. He didn't much care what he did, so long as he could put in time till the evening.

Going up the escalier at 20 Place Vendôme, Bud heard a girl singing. Music always affected him, and he stopped at the top of the stairs to listen.

"Gee! But she had a sweet voice!" The room he looked into was full of soldiers. Some were reading, some drinking, some playing cards; all looked happy. There were women, too, flitting about in light-coloured dresses. The room was a pleasant one. There were books and papers and comfortable chairs. It all looked so homely; and Bud had almost forgotten what home was like. A lump came up in his throat. He forgot that he was in Paris, where

nobody cared. He saw again the gorges, the green trees, the flax plants of his own homeland, the little homestead where his parents lived, his young sisters, the old father too feeble in health to come farther than the gate to say good-bye, and his mother packing his kit and telling him she was really proud of him for volunteering and glad that he was going—yet very moist about the eyes.

A woman came out from some room that seemed to be a kitchen. She had an apron on, and carried a pot of jam.

"Something nice for your tea," she smiled at Bud, holding it up, "and not plum either."

Bud's eyes moistened. Somehow she reminded him of his mother.

Just then a woman with a merry face came out and called:

"Tea, boys, tea! Come along!" And catching sight of Bud standing uncertain whether to go in or cut and run, she came forward with outstretched hand and a welcome that warmed the cockles of his heart.

"Good afternoon! I don't think I know you—do I? But any way, welcome to 'Blighty.' We're just going to have tea. Come, boys!" And marshalling them before her like chickens, she shoo'd them all into another room.

The lady who waited on Bud must have understood something of his temperament, for before long Bud found himself talking to her in a friendly way. He told her about that brown-eyed girl. Maybe her own brown eyes reminded him of her.

"Guess she's forgotten me," he said. "It's a long time since I've heard from her."

"Not a bit of it," said the lady, twinkling at him, for she thought that the good-looking young man opposite would not be easily forgotten. "You may depend on it, she's thinking of you every day; probably making little things for that little homestead on the run you've told me of. You trust her. Women sometimes have a harder time than you men. I like her face." Bud had fished out a photograph. "She looks as if she would be thinking of you this very minute," said the lady with a smile, the brown eyes dancing at him—so like those other eyes. "She's waiting for you, I know—dying for the war to finish . . ."

Just at that moment the girl in the next room started singing again. The tune was "Tipperary."

* * * * *

The seven o'clock train that night pulled out of the Gare du Nord to time. In one corner of a smoker sat a man looking out of the window. As the last of Paris passed from sight he heaved a sigh and lighted a cigarette. The man was Bud Wilkinson.

* * * * *

That same night, late, three people met in a dark, stuffy room in Montmartre. One was a man of unattractive appearance—the waiter.

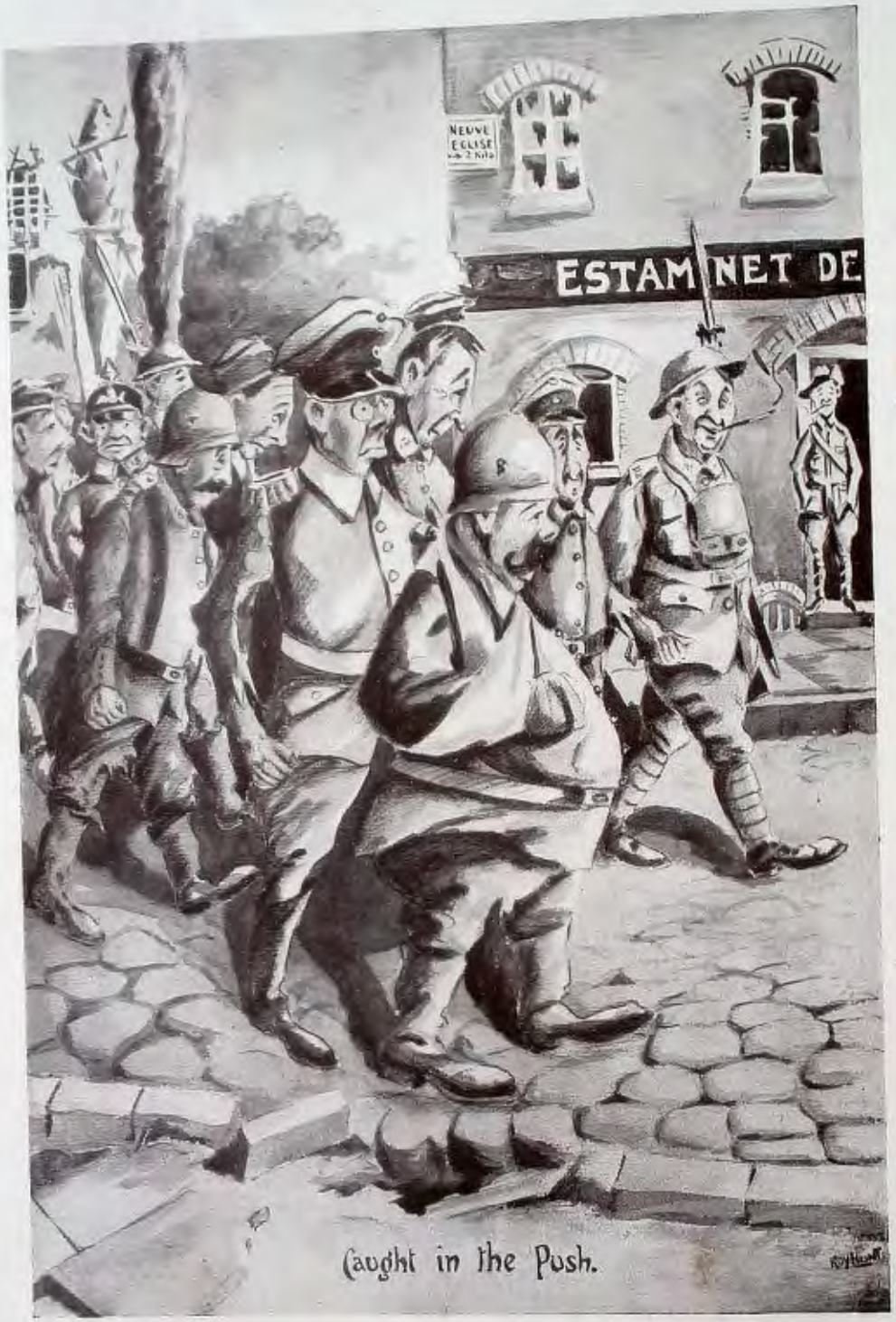
"So this time you've failed," he said, addressing the woman.

"Yes," she answered, "I've failed."

As she raised her head the fitful gleam of the lamp shone on her. She was a woman with a pale, sweet face, and fair hair drawn back simply, after the prevailing fashion of Parisiennes.

E. A. R.

"I'LL SIGNAL 'IM A 'IT!!!"



Caught in the Push.

YPRES

(With Variations)

À la Française

WHEN the Boche sent his shells into *EEP*,
A timid young French chimney sweep
Declared, when he woke from his sleep,
With horror he felt his flesh creep,
To hear the shells crashing down
In the heart of the town,
And the chimneys a-goin' so cheap.

À la Belge

His wife, with one eye, was a sweeper
In the famous Cloth Hall of old *EEPER*,
And one day as she opened her peeper
To rouse up her lazy young sleeper,
She growled like a Turk
At the thought of her work,
While the Boches were still shelling *EEPER*.

A l'Anglais

Now this young chimney sweep,
In the city of *EEP*,
And his wife the tired sweeper,
Who called the place *EEPER*,
Though sometimes a little bit snappy,
Were really contented and happy,
Till they took to strong drink,
And the reason, I think,
Was their hearing two tanked "Tommy" swipers,
At the close of the day,
In an estaminet,
Making fun of the people of *WIPERS!*

Y. P. R. S.

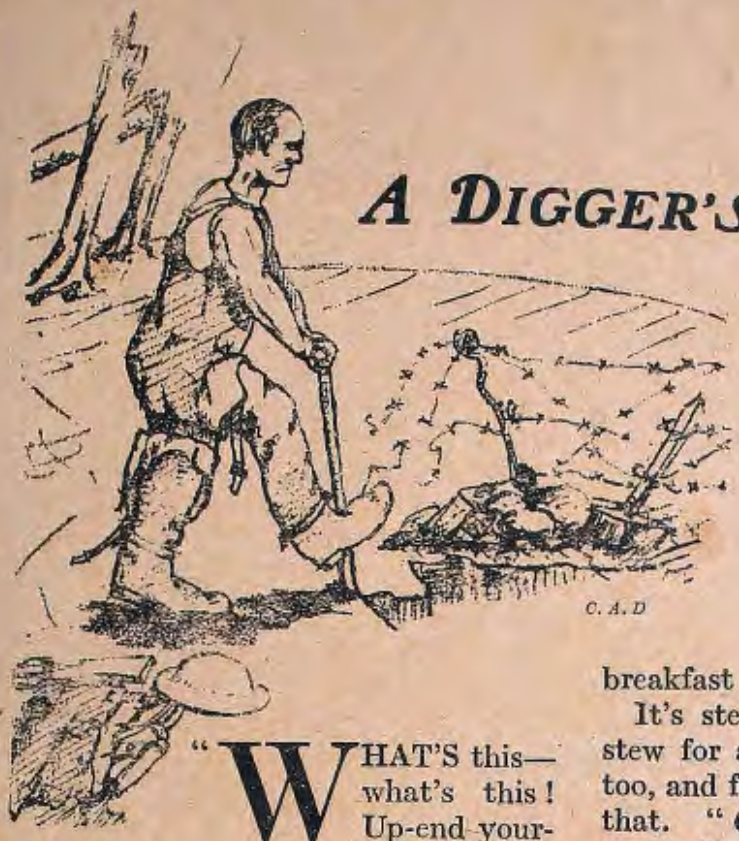
LEAVE

I WANT to stroll down Bond Street—
Lord, what memories it brings!
I want to see shop windows
Full of flimsy, useless things,
Rosy pink and pale blue mysteries—
You know the kind I mean.
(Are boudoir caps still in fashion?
Do they still wear crêpe de Chine?)

I long for Piccadilly,
And its crowds of lovely girls,
With their neat silk-stockinged ankles
And their captivating curls,
With their thin, delicious blouses,
Dreams of silk and filmy net.
(Are pink nighties now the fashion?
Or is it crêpe Georgette?)

I dearly want to saunter
Along by Leicester Square,
And watch with fascination
The many gay sights there.
Maybe I'll see these visions
When next on leave I go,
And if I do, Old Thing, be sure,
I'll write and let you know.

C. BAKER.



C. A. D

A Digger's Day in Belgium

"WHAT'S this—what's this! Up-end yourselves, all of you; you're due for early fatigue in an hour!"

That rotten réveillé again; and that clumsy-footed, strident-voiced Sergeant blundering about the tent, pulling off our coverings (and generally a few buttons at the same time). Gott strafe the Sergeant!

A bright thought comes into my anything but bright head: I decide not to get up. Why should I? I'm fearfully sleepy; and, anyway, ten more blissful minutes would make all the difference.

My thought is not original. Many others have decided to do the same thing. The Sergeant ordains otherwise.

"Here—you! Why aren't *you* on end?" he fiercely inquires, and off comes my humble covering again, exposing my scantily draped nether limbs to a cold draught.

"Right-oh, Serg!" I mutter, as I stumble up blindly and make for a place as far up in the breakfast queue as I can get.

It's stew—for a change. We had stew for a change yesterday morning too, and for countless mornings before that. "*C'est la guerre, monsieur!*" as the French say.

With a gulp and a grimace I finish my breakfast, then scuffle about on my knees arranging my detestable gear in regulation fashion for the daily inspection of quarters. This done, I sink gracefully down for a five-minutes' breather, when—

"Gear on, and fall in straight away!"

That busybody of a Sergeant simply *loves* the sound of his own voice.

There's a three-minutes' spell of wildly flourishing arms and equipment, gas-masks, and tin-hats; a flurried line-up and roll-call, and off we march to the corner by the main road where a line of French Army motor-lorries awaits our coming.

We all carry picks and shovels, and make a most impressive clanking as

we go. We try to be impressive, anyhow, just to show the Frenchmen we are somebodies. We seemed to succeed, too, for as we reached them a French driver turned to me and remarked, with every expression of awe :

" Jemavisspassgotofish, eh ? " (At least it sounded like that.)

" Certainly, monsieur, très bon ! " I replied haughtily, and fell over my beastly pick. Whoever invented picks should have invented them without spikes or handles. However, the Frenchman appeared too awed even to smile, so after a bit I recovered my composure.

We were soon all embarked on the lorries. This was a feat not accomplished without a certain amount of acid language from those unfortunates who missed the side seats and had to be content with the floor, for the French lorries have a marvellous lack of springs. One often discovers beautiful coloured designs upon various parts of one's anatomy after a ride.

And now we are off to dig for a French Army.

We have a French sapper in charge of our party, and he soon gives up trying to make himself understood by means of speech. He merely flaps a pair of despairing hands about and emits little bird-like noises. Poor chap ! I fear he is very discouraged in his attempts to commune with us. Yesterday he came smilingly up to a friend of mine (this was before he'd had much experience of us), and said something quite mildly and affably.

" Wee—wee—wee, m'sieu ! " ejaculated my friend promptly. That is the thing we say on most occasions. As a rule, it answers well. But now there seemed to be a hitch somewhere, for, instead of agreeing smilingly and departing, as these good French people generally do, *our* Frenchman looked highly surprised, and even hurt. He repeated what he had said before, and looked my palpitating chum in the eye—not quite so mildly this time.

Perceiving most astutely that all was not quite well, my friend tried a change of plan.

" Nong, m'sieu," he said with a most engaging smile, belied a little by his evident nervousness. " Jay nong compree ! " Whereupon our sapper called one of his confrères across, and they held a violent gesticulatory conference, with many pointings all about the country and towards my now thoroughly alarmed and perspiring friend.

Presently the two Frenchmen advanced, and, taking the shovel, one of them proceeded to draw strange lines on the ground. My friend thought it was a duelling-ground they were marking out, and was for going off post haste to seek the protection of our Sergeant.

Then I had a brain-wave and restrained him.

It was as I suspected.

Our inoffensive sapper was merely trying politely to explain to my thick-headed friend that he was digging his ditch a mere matter of *five feet in the wrong direction !* When finally he grasped the situation my friend was profusely apologetic.

* * * * *

Our " ditching " now swings serenely on, with occasional hasty side-trips to the nearest likely-looking

house for coffee or milk, with, all the time, a hunted feeling that the watchful eyes of our seemingly multitudinous overseers are boring into our very backs.

Even when we do reach the house of refreshment our presence therein is prolonged by a still greater language difficulty. Madame cannot speak English; neither can she speak French. What she does speak is called "Flemish." Generally, it seems to be spoken with a hot potato and a couple of pebbles in the mouth, and there appears to be a continual struggle in which the potato and the pebbles and the epiglottis are all concerned. Even some of the Belgians themselves speak of their language with bated breath. To our inexperienced New Zealander, meeting it for the first time, it sounds so like old Fritz's machine-gun that it fairly makes one duck.

At last the welcome relief-party turns up, and we frantically storm the emptied lorries to secure best seats for the return trip to camp. Arrived there . . . "Good Heavens! What's this?" we gasp. Our big marquee, in which we had so nicely arranged our gear before leaving, was now apparently trying to disguise itself as a shell-shocked balloon. It hung limp and decrepit from the ridge-pole. Upon inquiry we found that orders had come out that the ground under the tent must be sunned and aired. Oh, yes, it was a sensible order enough; but how we groused when we came to sort out our respective belongings! They had been placed in two long rows, with platoons and sections beautifully assorted and mingled!

After lunch, in the blazing sunshine I found my special chum, and, after a conference and a general clean-up, we went to the Y.M.C.A. hut to read and write. Later, we left for a village near at hand where, at the restaurant, we hoped to be able to get a good meal—steak, roast potatoes, and salad—at a reasonable price.

Rounding the corner of the first street we came upon the restaurant, and, extending away from the door, a long queue that appeared to be the greater part of an Army Corps. As we got into position in the long column, the restaurant seemed a long way off and very small. It was not yet open for the receipt of custom.

An hour later, somewhat discouraged, but more determined than ever by the passage of time, we were still waiting in the queue, but appreciably nearer our dinner. In short, we were in the doorway, and could smell the roast potatoes.

It was worth waiting for, that dinner. Madame and her timid handmaiden were quite pleasant and forbearing as we struggled to make known our wants. And the cost was not such as to make us think anxiously of the approach of next pay-day.

Outside we saw a very little Belgian looking at a very large watch, and this reminded us that we had to be back in camp at nine o'clock for roll-call. According to the Belgian's watch we were already late, so we started off at a run. This undue haste largely destroyed the comfortable effect of our dinner. When we got back we found no sign of the parade. The camp was almost deserted. It was the Belgian's watch! It was at least an hour fast!

Then to bed—made by the simple process of throwing an overcoat on top of an oil-sheet spread on the ground.

Soon we were in the land of dreams. An excitable sergeant was brandishing a shiny shovel of enormous size, complaining that we were late on parade, and ordering us to get his steak and potatoes cooked at once, on pain of fourteen days' F.P. Mixed up in these proceedings was a little Belgian struggling to get a watch as big as a clock into his waistcoat pocket. The watch was ticking as loudly and as rapidly as a Maxim gun. There was a queue of very hungry men that seemed to reach as far as the Rhine, and at the end of it Madame with the timid little demoiselle clutching at her skirts. But soon all these people faded out of the picture. The rest was the sound and refreshing sleep that comes at the end of a Digger's Day in Belgium.

L. D. G.

THE COLUMN MOVES OFF—THE LAST WAGON

Elo ii

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

LONGFELLOW.

TO the strains of music from the band, the clatter of hammers, and the singing of men, we began to shift camp as darkness approached. Tents, packs, equipment were loaded on the wagons. The camp was cleaned up. Then, with Mother Earth for our couch, and the sky for counterpane, we slept. At midnight the rain came—heavier and still heavier. The whole aspect of the camp changed. Stillness gave place to much talk, and some profanity. Forms were flitting about in the darkness, looking for shelter.

We breakfasted in the darkness and the rain. Then came the order "Fall in!" At 2 a.m. we swung out on the march that was to take us to our new home. From village to town, from farmhouse to shop, we went—singing! On we trekked, one hour marching between an avenue of tall trees, the next past fields of ripened corn. One wondered why the nations in such a beautiful world should fight.

Thus from place to place we trekked —birds singing, church bells ringing, peasants—mostly old men and women and children—wending their ways to Mass. The sun came out, and all the world was bright and joyous. At the end of another day we were in billets. A wash, a meal, and then sleep again —the sleep that only those who have toiled in the fresh air can sleep.

Then off again in the morning sunlight, through the smiling French landscape. Our band plays, the men whistle or sing in chorus. The villagers come to their doors and windows to see us pass, and there is much "*Bon jour, madame!*" as well as greeting for monsieur, and many a smile for mademoiselle. The cheery children follow at the Column's side.

And so to our new home. It will not be our home for long. The soldier of to-day stays not long in one place. He is in and out of the line—here to-day, gone to-morrow. Grumble! Of course we did; but, taking it all in all, we were cheery and happy. The soldier can never forget that he has come to this land for a purpose—to win the war. And so the cares of the day fold their tents like the Arabs, and as silently steal away.

Later will come the thunder of the guns, the dull explosions of bombs, the cackle of the machine-guns; and perhaps death, or wound, or sickness. And, at intervals, through it all, like sparkling glimpses of sunshine on running stream, thoughts of the dear Home-Land in far-away New Zealand. You, too, in the Land of the Long White Cloud, will have a thought for us, hoping to see us back some day. But many of us will have folded our tents for the Last Trek.

THE ONLOOKER.

THE GREATER MARSEILLAISE

WHERE is the Allies' war-song, the song the soldiers sing,
That wakes the plains of Picardy or makes the pavé ring?
No echo crossed the Channel, and so I took the chance
To seek the greater Marseillaise along the fronts of France.

The lilting footlight ballad with aggressive jingo name,
Relies on pretty bunting and a gilt proscenium frame;
But never tinsel sentiment, by gallery upcaught,
Revealed the deeper feeling of the Briton's guarded thought.

I landed on the very quays where, first to Tommies' tread,
The Tipperary chorus shook the red roofs overhead,
But now I sought no butterfly ephemeral refrain,
But something metaphoric of triumphant battle plane.

I turned into the rest camps, where the poor pianos tink;
I tried the dim estaminets, where glass and bottle clink;
I hailed the farmhouse billets with platoons in barns of straw,
Yet not a rafter rallied to my rousing song of war.

I marched with troops relieving, and I passed by troops relieved,
And in the silent watches naught but barren goal achieved;
So, on a summer morning, in a contemplative mood,
I stretched beside a parapet that skirted Plugstreet Wood.

And here above the sandbags, where the grass already sprang,
I heard a happy melody that louder, louder rang;
And where the wild flower ventured, beneath the wounded trees,
A droning dream accompaniment came wafted down the breeze.

New Zealand at the Front

Within the sight of trenches by strafing foe still manned,
Upon the ragged borders of Death's sterile No Man's Land,
The skylark's anthem, "Love is Life," led up the heavenly way,
To motive of the humming bees, "To labour is to pray."

All warring sounds were silenced to the harmony sublime
That set the soul a-throbbing to the Universe in time:
One need not be a poet if he would his ear attune
To the glory song of Nature round the battlefields of June.

Then manuscript the music of the singing bees and birds,
Translate their living language into metre rhymed with words,
Of Love and Service, Beauty, Faith in God's eternal ways,
And voice the super-song of *Peace—the Greater Marseillaise.*

H. S. B. Ribbands.

The Departed

He'S gone! No weeping mourners marked his going
Gone!! While I am left to carry-on.
Ne'er a sign denotes his mode of passing,
Not a stone or stick is raised for him,
Real good pal, most staunch and true of cobbers,
Dear old cobber, ever lucky Jim.

What! You shudder? Do I speak so strangely?
Call I "lucky" one who's surely dead?
Why! My cobber ain't a buried hero—
He has gone—just back to old N.Z.!

Herbert W. Auburn.

DUDS

KAMERADS

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DUDS

KAMERADS

THE SOLDIER'S EVENING OFF

FRITZ has been paying us too much attention lately—high explosive and gas shells. In consequence, we have had very little sleep. We feel tired and weary, sometimes a little homesick. We wish the war would end. But to-morrow the relief is due, and already we are beginning to feel more cheerful. . . .

The relief has arrived, and now we are in rest billets. The remainder of the day is spent in shaving, washing, bathing, and polishing boots and buttons. We feel a little more like human beings, and more fit to meet the mademoiselles who live in the ruined village to which we have come.

Then tea, and after that a visit to the Divisional Theatre. The man who invented the War Theatre deserves a decoration. It is such a strenuous war that relaxation of body and mind are required at frequent intervals if we are to keep going at all.

