NEW ZEALAND AT THE FRONT 1918

& COMPANY, LTD.

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Nov. 23-11-15.

NEW ZEALAND AT THE FRONT
1918

PRESENTED

TO

THE CORPS OF ROYAL NEW ZEALAND ENGINEERS

by

Mr C.P. Elder

on

21 June 1982

Received by the Corps Curator

NEWS FROM A FAR COUNTRY

Drawn by Private F. H. Cumberworth

New Zealand At the Front 1918

Written and Illustrated by
Men of the New Zealand
Division

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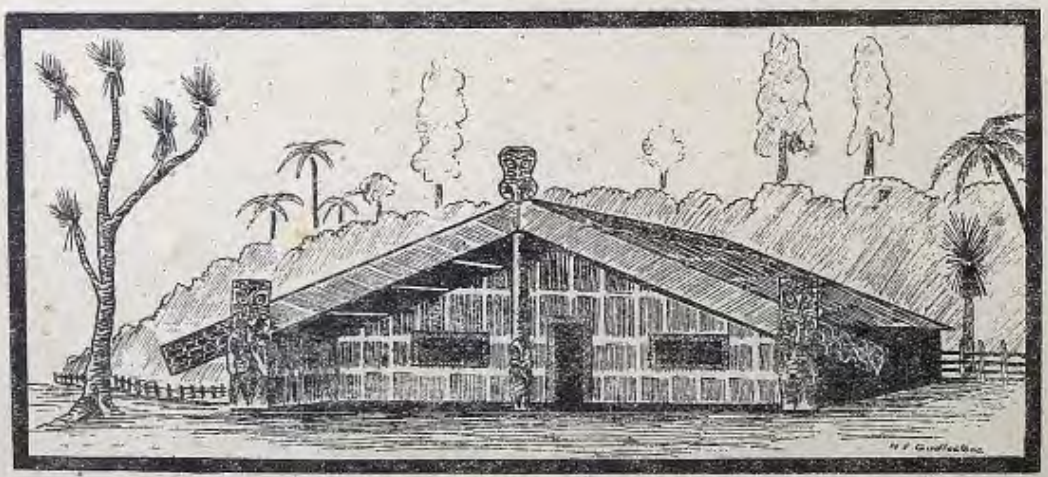


Drawn by Sergt. Girdlestone

GOING UP

By Corporal J. F. Cumming

EDITOR'S NOTE

THE success of the Christmas Magazine produced by the New Zealand Division last year was so pronounced, and it was so favourably reviewed in the British Press, that we have ventured to publish another volume this year.

With due modesty we think we may safely claim that the new book is an improvement upon the old. Officers and men have loyally responded to the call for "copy," and, as was the case last year, much more was received than could be used.

When it is remembered that this book is the work of the men of but one Division, representing a small Dominion of only a million people all told, and that by far the greater part of it has been written and drawn under fire during the most critical stage of the War, allowances will no doubt be made for its imperfections.

It is no small undertaking in the 1,462nd day of the War to print twenty thousand copies of such a book. In one sense it is indeed a weighty production, for the issue tips the beam at ten tons! We can only express the hope that our readers will find it somewhat lighter than will the officials at the Post Office.

The Editor takes this opportunity, on behalf of the General Officer Commanding the Division, to thank all who have assisted in compiling a memento that will be welcomed, and perhaps treasured, by relatives and friends in "The Land of the Long White Cloud." Many of the contributors, especially the artists, worked under disadvantages, but they worked cheerfully. Some there were who, offered a few days' respite from the firing-line to write or draw, preferred to remain at their posts.

Editor's Note

One of our artists, whose modesty is equalled only by his bravery and his skill, not only refused the proffered respite, but, instead, went out and raided an enemy post! In the exploit he was wounded by a German bomb, and, this giving him the necessary leisure to do further sketches, the book is the richer for his adventure. Several have sent their contributions from the cots on which they were lying in hospitals. Some there are, alas! who have drawn their last picture, written their last verse. Peace be with them!

Once again the Editor has to apologise for the temerity with which he has undertaken operations upon several of the Children of Fancy submitted for his inspection. Here he has lopped off a limb; there he has added a foot. For the massacre of certain innocents, "done in" in cold blood, he craves pardon.

Already in the silent watches of the night there have come to him visions of a platoon of disappointed Spring Poets, laden with retributive bombs, implacably marching upon the palatial dug-out in which he "swings the lead." Should these dreams come true he knows full well that his only hope of life will lie in promptly putting up his hands and crying "Kamerad!"

WRITTEN IN PICARDY ON
AUGUST 4, 1918.

COMING BACK

Drawn by Corporal J. F. Camming

THE TOAST

HERE'S to all our valiant sons
Who to War went fighting,
Married men and single ones,
In the crash delighting.
Here's to first and last to go,
Gen'rous in their giving;
Here's to all who fought the foe—
Dead as well as living.

Here's to King and private too,
In one cause united,
Lifted by the larger view
That in War we sighted.
Here's to all who sailed the seas,
Such a brave front showing;
Drink we not to vain degrees—
Glorify the Going.

H. S. B. R.

Drawn by Sergeant Girdlestone

New Zealand at the Front, 1918

Back Areas

IT is a mistake to imagine that Northern France is all flat; it isn't nearly as flat as parts of England; and, though the hills rise up to no great height, the winding forest-clad roads afford here and there glimpses of little red-tiled brick houses nestling together in some small hollow with a grey stone church pointing its spire heavenwards—a typical village for these parts.

Sometimes a whole countryside presents itself bright green, save for the little red clumps, and all divided up by the blue streams and shining pools with which it abounds; and with little dusty, whitey-brown roads running in and out at all sorts of angles, giving the view rather the appearance of a complicated jig-saw puzzle.

Then there are the windmills—great stone mills, with their four huge sails either whirling rapidly round or fixed in a St. Andrew's cross. They and the poplars form the finest landmarks for many miles.

The house I am living in now is part of a scattered little village, situated, as always, at a cross-roads, with the main street lined with houses on both sides, and its less successful rival with a few poorer houses dotted along here and there towards the next village. At the cross-roads there is the inevitable estaminet—in this case it goes under the pretentious title of "Le Soleil Luit Sur Ton Debit de Boisson." Opposite to it is the village store, with its narrow, dirty windows, crammed with everything from candles and

chocolate to packets of tape, postcards, and the invariable "Bijou Fix"; also, I grieve to relate, a few tins of "bulla bœuf," bearing witness to the temptation and fall of someone in the ration line. French villagers have a lot to learn in window-dressing. The Belgæ usually sell little or nothing save stale chocolate, coffee, soap, bootlaces, souvenir handkerchiefs, and very dubious postcards *pour Tommi*. There are no young men anywhere; only very old men, or small boys; all

"More nearly resembles a pantomime donkey"

are at the war, restoring the Boche to his proper place in the animal kingdom.

Down the winding, dusty road comes an old farm wagon, pulled by a mysterious animal that has at one time been a horse, but now more nearly resembles a pantomime donkey. . . . *Madame la fermière*, plump and smiling, urges it on its toilsome way; for to-day is market day, and all the butter and eggs must be got rid of somehow, in order that Petit Jean and Marie may not go hungry. Madame is in deep mourning; Jean and Marie are all in black too. A lot of people are, in France.

A few minutes later comes another vehicle—traffic is brisk this morning, *n'est ce pas?* This resolved itself into a portly old gentleman, sitting astride a beer cask. He is rather like a respectable Bacchus. The cask is in a cart, and the cart is drawn by a team of three dogs. It is a single-rein contrivance, and how it is managed I don't know.

There has been a regular April shower outside for the last two or three hours; it has now cleared, but there is a lot of water going to waste in pools in the manure heap. Why do all well-conducted French houses have a manure heap in the middle of the courtyard? It seems most awfully insanitary, and yet the children are strong enough. It's really, I suspect, a case of the survival of the fittest in early life. Anyhow, the old man and the boys are industriously opening up a channel through the said midden, with a view to letting the water out into the duck pond. The cows drink from the duck pond; it's an example of the fact that, in nature, nothing is wasted!

Madame, by the way, does not keep an estaminet; she merely sells all kinds of liquor. The rule seems to be that if you have an estaminet you sell beer with a permit; if you haven't, you sell anything else *without* a permit. It is quite simple really, but a little confusing just at first.

The house inside is very comfortable, with all sorts of small rooms grouped round and leading into one large one. The number of rooms leading into one another in a French house is rather bewildering till one gets used to it. Win-

dows are all of one type—small bay, opening inwards and sideways, with a frilly curtain arrangement in front, and closed by bar levers.

Besides the two old people, this family consists of Georges, aged about sixteen; Jean, fourteen; and Rosina, thirteen. On week-days they look commonplace enough; but on Sundays—*Mon Dieu! Papa* and *Maman* are always quietly and neatly dressed. In black, did you say? Yes, of course. Rosie has that characteristic of all French girls—what she wears suits her. But the boys! Picture a long, gawky, loose-limbed youth, who looks well enough in an old shirt and blue pantaloons, arrayed in his Sunday finery—brown boots and rather loud socks, little of the latter visible because of trousers that are much too long, and hang in a series of ungraceful curves down each leg; a starched white shirt and white collar, with a thin knitted blue tie that has a tendency to creep up about his ears; a coat of different material from the trousers, and looking like an unsuccessful compromise between a dress coat and a dinner jacket, with a large yellow flower in the buttonhole thereof; a bowler hat set jauntily on the back of a head crowned with sleek hair; the inevitable rattan cane in hand; and a cigarette, the gift of some confiding Tommy, in mouth—*et voilá tout!*

Petit Jean has just come to my window to sharpen a fearsome-looking knife on an ancient grindstone that stands against the wall, and, casually, to beg the loan of a cigarette. From the age of five, all French boys smoke cigarettes. The Belgian boy, on the other hand, seems to derive more solid comfort from a pipe.

Everyone is very friendly, and everything is very pretty and very peaceful—except for the hammering of the distant guns. I wonder why God made Germans? Was it because He had material over that had to be used up somehow? If so, the pity is that He did not turn it into snakes and crocodiles and wolves. It may have been a question of economy, for the Hun combines the characteristics of the lot.

JIM DIGGER.

"It is a single-rein contrivance, and how he manages it I don't know"

COLINCAMPS

1914

THE cherry trees were all in bloom,
The elms in green arrayed,
As I went down by Colincamps,
Where merry children played;

And in the fields the corn in ear,
And all the world so gay,
As I went down by Colincamps,
Upon a day in May.

1918

The cherry trees were bruised and torn,
The fields were pitted brown,
As I went down by Colincamps,
That once had been a town.

The shattered houses stood awry,
No children now were seen,
As I went down by Colincamps—
Where Colincamps had been.

MALCOLM ROSS.

THE BIG AND THE SMALL

When you first arrive in France a Military Policeman looks about this size

But this is the size he looks after you have been through your first "Big Push"

Drawn by Private George Prain

THE INFANTRYMAN

THE modern Infantryman is a product, or rather a phenomenon, of the present World conflict. He has been well described as a thing to hang other things on. He possesses many attributes, and the combined characteristics of the pack-mule, the navvy, the scullery-maid, the builder, the drainer, the fencer, the cable-layer, the bomber, the Lewis-gunner, the grenadier and the rifleman.

He drills like an automaton, attacks and repels attacks, withstands bombardments, raids and is raided, and patrols by night in No Man's Land. He has nerves of steel and a stomach of iron. He lives in a hole in the ground, and subsists on the roughest of food, or on no food at all if occasion demands, though doubtless he could eat and drink like the ordinary human being if put to the test.

He walks long distances, carries heavy weights without fatigue, submits to impositions without complaint, thrives on bad weather, and generally can exist under any possible or impossible conditions without deterioration. He is truthful, virtuous, and decidedly docile. He is even obedient. In short, he is a treasure of general utility, goodness, and domesticity, and, at the conclusion of the war, should be a very useful person for a woman to have about the house.

J. O'GRADY.

THE TIRED GUNNER

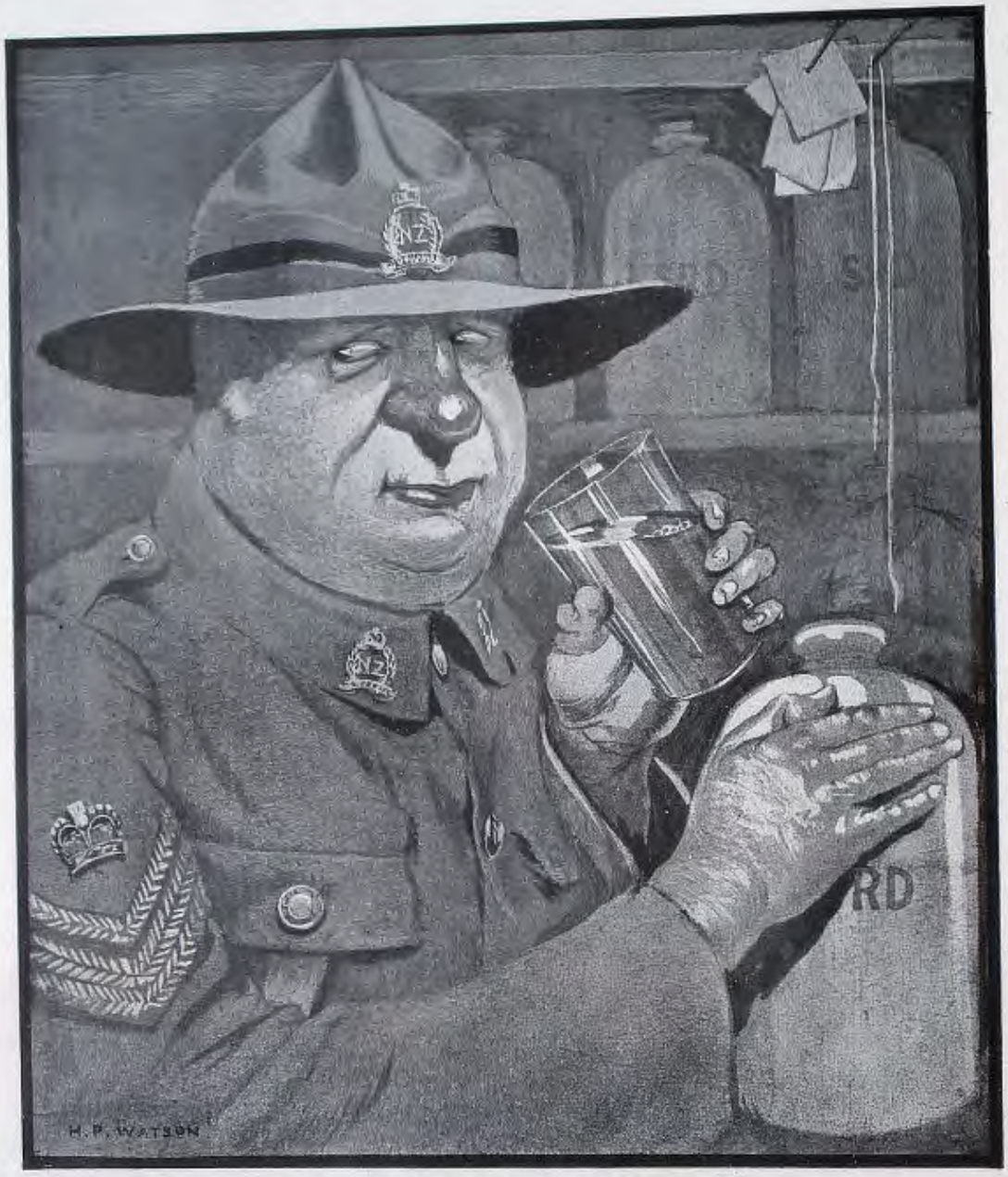
(After Longfellow)

HE shot a shell into the air,
It fell, alas, he knew not where,
And, being tired, he didn't care—
He knew that it must fall somewhere.

The shell soon landed from the air,
And caught poor Fritz within his lair,
Dismembering him beyond repair—
But still the gunner didn't care!

D. B.

The Modern Infantryman: "A thing to bang things on"
Drawn by Private J. O'Grady



"The spirit of the troops is excellent"

Drawn by Private H. P. Watson

ANZAC: A REVERIE

ELEVEN-THIRTY P.M. My tour at the 'phone connecting us with Brigade will soon be over. The night is quiet save for the drip of a soft rain on the Orderly Room roof and an occasional *boop-boop* from east of Ypres. To-morrow we go back to the line.

I have just finished Masefield's "Gallipoli," a powerful and sober narrative. Its reading has given me very considerable pleasure and yet a certain sense of disappointment. It contains, to my mind, the impressions of an acute and sympathetic observer from the outside, not the family records, so to speak, written with inside knowledge. It is a picture of Gallipoli from the beaches, not from the ridges and plateaux. Surely some member of the wonderful family at Anzac will one day find leisure to reconstruct in a not unworthy form the manner of life lived there. Conceivably this has been done already. An intimate, detailed and truthful revelation might in literary art fall far short of a book like Tolstoy's "Sebastopol" and yet prove a document valuable enough in supplementing official histories to justify publication.

Gallipoli. . . . The day is scarce broken, but we can descry the slopes running up to Achi Baba and the ships lying off Helles. That dull thud-thud is the bombardment for the 29th Division. Nearly ten eventful days were to be spent up at Anzac before we made further acquaintance with Helles. Then we rushed down, crammed in destroyers, and landed one chilly morning and marched up past the wire entanglements and the demolished fortresses and guns. We rested in a grove behind a French 75 Battery for a day or two prior to the action of May 8th. I see again the advance in artillery formation over uplands studded with the enormous shrapnel of the *Elizabeth*, the brusquely-interrupted tea and the race over the paddock next to the "Daisy Patch" with one or two of us dropping in the machine-gun fire. The red-roofed farm and the red poppies stand out brightly in the foreground, and Krithia is a dull greyish-brown blur behind them. I remember how none of us knew our objective, and how some at least of the officers were as uninformed. Our own officer's request for instructions was answered by an unsatisfactorily laconic "Advance on Krithia!" The whole of that operation was unhappy so far as we were concerned. The ground taken could, it appeared, have been occupied at night without a single casualty. The precious rum was lost. The episode ended in a nightmare relief by dazed troops who had even less experience than ourselves. "Are ye aall dead men here?" But it

was before Krithia that we saw the most spectacular sight of the war; wave after wave of Australians across the nullah on our right doubling forward in beautiful order and extension. From the Apex in August we looked down on the charge of the English Yeomanry up Anafarta way. But that was too distant and too soon veiled by shrapnel smoke and dust to make the same appeal to the senses.

We were hurried back to Anzac for the grand Turkish attack. But, made as it was without artillery preparation or support, it had already been effectually smothered. Their black, swollen dead we helped to bury on the Armistice Day, when we found also, and were just able to recognise, not a few of our own Battalion, who had been killed on the 25th beyond the line finally consolidated. In those early days Anzac was everywhere green and covered with thickish scrub. On the northern beach front the clearing of it to get a field of fire was exceedingly hard work, which was not in fact completed before the famous false alarm of massed platoons of Turks advancing from No. 2 Outpost. On Walker's Top we were enormously impressed after our return from Helles by the difference from its appearance on the 2nd of May when we had crawled through the tangled undergrowth. It had been felled by the incessant machine-gun and rifle fire as effectively as by a thousand axes. On the slopes and in the valleys it was chopped down for firewood and sapper materials. By the end of June, what with this clearance of the brushwood, and the making of terraces for "bivvies," and the construction of roads and tracks, Anzac had become practically bare. From the sea or the islands it was a small white patch amid the green: in the daytime rather unsightly, but at night the innumerable lights from the shelters perched against the hill faces twinkled a hospitable welcome to arriving vessels.

From these hill faces we used to see very remarkable sunsets: purple masses of cloud with illuminated fringes, reddish-yellow sun, opalescent waters, and the beautiful clear-cut peaks of Samothrace and Imbros. Lemnos was hidden to the south, with its memories of landing practices and April flowers, peculiarly attractive after the Desert, and National Anthems played each réveillé by ships' bands. We went there again, a very sick and depleted Brigade, for a month's spell in September, and were nursed back to strength (unforgettable memory) with eggs and stout, and did some little training, and experienced the *Aragon* superciliousness and the horsemanship of French Admirals, and climbed the higher hills and bathed in the delicious Turkish hot baths at Thermos. On Lemnos also we had a week's spell in June, of which I remember little but a practice night attack, a swim in a rough, pebbly sea, a Gargantuan meal on board a monitor, and the purchase of some terrible scented brandy from a painted, middle-aged, much too good-looking Greek peasant woman.

Towards the end of May we took over Quinn's Post from the Australians. At dawn on the day of relief Quinn himself had been shot dead, standing erect on the parapet to direct a counter-attack against a Turkish assault. We passed a heap of about 30 Australian and Turkish dead on the

way up the hill. In Quinn's the Company did as a rule 24 hours in and 24 hours out, and occasionally got a so-called spell in Canterbury Gully, where we sweated at labour on mule tracks, saps, roads and terraces for the accommodation of the English troops. In the comparative absence of shell fire—only one small gun used to shell Quinn's—the trench garrison was adequate to do all maintenance work. There were three clearly marked periods of occupation, the first when ascendancy belonged to the enemy, the second when it was in dispute, the third when it had passed definitely to us. In the first period life was trying enough, and we later often blessed the Turks' lack of enterprise, for on that narrow col he could then have swarmed over us without much difficulty, and pushed us down the hill and made Pope's and the upper end of Monash's Gully untenable. At that time, too, his snipers commanded the whole place with admirably constructed loop-holes. Our miserable periscopes, little bits of glass in a notched stick, were shot to pieces, and many a bloody nose and worse was caused by their shivered fragments. His bombs were incomparably better than ours. Our sentries used to stand in the front saps with filled sandbags or old greatcoats at their feet to throw on his bombs and ready themselves to dodge behind a traverse. One of the many grim stories of Quinn's was of an Australian narrating his cobber's difficulties with a jam-tin bomb. "'Wheugh. . . . Burn, you bastard! Wheugh. . . . Burn, you bastard! . . .' And it burned and blew his . . . head off. . . . God! I did laugh!" At the widest on either flank the trenches were 40 yards apart, and they curved forward in a bow to within a few feet of each other in the centre. An old sap, dating from the first days of the fighting, connected them. This was blocked by sandbags, into which a nervous Turkish sentry used at night to smack a bullet every two minutes or so—*phut . . . phut*. That little sullen noise became very familiar and in an odd way friendly, and it above everything else remains associated in my mind with the second period, the struggle for superiority. Eventually the periscope rifle shut up the loop-hole. Our mine galleries, planned with all the skill of the West Coast, checkmated the Turks below ground. In the bombing contest we acquired gradually the upper hand and set their blockhouses on fire. I can still hear the shrieks of some poor devil stung by one of our bombs: "Allah, Allah!" horrible enough, though not so heartrending as the "Stretcher-bearer! Stretcher-bearer!" of the Otago wounded lying out on the "Chess-Board" beyond help, nor so ghastly as those screams of the disembowelled Turk sentry that pierced the silence and darkness of Sasli Beit Dere in the night advance in August. "Old King Cole" himself, whose swarthy arm and great shoulder would flash for a second above the Turkish parapet to lob over a bomb, disappeared from our ken. Demonstrations with bursts of fire, dummies, and bugle-calls, if they yielded no direct result, served to keep enemy nerves on the rack. Quinn's altogether became an unhealthy place for the Turk. His garrison, we were told, was drawn from volunteers, whose reward, if privates, was an N.C.O.'s stripe. Finally when the erection of bomb-proof netting solved the famous problem of the degree of elasticity in

the sentry positions—the " swing in the line " of a noteworthy pow-wow—life became appreciably less full of thrills. The smells, lice and flies, however, multiplied. Once, when the wind was favourable, the Turk conceived the idea of sniping the huddled, swollen bodies in No Man's Land to release foul gases for our discomfort. But we threw kerosene and kindled bundles of tow out on them and so burned them. Every excavation, however, unearthed old latrines or rubbish pits or corpses. That dead man's hand in the sap wall, twisted in grisly jest to emphasise the arrow on the notice board—was he one of ours or a Turk? In the parching heat of summer the sea shimmering far below was a tantalising sight. It was a relief to crawl into the cool, dark " bivvie " where the signallers tested every fifteen minutes their line to Quinn's Headquarters: " That you, Kew Pip? . . . No. 4 O.K.! "

Very different was the life in November and December on Cheshire Ridge. Instead of a view, through a periscope, of filthy sandbags that were almost within touching distance, one looked up freely at Chunuk Bair on whose slopes we had watched in August the Turkish masses melt away under shell fire and our machine-gun fire, and the survivors in ones and twos double back over the sky-line, hunched up but still clutching their rifles—which was not always what we saw in Gallipoli failures. It was now seamed with trenches. Below us was the ruined Farm, and the well with its thick rushes screening a pile of dead. Away in the distance beyond Hackney Wick was Anafarta and the W and Chocolate Hills, and, to the left, over Hill 60, Suvla Bay. Our snipers had absolute command of the Farm defences. It was here that we first saw a telescopic rifle. As the Sniping Corporal laid his man low with it—and he rarely wounded—his epitaph never varied: " That's for keeps! " The air was wholesome, the trench surroundings clean; we had plenty and varied food, and health was excellent. The contrast between the old Anzac trenches and these new ones was striking. The meticulous cleanliness of the Light Horse positions, and the grottoes and arches of the 4th Australian Brigade in Aghyll Dere were things to marvel at. The ridge itself could be swept by shrapnel from the W Hills. At first, however, men would congregate there and play two-up, and N.C.O.'s would issue water and rations there, and draw fire. Then the Colonel would stride out through the shrapnel and brandish his famous Rhododendron cudgel and cry, to the delight of all his audience: " Get off that b—— ridge! The next N.C.O. that issues water there, I'll break him, by God I will, as sure as my name's . . . ! " Later we were still occasionally shelled, but a deep tunnel was proof against much heavier weight of metal than was ever actually employed. Turkish patrols sometimes visited us, and sometimes there were false alarms, when it was not pleasant in rainy weather to slither to one's post up steep, greasy saps. Duckboards were unknown in Gallipoli, and there was, anyway, no timber from which to make them.

Apart from such occasional incidents, life on the whole was the normal life of trench warfare as lived in France. But there were differences. The great characteristic of Anzac was that one never got away from the war. One could be sniped or shelled at the beach

or even at sea. There were no pleasant back villages, no estaminets, no women, and, for the greater period of our stay, no canteens, nor tents, nor huts, nor Y.M.C.A. institutions. If we had no gas and no shell-fire to speak of, we had, on the other hand, for months, no fresh meat, no bread, no vegetables, no milk. The C.Q.M.S. was sent once or twice to fetch extras from Imbros. Tobacco was not to be bought except from the warships. Firewood soon became scarce and many risks were accepted in No Man's Land to procure it. Water was transported in barges from the islands and was infinitely precious. One cupful did for washing, shaving and teeth-cleaning. What a luxury it was then to bathe in the sea. Neither stinking dead mules nor Beachy Bill worried us unduly, but fluent were the curses on the Rhododendron snipers, who eventually restricted bathing to the hours of darkness and twilight. Every effort was made to clear the confined area of the dead and of refuse of all descriptions, and the strictest sanitary measures were rigorously enforced. But much of the ground inside our lines as well as No Man's Land was for long inaccessible owing to Turkish fire, and flies bred in millions. Under such conditions latrines naturally came to play an important part in the life at Anzac. No book on that Great Adventure would be complete without a chapter devoted to them, to the efforts of disease-weakened men to reach them betimes, to the bivouacking beside them, to the number of good fellows sniped at them.

From the drab routine some days and nights stand out in one's memory in sharp relief. Once more we watch from the deck the Australian supports clambering to the ridges and pass immature professional criticisms on their formations, and jeer in assumed indifference at the spouting columns of water alongside. We lower ourselves into the pinnace. A sergeant gets hell for leaving an artillery flag behind. At the sandy spit we jump into breast-deep water. The platoon heaps its packs together. It has no orders. It follows a company of another unit half-way up the hill afterwards known as Russell's. It is then recalled, and split up into ammunition carriers. The majority of those stayed voluntarily or were compelled to stay, in the unorganised, not disorganised, firing-line, and dribbled back from it only some days later. Others, those of us who remained in reserve on Plugge's Plateau never saw again. The night was wet and cold, but we salved great-coats from Australian packs. The din of machine-gun and rifle fire never ceased, and at times swelled to a roar much exceeding anything of the kind I have ever heard in France. That continuous stream of lead might not have been expended by seasoned troops, but ours must have harassed Turkish communications and done much to save the situation. Wounded poured back, some heroic in their suffering, others bringing the alarmist reports we had not yet learned to discount. . . .