There is a long queue waiting at the ticket-box. The price of admission is half a franc—fourpence. A shell has been through the roof of the building, and its windows are all broken and boarded up. Outside it is daylight, for the performance begins at the unfashionable hour of 5.30 p.m. As the orchestra—a very good one—bursts

Programme cover for New Zealand Theatre at the Front.

into a stirring march the feet of many soldiers keep time. After that we are all laughing at the pictures, most of which are comic. Charlie Chaplin has come to the war—though he has not yet got as far as the trenches.

A stranger looking into the hall would never think that all these laughing men had, only the day before, been having a very trying time in the trenches. But such is the soldier's life. Whether he is fighting or enjoying himself, he enters into it with zest. The orchestra plays all the time.

After a brief interval singing is heard, and the curtain rises on a typical New Zealand scene, painted and arranged by our own soldiers. Three old Maoris are grouped around a log fire—somewhere in Taranaki. The snow-capped volcano rises in the distance, and at its base the clustering huts of the old-time Maori Pah. Our thoughts fly back to our own land, and the loved ones still there. The words and the music are appropriate to the opening scene.

The New Zealand Pierrots are all talented soldiers, even to the funny man who makes the rafters ring, and the young woman who is so daintily dressed, dances so gracefully, and is a driver in the Artillery!

In spite of many encores the turns pass all too quickly, and we are all sorry when "God Save the King" is played with the whole audience standing to attention.

As we file out our thoughts are in far-away New Zealand. Thoughts of the trenches, of the gas, and the bursting shells, the bombs and the machine-guns, have been banished for the time being. We are even ready for the fatigues and drill, and the hard training that we have to do while out "on rest."

We have had an evening off.

CLEM.

A Little Conversation

PAULINE was just an ordinary girl who sat outside a Belgian farmhouse and made lace. She might have found a more agreeable spot for her work, for the place was very filthy, and a foul manure heap was only a few yards away. Sanitation, however, is not regarded as a necessity in Belgian farms; indeed, Pauline's own personal appearance would have been much improved with a little tidying up.

It was the lace-making that opened the way for conversation. Pauline was a *réfugiée*, I found, and had not seen her home in the north for nearly three years. She showed me her lace, and told me how she had learnt to make it. There were forty little girls in the Convent, and they all sat in one large room. They had to show something accomplished, something done, every day, and it had to be done without any mistakes. Pauline was not an apt pupil, she told me, and had cried often. But she was very glad she had learnt it; it helped to pass the time. Poor homesick Pauline!

It looked as if she might perhaps give way to tears again, and Heaven knows it is difficult enough to deal with a weeping girl, even in the English language. I hastily changed the conversation by asking how she had spent her evenings in peaceful times. She stowed the lace away into a capacious pocket and looked up at me.

Oh, yes, it had been gay enough before the war. There were many things to do then—concerts too, and cinemas. For a moment her eyes grew misty. I suspected that she was thinking of someone at the war who used to escort her to the pictures.

But Pauline felt it was her turn to ask questions now. What was I before the war? A farmer—oh! one

who kept sheep! I am afraid I gave her a very poor impression of a New Zealand sheep farm. When I spoke of mountains 1,500 or 2,000 metres high, I saw her eyes lifted heavenwards in the attempt to picture such pinnacles. I told her of pasturages measured in kilometres, and it must have perplexed her simple homely wits, accustomed to at least one estaminet in every map-square. I explained that I had left *mon berger principal comme gérant à tout surveiller*. It seemed more and more hopeless.

Then I tried to interest her with a glowing description of our fair cities, full of sunshine and smiles, where a soldier finds everything to make him happy at home and miserable abroad.

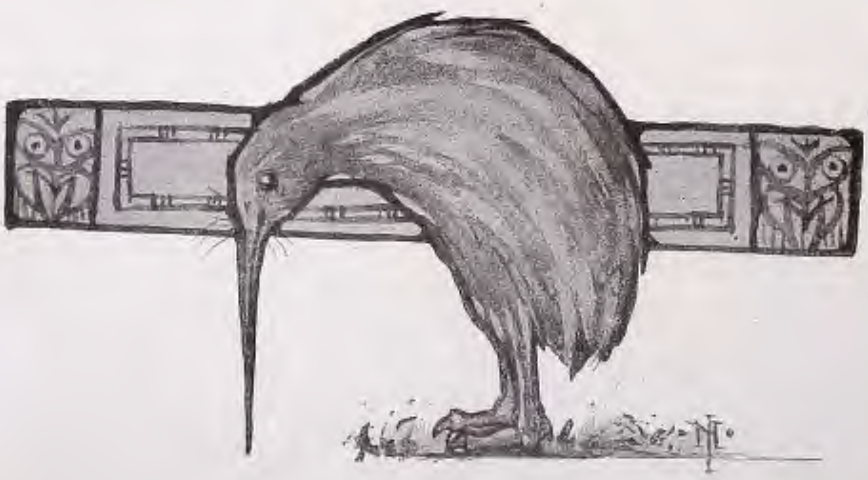
"And they remain the same, m'sieur?" There was incredulity in her tones. Try to understand her, you who will read this in far-away peaceful New Zealand: to this Belgian child's mind nothing in the world could be exactly the same as it was before the war.

I could only tell Pauline that we are accustomed to being cheerful in New Zealand, and we are not afraid of the war dragging on much longer. I was fingering some letters in my tunic pocket to assure myself of the truth of my statements—happy, hopeful letters they are, full of plans for my home-coming.

"The Boche will have to retire very soon, mademoiselle. I hope you will find yourself at home before many months have passed."

"*Et vous aussi, m'sieur!*"

C. J. W.



IN THE CHANNEL—THE MINESWEEPER GIVES THE NEWS

HIC! WHO GOASH THERE?—SPEAK, OR I FIRE!

LEWIS GUNS

THERE'S a certain new branch of the Army that the long-service soldier turns down,
For he reckons that anyone's "barmy" who joins it, in field or in town,
And the hoary old Colonels and Majors expound on this theme to their sons.
If you've got a fatigue that's revolting—just send for your new Lewis guns—
"Minnies" or "Rum-jars," the H.E. beloved by the Huns,
All come alike to the Rough-necks—bump up your four Lewis Guns.

When Fritz has been strafing support lines, and artillery's not to be had,
Let your infantry always take cover, in case the shell-fire gets too bad;
But use your L.G. teams with boldness (as per handbooks provided at Sling):
Though they treat your suggestion with coldness, remember that they're just the thing.
Set 'em the job of a Vickers, on indirect fire, traverse, runs—
Save up your old eighteen pounders, and slop in your new Lewis Guns!

When you bring your men back from the trenches, you always take care from the first
To exclude them from wine and from wenches—with longings for these they are curst.
Allow them in place of the "lotion" stiff drill with a route march or two.
This will serve to dispel any notion that pay, rum, or rations are due.
Marching in rear in the column: full pack and a head-ache that stuns:
Meeting a guard on arrival. Ho! where are those four Lewis Guns?

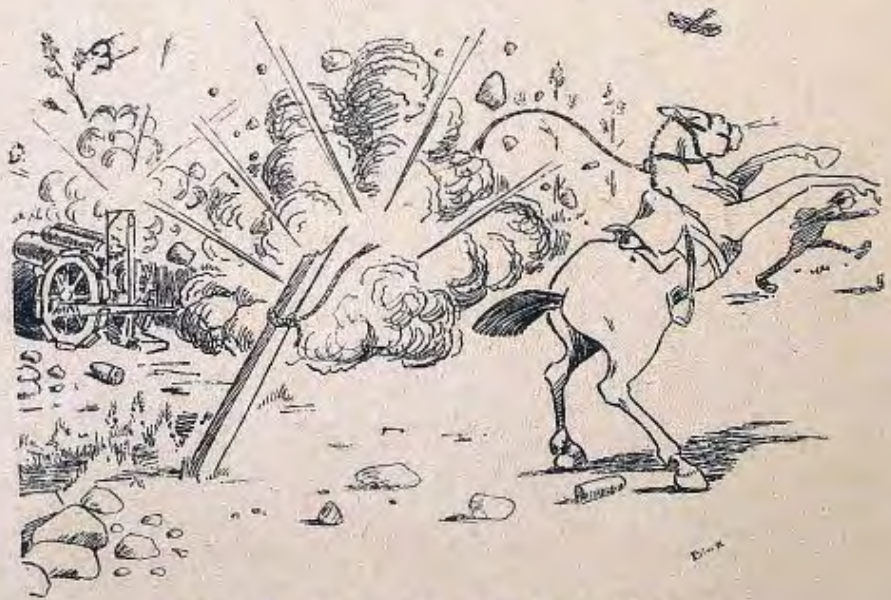
L'ENVOI

DEAR, if o' nights you restless lie,
If sleep your pillow shuns,
The oft-used axiom's safe to try—
"Call up your Lewis Guns!"

R. H. DALHOUSIE.

How the Padre's Horse

The Padre visits a battery in the firing line



While absent in a dug-out he loses his horse

WAS LOST—AND FOUND

The Military
Tribunal decides
that he must
pay for the
lost animal

Blow

The missing steed returns—the result of a reward offered

TRY SMILING

WHEN the rations come up short
And you don't get half you ought,
It's no use to raise a strafe;
That won't bring the other half—
Try smiling.

If your dinner you've begun,
And our playful friend the Hun
Drops a "sausage" on your plate,
Do not sing the Hymn of Hate—
Try smiling.

When you get the blooming hump
Carrying sandbags to the Dump,
And to make things rather worse
It comes on to rain, don't curse—
Try smiling.

When you go before the "Quack,"
Having pains across your back,
And he orders "Number Nine,"
It is little use to whine—
Try smiling.

When you feel as if the war
Would go on for evermore,
Just remember that it can't;
Then make up your mind it shan't—
Try smiling.

C. BAKER.


STRAING
FARM
2 KLS.
THE LONG LONG TRAIL

WINNING THE WAR!!

"DUG-OUTS"

"Q."—IN 1920!

(With an apology to Stephen Leacock)

I ENTERED the sumptuous apartment in fear. I believe I trembled. Seated at a mahogany table was the Head of the Department. He was gesticulating wildly. Crouching on the floor was a Corporal to whom he was addressing himself.

"It's no use telling me that!" he shouted. "The fact of the matter is I am surrounded by a set of blank blank fools!"

As I happened at that moment to be one of the two men surrounding him, and as I saw fire in his eye, I saluted and said, "Yes, sir!"

With one brief but withering look in my direction he continued:

"I can get nothing done! There's that blank fellow Blank! Did you ever in all your life see such a blank blank blank incompetent fellow on this blank earth?"

The cowering Corporal crawled under the table for protection, and stayed there. Then the Head of the Department proceeded with his work. Occasionally he looked up, ran his fingers through his hair, and glared at me. I was afraid to move or speak.

With a few furtive glances I noted his surroundings. On his table were a fountain-pen, a red pencil, a sheet of paper, and a copy of *La Vie Parisienne*. His bookshelf held a dictionary and a ready reckoner. Hanging from a nail on the wall, so that it could be read at a glance, was a copy of the multiplication table.

He became absorbed in his work, glancing first at the multiplication table and then taking up the copy of *La Vie Parisienne*.

"Hush!" said an orderly who entered stealthily. "Do not disturb him yet. He is engaged upon a mathematical calculation."

"Good Lord!" I said. "Why does he tax his brains with such difficult work?"

A WORDLESS TRAGEDY

IN NINE SCENES

It appeared that he was busy with a report to the Corps Commander. The problem was this: If two mules can draw two hundredweight of *pâté de foie gras* on a trench tramway two feet wide with a grade of one in a hundred on a curve of one in fifty as laid down by a New Zealand engineer, what will be the weight of the two mules and the name of the muleteer?

"Upon the solution of that problem," whispered the orderly, "will depend the feeding and the equipment of this Army for the next three years."

Here the man took a hasty glance at the multiplication table, laid down the copy of *La Vie Parisienne*, ran his fingers through his hair again, and made a few figures on the sheet of paper.

"But," I ventured, still under my breath, for I was really afraid, "cannot that matter be solved by some practical means?"

"Impossible!" he muttered.

"And when will he be able to send in the report?" I asked.

"Oh! there's no great hurry for that," was the reply. "He's been on it ever since the Battle of Messines, in 1917."

"But in the meantime the troops will starve! How are they to get their food?"

"Quite a simple proposition," he answered. "They can buy it from the inhabitants of the country. There's lots of food in the country."

At this stage another orderly came in with a letter in a large envelope marked "URGENT." He left hurriedly.

The man at the table was now working furiously. He tore the envelope open with his teeth, and read the contents with one eye, while with the other eye he continued to absorb the mathematical problem—with the aid of the multiplication table.

Apparently the letter he had received was something to do with the transport, for he shifted the eye that was engaged on the mathematical problem to the letter, and, again running his fingers through his hair, looked at me with both eyes and asked me to bear witness that the transport was the blank blank blank limit!

I agreed.

His voice came in a giant crescendo

like the roar of heavy howitzers on the eve of a great battle.

I could see that he was getting annoyed.

The poor man who had been all this time under the table now seized the opportunity to crawl quietly out of the room.

I whispered to the orderly that perhaps I, too, had better withdraw.

"Oh, no!" he said. "He hasn't really noticed you yet. Your turn will come."

I began to get more nervous, and sidled over to the other end of the room, which was covered with a large map giving the positions of all the important units in the Army—the Baths, the Barbers, the Laundry, the Hospital for Infectious Diseases, the Divisional Theatre, the Field Cashier, the Football Team, the Sixteen Cinemas, the Heavy Artillery, and all the Estaminets that were out of bounds to anyone but officers.

The orderly on duty, seeing me interested, crept up to my side and whispered that that map was private and confidential. He added that it was of great importance that no information about the dispositions of the most important units of the Army should get out to the enemy. They could not be too careful about these things. It was only then that I noticed that the map was marked "SECRET."

"But," I asked, "where is the necessity for secrecy? There is nothing to show how the trenches are being held. Where are the men who are holding the line?"

"Oh," he replied, "they're all at the horse show and the football match. Soldiering nowadays is an exact science. It's all worked out by mathematics. If there are no soldiers in the trenches it stands to reason that they cannot be defeated by the enemy."

It began to dawn on me that this would be a long war.

All this time the man was working very hard with the multiplication table and the sheet of paper. Instinctively one felt that so long as the paper supply held out the war would go on.

Two officers came in without knocking. They wore red tabs, and had on their sleeves multi-coloured bands embroidered with gold and diamonds.

"We want leave," they said; "leave for London and Paris—especially Paris."

"Right O!" said the man, taking the eye off the multiplication table and smiling pleasantly. "Two years' leave granted. Report in usual course and they will make you out a movement order. This will have to be countersigned by all the different Heads of the Army, but if that takes about a year you will be able to make up for it by getting your leave extended for another year."

The officers saluted and left the room, backwards. The man then ran his fingers through his hair once more, picked up the copy of *La Vie Parisienne*, turned over a new page, and chuckled. Then he saw me. Immediately he resumed his sterner aspect.

"Well, what do *you* want?" he said, glaring at me, and at the same time throwing his fountain-pen at the wall. It stuck, quivering, in the wood, in the middle of a great splash of ink, which seemed to indicate that he had done this many times successfully.

"If you please, sir," I said tremblingly, "I have come to get some information about the feeding of your great and glorious Army. I am a War Correspondent."

"Take him out and have him shot!" he roared to the orderly; and then, with one last withering glance in my direction, he turned once more to the multiplication table hanging on the nail, and proceeded to strike a balance in the Wet Canteen Account, which showed a profit of £15,000 for the half-year.

The orderly took me out and placed me up against a brick wall. I waited a long time. Luckily, he could not find a firing party.

They were all away at the football match and the horse show.

A. Q. M. G.

OH THOU whose image hangs upon the Cross!
How must Thy tender heart be torn with pain
To see the magnitude of this world's loss,
To know how shallow, worthless is its gain

Was it for this the sacrifice was made,
Thy Life laid down to save the world from strife?
Was it for this the mighty price was paid,
That War and Famine might with Lust be rife?

There in Thy tree-girt roadside sanctuary
Thy limbs are pierced, Thy head thorn-crowned once more
By Man, who in his blind rage cannot see
Nor hear Thee knocking at his deaf heart's door.

So while the thund'ring, ceaseless guns belch forth,
Dread messengers of Death and agony,
Drunk with his hate and furious in his wrath,
Man doth forget Thy cross on Calvary.

New Zealand at the Front

O Light of all the World! Man's blindness heal!
This furious clash of armaments curtail,
Before Man doth in rage his own fate seal,
Working his doom beneath the battles' flail.

Teach us to come with chastened hearts to Thee,
Bind up our wounds and cleanse our hearts from sin,
So will the fight be won, and Mankind free,
And Peace and Love may once more enter in.

C. R. A.

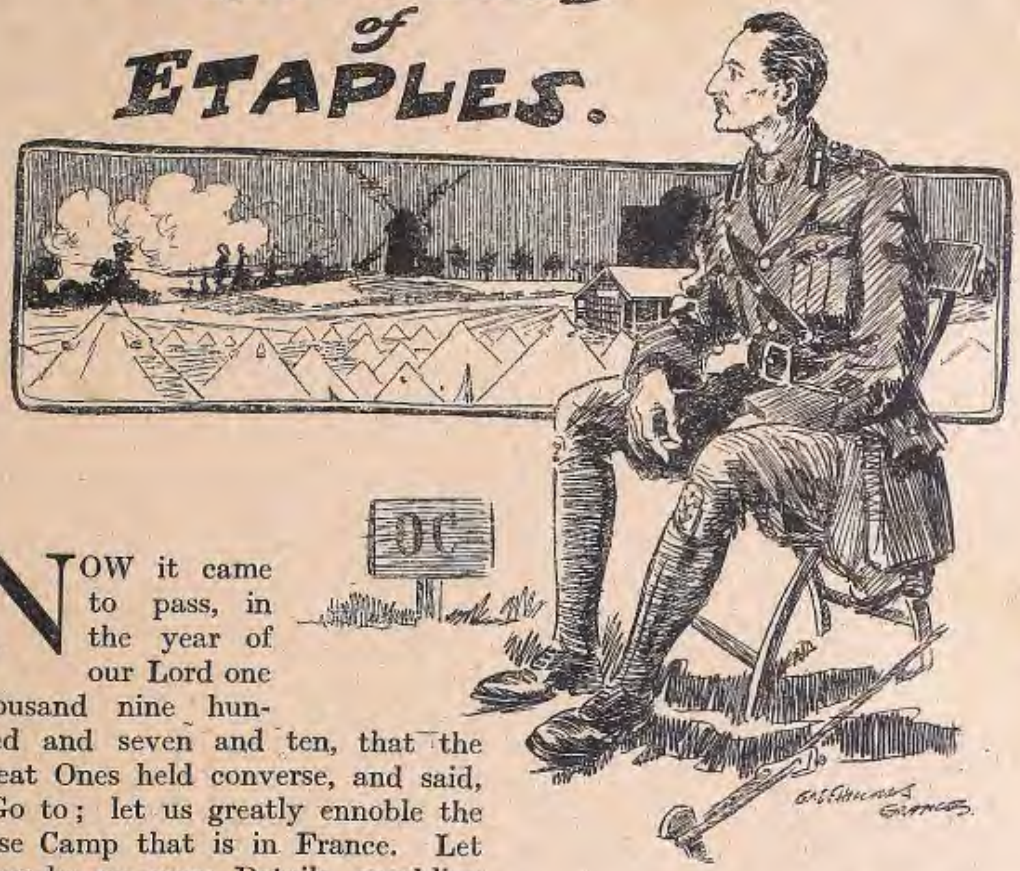
THE UNKNOWN

"Two unknown New Zealand soldiers lie here."
—Inscription on a small wooden cross on the battlefield.

I WONDER do you hear the summer breezes sighing
As they bend the wild flowers down to kiss your grave?
Brave comrades from the Outer Lands, we greet you, lying
In the stricken land you nobly died to save.

R. H. ASHCROFT.

Ye Chronicles of Etaples.



NOW it came to pass, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and seven and ten, that the Great Ones held converse, and said, "Go to; let us greatly ennoble the Base Camp that is in France. Let there be no more Details, gambling merrily among the shady trees, and let orders be brought forth concerning this and many other practices."

And *they* called to them one from Slyng, called by most "The Old Man," and said unto him, "Go, fare forth across the waters to France, and hie thee to our Base Camp. And when there, do thy diligence to ascertain the things which they do, and tell them they mustn't." And it was *so*.

And the Old Man did mighty works and great wonders therein; so that in a short space of time, lo, where had been a desert, with small rivers in the rainy season to lave the inhabitants while sleeping, he said unto his servers, "Stem me this *raging* stream." And it was so. And there arose lofty and noble terraces, hewn from the quarries of chalk by *one* William, surnamed Body, and his myrmidons. And these swat grievously; and when they would have rested, still they laboured *on* till the thing was accomplished. And there

was with them a Captain of the Dinkums, who cheered on the faint hearts of them that would fain have ceased *their* toil, saying, "Up; lest

"Stem me this raging stream"

by overmuch sitting ye acquire corns on the hereafter." And the same William arrayed himself with a compass, and did therewith many doughty deeds; but in what manner I cannot of a surety say.

And the Old Man looked and said, "Behold, I see no flowers here. Let seeds be procured, that the earth may bring forth much flowers." And he appointed one, a *Corporal* of the Scots, to be a tiller of the soil; and the soil brought forth abundance *of flowers* around the Mess of the Officers, where also a Band did discourse sweet discords on Guest Night. And the thing was pleasing to all, for many vegetables did spring up in divers places, whereat the souls of the Camp dwellers were much content.

Then there arose mighty groanings in the Camp, for there went forth a decree that the hair of all men should be shorn off. And many went exceeding *crook*, and cried amongst themselves, "Never come at that game, cobber." Howbeit, the outcry was heeded not at all; nay, by one Philip, surnamed the Kedal, it was much welcomed, for he said, "Of a surety the men of my Brigade should follow their Officer in *all* things." But why he spake thus it hath not fully been shown me; and the hair fell thick before the shears of the barber. But the latter was a right courteous knight, and did console his victims in right merry fashion, saying, "Be of good cheer; be not so melancholious; for in verity it were better to lose one's hair than to lose one's head." So the thing was submitted unto.

And it came to pass that certain jesters did band themselves together for the common weal; and their Chief was called Fama; and they discoursed many merry *quips* and cranks, and the fame of them went abroad throughout the land. And many men did also play at Crickets; and there befell a day when there arose a disputation between them of the Reds and them of the Blacks,

Ye Tonsorial Inquisition.

which should be the greater in this game. And it came to pass on the day appointed for the trial thereof, *that* the Blacks proved themselves victors, but as I have had revealed unto me, by a narrow margin only. And the Captains of both sides, which were also *the* Captains of Brigades, were given out leg before wicket, and went *crook* excessively. And many men played at these games, many men also watched them.