Once more I live through the muddle and inevitable failure of the "Chess-Board" operation. We crawl out to the Neck on an impossible errand. Then we drop over into the blackness of the gully: "Four fingers right of the moon!" Later, I see us standing in shallow trenches piled with dead. The Destroyers' shells pitch just ahead of us. At dawn we receive orders to

retire, and turn to face the hail of bullets from the machine-guns in our rear in German Officer's Trench. The rest of that disastrous day we dig opposite Pope's with lion-hearted Australians. On the other side of the valley wounded and dead lie here and there. The machine-guns ever and again pass with cruel precision from one body to another. Where they miss, sharp spurts of dust leap up from the brown, sun-baked earth. From Courtney's and the concealed machine-gun emplacements in the Lovers' Walk at Quinn's, I used to look up at that bare shoulder where the trenches criss-crossed so thickly. We ought to have got it and held it. . . .

Once more I am in the forward sap of Quinn's and top the bags in an eventful raid, jump into the darkness of the Turkish trench, and help to send in the terrified prisoners. Sappers explore and damage the enemy's mine galleries. We establish blocks and reverse the parapets. Our positions, however, are packed too tightly. At daybreak we find ourselves enfiladed by machine-guns from either flank, and are forced back to our original line with heavy casualties by that fire and by superior bombing. Our first experience of the comparative ease of gaining ground and the difficulty of holding on to it. . . .

It is again night, but now we are advanced guard to the Battalion in the attack on Chunuk Bair. The guides' knowledge fails them, and for weary hours we move up and down intricate and entangled gullies. Then I see us crawling up precipitous clay faces and dragging ourselves wearily up through the scrub on Rhododendron. The precious hours of darkness are over and our task uncompleted. The sun's circle creeps up over Battleship Hill and brings with it machine-gun fire from the ridges in front and shrapnel from Anafarta. . . . We look astonished at the armada of ships in Suvla Bay. I see again the Tommy lying wounded on the hillside. We mean to send a patrol at dusk to bring him in, but are detailed to dig new advanced trenches and forget him. The bulk of that party were 5th Reinforcements who had landed that morning and received a gruelling baptism in the Beach Sap. I remember how, as we crept into No Man's Land, we cursed the rattling of their mess-tins—what the devil did they want their mess-tins for?—and their questions as to the lie of the Turkish trenches. I remember how I shook a three-days-old corpse when our job was done and told it to come in. . . .

On the last night of all we patrol stretches of lonely trenches, desultorily sniping at the flashes of Turkish rifles by the Farm, and listening to the hammering of wire pickets in No Man's Land in anticipation of our Christmas Day attack. "A" and "B" parties slip away successfully. The central machine-gun fires a long burst as a signal for its section's departure. Only the handful of "C" party is left now. And we know that the evacuation has been a success. We leave at 2.15 A.M. We let loose the donkeys. We adjust the barbed wire gate to block the path down the dere, incidentally shutting in two belated Wellingtonians. Then we trotted steadily down to the beach, where we met the Mounteds' rearguards stealing in from Hill 60 way. At the extemporised straw-covered piers everything worked swiftly and smoothly. In contrast with previous nights, when the

very tightly packed bargefuls had baaed like sheep in pens, roll-call was taken in a business-like sobriety, and we filed silently on to the barges. At Suvla a tremendous conflagration lit up the hills. Anzac was absolutely dark except for a pin-prick of light that directed the ships' guns, the candle-lights left purposely burning in the "bivvies," and a sheet of flame that leapt up on Walker's Top as the Australians exploded a final mine. The Turks replied by a rattle of musketry fire, and as we drew out to the transports we heard for the last time the *plup-plup* of the "overs" burying themselves in the water.

At Anzac one would meet Indian mule-drivers leading in single file their pack mules loaded with ammunition or water-tins up the steep winding tracks, Indian mountain battery teams, most cheerful of gunners, detachments of English troops curiously small and boyish in appearance, Ghurkas—I remember numbers of these limping in with frost-bitten feet after the December storm—sailors who made fortunes out of eggs and condensed milk, and occasionally rare birds like Italian officers or black-cloaked peasant refugees from the Peninsula. Later on, too, there were Dago labourers at the Beach. But the whole place remained predominantly Australasian. Its original settlers looked on it as their personal property, and were half disposed to regard the urgently needed reinforcements as claim-jumpers. With the Australians, between whom and us there had been bad blood enough in Cairo, an alliance of brotherhood was forged during those April and May weeks which has, despite present separation, remained unshaken.

In those early day everyone had much to learn. Our acquaintance with interior economy and administration was still rudimentary. And in tactics, sniping, patrolling, bombing, and field engineering the Turks showed themselves at the outset indisputably more proficient. To say nothing of strategical and tactical omissions in the landing operation, the way we allowed them to rush their trenches across the plateaux, the enterprises at Krithia and the Chess-Board, and so on, were all dearly-bought lessons in experience. Is the story of the Wire at Courtney's and the Little Dog of the Neutral Battery still remembered? Adaptability, however, was a leading Anzac characteristic, and we learned fast and solidly, and even outstripped in time our Turkish teachers. The charge of lack of discipline sometimes brought against the Anzacs was based on misunderstanding. Efficiency and courage always ensured discipline. Men who had never said "Sir" in their lives or obeyed another man's command gave unquestioning obedience to a competent superior. But they saluted capability and character rather than stars and badges. They had many of them been masters of men and owned property; they were, if not much older, much maturer and much more used to independence than the English troops. They had roughed it in every wild part of Australasia. The proportion of adventurous spirits was noticeably higher than in the later reinforcements. They were indeed by no means lambs, and had in their ranks a fair number of dare-devil "hard-cases." The Peninsula vocabulary was notorious. Typical was the remark on a phrase in a Cabinet Minister's congratulations on the landing: "We have read with

quivering pulse the account, etc. etc." "When he sees," was the comment, "the . . . casuality (*sic*) list his b—— pulse'll stop altogether!" Reminiscences of Cairo panders' slang were used with the quaintest inapposite-ness. But pre-eminently the word "bastard" passed into common use.

In physique, I imagine, they could have been equalled only by picked Guards. The shorts and armless shirts—economy in those days was not one of their strong points—showed off the solid bronzed limbs to perfection. But it was their moral qualities that stamped them as a race apart, their initiative and personality, their incomparable spirits and élan, as shown, for example, in the rolling cheers that greeted the first feeble rifle-crack at the expiration of the armistice. What won for them immortality was their invariable and all-but-unanimous promptness in answering a call for volunteers for anything anywhere, their eagerness to take any fence without asking what lay on the other side—what the German critic called their "foolhardiness"—their readiness for self-sacrifice, and, later on, their cheeriness, stoicism, and fortitude in face of wounds, hardships, and disease. There was an inevitable sprinkling of unworthy spirits, some of whom had in the training period been full of bluster and high talk. These did not stay long on Gallipoli, but sought refuge and comforts in England or Egypt or New Zealand, where they told laughable lies in newspapers and achieved prominence on anniversaries. But the overwhelming majority, the flower of Australasian youth and manhood—these were, in strength of character as of muscle, men indeed. What could not an experienced Staff do now with an army of such men? What would not an army of such men venture? . . .

There is the sound of my relief's footsteps! Through the window I can see that the rain has stopped and that the sky is clear. The Great Bear stands out conspicuous and friendly. Intermittently comes a distant *boop-boop* from beyond Ypres. To-day we go back to the line. . . .

BUZZER.

ALLIES

Drawn by Driver L. D. Foster

STUNG !

Drawn by Lieut. G. P. Hanna

Tommy General: "Are you an Enginee-ah, or are you one of those Digger fellows?"

Drawn by Corpl. W. F. Bell

STABLES

OF all that means monotony,
From learning dates and tables
To khaki, clink, war-news, the sea,
There's none can cope with Stables.
(It's "Stables"!)
I dread to think of time consumed
In grooming "donks" already groomed . . .
(*Blow Stables!*)

A goodly slice from every day
(You think the poet fables!)
Is simply rubbed and scrubbed away
In those infernal stables.
(Ho!—Stables!)
As in a nightmare here we stand
With idle dandy-brush in hand . . .
(*Blow Stables!*)

When others lay them down to rest
They dream of Mays and Mabels,
But when *we* seek our bunk unblest
We dream we're still at stables.
(Oh! Stables!)
Thro' endless periods of time
We chase imaginary grime . . .
(*Blow Stables!*)

"Come blow the watering bugle." Oh,
How long ere that enables
Poor muleteers to *have* a "blow"
Somewhere outside their stables!
(Yes, Stables!)
And even then we don't get quit
Of the offensive cause of it . . .
(*Blow Stables!*)

"You lead a horse to water, but——"
(You've heard the rest); the babel's
Prodigious, yet they seldom put
Their noses in (Ho, Stables!—
It's Stables!)
And when they get a mouthful, why,
They jerk their foolish heads up high. . .
(*Blow Stables!*)

And let it dribble down your neck!—
You tether them with cables—
They bite them thro'! To mend the wreck
They've made, you pave your stables
(Mule stables!)
With careful bricks; before your back
Is turned, they scratch and root and hack . . .
(*Blow Stables!*)

And in a trice your toil's undone!—
Until some genius labels
"Self-mobile" limber, wagon, gun,
We'll still be doing stables—
(Yes, Stables!)
They fill the blanks of memory;
They typify Eternity!
(*Blow Stables!*)

HAKA.

THE SUSPICIOUS VILLAGER

WE had taken the position without many casualties, had held it for a night, and then marched back into billets. In due course we found ourselves in what we thought to be an abandoned house. John dived for the cellar, and presently emerged with a variety of vegetables and sundry bottles. It occurred to us that the vegetables would be all the better if we had some good flesh or fowl to keep them company. So a patrol was sent out with a view to gaining our second objective. The objective was duly reached, and there were several casualties, but not on our side of the coop.

We had no right in that house, and presently, when our scouts reported the presence of a lieutenant in the offing, despondency gave place to elation.

Just at this stage Harry decided to take the initiative into his own hands. He went to the door and gave the "one-star artist" his best salute.

"What are you men doing here?" demanded the lieutenant.

"Four men and a corporal billeted here, sir," came the prompt reply.

"Oh, very good, then; carry on," commanded the lieutenant as he walked away.

"Situation saved by promptness in taking the initiative!" said Harry.

"Not so sure about that," I remarked, "for, if I'm not mistaken, here comes the owner of the premises."

"The devil!" called someone from the other room, as he got to work to hide the chickens, which were just about half cooked. But he was too late, for at that moment in walked a very agitated "Monsieur."

We responded with a counter-barrage that we took to be mainly interrogatory. But no one understood it.

We responded with a counter-barrage of "Bon jours" and "Très bons" and "Non comprees," but the Frenchman maintained his fire. We feared that he was looking for chickens. When he began to combine gesture with interrogation, and it dawned upon us that he was in search of some garment or household god that he valued, we breathed again, and I hurriedly pitched my Webb equipment into a corner where it conveniently covered a few stray feathers.

The Frenchman wandered from room to room, and we offered him everything from a kapok mattress to a brass candlestick.

None of these things seemed to interest him in the least, and our suspicions were aroused still more.

Further monologue, aided by more deliberate gesticulation, revealed the fact that he was after his overcoat.

"Good Lord!" cried the corporal, who suddenly seemed to lose his cheery optimism.

"Well, what's the matter with that?" we chorused. And someone

added that it was the man's own coat anyhow.

"Yes, I dare say it is," replied the corporal gloomily, "but I used it for wrapping up the feathers and pushed it into a cupboard in the next room!"

Then a bright thought struck us, and we decided to beguile the old man into the upstairs rooms. Two of us kept him company. We offered him in turn a metronome, one of his wife's goloshes, a French Grammar, and a feather duster, the while we simulated ignorance of his just demands.

Meantime the covering party were busy down below, and we heard sounds as of a garment being heavily shaken. A few downy feathers came floating up the stairway. Then silence.

We judged the necessary time had elapsed, so we persuaded our Frenchman to continue his search downstairs, where, strangely enough, the missing coat was found under a pile of old clothes in the cupboard.

Monsieur thanked us politely, and then felt in the pockets. If I were a Frenchman I wouldn't be so suspicious of every Colonial soldier I chanced to meet.

There were still a few lingering traces of fluff clinging to the back of the overcoat, and Monsieur cast a suspicious look at the pot. It had been removed from the stove to minimise, as far as possible, the savoury smell of cooking poultry.

An amused grin spread over the face of the old sport, as, with a "Bon jour, messieurs," he took his departure.

As for us, we sank limply into all the available chairs and the wood box. Afterwards we enjoyed our meal. We reckoned we had earned it.

Then we drank the health of Monsieur in good French wine.

A fortnight later the Battalion got a big bill through the medium of the Claims Department. We paid our share.

On the whole we decided it was worth it. This is a strange war.

C. E. L.

Drawn by Private G. Prain

MINUTES.

When · Armageddon · stays · it's · ruthless · hand,
And · I · return · to · my · dear · native · land,
How · shall · I · then · disport · myself ; · you · ask ,
Will · I · in · some · sweet · verdant · pleasaunce · bask,
Or · shall · I · frequent · local · taverns · pray ,
To · call · to · mind · "La · Bonne · Estaminet" ?

No, No! · I'll · hie · me · to · mine · hut, · Armstrong,
And · place · within · mine · hand · a · pencil · long,
Shut · close · the · door · that · none · may see the light,
And · there · I'll · sit · and · write , and · write, and · write

Sweet · elegies · of · memos, · by · the · score,
Thus , "Passed · to · you · for · action ", · nothing · more ;
And, "Herewith · find · the · documents · in · re ·
The · case · of · number · seven , seven , three,
Who · hath · infringed · a · traffic · regulation
In · passing · by · a · train · when · in · a · station."
Then · I'll · ascend · to · heights · of · rapturous · love,
And · read · a · mandate · from · some · Power · above,
Well · minuted · and · forwarded · just · so,
"You · have · ignored · a · sacred · G·R·O ·,
And · will · a · statement · render · by · return ·
Why · daredst · thou · mine · edicts · so · to · spurn"

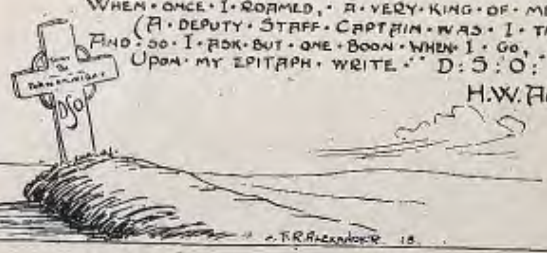
Then · I · shall · type · upon · imag'ry · keys,
A · trite · reply ," O, Sire , on · bended · knees ,
I · swear · to · you ," · O · Highest · Brassèd · Hat ,
I · did · but · give · 'Um' · biscuit · to · 'Un' · cat
That · had · abode · within · mine · office · long ·
And · cheered · me · in · the · night · with · gladsome · song ;
And · in · the · daytime · washed · its · coat · of · silk,
And · even · eaten · Glaxo · 'stead · of · milk.

Yet this poor cat , this animal mark II ,
(Who , sad · to say ," has · since · adorned · a · stew)
Was · given · but · one · biscuit, one, no · more,
And · broken thus was G:R:O:X.A.
But , · pray · Sir ," · this · delinquency · o'erlook ,
For , in · a · moment · of · grave doubt , · the · cook ·
Threw · caution · to · the · winds , · one · Summer · day,
And · issued · to · the · cat · in · lieu · of · 'lait'
One Biscuit, Soldier's , Cracker , Creamy , one.
Sire , · that · was · how · the · awful · deed · was · done.

And · so · I'll · pass · each · hour , · each · day , · each · year ·
In · blissful · ease · · O, Reader · spare · thy · tear
For · I · have · grown · to · love · each · sounding · phrase ,
Each · well · turned · minute · 'minds · me · of · the · days ·

When · once · I · roamed , · a · very · King · of · men,
(A · deputy · staff · Captain · was · I · then.)
And · so · I · ask · but · one · boon · when · I · go,
Upon · my epitaph · write ." · D:S:O:

H.W. Auburn



Drawn by F. R. Alexander

N.Z.F.A. IN FRANCE ——— IN BLIGHTY

Drawn by Gunner P. G. Reid

MINUTES.

When Armageddon stays its ruthless hand,
And I return to my dear native land,
How shall I then disport myself; you ask,
Will I in some sweet verdant pleasaunce bask,
Or shall I frequent local taverns pray,
To call to mind "La Bonne Estaminet"?

No, No! I'll hie me to mine hut, Armstrong,
And place within mine hand a pencil long,
Shut close the door that none may see the light,
And there I'll sit and write; and write, and write

Sweet elegies of memos, by the score,
Thus, "Passed to you for action", nothing more;
And, "Herewith find the documents in re
The case of number seven, seven, three,
Who hath infringed a traffic regulation
In passing by a train when in a station."
Then I'll ascend to heights of rapturous love,
And read a mandate from some Power above,
Well minuted and forwarded just so,
"You have ignored a sacred G.R.O.,
And will a statement render by return
Why daredst thou mine edicts so to spurn"

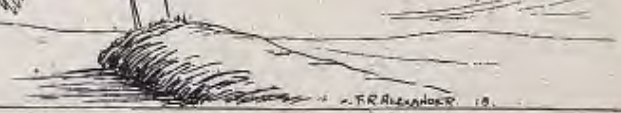
Then I shall type upon imaginary keys,
A trite reply, "O, Sire, on bended knees,
I swear to you," O Highest Brassed Hat,
I did but give 'um' biscuit to 'um' cat
That had abode within mine office long
And cheered me in the night with gladsome song;
And in the daytime washed its coat of silk,
And even eaten 'Glaxo' 'stead of milk.

Yet this poor cat, this animal mark II,
(Who, sad to say, has since adorned a stew)
Was given but one biscuit, one, no more,
And broken thus was G.R.O.: X.A.

But, pray Sir, this delinquency o'erlook,
For, in a moment of grave doubt, the cook
Threw caution to the winds, one Summer day,
And issued to the cat in lieu of 'lait'
One Biscuit, Soldier's, Cracker, Creamy, one.
Sire, that was how the awful deed was done.

And so I'll pass each hour, each day, each year
In blissful ease. O, Reader spare thy tear,
For I have grown to love each sounding phrase,
Each well turned minute minds me of the days
When once I roamed, a very king of men,
(A deputy staff captain was I then.)
And so I ask but one boon when I go,
Upon my epitaph write: D.S.O.

H.W. Auburn



F.R. Alexander 18

Drawn by F. R. Alexander

N.Z.F.A. IN FRANCE ——————— **IN BLIGHTY**

Drawn by Gunner P. G. Reid

Drawn by Lance-Corpl. N. Welch

THE KEY TO CALAIS

(To the Kaiser)

1914

THE Ypres door is bolted, locked, and barred,
Whereby you thought to reach the English Channel;
Marked with your wrath, indented, stained, and charred,
Bearing the mark of Beast on ev'ry panel.
Your Hunnish hordes you urgently command,
Safe in your Menin camp by Lys valley,
To snatch from "mean contemptibles'" clenched hand
The Key to Calais.

Your bloody hands, in impotential rage,
Stooping to deeds Bryce proved were vile and dirty,
Could not besmirch our Army's stainless page,
Nineteen-fourteen, October one-and-thirty,
At Gheluvelt, when, blocking up the breach,
The Worcesters leaped to superhuman rally,
And safely placed beyond your grasping reach
The Key to Calais.

New Zealand at the Front

You thought the Key would be as souvenir
Presented at some festive celebration
To mark your entrance on a lust career,
While Uhlans cheered to German bands' vibration;
You "fêted" were, 'tis true, on Wytschaete crest,
Unceremoniously forced to dally,
And watch Lord French receive as Belgium's guest
The Key to Calais.

1918

We pass from Armageddon's early dates
Till two score weary waiting months are over,
And now, you must admit, you are in straits,
Though very different from the Straits of Dover;
You deemed at Kemmel we had shot our bolt—
Mistaken dreamer duped to rude réveillé—
Blows at the Bailleul back door could not jolt
The Key to Calais.

19—

We cannot tell what purgatorial pain
Deserves your soul when Death yourself may lay low;
Doomed it may be to brood o'er Ypres plain,
Wearing her moonlit moat like martyr's halo;
But, though the Merciful, by special grace,
Your heavy roll of punishment may leaven,
We see St. Peter turning in your face
The Key to Heaven.

H. S. B. Ribbands.

Drawn by Capt. Malcolm Ross

OUR CRACK BATTALION ON PARADE

(*À la* "The Guards")

THE bugler sounds a brisk fanfare, the markers start to march: the Sergeant-Major dresses them, they stand as stiff as starch. The bugler sounds another call and sweet and low and rare, the crisp commands, "Shlope hipe—form fourrrs!" float on the morning air; and then the well-known formula, "T'halt on left form platoon!" and everybody is aware that things will happen soon: for now upon the busy scene, the Regimental's come, and the bright little drummer-boy with his new kettle-drum; and all the nice new Officers are marching up and down, all thinking just the one fond thought, the girls they left in town. At length there comes the sharp "*Fall in!*"—the markers start to fall, but always find their best attempts are subject to recall. At last all things are settled, and the Subs. all in a row: the drummer gives a rat-tat-tat to start the blessed show: all ranks then to attention spring, the drummer starts a roll, and all begin to dance about in manner very droll. The drummer gives a final flam, the men all cease to dance, the Officers look quite relieved, the Sergeants cease to prance. The Regimental now salutes, the Adjutant looks quizzy—it's "Stand at ease!" and "Call the roll!" the Officers get busy: then, "Open ranks!" and "Bayonets fix!" and look at all the brass: "Parade again at half-past six, that rifle will not pass." At last when they have finished (quite), the Adjy. yells "Parade!" and all men feel that here's a man who calls a spade a spade. The Adjy. gives those old commands, "Form fours!" and "Form two deep!" and the actions of the blank file nigh make the Adjy. weep; for then we get that homily which morning, noon and night, the Adjy. thinks will help us, sure, to win this bloody fight. "Keep steady on parade! Stand still! What are you moving for?" And some poor devil mutters low, "He'll win this blooming war." But all things have an end at last—now comes the Great Big Chief: all smartly answering to his "Shun!" the Adjy. breathes relief. The great one says he'll not inspect; the Officers take post, and give commands, and for mistakes the men begin to roast: and marching past the sentry, give "Eyes right!" and then "Eyes front!" and to those wights who're looking on, it seems a funny stunt. The Adjutant goes to his work which Colonels think will keep: all unemployed make for their bunks and then resume their sleep; and o'er the scene there comes a quiet, as after battles won, for everyone has settled down—the day's work has begun.

L. J. MAULE.

GRAND'MÈRE

SHE was my hostess for a month: a little, old, apple-cheeked, kindly Frenchwoman, nearer eighty than sixty.

On my arrival, she welcomed me with coffee and a flood of conversation. She had two sons at the front, as well as Petit Jean, who ardently hoped to become a soldier, but was too young by some ten years; also two married daughters, one of whom had lost her husband on the Somme. She told me seven or eight stories of previous guests, the main point of which seemed to be that, at the end of their stay, they had, one and all, presented her spontaneously with ten or twenty francs! I realised that much was expected, and thought that she was looking well after the main chance. But I was wrong. Grand'mère's only reason for telling these stories, as I found out afterwards, was that she was quite genuinely overcome by such generosity. Every morning I passed through the little living-room on my way to the mess. Invariably the same conversation occurred:

"Bon jour, madame!"

"Bon jour, m'sieu. Vous avez bien dormi?"

"Pas mal, merci, madame. Et vous?"

"Très bien, m'sieu!"

After this enthralling discussion, we parted, and did not, as a rule, meet again till the evening. Then the whole family would assemble, including an old gentleman wearing a smoking cap and a patriarchal beard. To him grand'mère would read the news of the day in a portentous tone. This was listened to, for the most part, in deep silence, broken only by indignant murmurs of, "Ah! les sales Boches," as the latest baby-killing exploit of the gentle Hun was retailed.

"Bon jour, m'sieu"

Drawn by Private G. Prain

Grand'mère has a great spirit, too; her fierce denunciations of the Hun are overwhelming: but she loves all soldiers, especially New Zealanders and Scotsmen.

Grand'mère

The other night the town was bombed, and an agitated crowd gathered in the little room, chattering and excited; but it was grand'mère who quelled the rising terror and restored calm with the confident remark: "Les Boches ne peuvent nous faire du mal: nous avons ici les Néo-Zélandais!" (The Huns can't hurt us: the New Zealanders are here!)

Even little Marie, aged ten, plucked up spirit again after this. Marie is a great souvenir-hunter. She asked me for half-a-franc as a souvenir the other day, and, after much pressing, consented to tell me the reason she needed it. "Pour jouer avec mon frère at 'up she goes'!" They are precocious *les enfants;* and "two-up" rings are not so very uncommon in the land.

Grand'mère is nearly always smiling and happy; so that I was rather taken aback the other night to find her crying softly over a letter. She had just received the news that her eldest son had fallen. I tried as best I could to console her. To my sympathy she returned but one answer: "It is well, m'sieu, it is well. My son died for France; he is not dead, he lives for ever, because he died for his country."

Brave, tender-hearted grand'mère: of a truth she and her like are the Mothers of Men—of the Men who sacrifice all that their country may be free.

BRUCE RAVEN.

EXILE

HIGH up on the hills where a warm wind is blowing,
Wind that sweeps up from a glorious sea,
O'er slopes where the gold of the kowhai is showing,
There, always there, is the strayed heart of me.

Salt spray of the sea and a soft wind that's winging,
Gleam of the gorse and the blue of the bay,
And deep in the valley a tui that's singing
Sweetly his song in the heat of the day.

White sails that skim o'er the waters below,
Silver a curve where a long breaker spills,
Manuka scented and gleaming like snow,
Rata ablaze in a fold of the hills.

O! wind of blue sky! O! spray of blue sea!
Exiled in France is this strayed heart of me.

L. D. F.

TWO RELIEFS

IT was the sector to which we had moved after the attack at Passchendaele, and our Battalion was moving into the line to commence its period of front-line garrison work. The reliefs had to be effected by night, for the long, shell-swept plateau over which the troops had to move was in full view of the ridge opposite, where the Germans lay watchful and cunning, so that dusk was the time fixed for the Battalion to move from the deep mine dug-out and march the five miles which would take us to the trenches. The winter rain and sleet had filled the drains and shell-holes to the brim, and the fields in that portion of Flanders, traversable only when the network of ditches and canals were carefully tended, had become a dismal land of stagnant pools and marshes through the war's neglect and damage.

The first two miles are steadily traversed without delay, for the light serves and the road is solid planking built on rough fillings, and, except for the crowding of motor lorries, limber and pack-horse, is passable travelling.

The Battalion is marching in sections at intervals and the long string of small groups stretches as far as can be seen, threading their way through the traffic.

Occasionally a sighing whistle and a distant crash shows where Fritz is searching the back areas, and sometimes a burst of yellow flame and a deafening crash, coming from nowhere apparently, shows our guns in ready response.

Now we come to the end of the plank road, and leading onwards towards the rising, flickering flares which are now beginning to light the sky, we see a winding duck-walk track straggling up the rise. The boards are sunk in the mud in parts and sometimes a splintered fragment spans a deep shell-hole, but there is no choice of routes, and the long column crawls more slowly and more painfully along the winding track.

Enemy guns have registered the track well, and the shells are becoming more numerous, while now and again we come to a yawning hole, deep, and slowly filling with water, perhaps reeking of sulphur fumes, where one has landed on the track. To cross these holes in daylight would be a difficult task, for the ground has none of its original texture owing to the constant shelling, and to attempt a detour would be disaster, for the laden soldier would sink to the waist.

What, then, does it mean in the darkness? Tired, anxious men floundering and feeling their way one by one across the hole, and a file of figures building up in the darkness, nervously irritable as they curse the delay, or crouch down when a shell falls near and the splinters go humming by.

Two Reliefs

The crackling machine-guns start their song for the night, and the flares burn more brightly, lighting the countryside with weird brilliance, affording a glimpse of a world of sombre pools and torn earth, then giving place to blackest darkness.

In spite of its ghastly frightfulness, the mud is our friend, for the shells, sinking deep, blow skywards like geysers and the deadly splinters fly high and wide, descending with the accompanying shower of mud without great potency for harm.

Perhaps there is a casualty and then you pray to God, if ever you will. You are on an "up" track, and for most of the hours of darkness your unfortunate comrade must lie in the mud until the long stream of toiling men has passed, and then you start your heart-breaking task. To take the rear end of a stretcher bearing a heavy man and stumble blindly for two miles on a track which by day would tax a man's courage and strength—it is an ordeal unsurpassed in the war.

We are now nearing the front line, and instead of the plunging roar of the heavy shell, the sharper report of the field piece projectile startles the new arrival.

At times the vicious whistle of machine-gun bullets sends everyone flat on his face with no heed to slime and wet, and, after a pause, to slowly and angrily continue the trudge.