Many men also (of such were those who gave ear to fine music and to clashing of cymbals, and to fervent exhortation) went to Concerts, and eke to the Institute of the Salvation Army and of the Presbyterians; so their time was fully occupied.

And there abode in the Camp *Maoris*, of the race called Pickaneers; and they did render much hakas, to the terror and frightment of the natives.

There was also a certain man of the Institute, of terrible aspect; the same was wont to roam about the Houses where men fed, and would shout "*To-night! To-night!*" in a horrific voice; whereat there would be much shouting and tumult; but what was meant thereby I know *not* for certain.

And no man prevailed upon him to hold his peace.

And there arose a certain Bull which had his Ring not far from the En Zedders; and he compelled them all to do sacrifice to him ten days; and at the end thereof they were no whit the wiser, save for an arrangement of the helmet called the "P.H.," the like of which was never seen before; howbeit he offered them little other hurt, save gas, which is there in much abundance; but they were not over filled with his praises.

"Certain jesters"

And of many other things I would tell; of the feud that arose between the En Zedders and them of the Red Caps, which do carry pistols, and testify of all and sundry whom they entrap in the following manner: "This man," say they, "when arrested, smelt

strongly, for he was drunken!" Howbeit, it was showed unto me that many of these who were of the Red Caps and known also unto many in the land as Empees, were no whit better than the rest of us. And of Permanent Base Dwellers, who have their abode with the Dinkums, to the vexing of the soul of their Commander. For he showed me that the reason of the name "Permanent Base" was less their "permanence" —for this they have not—but their baseness. And likewise of the Padre who came seeking a Church, and found naught, save a red bathing box. But of these and *many* like wonders I could speak more fully were not Sen Sor the son of Cut living in the land.

PYCO.

THE SOUVENIR COLLECTOR

THE Souvenir Collector is always with us. But he is not nearly so numerous as he was. On Gallipoli he gathered many things, but was lucky to get only his own carcass away. At the Somme the New Zealanders got many souvenirs.

Now the men, especially the old hands, don't bother much about souvenirs. They reckon that if the war goes on for a few years longer there will be time enough—say a couple of years hence—to collect shell cases and fuses and things of that sort.

Occasionally, however, one does meet the souvenir collector, hung round with ironmongery in great variety. This man is generally a recent arrival. The old hand is usually content to carry only what the Army puts on his back, for that, nowadays, is no light load.

Recently three soldiers came back from the trenches, each with a memento of the battle in which he had taken part. One had a helmet, the second a Boche bayonet, and the third carried a door-knocker. When they got back to billets their friends crowded around them to examine the souvenirs.

"Why on earth did you bring back a door-knocker, Bill?" asked one of his mates.

"Well, you see, it was this way," replied Bill. "Just after we had taken Messines I was knocking at the door of a house there, when along comes one of those big Boche shells, an' I'm dashed if it didn't blow the house right out of my hand!"

E. V. PAUL.

The Souvenir Collector.

"MISSING—BELIEVED KILLED"

THIS shell-hole water dries the throat like brine.
My God, I'm choking! Ugh! I'm cold and hot—
The trees are dancing round like skeletons!
How long have I been in this damnéd spot?

Have I not seen the arch of God's blue sky,
And heard the bees go humming in the flowers,
And smelled the scents of garden and of wood,
And watched the waterfall drop all in showers?

My father's hands were rough with honest toil:
A farmer he. Our homestead in the vale
Stood by a brook that babbled over rocks
Where I went oft to fill my mother's pail.

I helped my father plough the valley side;
A man of kindly heart, yet stern and just.
I see him now with mother—rest their souls!
How long it seems since they were turned to dust!

Somehow, I seemed to change. I couldn't rest.
There came a something calling loud to me
To go into the world, and be a man.
My mother cried. Dad swore. But I was free.

Free! Free to go and come; but still hard work—
The clang of many hammers night and day,
And I a grimy thing with thousands more
In a great workshop, sweating for my pay.

Then came a time when pleasant thoughts of love
Illumined all my day and half my night.
We courted and were wed—a happy pair
Within the garden of our fond delight.

She was so pretty, and our cottage home
Was brightened by the little child that came,

"Missing—Believed Killed"

Strangely, the day my dear old mother died:
We gave her, at her christening, mother's name.

* * * * * *

And then came war! But one thing now to do—
Fare forth in battle 'gainst the trait'rous Huns.
'Twas sad to leave my sweetest babe and wife—
Great God! Just listen to those drumming guns!

How cold and dark it is! And what a thirst!
Cheero, old pal! She's standing close to me.
Look there! The Transport! All acrowd with men—
'Twas dark like this when I stepped from the quay.

God's truth! Those cobble stones were hellish hard:
We marched until our feet seemed made of lead,
Our packs were all so heavy like. And then
We went into a trench that stank o' dead.

The whistles blew the "Charge!" in morning mist;
I led until a splinter broke my knee.
One Boche who rushed the Captain, I shot him.
I choked another man who sprang at me.

And then there came a blank! My gear is gone!
I've lost my water-bottle and my kit!
I'm left—alone! I'm weak from loss o' blood!
But, thank God, anyway I've done my bit.

The hellish roar of guns comes through the mist:
The fields are blasted to a desert here,
And honeycombed with pools o' bloody rain;
Yet I don't feel afraid—not while she's near.

Have I not seen the arch of God's blue sky,
And heard the bees go humming in the flowers,
And smelled the scents of garden and of wood,
And watched the waterfall go down in showers?

O Christ! Have mercy! I ain't been so bad—
I'm going numb! I'm slipping in the hole!
Seems like the Dead are all about me here!
I'm coming, Jessie! Lord, receive my soul!

L. G. Gothard.

ANOTHER RUMOUR

C'est La Guerre

THERE'S a township torn and shattered;
There are streets of broken brick
Where the shells have crumped and battered,
Where the team-mules rear and kick,
And the sweating driver curses,
As the pellets zip and tear—
"Oh! confound this German shrapnel!
Up, you blighters! *C'est la guerre!*"

There's a winsome little maiden
Always greets me with a laugh;
And her eyes with mirth are laden—
Eyes that question, dance, and chaff;
There's a crash that shakes the *pavé*,
Splinters zutting through the air—
Oh, my God! one's caught the girlie!
Pauvre petite! Mais—c'est la guerre!

There's a never-ending whining,
Whizzing, crashing in the town;
And above—the sun is shining
As he looks serenely down
On the wreckage, on the dying,
Lying prone beneath his glare;
On the dead—shut out the vision—
Mais, que voulez-vous? La guerre!

If one suffers, does it matter
  What the body must endure?
Though the iron the limbs may shatter,
  Yet the memory is sure.
And those pitiful, white crosses—
  Flers, Messines, Armentières—
Where our own brave dead are sleeping,
  Dear old comrades. *C'est la guerre!*

There's a rugged, rocky city
  Where the breezes swirl and play.
Ah! Dear God of Love and Pity,
  Be with them at home to-day,
Where Pencarrow's Light is gleaming
  And the salt sea scents the air:
It's of Wellington I'm dreaming—
  Cher ami—ah! c'est la guerre!

C.

A Spring Song

BESIDE the shattered homestead,
  By the guns that bark all day,
There's a pear tree covered in snowy white,
  Abloom with the glory of May.

And the screeching shells come in
  For their tribute in maimed and dead;
But a blackbird pipes in the hedgerow,
  And a skylark sings overhead.

C. G. Aston.


HI TIDDLE DE
HIGHTY
TAKE
ME
BACK TO
BLIGHTY
FRONT LINE
RED LODGE
G.P. HANNA

LEAVE!!!

LUCK!

"Heard of Bill lately?"
"Yes, he's gone back to N.Z. with both legs off."
"Lucky devil!"

THE FUTURE GENERATION

General (1940): "No, 'e can't play soldiers, 'is father was a *batman*"

CAIRNS OF CANTERBURY

WHEN the records and the recollections of the New Zealand Medical Corps are fully related, one may predict that, among the officers, the names of Moray, Creagh, Prime, "Jockey" Neilson, Goldie, Crawshaw, "Kew" Goodson, "Peter" Atkins, and poor Boyelle will often be gratefully recalled by Divisional old-timers. But the names of N.C.O.'s and men who will be similarly remembered are indeed legion. To these the greater praise, for while the medical officer carries into the field his civilian vocation, other ranks of the Medical Corps —like the gallant regimental stretcher bearers—have been transformed by the war into tender ministers to the sick and wounded. Cairns of Canterbury was one of these.

I came across Cairns, for the first time, on the Peninsula.

Accompanied by a group of bearers, he seemed to haunt the Apex, Quinn's, and No. 2 Outpost. Day and night one met the party going up or down the saps or sheltering the wounded in the *deres*.

Officers and bearers seemed to change, almost from day to day. Not so Cairns; he was there to stay. Wearied and weakened though he was by the intimacies of external and internal parasites, he saw it out to the very bitter end.

He left the beach with a reputation and a D.C.M.

I next met him on the Somme, living at Thistle Alley in a combination of lean-to and dug-out, fully furnished with stretchers, splints, field dressings, a P.H. helmet, a Primus stove, and two fly-papers which had done great execution.

He was rarely at home; he preferred the climate of Flers. His full-dress uniform included a ground sheet and several sandbags. Thus equipped, one does not get the "wind up"—at least, that ailment never afflicted Cairns.

At 11 p.m., during our last night on the Somme, a message reached the M.O. in charge of the advanced dressing station.

"Eight wounded; all stretcher cases, Sergeant. Got your squads ready?"

"Yes, sir," replied Cairns.

"You will find the cases collected at the Bearer Relay Post, just beyond the Switch."

"That's all right, sir. Now we shan't be long."

"Good luck, Sergeant. The men all have their helmets and goggles?"

"Yes, sir," from No. 4 of each squad.

Away they went in the rain and darkness and that ghastly heavy mud, and I heard Cairns' voice beginning some occult tune.

At 3 a.m. he reappears, drenched and caked with clay.

"First squad is in, sir," he reports.

"The rest are coming—all bad cases—three of them Boches. We got Hell going through the barrage; the third squad nearly buried by a 9-inch; one of those new birds from the Nineteenth Reinforcements gone West—blown to pieces—his first trip, too, poor beggar; and old Thomson's got a Blighty in the arm."

The remaining squads reach the A.D.S. in due course—a wet and weary procession—and the wounded receive hot coffee, a biscuit, and a cigarette while their wounds are looked to by the M.O. Two of them (one a Fritz) are abdominal cases, and these being denied a drink, ask faintly for a smoke. When the last squad arrives a Corporal comes forward:

"Would you look at this case, sir? He's a Boche officer. We think he's dead."

The M.O. examined him closely.

"Yes, he's done in, boys. Sorry you have had the load to carry."

"By Gawd, sir, we're silly blighters. We nearly left him!"

"Ah! yes, but you had to bring him in if you were not certain. Never mind; it's the last trip, and we'll be out of here in the morning. Go and get your rum ration and have a sleep."

"Good night, sir."

"Good night, boys."

The Sergeant, meantime, has transferred the surviving cases to the horse ambulances and cheered them with a final word about Blighty.

"Good man, Sergeant; come and have a spot before you turn in."

"Thank you, sir. I'll just see the boys right first and I'll be there."

Thus Cairns concluded three weeks of cheerful work with his bearers—three weeks of encouragement to the wounded, three weeks of unfailing support to his officers.

A month later I met him at a cricket match at the D.R.S., that well-known spot where "other ranks" sleep on real beds for nearly a fortnight of their sojourn in France.

I observed that Cairns was wearing a new hat, new slacks (issue), and a new pair of braces, and I conjectured that he was in some way connected with the Quartermaster's department of the Ambulance.

"Yes, Doc, I'm right now—the best-dressed man in the unit—that's what I am."

"Congratulations, old man; you deserve it all."

"I have a pair of sheets to sleep in now, and a set of pyjamas, and a new hat every month," he confided. "What would you like, Doc?"

"How about a pair of slippers, Cairns?" I realised how sociable an affair a cricket match may be.

"Righto!" And I was promptly equipped. "Look here," he continued, "anything I can do for you or old McCullagh or Leys or 'Peter,' Doc, I'll do. We're old pals, old comrades we are. You know, too, and I know what you doctors have done. You'll do me. I've got friends, I have. If you want a good electric torch, I'll get one from the Ossies; they're white, they are. Of course, they call me a bit of a Socialist."

"I heard you were a Red Fed," interjected my companion.

"That's all right, old man, but I know how it is on parade and in front of the boys. 'Sir' every time—that's me. But we've had many a laugh together, and we understand one

another. Remember the time you put your tin hat on instead of the P.H. ? Well, yes ; perhaps I am a Socialist, but it don't do in war time. I've learned that, if I've learned nothing else. Of course, here in the Q.M. store I can call you Jockey Jack or even Charley Chaplin, even if you are M.D.'s, but that's because I know what you're made of, and you know old Cairns and you don't mind him. But on parade it's different. No personal remarks there—not for nuts. Of course, après the guerre we'll all be Socialists when we get on to old times. But you chaps know I've always held down my job."

"Yes, no one better, and I have often wondered you have not applied for a commission since they gave ambulance N.C.O.'s a chance."

"That's all right," responded Cairns. "I laughed at the idea of Cairns holding a commission at first, but I wrote to the missus about it, and she says—— Well, hold on, and I'll read you what she says." He produced the precious letter from his pay-book. "'Well, Kid, if you think you can do better work in the Trench Mortars or the Machine Guns, you do it. Don't change for the sake of the commission—that does not count with me, no more than it does with you. You would be just the same to me if you came back a Private, the same as you went away. I'm proud you are a Sergeant and got that medal, but if you think you could do better work as an officer and you want to go "over the top," as you call it, you go. I know what it means, Jim; every girl knows that by now. But don't you mind me ; I'll go and look after your mother, Jim, and little Susie will be well cared for. But I wish you could have seen the little darling, Jim. She's just beginning to talk now.'

"You see, that's the trouble—that's what I'm thinking about lately," concluded Cairns softly.

"Yes, that's the way with many others, Cairns. One learns a lot from censoring letters."

"But I think I'll go," he continued. "I've seen so many of the boys slothered up by old Fritz, now, that I feel I must have a go at him. I know I can be pretty handy with a machine-gun, and after all, I was born to England first—to England before the wife or kid."

"Yes, old man, that's what we all come to realise, but you would be a big loss to the old Ambulance, all the same."

"Never mind that—never mind that!" he exclaimed. "That's all right. The boys know all I know, and they can carry on without me. And if you or old Moray or old Creagh, or any of you officers that I've been proud to work with hear of me going out with my hand on a machine-gun, don't worry, don't fret—old Cairns will have done his job. He may be a bit of a Socialist here in the Q.M. store—that's only silly old politics—he wants to go home badly and all that—but Britain first—I was born to the old Empire first, and," he solemnly concluded, "no evacuation from here till the job is done."

After Messines you may have seen in the casualty list the name Lieut. J. Cairns, N.Z.M.G.C., but I hear that he is doing well and will take a Military Cross back to "the missus" and Susie and the land we love better than Flanders. N. Y. D. N.

THE CALL

BID good-bye to all the loved ones—sweetheart, mother, wife,
Follow the bugle's martial note to the heart of the bitter strife.
The voice of your country's sounding in the ear of the brave and true,
I pray to God with all my heart it's calling—calling *You!*

This is the law of battles, for Time has writ it clear,
"I need not your old and feeble, send those who will know not fear;
Send not your idle slackers, your make-believe, and your show,
For grit's the thing that matters most when fighting with the foe."

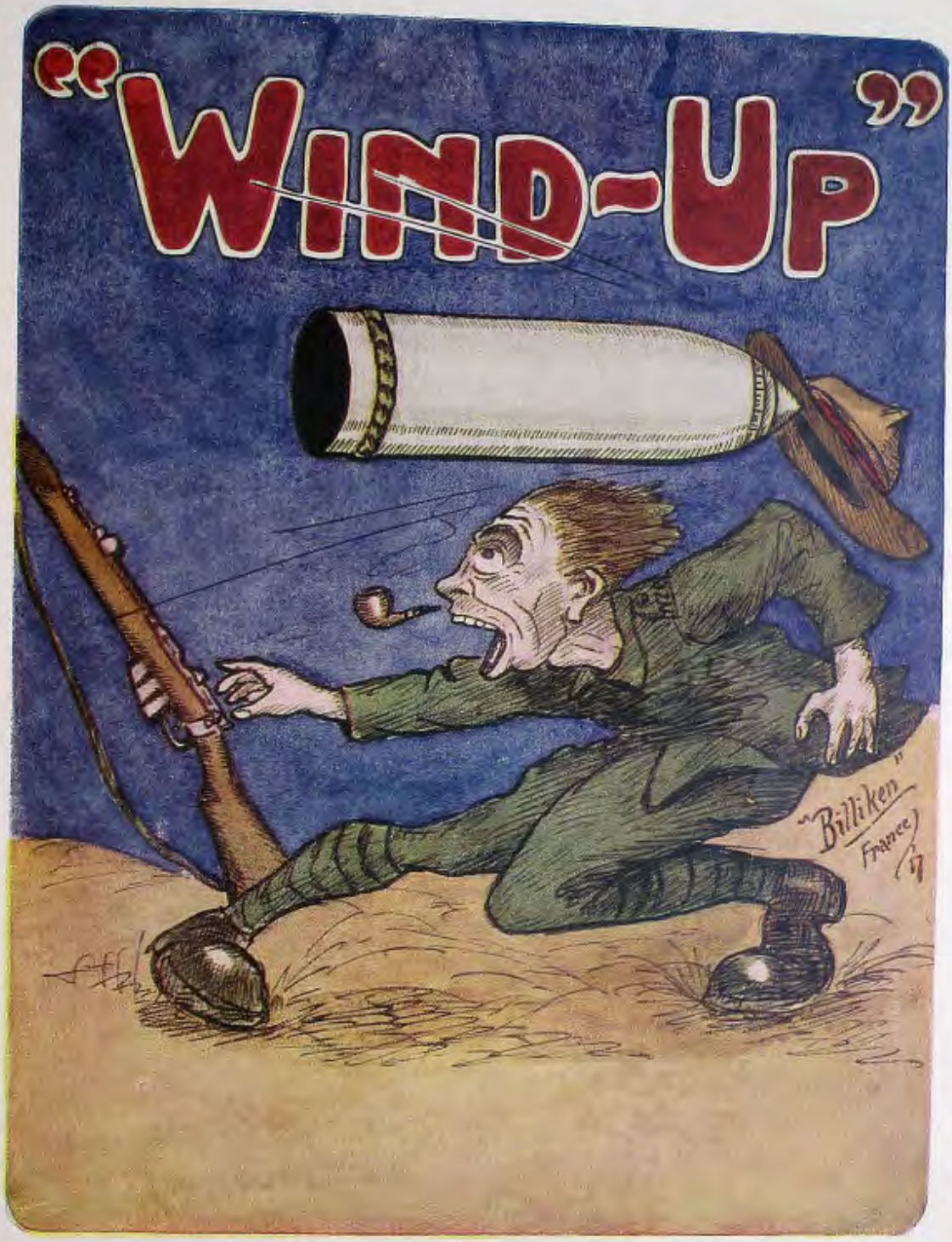
Right from the very beginning since we gripped our Empire fast,
We've sent our best to guard the rest in serried armies massed;
Father and brother and only son, and husband and chum and friend,
And we'll make the same old sacrifice till we come to the bitter end.

For war has called with its old-time lure—the lure that none can shun,
And the call's struck home to a nation's heart, and the nation stands as one,
It had wearied much of the easy life, the soft and the pampered way,
And it rises up refreshed, renewed, to the dawn of a *fighting* day.

And the law of battles still firmly stands and calls you clear and strong,
"Send me your best and your bravest, come, send your *men* along!"
What matter it if they *are* "hard nuts"? In war such men will thrive,
And the strong must die in battle that the weaker may survive.

Bid good-bye to all the loved ones—sweetheart, mother, wife,
Follow the bugle's martial note to the heart of the bitter strife.
The voice of your country's sounding in the ear of the brave and true,
I pray to God with all my heart it's calling—calling *You!*

J. ATKINSON.


"WIND-UP"
"Billiken"
France '17

JACK

ABOUT eight miles to the south-west, in a little side valley of the ——, stands a small French village.

When the New Zealanders first forsook the sandy horrors of Egypt for the pleasant vales and smiling fields of fertile France, destiny awarded to a certain farm the honour of being our first abiding place. Since then we've lain in many a barn and hayloft, and shared the assorted smells of many a farmyard midden—too many to have any particularly vivid recollections of that farm on general grounds. Its claim to our remembrance rests upon a securer foundation. It was there we met Jack.

As we first saw him, Jack was a fine, upstanding young Frenchman with fair hair and dark eyes and a set of strong white teeth that flashed engagingly whenever he was pleased. He took to us at once—nothing peculiar in that, you will say.

As far as one could judge, his work on the farm was purely nominal. On certain days he assisted with the butter-making, and periodically disposed of odd kitchen scraps; but though he was to be met with here, there, and everywhere about the place, and at all times and seasons, he never appeared to have any definite occupation. That worried us.

He was soon a great friend of all the boys in spite of an absolute lack of linguistic ability on both sides; but the centre of his affections was undoubtedly a certain young Corporal whom we will call Nick. And in justice to Jack and his taste in soldiers, we may say that his choice had fallen on a proper man enough.

Our only quarrel with Jack was that he had not joined the Colours. No one cared to ask him why, and he never volunteered a word on the subject; but we couldn't help wondering. We had a feeling that it ill became a son of France to do nothing for his country in such stirring times. However, the bustle of approaching departure soon took our attention, and interest in his movements began to wane.

One dark morning we fell in on the road, shouldered the old packs, and faded out of —— for ever. When day broke there was Jack marching along with the company.

Arguments, threats, and entreaties were alike of no avail. He did not say much, but he made it quite plain that in his opinion there was only one life for a chap with good red blood, and that he might as well face the music with us as with any lesser warriors. That logic was unanswerable, and for eighteen months now, in hail, rain, or sunshine, good times and bad, Jack has been one of the lads, and has gone where we went, lain where we lay, and shared our

rations like a soldier and a man. He has never funked the trenches, but as an actual fighter he has never shown up to great advantage, though quick enough to resent any intrusion on his rights and privileges—especially in affairs of the heart, of which he has had a great number. What else would one expect in these wild days from one of his nationality, charming manners, and handsome personality ?

For route marches and special occasions he always swanks in a special collar and leads proudly on ; to the undisguised admiration of all the ladies within miles, and the disgust of all stay-at-home young Frenchmen of his own former type. We do not claim that he is blameless. Who is ? There have been times when he has disappeared with youthful heedlessness, and has been discovered only after much searching ; probably flirting at a neighbouring farm or making friends with the cook at an adjacent camp. Somehow or other, whatever his faults, he has always managed to escape punishment, if not detection.