The last mile, and the slowest and the weariest and the deadliest.

We enter the trenches and take over from the unit therein, and though the front line is merely a narrow, shallow ditch, knee-deep in mud, and the sleeping quarters are ledges on which to sit, it is home after the march in, and with thankful hearts we hear the crackling of the enemy machine-guns overhead.

* * * * *

The weather has changed—we have done our eight days' term and we are relieved to-night. The ground is frozen hard and yesterday's snow covers it with a dazzling white carpet.

The young moon sheds a soft light over the countryside, and our relief has arrived and taken over.

No shell-swept tracks to-night: across country as straight as we care to go, carefully avoiding the batteries which provoke old Fritz, and giving the tracks and dumps a wide berth.

No dreary file; every man finds a track, and after we leave the area of the crackling bullets the chatter and laughter tell of high spirits. We cross a stream, noticeable only because of its level bed of snow, and looking to our left we see against the sky the outline of the Crucifix, symbol of consecration, which marks ground more accursed than any I know—behind it the round outline of the "butte" mound.

Fritz is quiet to-night, but on that crest where the track lies the flash and sound of the shell bid us be thankful that we do not need to travel by that route.

It is well that we are not there by, for the hard ground explodes the shell on first contact and the tearing fragments fly wide and low, sweeping the ground in its neighbourhood.

We are travelling well: an hour and we shall be trudging the frozen plank road: another and we shall be crowding round the field cooker enjoying a hot meal and forgetting—as, happily, we can forget—a dark night relief.

S. J. E. C.

THE OLD WINDMILL

STURDILY conscious of his own just worth, rugged but strong of build, the old windmill looked from the brow of the hill out over the ample and pleasant prospect in the valley below. A carpet of green, a sheen of dull emerald, spread luxuriantly east and north and south.

Drawn by Driver L. D. Foster

Like something radiantly alive, it undulated in glistening waves as the little truant breezes swept caressingly across it. High noon shed its beneficent rays on the pride of the valley, and the eager harvest that was to be reached up living arms to hasten the more that golden day to come—the day of days when the rich, ripe grain would yield its full promise, when Man the despoiler would ravish its beauty and turn its splendour, the fruit of months beneath the hand of Nature, to gross material food for a thousand hungry mouths.

So ran the thoughts of the ancient mill, and, as the breeze from up the valley freshened, his great arms, now quiescent, quivered and trembled in anticipation of that time when he would fling them gloriously free to whatever winds might blow. Thus was he required to aid and abet his only master, the despoiler of things good and beautiful.

How the mighty stones would crush and grind the tiny grains slowly but exceeding small! How old Anatole, the fat miller, would rub his hands gleefully and run outside often to see the powerful revolving arms, to watch them swing omnipotently, ceaselessly, to rejoice at their speeding shadows, and feel the rush of wind as the vanes hurtled down and surged up again in tempestuous motion.

Grand and pleasant thoughts were these. The great, grim heart of the old windmill exulted in them, and all through the sunny day, till evening came to soften his resolution, the pride and egotism of the tyrant knew no bounds.

All, all was his. The green valley of splendour, the slopes beyond, far as the eye could see, and farther still, all to pay tribute and homage to his majesty when the harvest day was come.

Yet, as the day waned, he grew less arrogant. Of late, night had become fearful to him, though he knew not why; always he welcomed the new morning hours with a deep thankful-

The Old Windmill

ness. Somewhere over the valley lived his springtime friend, the cuckoo, his friend of many years and seasons. At dusk across the fields was piped a liquid, fluting call, his friend's "Good night"; and his heart was cheered and gladdened by the same clear, sweet note when the east brought forth another day.

To-night the cuckoo fluted as ever, calm, soothing, reassuring and the old windmill slipped quietly into the sleep of the just.

Harvest time was at hand, but they who had sown reaped not. Perhaps in other valleys where other windmills held sway the ripened grain was making its great sacrifice to man, but in the valley where the old windmill reigned the despoiler had been before his time. Instead of yellow crops, lines of yellow trenches ran systematically up and down and across; where once little red wild flowers had graced the green edge of the growing fields, red-rusted wire stretched half hidden in rank weeds; and thick, high grass ruffled it bravely and impudently with the poor, neglected corn. A heavy battery crashed incessantly from a dip in the ground, a dip that would have yielded bushels, and field-gunners had made little dumps of ammunition where clustered stooks might have stood. Here and there were gaping holes, yellow earth on top and black beneath, the standing crops blown out of existence or lashed flat to the ground where the reeking blast of the bursting shell had spread around. Black and grey bursts of shrapnel appeared at times, high above the valley, along the slopes, and whining fragments of shell fell around the old windmill.

Gone now was his majesty, flown before the advancing enemy; old Anatole, too, had fled. One fatefully memorable morning when a patient gun had at last landed a shell on the solid base that had braved the winds of years he had gone, and left his servant in the lurch. Again and again the unseeing shells had fallen upon the grim old mill, standing now so desolate and forlorn, the relic of a glory that was long since departed. Again and yet again the clouds of dust, the falling beams, betokened a hit, but the sturdy back was still unbent and stood as straight and as upright as ever.

Defiantly one gaunt, lank arm pointed to the sky where shone the same sun who had once been his friendly ally. The other arms were gone; no more would they swing nobly in the wind, never again hurtle downwards and surge up grandly, as befitted their high station in life. Outside, the staunch timbers were splintered and torn, they barely held together in places; within, the stripped remains of the spindle and shaftings drooped from broken supports, and the huge millstones lay in pieces on the ground.

Though his back was unbent, and to the outside passing world the one solitary arm yet made a brave show, the days of the old windmill were at an end.

Haughty, tyrannical and domineering he had always been; at the last he looked still the autocrat of the countryside.

Somewhere over the valley lived his one-time friend, the cuckoo, his friend of many years and seasons. At dusk across the fields he still piped his liquid, fluting call. To-night he piped as ever, calm, soothing, reassuring, but the old windmill heard him not. He was dead of a broken heart.

J. K. Jameson.

THE DIGGER'S* DICTIONARY

N.B.—This document is secret, and should not be taken beyond Brigade Headquarters.

No M.P., Staff Officer, R.T.O., or other civilian should be without this little treatise. *John Bull* says: "If I had not stopped prophesying, I should prophesy that this little classic will bring the war home to us, and help to give us peace by Christmas—for the fourth time!"

Diggers.—These curious animals are exported from New Zealand in large numbers, and frequently in custody. There are two great primary classes—

(*a*) AUCKLANDERS. (*b*) Others.

They may be further subdivided into (1) Nat Goulds, (2) Dinks, (3) Stokers, (4) Main Body Men.

Specimens of Class 4 may be met with in any public-house in Great Britain during business hours. Several of these have once been in the trenches, and the majority own large runs in N.Z.—*peut-être!*

The DIGGER is of a sporting nature, his favourite athletic pastimes being "two up," football, lead-swinging (*q.v.*), crown and anchor, and hunting the wily louse. He has marked social tendencies, and select societies for "spiritual uplift" may be met with at any *estaminet* between the hours of 6 and 8 p.m. He is usually well educated, speaks several languages, including Australian, is fond of rum, children, military police, fatigues, Red tabs, and White Label.

During the present war the DIGGERS have been largely used as Trench stores and also to hang things on.

P.S.—Since the foregoing was written a strong rumour (straight from the best sources) is afloat to the effect that a new type of DIGGER has been seen on the Western Front. This variety salutes officers Confirmation of this is required, as no previous report of this nature has been received.

Company Cooks.—"Spoilers of good food." Men paid an extra half-a-crown a day to beat the poor "Digger" for any fat that may be on the meat.

Dud.—(*a*) A shell that hasn't gone off. (*b*) An officer who has gone off.

Dug-outs.—(*a*) Old "has-beens"; (*b*) Where they live.

Enzed.—A mythical settlement in the Southern Seas.

Fatigues.—Popular pastimes for portly privates, corpulent corporals, and sedentary sergeants.

P.U.'s.—*See* "Lead-Swinging."

Lead-Swinging.—*See* P.U.'s—they can tell you. The origin of this term is obscure—the destination, Blighty, or the clink.

Leave.—Something that is stopped.

Main Body.—Two magic words. If these be whispered into the ear of a sympathetic M.O., they produce excellent results.

Military Police.—The DIGGERS' friends (*Je ne pense pas* series).

Out for a Rest.—*Vide* Fatigues.

Quiet Confidence—What the *Daily Mail* has just before any Hun offensive—the quieter the confidence the bigger the offensive.

Rum.—A liquid laryngeal lubricant now received only in "quarter issue." Rumour hath it that a full issue was once given out, but the offending Q.M. was shot at dawn, and even the oldest DIGGERS have but a dim recollection of the issue in question.

Shell-Shock.—*Vide* Lead-Swinging.

Tickler, Maconochie, Hindenburg.—Three bad men.

Things are Lively on the Western Front.—Previously a popular paper phrase. Used to be true, too. Now they give us baths and ointment.

Tin-Hats.—Two varieties—(*a*) Useful, (*b*) otherwise. The (*b*) class are often referred to as the "heads." The (*a*) class may be used—1. To cover the head. 2. As a candlestick. 3. As a wash-hand basin.

* Throughout these pages the term "Digger" stands for New Zealand soldier. It is the equivalent of the English "Tommy." The origin of the New Zealand pseudonym is somewhat uncertain. More than a year ago it became general throughout the Division. Probably it was adopted because the New Zealanders had earned fame as trench-diggers. Certainly on no battlefield that he has visited, either on Gallipoli or on the Western Front, has the Editor ever seen better diggers. Man for man the Turk may have been almost his equal, the German a good second. In the days of alluvial gold mining in New Zealand the term "Digger" was in general use. There are still many gold diggers in the Dominion. This may have something to do with the adoption of the word by the New Zealanders in France.

The Sentry's Report

Unconsumed Portion of the Days' Rations.—A classic example of the subtle sarcasm of our Q.M. Department. Let x= the above phrase; then $2x=0$ (Q.M.G.).

Water.—A turbid liquid requiring the addition of "1 scoop to the gallon." Can be used for washing purposes or to adulterate whisky.

Wind Up. Wind Vertical.—A condition of mental trepidation induced by over-proximity to the effects of instantaneous combustion of tri-nitro-glycerinic ingredients. *(Compree?)*

Working Parties.—*See* Out for a Rest (opposite page). The Army substitute for garden parties. By special invitation DIGGERS are ever welcome—bring your own shovel.

W.A.A.C.S.—Ah! Now you're asking!

PIP JAY.

THE SENTRY'S REPORT

DURING afternoon our artillery very active putting shrapnel and high explosive over dead ground behind ridge.

2.30.—Misanthropic ardour that burns in breast of enemy sniping enthusiasts resulted in two shots being fired in direction of peace-loving sentry. These, however, flew harmlessly overhead.

3.10—Enemy threw over few pineapples on our left, also some minnies on right. These burst with loud noise, putting wind up peaceful sentry.

3.20.—Enemy again exhibited Hunnish disregard for human life by deliberately trying to shoot peaceful sentry. Pleasant to contrast this murderous propensity for bloodshed with our more simple method of killing time by digging.

4.30.—One of our riflemen abandoning all self-control fired five rounds rapid into No Man's Land, whereupon enemy lapsed into sudden silence, greatly to delight of peaceful sentry.

GRAHAM.

Drawn by Lieut. G. P. Hanna

TALES OF RUSSELL SQUARE

Shorty: "Yes, we were up against the Prussian Guard that night. I gets the first one with me bayonet, also the second and third; copped the next four with a 'Mills,' then with the butt of me rifle I ——— !!!"

Lofty: "C—ome, and have a drink!!!"

Drawn by Driver Finey

"And now we hear from Palestine that our dear old comrades the Aussies have entered into Bethlehem on Christmas Eve, and we may be sure the shepherds watched their flocks by night."

Drawn by Lieut. G. P. Hanna

LA FRANCE, 1914-19 ?

Drawn by Private A. Lloyd

MY MATE

10th.—Some day I shall kill him. Nothing was ever more certain. I fancy he has guessed at my resolution as he watches my movements out of the corner of his eye. The effect is awful. He always had a nasty look; but his alertness merely intensifies it. Let him be alert—nothing can alter my decision—nothing avert his early decease.

11th.—It is now thirteen days (surely an unlucky number—for him) since he insisted on sharing my dug-out with me. I cannot remember ever having shown the slightest friendliness towards him. My dug-out is a very good dug-out. He is bigger than I. During these thirteen days he has enlarged his share of the dug-out. I am occupying half the space I formerly did.

12th.—A continual change of clothes is as essential in the army as in any other walk of life. It is, however, a moot point whether the continual turning and returning of the same pair of socks can in any way be considered a change. The process has now been gone through twenty-eight times. I suffer keenly on these occasions. I find my P.H. Helmet anything but efficacious, and my gas-mask is leaking. The dug-out is leaking a little also on his side.

We have changed sides.

13th.—Although time is passing, my resolve to kill him is still strong within me. I do not like the way he takes his food—and my food. The arrangement we have come to is this: he draws rations for two in his dixie, and then gives me mine. I am getting very thin, and must settle the matter soon, or I shall not have the strength to do it. The quarter of an hour immediately preceding meal time is an awful trial to me. He becomes very excited, and makes a whining sound interjected with a gnashing, champing noise somewhat resembling a pig eating mangolds. On the first appearance of food—he has been crouching down with his feet on my plate—there is a whirl of arms and legs, and a cloud of dust, and he is next seen kneeling beside the steaming dixie. I think I heard him emit a little bark of excitement last night.

14th.—To-night and last night he did not eat his dinner directly on his return to the dug-out. He laid it at the head of his bed, and, taking my cup, returned to the opening, and crouched there, peering out at the dixie. He quivered with excitement, and little ill-suppressed growls escaped from his lips. When the other men had been served he crept out on all fours, and scraped up what remained into my cup. On his return to the dug-out the cup was handed to me.

15th.—One of his front teeth is dis-

tinctly canine now I come to look closely at it. I have to be careful as he dislikes being looked at.

16th.—He brought two bones into the dug-out to-night. I do not know where he got them. There were no bones in the stew. They have been placed under my pillow, but I am on no account to touch them.

17th.—I was awakened at 2.30 A.M. He had decided that the bones would be safer under *his* pillow. The bones are very old.

18th.—He had a prolonged spasm of hiccoughing this morning, and then went outside, looking rather shamefaced. He returned to-night with three more bones. These have been buried under my bed.

19th.—The bones were dug up at midnight and buried again at 3 A.M. in a spot several inches to the north of their former position. They were dug up again at "stand-to," and the smallest one given to me at breakfast. This is getting awful.

20th.—Thank God! The doctor saw him chasing a rabbit this morning, and he has been evacuated with hydrophobia.

I have changed my dug-out. Nothing could induce me to go back to the old one.

SECOND CANTERBURY.

AN ADJUTANT'S PERFECT DAY

1 A CORPS Horsemaster inspected the horses and expressed entire satisfaction.

2. A gunner told the C.R.A. he had had a bath yesterday.

3. Nobody rode over crops.

4. The infantry never reported a short round.

5. I never rang up the Brigade Major when he was having

(a) Breakfast.
(b) Lunch.
(c) Tea.
(d) Dinner.

6. The Staff-Captain never asked if Driver Smith-Jones, etc., "is under your command, please?"

7. A working party reported at the proper hour—and worked.

8. The Divisional Ammunition Column delivered some ammunition.

9. Battery Commanders rendered a return correctly, and in time.

10. The Assistant Provost-Marshal never laid a charge.

11. The Divisional Claims Officer disallowed a claim.

12. I didn't trump the Commanding Officer's 13th card.

13. I got leave—I woke up.

THE ADJ.

Illustrated by Private J. O'Grady

IT was not my fault, really, and neither was it altogether theirs. We were all more or less the victims of circumstances. But a guard had to be provided by the company, and they were the only men available on such short notice. I, unfortunately, was the N.C.O. next down for duty, and there was, therefore, no getting out of the thing.

The time for mounting was 4.30 in the afternoon, and instead of the customary twenty-four hours' notice, we were not warned for duty until noon of the same day.

Naturally, I asked who were to be my supports in so strict a ceremonial function as the mounting of a guard at a camp where the observance of military etiquette and discipline was rigidly enforced; when given the names I turned visibly pale, for the Company-Sergt.-Major was something of a martinet and, besides, the whole camp usually turned out to witness the relief.

"But," said I to my Company-Sergt.-Major, "Jenkins is of weak mind; Watson is also obviously mentally deficient; Kircher is as slow as a wet week; you could never possibly teach Rawkins to present arms, and Buljohn is the most untidy and slovenly man in the whole division. There is only one of the whole bunch, Binns, who approaches anything like average intellect."

"That is so," answered the S.M. somewhat sympathetically; "but what can I do? The company is out for the day and these men are the 'duds' left behind. I'm very sorry for you, but it cannot be helped."

So I had to make the best of a very bad lot.

Well, I went and told them to clean up their gear and to turn out with neat, square packs in an hour's time and I would put them through a little drill.

At a quarter to four they were still busy at their valises, and when at last they did turn out, their packs were like so many footballs.

However, it was then too late to effect alterations, so I lined up the new guard in two ranks, with Binns, as the only sensible man of the crowd, on the right, for the fixing of bayonets.

I had put them through the most

important part of the ceremonial several times, when the orderly sergeant came to move us off.

We reached the battalion parade ground in some sort of shambling fashion, but managed to straighten ourselves out before the Company-Sergt.-Major put in an appearance.

We sprang to attention fairly well, and then there rang out the one word, "Fix!"

So sudden was the order and so studiously anxious was Binns to do the thing right, that he altogether forgot what to do, and stood as firm as a rock, looking straight to his front.

The C.S.M. glowered fiercely, and then "Fix!" came forth once more.

Still Binns looked stolidly ahead, and it was only a dig in the ribs from me and a whispered "Go on, get out," that prompted him to move. He then strode forward five long paces, and to my intense mortification, planked his rifle down between his feet.

"Planked his rifle down between his feet"

The C.S.M. was speechless for a moment. Then (with a burst), "What the ——. Have these men had no training?" he asked, almost choking with fury.

I replied meekly that they had received only a few hours' warning for duty, that none had been on guard before, and that they had had no preliminary drill.

"Then," yelled he, still fuming, "take them away and give them some."

The watching crowd had by this time grown to enormous proportions, for the names of the men composing the guard had spread like wild-fire throughout the camp, and everybody had turned out to see the fun.

My feelings can therefore be imagined, as, amid a sea of murmuring, laughing, and jeering, we slunk like a herd of silly goats shamefacedly from the ground.

I gave them ten minutes of fixing and unfixing, forming and presenting, when we were again sent for, and my heart and eyes were full indeed as I caught some of the comments of the bystanders.

Once more the order, "Fix!" was bellowed, and again Binns was caught on the hop, for by this time the whole guard had got the wind well up.

The C.S.M. was very ironical, but we managed to get through the inspection after a fashion, though when the command, "Open order—march!" was given, the guard confused it with a somewhat similar order in physical drill, and the odd numbers of the front rank took two paces forward, the even numbers of the rear stepping back two.

Again the C.S.M. exploded and again I grew hot and cold alternately.

Surely, I argued with myself, things must go right from now onwards, for everything that could possibly have been done wrong had already been accomplished.

A moment later, to my utter distraction, the Orderly Officer inserted his fingers into and produced a packet of biscuits from Jenkins's entrenching tool holder.

The comment of the Inspecting Officer was terse but full of meaning. "Dirty guard," was all he said.

We were now ready for the "Unfix." What, thought I, will happen now?

"Produced a packet of biscuits from Jenkins's entrenching tool holder"

"Unfix!"

Out stepped Watson, one pace only, and, following the example set by Binns, without waiting for the executive word, placed his rifle with a bang between his feet.

The whole thing had to be gone through again of course, and at last Watson raised his arm for the dummy motion to the scabbard. He was urged by the Orderly Sergeant standing near to take plenty of time to enable the remainder to insert their bayonets. After what seemed an interminable period, he thrust home, returned to the "Order" and his place in line.

"Not so bad," I thought, with rising spirits—but, alas, to my dismay I found Kircher still glancing down over his shaggy moustache and left shoulder, feeling with his bayonet and his fingers for the scabbard entrance.

"My God!" I muttered, "what now?" as I saw the C.S.M. grow purple and the Orderly Officer turn aside. But the Orderly Officer was a kindly man, and before the C.S.M. could utter the thoughts that arose within him, had passed on to the next stage of the inspection.

We were ready to march off and the order to slope arms was given.

Up went the rifles, one after the other, accompanied by the wagging of heads and the moving of bodies. Rawkins had, however, failed to place the ring of his bayonet firmly on the stud, and, as his rifle came to his shoulder, off flew the bayonet, nearly impaling Buljohn, who was covering him in the rear rank.

The C.S.M. was beside himself with rage and even forgot himself so far as to stamp his foot and raise his cane in a threatening manner.

"To your posts; quick march!" came from the Orderly Officer.

"Guard, eyes left!" I commanded, and heads wagged all ways. "Eyes front! Right form!" But the guard was shaking with fright, and heedless of the order I gave, made one bold dash, at an incline, in straggling file for the guard room, with me many paces in the rear vainly endeavouring to pull them up.

"Off flew the bayonet, nearly impaling Buljohn"

I managed to halt them at the guard-room door, and keenly conscious of the jeers of the crowd, which was enjoying the display immensely, struggled through the various formalities which accompany the change over, including an unrehearsed one, in which Buljohn dropped his rifle with a clang.

"Well," declared I with fury when the old guard had departed and we were safely behind the guard room door, "all you have to do now is to let a prisoner go and we will all get six months' 'clink.'"

"I can't stop any prisoners from escaping," drawled Kircher.

"Can't stop them!" yelled I. "It will be the worst day's work you ever did if you let one go."

"But 'ow am I to stop them?"

"You will be there with your bayonet fixed, won't you? Use it if necessary."

"But they might get past before I get the chance."

"For heaven's sake get something to eat!"—and I turned away in disgust.

After the repast I proceeded to detail to the guard some of their duties, including the compliments to be paid—whom, how, and on what occasion to salute.

"Now," I questioned of Rawkins, "what will you do if the General comes along?"

Rawkins looked positively intelligent for a moment as he replied with avidity, "I'll walk quickly up and down."

"Good God, man, but won't you salute him?"

"No," he replied rather doubtfully, "the General isn't an officer, is he?"

* * * * *

Buljohn was on duty when the Adjutant, a self-important, august and particular person, passed him on his beat. But Buljohn's thoughts were away in the north of Auckland with "Strawberry," the sick heifer he had left behind, and the Adjutant in consequence was badly snubbed.

But the eagle eye of the C.S.M. noticed the omission. "Halt!" he roared to the sentry. "Didn't you see the Adjutant pass you a moment ago?"

Buljohn's thoughts were still with "Strawberry" as he drawled, "Oi don't know whether Oi did or not."

The C.S.M.'s rejoinder cannot for several reasons be mentioned here.

* * * * *

It was time to change sentries, and I stepped out to post the new one. There was a knot of officers standing by. "Hand over your orders," said I to Watson.

But Watson merely looked to his front.

"Hand over your orders!" I repeated.

Still no sign of animation from the old sentry.

"For Heaven's sake, hand over your orders. Tell him what he has to do, you idiot."

"Who, me?" asked Watson surprisedly.

"Yes, you, you fool!"

"Oh," declared he, stammering, and looking pathetically silly, "you—you—you stand still and walk up and down."

The group of officers hurriedly dispersed and I ducked inside before my feelings got the better of me.

* * * * *

The following morning I impressed the sentry on duty that he must be sure and turn out the guard on the Colonel's making his first appearance in the vicinity of the guard room.

Half an hour later we all went tumbling out at the slope, in answer to Jenkins's hasty call, to find ourselves doing an undue honour to a one-star artist in top-boots!

Had Jenkins possessed one scrap of manliness he would have practised the "long point, short point and jab" on me there and then for the words I spoke. My remarks on this occasion, however, were only rivalled by the dressing down I gave him later when I

found that he had let the Colonel pass unnoticed and had "presented," in his best style to a member of the staff of the Y.M.C.A.

"'Presented,' in his best style, to a member of the staff of the Y.M.C.A."

Kircher had accomplished his shave without removing any of his garments and had cleaned his buttons with his tunic on, "because," as he put it, "he couldn't hold the buttons so stiff-like when he had his tunic off." I persuaded him to wipe the lather from his cheeks and ears, and posted him just before the Battalion "March past." The guard, of course, always turned out for this incident in the daily routine.

I had previously told my men to await my order for the "Present," but no sooner had the Battalion commenced to move than Watson, who was very excited, began to mutter, "Now, now, now," and before I was aware of it, he had "presented" all on his own. To crown my mortification, when I did give the command, in my most impressive tone, "Guard, present arms!" I'm hanged if the sentry didn't come down to the order and stand at ease.

The ungenerous C.S.M. actually held us up before the whole Battalion as a "brilliant example of what a guard ought not to be."

* * * * *

At last the dreaded yet welcome relief came, and after making an even greater muddle of things than on the previous day the Officer of the Day dismissed us with a frown and the C.S.M. muttered, loud enough for the whole ground to hear, "The worst guard ever mounted at ——"

We crawled dejectedly away, and as I dismissed the guard to their huts I told them to remain in hiding for a month, which drew forth the rejoinder from Kircher, "I feel as 'ow, if it wus not sich a serious matter, as if I'd like to 'av' a jolly good laugh."

My friends christened us "——'s Keystone Guard," and "Keystone" we certainly were, for, filmed, we would have earned a fortune for any enterprising picture firm.

Goc.

A PRAYER FOR FAITH

"*Now* we see through a glass, darkly;
but *then* face to face."

DOES Sorrow fill your heart?
Does Grief hold sway?
Then come yourself apart
With God—and pray.

O God, unerring! Thou
Who seëst all!
Teach me my head to bow
To hear Thy Call.

Teach me but this: To know
Thy Ways are best:
To walk by Faith here, now,
At Thy behest.

Dark now seems even Day!
Yet this I know:
In Thine own Time and Way
The Light will show,

And I shall understand
What now is veil'd;
How, but for Thy sure Hand,
All else had fail'd.

Till then do Thou, my God,
Help me to trust,
Nor quail beneath the rod,
Nor fear the thrust

Of Disappointment, Loss,
Pain, Grief, or Death.
Darkness fell on the Cross,
And they beneath,

Saw but Bereavement there,
And yet to those
Same mourners, Light came clear
When Christ arose.

O God, unerring! lest
I, erring, fall,
Teach me Thy Ways are best,
And Thou—my all.

A. DESMOND SEALY.

MORE FIGHTING

THERE is still enough fighting in nineteen-one-eight
For those who came early and for those who came late:
Indeed it would seem as if there'd be plenty
Of Fritz souvenirs in the year nineteen-twenty.

A. H. S.

NOT MADE FOR BANTAMS!

Drawn by Driver Finey

TERMINOLOGICAL INEXACTITUDES

Alf: "Lobbin' 'em pretty close, ain't they, Bill?"
Bill: "Yus, look out, they've just dropped one o' them there insanitary bombs on the insinuator."

Drawn by Corpl. W. F. Bell

"WIND DANGEROUS"

Drawn by Sergt. E. H. Thompson

SOM(M)E Y.M.C.A.

Drawn by Corporal W. F. Bell

REFUGEES

Drawn by Driver L. D. Foster

SOUVENIR OF YPRES

Drawn by Driver L. D. Foster

A MAN OF PICARDY

Drawn by Gunner P. G. Reid

SOCIETY NOTES AT THE FRONT

(With Apologies to Certain New Zealand Journals)

PTE. J. BROWN, of the Otagos, had the honour of being introduced to his Commanding Officer on Monday last.

So pleased was the C.O. with the bearing and presence of this well-known member of his Battalion that he insisted upon his remaining in the Camp for the next 14 days.

* * * * *

Large crowds are to be seen daily examining the interesting exhibits collected by the Divisional Salvage Officer.

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We are informed that Pte. H. Jones, of the Canterburys, has been awarded a D.C.M., and Pte. R. Wilson, of the same Battalion, a F.G.C.M. Further details of these distinctions are awaited with interest, and in the meanwhile we tender our congratulations to these two heroes.

* * * * *

A touching meeting took place on Saturday last when Corpl. Smith, of the Rifles, met for the first time his grandfather who had come out with a draft for a Labour Company.

* * * * *

The New Zealand soldiers at the Front have gone solid for prohibition. They have effectively prohibited the enemy from making any further advance in their sector.

News has been received that Pte. A. Leadswinger is now a "N.Z.V.C." Congratulatory telegrams were at once sent by leading politicians. . . . Just as we go to press we hear that the message was intended to convey the information that Pte. Leadswinger had transferred to the N.Z. Veterinary Corps.

* * * * *

The Weekly Meeting of the Headquarters Batmen's Association was held (in the absence of the Camp Commandant) in the stables at Divisional Headquarters on Wednesday evening last. The political situation and the strategy of General Foch were ably discussed.

* * * * *

The Pioneer Battalion are very popular in the neighbourhood where they are encamped, the local inhabitants loading them up with gifts of fowls and eggs. . . . The claims against the Division show a large increase.

* * * * *

The French-English classes held nightly at the Café Parisien continue to be very popular. Under the able tuition of some of the best professors from the Wool Shearers' University the ladies of the house are making great strides in the acquirement of forcible and vigorous English.

* * * * *

Pte. A. Weary has left the trenches

on a visit to the back area. The solicitude of the C.O. for those under his command was shown by the fact that he kindly sent a Corporal and two men to show Pte. Weary the way back again.

* * * * *

We are glad to learn that even war cannot drive out the New Zealanders' love of education. A large and deeply interested crowd assembles nightly at the Two-Up School held in the garden at the back of the A.P.M.'s billet.

* * * * *

The impending breach of promise case between Mme. Hugo and Pte. H. Sykes has been settled by the payment of six tins of bully beef and a G.S. blanket.

* * * * *

Pte. R. Doughty, Divisional Employment Coy., is enjoying the well-known hospitality of the A.P.M. for a period of 28 days.

* * * * *

The well-known art collection of Capt. Simpson was unfortunately destroyed by fire on Monday last. Steps to replace this most valuable collection are being taken at once, and back numbers of *La Vie Parisien* will be welcomed by that gallant Officer.

The order that W.A.A.C.'s are not to speak to Officers receives the very strongest support from Capt. Softime, at present employed at the Base. His mother-in-law has just come over to that port in the ranks of the W.A.A.C.'s.

* * * * *

The bathing season at the Divisional Baths is in full swing. The bevy of beauty to be found at the neighbouring laundry adds greatly to the charm of the neighbourhood.

* * * * *

News has been received that General Firebrace has been awarded a C.B. By the same mail comes the tidings that his batman, Pte. Doolittle, has also been given C.B. It is conjectured that the General and his servant have been engaged on some joint hazardous adventure, and further details are anxiously awaited. In the meantime we offer our congratulations to both heroes.

* * * * *

Madame Dubois' nightly "At homes" at the Café aux Quatre Points continue to attract great crowds. The agility shown by madame's fair daughters in ministering to the comfort of the guests is a subject of general admiration. The wit and repartee of these ladies is worthy of the best Paris Salon.

T. O.

THE DRINK QUESTION

Tommy: "Wot's this 'ere 'en-tent-cordial' I 'ear the hofficers a-talkin' abaht?"

Digger: "Blowed if I know, Tommy; but if it's anything like as weak as the stuff they sell in these French estaminets, you won't get much forarder on it!"

THE ISLAND OF OUR LONGING

Drawn by G. J. Calman

NOCTURNE

I LOVE the Night, she is a gentle friend
Who comes to me when Day's long stress is done,
Wrapping me round beneath her sable veil,
As watch I keep beside my Vickers gun.

The last lone aeroplane, with drowsy hum,
Throbs homeward through the velvet dusk of eve,
And timid Peace steals back to dwell awhile
Where once she ruled, 'ere man's hate bade her leave.

* * * * *

Silent I sit and gaze into the gloom
Of No Man's Land, and see the shattered trees,
Set like a row of ghostly sentinels
There where the stakes and tangled barb-wire cease.

Now to my straining eyes they seem to move:
Have they advanced or were they *there* before?
Skyward a star-shell soars with silver ray—
I flout my fears and think of them no more.

* * * * *

Late grows the hour, and all the Line seems still,
Gladly our warriors take their well-earned sleep;
And though my ears and eyes are tuned and keen,
Southward to sunny climes my fond thoughts creep.

There 'neath the starry Cross they watch and wait,
Dear ones who trust in us, and, trusting, pray.
And in the star-lit mystery of the Night
They seem quite close to me—though far away.

Thus do I sit and muse and dream of home,
Thinking of happy days of yesteryear,
And magic Night now lends her tender aid
To make each treasured face and form appear.

* * * * *

I love the Night, she is a gentle friend
Who comes to me when Day's long stress is done,
Wrapping me round beneath her sable veil,
As watch and ward I keep beside my gun.

PARAU.

NOCTURNE, YPRES, 1917

Drawn by Driver Sam Harris

A QUESTION

The Fed-up One: "Say, Sarg., are we in the bleedin' Army or the blinkin' Navy?"

Drawn by Lieut. Frank H. Choate

THE RAIDER

IT was after Passchendaele. We had detrained at —— and were plodding along for Le Wast, with the band playing a march at eighty to the minute instead of the one hundred and forty of old.

After that three days we could only plod; it wasn't marching. There was no "chipping" by the platoon officers or sergeants. They were all plodding too, with their heads down—tired men. That slow march the band was playing had something of a dirge about it; there was a something about it that reminded them of the "cobbers" each of them had left up there in the mud.

And so we came to Le Wast, down there by Boulogne, away from the whang and smash of war to the warm quiet of this countryside village.

It was there that "The Soldier" lost his job. He was cooking for the Battalion Transport, and there was an argument. It appeared that the meat issue had been short and the drivers had complained of the thinness of the stew. They had even suggested that "The Soldier" was trading their fresh meat with Madame for beer. And so "The Soldier" fell.

His great mind rose to a situation that for him was desperate. There may have been something in the beer story. All I know is that that night "The Soldier" disentangled his entrenching tool handle from among the greasy entanglement of his Mills-Web, and, thus armed, advanced on the unsuspecting enemy who had taken up a line on Madame's back fence.

There was a whack, a squawk, and a whir, followed by another whack and squawk. Then the old moon smiled down on a scene of calm, disturbed only by the figure of "The Soldier," with two large, dark objects swinging from either hand, moving stealthily under cover of the hedge to his little cooking-shack by the stable-lines.

Next day, when the Transport lined up with its mess-tin lids for the evening meal, "The Soldier," with his Flying Corps cap well back on his head, came out leisurely with the conscious pride of a man who had done great things.

"Bring 'em out, Dick," he said to his offsider.

And as their eyes rested on two well-browned, savoury-smelling turkeys, the Transport whooped with delight, and swore to a man that "The Soldier" was the only cook they'd ever had. One and all they begged him to honour them by drinking—purely at their expense, they hastened to add—in Madame's kitchen that night.

Came six o'clock and they all trooped in, and to "The Soldier" was assigned the place of honour nearest the big stove.

For an hour Madame busied among them with jug and bottle, and the flush mounted high on the tanned faces; and always "The Soldier's" glass was the first filled and the soonest emptied.

Then came the demand for a speech,

and the guest of the evening rose unsteadily, tipping half his glass of *vin blanc* down McGee's neck.

"Well," he said, "it gives me much pleasure and beer to be here to-night. Some coves get the Military Medal for bravery; some for initiative. But there are some coves that are brave back 'ere and get no medals. I s'pose some of you diggers think I ain't brave——"

"Course y'are, Joe," said McGee; "you didn't burst out 'owlin' when Jinnie, the mess-cart mule, kicked yer in the bread-basket, did yer?"

"The Soldier" ignored him.

"I've got initiative," he continued; "if it 'ad been any of you funny coves who'd poled those turkeys you'd 'ave been landed. You'd 'ave left the traces. You'd 'ave left the 'eads and legs for Madame 'ere to find when she comes nosin' round for bukshee bully-beef. But I——"

"What did you do with 'em, Joe?"

"The Soldier" took a gulp at a millionaire shandy that had come into his hand.

"I buried 'em deep," he said impressively.

The applause was interrupted by a weird scratching noise at the door. Madame opened it, and stepped back as her shaggy dog walked knowingly into the circle, and laid two muddy, bedraggled turkeys' heads at the feet of "The Soldier."

* * * * *

Next day, while an angry Transport Officer was receiving two francs from each of thirty mournful drivers to pay an irate Madame for two prime turkeys, "The Soldier," with a roll not wholly due to the weight of his pack, was making slowly down the road for the billets of "D" Company.

CYRIL LA ROCHE.

GOING OVER

Drawn by Corpl. J. F. Cumming

What one feels like when one enters a London restaurant

And produces for the first time

One's Hospital Handkerchief

Drawn by Sergeant E. H. Thompson

Newly arrived American Soldier (to incredulous New Zealander): "You can plank your last dollar on this noo gas of ours. It's so strong that if it gets into a German's pay book it'll kill his next of kin."

Drawn by Private George Prain

A Brother Brush (a hospital sketch)

Drawn by Private George Prain

TORQUAY TOPICS

A few of the officers at the N.Z. Discharge Depôt, Torquay

Drawn by 2nd Lieut. Bryce C. Hart

The Duck-walk Tango as Danced in Flanders

Drawn by Private A. Lloyd

"Oft in the Stilly Night"—Our Champion Raider (since killed)

Drawn by Lieut. G. P. Hanna

HOLDING THE LINE

Fritz: "His Supreme Highness is coming through here en route to Paris."
N.Z.: "Not if I know it; I am on guard here, and this is no thoroughfare."

Drawn by Gunner Roy H. Hunt

"'Twas a dirty night and they were shelling the supports"

Drawn by Lieut. G. P. Hanna

A PIGEON-HOUSE "SOMEWHERE"

Drawn by Private Anthony Joss

ANOTHER DAY

Drawn by Driver L. D. Foster

POINTS OF VIEW

BEING STRAY LEAVES FROM THE DIARIES OF MY FRIENDS CHEERUP AND FEDUP

JAN. 1.—Another War-Stricken year gone West, leaving to History a legacy in trust for the distraction of future generations and incidentally not a few bar-parlour arguments. But what of this coming new Mk. v.., year? What History will it in its turn dump on an already overfed public—against which, I wonder, of its 365 days will future almanacs be decorated with the words, "GREAT WAR ENDS?" I guess it's for the Yanks to say.

FEB.—Considerable Krupps Westbound. Exit Spit and Polish Parades. Encore, Fritz! Let 'em all come. They can't hurt us in these deep dug-outs. Anyhow it's nothing to what we are presenting to the terrified Hun. Guess he's got the wind up properly.

FEB.—Hurrah! Blighty in sight. Leave, the dark horse. A round dozen away to-day and half a ditto go Wednesday. Must beat up P.M.S.

FEB.—I invest 100 fcs. in the War Loan Lottery and feel 100 per cent. patriotic. God save the King! Only had the same sort of attack twice before, when I surrendered to the Recruiting Officer and on the embarkation march in good old N.Z.

JAN. 1.—New Year's Day. A *new* year, but, alas! the same old Bully, the same old stew, the self-same war of marvellous rumours and solid facts, of tasty (?) biscuits, of mud, cold, wet, H.E. and gas, of lonely guards and endless duckwalks, of longings for home, vain hopes, of leaves deferred and of heads that never turn up. Yet some say, "Why go crook?" and some say, "The first seven years are always the worst," but I say . . . (Censored).

FEB.—The dear Hun in a liberal mood, scattering assorted ironmongery around the countryside—broken up:

(I) The Monotony, Winter pattern, Mk. I.

(II) My "Dug-out," Better 'Ole Model.

(III) Parade, Inspection, complete with Knuts, spare, brass-capped. Sometimes I think it's a pretty fair War after all.

FEB.—Leave expanding beautifully, *but*—somehow I sort of feel it will overstretch, then fly back, and with a sickening thud—finish. My bit of green paper can't come *too* fast.

FEB.—Just taken down for 5 fcs. for War Loan Lottery. Don't expect to win even a consolation prize. I never do. It was my last five francs, too!

New Zealand at the Front

FEB.—N.Z. War Loan Winning Nos. out.

Later.—Came an abdominal crash. Double on the next.

FEB.—Snatched a Consolation in War Loan Lottery—brilliant scheme. One does relish a taste of originality occasionally in this outfit. Might have done better though.

FEB.—The daily round. Fritz behaving nicely, haven't had more than 6d. gas for a week. Weather going O.K.-ish.

FEB.—Monotony — officially called "Routine." Fritz quiet—ominously so. I'm told the weather is a little better than it was when it was a little worse than it is now. Funny fellow, "Meteor."

MARCH.—The overdue over-discussed oversea service chevrons eventuate officially (but *not* materially). A red and three blues should nicely adorn my leave tunic. Hear I've been recommended for bar to Military Medal for gallantry in the field. Mother *will* be pleased. C.O. sent for me last night to compliment me on success of latest stunt. May yet win a V.C.

MARCH.—Oversea service stripes to be dished out. One blue for each eve of the anniversary of that fateful day when old N.Z. dropped behind the horizon, but the limit-mark veterans of 1914 may sport one of these red. Not that these super-soldiers with their distinguished mien need any label; they may always be known by a certain hungry glint in the eyes when the mystic words, "Tour of Duty," are mentioned. Generally speaking, their faults are gladly overlooked by the broadminded who remember the effect red has on men the whole Army over.

MARCH.—Everything quiet again—just now THE thing is "Salvage" with a grown-up S. Orders, Lectures, more orders, without end. Am honoured—invited to make suggestions. Have often wondered the Heads never tried to salvage brains. Surely among the thousands of thousands there *must* be many modest ideas, crude maybe, but worth having, worth encouraging, worth cleaning up, adapting, enlarging upon, maturing. Why not a Clearing House where the diffident would be encouraged to drop stray ideas which are now smothered by modesty on the one hand and officialdom on the other?

MARCH.—Corps calling for suggestions as to encouragement of Salvage. Feel like putting in my spoke but the General Opinion seems to be that I would not even get an acknowledgment for my pains. And General Opinion is a smart officer and generally right. The waste in this army is colossal! The one thing they seem to salve is dripping. And they do that by taking the fat off our meat. Am very fond of fat. We need it, too, now winter is approaching.

Points of View

MARCH.—Daylight Salvage begins. One might do a lot in the back areas. We ought to save the country millions of pounds.

APRIL.—. . . chickens, rabbits, goats left behind to starve. Some of us with S.P.C.A. leanings, after some hard thinking, resolved "That the humane course was to save these war-stricken creatures from a cruel and slow death." We did! A comfortable feeling supervenes. We shall probably have to pay up. But what matter? We shall have had our money's worth, anyhow. Poultry, especially, is welcome addition to larder, and great change from bully beef.

MAY.—A tonic— a bulky mail from Home arouses many pleasant memories. Would that our ain folk knew what an En Zed mail means to us. Would that they could see the *real* appreciation of the one true link with our own distant Isles, no matter whether it be the simple stereotyped "Just a few lines, this time to, &c.," rounded off, perhaps, with a few hackneyed meteorological observations.

MAY.—A glimpse of "The End" and a reflection of Peace. An Educational scheme is under way for the benefit of:—

(1) The Blue boys.
(2) Lead Swingers.
(3) Embarkation-awaiting warriors.
(4) En route ditto.

We are asked to make known our wishes as to the particular brand of erudition we respectively desire to imbibe. An altogether reasonable project.

MARCH.—Daylight Salving Stunt starts. I'm minus an hour's bunk. And only last night I was on guard. Why isn't this leap year?

APRIL.—It seems to me that one of the most humorous things about this "dust up" of ours, from our point of view, is the gullibility of the various "our owns." For example:

> "The fleeing French civilians allowed it to be known that the British soldier was to have everything in the way of wine, poultry, &c., that was left behind." (Vide daily paper.)

P.S.—Fowl insinuations current against our absentee hostesses. Dame Rumour says they want payment!

MAY.—Big N.Z. mail in—not much use to me nowadays. I suppose those half-minutes *do* want more bucking up than us three-chevron warriors. Received bills from my tailor and bootmaker in Blighty. Mess bill due today. Funds very low.

MAY.—The Army threatens to become refreshingly original. An Educational stunt is propounded whereby we may be un-trained into decent civilians, may re-absorb initiative, discard our numbers and regain an identity; in short, be re-individualised. No good to me! All I want is a peaceful home, a cup of real unchlorinated tea, and honest bread and butter.

MAY.—Mother's Day, as christened by the Y.M.C.A., who have given to every man of the Division a souvenir for himself and a letter-card to be posted to Mother. It seems fitting for this page to record my appreciation of the many kindly actions of the N.Z.Y.M.C.A. towards us all. It has done and is still doing splendid work.

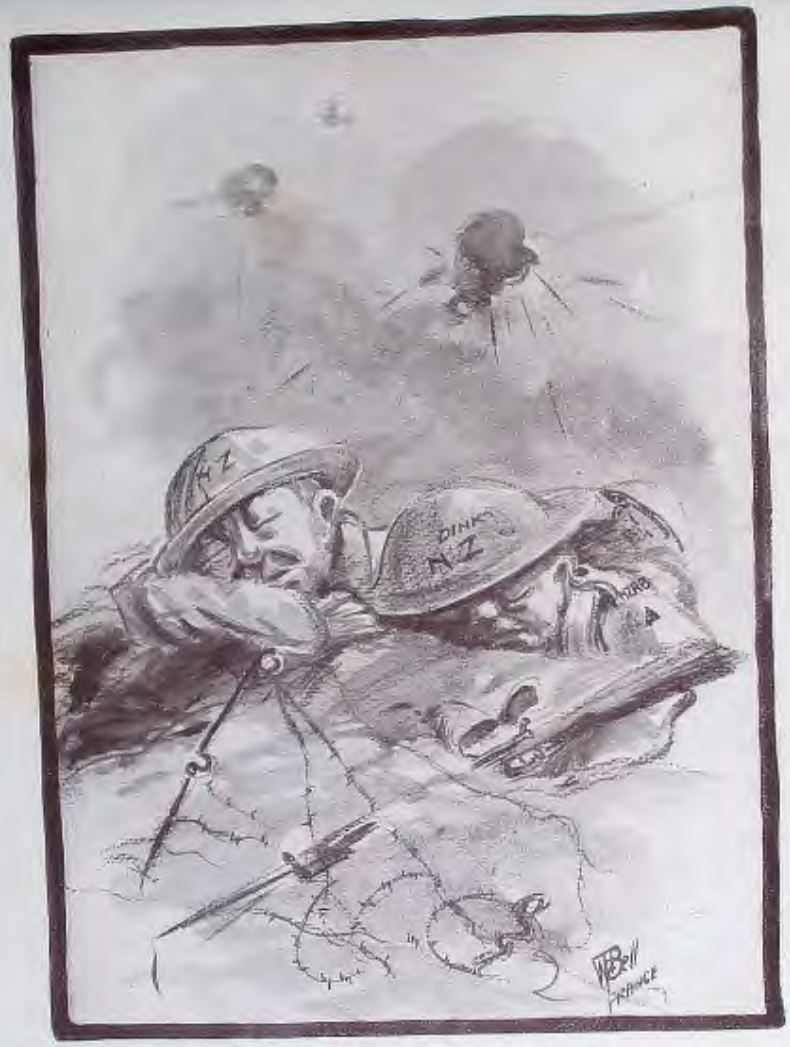
JUNE.—Fritz, you have many crimes against your Hunnish name, but we'll never forgive you for what you've done to our leaves. Send us gas, 4.2.'s or 5.9's, or—come yourself. But hands off our trip to Blighty. Nevertheless we live in hope.

MAY.—After much chewed pencil, have just managed to wipe out all arrears of correspondence. What disappointment these O.A.S. letters must be to our people at Home! Thou shalt not mention this, that, or t'other. I imagine my folk looking for letters teeming with life interests and incipient history and getting instead only a shell, ghosts of facts, hopes, wishes, trivialities, the weather. "Dear Maudie,"—A string of phrases, a tangle of words, verbose padding, Your very own, &c.

JUNE.—Microscopical leave re-opens. Fancy me with about 20 or so blues when my turn comes. That's how good it is. I'll be a long-bearded, toothless Rip Van Winkle before I see London again. Perhaps I may *never* see it!

J. M. P.

***The Daily Mail* at the Front**
Drawn by Pte. George Prain



THE BRIGHT SIDE

"Why worry! We are out for a rest"

Drawn by Corpl. W. F. Bell

A MISUNDERSTANDING

Mess Orderly: "Hey, what the —— are you doin', washin' yer *tools* in the *tea*?"

New Arrival: "Strike me! I thought it was the *washin'-up water.*"

Drawn by Driver Finey

Recruit (ex-Bank Clerk): "Hi! Halt there and sign the counterfoil!"

Drawn by Pte. H. Freckleton

MADELINE'S ESTAMINET

THREE "old soldiers" sit in the estaminet a-sipping their beer and wine,
And vie with each other in telling tales of the trenches and firing-line.
Though we supped and talked and smoked endless fags, I am somewhat sorry to say
We really were there to see ma'amselle who served in the estaminet.

Old Madame, we knew, wished the war well won, and seemed somewhat ill at ease,
As she thought of three sons who were fighting in France, and another across the seas;
Though she guessed but little of what we discussed, her keen eyes seemed to say—
"You really come here to see my girl, who serves in the estaminet."

Now we knew quite well that Mademoiselle had guided a farmer's plough,
Looked after the sheep, and fed the fowls, and milked the bony old cow;
She mended our tunics and other clothes too, in quite a modern way;
But we liked her best, this little French maid, when she served in the estaminet.

The wine still flows, the smoke grows thick, a "Digger" begins to sing,
And ma'amselle joins in with all her heart as the boys come pouring in;
But we know that her life is a hard, cold thing, and her lips they seem to say—
"Now I wonder which of you boys loves me—the girl in the estaminet?"

There's many a good New Zealand lad (by no means an avis rare)
Who has learnt love's lesson while things looked bad, from girls with faces fair,
Toasted their health while he vowed to fight, in the good old "Digger" way,
And then "hopped the bags" with the photo fair of the girl in the estaminet.

But one winter's night a shell came in, and by jove how the old
house bent!
None of us lingered for favours then, but straight through the hole
we went:
Though we've often met since, not one of us three had ever the
courage to say—
"Now I wonder whatever became of our girl in the dear old
estaminet?"

Two years have passed and times have changed, and the map is out
of shape,
And we are all fed up with forming fours, and the sight of the damned
red tape.
Poor old Joe has "gone West," while Dan's at rest, but there'll be
the devil to pay
When the other boys hear that I'm heading for home with the girl
from the estaminet.

RATA.

UNDER COVER

THE Junior Sub had two ambitions in life. One was to be a Brigade Major gorgeous in a profusion of gold braid and red tabs; the other was to possess a regulation cover for his Field Message Book (A.B. 153). It is with the latter rather than the former that this short history deals.

"You know, old top," he confided to me one day, producing from his pocket a conglomerate mass of string, cigarettes, pencils and paper, all inextricably mixed, "these bally books are no use without some decent sort of a pasteboard cover to keep them together."

I drew my own Field Message Book (in cover) from my pocket. Together we investigated it. On the inside of the cover was pasted a small printed notice, reading as follows:

"Cover for Army Book 153. Refills for this cover will be issued on demand."

"That," I said, "is quite clear.

All you have to do is to apply for one, and there you are!"

* * * * *

A week later the Junior Sub received a letter from the Battalion Adjutant.

"DEAR SMITH" (it ran),—"In reply to your application, I am sorry to say we have no spare covers for A.B. 153 here at present. Perhaps the Quartermaster may have the required article."

An enthusiastic note to the Quartermaster produced a discouraging reply, but a strong recommendation to apply to D.A.D.O.S., who would certainly have a supply of the covers in question.

The Junior Sub retired hopefully to his dug-out, and in due course a request, formally couched in concise military language, was dispatched to the Deputy Assistant Director of Ordnance Stores, praying for "Book, Army 153, Cover for (one)."

Three weeks later the mail brought an official-looking document for the Junior Sub. With beating hearts we opened the envelope. The Junior Sub read the letter aloud:

"Reference your XB20925, of the 17th ultimo, applying for a cover for A.B. 153, please take notice that these are not kept in stock by my department. I have, however, forwarded your letter to the O.C. Stationery Base, the authority competent to deal with your application."

"Isn't that decent of the old sport?" exulted the Junior Sub. "Now it's only a matter of a few days before I get that cover."

Ten days, however, elapsed before anything further eventuated. Then the suspense was broken by a letter from the O.C. Stationery Base, brief and to the point, as behoving one conscientiously mindful of the paper shortage:

"I am in receipt of your letter of the 17th ultimo, forwarded on from D.A.D.O.S. Please note that all applications for covers for A.B. 153 must be made on Army Form Q371."

The Junior Sub dashed to the Orderly Room to find that no supplies of A.F. Q371 had been brought forward from the stores, six miles to the rear. Nothing daunted, he set out on a tour of the Orderly Rooms of neighbouring battalions, and by evening returned, tired but triumphant, with an A.F. Q371, which he immediately filled up and dispatched, with the air of a modest Napoleon.

Nothing occurred for nearly a month. Then, one wet and muddy night, the Postal Clerk splashed through the rain to our dug-out and handed in a bunch of clammy letters. One, addressed to the Junior Sub, bore the stamp of the O.C. Stationery Base. Breathlessly he opened it.

"Reference your A.F. Q371, applying for a cover for A.B. 153," it read, "I have to advise you that these are no longer in issue."

A harmless rat was prospecting for stray biscuits in the far corner of the dug-out. The Junior Sub hurled his steel hat at it with what seemed to me quite unnecessary violence.

* * * * *

Five minutes to two on a bleak afternoon towards the end of March. It was the ninth day of the big German offensive on the Somme, and at a part of the line where their advance had been checked by the Division. The Company crouched in an old sap two hundred yards distant from the Hun

trenches on the crest of the ridge. Suddenly, with a crash, the barrage opened, and simultaneously the Junior Sub's platoon and mine left the sap and tore across the machine-gun-swept ground to the Hun trenches.

Ten minutes later it was "all over bar the shouting," and happy "diggers," wreathed in smiles, mud, and smoke from newly acquired Hun cigars, lounged along the trenches curiously investigating the spoils of war.

Later that evening, when things were quiet for the night, I paid a visit to the Junior Sub to inquire how Fortune had dealt with him during our ten minutes' diversion. I found him sitting up in a Hun dug-out in a very excited condition. He burst out without further preliminary:

"Look here, old thing. I found this just now in some blessed Hun's pack I was using for a pillow. The blighter must have pinched it off some English Colonel during their advance. See, it's got his name and regiment in it."

He handed me a note-book enclosed in a stiff, brown cover. Over the inside of the case was pasted a small printed notice. It read as follows:

"COVER FOR ARMY BOOK 153.

"Refills for this cover will be issued on demand."

"Have a rum?" said the Junior Sub.