Of all our fearless hard doers he is the only one who has ever been known to march past a General of Inspection with his " shell dressing " tied round his neck. Even that is nothing to him. On one famous occasion, at a general inspection he left the ranks.

Yet not a word was said !

After all these months, Jack has become quite an institution among us ; and there will be heavy hearts when he goes the way of all good soldiers.

One closing incident will throw much light on his general career and his proud position in the affection and esteem of the company. I remember a cold, wet morning when we were to march at 2.30 a.m. Packs were loaded in the mud and slush, sections numbered off, and all standing in the streaming rain, ready to move.

Suddenly the voice of the Sergeant was heard in the dark :

" Where's that damn dog ? "

A. H. Bogle.

THE TRAIL OF THE HUN

Bombarded Church in Neuve Eglise, Belgium

SOLDIER AND SISTER TOO

A Memory of the Ægean

"FILL high the bowl with Samian wine!"
The jaundiced patient said.
Said Nurse, with scorn so superfine,
"'E's off 'is bloomin' 'ead!"

"With wine of Athos fill me high,
A brimming cup to War!"
The Nurse made quick and sharp reply,
"This ain't no Savoy bar!"

"Shades of the old Homeric gods,
Grant me a final cup!"
Murmured the Nurse, "I fear the odds
Now show his number's up!"

They buried him at dawn of day
In grave so cold and wet;
He who was once so bright and gay,
The Nurse tried to forget;

But when he'd shot the steep incline
Into the bubbly deep,
The Sister who denied him wine,
Could neither eat nor sleep.

She sank—who was so full of glee—
Into a quick decline,
And in her dying moments, she
Too cried aloud for wine.

But ah is me! and lack-a-day!
For want of wine she died;
They stopped the ship upon its way,
And pushed her o'er the side!

The moral of these lines is worse—
At least it seems to me—
Than any that a modest Nurse
Could ever hope to see.

It proves, if you are on the brink
Of death upon the wave,
A spot or two of wine to drink
May bar a wat'ry grave!

R.


A Song of Pay Day
1
WHO WAS IT SAID "ITS PAY DAY NOW
FALL IN, YOU CHAPS, AND MAKE LESS ROW
AND MIND YOU SIGN FOR ALL YOUR DOUGH!"
THE SERGT MAJOR.
2
WHO WAS IT AFTER PAY DAY SAID
"DON'T BLANKY BLANK WELL GO TO BED.
LET'S PAINT THE TOWN A CRIMSON RED?"
MY COBBER!
ORDERLY ROOM
3
WHO WAS IT LED US ON OUR WAY,
WITH DRINKS FOR WHICH WE COULD NOT PAY
AND ROBBED US; I AM GRIEVED TO SAY
M'AMSELLE!
BEER 5 CENTIMES LITRE
4
WHO WAS IT FOUND US OUT OF BOUNDS
AND AFTER HOURS, WHILE ON THEIR ROUNDS
AND RAN US IN, THE DIRTY HOUNDS,
THE RED-CAPS!
5
WHO WAS IT WE CAME UP BEFORE
WITH FEELINGS OUTRAGED AND HEADS SORE
WHO'D HEARD OUR WELL PITCHED YARN BEFORE?
THE O.C.
6
WHO TOLD US HE COULD PLAINLY SEE
WE WERE NOT WORTH A TINKER'S D—
AND GAVE US FOURTEEN DAYS C.B.
THE COLONEL.
7
AND AS WE TOIL, FULL PACK, IN PAIN
WHO THINKS IT FUTILE TO RAISE CAIN?
WHO'LL NEVER DO THE SAME AGAIN?
I WONT.
8
BUT WHEN NEXT PAY DAY COMES,
YOU KNOW
WHO IS IT THEN WILL FEAR NO FOE,
BUT HAVE ANOTHER DING DONG GO???
— I WONDER?
-- PYCO --
G.E. Hancock


1
WERE MOVING CORPORAL BUT KEEP IT QUIET.
2
WERE MOVING BILL GOING FOR A SPELL DOWN SOUTH OF FRANCE.
3
JUST GOT IT FROM THE CORPORAL WERE OFF TO PARIS
4
WE MOVE TO MORROW JACK BUT KEEP IT QUIET OFF TO PARIS FOR; FOR 6 MONTHS
5
KEEP IT QUIET BILL WERE OFF TO PARIS FOR 6 MONTHS THEN ON TO INDIA VIA - ENGLAND FOR LEAVE
6
I SAY SARG WERE OFF TO ——!
YES I KNOW
Finey

THE SECRET

THE MAJOR

"SO you haven't met the Major! Well, we're passing his mess, and if you like we'll drop in. You really ought to see him before you go back."

My friend led the way into a building bearing on the door the inscription in chalk, "X Mess."

A shout of laughter greeted me. On entering a darkened room we saw at one end, standing on a high chair, a tall, rotund man draped in a coloured tablecloth. His features shone in the light of an electric torch directed by an officer in the corner. In his right hand he held a half-loaf of stale ration bread. Upon this he gazed with an expression of beatitude. Our entry caused a sudden subsidence of the applause. Lights were turned up, and casting off his disguise, the Major —for such he proved to be—jumped down from his pedestal.

"Go ahead!" cried my friend familiarly. "Don't let us interrupt the show. That's one of the best stunts you've done."

"No, no," replied the Major hastily, and turning to me he added, half apologetically, "I only do this sort of thing occasionally to amuse the boys. Stops them from getting the wind up, you know. Don't think we're lacking in war seriousness round here, though—far from it, let me tell you." He looked austerely at the others, who murmured approval.

My friend attempted an introduction, but the Major, without dwelling on such formalities, promptly invited me to have a "spot." My ready acquiescence seemed to please him. The conventionalities of life at the front having thus been satisfied, the Major picked up the butt of his cigarette from the mantelpiece, borrowed a match, and relighted it.

"Find a pew and sit down," he said. "Don't think you'll keep us up," he went on, as I involuntarily glanced at the time. "Supper isn't ready yet, and I can't be bamboozled into going to bed by daylight, just because they choose to move the clock hands on an hour."

We gathered in a half-circle and exchanged a few commonplace remarks. The Major occupied a dilapidated arm-chair at one end of the table, and from time to time abstractedly turned the pages of a scientific journal, ornate with diagrams of flies, and other insect life.

"I have heard, Major," said I, by way of opening up the conversation, "that you have been at the front for a considerable time, and have had exceptional opportunities for studying the war in its various phases." He looked at me earnestly for a moment, and replied, "So long that I have nearly forgotten what the back looks like. But no matter; it has

been an experience ; one might almost say an education."

"They tell me," I went on, "that few men work more industriously, and yet you show very little sign of the strain following the hardships of a long and arduous campaign."

The Major smiled, holding up his hand with a gesture of self-depreciation.

"The secret of that," he said confidentially, "is to train oneself to preserve one's equanimity under even the most adverse circumstances."

A low boom, followed by a noise like the sudden dropping of a cartload of planks in an empty warehouse, compelled a slight interruption of my attention.

"Their 5·9 how. again," remarked one of the junior officers present.

"What rot!" abruptly interposed the Major. "Why, that's a naval gun. You really ought to know the difference by this time," he added reprovingly. "They've been registering on D.H.Q. this afternoon," he said, turning to me. "I quite expect those birds up there will get it in the neck properly one of these days, especially if they will persist in motoring up to the front door and hanging out flags to show old Fritz in what part of the street they live.

"Too many planes nosing round these days for that sort of eyewash to pay," he continued contemptuously, glancing at his wristlet watch as if to time the prediction.

"The prospect of shell fire always makes me feel nervous," I remarked.

The Major borrowed another match and lighted a fresh cigarette.

"Yes, of course," he replied. "To those unaccustomed to the front such things are impressive, but with *us* it is different. We know how to interpret sounds ; we know what they portend, and "—he reached for the bottle —"we provide accordingly."

"I have often thought," I observed, "that the state of one's nerves depends largely upon one's digestion."

"Possibly," replied the Major. "Personally, I enjoy my food. My sole concern is as to whether I can get enough of it. My tastes are necessarily simple, and the Mess President will bear me out when I tell you that I can go all day on a light snack, such as a few *hors-d'œuvres*, a truffled chicken, and a little *foie gras*, with perhaps an occasional *pâté de canard*, such as we were sometimes lucky enough to strike down in the terrible Somme district. Naturally, in the evening, I am ready for something more substantial," he concluded.

"As an expert sanitarian," I ventured, "the question, in these parts, of a pure water supply for drinking purposes must concern you."

"Not a bit of it," he responded. "I avoid water, *as water*, like poison. Always have done. A bottle of Chambertin, whenever procurable, will generally satisfy me. But," he added, "as a soldier on active service, I am not too particular in the matter of drink. To my mind, all drinks, like food, are good ; though some are superior to others."

"At any rate, your former experiences in Gallipoli must have taught you the value of simplicity in living ?" I inquired.

"Ah ! those were cheerless days," he admitted. "But even that was nothing compared with the awful time following the first battle of Ypres.

Why, on one occasion, then, for a whole day I actually had no more than the unconsumed portion of the ration issued the day previously, washed down with tea stewed in chlorinated water!" The thought of such privations seemed even now to trouble him greatly.

"So you took part in that famous struggle?" I asked.

"Obviously," he retorted, "or I should not have mentioned it."

"And what, Major, may I ask, do you consider your most notable exploit so far in this great campaign? You will pardon the personal nature of the question, but I am intensely interested to learn all I can on the subject."

He puffed a large cloud of smoke into the air and reflected, no doubt unwilling, from a sense of modesty, to narrate the episode. Then, with a slight frown, and in tones more of pity than of anger, remarked:

"Have you not heard of the 'Anzac Cocktail'? That was *my* invention." A look of pardonable pride in the achievement flitted across his broad features.

A feeling of humiliation at my own ignorance must have conveyed itself to him.

"Don't apologise," he hastened to say. "You cannot expect to know all that happens at the front; besides, it wouldn't be good for you," he added.

Reassured by the tone of the latter remark, I ventured to ask what impressions he had formed of our French Allies. The Major brightened up at once.

"I have known the French for many years," said he, "and have spoken their language since boyhood. They are splendid people, and from a military point of view their Staff work is top-hole. Unfortunately, as a nation they are not artistic, and they have only one joke. It is a great pity that so many of our troops will be able to form no better general opinion of the French other than that afforded by some of their 'daring' pictorials, or the impressions engendered by the atmosphere of a country estaminet."

"It is indeed unfortunate," I rejoined, "that the high literary merits of the nation cannot appeal to most of them."

"I am glad that you recognise the superiority of the French in this respect," replied the Major. "For my own part I regard people who cannot enjoy the works of Guy de Maupassant and Georges Sand in much the same way that you, for instance, would look upon those incapable of appreciating such writers as Oscar Wilde and George Meredith in our own language."

"The prospects of the war, Major?" I hinted. I would not dare put the banal inquiry as to when he thought the show might end, much as I should have valued his opinion on that point. He took a deep draught and puffed a huge cloud of cigarette smoke.

"We shall win," he asserted solemnly. "But we must be prepared for further sacrifices, and provided," he added impressively, "that we really make a determined effort on all fronts to cope with these infernal flies. Lice do not trouble me," he continued. "With these we can deal effectively, but flies——!" With a gesture of utter loathing he slowly drained his glass, and thoughtfully pocketed my box of matches.

Declining the kind offer of further hospitality, I rose to go.

"Good-bye, Major," said I; "and let me tell you how much I have enjoyed this little talk."

He jumped to his feet instantly, clicking his heels together with truly Prussian precision.

"So long," he shouted airily. "You know where to find me should you want any further information."

"I hope we shall meet again," I said. "But not at the front—too many shells about here for me."

He smiled ironically.

"There are more attractive spots," he replied. "But here, at any rate, we do not have to endure the stodginess which often characterises life under more comfortable conditions."

"We might meet in London," I suggested.

The Major raised his eyes as if invoking someone in some far-off celestial region as he softly repeated the lines:

> "K is for the Kind friends, to drink
> With each I'd fain,
> And L is dear old London, where
> We meet 'em all again.'

"Not a bad sentiment either," said I. "We must arrange to meet at my club."

"A club," gasped the Major in agonised tones. "Excuse me, sir, but no; when I do return I must have life. Life—full, fresh, and unbounded—and that one can never find in a club, even in war time."

"Well, perhaps you would prefer the 'Premier Lounge'?" I asked, regretting my former error.

"A truce to your seductions," cried the Major. "And if you insist on leaving us," he continued, as I moved towards the door. "Bless you, and good night."

We stepped out into the darkened street, from time to time dimly illumined by the pale light of an occasional star shell, and as I took my uneven way over the *pavé* back to my billet, I carried the impression of that cheery face and figure, wreathed about by clouds of tobacco smoke. I understood more clearly now what I had often heard remarked: "That the best cure for the dumps was a visit to the Major."

H. A. R.

STIFF LUCK

A Vignette

COME on, me lucky lads, you pick 'em an' I'll pay 'em. Hop right in, diggers, and have a fly with the old man. Come on, come on, boys! The game's fair, and I don't care.

"Two on the old 'ook, lad? Right! And away she goes again."

Above the babel of colonial twang, the noise and din in the estaminet near, rose the raucous shout of the proprietor of the royal and ancient game of chance.

The cross-roads village had that morning been filled to overflowing with slouch-hatted youth, who, in early misty dawn, left the Line for a blissful fortnight in rest. When the estaminets opened their doors at noon, they were filled instantly by crowds of thirsty souls, having money to spend and throats to moisten.

So healths were being drunk, old friends were being treated, and mutual acquaintances renewed their youth like the eagle. It had been a long and arduous time, this last turn in the Line; so the rough spins and strenuous moments, and the memories thereof, were abandoned with all the more fervour in this first day out. Calls, mostly impatient, on pretty

Louise and dainty Julie, were frequent; the big glass jugs of amber juice melted away like snow in summer; glasses rattled and clinked and struck resounding blows on the rickety tables. As two o'clock drew near, rag-time raised its omnipotent voice, and fun and turmoil waxed more boisterous than before.

Once more, above the clamour, rose the voice of the chance merchant.

"Murder on the old sergeant-major, and the bottom line goes for the old man."

"Ten francs half-way, digger; you're set. Come on, me lucky punters; yer come 'ere in wheel-barrers, and go 'way in moty-cars.

"The last spin, boys, the last throw, so plank it down, thick an' heavy. You pick an' I'll pay."

Jimmie Fordyce looked somewhat grimly at the dirty piece of canvas, with its six squares, and the dirtier hand shaking the leather cup containing the dice. Among the torn and greasy one- and two-franc notes, the small spangle of silver coins, and the rarer fives and tens, lay his last twenty-franc note.

He had started with a modest two francs, betting on the crown, and with some exciting ups and downs, had soon gone from bad to worse, losing all the money he possessed, with the exception of this last note. Now, with the gambling spirit dying in him rapidly, the remnant of his wealth lay, a superb aristocrat in a slum of grimy plebeians, on the fateful crown, for the last time.

A trifle bitter ran his gloomy and repentant thoughts:

"What a mug—what a fool he had been to chuck his money away like that!

"If only he had gone down to the big windmill and met Bill, as he'd promised, he would still have had it all. Blast these boards, anyway."

And beneath his breath he cursed his stiff luck.

As he gazed through the veil of cigarette smoke, while the last bets went on, a very ancient franc-note fell on the diamond square, one edge up-turned. Once a thing of beauty, pearl-grey, and rich crimson markings, a St. Omer note, it had degenerated into two very doubtful-looking halves. To restore the fragments once more to legal tender, a small oblong scrap of paper, evidently from some religious tract, had been used. It had been pasted on the back of the note, and, quite plainly and clearly, Jimmie could see the words, in bold, black lettering:

"Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

The words seemed to be boring their way into his slightly dazed understanding, when——

"Up she comes, then, lads!

"Two lucky 'ooks, a lucky old spade and the old man wins again."

More grimly still, Jimmie turned away and joined the jostling crowd making their way on to the cobbled roadway, and into the clear untainted air and pleasant sunshine.

* * * * *

"Man that is born of woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery."

In his deep, strong voice, the padre began the last service of all, and the slouch hats with their gay blue and scarlet puggarees were reverently doffed as their owners drew in close to the graveside.

It lay just off the cross-roads—the little Fernleaf Cemetery.

Round about it spread a huge field of ripening wheat, shimmering gold and green in the hot afternoon sunshine. Poppies, big and vividly red, grew in rank profusion along the cemetery fence and rioted in among the few graves. The air was strong with the rich scents of late midsummer, and the whistling of the birds came sweetly from the roadside poplars.

A Dangerous Girl

In the blue expanse above, flecked by a few scraps of white cloud, crawled a tiny black speck, the low droning note of which but added a more musical note to the summer sounds. A few black dots ranged themselves along beneath the speck, and after awhile, from very far off, came the sound of the distant bursts.

Then all was still again, save for the deep voice reciting the solemn words, and once or twice a restless movement from among the bare-headed listeners.

Presently a faint gentle breeze rustled across the yellow wheat and quivered the heads of the poppies; on it came, over the low graves, and fanned gently at the white surplice over the padre's khaki.

A few men, passing along the track that led in from the roadside, stopped, and gazed at the little group within the low wire fence.

"Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

And a spadeful of dark soil crumbled into the narrow trench; yet nobody noticed the sudden start of Jimmie Fordyce, standing with the passers-by on the little track.

The battery trumpeters stood erect, the gunners replaced their hats and stood stiffly to attention, while the flag of England was held outstretched over the grave. Mournfully at first, but swelling soon into triumphant harmony, came that final requiem of all good soldiers, the "Last Post." Louder and louder it throbbed out, majestically wailing notes; every hand went to every brow in a last farewell salute to the honoured dead; then gradually the echoing strains died away on the vanishing breeze.

It was over.

Those who had come to pay their last respects turned quietly to go; two or three remained to fill in the grave. As the onlookers at the fence moved away, one voiced the question:

"Who is it, cobber?"

"Sergeant Billy Fordyce, killed at the guns last night."

"God! my brother!"

And none stood in the way of the man who scrambled madly to the mound of new earth by the narrow trench. Instead, they stood aside and murmured among themselves:

"Stiff luck!"

JOHN K. JAMESON.

A DANGEROUS GIRL

ON the day I first met her my cheeks fairly burned:
She was then quite a stranger to me;
But I'd heard of her powers where men were concerned—
What a dangerous girl she could be!

Though the darling won't own it, she twice saved my life
When the Huns came on us with a run;
She can talk at nine hundred a minute in strife;
She is rapid—my old Lewis Gun!

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C. HAMPTON THORP.

HOW HE KNEW

Bill: "There's goin' to be a 'ell of a battle soon."
Joe: "'Ow do you know?"
Bill: "The Colonel's gone on leave again."

THE N.Z.A.S.C.

A HARD old mob from way down South,
A hefty-looking crew;
A lot who are "at it" all the time,
Our work is never through;
We haven't the swank of a Cavalry crush,
Or e'en the Guards Brigade,
But you can bet your sweet life we're dinkum stuff
Once we're handled and made.

So it's push along, get along, column of route from the right,
Leather soft, wagons clean, pole chains shining bright,
Doing work for everyone, foot and cavalree,
Jack of every bloomin' trade—N.Z.A.S.C.

We ain't no crowd of featherbeds,
We've got no times of rest,
But when work comes we're on the mark
To do our share with zest;
We ain't no stiff-necked nor blasé Royal Corps,
We throws no swanky chest,
But, be it a camel, a horse, or a mule,
We does it with the rest.

So it's push along, get along, column of route from the right,
Walk, march, sit up, keep your off-rein tight,
Doing every kind of work, well and cheerfulee,
A useful bloomin' outfit is the N.Z.A.S.C.

We ain't all got good-conduct stripes—
At times we play the fool,
With fourteen days in Orderly Room
(Broke through some tom-fool rule),
But when there's tons and tons of work about, and
The Colonel's words are blue,
We passes the word to the drivers right slick,
Who pull him safely through.

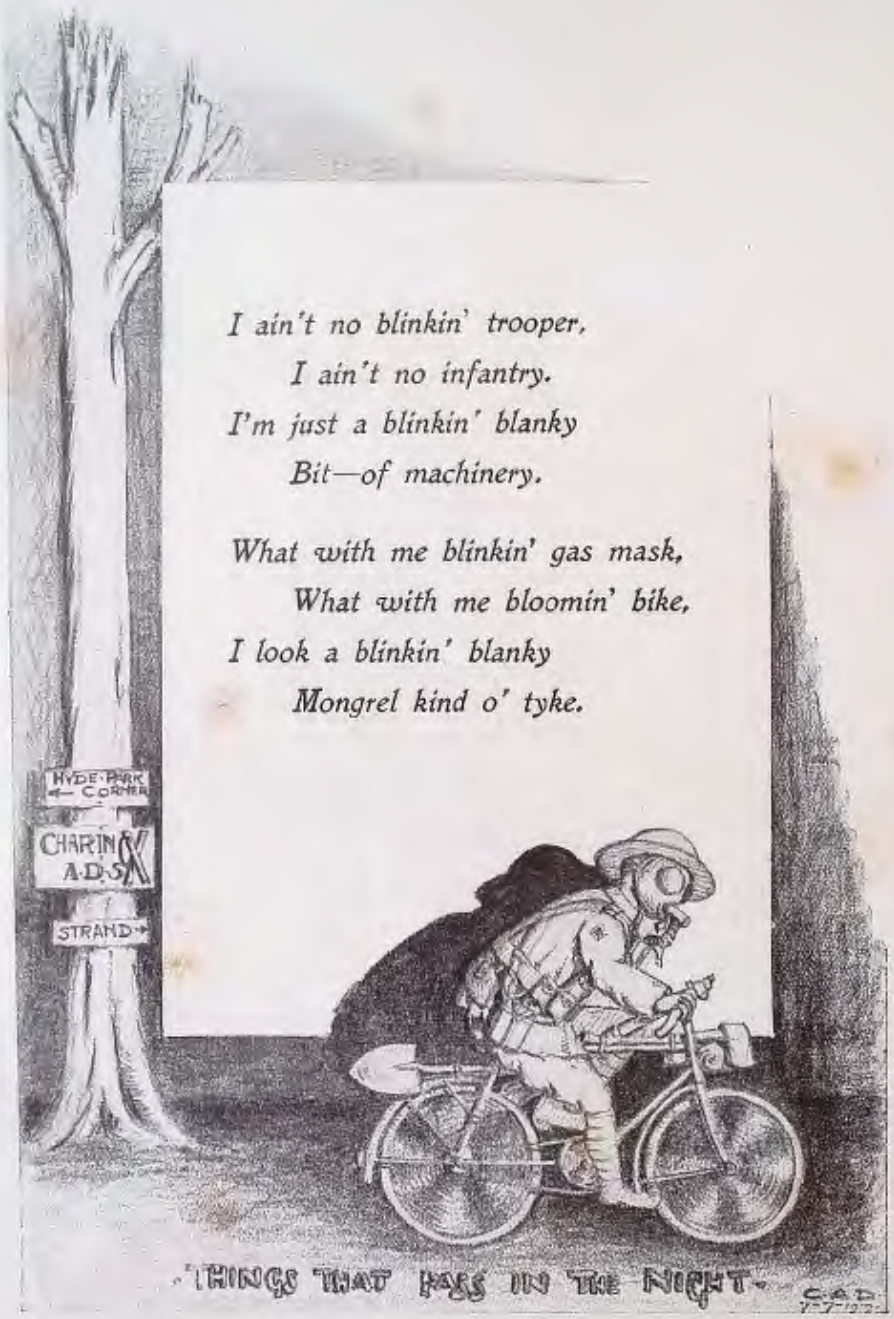
So it's push along, get along, column of route from the right,
(Oh! for a pub in the homeland with the liquor shining bright!)
Doing everybody's work, dry and thirstilee,
And don't forget it, cobber, we're the N.Z.A.S.C.

The N.Z.A.S.C.

We ain't a crowd of parsons' sons,
But we're uncommon smart,
And when it's time to play the game
We've the old Corps at heart;
We always get let in for double fatigue,
And, just 'twixt me and you,
I reckon the rest of the Army thinks that
We are a darned tough crew.

So it's push along, get along, column of route from the right,
Polishing our pole chains till the daylight fades in night;
Halt the Greys, rein back the Bays, stand back the proud R.E.,
For it's pride of place is due, boys, to the N.Z.A.S.C.

NIL SINE LABORE.



I ain't no blinkin' trooper,
I ain't no infantry.
I'm just a blinkin' blanky
Bit—of machinery.

What with me blinkin' gas mask,
What with me bloomin' bike,
I look a blinkin' blanky
Mongrel kind o' tyke.

"THINGS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT."

AN OUTPOST INCIDENT

IT was the evening of the third day—marvellous how you count the days and the hours in a forward strong post! The German gunners had finished their evening hymn of hate—an hour and a quarter of dreary wail upon wail of heavy shells on the wing, high up over the short trench, passing to our back areas. Punctuating this, hissed and snapped the venomous whizz-bangs, some exploding near the top of the miserable, narrow trench, whose only escape from demolition was its embarrassing closeness to the forward houses of a village occupied by Germans.

The din had gradually died down, and only occasionally was the now strange silence broken by the staccato stuttering of machine-guns, tocking out in the dusky stillness as if playfully signalling to each other.

The little garrison of one officer and nine "other ranks" shook themselves out of their cramped, recumbent positions which it had been necessary for them to assume during the day to escape observation from aeroplanes, and silently "stood-to," peering out over the parapet into the increasing darkness.

Phitt! A sniper's bullet hit the parapet. A loud curse, that was half a complaint, came from one of the men near the officer.

"Cut out that noise! Haven't I told you about a dozen times to shut up?" half whispered the irate officer.

"Well, 'e nearly got me!"

"Shut up!"

Phitt! The officer ducked.

"Nearly got you, sir, didn't 'e?" Titters from some of the men.

"For God's sake shut up; you're like a blithering kid! I want absolute silence just now."

For a time absolute silence reigned, and the little party stood peering out to the dim outline of the building 200 yards distant, whence an attack, if contemplated, would come. The S.O.S. signal, which would call down the instant barrage, stood ready to the officer's hand. An occasional shell came over, and now and then sniper's bullets hit the low parapet or whistled unpleasantly close overhead.

The soldier who had been admonished—a rather simple sort, whose stupid behaviour had got on his officer's nerves, and who was known as "Weary"—had dropped back unobserved from the parapet and had sunk down on his haunches. From him presently came the sharp rattle of tins. An adjacent mate cursed him for the noise. A muttered curse in return.

"That you again, Weary?" asked the young officer. "Why aren't you standing-to?"

"Don't you expect a fight, sir?" came a hoarse, whispered query.

"Well, what about it?"

"Why, sir, I've knocked about a bit, sir, and I know a chap can't fight on an empty stomach! I'm 'avin' a bit of a feed of bully—it's all I've got."

"What the hell you were sent out here for I don't know! All right—have your feed."

An hour went quietly by and nothing happened. Then the tension became less and the regular sentries were posted, the remainder of the garrison preparing for what sleep was possible. The night runner and the ration carrier were sent off to headquarters.

Phitt! Again the cursed sniper—apparently a Hun firing with a "fixed" rifle. There came a whispered call from the end of the trench for the officer. The latter stepped over the bodies of the sleeping men, his boots squelching out of the mud as he moved. It was as he had half feared from the sound and the call—the sniper had got one of his sentries. With the aid of his carefully guarded electric torch he saw that the man was dead—the bullet had passed through his brain. Inwardly he cursed deeply. He loved his "boys"—all of them. The body of the poor lad was carefully carried to the far end of the short trench, and another sentry was posted.

"Who is it, sir?" asked Weary, as the officer stepped back over him after placing an oil-sheet over the body.

"Dick," he replied.

"What—Dick! My cobber—Dick! Why, we was up in the bush at Taihape together. . . . Poor old Dick!"

"Yes, poor old Dick. Your cobber, I know. We'll try, old chap, to get him out somehow. Cheer up, Weary—you're doing your best, I know."

"Poor old Dick!" still muttered Weary.

The corporal "took over" and the officer curled himself up on his oil-sheet for some sleep.

Half an hour later the corporal touched him and whispered:

"Weary's not in the trench, sir."

"That silly ass will be the death of me," groaned the young fellow. "Where the devil can he have gone to?"

"Must have gone out over the back, sir; sentry hasn't seen him. . . . Sniper's been pretty busy, sir. You want to be careful." This as an injunction as the lieutenant got on to his feet.

"Nothing to be done, I suppose," the officer said after a few moments' thought. "I'll put it in my morning report. I hope nothing has happened to the poor blighter. Seemed a bit extra dotty to-night." He again curled up on the oil-sheet.

The runner and the ration carrier returned. Provisions were handed round.

Slowly the hours passed. Just before dawn the party were all awakened for the morning stand-to. The sniper's rifle had not spoken for some time.

Shivering in the cold morning air, the officer heard the sentry sharply challenge: "Who's there?"

"Me—Weary," came a familiar voice. "It's me—don't shoot!" The officer saw a form loom out of the darkness. He did not say anything, but waited till Weary had dropped into the trench.

An Outpost Incident

"What does this mean, lad?" He asked with curiosity rather than anger—the man had come from the direction of the enemy.

"I found 'im, sir. This is what done it"—holding up a rifle.

"Did what, Weary?"

"Killed old Dick!"

The lieutenant seized the rifle.

"God! it's a Fritz!"

"Yes, sir; I sneaked about till I got the flash of the blighter's rifle, and then I put my bayonet in his back."

"You got him?" asked the amazed officer, putting his hand admiringly on the man's shoulder.

"Yes. 'Ere's 'is cap and 'is badges. . . . 'E groaned lovely!"

* * * * *

The lieutenant told the story to his company commander when he came out of the strong point, and the company commander sent in a full report; and now simple Weary, who had so nobly avenged his cobber, but who everyone had thought should have been P.B., wears a piece of coveted ribbon on his left breast.

H. T. B. Drew.

ARMY BOOTS

IF boots could loosen their tongues and talk, what tales might they not tell about an Army! They know, far better than the Commander, how battles have been fought and won—and lost. One can imagine them writing their own communiqué in great detail. There are times when they hop cheerfully over the parapet, and rush hot-foot across No Man's Land to victory. There are times when they come back with one of the saddest complaints of all—Cold Feet. But with the British that has never been epidemic.

Creaking along the hard *pavé* of the long French roads, you can sometimes imagine that you hear the boots of a brigade protesting in chorus. If you have imagination enough you can hear the boots of the infantryman swearing quietly as the Staff car swings past in a cloud of dust or a shower of liquid mud. It makes them sad to think that, while they are doing all the hard work of the campaign, the boots of the car driver have nothing else to do but press a lever now and again to carry him to his meals or the nearest estaminet.

I knew a pair of infantry boots that got worn out once going between a billet and a brasserie. They made so many journeys in the course of the day that the fumes of the liquor got into their eyelet-holes, and they had great difficulty in finding their way home at night. And when they did find their way home they had so far lost their decency of mind that they insisted on going to bed with their owner. But by this time both the owner and his boots were very far gone, and in the morning each was ashamed of the other.

In these days, when crowns are toppling down and foreign kings are two a penny, you would scarcely imagine that there could be any class distinctions among the boots of an Army. But there are. For instance, the high field boots of a General look down on the common "cardboards" of the private, and would never be seen in their company. Even the boots of a junior sub are, at times, inclined to turn up their toes at the boots of a sergeant-major. Gum boots have an aristocracy of their own, but they have to put up with a great deal, including trench feet.

If the war goes on for a few years longer there will be no more boots, and we shall have to finish the fight barefooted. Then all class distinctions will be swept away, and we shall have a true Democracy, even in Germany, where the seven-leagued boots of the Prussian Junker will be used for shipping.

B. HARTMAN.

TEMPORARY RELATIVES

TOM CARTER and Nobby Clark, the only two Cockneys in our little unit, stopped in their task of feeding and working the chaff-cutter to stare vindictively at the retreating back of their Sergeant.

"Fancy 'im going to Blighty to marry that gel 'e met in 'orspital, Nobby! Wonder wot she'll fink of 'im w'en she knows 'im as well as we do?"

"Oh! 'e ain't so bad," replied Nobby, "even if 'e 'asn't much time f'r you an' me. Any'ow, I know the lidy, and she'll soon show 'im wot's wot. On'y lived in the nex' street from me old 'ome in Canning Town, she did."

The approach of the Sergeant-Major put a stop to the conversation for the time being, and they had little opportunity of referring to the subject again until they had seated themselves that evening in the *Bon Fermier*, where the mellowing influence of bière Anglaise soon loosened their tongues.

"Wish I could git a transfer to a sub-section w'ere they 'ad a decent Sergeant," started Bill. "We'll be doin' C.B. again as soon as 'e's back 'ere a-ragin' abaht."

"Transfer? Not for me, Bill, me lad. I'm askin' f'r Limber Gunner's job as soon as 'e gets back, an' wot's more, I'm goin' to get it too."

"You a limber gunner!" replied Bill scornfully. "You, wiv your conduc' sheets! W'y, I've got as much chawnce of bein' made a bombardier, and 'eaven knows wot a big chawnce that is."

"Just you listen to me," said Nobby, lowering his voice and moving his chair nearer to Bill as he started explaining. Whatever he had to say, he soon succeeded in riveting Bill's attention, and for the next half-hour they plotted and planned to all appearance as earnestly as though they were two anarchists arranging the overthrow of a monarchy.

"You 'ave got a 'ead on you, Nobby," said Bill admiringly, as they walked back to camp. "Wonder to me you ain't never joined the Diplomatic Corpse."

"Might 'ave, only f'r me 'igh principles. Wonderful 'ow they stick to some chaps, even in the Awmy. 'Ow-

ever, it's me f'r bed and you too, if you don't want to be on the mat again f'r missing roll-call."

Saturday evening, two weeks later, found Bill and Nobby in their favourite corner in the estaminet, and the Sergeant, newly returned from ten days' leave, sitting moodily in the recess by the stove with a glass of stout in his hand.

"Pretty 'ard coming back after Blighty, ain't it, Sergeant?" inquired Nobby. "Is it true your noo missis and 'er ma 'ave lef' for Noo Zealand a'ready?"

"Yes, worse luck. I saw them off in the old *Waitaki* the day before my leave expired, and I think it will be a year or two before I see them again, by the look of things."

"I 'eard someone say she was a Miss Reid, of Canning Town. Was she any relation to the Reids of 'Igh Street?"

"Sure!" said the Sergeant. "I married Miss Ida Reid in Trinity Church, High Street, just next door to her mother's house."

Nobby rose excitedly in his chair.

"Ida Reid! You married Ida Reid! Didn't you know I'm 'er uncle and old Bill 'ere's 'er full cousin? Blime! Just to fink the Sergeant wot got me and Bill twenty-one days 'as gone and married me own dear little niece."

For the moment the Sergeant's surprise was too profound for expression, and Nobby started off again.

"Didn't Ida tell you nothink abaht 'er relations wiv the Noo Zealanders, Sergeant? I never thought she'd be ashamed of 'er relations just because they never 'ad 'er schoolin'."

"I don't think it's that at all, Nobby," said the unhappy Sergeant. "We didn't have much time to talk about relatives, and I never dreamed any of them were in this outfit."

"That's all right, Sergeant. Bill an' me understands, though I wouldn't like to fink wot Ida would say if she 'eard of the way me and Bill 'ave been treated since we joined your sub. Of course, we won't say nothink abaht bein' related like, as the chaps might think we was chasin' a limber gunner's job, but we are getting mighty sick of the bloomin' chaff-cutter, Sergeant."

"Thanks very much, boys," said the Sergeant, rather relieved. "I'd just as soon that you didn't advertise it too much. However, we ought to have a glass of 'fizz' on the strength of it, if you'll call out to Marie Louise, Bill."

The ensuing hour was spent in getting rid of all the champagne the Sergeant could afford and in animated discussion of the Reids and Canning Town, Bill, who was not acquainted with the locality, keeping well in the background of the conversation. They parted at closing time on the best of terms, the Sergeant to his billet to add two more pages to a letter to his wife, and Bill and Nobby to their hut, to fall on each other's necks and indulge in strange and hilarious antics.

Bill and Nobby are now limber gunners, and revel in the comparative independence of their positions, with extra tobacco and passes thrown in; but, in view of the fact that their Sergeant is due to receive a letter from his wife with the next New Zealand mail, it is very probable that two very willing recruits will be accepted by the Divisional Trench Mortar Officer next time he asks for volunteers.

D. F. M.

THE PROFITEER

"OVER the top, with the best of luck!"
Sitting at home, you "admire" his pluck;
You do not know him, nor do you care
So long as you've your easy chair.

"What are yer fighting for?" Don't ask me—
Ask that blighter there that you see
With his patent leathers, his fat cigar,
Plenty to eat, and an easy chair.

What does he care, with his big account
Drawn from the blood of the boys that mount
The parapet there in the dawning light?
His only use is for them to fight.

"Over the top and——" Now, play the game;
Come over with us, or share the shame
Of the bloke on the gate, who doesn't care
So long as it's lager and easy chair.

A. J. R.

WAR STORIES

YOU talk about your Wellingtons,
Your Drakes and Nelsons too,
Of famous "Kings of Strategy"
On land and ocean blue.
Old Blücher may have helped to turn
The tide at Waterloo,
But still he might have got some hints
From—Tut! tut! You know who!

We used to think that Kitchener
Would pull the Nation through,
And bring the Kaiser to his wits
And show him "who is who."
But Kitchener has gone aloft—
A fact we all must rue,
There's no one left to save us now
But—Tut! tut! You know who!

When shells were falling thick and fast,
Our hero and his crew
Strafed Fritz from off the parapet—
A really daring coup.
And then for War's alarms to prove
He didn't care a sou,
He led the boys to play "two-up,"
Did—Tut! tut! You know who!

By daylight with his eagle eyes,
If nothing else to do,
He'd search for Fritz's periscopes
And *find* them—quite a few!!
With deadly aim he'd draw a bead:
Let others take the cue,
And smash a periscope each shot
Like—Tut! tut! You know who!

Some men are churlish to impart
Their knowledge, it is true,
And diffident in bringing forth
Their private point of view.
Not so with him, but Wisdom's pearls
Like largesse doth he strew;
He'd give the Colonel useful hints!!!
Would—Tut! tut! You know who!

Some think that Gold will win the day
Before the year is new;
And others that the winning card
Is held by "Ikey Jew."
But as to that, 'tis hard to say,
Thus "chacun à son goût."
I think the man to end the war
Is—Tut! tut! That'll do!!!

C. R. A.


'NOW BOYS GRIP YER RIFLES
AND WHEN I SHOUT CHARGE!!
YELL LIKE —!!! AND GO
STARK STARING MAD!!!'

IN SCHOOL

To a Fallen New Zealander

THE Homeland bush shall silent be to-night
For one who wandered oft in slow delight
Among its pathless wonders, silent till
The lone mopoke at evening from the hill
Did wake the echoes in the whisp'ring trees
Or beechen glades kissed by the summer breeze,
In soft lament. Now shall the great winds ride,
And, deeper-throated, flood the forest side
With one grand, wild, funereal symphony.
And this the Homeland Forest's dirge shall be,
For one brave son who left his Island Home
To find his soldier's rest beneath the loam
Of flowered France. Ah! nobly did he give
That Peace, that Truth, that Liberty might live!

CYRIL LA ROCHE.

THE OLD BRIGADE

HIS fighting days were over, and now, battered and broken like a piece of wreckage that for long has been the sport of the waves, he had been cast up on the shores of the Land of Convalescence.

He was free now of the hospital, duly "Boarded" and declared unfit for further service. He was free from all military restraint, and once more a civilian. With khaki laid aside for ever, he could take up again the old life.

He had drifted into the theatre with his companion to while away the evening. She suggested it, he acquiesced; it was really too much trouble to think for himself, and after all one place was as good as another. Life now was somewhat purposeless, for, after the crowded scenes of life and death among which he had moved for the last two years, it seemed difficult to find his place again in the quietly moving stream of civil life. He might have gone back to his little native town, but at present he felt that that was more than he could bear—there were so many faces he would miss, and, moreover, it was (strange irony of Fate) too peaceful. He must gradually attune himself to the new life that lay before him, and the crowded city offered the best means of transition.

The girl did not find him a lively companion. But one could not be too particular in these times when men to take one to the theatre were scarce, and even though he did not wear khaki yet he had "been out" and many persons turned in the street to give a second glance at the weather-beaten man with the empty sleeve. Besides, if he had only been in the ranks, it was quite apparent that he was a gentleman. She would have preferred an officer. It looked so much better, but he was better than nothing. As for him, well, he was sometimes amused by her narrow outlook of life, her mincing ways, and her affected conversation, and, though she often bored him, yet that was preferable to being bored with one's own company.

* * * * *

The curtain was just rising on the second act of the revue, and, as the hum of conversation ceased once more throughout the theatre, he settled back in his seat, glad that the resumption had silenced the battle of small talk of his companion; this evening it worried him strangely. He could not have explained it, even to himself. But to-night he seemed to cling to realities. The life around him appeared artificial and unreal, and the stage and its occupants a mere collection of lath and tinsel.

The show that evening was the

usual style of thing that passes for a patriotic display—a crowd of chorus girls in travesties of the full-dress uniforms of some of our best regiments minced across the stage in a style that was about as unmilitary as could possibly be imagined.

"How lovely!" The girl at his side was quite enthusiastic, but he only winced as if with pain, for this was not the military world as he knew it.

"Isn't it pretty?"

She was quite charmed with the display and the glittering kaleidoscope of colour, but the question failed to draw an answer from the irresponsive man at her side.

Then, as the smirking chorus of beauty, after marching and countermarching, swung to the back of the stage—a glittering semicircle of colour—the band broke from the joyous quick march into the slower strains of "The Old Brigade" as there entered a group of broken and wounded Tommies, a mere tithe of the flotsam and jetsam of war.

"Poor old things!" She meant to be sympathetic; the tone was kindly, but somehow or other the words stung him to the quick.

The crippled and wounded array had now swung into line at the front of the stage, and as it came to a halt, the full orchestra, backed by the voices of the whole stage, broke forth into the old triumphal chorus:

"Then steadily, shoulder to shoulder,
Steadily, blade by blade,
Ready and strong, marching along,
Like the boys of the old Brigade."

Once again the chorus was repeated, and this time the whole house joined in.

* * * * *

He was back again with the old regiment, and a thousand scenes and incidents flashed before his eyes. First came those early days when they had gathered in from all parts of the Empire, when everything was so strange, and the military life and discipline seemed something unreal and of another world. Then came the inevitable sorting out, the birth of a soldier spirit, and the cementing of those friendships that now he looked back upon with a feeling of longing. How quickly from a mere crowd of civilians they had grown into a disciplined unit, and ultimately into a regiment with the true regimental spirit. Looking back he could hardly believe it possible that so much could have been done in so short a time, but now he realised how the C.O.'s long battle had been won at last, and how much this had meant in the day of trial.

Then came the days "out there"—the weary days and nights in railway trucks, the long marches, the further training in the back area, and the crowded billet. They had roughed it; officer and private alike, for the regiment had the true spirit and the C.O.'s rule was ever "men first." Yet with it all there had been some good times, for say what you will, 'tis not the surroundings that make the atmosphere so much as the human environment. Could any performer on the stage, even if he were drawing a princely income from an admiring public, make him laugh as Brown used to do in the old days? Would any

club ever furnish him with such a circle as when Williams, Smith, Johnston and himself used to forgather in the estaminet in the rest area, and talk and talk over a bottle of Vin Rouge ?

The beauty chorus on the stage had now reached the second verse :

"Over the seas far away they lie,
Far from the land they love,
Nations may alter, the years go by,
But Heaven still is Heaven above."

Memory was flying back now to those awful nights in the trenches when death surrounded them on all sides. In one continuous stream the deadly missiles came over, shrieking wildly their scream of death. It was guns, guns, guns, and nothing but guns. Parapets built up with much labour and care were blown in a second into nothingness, and amidst the dark cloud of dust that went upwards were fragments of what a moment before had been a friend. It seemed impossible that anything could live through it, and yet the little band held on. It was noise indescribable, the clangour of hell, and Death was reaping a rich harvest. Then, when the storm had passed away, with what anxiety they would look round to count the cost ! Brown missing, Smith dead, Jones and Wilson wounded ; the little band of old comrades thinning day by day.

And last of all was the time when, after what seemed an eternity of waiting, they had gone over the top ; when behind the barrage of fire they went forward and still forward until at last they were in the enemy's trenches where it was primitive war, hand to hand, urged forward by the blood-lust, till at length they stood as conquerors with only the dead and dying of the foe around them. Then, and then only, did their thoughts return to the price paid. And again came the long list of those for whom there was no coming out. So through the war they had dwindled away, till now hardly any were left of the old crowd, and those few were scattered he knew not where, leaving him alone with a host of sad memories.

The chorus on the stage was dropping into the *pianissimo* of those lines so full of unutterable pathos :

"The gallant boys of the Old Brigade,
They live in Old England's heart."

A sudden movement on his part as he leaned forward in his seat, gripping the arm with his one hand, attracted the girl's attention. Frivolous she might be, but with a woman's intuition she could see that he was in the throes of some great excitement, and unless carefully handled would commit the unpardonable crime of "making a scene." To her warped little mind there could be no greater crime than that.

"What's the matter ?" The tone was full of fear as she laid a restraining hand on his arm. "Sit down, do, please."