F. K.

The Old Mill, Etaples

Drawn by Sergt. H. E. Girdlestone

A POSTSCRIPT

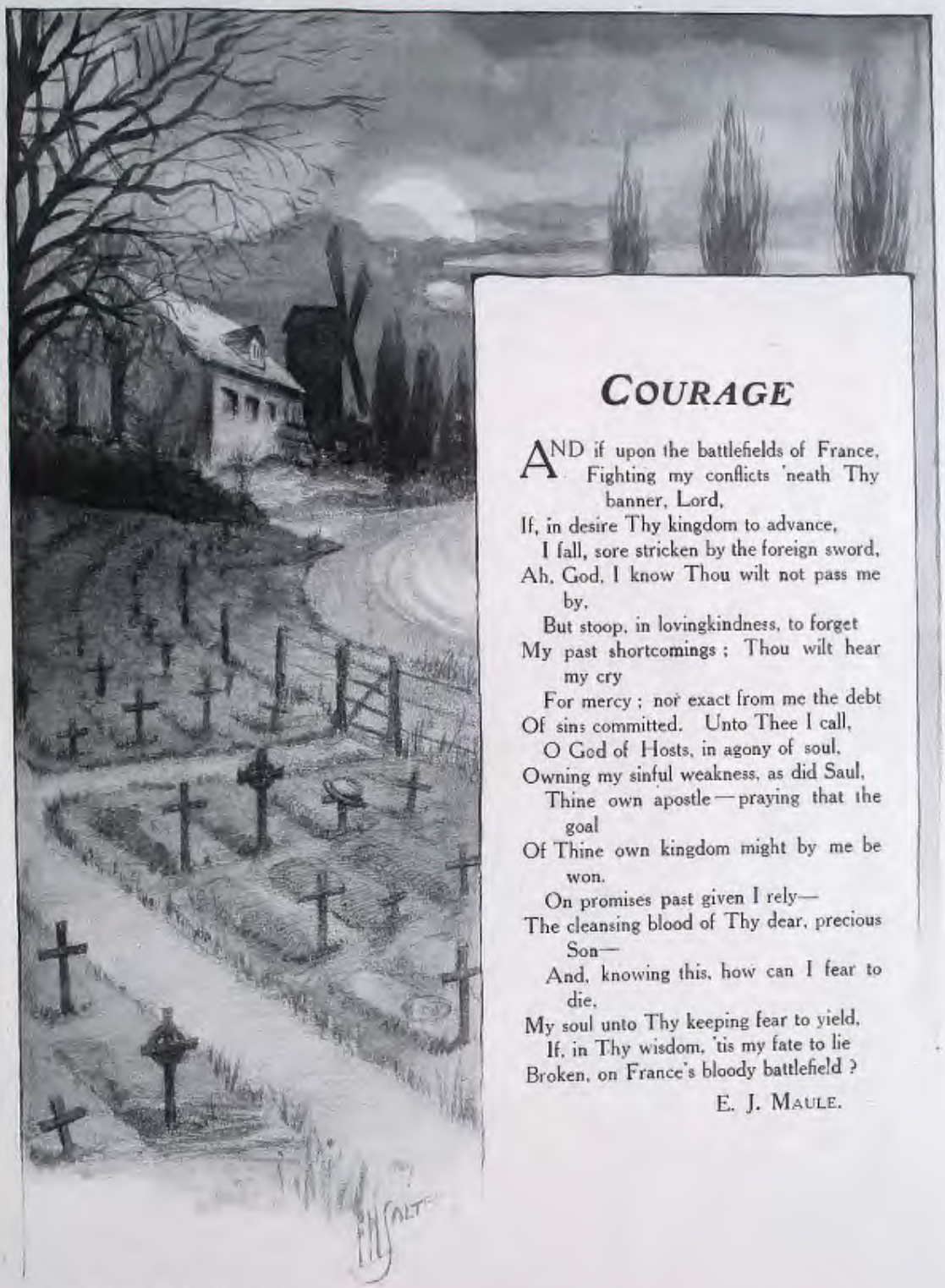
"AND now, before closing this letter, I must ask you a serious question. It is regarding a matter that has caused me many sleepless nights and some despairing days. It is a subject on which I have hesitated to approach you; but now the time has come to confide in you. The matter is too serious to permit of trifling, and lives have been made miserable because, in similar cases, an unfavourable answer has been received. I hope the answer will be satisfactory, and that you will be able to put an end to my suspense. In any case I must screw my courage up to know the worst that can befall. In my distress I turn to you, for of all the people I know in the world you will, I feel sure, be the one best able to help me. Yet you may be surprised that I, whom you may never have looked upon as more than an acquaintance, should approach you in such a dilemma. I can only hope that you will pardon my temerity, and that the serious consideration of the question will not interfere with your work or your social pleasures. It is one in which you yourself are undoubtedly interested, and one that no doubt considerably affects your material welfare. Please, therefore, think of what it means to both of us. Our two lives are very much concerned in it. And now I will put my question in the plainest possible manner:—'When will the war end?'"

Drawn by Lieut. G. P. Hanna

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

THREE HAPPY ENZEDDERS (After the Stunt)

Drawn by Corpl. W. F. Bell



Drawn by Pte. F. H. Salter

COURAGE

AND if upon the battlefields of France,
Fighting my conflicts 'neath Thy banner, Lord,
If, in desire Thy kingdom to advance,
I fall, sore stricken by the foreign sword,
Ah, God, I know Thou wilt not pass me by,
But stoop, in lovingkindness, to forget
My past shortcomings; Thou wilt hear my cry
For mercy; nor exact from me the debt
Of sins committed. Unto Thee I call,
O God of Hosts, in agony of soul,
Owning my sinful weakness, as did Saul,
Thine own apostle—praying that the goal
Of Thine own kingdom might by me be won.
On promises past given I rely—
The cleansing blood of Thy dear, precious Son—
And, knowing this, how can I fear to die,
My soul unto Thy keeping fear to yield,
If, in Thy wisdom, 'tis my fate to lie
Broken, on France's bloody battlefield?

E. J. MAULE.

Drawn by Corpl. J. F. Cumming

Drawn by Lieut. G. P. Hanna

"DIGGERLAND"

CAN you see the waving tussock grass that yellows in the sun,
To the soft blue haze of the distant hills that quiver into one?
Or the glare of the stony river bed and the pool where we used to dive,
And lie on the rocks in the radiant sun, and glory to be alive?

You know the drip of the rain in the bush and the roar of the river in flood,
Whirling the helpless logs along, its water yellow with mud;
When every creek is a torrent fierce and the roads are swept away,
And the clean-washed air when the sun comes up to welcome in the day.

Perhaps we've forgotten the Maths we did or the Latin we learnt at school,
But never the tramps in the wooded hills where the snow-fed streams run cool,
Or the click of the bat on the cricket field, and the balls we couldn't find,
The sleepy town and the sea in front and the grand old Coll behind.

They've turned the sheep on the long fern hill and sent 'em across the bridge,
Stringing far out to their camping ground in the ti-tree on the ridge.
The cattle are clustering down on the flat as the fire dies out of the west,
And the morepork calls to his mate in the bush as the station goes to rest.

But a glimmer of light from the homestead tells of one whose rest is broken,
Her heart is chilled by a hundred fears that words have never spoken;
And, oh, for the click of the latch on the gate and the heavy tread at the door!
A mother's part is harder than that of her sons gone out to war.

T. D.

ENLIGHTENMENT

THEY met on the corner of a street in Glasgow, two New Zealanders: the one nonchalant, confident, perfectly at home—an old soldier; the other slightly bewildered, with a bearing suggestive of greenness He was a late reinforcement. Obviously they were both on leave. They hailed each other:

"Say, Digger!" in the breezy manner of their kind.

"Leave from Sling?" queried the old hand, taking in his comrade-in-arms at a glance.

"Yes, you too?"

"No"—rather patronisingly—"France."

"France?"

"Yes."

"What's it like over there? Pretty hot, isn't it?"

"Not so bad. Gets a bit merry at times."

"Yes, I suppose so. They tell me the Division's having a rest at present. They must be pretty tired."

"Oh, no. We're just out training for another little stunt."

"Stunt! What's that?"

"Hopping the bags."

"Hopping the bags? Is that 'going over the top'—an attack?"

"Yes, but it will most likely be a counter, seeing that Fritz is adopting the offensive this year."

"Is that so? They've been over a good many times during the last year, haven't they?"

"Yes, a good many—first-class troops, you know. Anyhow, what are we there for?"

"I suppose you're right," the recruit acquiesced resignedly. "I'm going over to France myself soon, and I've been wondering what a chap ought to take over with him."

"Well, you've got what you stand in for a start, and your overcoat. Shove that in your valise. Got a cardigan, mess-tin, jack-knife, lanyard, oil-sheet?"

"Yes."

"Spare pair of underpants, singlet, shirt, socks?"

"Yes."

"Body belt, holdall, hussif——"

"Yes."

"Towel, muffler, cake of soap, tooth paste, field dressing, dubbin"—the warrior, hero of many battles, lead-swinger of the first order, paused for breath. His victim, uncertain whether he was listening to a stock sale auctioneer or to a grocer rattling off his wares, breathlessly endeavoured to imprint the last-named articles on the grey matter in his befogged cranium. Mercilessly his tormentor continued:

"Balaclava, handkerchiefs, razor, hair brush——"

"Yes."

Enlightenment

The green one's grey matter did half an hour's overtime in the space of three seconds. The human gramophone put on another record:

"Mess-tin cover, knife, fork, spoon, gloves——"

"Yes."

There was a pause. A soldier's memory is limited. Then, with the air of one who is shutting up shop after a hard day's toil:

"That's about all. Any more information I can give you?"

The green one pondered.

"Does a chap have to carry all that in his valise—on his back?" he asked incredulously.

"Yes, and two blankets also."

"Is there much marching to do?"

"Yes, you are on the move for three days at times."

"Hell!"

"Of course you sleep at night?"

"Do you? That's a consideration. I say, what about insect powder? Do you need that over there?"

"How much have you got?"

"Two tins."

"Shove them in too. It will help to fatten them, and they don't bite so much when they're fat."

"Fatten what?"

"The greybacks!"

"Do they trouble you much?"

"A bit. Fifty is the biggest bag I've got in one day."

The green one's grey matter still worked on the top gear. His zeal for knowledge knew no bounds.

"Where's a cove going to put his private gear—letters, books, and things?" he asked.

"Along with the rest of course, in your valise."

The victim began to perspire like a watercart. The Third Circle of Dante's Inferno flashed across his troubled vision as a pleasure resort in comparison with the evils that lay ahead of him. A providential brain wave saved him. The unbelief of Doubting Thomas is, happily at times, a seventh sense even with the greenest of the green. He bit.

"Do you carry all that damn gear round with you?"

"Me!" said the old one, taken by surprise. "Me! Oh no!"

"Well, what the blazes do you carry then?"

The old one melted:

"Look here, Digger"—and he could no longer suppress the amused smile which for the last ten minutes had been threatening to get the better of him—"between you and me and the Channel Fleet, how many pairs of socks have you got?"

"Six."

"Righto! Shove them in your valise along with a towel and your hold-all. Put your overcoat and oilsheet in too, and you're set. Dump the rest."

"Is that Dinkum?"

"Yes."

"Thanks. I was beginning to wonder how——"

"Don't worry; you'll learn. Here's an estaminet. Come and have a spot, and drink to the health of good old N.Z. We'll be home by Christmas!"

R. W. T.

THE MEN WHO'VE REALLY BEEN

THE Boy and the Man trudged on and on in the evening's fading light
To the Ridge beyond the bending line, lit by the star-shells bright;
Yet never a word they said as they marched right into the battle's din,
For their eyes were fixed in the stolid stare of the men who're going in.

They reached the Ridge and the battered trench, and together they manned their bay
For the long and dreary hours of guard that so slowly pass away,
While their pulses leaped as a shadow moved in the moonlit space of moor,
And in their eyes was the doubtful look of the men who're not quite sure.

But they're sure of it now as the sky leaps down in a smoke-cloud flecked with fire,
As the whole earth rocks and heaves and sways, and the lights leap up still higher,
For they're into the fray and it's hand-to-hand—a matter of do and dare—
And in their eyes is the desperate glance of the men who are getting there.

It's over now, and the nightmare's past, as down the sap they tramp,
Past the scarecrow trees and the ruined farm, and on to the tented camp;
They reach the road and they march along, with never a song or shout,
With the blood-stained clothes and the listless look of the men who're coming out.

But they've won their fight, and know what it means to face the bomb and shell,
And the flame that comes from the iron shard, as out of the mouth of hell—
In days to come when the shirker tells his tales of the fights he's seen,
They'll both look on with the tranquil smile of the men who have been.

A. G.

A BILLET YARD AND COOKER

Drawn by Lance-Corporal N. Welch

Maori: "What! you got te six stripe, *ehoa?*"
Tommy: "Ah, oui, chum."
Maori: "Py Golly! I think you fight te Big War in hospital, eh?"
Drawn by Pte. A. Lloyd

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES

Drawn by Pte. George Prain

WIRING

ONE of the most disagreeable tasks which fall to the lot of the soldier in the trenches is erecting barbed wire entanglements. By day and in rear areas it is merely tiresome and nasty, but in No Man's Land, working in darkness and with an attentive neighbour across the way, it becomes something more than objectionable.

The preliminaries alone are disagreeable enough—the journey to and from the Engineers' dump for the necessary materials, made in the gathering darkness with the night machine-guns starting their song.

The loads to be carried consist of long screw-stakes, which are six-feet iron rods with corkscrew-like ends, short screw anchors and barbed-wire coils. The shrewd members of the party make a grab for the short anchor bundles, and the slowest have to carry the barbed-wire coils. There are several ways of carrying screw-stake bundles and barbed-wire coils, but they are each more awkward than all other ways, as any Digger will tell you, and the only satisfactory method so far discovered is getting lost from the party and dumping your load.

One of the most arbitrary rules of trench warfare is never to attempt to pass a wire-carrying party at night in a communication trench or on a duckwalk track. A string of figures lurch clumsily in the darkness, each one bristling with annoyance and sharp iron stakes or keen barbed wire, and bent only on pushing on to start the night's work; if you meet them in a trench, climb up on top and take the lesser risk of a clean and honourable bullet wound.

A most interesting diversion in the carry by night is occasioned by a loose or broken duckwalk, which can produce the cleverest gymnastic display and the most extraordinary noises that can be witnessed or heard in France. It is hard to describe the exact manner of the occurrence, as the darkness hinders the onlooker and the participants are biased and unreasonable, but the general principles are those of a man crawling backwards through the squad with an erect fan of sharp stakes and a jabbing timber club, being checked by other men with big boots and more sharp stakes. Broken duckwalks annoy carrying parties.

Arrived at the front line, the loads are dumped on the parapet and the ticklish part of the job commences. First, the site is reconnoitred to see the extent of the system and to put in the end marking pegs—then the party sallies forth. Satisfactory work cannot be done if an enemy patrol mingles with the party, so a few scouts creep forward and lie in shell-holes beyond the ground to be wired, while the wirers carry the

Wiring

dump forward to one end of the projected wire fence.

The wirer's thoughts are invariably that the night, though unusually dark as he floundered with his load, becomes strangely bright as he climbs out on top, that the enemy flares are abnormally big and wastefully prolific, and lastly that the German front line is extraordinarily near and extraordinarily well garrisoned by extraordinarily energetic machine-guns.

In training schools and reinforcement camps there is a scheme of wiring drill enthusiastically carried out, whereby a wiring party, each doing a task in sequence, causes a neat wire fence to spring from the ground in a few minutes, but in No Man's Land these performances never materialise.

The impressions of each wirer are that he alone is working, the remainder hindering him and making terrific noises which speak of wiring to the listening countryside, while now and then the poor progress of the work indicates that somebody has surely taken off a wire or two.

The long stakes are first spaced and screwed in, then the short anchor stakes, which are insufficient in number. Nobody knows why there are never enough short screws on a wiring job; some attempt to wonder why, but they are fools who think that arithmetic applies to carrying wiring materials. However, the fact remains that there is always a shortage of anchors.

Having screwed in stakes and anchors, the wire is slowly and painfully unrolled and fastened on with many twists and more curses. One senseless idiot writing a treatise on wiring said that wire was like nettles, the more determinedly it was handled the less it hurt. I don't think he has seen either; he certainly hasn't fondled a tangled, springy coil in No Man's Land.

Appearances are often deceptive on a wiring job; you find the end of your wire won't reach the stake, and you heave and pull at what you feel is an obstruction, wondering, perhaps, why your comrade along the fence makes those muffled noises. They are not sounds of encouragement nor of bravado, it is merely a protest, for your wire has sprung with a spiral coil round his neck, and your vigorous tugs tend to re-arrange the setting of his left ear.

The strangest phenomenon is the changeableness of the anchor screws. As you run out your fence wire they are aggressively conspicuous, and you repeatedly find yourself tripping over them, and sitting with the coil clasped to your breast. When, however, it comes to the guy-wires to be fastened to the anchors, you find that they have moved to the most unlikely and well hidden spots, and you grope for them with a feeling of mild wonder—at the start. The guys anchored, the last job to be done is the low trip wire on the enemy side. Then the scouts are withdrawn and the party returns, ready for a tot of rum and a good sleep.

C. MENT.

BIRDS OF NEW ZEALAND

1. *The Kiwi.*

THE cute Kiwi
Can't climb a tree;
If he tried, he'd only fail.
He has no such thing
As a commonplace wing,
And he never had a tail;
So to get his food
In the lonely wood
He seeks great supplies
Of both worms and flies.
From day to day, and from week to week,
He just depends on his splendid beak.

2. *The Kea.*

The kea bold,
So wise and old,
Lives up on the mountain crest:
He's a curious bird,
And it seems absurd
That you cannot find his nest.
In the olden days,
He had various ways
Of getting his grub
In the upland scrub;
But now the shepherds can scarcely sleep
Because he persists in killing their sheep.

3. *The Kakapo.*

The Kakapo
Is somewhat slow,
And usually half asleep.
Tho' it seems a lie,
His attempts to fly
Would make even an Emu weep.

In his curious way,
He retires by day;
So it's only right
That he feeds by night,
And goes to bed in a hollow tree
As soon as he's had his morning tea.

4. *The Digger.*

The Digger bird
Is more absurd:
He builds in the Flanders mud,
Where he lives, alas!
Upon guns and gas,
And the high explosive dud.
In the mud and sleet
He gets big trench feet,
Yet just for fun
He will fight the Hun
From morn till noon, and from noon till night,
As long as the Hun still wants to fight.

MALCOLM ROSS.

Drawn by Lieut. G. P. Hanna

"THANKS, FRITZ—BLIGHTY"

Drawn by Pte. O. W. Lindauer

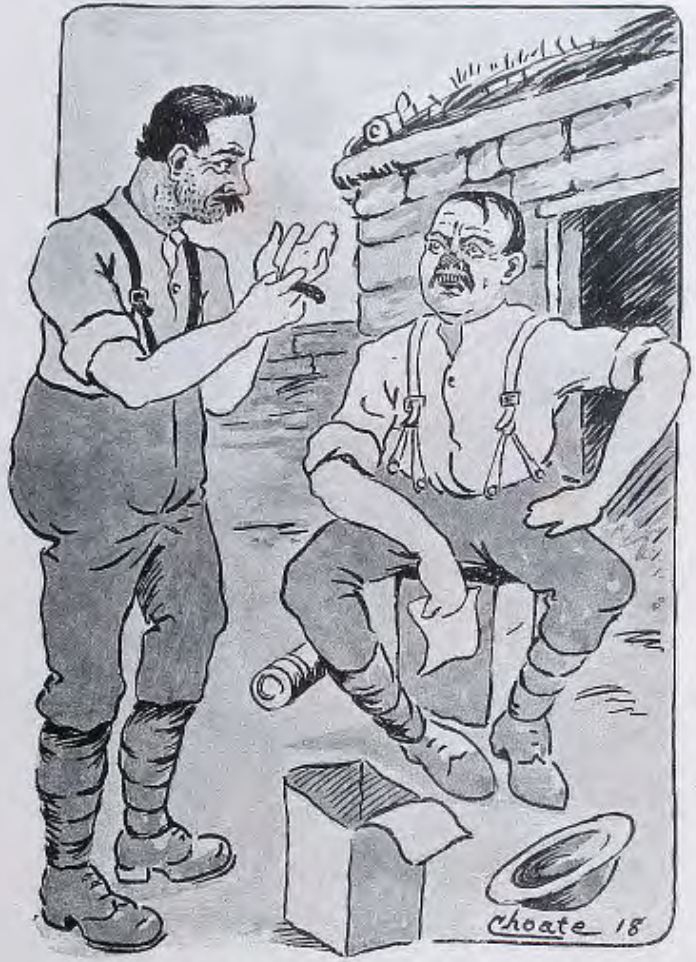
Voice from Dug-out: "Hurry up with that —— dinner!"
The Cook (chattering): "Y-y-yes, sir" (*sotto voce*) "Always thinking of their blinkin' meals."

Drawn by Pte. H. P. Watson

WHAT THEY THINK OF THE MAGAZINE

The Pessimist: "If you ask my opinion, I think it's rotten."
The Jovial One: "Never mind, in any case let's have it."

Drawn by Lieut. G. P. Hanna



'Erb: "I dunno what's wrong with this razor o' mine, it won't cut a bit."
Alf: "That's funny, 'Erb, it was all right on my corns this mornin'."

Drawn by Lieut. F. H. Choate

"Ten—long—weary—years of my life I dug coal,
And ten—long—weary years I made woollens,
And now I'm shivering in France."

Drawn by Corpl. W. F. Bell

A view of the New Zealand Base.

Drawn by Sergeant Girdlestone

MORNING SCENE AT THE BASE

CHARACTERS

BURLY SERGEANT.
CHORUS OF LEAD-SWINGERS.
CHORUS OF CUTHBERTS.

Burly Sgt.: Stir it up, you lazy slouches;
Just you quit your virtuous couches—
Fall in! On parade!
Slip your boots on at the double,
Shave off all that ginger stubble,
You're just making bally trouble—
Rules must be obeyed!
Come on! On parade!

Omnes: Damn his old parade!

1st L.-S.: Sergeant, I've a funny feeling—

2nd L.-S.: I have skinned my heel—it's peeling.

3rd L.-S.: I can't bend my back.

Chorus of L.-S.: We're not fit for strenuous drilling;
All that we're here for is killing
Time—to do that we're all willing.
We can't bear a pack!

B.S.: Go and see the quack!

Chorus of L.-S.: Right! We won't be back!

[*Exeunt* L.-S.

Chorus of Cuthberts:
Sergeant, it's against our teaching
And the Prince of Peace's preaching
Ever to parade.

New Zealand at the Front

We are men of peace and quiet—
Cannot tolerate a riot;
We would faint to see men die—it
Makes us sore afraid.
Please, we can't parade.
B.S.: You'll damn well be made.

Listen here, you milk-faced misses,
Guess you'll get no love and kisses
While you're under me.
Anyone who wants a thrashing,
Good, old-fashioned, hefty bashing,
These good fists his pale face smashing,
Let him shirk and see!
1st Cuthbert: Sir, on bended knee . . .
Chorus: Would that we could flee!
His eye is fierce, his look is cruel;
We must fall in and take our gruel.

[*They fall in.*

Enter Lead-Swingers.

B.S.: Show me your report—
Ha! 'Tis as I thought;
Medicine and duty all.
Answer when your names I call.

Omnes: War is cruel, war is galling,
Drill is exercise appalling,
Sergeants are a pest.
Chorus of L.-S.: M.O.'s now there's no deceiving,
Our excuses ne'er believing.
Chorus of C.: For the Hun our hearts are grieving.
B.S.: Look sharp—you're not dressed!
What you want is lots more starch.
Number! Form fours! Right! Quick march!

[*Exeunt*, marching.

K. L. Trent.

"What's the password to-night, Joe?"
"Sunshine!"

Drawn by Pte. George Prain

THE MOVING SPIRIT

The Wide-awake-One: "Come on, Joe, hop out now and we'll get on with the War."

Drawn by Sapper E. Miller

THE ROAD OF MEMORIES

1908

I WAS the Colonial seeing the Continent. The gaiety of Brussels had palled, and I was walking down through Flanders, tramping it à la swagger, rejoicing in the novelty of the pack, yet cursing, for the first time, that *pavé* which is as interminable as it is indestructible.

I had spent the night in Menin, and set out in the early hours of a typical Flemish autumn morning along the road to Ypres. Through the dense veil of fog the stately trees loomed huge and ghostly, assuming strange shapes of mountain and overhanging cliff, while every roadside *herberg* seemed at least a great château. As the sun rose, and the mist thinned, the way lost nothing of its charm, the fascination of the mysterious being replaced by the simpler but no less striking beauty of the real countryside; and as the last traces of fog cleared away, and tiled roofs and grassy fields were bathed in the full glory of the morning sun, I topped the last low ridge. Ahead of me lay mile on mile of fertile pasture land, low-lying and damp, maybe, in the winter rains, but wholly pleasant now, smiling and prosperous.

I was nearing the little village of Hooghe. The peasant folk, most of them, were already hard at work in the fields. One old *landbouwer*, I remember, was carting *beeten*. Piled high on his *driewielkar*, they made a goodly load, and it was only after much encouragement by voice and stick that the lazy, well-fed mare succeeded in drawing it through the muddy gateway on to the road. Madame, meanwhile, from the farmhouse door, shouted shrill instructions to Marie who, in her Sunday best, was walking briskly along in front of me, evidently on shopping bent, to Ypres town.

On my right lay Hooghe Château, a massive three-storeyed dwelling, not beautiful, but typically Flemish, and wellnigh hidden by a forest of trees. Beyond its well-kept gardens and stately drives I could see, in the hollow, a small lake, the Bellewaarde Vyver, while beyond the lake again the slope led gently upwards, green and cultivated, to the red-tiled roofs of the village of Westhoek, set like a beacon—its every brick glistening in the morning sun—on the very summit of the long low ridge.

On the left of the road, which now stretched for miles without a swerve, very beautiful with its flanking trees, was little to attract the eye, until one looked beyond and saw, some three or four kilometres away across the somewhat marshy farmlands, the towers and spires of old-world Ypres.

The morning tramp had put a keen edge upon my appetite, and the glori-

ous Halles and Cathedral of St. Martin, towering high above the thousand roofs of houses, shops, and inns, seemed beckoning me on. Many kilometres of *pavé* road still lay ahead before the first outlying houses of the town replaced the roadside trees, and the road itself, turning sharply to the left, led on into the heart of the city by the Menin Gate. So I filled my lungs with pure fresh air, and footed it bravely along the Menin Road. . . .

1918

Wounded had been coming through in a steady stream, and this was our third carry since midnight. The heavy mist still hung low over the mud-flats, but already the sun was glowing like a dim Chinese lantern behind its veil of fog, affording sufficient light to obviate the danger, by no means inconsiderable at night time, of some uncharted obstruction precipitating bearers, stretcher, and wounded man alike into the nearest mud-filled shell-hole.

According to the carefully drafted maps of those who direct operations, the line of evacuation of wounded from our particular sector of the Ypres salient lay at this point along the Menin Road. So it is to be presumed that on this foggy November morning we *were* actually bearing our particularly heavy New Zealander along the road. But the fact was far from obvious. Indeed, there was little enough to show that we were on any sort of a track at all. Only by careful observation was the "road" to be distinguished from the widespread surrounding wastes of mud and shell-holes. Here and there, for instance, was a little patch of shattered road-metal where high explosive had removed a foot or two of surface mud and debris. On either side were more or less parallel lines of salvaged ammunition, smashed boxes, shattered limbers, decaying mules, and other symbols of the Glory of War, reminding one of the glacial moraines on our own Southern Alps. Here and there, too, lay a few blackened, shattered stumps, sole remnants of the one-time flanking rows of graceful trees.

The surface of the road consisted of mud, ankle-deep where it was not knee-deep. The trouble was that in ordinary, that is to say, rainy weather, there were no means of distinguishing the knee-deep from the ankle-deep parts except by touching bottom, generally to the accompaniment of much non-biblical language. At this time the mud, owing to an unparalleled period of dry weather, had thickened to the consistency of glue, and at one stage of our carry that morning I suddenly found myself thigh-deep in it. After much struggling and straining I succeeded in sitting down in it, with a stretcher-load of wounded New Zealander on top of me.

Directly in front of us lay a shell-hole too huge to be easily bridged over or filled in, and the impatient traffic had surged round it until the new curved track was nothing better than a quagmire, through which infantry and packmen and stretcher-bearers alike had to wade—cursing. Hanging on the edge of the hole was a rear half-limber; the fore part was bottom upwards in the water-filled shell-hole, beside it the head and swollen body of the mule that had been responsible for its downfall.

But mere shell-holes were the least of the evils of this "road"; the worst

were apparently bottomless pits. For underneath the road the enemy had made a tunnel, and many British shells had at some time provided direct communication between road and tunnel. These mine shafts detracted somewhat from the road's utility.

The view on either side was monotonous, the whole landscape consisting of mud and shell-holes, littered with the flotsam and jetsam of war. Some tanks, derelict and on the "roll of honour," formed convenient landmarks. Bold painted notice-boards imparted an air of shoddy civilisation to the scene. One of these, set up near a few broken bits of timber, read "Glencorse Wood"; another, on the edge of a vast mine crater beside the road, said simply "Hooghe." Hooghe——!

Here one came upon something that really resembled a road, and we transferred our burden to a waiting ambulance car. Our eyes followed it as it purred swiftly away along the road to Ypres, but they did not linger upon the crumbling heap of masonry that men call the Cloth Hall, for the German gunners began to shell the Menin Road. Their aim was sure. They "planted" big H.E.'s upon, and H.E. shrapnel above, that distorted strip of roadway with unerring accuracy, and the car began to break all records in the rapid evacuation of wounded. Beside a new shell-hole, face downward in the mud, lay a New Zealander who was past human aid.

1928

It does not seem long to me now since the last great rumour came true, and I found myself free to live again as in the days before the war. But men forget soon, and, already, our sons who have been reading of these battles, are longing to share the glory and honour of another war. Only the mothers remember, the mothers whose boys lie buried, many of them, beside the Menin Road.

And now I have come back to Flanders. I had to come. It was a mother's wish that I should show her where her son was lying. God knows how little I wished to see the ghastly place again when last I left it. But it was now no longer ghastly. The years had come down upon the ruin of those old dreadful days, effacing memories, as the Flanders mist in 1918 often hid the ugly and the sordid, shrouding all things in mystery and romance. The soft rains and the patient, toiling Flanders men and women had worked a miracle in the brown craterland that the Overlords of War had left in their destructive path. The meadows were green again, and already there was the hint of gold in the corn, for the summer, they said, was not like the summers in which we fought here. The *pavé* ran, now, across a chequer of green and gold. Flanders had come into its own again.

And the Menin Road was straight and smooth once more. Only the splendid avenues that shaded the road of 1908 were, like the armies that had shot them away, merely memories. A new château had reared its red brick amidst the tender green of the new trees at Bellewaarde Lake, and a new avenue of slender elms that might be ready for the next war led up to the heraldic gates.