He was strung to the uttermost, memories were crowding in on him, there was something in his throat that was choking, choking him. The stage had gone, the theatre had gone, only in its place stood a hundred scenes and incidents, peopled by those who were dead and gone, while through it all like a hammer beating into his

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brain were the words of the final chorus now being given with all the force of voice and orchestra :

"Then steadily, shoulder to shoulder,
Steadily, blade by blade,
Ready and strong, marching along,
Like the boys——"

He could stand it no longer, and, roughly throwing off her restraining hand, he jumped to his feet and, shaking his fist at the orchestra, screamed in tones that rang through the house :

"For God's sake stop that damned tune!" "1914."

THE ORDNANCE

WHO are the boys behind the line
Who get good food, including wine,
Who have no cause to grouse and whine ?
The Ordnance !

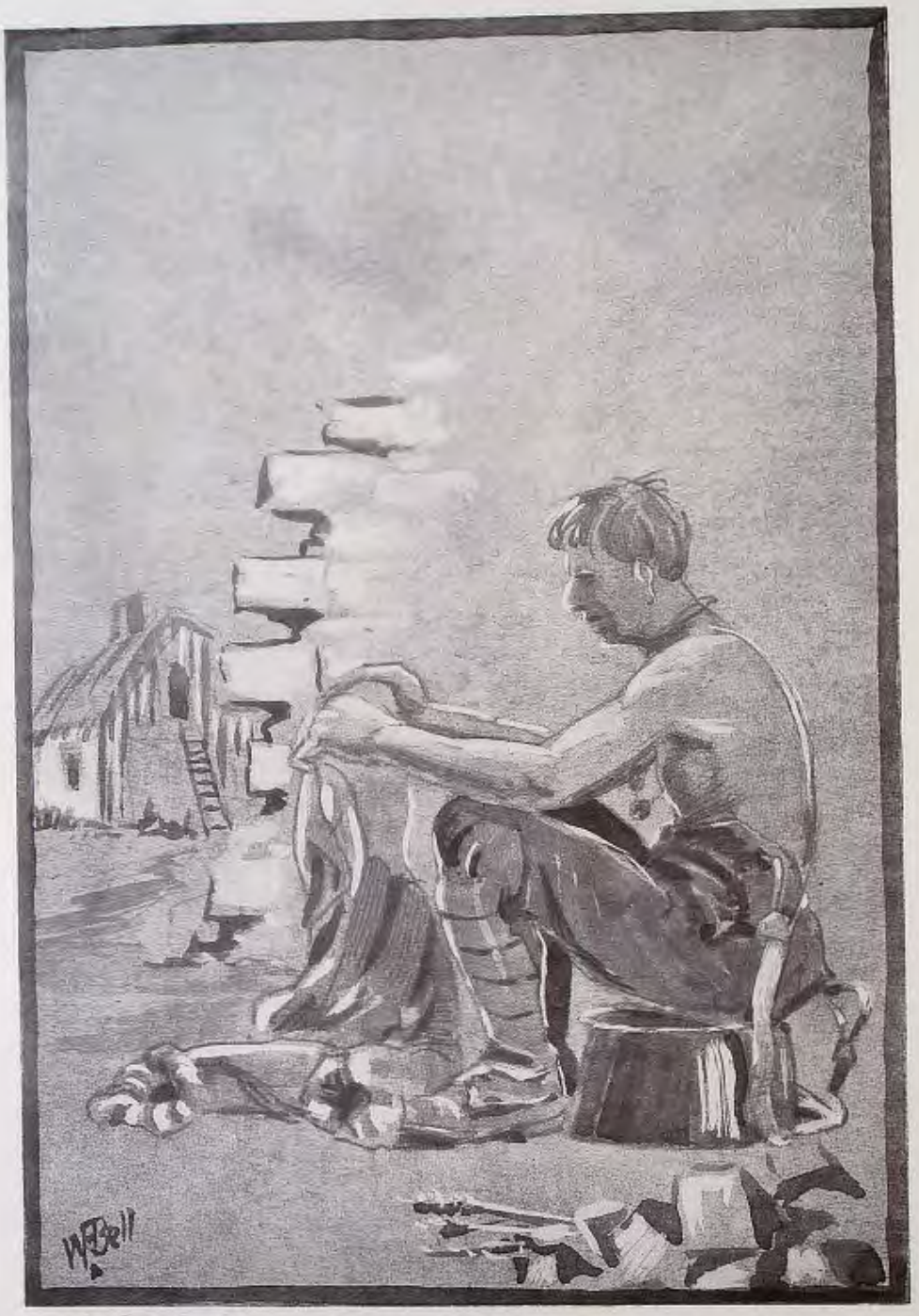
Who are the men who dole out clothes
When not at work on curios,
And still get in their noonday doze ?
The Ordnance !

At whom do new chums laugh and grin
As they pass by in hats of tin,
Asking which of the waves we're in ?
The Ordnance !

But don't forget we fought the Turk,
And did our share in gallant work ;
We fought disease, we fought the thirst
Of Anzac days—a thing accurst—
And didn't come with the Thirty-first !
The Ordnance.

BENORI.

NEW ZEALANDERS CAPTURING MESSINES—JUNE 7, 1917



"SOMEBODY'S BOY IS OUT AT THE FRONT!"

THE BETTER LAND

FAIR are the maids of Flanders' Land
(Yet some are plain of face),
And I would have you understand
That some can go the pace.

The pictures in the Press are gay
(*La Vie Parisienne!*)
The Padre says *pas comme il faut*
For me and other men.

Green are the trees of sunny France
(Except in winter time),
Yet oft I cast a backward glance
At those in my own clime.

The scenery is superfine
(Except when splashed with mud),
But pray be careful, brother mine,
And don't disturb the dud.

The food is really very good
(It's also very dear),
If you're in gastronomic mood,
Don't wash it down with beer.

The wine is of a rare *bouquet*
(Beware the sweet champagne),
An hour in an *estaminet*
Will surely bring a pain.

The maids, the pictures, and the trees
The landscape, food, and wine
Are good, but far across the seas
A better Country's mine.

PATRIOTE.

TRAVESTIES!

I BOUGHT a *La Vie Parisienne.*
I . . . opened it. Oh . . . hush!
The beautiful things I saw within
Made me, a soldier, blush!
Eh? What did I see? Oh, why, I saw,
Ho-ho! I'm loath to tell;
I saw a poilu courting a girl—
Pretty, chic demoiselle—
I saw her lips were lift up to kiss. . . .
Ah, me! . . . Oh, the pity of this!
Oh, what one sees in books!

One scene was a boudoir in which sat,
Beyond an arras rare,
A little maid in *très déshabille,*
Braiding her raven hair.
And upon her knees—a foot on each—
A bold Dan Cupid stood,
His shaft just drawn from a heart that bled,
Just as a maiden's would.
Ah, me! . . . Oh, ah, me! . . .
How sad to see
A maiden so *triste*—I pity thee!
Oh, what one sees in books!

From these to another page I turned—
To let the paper fall:
A beautiful girl—some radiant thing—
With nothing on at all,
Seemed to call to me through tearful smiles:
"Oh, please—please turn away!
It's all a mistake—a travesty!
Excuse me, quickly, pray.
Ah, me! take me out and clothe me—do!"
Her eyes seemed to say, "I ask of you."
Oh, what one sees in books!

What could I do, I ask you, friend Hal,
You who know I'm no saint
But on her fair form so innocent,
Some filmy drapings paint?
And now it is here, here in our trench,
Where all who will may see
(Without e'en a blush at Art's expense)
So fair a maid as she.
But listen a mo, before you go;
Between you and me—hush! . . . hush! . . . quite low,
Oh, what one sees in books!

S. CHOATE.


BLANCHISSERIE
"No compree"
T. Fitzm. Alloyd

BRANDS PLUCKED FROM THE BURNING

AT THE GAS LECTURE.—Corporal of a Scottish Regiment instructing New Zealanders: "I'm thinkin' you New Zealanders will need to be mair particular aboot your respirators, because your verra life depends on them. An' what is mair important, dinna lose them, for if you do you'll have to pay for them."

ARTILLERY NOTES.—The Artillery paves the way for the Infantry by blowing away the paved way!

THE best of all "dial sights"—A peep into a mirror.

SUITABLE presents for topers—Nose-caps.

THE nomenclature and venue of the Hague Conventions have both been changed by the War; they are now "Haig" conventions, held "somewhere in France."

ARMY DOCTOR (pointing to breast of wounded soldier): "Inoculation?"

Soldier: "No. That's merely where the Army Commander tried to pin the ribbon."

FLAG DAY IN ABERDEEN.—Partner in firm to English commercial traveller: "I'm awfu' sorry I canna' tak ye to lunch the day. Ma brither's oot, an' he's got the flag."

SCENE: Officers' mess. Time: Dinner hour.

O.C. (to Mess Orderly): "By Jove, Thomas, a ripping dinner to-night. How much did you pay for the chicken?"

Mess Orderly: "Well, sir, we didn't pay anything."

O.C.: "Oh! a present."

Mess Orderly: "No, sir. Cook found it out of bounds away from its billet and improperly dressed after 9.30 p.m., contrary to D.R.O. 222, and sentenced it to death. The sentence was duly carried out."

AUSTRALIAN (to mate at early dawn): "Wot lot's that over there, Bill?"

Mate: "Must be Noo Zealanders. I can see shovels."

FIRST FERNLEAF: "Why has the General ordered riding breeches to be handed in? That's no bon for me. I had a lot o' trouble getting mine off a dead Ossie on Gallipoli."

Second Fernleaf: "Dunno, Bill; s'pose 'e wants a good pair for himself."

VERDUN.—Merely the German pronunciation of "We're done."

UNSATISFACTORY Lines of Communication: Those printed on the Field Service Post Card.

DONK DOINGS

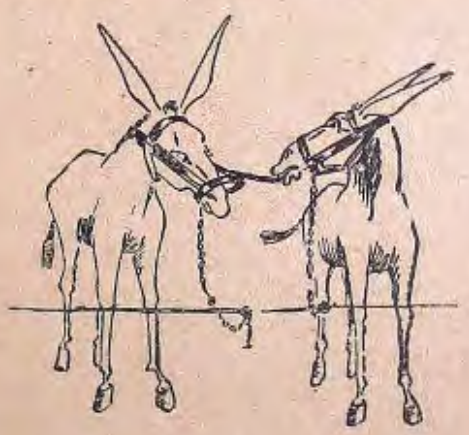
I.—DONKS

HE is known officially as Mule, but throughout the Army "Donk" has come to be his universal sobriquet. To many the word "donk" may appear a term of ridicule, of irreverence, quite devoid of any semblance of respect or sympathy, but seek ye the first Army driver who has a pair of mules to look after and learn *his* opinions.

His face will assume an expression of many and conflicting emotions. If he be honest in his views and informative, he will tell you that he loves his donks, and in the next breath he will confound you by saying that he hates them. He will say, with many lurid embellishments—which is "a way they have in the A-r-r-my"—that they are treacherous, unsympathetic, and devoid of any spark of intelligence. Again, he will contradict himself and relate to you, with shining eyes, an unending number of anecdotes in proof of their loyalty, love, and profound sagacity. Shortly he will drop his reserve and his expression will rapidly alternate from affection to detestation, pride to shame, joy to sorrow, anger to pity, and he will pour into your bewildered ears such a medley of contradictions, absurdities, enthusiasm, regrets, hopes and anticipations as never was heard in the world before. And he will conclude his oration with the confidential information, uttered in a half whisper and with a glance around to ascertain that none others are within hearing, that *his* particular two donks are the last thing in donk flesh—the best donks in the unit—probably in the Division—quite likely on the Western Front,—aye, and he means and believes it.

Among the most interesting and characteristic traits in a donk's character you will gather that they have:

1. An abnormally developed and embarrassing sense of humour.
2. An extreme partiality for mischief, often of a painful nature.
3. A remarkable power of reasoning which manifests itself in a hundred curious directions.
4. A sense of locality which is amazing.
5. An aptitude for trying, and often succeeding, to do the opposite thing



to that which his driver requires of him.

6. An appalling lack of all sense of the fitness of things, and a total absence of a sense of proportion.

7. A remarkable appetite for oily rags, rope, horse covers, wooden posts, water-troughs, leather, and suchlike edibles.

These attributes may, and probably will, appear contradictory and unlikely, but the catalogue is based upon actual experience.

II.—Soliloquy of an Artillery Driver

Jest fancy, 'ere am I, after three year er 'ostilities, a bally driver,

sittin' on a bale of 'ay, ruminatin' to meself. Three year ago I was roundin' up mutton, and now I'm drivin' donks in the Army. I'm s'posed ter be a bloomin' artilleryman, but I seem ter spend most er me time groomin' and muckin' out. Still, they reckon we're Artillery jest the same. We wear the Artillery badge—why, I dunno; I reckon a couple er dandy brushes rampant would be more in our line. A course we takes up ammunition ter the batteries, but we don't bang 'em off at the 'Uns. The blokes wots at the guns does all the eyewash stunts.

I'd like ter see some er them gun coves ridin' and leadin' a couple er donks with contrary notions. I reckon it would put the wind up 'em a bit. Wot gets over me, though, is the eternal groomin'. Yer gets one er yer donks nice and clean and shinin' like a new franc, and then 'e shows 'is bloomin' independence and lays down an' 'as a thunderin' good roll in the muddiest place 'e can find. Then er course yer start all over again and calls 'im by 'is usual name and tells 'im wot yer thinks of 'is relations and ancestors. Now and again a bloke gits a spasm er enthusiasm an' puts a bit er unnatural ginger inter 'is job, an' works up a thumpin' good appetite for 'is bully beef stew.

At other times a bloke gets told that the Colonel is comin' round ter look at 'is donks, or maybe the C.R.A. or the G.O.C., and then er course 'e works up a sort er compulsory enthusiasm—you know, wot the 'Uns call a substitute.

Then there's yer bloomin' harness always requirin' attendin' to. Yer goes ter bed at night—that's if yer ain't on picket or guard, which more'n likely yer are, and yer dreams er oilin' steelwork and wipin' girths and breast-collars and sichlike, and yer wakes up in the mornin' at 5.30 a.m. with a dreary outlook on the world gen'rally and the Army in pertikler, as the sayin' goes.

I've given up readin' the war news in the papers. I'm sick er readin' the war news in the papers now. I'm sick er readin' erbout retirin' and advancin' accordin' ter plan ter previously prepared possies. I wish some

er those Monsieur Communiqués would groom my donks and clean my 'arness "accordin' ter plan"; there'd be somethin' in it then.

This mornin' I was bloomin' well inoculated for the umteenth time, an' the needle was bloomin' well the bluntest I've struck yet, wich is sayin' a lot. I s'pose ter-morrow I'll be achin' all over me body, an' feelin' sick an' gen'rally rotten.

'Owever, wot's the good er thinkin' erbout it? It's a good job for the Allies I'm a optimistic bloke, an' always looks on the bright side er things. I wouldn't like ter be one er those grousin' coves who—— 'Ullo! Dammit, there goes "Stables" again. I'll 'ave ter 'urry!

III.—A Question of Distance

Once whilst two officers were chatting with one another quite near some donks, I saw one of the animals stretching out his off hind leg in the direction of the nearer sub., with the evident intention of ascertaining if he were within striking distance. The donk found that he was, but the officer perceived the manœuvre and moved quietly back a couple of feet just in time to avoid a pair of shining heels.

IV.—A Mystery Solved

One day at midday "Stables" I watched a driver trying, without success, to groom a fractious mule. At every attempt to apply the brush the mule either stood on one leg and vibrated with the other three, or else by a magnificent gymnastic effort he put up a terrific anti-grooming bar-

rage with all four legs. After a number of futile efforts to "carry on," the driver, not knowing he was overheard, threw his brush on the ground, and exclaimed bitterly, "No wonder a man is found dead on the bally battlefield with a cheery smile on his dial!"

V.—Pass It On

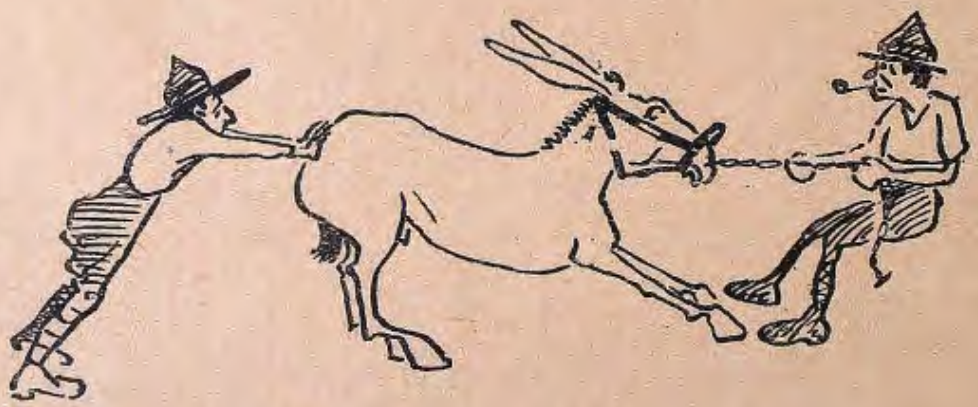
The old schoolboy game of "Pass it on" is a favourite pastime of donks. On several occasions I have watched them amusing themselves in this fashion. The game usually commences with the donk at one end of the line quietly, unostentatiously and deliberately kicking with one leg his immediate neighbour. Presumably the kick is accompanied, in some form of mule parlance, by a request to "pass it on," because the kick is immediately and rapidly passed from

one donk to another right to the other end of the line.

VI.—Mule Sense

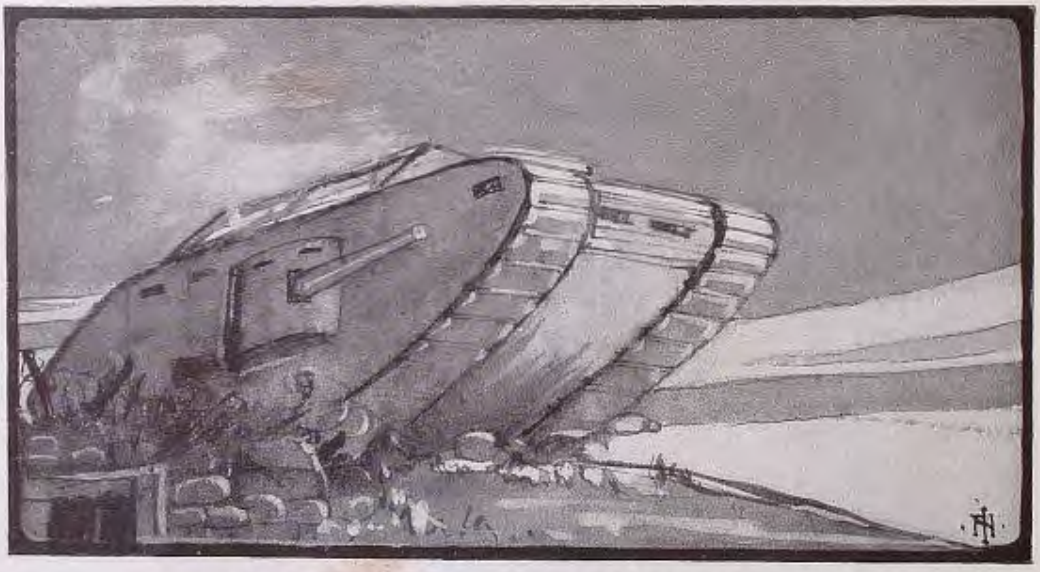
One night, whilst a wagon was halted by the roadside with the drivers dismounted, the team suddenly took fright and bolted, breaking away from their drivers. After going for about 100 yards one of the donks fell, the harness was dragged off him, and he was left behind in a much bruised and battered condition. The drivers gave chase, but were soon outdistanced and obliged to give up. The team, with the wagon, continued on their way, safely passed a number of turnings and crossings, and, despite the darkness, finally turned the last corner close to their own lines and then broke into a walk. The sentry on duty duly challenged, received no reply, challenged again, and then became aware that it was a wagon and team minus the drivers. Recognising the wagon, he opened the gate, the team swung into the wagon park, halted in its correct place, and waited to be unharnessed. The picket was called and the donks unharnessed, watered, and fed. When three disconsolate drivers and a damaged mule arrived back in camp an hour later and reported the loss of their wagon and team, their surprise may be better imagined than described.

Surcingle.



"LIFE'S JUST ONE DARNED THING AFTER ANOTHER!"

CAMOUFLAGE



MAKING FOR A STRONG POINT

THE RIDGE

S.HARRIS

May 7, 1917.

THE Ridge against the gold and grey of morn
Curves clear, with walls and trees in silhouette;
And all its fields are fair, save where the rusting wire
And the brown earth of winding trenches run
Athwart the emerald of the nether slopes.
Now all is strangely quiet, for no man stirs.

June 7, 1917.

From out the smoky pall of battle strife
The Ridge looms grey, but with uncertain line,
And all its stricken fields are brown. No green remains.
Our dead lie thickly in the broken town—
All strangely still, and quiet, unheeding now
The thunder of the conflict they have won.

M. R.

THE TIN HAT AS AN AID TO BEAUTY

IN THE HALF LIGHT

THE bombardment, which for a time had sounded like the preliminary to an enemy raid, had ceased. Everything was quiet. Indeed, it seemed to Private William Jones, as he raised himself on his elbow and looked across the bivvy and out into the trench, that the silence was a trifle uncanny. There was a moon somewhere above the clouds, but only a few ineffectual rays reached the earth, and Jones could only dimly make out the side of the trench opposite.

His two companions were asleep, and he wondered when Charlie Perry, the fourth occupant of the post, would return from his short trip for water. Some distance away a machine-gun spluttered for a few seconds, and one of the sleepers stirred uneasily. It was Bert Collis, a fairly recent arrival, and Jones wondered if he were dreaming of the wife and children he had left behind in the Waikato.

Wasn't it almost humorous? Here was Bert, worth several thousand pounds, living on tea and bully beef, filling sandbags to Hun music all day, and sleeping on boards when he could. Next him was David Thompson, the dentist, originally from Scotland. Jones wondered whether he would have tried the Dental Corps had he known what muck and slush the Infantry had to go through.

A lonely sort of a night! It was just about time Charlie got back. *He* was a bit of a problem, now—a wife and kids and also a widowed mother back in New Zealand, and yet always the most cheerful as well as the bravest chap in the whole outfit.

* * * * *

The light suddenly became brighter. The moonlight coming through the mist lit up the trench.

Hallo! Somebody was walking along the trench—more than one, by the sound.

Yes, there were two of them. When they came abreast of the bivvy they stopped and sat down on the duck-boards as if waiting for somebody. Jones was surprised to find that neither wore the regulation khaki and equipment. One was dressed in a sort of red coat and a big shako; the other had on a queer kind of steel helmet, and what looked like some metal protection for his chest. They must be some foreign soldiers looking round, thought Jones; but he hadn't heard that any new troops were taking over this portion of the line.