In the fields the peasant folk weeded, or herded their cattle, and Madame,

with streaks of grey in her hair, shouted her final message to Julie on her way to the new Ypres, where the ruins of the old Cloth Hall still stood, preserved against the building of a new. Julie was the baby when last we passed that way. She did not remember the soldiers, she had but a dim recollection of the noise of the guns, which she recalled only, when, in late summer, the flashes and the rumblings came out of the edge of the black clouds of a summer evening.

Near the great crater of Hooghe a new village had been built by modern builders who did not build so picturesquely as the old. I did not care to linger here, for my memories were sad memories, and all the windows of the houses were filled with "curios"—the scrapings of battlefields that had been. Here were nose-caps and shell cases, polished and scrolled and beaten in inartistic design where should have been only plain simplicity. There were polished paper-knives made from the copper driving bands of shells that had destroyed and killed and wounded. They gleamed in the afternoon sunshine. Beside an ugly German helmet lay a badge—N.Z.R.B., from which the black had been scraped, and in a little heap of German buttons was the most artistic of all the New Zealand badges—that of the First Canterburys.

As I looked at these, to me sad relics of the nightmare days and nights, a glistening Rolls-Royce, leaving a cloud of dust behind it, went down the road to Ypres, and in it I recognised the portly form of Hermann Schmidt who, during a leave in London, had been pointed out to me as the man who supplied the army with millions of the ration cigarettes that the Colonials always gave away because they were too bad to smoke. And scarcely had the Hermann Schmidts passed on their way when another touring car came up from Menin. It was the car of Herr Flammenwerfer, who had made munitions for Germany and money for himself in the Great War. It pulled up at the little shop at the cross-roads where the Fraulein dismounted to buy, at twice their value, some of the relics of the war, and among them the white crane that had been plucked from the tunic of a fallen Canterbury soldier. She said it would make a pretty hat-pin. Well pleased with her purchases she re-entered the car.

As for me, I fell silent as I drove away with the mother who had made this strange pilgrimage. No word passed our lips as we went back along this road of memories, but tears came to the eyes of each, the one thinking of those friends who, on this battlefield, had passed swiftly into the great beyond, the other passing in review the crowded memories of an only son and all that might have been.

Dreaming thus, we saw the red sun dip into the haze behind a belt of young trees. This we saw as through a mist, for our eyes were still wet. And in the distance the big, grey German car droned contentedly away along the Menin Road. . . .

L. B. Q.

THE SALVAGE DUMP

THERE is an old English word that has come into common use during the present war, and it is the word "dump." We have Supply Dumps, Ammunition Dumps, Engineer Dumps, Stone Dumps, in fact every kind of dump; and last, but by no means least, Salvage Dumps.

Has it ever struck you what a world of pathos there is in a second-hand furniture shop? How the various articles conjure up pictures of what were once happy homes, now broken up through death or misfortune; of cherished articles bought, perhaps, at the cost of a hundred little sacrifices, the subject once of loving care and attention, now dust covered and neglected, and only waiting their turn to pass to other hands.

But how much more does this thought strike home in the case of the Salvage Dump? Here is collected the refuse of the battle, the silent witnesses to the past grim struggle, articles cast aside or lost in the fighting, and snatched from the chaos of destruction by the salvaging parties. It doesn't seem a noble occupation, that of salvaging; but to go up a shell-swept road in cold blood, to bring out a wagon left derelict because driver and horses have been killed requires, perhaps, even a higher form of courage than to go "over the top" in all the excitement of a victorious advance. Stepping close up on the heels of the combatant troops the salvage party share largely in danger but little in the glory of battle.

These collections of refuse from trench and shelled terrain are to be found everywhere, in every camp and lines, and close behind every system of forward defence. From there, as opportunity offers, they are conveyed to the Divisional Dumps where everything is sorted either for re-issue, or for return to the Base for repair.

If the various articles composing these heaps could only speak, what a volume of stories they would tell. Here lies a bundle of shrapnel-proof helmets gathered in from the field and the neighbouring dressing-stations. Where are the owners now? Some, perhaps, on their way to Blighty, some in Base hospitals, maimed for life, and others sleeping their last long sleep out there on the ridge where the shells are bursting. Some of the khaki covers bear in indelible pencil the name and regimental crest of the last owner. With what pride and trouble he drew that crest. And now where is he? One helmet is splashed with blood, telling its own story of the shell that carried death to all around.

In another corner lies a pile of rifles so bent and battered and encrusted with dirt as to be almost unrecognisable. Many have fallen from the dead hands of their owners in the last charge for-

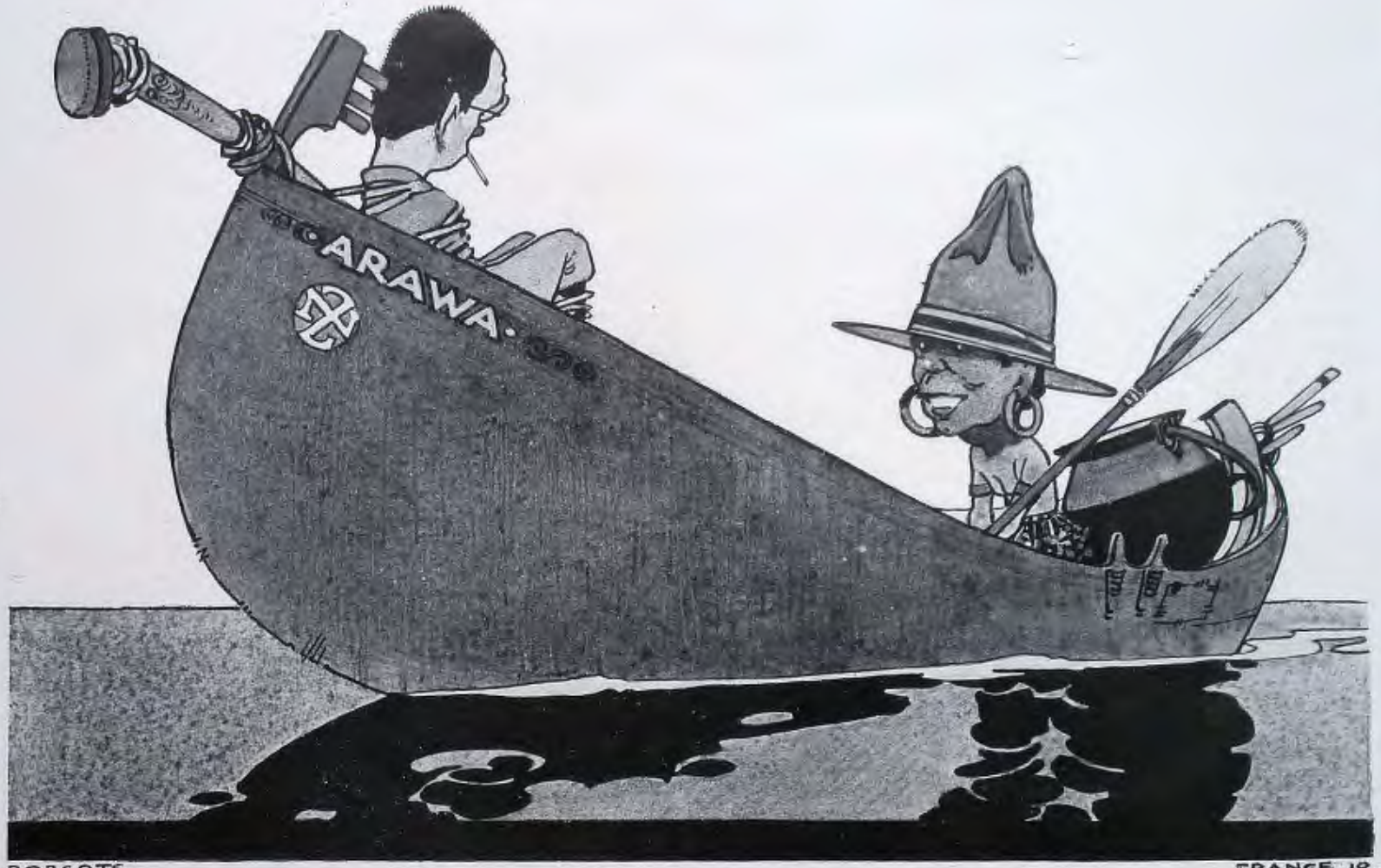
ward, and there have lain, trampled into the bloodstained mud by those coming after, until rifle and owner have perhaps been found many hours later by the search party working under the kindly cover of night. Those with shattered butts have seen grim work at close quarters, when wood, brought down with all the power that red rage can bring to bear, has crashed into flesh and bone. Those bayonets, bent out of all shape, tell the same tale of hand-to-hand fighting in the trenches where there was no room for fence or parry, but only for thrust and brute strength. The few battered wheels tell the story of the transport wagon wending its slow way to the trenches with supplies, till there came the moment in which horses and men were blown by one shell into nothingness, leaving only these fragments.

That gun, battered almost out of recognition, only speaks too eloquently of the crew that stood by their work through a very inferno of destruction, loading and firing just as calmly as if on parade at Aldershot, until the enemy's "heavy," with the roar of an express train and a crash that seemed to rend the very heavens, put an end to their work.

So the tale goes on, horror in every article, condensed death in every pile, tragedy on tragedy, a mere heap of refuse, but, at the same time, a monument to deathless bravery.

J. Atkinson.

THE SALVAGE DUMP
Drawn by Pte. H. P. Watson



THE ANACHRONISM

"Some prisoners recently taken by New Zealand troops were singularly depressed, and shrank from all manifestations of kindliness on the part of their captors, especially refusing cigarettes. Subsequently it appeared that they had been told that the New Zealanders were cannibals, whose invariable custom was to make prisoners smoke cigarettes and then eat them."

The Times, July 29, 1918.

THE SPIRIT OF COMPETITION

Joe: "I'm two up on you, Steve; I've got nine"
Steve: "Yes, but you started two minutes before me!"

Drawn by Sergeant Thompson

A Château in Picardy
Drawn by Pte. J. O'Grady

My Old Château

(Air: "My Old Shako")

I MIND the day, my old Château,
When you were D.H.Q.,
What time my job was orderly
To Gen'ral Ne'er-mind-Who.
I found a tunnelled cellar hole,
With sandbags in a row,
And then I felt as safe as safe
Beneath my old Château.

Heigh-ho! Many a foot below,
We lived our lives together, you and I, my old Château;
Faith! We had the Heads, and all the Staff, the clerks and cooks, you know,
Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty feet below.

I recollect, my old Château,
Your every stone and brick;
Egad! 'Twas in my maiden strafe,
And 'planes were flying thick:
But discipline was running loose,
And some cried, "Half a mo'!"
As I went headlong down the steps
Beneath my old Château.

Heigh-ho! Think you my time was slow?
I barked my shins, my elbows and my nose, you old Château,
But—I didn't care a button for the bombing of the foe,
Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty feet below.

I'm waiting now, my old Château,
For Blighty leave o'erdue,
When every soldier spins his yarn—
And scarcely one is true:
And all men speak about my deeds—
Well worth a D.S.O.—
"Here *lies* a cold foot of the Staff
Who loved his old Château."

Heigh-ho! Kate, and Jane, and Flo,
Think I'm a hero, and of course they really ought to know:
They want to wed the man who dodged beneath the old Château—
Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty feet below.

H. S. B. Ribbands.

From a Cellar

BEAUTIFUL cellar, down in the ground,
How I adore you! How little it matters
If neighbouring wire be blasted to tatters;
They can't reach a feller
Who's down in a cellar.

Here I am quiet; scarcely a sound
Of German activity ever is heard.
To think they can reach me is really absurd.
I'm as far from la guerre
As a staff officier.

Hark to him now, just throwing them round,
Quite evidently on some frightfulness bent.
They're no better than duds those shells that you sent;
You can't reach a feller
Who's down in a cellar
Right under the ground.

Second Canterbury.

THE STRATEGIST

IT was refreshing to meet him, especially when the outlook appeared ominous, and the very raindrops seemed loaded with the weight of pessimism. Middle-aged, with mild blue eyes and grey hair, and wearing none of the distinctive tabs or brassards which relieve the sombre tone of our national khaki, he occupied a minor post.

The modest rôle which he fulfilled compelled him to play a relatively insignificant part in the mighty conflict.

His studious air, and deep, impressive voice soon led one to realise that here resided genius of no ordinary capacity.

The Strategist, as he soon came to be familiarly known, inspired respect, while his imaginative qualities evoked in some of us feelings amounting to admiration. I can see him now, bent over his little wooden table, smoking innumerable cigarettes as he covered a sheet of paper with arrows and various hieroglyphics indicating the lines of manœuvre by which the best laid plans of the enemy were to be frustrated.

Woe betide the Germans had the Strategist been in supreme command of our armies. Their most successful efforts only landed them further into the cunning mesh ready at the decisive hour to be drawn about them. He would smile sardonically at the awful fate awaiting the armies of Ludendorff and von Eckhardt should they persist in the particular tactics upon which they had embarked. On the other hand, equally solicitous was he that our own command should avail themselves of the excellent opportunity, discovered by himself, of dealing a staggering blow to the enemy. As an authority on enemy ordnance he would have turned the average A.O.D. officer green with envy; albeit his knowledge was acquired chiefly through frequent visits to the neighbouring Salvage Dump. Here, among captured trophies, machine-guns, trench mortars, and the like, he would spend happy hours, criticising their mechanism, observing a weakness here or a defect there. The limited traverse of fire permitted by the German "Vickers" was to him always a source of delight and inspiration.

We would occasionally invite the Strategist to share the hospitality of our mess. It was here that his peculiar faculties would be allowed full sway. His Socratic method of debate was characteristic. "Where," for instance, he would ask the senior Major, "are the inter-allied reserves?" (A pause.) "Ah, you do not know: you cannot even guess. Where is the 1st Australian Division? Again you have no notion. You say, Major, that we should at once adopt an offensive as the best means of defence, and we know that Bernhardi's favourite maxim is the continuous offensive, since this allows selection of the point of the main attack. But have you read what von der Goltz and Balck lay down, "that

as a general rule once the infantry is seriously engaged it will be necessary to continue the combat till the final *dénouement*, for it will be no longer possible to recall it without exposing it to the greatest losses? Are you prepared for this, Major? Are your strategic reserves sufficient to enable you to launch such an offensive which, by its very nature, must be decisive?"

The Major, who, by the way, belonged to a non-combatant unit, was usually found to be dubious on these points. "Ah!" would exclaim the Strategist triumphantly. "There you are. Doubt, indecision, want of *precise* information. These are the factors that will land you into the utmost difficulties, and finally lead to disaster."

An unfailing belief in the ultimate rehabilitation of the Russian army as an ally was one of the Strategist's cherished beliefs. He had a scheme whereby, with the help of Korniloff and one or two other trusted commanders, a very cunning stroke was to be delivered which would fill the Central Powers with dismay.

A mysterious individual named Gambetski, with whom the Strategist appeared to be on familiar terms, and who was said to enjoy the confidence of a former member of the late Czar's entourage, was mainly responsible for these expressions of opinion.

I have a shrewd suspicion, however, that his admiration for the Russian nation was largely due to an acquaintance he had once formed, when on leave, with a Polish lady employed in a cigarette shop in the neighbourhood of Jermyn Street. Be that as it may, Gambetski often figured in the Strategist's arguments, being quoted by him from time to time as an infallible source of information regarding future Russian policy. He was even represented as one of the few men in Europe capable of restoring harmony out of the chaos prevailing in that unsettled country.

Whether Gambetski will ever come into his own, or whether, like the Strategist, this original may, through force of circumstances, be compelled to remain in comparative obscurity, no one, so far, can say.

He had an unbounded admiration for the French troops. "There," said he, "you have the ideal military nation. Watch them. Study them. Your time will be well spent. These people understand the art of waging war successfully and economically. They waste nothing on cumbrous impedimenta. The intelligence of all ranks is developed to a remarkable degree. The army of France is truly national, and its splendid discipline springs from the sense of personal responsibility of each individual soldier."

The only response to this eulogium was a shout from the Gas Officer for drinks all round to General Foch.

The Strategist seemed annoyed. "Have you ever read Foch's 'The Principles of War' and 'The Conduct of War'?" the Strategist demanded.

There was no response.

"Well, neither have I," candidly admitted the Strategist; "but I once met a Medical Officer who had, and a very interesting discussion we had on the subject. Contrast Foch's contention that 'Victory goes always to those who merit it by superior force of intelligence and will,' with that of the brutal assertion of Clausewitz when he affirms

that ' One should make straight to the goal without worrying about the adversary's strategical plan, because everything depends upon the tactical results ' —a mere exercise of brute force as compared with the psychic and intellectual methods of the French school."

An ill-concealed yawn caused him to cease and to decide to return to his official labours. We watched him, as he crossed the yard, actively avoid immersion in our well-matured manure heap, and then shake his head sadly at the sight of an old sock, carelessly discarded by some irresponsible-subject-matter for a future discourse on army economy.

But, alas ! for the luck of the poor old Strategist and for the entertainment we derived from his visits. One day he came to me, holding in his hand a message just delivered per D.R.L.S. His face wore the expression of patient resignation which he always assumed when endeavouring to bear up bravely against the slings and arrows of unsympathetic officialdom. He announced to me that it had been decided that on account of his advancing years his present post in a forward area might more suitably be filled by someone of more tender age.

His orders were to leave on the following morning per three-ton lorry and to proceed to a destination carefully defined on the message in block type and map location. In vain we tried to cheer him by pointing out the benefit his health would derive by being nearer the sea coast, and the opportunities he would have of calmly reviewing the situation in peace and quiet with the aid of a regular delivery of daily papers.

"No, no!" he replied. "Life at the base may appeal to some of you younger fellows, but I feel that my place is nearer the front, where judgment and experience are more essential."

He left us with our sincere congratulations and regrets, but his memory remains, and we have in our possession in addition tangible evidence of his former presence in the shape of a MS., with illustrations neatly executed in coloured chalks, entitled, "Studies in Camouflage : A Compendium of Divisional Signs."

H. A. R.

KAMERAD!

Drawn by Corpl. J. F. Cumming

OF RUMOUR

THAT, after a soldier has been at the war for an appreciable time, his mind is less susceptible to outside influence, less responsive to the power of thought, than in the days of peace, there can be no intelligent question. He accepts facts as they impress themselves upon him, but gives them consideration only in so far as they affect his future actions. He is concerned neither with the reason for them, nor with any possible results they might have, external to his own immediate affairs. He gives no thought to the sociological and political forces which produced the Russian Revolution; to the question of that benighted country he devotes but scant attention. One fact only looms large and clear out of the enshrouding mists —that peace with Russia means more Germans on the front where he is fighting.

Ideas, theories, possibilities, trouble him not; his only concern is with the solid, tangible realities of his own small world. He is, in general, no dreamer. But there is one force to whose appeal his mind responds readily and interestedly, and the longer the war keeps him the more potent is its charm: that force is Rumour.

Even here his interest is unreasoning, the possible basis of fact on which the rumour is built he does not seek; but the visions conjured up by the prospect of its materialising into truth are given a free rein in his imagination.

This applies not only to the soldier in the ranks but also to those suns and stars who gleam so brightly in the firmament above him. The brazen-tongued colonel, who on parade declaims against the spread of rumour with Titanic denunciation, is the first to lend an attentive ear to the adjutant's gossip; the officer who asks, in a tone varying from playful badinage to withering contempt, if the sanitary man has set his seal on the most recent story, has always a spare moment to listen to the vagrant tales of his batman. There *is* a difference between the attitude of the colonel and that of his latest private, but it is a difference only in degree.

Every officer knows how seriously the Mess discusses in the evening wild tales chance-heard on the morning's inspection of billets. The apparent improbability of the story matters not one whit. In war everything is possible; and so any rumour, however it may appear to lack foundation, however incongruous it may seem in the light of existing events, however dazzling a vista of glory it may open up to minds convinced that the drabness of existence must continue indefinitely, may yet by some happy chance prove to be truth. And it is just that tittle of possibility which makes it worthy of discussion.

Every important move has been foreshadowed by a rumour, inaccurate, perhaps, but containing a large substratum of truth; why should not this latest one prove as fruitful as so many

Of Rumour

of its predecessors? Moreover, the more it is discussed the more do reasons accounting for it suggest themselves; the fact that it is probably one of these very reasons which has caused someone to build a picturesque story upon it is overlooked in the general pleasure evoked by the contemplation of the picture.

Rumour is the one form of healthy excitement possible to the soldier on service in France. Other excitement there is in plenty; but the shivering, tense anxiety of waiting for a whining shell to explode is less excitement than nervous disruption, while the pleasurable thrill of leave is too fleeting and evanescent a quantity to have any regular and constant influence in alleviating the dull monotony of routine. Hence it seems a thousand pities that the prevalence of rumour should be so deeply lamented by higher authorities, and that such determined efforts should be made to stamp it out—even though 'twere easier to pile Pelion upon Ossa, or to hide away a lost soul in the skiff of the Stygian ferryman!

Rumour does but little harm, while its good works are boundless. It, and it alone, can give to a war-weary Digger an active mental stimulus; it causes him to employ those faculties which else lie dormant; it gives him something to look forward to—and herein lies its most potent blessing, for without an immediate possibility (however remote) of a change to brighter surroundings, he would inevitably succumb beneath the weight of an all-crushing hopelessness.

Little credit is given to Rumour for its work in improving *moral;* and yet its power in that direction is almost without limit. Little does the soldier reck that Rumour is a fickle jade; before the falseness of one story has been proved by subsequent fact, another story has arisen to supplant the old, and he forgets his misguided faith in the first in the newer interest evoked by the second.

So let us not think scornfully of those who are frankly interested in rumours, or heap contempt on the heads of those who from time to time believe in them. No soldier but has reposed implicit faith in a tale which has ultimately proved false; no soldier but has disbelieved one which has ultimately proved true. Rumour is a power for good rather than for evil; it daily brightens the lives of thousands of men who have but little to relieve the heart-breaking sameness of existence; its influence is boundless throughout the length and breadth of the nations at war to-day, and will remain so till the iron-jawed God of War sinks dead at the feet of a triumphant Peace.

K. L. Trent.

Jock: "I axed him if he was a foo'-blooded Maori."
Sandy: "Aye, mon, an' what did he say?"
Jock: "He says, 'I'm no a Maori, I'm a smoked Scotsman.'"

Drawn by Lieut. F. H. Choate

A HOME FROM HOME

Drawn by Private A. Lloyd

For Sale

Or Lease. Easy terms to good tenant.

DUCK CHÂTEAU, Slush Alley--Somewhere in Flanders. Owner, being desirous of leaving for New Zealand, is willing to dispose of interest at sacrifice.

Duck Château is a modern dwelling-place, well sheltered from cold winds (should they blow high enough), and is situated in the midst of rural and interesting surroundings.

Accommodation for two persons in room seven feet by four feet. Ceiling three feet above floor, rusticated iron panels, corrugated design. Every possible inconvenience (fresh ones added daily).

Water and gas laid on at frequent though uncertain times. Sliding stairway (especially in wet weather) gives quick access to the château, and saves time.

Cold shower laid on. Tin hats and dixies always at hand to turn it off. Foot bath at foot of bed. Plunge bath at foot of sliding stairway. Stove in entrance.

Large supply of dripping which owner will sell on reasonable terms.

Sleeping accommodation: two stretchers, army pattern. Stretch sufficiently to rest in water on floor.

Music supplied by all the "Big Guns" of Great Britain and Germany. Wagnerian in type. Bass and kettle drums by Krupp, Lewis, Maxim and other well-known makers. Solos by Madame and Mademoiselle Skylark.

Firework displays every night.

Soil volcanic (in appearance and in reality) lately turned over at considerable expense.

Path: shelled.

Mails delivered occasionally. Aeroplane service passes door every few minutes.

Doctor in close attendance.

Easy terms to anyone who will take on as a going concern.

A bit more goes every day. The whole likely to go at any moment. Applications to—

PTE. A. DUG-OUT.
Nth Battalion, N.Z. Army.

AN IDYLL OF REST BILLETS

IT began while the Division was resting last September. I was making a Billeting Distribution List, a task that necessitates visiting nearly every house in the village to ask rude questions in the politest possible words. To save time I took a short cut through Madame's orchard, and she saw me and misinterpreted my intentions.

These old French women can scold solidly and fluently, and it was fully a minute later when I was able to reply. It was not a particularly soft answer either, but it completely turned away her wrath. I received an apology together with a present of apples, far more than I should ever have dreamt of helping myself to.

After that Madame frequently invited me to enter her dwelling when she saw me passing. One evening I remember her manner had a decided air of mystery about it, and I found that the surprise she had in store for me was the arrival of her son, home for four days *en permission*. I had some interesting talks with Henri, and found he always spoke of the army he belonged to with a touch of sentiment, which is quite indescribable. Since I have met him I can better understand how the French soldier admires the words of the *Marseillaise* and other heroic stanzas, which seem so unlike our own ways of thought.

But there was far more amusement to be found in that farmhouse in conversing with Thérèse than with any of the other occupants. Like most of her compatriots, she had never heard of New Zealand or Australia before the war, and she was rather mystified to find they were so many thousands of kilometres distant. When I told her of our nine weeks at sea she looked so concerned that I tried to introduce a happier touch by speaking lightly of some things that befell us on the way. I told her of the rickshaw men at Durban, who dragged us about in little carts, and who wore *coiffures* of brightly coloured feathers, and I remember how she enjoyed hearing about the boys at Dakar, who dived into ten metres of water *pour ramasser nos pièces d'argent*.

That was ten months ago, and now I am a P.U. in a base camp somewhere in Blighty, trying to be worth my pay in the *rôle* of Bob Cratchitt. But here is a choice sketch of Madame's house (and the orchard, too) on my blotting paper, for I have a habit of sketching when I seek to collect my ideas for writing. Nor is that all I have in front

of me, for here is a letter from Madame herself, written with bright violet ink on cross-ruled paper.

Apparently all the family were enchanted to hear from me, and they all shake my hand with expressions of devoted friendship. Henri regrets much to hear that I am *incapable d'être encore soldat;* I suppose that is the way it would appeal to his ideals. Thérèse seems to be sympathetic for my forthcoming endurance of another sea voyage.

I think I must write again and assure Madame that the prospect of a voyage to New Zealand holds no terrors for me.

C. J. W.

SHIFTIN'

OH! it's shift the bloomin' wagons,
And it's shift the bloomin' gear,
And it's shift the bloomin' "possy"
Umpteen times a bloomin' year;
It's this shiftin', shiftin', shiftin'
That makes fellows sick and sore;
But this ain't a bloomin' picnic,
And it *is* a bloomin' war.

When you've settled down in comfort,
And you've got your "bivvy" dug,
And the Sergeant-Major's genial,
And he doesn't "chew your lug,"
When you've found where booze is plenty,
And you know the girls all round,
You must own it's rather rotten
Once again to shift your ground.

There's the bloomin' tents and marquees,
There's the Quartermaster's store,
And the Officers' belongings
That are always to the fore.
And you've got to shift 'em quickly,
And you've got to leave things neat,
So you work like seven devils
Till you're run right off your feet.

Then you fill your water-bottle,
And you lighten up your pack,
For you know you've got to tramp it
With your wardrobe on your back.
Where you're going no one tells you,
Nor how far you have to go;
So you fill the air with language
That you think will fit the show.

And you wonder why you're fightin'
As you tramp the dusty road,
Always shiftin', shiftin', shiftin',
Always carrying your load;
And you swear and growl and grumble,
Yet, deep down, you know full well
That you've come to save the Empire
From a special brand of Hell.

WOODLEY A. PROWSE.

ANZAC TUNNELS

HE was a merry, round-faced chap; if you met him any part of the twenty-four hours and asked, "How are you, Tom?" he'd invariably answer, "I'm thirsty, Nugget; you ain't got a pint about yer, eh?"

On Quinn's Post everybody knew the driest Engineer in the tunnels, and because he was always going in, or coming out, of a sap they called him the "Minister for Internal Affairs."

Now, these tunnels, which were his chief concern, were all driven for a definite purpose, attack or defence; his were primarily for defence, made to counter the enemy's subterranean attack. Perhaps a little detail would give a better understanding of things.

First, there is the main drive, with its miniature railway for the disposal of earth from other workings; then there are the listening galleries bored towards the enemy. These generally penetrated about twenty yards from the main drive, and then branched off in oblique directions, forming Y's, and from the head of these Y's ran other and smaller ones, and so on, *ad infinitum*. In some cases the Y's joined up with their neighbours, thus forming a perfect labyrinth of small tunnels leading the unwary explorer into an awful maze of confusion.

A man was placed at the extreme end of these listening galleries to detect and report any signs of the enemy's working towards our system. You must understand that in such a confined space sound is greatly magnified, and so it is possible to hear the tapping of picks through fifteen feet of solid earth.

It was well known that the Turks had tunnelled very close to one of these listeners; in fact, we had blown in his drive several times. How that was managed without breaking through into their tunnel would lead to a technical discussion on the effect of explosives, so you must take it as read that, though badly damaged, our tunnel had not joined up with the Turks' below us.

Information had leaked through that the Turks were preparing a big attack, and, from the feverish amount of work going on beneath us, it was evident that our front trench was to receive quite a lift when the time came.

One night, as Tom was going on duty, his officer stopped him and gave him the following instructions:

"The last relief reports that Abdul is about a foot away from the end of our tunnel; if he continues work much longer, come out and report to me. If he stops, put in this charge and fire it; but, if anything unforeseen occurs, you must use your own discretion."

Tom had been in the tunnel about an hour, and the Turk had done very little work during that time, which in itself was not unusual, but suddenly the listener's ears caught a sound that set all his nerves on edge. *Thud, thud,*

thud—a pause—then again the same sound.

No need to tell Tom what was happening; he knew with an absolute blaze of certainty that Abdul had laid his mine, and was tamping up his tunnel with bags of earth to prevent the charge from blowing back.

Here was "unforeseen circumstance" indeed. The Turks had evidently misjudged the distance, and fixed their mine, thinking they were under our main trench. If Tom went to report, the mine might be sprung in his absence, and on the other hand it might not be fired for several hours.

It was not a time for speculation; only one course presented itself to this devoted lad; he must pick his way through the intervening wall of earth and disconnect the fuse!

Could he get through in time? The Turks had had a full hour to complete their mine; and the boy labouring with a pick had a vision of a swarthy foe sitting with his finger on the button of an exploder.

Was ever earth so hard? Did ever a tool seem so blunt? Back and forth with every stroke of his pick those idiotic words, "To be or not to be," coursed through his brain. A little devil perched on his shoulder screamed into his ear, "Get out of it, you're tempting fate—tempting fate—tempting fate; get out of it, no one will know!"

"I will though," answered back the boy, and the pick continued to rise and fall. Soon it met with no resistance; in a flash his arm was through the hole, and was groping round for the fuse. Ye gods, he could not find it! Another period of frantic picking—— He was right through and his electric torch lit up every corner of that confined space. He saw the fuse and wrenched it out!

Who can gauge the relief he felt then? It seemed that, with the breaking of that fuse, the cog which had restrained every muscle and nerve in his body to breaking point slipped, and he found himself trembling like a leaf, while his legs could hardly support his weight!

He reported the matter to his officer, who gave orders for the destruction of the tunnel.

Tom now wears the ribbon of the Military Medal; someone asked him how he got it.

"Oh, by picking," he answered.

"How do you mean by picking?"

"Picking a winner, you dope!"

MICKEY DOOLEY.

A Digger's Disillusion

WHEN I first thought of enlisting,
And courageously assisting
In this game the poet calls the sport of Kings,
I had dreams of martial glory,
Dashing charge with bayonet gory,
And a host of other brave and stirring things:

Of attacks with bugles sounding,
Banners everywhere abounding,
With the gen'ral on his charger in the lead;
Then triumphant, lusty shouting,
As, the issue never doubting,
Fritz flies panic-stricken with his utmost speed.

Then the feasting and the revels
When we've beaten back the devils,
And the cheering, and vociferous hurrahs;
Then the lights from hollows peeping,
When, on beds of soft grass sleeping,
We sink wearily to rest beneath the stars.

But, alas! for dreams deceiving,
And imagination weaving
Such a web of utter falsehood in my brain!
For my visions all are shattered,
And I've just become a tattered,
Weary digger, working knee-deep in a drain.

For the war is but a sequence
Of fatigues of dismal frequence,
Digging holes and straightway filling them again;
While the subaltern aspiring,
Turns his energies to wiring—
(I.e., supervises wiring by his men).

A Digger's Disillusion

Day by day we dig new trenches,
Bury war-created stenches,
Build up castles in the mud, and drain the floor;
  Night by night the big guns thunder,
  Trench and castle rend asunder,
And at dawn we start to dig and build once more.

So farewell to old romances,
Childhood's tales of glistening lances,
Naked sword-blades flashing gaily in the sun;
  Let the spade replace the sabre;
  Let the poet sing of labour,
Never ceasing till the day of war is done.

K. L. TRENT.

Drawn by Private George Prain

ON THE HOME FRONT: THE PAPER WAR

HAVE you ever left the Division and tried to go on writing intelligently in a crowded office in London? This is The Home Front. It produces a glut of ink and paper, but a terrible shortage of ideas. The place is full of paper, and still more paper pours in all day long, letters and forms and chits, army books, telegrams, bills. Headquarters are never shut: charwomen have to work in shifts all night emptying baskets full of letters that have been answered during the day; and even then they can't take away as much as arrives, and the balance has to be filed. All the morning, above the noise of the typewriters, you hear a steady click—click—click, like someone at the entrance to a busy tube station punching tickets. But it is really only one of the orderlies filing papers. They have to be stacked afterwards, and in course of time the building gets full to the top. Then we take over another building.

It sometimes may happen that a messenger boy or a clerk gets left inside at the last, and built in by the incoming papers as the place finally fills up. Of course it is impossible to stop and search for him. There are always plenty of fresh volunteers, fortunately, for this dangerous sector. But you can imagine the complications that will ensue in the Wills, Pensions, Pay, Records, Postal, and other Departments too numerous and important to mention, if this wretched boy, who has been stated to have been killed in an air-raid on the night he went missing, finally succeeds in escaping through a skylight or chimney, and proceeds to report for pay, rations, and, perhaps, even for duty!

Varied sounds float in through the open windows of the offices during the day. An old organ, "mechanical, hand, mark one, aliens, for the use of," draws up on the footpath outside, and the 1875 class alien in charge proceeds to extract from its esoteric mechanism a series of sounds, said by the office boy to be the Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana." If any passer-by is rash enough to throw the alien a coin, he stops at once in the middle of a phrase, like a gramophone running down, and collects the money lest some other alien should get it first. Having duly bitten the coin, to prove it real copper, and spat on it for luck, he puts it in his pocket, and continues the melody from where it was interrupted. If you are new to London and have work to do you lose your patience at this and want to hurl a Mills bomb at the alien. But it would have no effect, for his hide is quite impenetrable to anything less than an armour-piercing shell. There are only two things in London that will shift him—a very large and very fierce constable or a small bribe.

L.

THE REAL TRUTH!

"It's not because we want to fight for Great Britain, it's because we love fighting."

Drawn by Corpl. W. F. Bell

Fair moon, I fain this night would sing
My sweetest song to you,
Of love as sweet as flowers in Spring—
Spring that is overdue.

But in this mask I must be mum,
And seem a silly ass—
For e'en Caruso would be dumb
In an attack with Gas!

M. R.

GAS

Drawn by Gunner A. B. Crocombe

ON THE HOME FRONT

Although Private Wangler has a cushy job at the Records Office, far away from shell-fire, there are times when he doesn't feel *too* safe.

Drawn by Private L. H. Latimer

THREE TREES

Drawn by Driver L. D. Foster

IN RESERVE

Drawn by Driver S. Harris

Drawn by Private H. P. Watson

SAPPERS IN PICARDY

IT was somewhere in France, in the year of our Lord 1918, when Dame Nature, with her truly feminine characteristics, capriciously treated us to smiles and tears before at last deciding to array herself in the glorious mantle of spring and make the sunshine of her presence felt.

A party of New Zealand Sappers was engaged upon the monotonous work of filling in shell craters on a boggy road. A dense mist and intermittent drizzle, which chilled their wiry limbs, maintained the porridge-like consistency of the mire, while the flop of each shovelful, as it was forcibly shaken clear, seemed like a sulky protest. The sharp crack and ping of shrapnel bursting somewhere in the blanket of fog ceased to interest the sturdy little band who worked doggedly on, their wet garments clinging clammily to their bodies. It was all in a day's work—the better the job the sooner the end of the war and a return to their glorious country of sunshine and happiness.

Presently the shelling ceased, and the uncanny silence of the fog induced Bill, the humorist, to remark that the mud baths at Rotorua were *free* to returned soldiers. The muddy figures with one accord straightened their stiffened backs and solemnly commenced "to count him out," that mode of expression which is the delight of the sporting Colonial and the wonder of the Tommy. Anyhow, he added by way of consolation, "Fritz would knock hell out of the road with his evening hate and there'd be no road left to work at on the following day!"

Suddenly a lengthy form loomed up in the mist and the Section Officer materialised upon the high bank of the sunken road. After he had removed a considerable portion of ploughed field from his boots and puttees, he produced a field message form which ap-

CAUGHT!

Drawn by Private H. Freckleton

peared to cause him some perplexity. "Well I'll be damned!" he muttered to himself. "The Old Man must think I'm a blinkin' clairvoyant!"

"Sergeant, just listen to this—we're going to search for Achi Baba's cave!" and he proceeded to read:

"From O.C. X Field Coy. To Lieut. Blank.

"You will proceed to Maison Fermée—J.29.2.606—and make a reconnaissance of catacombs suitable for the accommodation of troops aaa. These catacombs are not known to the Military, but their presence is rumoured by the old inhabitants aaa.

"E. Blinks, Major N.Z.E."

The sergeant, an old hand, thoughtfully pressed a dirty forefinger into the bowl of his seasoned pipe, as he replied, "Well, the boys have done some queer jobs in Gallipoli and France, and I'll bet the O.C.'s banking on that, sir. If there are any bottles or kegs in those caves they'll smell 'em out!"

"Right oh!" replied the Section Officer cheerfully. "We'll do the 'recon.' at once, you and I."

Leaving a corporal in charge, the pair set off, by map and compass, to the village mentioned.

"Wot did I 'ear about bottles?" anxiously inquired Peter.

"Oh, we're building a buckshee estaminet for the troops," answered Bill, as he sang, "In cellar cool I sit alone." A shower of specially selected road metal was the immediate result of his modest effort.

Upon a crest of this undulating chalk country lies the sleepy old-world village, half hidden among tall, slender trees. For centuries the noble line of seigneurs of these rich lands had lived here in wealth and splendour, and, under their protection, had thrived and developed a hardy and industrious people. Many times had the peaceful countryside been invaded by hostile neighbours, but only to be thrown back again. And now the enemy were again ravaging the land. As the two entered the village they found themselves confronted with a sight only too common in this war.

A street filled with a litter of tiles, bricks, broken glass and carcases of transport animals rent by ghastly wounds. Once-pretty homes stood with gaping holes in wall and roof, shutters hung from windows through which the sodden curtains flapped listlessly in the wind, and pavements were torn up as though by some vast subterranean upheaval.

But "every cloud is silver-lined," remarked the sergeant as he pointed out a "Digger" knocking ragtime out of a half-wrecked piano, while his mates filled water-bottles from a cow that one of the number was milking—an extremely delicate operation which, with the aid of a firm hold on her horns, and the accompaniment of soft music, appeared to be successful.

Occasional shells were still landing among the houses, setting up weird echoes which deepened the feeling of gloom about the empty streets, but presently the bombardment ceased, so it was decided, that with all its diversions, the spot was too unhealthy to linger in, and a course was set for the parish church.

Here, the sight that met the eyes of the explorers was one that will haunt them until the end of their days. An enemy shell had penetrated the roof, shattering and splintering everything within range; upon the floor in a thou-

sand fragments was what had once been a fine old glass chandelier, while all around were strewn the remains of the venerable oak pews. As they silently gazed on the cruel wreckage of generations of loving handiwork, they involuntarily raised their eyes to the stricken figure of Christ which appeared to look down with unutterable anguish upon the awful work of sacrilege. The words, "His altars were cast down," seemed to flash across the mind as with reverent steps these New Zealand lads picked their way towards the High Altar, now but a torn and twisted mass. In a small alcove they came across old books containing valuable information relating to early history of the parish, which afterwards proved of great assistance in locating the site of the catacombs.

The next proceeding was to hunt up the Army Interpreter and bring to light two aged villagers who were sheltering in cellars somewhere on the outskirts of the village.

The Interpreter, with true French courtesy, patiently put a number of questions to the first, a poor old dame, semi-paralysed, but withal in cheerful spirits. When not answering questions, she spoke volubly of her minor ailments and the discomforts that "les Boches" had caused her. She had a good strong cellar, and she was not afraid; but regard, Messieurs, how they had ruined her home and broken her windows! and she began to pick from the sashes fragments of glass which she entrusted to the bashful sergeant to throw away. Ah! they were the "brave Neo-Zéalandais!" Then she wouldn't budge an inch for all the German shells, she said, as she struck the tiled floor with one of her crutches.

The officer, who certainly could not lay claim to finesse in the eternal war of lady-killing, made what was probably an elephantine attempt to gain Madame's confidence by suggesting a joy ride in an ambulance car. "Ah, monsieur, vous êtes grand brigand, mais après la guerre, poutêtre," she laughingly replied.

After sifting the information gleaned from this old lady, it seemed curiously enough to correspond with a certain mention of subterranean caves where the inhabitants of the village had taken refuge with their belongings during the war of 1870.

Unfortunately, she was unable to guide one to the entrances, but she was positive they existed.

However, the next subject proved to be a very bright, alert old gentleman, aged 90 and an orphan, who conducted the party to a house where he indicated a spot on the tiled floor as being above the main entrance to the "underground."

Having gleaned all possible information from these sources, a systematic search was organised, in which certain joyful members of the road party, trying hard to conceal their excitement and delight, were detailed to assist.

The day of the expedition broke gloriously fine—beneath the clear blue of the sky a faint breeze stirred the young leaves into sparkling life, while the birds jostled and twittered as though they had just awakened from the long drear winter. All around the open country lay, a riotous mass of colour, for the "flowers of the field" had again peeped forth half timidly to share the joys of spring—dandelions, blue-bells, violets, buttercups, forget-me-nots—in utter profusion with here

and there plots of yellow turnip flower showing up vividly upon the billowy landscape.

Everybody was as keen as an army razor. Even Brickey forgot to chase hares as he hastened on, jingling a pair of bright, worn pennies that he invariably carried. The remainder of the party tailed on behind, speculating on their chances of loot (punishable by death in ordinary circumstances), and laughing like a pack of schoolboys.

It was not long before they were at work with pick and shovel, tearing up tiles and clearing away the debris. As the dust rose in clouds and the sun grew warmer, off came tunics and shirts, and beads of sweat of two-bob-an-hour quality stood out upon their dirty faces.

"Oh, for a goblet of cold water!" fervently exclaimed Bill, as with mock heroics he stretched a pair of wiry limbs towards the heavens.

"Wot? Water!" Peter flung back with contemptuous disgust as he threw down his shovel and spat expressively into the hole. "Well, me sons," he continued, "we used t' get a tot o' rum every day in the Navy, proper rum, mind yer, and we did not squeak for water or medicine either"—and in his clear, strong voice he commenced to sing one of the chanties of his younger days, while the boys listened with quiet attention.

By this time they had struck an arch of brick; curiosity was mounting rapidly, and Brickey was about to accept bets on the possibilities, when another inhabitant of some eighty summers appeared upon the scene and critically surveyed the operations. "Bon joor," genially greeted Bill, who boasted among other things his linguistic abilities. "Common talley?" All hands stopped to observe the effects of Bill's feeler, whereupon the old chap, taking his cue, launched into a fine flow of French, much to the dismay of Bill, who vainly attempted to stem the rush by interspersing "Oui," "Sanna fairy an," and "Tray biang," at odd intervals. But all to no purpose.

"Keep going, Bill. Smother 'im with science," encouraged one. "Take his number and argue with him afterwards," suggested another, as broad grins lit up the faces of the onlookers.

If the sergeant had not then arrived Bill's reputation would have been badly broken. Much to his relief, the old man devoted his attentions to the newcomer, who, after much gesticulation and dumb talk, came to the conclusion that he wished to show them where he thought the secret passage was situated. So the sergeant motioned to him to go ahead.

And here I would ask you to imagine a small crowd of Sappers and interested spectators, tailing open-eyed after this quaint old character who, fully appreciating the gravity of his importance, hobbled from one point to another, muttering things mysteriously like the incantations of some high priest, while the wondering Sappers tried hard to look bright and intelligent. It reminded one very much of a scene from a cinema.

However, the information offered was rather too vague to be of much use, so it was decided to continue the work of cutting through the brick arch.

It was getting on towards sundown when the workers were rewarded by seeing the debris disappear suddenly from view into what must have been the ancient well shaft. Excitement was now at fever heat. Everybody crowded

round, trying to catch a glimpse of untold wealth, the glitter of precious stones, or, perchance, some rare vintage of a bygone age. They were all souvenir-hunters—even old Peter, who at first had looked with unconcealed scorn upon this collecting of old bits of brass and iron. Of course, everybody wanted to be the first on the spot; again a heated discussion threatened just as the Section Sergeant and officer returned from another job. Meanwhile, Peter had quickly rigged up the block and tackle and made a "bo'sun's chair," in which the officer was about to sit and be lowered, when it was discovered that the candles were extinguished on being held but a few feet below the surface. This meant that the air below was so foul as to be unsafe. Whatever was down below was not to be won easily, but this only made them keener. They would find some means of getting rid of the poisonous gases.

However, it was now getting late, so it was decided to suspend operations until the following day. Soon they had their tools safely stowed away and were wending their way back to their "bivvies," weary and content with a good day's work.

In the morning the first thing was to search the deserted village and to borrow anything that might be of use to the work in hand. No hobby is more popular with the boys. They have a natural instinct for finding things.

Bob, who had hitherto searched in vain for a successful hair restorer, returned with a schoolboy's peaked cap stuck jauntily on his bald patch. He brought also a coil of rope. Brickey appeared at a window hugging in his arms the headless remains of a dressmaker's model, but was reluctantly forced to desert her for some hose—water hose—that he came upon. Bill, who has a penchant for repairing gramophones, tinkering with other people's watches, &c., made straight for the local blacksmith's shop, where he was in paradise among sundry tools and bits of things. He came upon the very machine required—a rotary blower which was attached to the forge. In a few moments he had it disconnected, and, with the help of a couple of others, got it to the top of the shaft. But how to drive it? Someone remembered having seen a band saw with chain and sprocket drive in a builder's shop—it could be fixed up to do the duty required of it. So it was not long before it, too, was added to the now imposing stock of salvage. The saw was removed and a belt connected between the pulleys of the two machines; the several lengths of hose were joined up and lowered carefully down the shaft, and when everything was in position the signal was given to commence. Thanks to a generous application of oil, the blower was quickly humming at a great rate, while the two on the old band saw worked as though they were lifting water for some pretty Mademoiselle. This quickly improvised system of ventilation proved highly successful; almost immediately it was apparent that the air below was improving; the hose was lengthened and the blower kept going till it was judged safe enough to descend.

While the ventilation was in progress, a large mirror from a neighbouring estaminet had been appropriated, by means of which the sun's rays were reflected down the shaft, revealing a landing some sixty feet below. This

I'M A HUN

THE PURPLE LINE

Drawn by Private F. W. Gregory

must surely be the cave. No one had ever seen a treasure house except in a pantomime, and now each one pictured in his imagination some great cavernous underworld where the dark, fetid air is disturbed only by the flapping of gigantic bats, where grotesque lizards creep about the ledges and crevices beside which a sluggish subterranean river gurgles, and whose strange grottos, lit by countless glow worms, are crammed to the roof with fabulous wealth.

The Section Officer and Sergeant were lowered to the landing, which turned out to be the floor of a vast, lofty chamber from which galleries, cut in the solid white chalk, made a rough star shape in plan. Heaps of chalk material covered the floor, making progress extremely difficult. The air, as one penetrated the inner recesses, grew more foul, and it was warm work pushing back the encumbering debris under the solitary beam of an electric torch.

One of the chambers, long and straight, with vertical sides and curved ceiling, much resembled a lofty cathedral in miniature. Who knows—in older times it may have been used as a chapel, for there are legends in these parts of the shameful persecution of Christians by bands of marauders who overran the countryside.

But it must have been very difficult of access if the shaft from above were the only entrance. Perhaps there was a long passage leading out from the bottom of the well, for the shaft went much deeper than the floor of these galleries. Unfortunately, the air being so foul down there, one would have had to use a tunneller's oxygen outfit, which we could not procure. So all the researches were confined to the gallery of the higher level.

At the end of another gallery they came upon a massive wall built up of huge chalk blocks, which effectively sealed the space beyond.

Here at last was something mysteriously like a mediæval strong-room. By this time some of the Sappers had procured torches and followed the Officer into this gallery. As the flickering light of the torches cast fantastic shadows upon this huge front of masonry it reminded them of the approach to some ancient Egyptian temple. They half expected to hear from within the muffled sound of barbaric ritual intermingled with dreamy, mysterious music.

But as they stood there considering the best means of demolishing the wall everything was as silent as the grave, save for the occasional spluttering of an oil torch.

It was too unsafe to use explosives—it must be attacked with levers, picks, and brute force. Arrangements were completed so that on the following day a start could be made. Excitement was again at fever heat. Peter and Bob were already debating the sharing of the spoil as they fixed the barricade round the shaft top for the night.

But, on their arrival the next day, the tackle was nowhere to be found. They hunted the village high and low but all to no purpose.

Language, pure and unadulterated Colonial, flowed freely and generously, but still to no purpose. Some "digger" had cast envious eyes upon the gear and had promptly pinched it. It was a case of "digger" meeting "digger," and not even the clairvoyance of a super-sapper could restore it.

Nothing was left but to wait until new tackle could be placed in position. This was immediately sent for, and the cheerful band were just settling down to watch Brickey juggle his favourite pennies when the Sergeant arrived with instructions to hand over to an incoming Division.

"That's torn it," said Peter with resignation. "Give us a cigarette or I'll burst out crying," threatened Bob, as Brickey, too disappointed to notice, handed him his tin for the fourth time.

So the walled-up chamber still keeps its secret, now safely beyond the reach of the enterprising archæological Sapper.

LANCE-SAPPER.

NEW ZEALAND

DAY fades, and, with the coming of the night,
Across the leagues of sea our thoughts take flight
To those far Islands 'neath the southern sky
Where peace and plenty, love and freedom, lie.

We see in dreams the meadows rich with corn,
The wind-swept cities and the cloudless morn,
The great waves swelling from the mighty main,
The friends whose hands we long to clasp again.

When all the world from war shall have relief,
When Joy shall sit enthroned in place of Grief,
And Peace in place of Battle strife shall stand,
God grant that we return again,
With nobler thoughts, more worthy men,
The better builders in a favoured land.

W. L. P.

DOGS OF WAR

Prisoner: "I vould have you know I vos a Pomeranian."

Captor: "Oh! are you? Well, I'm a British Bull Dog, so hop along, Heinrick."

Drawn by Lieut. F. H. Choate

THE DINKUM HUN-KILLER

Drawn by Gunner R. H. Hunt

STRANGE SILENCES

I HAVE mentioned to you that we have been having beautiful weather lately. It is the long twilight of the evenings that is so glorious. There is something indescribably, inexpressibly soft about these evenings. There are times when you become conscious of a strange, almost weird, silence. You know something of the delicious coolness and peace that often follow the Nor'-wester in New Zealand. Not a leaf stirs in the trees, the whirling dust-clouds have gone, the pungent fragrance of flowers drifts across to where you sit, and the pæan of the thrush harmonises with the scene.

The silence I am thinking of is different from that. In fact, it is quite different from anything of the kind I have experienced elsewhere—it is so unnatural. You may be standing or lounging outside the bivvy when something unusual seems to get hold of you. For a moment you are quite incapable of explaining the sensation. In a flash it seems as though you have awakened from a period of troubled semi-consciousness, and the war's advances and retreats take place only on the battle-ground of the subconscious mind. Suddenly you are aware of the real facts. The whole din and noise of war appear to be temporarily suspended. Not a battery is in action; not a machine-gun or rifle shot is heard; not an aeroplane is within sight or sound. A trembling bar or two of music from a distant Band serves but to accentuate the strange silence. It is all around, close and caressing, and you almost want to put your hand out to touch its velvety softness.

How brief a moment it is, though! War soon revolts at this unusual silence. Suddenly a rending explosion tears it into shreds as once again the salvoes of heavy batteries assert the grim predominance of war.

BEN.

IMPROVING THE MORAL

NEW-COMER (greatly concerned): "Is it safe to go on; I hear the Germans are shelling the trench?"

OLD HAND: "Quite all right, Digger. It's only the parapet they're shelling!"

THE LONELY GRAVE

"Here sleeps an heir to glory"

Drawn by Pte. J. Weeks

Drawn by Pte. J. O'Grady

"GIVE US THIS DAY . . ."

THE "Digger" is a long-suffering mortal. In the hard school of war he has learned to endure many things; if not with equanimity, at least with little more than a few outspoken and picturesque comments (and this habit, *bien entendu*, is an essential part of the equipment of the Compleat Soldier). But there is one department in which he will tolerate no irregularity—the commissariat. Overwhelm him with fatigues, submerge him from the waist down in stinking mud, keep him in a sector where German shells are thicker than flies round an incinerator, and his spirits remain surprisingly high; reduce his breakfast bacon or dilute his daily stew, and there descends upon your hapless head an avalanche of wrath which would reduce an Indian Army Transport Officer to panic-stricken silence. He credits the quartermaster-sergeants with leading a life of peace and comfort; and so, as a fighting man, makes no excuses for them. If a ration party is kept waiting at the dump, the quartermaster-sergeants are a band of rogues and rotters; if breakfast is half an hour late, the whole organisation of the army is a pitiable failure.

The following account of a typical trip to the line with rations may serve to show some of the acts of God and the King's enemies that complicate the problem of feeding the man in the line.

* * * * *

It has been decided by Somebody High Up that horse transport must be saved as much as possible, and that rations shall be carried to the dump by the light railway. So at 2:30 A.M. there assembles at the railway siding a motley crew of quartermaster-sergeants, Diggers, mules, and limbers; the human element wrapped up in wool and fur in the likeness of a Bairnsfather caricature, the animals panting frostily, impatient to get back to the warm comfort of the stable. The irate Q.M. whose turn it is to command the train for the trip, feeling deeply the injustice of being mercilessly dragged from his warm couch (which, as is the way of quartermasters, he would have cosily occupied till a dutiful batman brought in breakfast), stalks impatiently up and down the siding, consulting his watch minute by minute, consigning the light railway to warmer spots than the frost-covered platform, calling upon all his gods to produce the twelve trucks and an engine which constitute the train. Numerous false alarms raise a flickering hope; but at last the real train snorts noisily into the siding, the stagnation becomes transformed into stirring activity, rations are loaded with incredible speed, the Q.M.S.'s stow themselves into odd corners of the trucks, the engine whistles loudly, and with a series of jolts and jerks sets off on its journey to the war.

For a couple of hundred yards everything proceeds smoothly. Then ensues a prodigious waving of lanterns and blowing of horns; the engine stops abruptly, the trucks try hard to carry on, but the

engine is implacable, and they fall back sharply on to the rails. A spirited argument takes place between our driver and the control-man who has halted the caravan, and when their little dispute is ultimately settled we are given the right of way to the next control post; so we continue on our clattering way.

These interruptions occur at regular intervals, but for the first hour or so cause us no serious delay. On two occasions we back into a siding to let pass trains that have usurped our right to the line, but our first grave reverse is not encountered till later. Then a dismal pointsman greets us with the news that the line has been blown out a little farther along, and we have to go back on to a circuitous route which involves a deviation of several miles. This proves a new line to the driver; halts are frequent, altercations between driver and guard many and heated; on several occasions we choose the wrong one of two branch lines, and a disgusted engine has to push us back on to the other.

It is a wonderfully picturesque piece of country in the dim light of a fading moon: trees and ruined houses acquire an ethereal beauty, the silver frost which bedecks branch and twig, gable and chimney, sparkling gem-like in a silver mist. But our only feelings are those of intense cold; at each halt everyone jumps out and performs fantastic exercises in the endeavour to restore the arrested circulation and induce a little warmth into feet which are cold, not merely in the military sense, but physically as well. By this time there is a thick layer of frost on the trucks, the ration-filled sandbags, the clothes of everybody aboard; and there is no escape from the biting wind.

At last we reach the forward station where our engine leaves us, and a little tractor assumes the reins of government in its stead. Shortly after we get under way, the Boche concentrates on a cross-roads some three or four hundred yards ahead of us, and it is deemed prudent to wait until his outburst of hate has subsided. The pointsman tells us that the Hun has been doing this all night at twenty minutes' intervals; so, once the shelling has stopped, we push on, keenly anxious to leave the cross-roads well behind us before the next eruption. We clatter over the dreaded spot at a furious pace. Just as the train is fairly astride the great road there is a snap and a jerk and we stop dead. The points have been split: and at least half an hour's delay.