They spoke in low voices. Only part of their conversation could be heard. Jones strained his ears.

"Not much to do to-night," the one in the helmet was saying in a foreign accent. "We've done it all, and had a good look round too."

"Yes. It's just the same, really,

you know; the same old troubles, but the boys are just the same, too. . . . That shell gave me a start—the way it burst; but those fellows forgot it in half a second. . . . Talk about spirit!"

"Quite so. . . . There weren't many wanted cheering on to-night . . . more than once it has needed all we could do. . . . Same old mine and sap. Feels homey. I almost wish I was in this. It's a war all right, and, as far as *human* work goes, the noblest cause yet."

A soldier's silence—both thinking the same thing.

"Strange the chaps we have to take—all the best. I wonder if those left will be equal to the responsibilities afterwards? Back home, I mean—carrying on."

Two more men were heard approaching, and Jones turned his puzzled eyes to see who they were. One voice he recognised as Charlie Perry's. So he was back at last. About time! But Perry did not make any movement toward his blankets. He seemed to be strangely worried—"rattled," Jones thought—and quite unlike himself.

"Why choose me?" he was asking his companion, who, Jones saw, was also dressed in some outlandish costume. "Look at what I am leaving. . . . Can't I stay? There is so much to do here."

"Don't think you'll be idle," replied the other, as the two who had first arrived stood up and greeted the New Zealander ceremoniously. "Take heart. We must choose those who are worthy. And don't worry about those in New Zealand. You will see them soon. Anyway, they are in good hands."

Before Jones realised it the whole party had gone. "See New Zealand soon!" he mused. "There goes an optimist. I wonder what's on? Charlie can't be going far. He hasn't taken any of his gear."

* * * * *

It seemed only a few minutes later that Jones heard Bert Collis calling his name, but it was daylight, so he knew he had slept.

"Charlie back yet?" he asked.

"Charlie?" replied Bert. "No. He's not back, and he won't be coming now. A five-nine landed in the trench soon after he left us last night. It got him and wounded another man."

"But I saw him pass along the trench before I went to sleep."

"Couldn't have! He got it just along there a bit. Lasted a while, unconscious, but they couldn't move him. A chap told me who was right alongside, and got a couple of scratches."

"That's funny!" mused Jones. "It's uncanny! They said he was going back to New Zealand." . . . *Aotea roa* truly; but it was that land of the long white cloud which is over the edge of the earth.

MOA.


1914—1917
SOMETHING alone I crave—a little rest ;
Rest from inhuman things conceived in Hell,
The snarl of shrapnel and the shrieking shell,
Mysterious No-man's land where dread things dwell.
So may my spirit once again be blest,
And strong to reach the heights from which it fell
Thro' listening to the War God's deadly jest
When ghouls wreaked vengeance on the tortured west.
Soon may I see the white-sailed yachts come home
At eve across the Waitemata's tide,
Its placid azure cleft to sparkling foam,
And hear the sound of laughter as they glide—
Fair women's laughter, sweet to those who roam
Thro' stricken fields, shall bring me back my pride,
And in that Land where God has built His shrine
There will be peace at last for me and mine.
R. H. ASHCROFT.
Messines.

THE INFANTRY

YER talks of airmen 'eroes, an' of gunners wot is brave,
Yer cavalry a-chargin' 'crost the fields in line,
An' of the crews of these 'ere Tanks wot makes the flappers rave,
A-drivin' all the 'Uns back to the bloomin' Rhine;
But there's another lot o' chaps of 'oom there ain't much skite,
And them's the bloomin' infantry wot's *always* in the fight!

They're writin' in the papers of a scientific war,
An' not of winnin' it by men but by machines—
Mechanical devices are the ones wot's goin' to score
An' new inventions wot'll give the Germans beans;
But when it comes to rootin' out the cunnin' wily 'Un,
The infantry must do it with the bay'nit an' the gun!

Yer takes yer *Daily Mail* an' sees the picters on the back,
Of Lizzies which is most enormous for a gun;
Of mother's little Willie on a lovely chestnut 'ack—
'Is spurs an' all 'is gear a-gleamin' in the sun.
It's seldom they portrays the phiz o' Dick, or Bill, or Bert,
'Cause when the photo man's about they're mostly smeared with dirt!

An' when we're in the line they sends us out on night patrols,
A-crawlin' on our stummicks to old Fritz's wire;
Next day, if we're alive, we're set to linkin' up shell holes—
Good Gawd! they seems to kind o' think we never tire!
We're always diggin' dug-outs, diggin' trenches, diggin' graves.
Yer talks o' Britons' freedom?—Strewth! We most resembles slaves!

New Zealand at the Front

We live in dirty dug-outs, where the water's thick as mud,
  We often 'as ter squat down in a slimy pool;
We're always under shell fire, an' we're lucky if they're "dud";
  The things we finds upon our togs is somethin' crool!
We grouse an' growl an' curse it, but, if fightin's on the go,
The infantry is ready, an' I'd like ter let yer know!

The poor old blarsted infantry, wot travels on its feet;
  The boys wot's takin' all the knocks, but little praise;
They'll fight in Balkan blizzards, or in Egypt's grillin' 'eat,
  An' feed on bully beef an' tea for days and days.
The cavalry an' gunners may seem smarter on their mokes,
But when we go acrost the top—why, we're the bloomin' blokes!

Yer talks o' airmen 'eroes, an' o' gunners wot is brave,
  Yer cavalry a-chargin' 'crost the fields in line,
An' of the crews o' these 'ere Tanks, which makes the flappers rave,
  A-drivin' all the 'Uns back far beyond the line;
But don't ferget the other chaps of 'oom there ain't much skite—
The poor ole blarsted infantry, wot's into every fight!

P. J. Jory.

New-comer: "Say! Where's Brigade Headquarters?"
The Old Hand: "Yer can't miss it—it's where them shells is lobbin'!"

WHERE SUBALTERNS FORGATHER

Books won't win Wars

THOUGH we had come back into what the powers that be facetiously call "rest," and should have been as happy as the proverbial sand-boys, Doughty was in a most pessimistic and cynical mood. There were two causes contributing to this state, one being that he had been strafed by the Major for messing up the Company on a Battalion parade, and the other that the French laundrywoman had somehow or other lost his week's washing, and the shirt he was at that moment wearing was in consequence somewhat time-expired.

"Doughty's got indigestion through high living," put in Clarkson, looking up from the corner where he was endeavouring to stop some rat-holes just under his pillow.

"Get it off your chest, old son," suggested Douglas. "Your face at present is as upsetting as a Minnie."

"This war," went on Doughty, with whom the memory of the strafing apparently still lingered, "has killed textbooks, if some fool persons would only realise it. No, I don't suppose you would, Smith, as your intellect is not above that of the 'form fours' order."

Smith had picked up a boot and was apparently contemplating its capabilities as a missile, but after a moment's consideration he dropped it on the floor, whereupon Doughty again took up his story.

"In the old days, before Kaiser Bill started on what he thought would be a non-stop run to Paris, the little 'one pip' was given an armful of pretty books bound in red and told to run away and read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them. In their pages, said the wise men who wrote them, he would find everything necessary to a soldier from winning a Victoria Cross or taming a pack mule to dictating terms of peace to an enemy. Only stick to the rules, get them off by heart, and he was bound to come out a winner."

"Which book would you suggest for finding the winner for the Lincoln Handicap?" put in Douglas.

Doughty ignored the interruption.

"Now the people who wrote these books—may they rest in peace in the War Office or somewhere else!—considered that war ought to be played like a decent, honest game of chess, with proper lunch and tea intervals. This was all right if the enemy played according to the rules we had laid down, but that is just what he didn't do; the Hun was no sportsman, and he didn't even allow time for the luncheon interval. First of all he didn't fight on the level like a decent soldier should, but he went underground like a rat, and we had

to follow him. Then he sent over bombs, and although the 'one pips' opened all the books and searched from cover to cover, there wasn't a single mention of such souvenirs in the whole caboodle. It was the same with gas, not a mention of it in any single index, not even in the vocabulary of stores; but the gas was there all the same, and in pretty good quantities."

"Looks to me as if we'd got some here now," suggested Thompson.

"Now when a man," went on Doughty after glowering at Thompson, "won't play chess according to the rules, there's only one thing to do, and that is to put the book of rules in your pocket and bash him over the head with the chessboard; and that is just what our boys did. Some stuck their books in their valises for reading as ancient history after the war, and others gave them away to French mademoiselles as the very latest things in spicy English literature, and then we sailed in to tackle Mr. Boche in a sort of catch-as-catch-can, which, I take it, is to get hold where it hurts most."

"Wouldn't I like to play that sort of game with the Adjutant!" murmured Smith, who had that morning been haled before the C.O. for being late on parade.

"It's strange," continued Doughty, who had now got well into his stride, "how some people get fixed in one idea. Often, when an officer gets to be about forty years of age, and, as the result of high living and low thinking, has come to the last hole in his Sam Browne belt, he seems to get a notion that there is only one way of doing a thing, and that is the particular way he favours. He has been brought up on textbooks, believes in them implicitly, thinks only in their words, until they absolutely become a fetish with him. There is, too, the even worse case of the officer who does not worship them as a whole, but gives his adoration to the one that takes his own particular fancy—this being often the only one whose contents he knows much about. As the Major is so fond of saying, when he sees Smith's fancy ties or socks, he's lost his sense of proportion, which, I take it, when interpreted into the vulgar language of the average brainless sub., is that he has gone dotty on some particular stunt or other."

"Not so much of the brainless sub., old man," exclaimed Smith, who was shifting about rather uneasily in his seat, "unless you want a vulgar thick ear from the vulgar hand of a vulgar sub."

To this Doughty made no reply, but after considering Smith gravely for a few minutes in somewhat the same manner as a Presbyterian elder would an illicit whisky still—a compound of sorrow and forgiveness—the cynic continued:

"To the production of Army Training Manuals there is no end, and this must continue so long as there are comfortable chairs and people to fill them. Now these manuals are as the law of the Medes and Persians which altereth not, and must be obeyed by any who would climb the dizzy heights of Army fame. What does the book itself say? 'The principles given in this manual are to be regarded as authoritative.' Accordingly, if on service you cannot contain the whole of

their wisdom in your head, you must carry them with you in your kit; but as the War Office only allows 35 lb. for an officer, it follows that, even if he scraps the whole of his personal kit, and trusts to the generosity of his brother officers for the occasional loan of a clean shirt and soap and towel, he must still leave behind him the Manual of Military Chiropody, the Manual of Military Etiquette, the Soldier's Book of Dreams, his unpaid tailor's bills, and a few similar valuable works. Imagine the awful position of a young officer who, when ordered by the General to attack according to the principles laid down in section six, chapter three, of the Manual of Stone Throwing, has to admit that he has left the book on the piano in his billet, but that he can do it according to section ten of the Manual of Bow and Arrow Fighting, or, if the General so prefers it, in the manner laid down in A.O. H./31075/X/F. 2, dated 1st April, as amended by Routine Order M.X. 42/30769/X. 2, dated 5th November."

"You should never be on Regimental Duty, old man," put in Douglas at this juncture. "A brain like yours should be left on the Staff."

"Perhaps," suggested Mills, who had been turned down for a job as R.T.O., "Doughty, like myself, has a soul above that sort of thing."

"Don't fall into an error of that description, my boy." Doughty again had taken up his parable. "You have no soul of your own; it is now a Government article, properly labelled by the Ordnance as follows: Soul, military, part worn, subaltern's, for the use of, and marked with a brand of religion officially approved by the War Office. There is no general class for souls, no entries in a nondescript class, no section for all comers; you're Church, Chapel, or Holy Roman as the old 'Sah-Major' says; and if you cannot decide for yourself the powers that be will decide for you. It's an excellent system, and saves the poor tired brains of such heroes as Douglas, worn out with the mysteries of forming fours, and the trouble of thinking.

"If you don't believe me," went on the speaker, "open your shirt, Douglas, and bring into the light of day the little piece of jewellery that, in conjunction with a piece of string, a generous Government has given you to hang round your neck. You needn't be shy; we know you intend to have a real proper wash to-morrow."

There were signs of restlessness in Douglas, but these were suppressed by Clarkson by the simple process of sitting on the interrupter's head until he announced his intention of remaining quiescent.

"Well, having looked, what do you find? Name, Number, Regiment, and such mystic symbols as C.E., R.C., and P. What are they? Well, guns are destructive, accidents will happen even in the best-regulated trench warfare—and if it does occur that you get scattered, at any rate the piece to which the tally is attached would be buried according to the rites and ceremonies of the religion to which the War Office had allotted you. Isn't that a grand example of paternal care? I regret to find that some of you are still under the impression that your soul is the padre's particular job. Don't fall into that error. Didn't the poet say that

every man (and the War Office) is the pilot of his own soul, and there can't be two pilots on the one ship? Moreover, the Chaplain is a busy man. Doesn't he have yards and yards of War Office forms to fill up? Doesn't he give a hand in censoring letters, and, when there are any, in guarding the fair heroines of the Y.M.C.A.? Doesn't he too, if he's any time after all these duties, fill it up in learning to ride on one of the pack ponies? Verily on his return home the ladies of the congregation will be surprised at the accomplishments of the dear Vicar."

"There's a lot of eyewash about the reading of Training Manuals." The remark came from Mills, who never read a book of any description if he could possibly help it.

"Of course there is, my boy." Doughty was off again. "And that's why we don't get much of either in the Line. Eyewash exists in inverse ratio to danger—where life is held cheaply eyewash hardly exists. There the realities of life and death alone count. But when you come to ease and safety it is found in profusion. It's everywhere in the time of peace, can hardly ever be found in the front line of trenches, but springs again into life as you come back through the Staff Offices to the Base. You may take it as an established fact that it's the conjunction of time to spare with the hope of decorations and rewards that breeds eyewash. The man who is fully occupied preserving his own life and taking those of the Huns has no time to think either of eyewash or rewards, but the one farther back with no scalps to his credit sees the necessity of making a lot of work—for other people—and magnifying in the eyes of the powers that be the importance of his job. Accordingly, Colonel X., in the midst of a terrific bombardment, is urgently called up on the 'phone to furnish a return as to the number of men in his unit that would like an issue of cucumbers once a month, or as to how many men obtained Sunday School prizes prior to joining the Army. This all means eyewash for someone down the lines to apply to someone still farther down, but by the time Colonel X. has finished giving his sulphuric opinion on the matter—in his case it means a mouthwash."

"I wonder, Doughty," put in Smith at this juncture, "that with all your knowledge you don't write an Army book yourself."

"My lad of wisdom," replied Doughty, without a moment's hesitation, "that is just what I should like to do, and what I would do, were not the War Office too jealous to give me a chance. Mine would be the Book of Books, the most popular Manual in the Service, and its appearance would herald a new era in military education. It would be written not only for the officer but for the man in the ranks, and its title would be 'The Manual of How to Take Care of Yourself.' The basis of its teaching would lie in the fact that in war absence of body is better than presence of mind. It would be compiled under my editorship by a band of experts, every man a past-master in the art on which he wrote. Is there any Army Manual at the present time that can tell you how to feed yourself when there is no food; obtain a comfortable sleep when

there is no bed, or hide yourself when there is no cover? All this my book would do. The highest ranks of the poaching fraternity would teach you how to slide down a rabbit hole, or disguise yourself as a cabbage; a salvage officer would tell you how to 'find' things; habitués of the Embankment would lecture on 'How to Sleep Warm,' and Aberdonian professors on 'How to Grow Fat on Army Biscuits.' Yes," continued Doughty, rising, "my book would be the Manual of Manuals."

"You're not Irish, are you, Doughty?" put in Smith quietly at this point.

"Irish? No; why do you ask?" queried the astonished Doughty.

"Well, I only thought you were," came the quiet answer, "because you've got such a good opinion of yourself."

"NIL SINE LABORE."

"SEVEN DAYS' LEAVE!"

ATTENTION! AS YOU

CHAPTER I

What to do and how to do it, with an appendix on—
Who to do and when to do them.
Invaluable to Mess Orderlies.

CHAPTER II

Why go Crook? when strafed by—

I

An Adjutant.

II

A Commandant.

III

A G.O.C.

Read this thrilling Testimonial (written before the book was published), by one of our non-readers:—

"When I finished avoiding reading Chapter two I walked outside and into a General. He asked me where the H— I was going. I remembered the title of your book and replied simply 'To Blighty, sir' I am still there"

FACSIMILE OF SUPPER MACKINTOSHES HANDWRITING — His Mark

CHAPTER III

Why go Crook?

On being given out l.b.w. on an appeal from square-leg—of special interest to all players of marbles and tiddly-winks.

VERE!! ATTENTION!!!

CHAPTER IV

Hints to Leadswingers. Boils, Bunions, Brown Tastes, and Housemaid's Knee (*Cinivitus Soldat*).

How to Obtain Them.

Complete course for intending P.Bs., P.Us., and Back to Blightys.

By our Specialist.

Mumps or Measles
While you wait.

Our "Take Me Back to Dear Old Blighty" Musical Supplement, 6d. extra.

Highest Professional Advice Engaged.

CHAPTER V

Straight Talks to Men.

By One Who Hasn't.

This Soul-Stirring Chapter includes several special articles by Great Authors, as follows:

On being awarded 14 days C.B. On a Shortage of Rum.

Together with an Inspired Poem from the Facile Pen of Mrs. Bella Squela Pillbox (The Poetaster of the Impassionate), entitled:—"If the Sergeant Drinks your Rum, Never Mind."

On Shaving overnight and the proper use of Chin Straps.

On having cleaned your buttons—this morning.

On how to Malinger.

Why go on Parade?

More Exciting Details Overleaf.

Read these Chapter Headings

CHAPTER V (continued)

Invaluable to Men.

This Chapter shows in simple and direct language how any of the above excuses can be refurbished to meet the demands of the most exacting Orderly Officer.

Why go Crook?

CHAPTER VI

This Chapter is as yet unwritten, but is considered by Competent Critics to be the best of its kind extant.

Marshal Joffre says:
"It surpasses all others in the indefinable elan of the *je ne sais quoi* of the *tout ensemble.*"

The Kaiser says (quite simply):
"Mein Gott!!"

President Wilson says:
"Gee! It's bully."

THE STAFF CAPTAIN R.A. INSPECTS

DEEP mirth had cast its influence o'er
The pin point Beer Six Akk Oh Four;
Incipient laughter, ill suppressed,
Lurked in each hedgerow, and a jest
Had evidently burst upon
The precincts of Beer Echelon.

The care-free goddess, pricking light,
Had chased ill-humour out of sight,
And every wagon line, with smiles
And chuckles audible for miles,
Acclaimed the king who stately passed,
To give his customary "blast."

Behold him, as he tops the rise,
"The cynosure of neighbouring eyes!"
Outriders tittup on ahead;
Behind him, in due order spread,
The Adjutants (at proper distance)
There to give, if need, assistance.

None is attired as he—ah, no!
For he would never have it so.
Let others follow, let all see
That in a splendid company
He's the most splendid; let men's gaze
Pass the rest over, in amaze
To centre on him. "I will ride
Picked out in dress from all beside,"
Says he. "Let others dress in drab,
I'll shine effulgence from each tab."

And hot and quick, on every wire,
This message runs along like fire :
"He's turned up here; he wants to know
The rank and name of So-and-so—
The reason why we're living here,
And not at Esses Nineteen Beer,
And also whose authority
We have for feeding hay at three;
He wants to know how many men
Were loose in Steenwerck after ten—
And who removed the Standings on
The vacant land in Akk Eight Don."
The Colonel, with the wires still warm,
Answers, "He won't do any harm."

Yet, Captain, if they do not pay
Much heed to what you choose to say,
Remember that your pleasures lie
In most part that the public eye
Is ever on you, and your choice
Is mainly that they hear your voice.
What care you that they pay no heed,
To e'en your most important screed ?
Though no one trembles at your word,
At least you're seen, at least you're heard !

R.

Up There

The Maori-French Alliance

"WELL," said Private Puripeef, looking pointedly at an old-time comrade who had been lost in Great Britain for over a year, "t'e best holiday I ever get was t'e time we go up Nort' to help t'e French Army. You know t'e time t'e Messines stunt, we work werry hard to make t'e two communication trench each side of Messines, an' t'e plenty other work too. W'en Messines smell worse t'an t'e rotten shark, we go for t'e spell on t'e right, w'ere Fritz shoot more shell t'an t'e time we catch Messines. I can't understan' t'e Hun. He t'e plurry Porangi, I t'ink. T'en we dig t'e new Waikura trench an' work more hard t'an before. But fas' as we make him, Fritz plow him down again wit' t'e high explosive. My word, Fritz get werry wild wit' t'at trench. W'en we come home to t'e hole in t'e ground, t'e Major say, 'Pai Korry, you do t'e good work. Each man done one t'ousand kupick feet. Soon we finish.' T'e next night we go out to finish him. W'ere t'e Waikura trench? We can't find one end. Fritz plow him off. T'en t'e Major swear, an' t'e Captain swear, an' t'e Platoon Commander swear, an' all t'e men call Fritz t'e poriro, like t'e way t'e Ossie talk. T'en t'e Colonel come along to have t'e look, an' he say, 'Yes, Fritz t'e poriro alright.' T'en we carry more hurdle, an' more angle iron an' more wire. Some place we make t'e new trench an' some place we patch t'e old one, an' we work like t'e cow—ewerry day t'e same. Some time Fritz won't wait till we go home, but he plow up t'e trench an' t'e Maori at t'e same time. We lose plenty good men. I tell you t'at t'e pas pon time. But t'e plurry limit come

when Fritz shoot t'e aeroplane so t'at he fall into t'e trench. All one night we dig werry hard to get t'at aeroplane out because he block up t'e trench. An' ewerry little time, Fritz shoot t'e big shell over to t'at place because he t'ink p'r'aps t'e aeroplane not dead yet. T'e t'ing make me wild, t'e Maori work hard to dig up t'e pakaru aeroplane, but t'e Infantry steal t'e aeroplane compass in t'e evenin' before we come. Ewerry night we work, t'e Fritz shell whistle up in t'e sky. T'e old soldier, like me, know by t'e way t'e shell whistle, how far he go. But one night, t'e new gun shoot. T'e first shell say 'pooree BIFF,' an' I make my nose bleed on t'e duckwalk at t'e bottom of t'e trench. But t'at shell never bang till he go five mile behind. All my mate laugh, an' I look like t'e fool, so I get werry wild, an' I jump up an' say, 'Fritz, you t'e dam liar.'

"T'en w'en we t'ink we dig in t'at trench for t'e duration of t'e war, t'e Cheneral say, 'You have t'e smoke-oh now.' T'en we go back an' roll about in t'e grass paddock for two day. We get werry tired too—no work to do. T'en t'e other Cheneral come an' say, 'You t'e best Pioneer in t'e New Zealand Army. I know you never tired, so you finish your smoke-oh wit' t'e French Army! After t'at, you come back an' start work again down here.' So we werry glad, an' after we walk a little way, we go in t'e motor-car to see t'e French Army.