Transport quickly piles up on each side of us. Columns of limbers and lorries, and of troops going up to the line, congregate thickly as far as we can see; the situation becomes tense with anxiety as the lapse of twenty minutes will bring along another mad minute of 5.9's, and casualties must be severe. Transport officers and weary Diggers, gilded gentlemen from Staff cars, and traffic policemen, come hurrying up to investigate, and the air is thick with a strange confusion of orders and oaths and querulous complaints. Scores of men work furiously round the defaulting points; the tractor is manhandled on to the line; in a breathless moment the train is drawn away from the cross-roads, the road transport gallops on its way, and just as the next instalment of crumps comes hissing to earth, the cross-roads are clear. We have one man wounded in the rear truck, and are fortunate to escape so lightly.

Drawn by Corporal W. F. Bell

Inoculation

Then follow arduous ascents over interminable ridges, worming our serpentine way among countless battery positions, deeply resenting the Boche counter-battery activity, narrowly dodging not a few shells meant for the guns. Twice we run off the line, twice the train is practically lifted bodily back on to the rails. At last we clatter clankingly into the ration dump, where the carrying parties have been waiting for us three hours or more; it is now broad daylight, and we notice with apprehension that a Boche balloon is up; but the parties unload the trucks in a twinkling, and wind sinuously in Indian file round the duckwalk tracks with their burdens of sandbags; the train snorts joyously and jumps off on its homeward journey, and once again the troops in the line have received their daily bread.

K. L. TRENT.

INOCULATION

(With Apologies to Ella Wheeler Wilcox)

I AM troubled to-night with a curious pain,
'Tis not of the spirit, 'tis not of the brain,
Nor yet of a heart elated;
For there in my arm just out of sight,
I feel all the imps of hell unite,
For I've just been inoculated.

I have known of the "head" that the morning brings
I have known of a time when the stomach clings
To a morning consolation;
But no pick-me-up at break of day
Will chase this wretched pain away,
Born of inoculation.

I have heard, and I've sprung to, the call to arms;
I'm not afraid of war's stern alarms,
I'll fight for the dear old Nation;
I'd march and fight from Calais to Worms,
But I cannot tackle some million germs,
Pushed in by inoculation.

Of microbes and atoms you may take my share,
Of germs and bacilli and all such-like fare,
You may gladly take my ration;
But the pains that follow the needle fine,
Give me thoughts that are not in the least divine,
Oh, damn the inoculation!

J. ATKINSON.

HOME

OUR "bivvy" is made of canvas and rags, nailed to a shell-scarred tree,
The outlines of which are just as straight as a "Digger" on the spree:
There are cows and boxes and whips of wire, and various bits of string:
It isn't at all artistic, and the bric-à-brac isn't Ming.

The bed is a worn-out cold oil sheet, laid on the sodden ground,
And the blanket we have just large enough to go only once around:
It hasn't been washed for many a month, so there's no need to say
That the little grey-backs are industrious and increase both night and day.

An old Fritz helmet does duty until our washstand comes to light,
The bayonet we use as a candlestick is handy to have in the night
When the rats and mice come skirmishing round about one's head and face;
But it's Home to us, and we might have been in damn sight dirtier place.

WOODLEY A. PROWSE.

ON CIGARETTES

CIGARETTES! Smokes, fags, weeds, dope-sticks—they are known by many strange names. Were I a Government statistician, proudly wearing my exemption badge and drawing a fine fat salary, I would devote my energies—in office hours only—to ascertaining the number of millions of cigarettes smoked each day in the huge British Army. But I am not a statistician, and my brain reels on thought of the solution of the problem I have conjured up. In one year the number must be the equivalent of the number of pounds sterling in the National Debt. Anyway, it does not matter what the exact figure is, but in this war there are few who do not succumb to the charms of My Lady Nicotine, dressed up as the cigarette. From the Chinese labourer to the full General—full only in the sense of rank—the goddess exercises sway over millions.

She masquerades in many garbs—as varied as they are wonderful. At her best she is irresistible, and her soothing qualities are all that could be desired to make a miserable man happy. At her worst she is a fallen idol, and, with all her natural charm departed, no man has a good word to say for her.

She comes to us in various guises—the Goddess Bought, the Goddess Gift, and the Goddess Ration. Tipped with gold and the full flavour of the East, she keeps company only with subalterns and men of higher rank. In patriotic guise she comes from the ends of all the Empire—a generous gift from friends who, far from war's alarums, are always thinking of us. In ration garb she is

of questionable virtue. Often when you see a poor man in the throes of coughing, spluttering agony, there is no occasion to ask if he has been gassed. He has only been smoking a ration cigarette! But the wise man passes the goddess in this guise on to a French inhabitant. They are sturdy fellows, the French!

Some there are who will tell you that the goddess irritates, others that she soothes the nerves. The wounded, at least, are strong in the latter faith, for every wounded man, at one stage or other of his journey back from the battlefield, has gone smilingly in company with My Lady Nicotine.

MEXIE AND B.

SPRING, 1918

England.

LILACS, laburnums, and hawthorn spray,
Blossoming lavishly, blithe, and gay,
Spring is abroad and the world is fey!
Lilacs, laburnums, and snowy may.

Lilacs, laburnums, and hawthorn spray,
Children who frolic and laugh at play,
Babies who toddle and crawl away. . . .
Lilacs, laburnums, and hawthorn spray.

* * * * *

France.

Lilacs, laburnums, and hawthorn spray,
Masking a trench, or a secret way,
Blasted by shells, as they maim and slay. . . .
Lilacs, laburnums, and blood-flecked may.

Lilacs, laburnums, and hawthorn spray,
Jumbles of masonry, beams, and hay,
Women and little ones homeless stray. . . .
Lilacs, laburnums, and drooping may.

* * * * *

L'Envoi.

Lilacs, laburnums, and hawthorn spray,
Freedom our guerdon and Truth our stay,
Victory will come with the Perfect Day. . . .
Lilacs . . . laburnums . . . and snowy may.

PARAU.

THE KNIGHT IN ARMOUR

A Tragedy of the Dark Ages

YOU will find the Stinks Refinery on a little knoll just outside the village, and overlooking the valley of the Thames—or, at least, you *could* find it if I told you the name of the village; but I know too much for that.

Sadi calls it the Stinks Refinery (when there is no one but Uncle Melvin to hear) for the same reason that she calls the old man "Uncle," which is no reason at all, for she is a wayward lass. When feeling particularly polite she refers to it simply as the Olfactory, from some etymological argument of her own. As a matter of fact the edifice in question would strike the eye of a casual observer as a more or less desirable semi-detached residence, preserved from complete detachment by the adhesion of a similar structure in which dwell Sadi and her parents.

At almost any odd time of the day that you may happen along you will find the old man peering into the crucibles and test-tubes that form the one delight of his life, or turning with scrupulous care the elevating screw of a chemical balance, or perchance following intently the wandering of a little beam of light along a scale, and recording from it some mysterious information by the addition of minute portions to a curved line on a chart. And if your luck's in you'll find Sadi.

On a certain sunny morning she had been sitting unusually quiet, amusing herself, as she alone was privileged to do, with a tray of some compound over a burner, while the old man was muttering excitedly over some work in hand. Presently he turned to her.

"Sadi, my child," he said, "this metallic cement is turning out trumps; it's a wonderful composition."

"Any money in it?" she asked.

"Most certainly," he replied; "but that is of minor interest. Think of the fame we shall win as its inventors."

"I like the 'we,'" she laughed.

"Well, it was some of your marvellous concoctions that put me on the trail. I think we'll call it Sadium in your honour. Look at these sheets of paper painted with it—as tough as sheet tin. One coating of solution Alpha and one of Beta and it is set in a few seconds."

"What do you make of *this* marvellous concoction?" she asked, handing him a small slab of material from her tray. "I bet you can't fathom it."

Melvin, holding the slab by a small pair of tongs, was scratching it with a pen-knife, tapping it, and holding it up to the light when Sadi burst into laughter.

"It's wonderful the degree of training required to enable one to recognise a piece of toffee," she said. "Try

some internally. It's time you had a Smoke Oh!" And jumping on to a bench, she sat waving a piece of paper and declaiming:

"Me from dull hours to-day
You will deliver,
Should but your footsteps stray
Down by the river.

"Zephyrs and Titan's beams,
Esquire and lady,
Cider and choc'late creams
——— and Sadi."

"Who wrote that rubbish?" asked Melvin.

"My digger," she replied; and the old man was as wise as before; "and anyway it's not rubbish."

"Digger!" he pondered, "digger! Does he work in the garden?"

"No, he's a gentleman of leisure and wears a sky blue suit with white facings."

"Must be in a circus," mused the old man, who was far too close a scientific observer to have noticed such a conspicuous phenomenon as the prevalence of hospital uniforms in the vicinity.

He glanced over the paper and inquired, "Why does he leave out his name?"

"For military reasons," was the answer. "He is not allowed to disclose information regarding troops."

"Ah, now I see daylight. You caught me napping on the toffee, but the manœuvres of troops on the river hold no secrets for me. Listen!" and he stretched forth an imperious hand.

"Orchard and village green,
Sun-splashed and shady;
Brown bread and margarine,
Terence and Sadi."

"A brilliant effort," she laughed, "but you're wrong. Terence annoys me, swanking about in an officer's uniform for two years, and never even getting out of England."

"Well, that, I suppose, is his affair. It should be lovely on the river to-day," and there was a certain wistfulness in his voice.

"Do come with us, Uncle! I'm sure he will be delighted."

"What an altruistic young person you are," he said, with a smile, "but I must decline with thanks. You can bring him along to tea if you like, seeing your place will be deserted."

"You are a dear," she cried.

A knock at the door interrupted them and proclaimed the advent of a faultlessly groomed young subaltern who responded to the name of Terence. He was a second cousin of Sadi's and distantly related to old Melvin. For some reason or other the ever narrowing meshes of the net which periodically swept through the district had left him secure in a base job.

"Ah, good morning. Beastly hot, isn't it?" He spoke as though the effort was considerable. "I have a few spare moments and thought I might find you here."

He was always "frightfully busy," even although he had just spent an hour arranging his collar and hair, and the urgent duties of which he spoke so affectionately were about as plentiful as pears on a plum tree.

His greeting was returned without overpowering enthusiasm and the old man returned to his work.

"You're not overtaxing your energies with your military duties, I hope?" Sadi remarked.

"Awfully fine thing really, you

know, plenty of work. Surprising what good it does a man. Not fully realised, you know." His expression was intended to be philosophical as befitted so profound a remark.

"Wonderfully true," replied Sadi. "As the poet so aptly puts it—

'Sermons in books,
Stones in the running brooks,
And good in everything.'"

He glanced at her quickly, but her face was impassive.

"Can I take you for an outing this afternoon?" he asked.

"I shall be engaged on war work," was the ambiguous answer.

The telephone in the hall rang and Sadi went to answer it.

"Is that Esses Don?" asked a voice.

"Yes."

"O.K. with N.Z.?"

"O.K."

She hung up the receiver, and on returning found Terence examining some body shields with which old Melvin had been experimenting.

"Don't you think one of those would be useful to you?" she asked. "I mean in case of an air-raid. By the way, I want to get the pattern for a vest to be worn over them. Would you mind slipping on this double one?"

He complied, and she proceeded to stick some strips of plaster across the sides, joining front to back, while the old man looked on curiously.

"This will hold it close in to the figure. Uncle, will you pass the solution, please."

The flash of merriment that passed between the two conspirators as Melvin handed over the bottles was the last thing in wickedness.

"I say, what's this?" said Terence. "You'll stain my uniform."

Sadi assured him that nothing could surpass the care she was exercising, and having painted the strips she solemnly carried on, taking a few measurements.

"Thank you," she said presently, "that will be sufficient."

She made a show of trying to remove the strips. A look of alarm came into her eyes. "Heavens! They've become as hard as iron. Was it the gum solution you gave me, Uncle?"

"No, it was cement. Was that not what you wanted?"

Terence's face blanched. He began to struggle violently with his shell, but his efforts were unavailing.

"For heaven's sake get me out of this," he cried. "I've to report at headquarters in half an hour."

Let the veil be drawn over his distress. The old man's overcoat was the one bright spot on the horizon.

Sadi's lips were curved in a sweet smile as she sat at the window watching him disappear into the cold world. "I wonder," she murmured, "if he will live henceforth as a knight in shining armour, or if he will find some sympathetic soul with a tin-opener."

A. T.

THE CAVE MAN

THE primitive man of yesterday has always possessed a greater interest for me than the cultured man of to-morrow, whether he use a small "c" or a capital "K." The Eskimo, in his ice hut, the tree men of New Guinea, the troglodyte of Persia and America, the King Islander of Behring Sea, propped up in his little wooden box home on his unapproachable island, the hardy peasant who builds his hamlet on the topmost crags of the hills in Southern France, where the black bulls come from, and the daring mariner who braves the vagaries of the sea in his tiny cockle-shell with a deer's hide for a sail, have always had a warm spot in my heart. The man who carved himself a craft out of the forest monarch with only the assistance of his stone axe and his arch-enemy—fire—was a greater architect than the man who created an unsinkable concrete ship. Give any man a plentiful supply of modern tools and an unlimited quantity of building material and he will erect an edifice for you inside six weeks. March the same man, with a heavy pack up, all day in a hot sun with scarcely anything to eat, and turn him out at the end of the day, tired and hungry, in the middle of a barren field, and you will see the primitive man on the warpath.

A weary sergeant, marching at the head of his section, calls a halt, and, throwing his heavy pack on the ground, says, "This is our home, boys, for the next seven days."

All is bustle and confusion for a while, as each group stakes out its claim and deposits its belongings. Shovels are miraculously produced from somewhere, and, while a few commence to carve themselves out a "bivvy" from the lap of Mother Earth, the remainder scatter in all directions and are gathered up in the evening twilight. The countryside is scoured from end to end, and the veriest trifle, from a clothes-peg to a wire-mattress, is commandeered and borne triumphantly "homeward." A dozen stalwart men from down under are astride the ridge-pole of a deserted homestead, and with the use of a bayonet and a kitchen poker are wrenching the iron sheets from the rafters. Others are tearing the boards from the wall and the shutters from the windows. The straw in the loft is seized with avidity, and pieces of linoleum, matting, scrim, and sacking have also been souvenired.

Before the minute hand has completed the circuit they are back with the trophies of the chase. The straw is neatly laid on the newly-dug floor, the iron has been placed into position, and the roof camouflaged with grass, etc.; the sacking lines the wall, and with a few sandbags hung before the entrance, to keep the light from shin-

ing out, the domicile is complete. It is not the last word in luxury, nor has it any claim to artistic design. It is not bullet-proof, nor is it guaranteed to keep out a very heavy shower; but it is our home for a week, and as we throw our weary bodies on our pallets of straw a king might well envy us the blissful slumber which wafts us away into the magic-land of happy dreams.

EMMA O. DON.

THE FIRST BLUSH ROSE

A Legend of Picardy

IN a garden old and stately,
Many centuries ago,
Roamed a maiden most sedately,
Wondrous fair, and pure as snow.
Now among the flowers growing
Bloomed a rose so white and rare
That the maiden, scarcely knowing,
Lost in day-dreams dallied there.

Oh! it chanced that through the pleasance,
Seeking for his Heart's Delight,
Came her lover, but his presence
Failed to put her dreams to flight;
Heart a-throbbing, footsteps hushing,
See him stealing on the prize
Till he clasped her, cheeks a-blushing,
Lovelight shining in her eyes.

Soon the maiden, coyly bending
O'er her blush-rose with a start,
Made pretence of careful tending,
Blush reflected in its heart;
And to this day, goes the story,
You may find, all doubts to hush,
Roses tinged with all the glory
Of a dainty maiden's blush.

PARAU.

CHEZ MOI

"ONE man in his time plays many parts," we are told. Also, if he happen to be a Digger, during the course of his chequered career he occupies many and varied domiciles. That, unfortunately, I can vouch for. And long experience has shown us the utter futility of considering even for a moment the possible character or location of our dwelling-place for to-morrow night. Nobody has ever hit the mark yet. And considering that there are at least about five thousand varieties, our lack of foresight may perhaps be explained. Hence our fatalism. Take, if you like, my experiences in that respect this last week or two.

Let us begin with the day that saw us departing once again for the line, that place that the wounded are so keen to get back to. I am in a signal section, and as "the signallers have a very good time, parlez-vous" (to quote one of our popular songs), and all that sort of business, we finished up in about the best "bivvy" thereabouts—the usual sandbagged variety, with a couple of pieces of iron and some dirt on top. There were four of us, three sleeping at a time, the fourth being on duty. There was just room for three to lie down together. I say "just" advisedly. Incidentally, I might state that I am a confirmed optimist! And I shall not forget in a hurry the first night, when one impertinent blighter tried to sleep on his back—ye gods! The ensuing mêlée reigned for some time before he was definitely convinced that he was not the only pebble in the dug-out. But our chief trouble was in getting settled in the first place. We worked it this way. The two on the sides got down first, each lying on his right side and hugging his respective wall as though the very idea of proximity was a matter of ghastly repugnance to both of them. (At this stage the man on duty, if he was wise, usually remembered a pressing engagement outside!) Of course I was always the third unfortunate—it is only right and natural that I should have been. I am the melon—people who have seen me are not surprised. Well, I would proceed to poise myself carefully on my right shoulder between the feet of the two already ensconced and commence a sort of side-stroke into the gap. (Gap! Remember my optimism!) Try and swim through about 40 feet of solid seaweed and you may experience some of my emotions. However, by the vigorous use of arms and legs, and to the accompaniment of grunts and groans from the two recumbent figures, I eventually got there. Ah! the horrors of war! But it is well that we are brave!

One night I was in a terrible predicament. I was sleeping peacefully, dreaming of home and beauty and fish and chips, when I awoke suddenly, hor-

rified to find that I had cramp in my right leg. Even as I write an icy shiver steals down my back: because, you see, it meant that I positively had to move. Move! What could I do? Was this, then, Nemesis approaching? At last my numbed senses saw light. The operator on duty was sprawled across our feet, and I contrived to touch him gently on the shin (we slept with our boots on!). When he had quietened down somewhat, I tactfully explained the position and asked for his advice and co-operation. He was not enthusiastic. However, at last his eyes filled with tears and he agreed. He woke the other two, who proved even less enthusiastic than he had been. But once his mind made up, he persisted and explained his plan. He would count three, and when the gentleman on his right hit the big drum we were all to flip together in an endeavour to get on our left sides. So at the appointed time we flipped, but it was not until after several rehearsals that the apparently impossible was accomplished and peace was restored. As a result of this episode my popularity waned considerably and it required my utmost tact and diplomacy and half my rum ration finally to convince them that I was not the ruthless sleep-breaker they thought me!

After our spell in there we moved back about a mile, and once again we were in luck—this time we found waiting to embrace us a positive palace—a roomy residence for two, about 5 ft. 6 in. by 3 ft. It even had a wooden floor. And, above all, it possessed that attribute essential to a "bivvy" with the first claims to respectability—it was dry! Our next move—another mile or so back—saw us fetch up in some wonderful dug-outs worthy of a place in the British Museum. There cannot be much doubt that they arrived with the Ark. Incidentally, the flood hadn't wholly subsided, either! Ours was about 20 feet down, and water dripped incessantly from at least ten million spots on the roof. But, being Diggers—well, you know Diggers, don't you? They don't approve of existing for a week in a very fair imitation of a tropical downpour—and with the aid of a little discreet salvaging we soon altered the complexion of affairs. But it was the entrance to this weird, prehistoric cavern that provided the circus. It consisted of about 20 steps. Perhaps there was a time when they were boarded and fairly respectable, but that must have been many, many years ago. Now they were nothing but a snare and a death-trap for the unwary. ("Unwary," now that I have written it, seems entirely superfluous!) And if I didn't pay the full penalty for all my sins on those same steps—well, then, truly I *must* be a bad man! Anyone desirous of descending had two alternatives, either slip on the top step and do the journey on his back, with sundry bits of wood and brick to be encountered and overcome *en route*—or try and recover himself and knock his head off on the supports about three feet above. (He would probably do both in any case.) The excitement would become intense if anyone was seen approaching with a dixie of tea or stew in his hand. But the performance was a foregone conclusion. He would arrive all right, but not always with the stew.

Our next abode was in a cellar, and it was very superior, too—roomy, dry, and plenty of real, live straw on the

floor. (Yes, I realise exactly what I am writing!) What more could a soldier desire? Then it was the line again. I was on Headquarters this time, and we found that our dwelling was once again in the cellar of a "ci-devant" house in a desolated village. Here, however, there were mattresses, salvaged from heaven knows where, and to a casual observer they must have represented the height of modern luxury. We thought so ourselves at first. They were huge things about 18 inches through, and when, with a sigh of delighted anticipation, I gently imposed my weight on one the first night—well, it was suddenly and forcibly brought home to me that I had encountered still another of the horrors of war. For, instead of luxuriously sinking in a few inches, I experienced the sensation of falling down a bottomless pit, finally, however, fetching up violently on a surface that was far from being that soothing one I had anticipated. For there were springs—springs that protruded—springs that did not attempt to fit in with the general scheme of things, and iron, alas! is harder than our poor flesh and blood! *C'est la guerre.*

And now, finally, here I am writing this 70 feet below the ground, in a positive maze of tunnels and passages. It is a huge place, and a herd of elephants could comfortably hibernate down here if they believed in that sort of thing. And so it goes on. Who knows but what to-morrow night may see us with the stars for a canopy? And who worries? Surely not I. Perhaps a time will come when I shall be forced to occupy one bed in one room in one house for an indefinite period. But until that horrible day I am content to wander thus aimlessly about this fair land of France, tasting of its hospitality, knowing full well that wherever I may be, a bed (pardon the sacrilege!) will await me. What matters if it is of my own making? For the present-day Digger is far removed from the feather-bed devotee he was in those dim, distant days *avant la guerre.* Don't you think we have something to thank old Fritz for in that?

P. H.

Departure of Troops from Camp in Anticipation of an Enemy Bombing Air Raid

Drawn by Corpl. J. F. Cumming

HOW HE FELT

Jack Digger introduces his English bride to his Colonial sweetheart

Drawn by Pte. S. McIntyre

TRENCH TALES

IT was late afternoon and the sun was dipping towards the wood on our left. Robbie and I walked along the sunken road, each busy with his own thoughts. Robbie had expected a letter, and none had come. How many thousands in this war have gone back with sad hearts to trench and billet because of the letter that has not arrived.

Farther on, shells were bursting on the road. Two threw up the black earth in front, and then one came with a *whoof* right behind. Bits of earth and scraps of iron rattled down on our steel helmets. In the distance two German balloons swung high in the blue, observing the work of the German gunners.

We dodged across the road and into an old 1916 communication trench, ragged at the sides, but deep enough to give safety unless from a shell that landed into or very close to it. Robbie was still silent. He was thinking of his wife, and the two little children who would perhaps not know him by the time he got home—if he ever did get home again.

We turned into a narrow trench leading off the C.T. and came upon three Auckland lads sitting at the bottom of it with their backs towards the shelling. One of the Aucklanders said something about his family in New Zealand, and Robbie told him about his little home in Canterbury. Two shells seemed to be bursting nearer, and some clouds of earth fell into the trench. Robbie grew silent again.

One of the Aucklanders was a merry, fair-haired lad, and he seemed to size up the situation.

"Fritz can't put the wind up us with such bad shooting as that," he remarked, "but I'll admit he very nearly frightened me the other day."

"What happened?" asked someone nonchalantly.

"Well, I was making the stew for the tea," replied the fair-haired one, suddenly assuming a solemn demeanour, "when an 'Archie' dud came straight down the chimney and stuck in the hearth half way through the dixie. You may not believe me, but it stuck fair in the middle, corking up the hole so that scarcely a bit of the stew ran out. Yet the boys growled about short issue. Some people are very ungrateful."

Robbie looked at the youth with envy, and the third Aucklander, a tall, solemn man, smiled approvingly.

"Reminds me," said the tall man, "of my own strange experience when we were pushed up here in a hurry from Hedauville. I was tired with marching, so I 'pinched' a bike that was reclining ownerless beside a deserted shop in Colincamps. Later, a Staff officer ordered me back with a message to Brigade Headquarters, and I rode right into the enemy barrage. I can tell you I didn't waste much time in

getting along that road. One shell landed just behind and almost knocked the machine over. I pedalled like mad then, and for the rest of the journey it seemed as if I touched only the high parts."

The narrator paused for a moment, and someone remarked that there was nothing much in that story.

"Just outside Brigade Headquarters," said the tall man, ignoring the interruption, "an officer came up to me and said, 'Where's your back wheel?' Then I looked round and saw that it had been shot clean away."

Robbie looked at the speaker in awe, then, grasping his ration bag, he said, "Come along, Digger. We'll risk the shelling. It's a bit too hot here."

But after he had gone a few yards he began to chuckle. He became an optimist once more, and talked the whole way home.

MOA.

THE ANSWER

NEED a Nation break her pledges
If her rulers covet fame?
Does it matter if an Empire
Leave a blot upon her name?
Should she sacrifice her honour
In a war of crime and strife?
Should she waste in search of conquest
All that's noble in her life?

Should she crush the smaller Nations
Till the righteous cry for shame?
Should she in her hour of madness
Set on innocents the blame?
Should she risk her people's prestige,
Sear her people's heart and soul,
Casting to the winds all scruple,
Just to gain an envied goal?

Most emphatic comes our answer—
"Break the sword that's drawn for Might:
We, at least, while we're an Empire,
Stand within the breach for Right."
This the watchword of Old England—
"Justice! Liberty for all!"
Blazoned on our shield of Battle—
"Help the weak! Protect the small!"

S. H. BRUFORD.

CORRESPONDENCE

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

On the question of camouflage we have a complaint against the Engineers. They have dug an underground headquarters near our bivvy, and the Hun has seen the spoil. Since then he has been dropping five-nines all about us. Don't you think the Engineers should be made to camouflage the spoil?—Yours truly,

THE DUG-OUT KING.

No. Camouflage shows up on an aeroplane photograph. The only safe plan is to dig another hole and bury it.—ED.

* * * * *

SIR,

Could you tell me how I could transfer from the Flying Corps to the Inland Water Transport?—Yours hopefully,

W. INDUP.

It can't be done—but there is a vacancy for an O.C. Leadswingers' Battalion at the Base, owing to the sudden death of the Colonel from heart disease on his being told that he had to go to the Front.—ED.

* * * * *

DEAR SIR,

Can you decide a bet as to when the Huns overran Europe, when they were driven back, and by whom?—Yours,

HISTORICUS.

Yes. It was in the years 1914-1918. They have not yet been driven back, but will be in 1919—by the Americans. —ED.

SIR,

Can you tell us when leave is to be opened again?—Yours expectantly,

ANNO DOMINI.

We are not sure, but have heard a rumour to the effect that it will be reopened when the Greek Kalends arrive on the Western Front under the command of General Verypopularopolis. —ED.

* * * *

SIR,

There has been much discussion in our mess on a point of grammar. The Corporal bets me I am wrong when I say, "The Pioneer bought the fowls *of* the wife of the French farmer." He thinks it should be, "The Pioneer bought the fowls *from* the wife of the French farmer." Will you please decide which is right?

Both are wrong. It should be, "The Pioneer *stole* the fowls from the wife of the French farmer."—ED.

* * * * *

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Can you please tell us what are the seven wonders of the world? We have asked the Colonel, but he can only remember four of them. We were hoping to have got the answer from a Professor who was with us, but he has gone sick. —Yours respectfully,

THE MAJOR'S BATMAN.

The seven wonders of the world are: Horatio Bottomley, a battery of Artillery that does not shoot short, War-

time beer, the Conscientious Objector, Charlie Chaplin, Hindenburg, and Mr. Pemberton Billing—in that order. —Ed.

* * * * *

Sir,

We are in a quandary about some Limburger cheese which only the O.C. eats, and which has been in the mess now for about seven weeks. Would we be within our military rights in bribing it to desert?—Yours,

Subaltern.

No, you would not. It should be employed in carrying up trench mortar ammunition to the front. Having done that it might be fired from the mortars as a counter to the German gas barrage.—Ed.

THE CHANNEL BOAT

Drawn by Pte. G. F. Sylvester Johns

THE FIGHTERS

ALL praise to the whole, who've seen it thro',
And unto the wounded honour is due;
But bow your heads and think with pride
Of the men who fought—and, fighting, died.

All hail to the heroes, live and well,
Who risked and won through a battle's hell.
But give the flood of Glory's tide
To the ones who fought—and, fighting, died.

They asked not much, these men, of you;
They gave their all; they served you true;
They kept the Spoiler from your gate;
They saved your homes from Belgium's fate.

And but one charge they leave you yet,
God help you if you e'er forget;
Protect the children and the wives
Of those who fought—and gave their lives.

H. W. Auburn.

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