"T'e French t'e werry kind people. T'ey werry glad to see us, an' t'e French Cheneral rub noses wit' our Colonel t'ree time in t'e one day. T'e French Chief all t'e same t'e Maori Chief. He werry kind to t'e Manuhiri, t'e wisitor. He give t'e Maori soldier t'e red wine ewerry day for t'e ration. T'at wine make me werry glad, an' I sing t'e Maori song an' t'e Marseillaise too. T'e tea in t'e British Army werry good, but it can't make t'e soldier glad like t'e red wine. T'e soldier can't sing t'e Maori song an' t'e French song after t'e pannikin of tea. W'en t'e war over, I go up Nort' Aucklan' to Herekino an' grow t'e Austrian wine like t'e Frenchman.

T'e French Cheneral rub Noses wit' our Colonel t'ree time in t'e one day

"On t'e 15th day of June we get t'e issue of champagne

in t'e cask, an' I'm more happy t'an before.

"Another t'ing, plenty of riwai, spud, up there. One Pelgium farmer up there not t'e Pelgium farmer at all. He t'e spy. W'en t'e soldier make t'e strong bivvy for t'e French Colonel of t'e big gun, t'e spy come an' cut t'e long grass behind in two place like t'e hand wit' t'e front finger pointing to t'e bivvy. T'e spy do t'at so t'e Hun aeroplane photo show w'ere t'e bivvy. But t'e Colonel see t'e hand an' he get werry wild. He cut all t'e grass, so t'at no hand left, an' he say to all t'e civilian, 'Allay weet.' T'at t'e French language for 'Go to 'ell.' So t'e civilian go there quick an' leave all t'e riwai behind in the ground ready for t'e kai. Now t'e New Zealand Army give each man two or t'ree old spud in t'e bag for t'e ration for one week. But t'e French Colonel up there just like t'e Maori Chief in t'e old time w'en he give t'e land to t'e pakeha. T'e Maori no pinch off two or t'ree acres, but he wave his hand from t'e mountain to t'e river an' round by t'e line of hills, an' he say, 'Pakeha, all t'at land for you.' T'e French Colonel all t'e same. He wave his hand from t'e broken-down church to t'e railway line an' round by t'e canal, over acres an' acres of riwai t'at t'e Pelgium leave behind, an' he say, 'Maori, all t'at pomme-de-terre, t'at riwai, t'at spud, for you.' So we have t'e new spud ewerry day, for t'e breakfas', t'e dinner, t'e supper an' t'e afternoon tea.

"Werry near I get t'e medal up there. T'e French Cheneral say, 'Ewerry Maori who get t'e wound, get t'e French medal.' All t'e time we work, w'en t'e officer no look, I hold up my hand, but no luck. It too quiet, an' Fritz can't see it. T'ree of my mates get t'e medal, an' t'e trip to Blighty, but we come back before I get mine. I t'ink I ask for t'e transfer an' go back up there.

"Yes, plenty fun up there. Behin' t'e camp t'e big two up school. Ewerry kind of soldier go to t'at school. T'e French, t'e Pelgium, t'e English, t'e Scotchman, t'e Irish, t'e Welsh, t'e Dink, an' t'e Maori, all there. Perhaps t'e Hun there too, but I can't see him. It w'at you call t'e International Two Up School. T'e Police Sergeant tell me t'at name. T'e first time I speculate, t'e Pelgium got t'e school. He got my money too. I t'ink if Nehemia, t'e King of Anzac, up there he buy t'e motor-car werry quick.

"Plenty music up there too. T'e Ngapuhi tribe live wit' t'e Pelgium Army. Ewerry night w'en t'ey have t'e kai, t'e Pelgium band come an' play t'e music. T'at t'e tray bon band. T'ey make t'e bully beef taste like t'e roast meat in t'e Wellington Hotel. Plenty t'eatre too. I see t'e Pelgium soldier t'eatre an' t'e French soldier t'eatre. T'em soldier sing an' act better t'an t'e t'eatre in London.

I can't understan' w'at t'ey talk about, but I know t'ey werry good. T'en we have t'e Scotch music too. I hear t'e bagpipe band of t'e Scotch Guard. He sound like one t'ousand koauau, Maori flute, playin' at t'e same time, but better, because t'ey squeeze t'e werry loud noise out of a bag wit' t'e elbow. T'at music make my back werry itchy an' my knee go up an' down. T'e Scotch piper look like t'e old Maori. He wear t'e piupiu round his waist an' t'e shawl round his body. T'e bandmaster of t'e Scotch bagpipes t'e champion of t'e world. He come to see our doctor who t'e Scotchman. There were two Major from t'e New Zealand Field Ambulance, t'e Scotchman too, an' one Officer from t'e Dinks. W'en t'e four Scotchmen hear t'e champion play t'e bagpipe music of t'e Fatherland, t'ey go mad an' dance t'e Scotch haka.

"T'at haka t'e werry funny t'ing. It like t'e half caste between t'e Maori haka an' t'e Pakeha Quadrille. Ewerry now an' t'en t'ey shout werry loud an' have t'e Ladies' Chain, an' t'e swing partners. All t'e Maori werry glad to see t'at new haka.

"T'en we have t' sport too. We play t'e Rugby football match wit' t'e Welsh Guard. All t'e British Army play t'e Soccer. No bon. But t'e Welsh Army play t'e Rugby t'e same as t'e New Zealand Army. So we have t'e game, t'e Welsh an' t'e Maori. T'e Welsh Guard drum an' fife band come an' play t'e music for t'e match. Toujour t'e bon music up there. T'e Welsh Team t'e werry big men an' werry strong too. W'en we start, t'e Welsh score t'e first try. I t'ink, 'Hullo, Maori. Look out.' But t'e Maori back werry fast, the combination too good, an' we make t'e good win. T'e forward werry near have t'e fight, but w'en t'e game finish we

have t'e trink together an' t'e trouble napoo. T'e Welsh an' t'e Maori t'e bon camarade. W'en t'e Welsh go home, he say, 'Maori, you t'e good man for t'e Rugby. Taihoa we have another match. I t'ink so. Yes.'"

* * * * *

"You do any work?" asked Kaanga Kopiro, a new arrival.

"Work!" replied Puripeef indignantly. "W'at t'e 'ell you t'ink we go up there for—to smoke t'e T'ree Castle? We work all t'e time. T'e French Cheneral say to me, 'Monsieur Puripeef, you tray bon for t'e travail.' T'at t'e French language. It mean I'm the best man for t'e work he ever see."

"I werry sorry," said Kaanga Kopiro apologetically. "I never mean it t'at you t'e lazy man, but I t'ought you say t'e Cheneral tell you to go up there to finish t'e smoke-oh."

"Yes," replied Puripeef, somewhat mollified. "But t'e Cheneral make t'e speech like t'e Maori Chief. W'en t'e t'ing napoo, t'e Maori Chief no say 'Napoo.' He say, 'T'e potato is cook or t'e cake is dough.' He make t'e figure of speech. He speak t'e—w'at you call it?" he asked, turning to L.-Cpl. Makonoki, who had been to London.

"T'e Aleck-ory," replied the latter promptly.

"You t'e fella," said Puripeef gratefully. "My word, t'e education t'e good t'ing. Anyway," he resumed, "up there t'e best place for t'e work. I suppose different now. But t'at time, only two or t'ree shell in t'e week. Plenty sleep at night, no gas shell. I can't tell you w'at kind of work we do. T'at t'e secret between t'e Maori an' t'e French. Perhaps, w'en t'e war finish, t'e French President tell TIMI KARA, an' TIMI KARA make t'e speech in t'e Parliament about t'e way t'e Maori help t'e French Army—UP THERE."

P. H. B.

THE RAIDER

THE night is robed, like a princess fair,
In garments of fleecy cloud;
At her throat, the moon, like a jewel rare,
Lights up her beauty proud.

Hushed is the camp, where sleepers dream
Of their far-off homes perchance.
A picture of Peace, in shade and gleam,
And silvered radiance.

* * * * *

A drone above—a crashing jar—
The night is rent in twain.
The scene of Peace is smudged by War:
The earth by a crimson stain.

The raider flees with craven speed,
Hidden in night's dark hood.
A cross of iron shall be his meed:
His victim's cross—is *wood*.

BEECH.


A TEA-
ROA
FRAN
TO
NEW ZEA
13,00
MILES
V Bell

LOSER PAYS

HER LETTER

"By this mail I am sendin' you a cake, as I know sich things is 'ighly appreciated out there"

I hope you are not looking at anyone Con.

COBBERS

TWO years to-day since I joined the Company; two years to-day since I first met Bill. But for the War I should never have known him, and I should have been the loser. No; we should never have come together, except under the conditions of Army life, for we moved along different grooves. Society would say we belonged to different circles with no point of contact.

Bill is rough—rough on the outside—and everyone who has seen him has seen his roughness; some have seen nothing else. With me it is different. Careful training and certain social advantages have done much to hide the roughness, and I believe there may be some who do not know that it is there at all. Yet experience has taught me that on points of supreme importance Bill and I think alike. When I remember that had it not been for this old War I should never have been able to call Bill my cobber, I almost feel glad that . . . Well, at any rate, I am glad I do know Bill.

His reputation in the Company was made long before I joined up. "The pluckiest man in the Army," they told me—"afraid of nothing." Many a man he had carried in under hail of Turkish bullets and shrapnel. Many a life he had saved in France. Already he had won, ten times over, the decoration which, however, he did not get till twelve months later.

Bill's only enemy was Bill himself. A hard case—yes! As hard as anything in the Army. To say that he had any philosophy of life beyond that of having a jolly good time on every possible occasion, a fight whenever he deemed it necessary, and a drink as often as he could get it, seemed absolutely ridiculous. He used to say to me, "You know, Joe, there's no bad beer; it's all good—but some's better than others." Yet Bill was a philosopher, and without much brain-sweat had settled and expounded questions that other philosophers and theologians had found it hard to get men to understand.

Ethics—well, I guess Bill didn't know what the word meant; but, all the same, he was straight—white right through. Moreover, it hurt him when others didn't play the game. On an occasion when one of our mates had fifty francs taken from his pocket Bill was terribly put out. He was sergeant of the section at the time—before he lost his stripe—and he was cut to the heart to think that one of his boys would so treat a comrade. Indeed, so keenly did he feel it that he was forced to make a speech. Bill is no trained orator—vocabulary a bit stunted—but he gets his matter home.

"Look here, chaps. This is no good. You don't want to do that sort of thing, chaps. It's—it's wrong. To think that one of my boys would

do it! Well, it makes—it makes me feel like a cur."

Of course, there are times when Bill has to be put to bed. Then, having proved himself to be a friend, one may get a rare glimpse of his mind and heart. On such an occasion, after having been persuaded to be satisfied with "just one more," he was safely tucked away among the blankets.

"Give's a cigarette, Joe. Thankoo! You're good to me, Joe. I've a lot o' friends—a lot o' friends. Some seem to try to make me better; some seem to try to make me worse. I wonder which are the real friends? I think them that try to make me better. Some day I might change—yes, some day I might just stop dead and change right round." Gradually his voice died away, and he slept it off.

In a "stunt" few men showed up like him. He could get more out of the men than any other N.C.O. in the Company. That's why he was chosen for a stiff job at Messines. We hardly expected to see him come through it, for we knew he would throw himself right into his work in spite of the greatest danger. But he came through all right, although many of his men went down. The night the boys came out we put Bill to bed. Again we got a glimpse of his heart—torn with sorrow because of his boys who had made the extreme sacrifice.

"My poor boys! My poor boys! They were good boys, yes, good boys. And they didn't mind going; no, they didn't mind going! Why should they? Our lives are only lent to us. Why should we object to give them back when the time comes? That's right, isn't it, Joe? They're only lent to us. We've no right to object when the time comes."

Doubtless you think Bill is a poor exponent of his own philosophy—not altogether faithful to his trust. Perhaps you are right. But remember he was turned out of home at ten; went to sea; spent a dozen or more years in the Navy in hard days; and has roughed it in every country on the globe, with no worldly chances beyond those of his own making.

When I think—well, to tell you the truth, I am afraid to think of what I might be now, if I had had only Bill's chances; and to-day, whatever society may think of us, I am proud to call myself—Bill's Cobber!

J. A. Thomson.

TO A WIDOW IN FLANDERS

ON such an afternoon as this, Madame, I watched white yachts glide by,
A radiant sea, like shining silk, lay spread beneath a fairer sky
Than Flanders knows. Perchance I lay amid green pines and drowsed all day,
And you would sit outside your door, and watch the trams go whirling by,
And knit, and list to neighbours' chat, and wonder of your first-born son.
At hand would sound a hubbub gay of Jacques and Jean—a scream—a run.
It all was once upon a time, as in some wondrous *conte de fées*—
A fairy tale of long ago. Your eyes are dim. "*C'est triste!*" you say.

I wonder often, while you sit and knit, if Flemish wives long dead
Had this same patience? Waited, too, when Flemish burghers fought and bled
For Justice' sake? And turned disdain of Don to fear, and died to gain
Their country's freedom? Were there then sad watchers o'er the newly dead,
As now? And did they find in war the same serenity of will
As yours? And faith to bide the day when news should reach them—good or ill?
Is there within your blood a strain of those who dared the might of Spain?
"*C'est triste!*" Three simple little words for three long years of scourge and pain.

We both have dreams, Madame, of days to come. For me, beneath tall trees,
Some nook in sight of sea, with scent of freesia carried on the breeze.
In some such spot, maybe, of you a thought may come to wake anew
Old memories. Once more I see squat windmills, and the flat green leas
Where merry children laugh and play, and idle hours drift away.
And I shall pray that your dreams too, Madame, like mine, may all come true.
That peace brought all you longed for—son, and home, and tranquil days begun.
. . . Madame, your eyes are blurred with tears, a wrung heart looks from out their shade,
Yours is the burden of the years, and you can meet them—unafraid.

J. G. H.

MEMORIES

MEMORY is a peculiar thing. Around a name, a place, a person, or some other central object we group a host of experiences. Touch but the master key, and the spool of memory will unwind, and this wonderful brain of ours will reconstruct for us past scenes, revive the emotions that accompanied the part we played therein, and place us once again upon the stage whereon for a time we played our part in some small comedy of life, or, maybe, in some tragedy where death stalked unchallenged and chose his victims from among our friends and comrades. But this reconstructed past differs in one important essential from the real experience that we passed through. The atmosphere is different. The exhilarating effect of the wine has worn off—only the memory of it remains, the guns are silent, the voices of our comrades speak but in our imagination, and it is but in fancy only that we trudge through the mud, or shiver wet and cold through the slow-moving hours of a cheerless night.

Memory reconstructs scenes more easily than it does emotions. More than ever is this so when the mind receives stimulus after stimulus in quick succession until, stunned and with its powers of perception deadened, it is capable of perceiving nothing save those things which demand our immediate attention.

Take our experiences at the Somme, where many of us were really under fire for the first time. Test these experiences in the light of the theory here enunciated, and then see how difficult it is—not to recount an incident, but to recreate an atmosphere.

The little incidents which I relate hereunder are trivial in themselves, but my desire is through them to revive the atmosphere of those days, which, though full of tragedy and horror, yet hold for us so much of true comradeship and humble unselfish heroism.

* * * * *

Our dressing-station was tucked away under a hill in an old quarry. Immediately opposite were a couple of batteries of sixty-pounders, and to the left of these, a cemetery thickly strewn with rude wooden crosses, too many of which mark the last resting-place of those who in life we had called friend and comrade.

Between the dressing-station and cemetery ran the road, more often than not a mere ribbon of dark brown mud, bounded by more mud.

A duck-board track leads from the road to the dug-out where the wounded receive attention. As we stand at the entrance of this, that peculiar broken step, soon to become

so familiar, breaks upon our ears, and two mud-stained bearers come into view carrying a stretcher upon which lies prone the figure of a man. The stretcher is placed upon the trestles, and we come forward to make the necessary examination. There is a huge flesh wound in the thigh; the bone, too, is broken, but not so the spirit of the mud-spattered, shell-shattered lad who lies there so pale, but so plucky. Seven days, he tells us, he lay in a shell-hole with that mutilated limb, his sole provision being a few biscuits and a little rum in a derelict jar.

We do what we can for the comfort of the lad, for he's only a nineteen-year-old boy, a Northumbrian boy, and he's anxious to live for his mother's sake. A father and a brother had gone down with their ship at the Battle of Jutland, two other brothers had been killed in France, and "I want to live," he said, "for I am the only one mother has left." And because we, too, want him to live we do our best, dressing his wounds and making him as comfortable as possible.

He was only with us for perhaps an hour, but this pluck, the total absence of self-pity and the anxious consideration shown by that boy for his mother, sanctified our dressing-room, and made us feel that it was a privilege to do our best for the poor broken chap who came our way. The last we saw of him he was being carried to the ambulance that was to take him on the next stage of his journey, and he smiled brightly in farewell—smiled after seven days and nights in a shell-hole.

I wonder if he lived to bring comfort to his mother in her northern home? I hope so, for his desire for life was so unselfish that he deserved to attain it.

* * * * *

We shared the dressing-station in conjunction with some Tommy ambulance men, who owned a Colonel. He was a fine fellow, but his aristocratic intonation caused us no small amusement. Bear this foible in mind, O reader, as the story unfolds.

The Colonel had a cook but no cookhouse, so he instructed two orderlies to erect some sort of shelter on a small piece of level ground under the lee of the hillside. There was not a stick of wood or sheet of iron to be found for miles around, and at last the unfortunate men were forced to report that, owing to lack of material, they were unable to carry out the order.

The Colonel was annoyed. He said:

"Oh! you can't find any material, can't you? Well, there are some Anzacs over there—I'll ask them if they can help me."

He called out to one of our boys: "You're Anzac, aren't you?"

By sheer good luck he addressed Jack H——, our carpenter, the one man who could help him. Jack admitted that he was a New Zealander.

"Well, look here, my good fellow. I wish you'd help me. I want a bit of a shelter erected for my cook; my men say they can't find any material. Do you think you could do the job for me?"

Jack replied that he would do his best, and in about an hour a very creditable little erection of timber,

roofing iron, and sandbags was completed.

The Colonel was delighted. Calling to him the men he had ordered to do the job, he said :

" There ! I thought the Anzacs would manage it for me. Orderly, bring me a bottle of rum."

The rum arrived, and the orderly inquired if he should draw the cork.

" Damn it all, yes ! " was the reply. " What in the devil's the good of a bottle of rum to an Anzac if the cork's not drawn ? " Then, turning to some of his own men who had gathered round, he continued : " These Anzacs are fine fellows. They're devils to swear, they're devils to drink, but they're devils to work also."

Had he only known he might have added another tribute. The material for the cookhouse had been pinched from off his own dug-out.

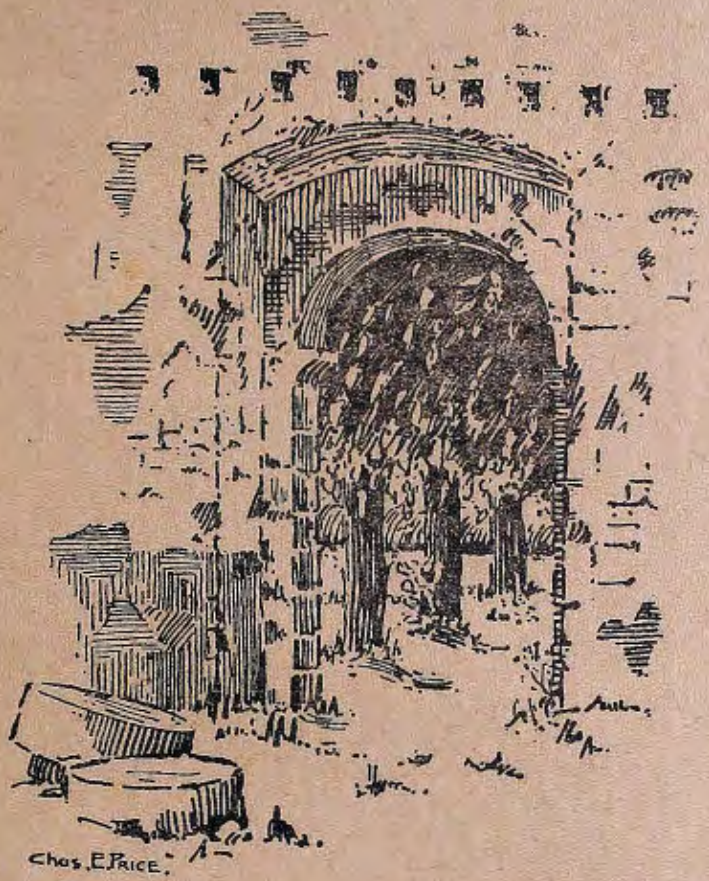
* * * * *

One drab September day I stood on the hillside near the dressing-station, and espied a little procession wending its way toward me. In the lead walked a khaki-clad padre, and with him a piper playing a lament upon his pipes. Immediately behind them came six men of a Highland regiment, bearing on their shoulders a rough coffin, in which lay the body of their officer, who had been killed in action the previous day. Behind these, again, walking with bowed heads and reverent mien, came some twenty Highlanders, wending their way to the little cemetery opposite to pay the last tribute to their respected dead.

The procession filed slowly through the gateway, and the men grouped themselves around a pathetically new-dug grave. In a clear, far-carrying voice the padre read the simple service of the Presbyterian Church ; then, while the piper played a lament that winged my fancy to the heather-clad hills of Scotland, each mourner in his turn stepped to the head of the grave, saluted with becoming dignity, and passed on.

Near by were two batteries of sixty-pounders. Scarcely had the service concluded, and even while the shrill lament of the pipes still rent the air like Rachel weeping for her children and refusing to be comforted, these monsters spoke, and hurled forth thunderbolts at their far distant target. It was a very fitting salute to the dead Highland gentleman who had contributed his life to the cause of Righteousness.

R. G. H.



THE BROKEN PORTAL, NEUVE ÉGLISE, BELGIUM

NEW ZEALAND FATIGUE PARTY AFTER HALF-AN-HOUR'S WORK!

Driver (who has jumped from lorry to seek safety in dug-out): "Lor' lumme, Bill! I left her in gear!"

War Friends

DIGGER and cobber, mate and chum—
Who says there's nothing in a name?
Friends who adown my pathway come,
And pass as quickly as they came;
They who have faced the fume and flame,
And marched with me to beat of drum,
Have taught the meaning of the name,
Digger and cobber, mate and chum;
But when they're far away, or dumb,
And lapsing memory I blame,
This page shall ever guard the sum
Of those who helped me play the game—
Digger and cobber, mate and chum;
Indeed there's something in a name.

H. S. B. R.

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PRIVATE PURIPEEF

"Plenty Kai up there!"