

W. W. Dove

THE PULL - THRO'

With which is incorporated The Noumea Nightmare, The Suva Sendoff,
and Samoa Sun.

The unofficial organ of the Advance Party of the N.Z. Expeditionary Force, Apia, Samoa.

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OCTOBER 24.

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NEXT WEEK

WATCH

THIS PAGE

FOR

CARTOON

!!!

Vicissitudes and philosophy are allied. The vicissitude of this week's issue is the failure of our
Cartoonist to cartoon. Let us then philosophise.

FACES OF THE MOON.

OCTOBER.
Full moon on Mondays and Thursdays.
Other days: empty. Closes on Saturdays
at 12.

TIDE.
Out this week. In next week.

SUN.
All buglers will arrange for "son" rise
15 minutes before Reveille.

Births, Deaths, and Marriages.

BERTHS.—See shipping.

MARRIAGE.

BEETLE—MOTH. — On Oct. 10th, at Apia,
by the Rev. Mr. Baldun, Miss Rhinoceros
Beetle of Malifa, to Mr. Sphinx
Moth, of Vaea. Both doing well. Mos-
quito Island papers please copy.

DEATH.

BEEF.—At his late residence, Greenmea-
dows, Maladie John Bullie) Beef.
Saddently. Aged 69. Funeral will
leave the butcher's shop three times
each week until further notice.

The Pull-Thro'

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1914.

OURSELVES.

THE Natal day of the PULL-THRO' has gone ten days, and the Literary Committee again launch forth into the barracks and tents of friends and contributors another issue. This, *is po facto*, is sufficient acknowledgement of the unqualified success, well-wishers have made of the first number. If in the first stages discouragement did creep into the hearts of those, who instituted the journal, it received its death sentence, when they witnessed the reassuring reception.

Mirabile dictu! The critics were kindly critical. Healthy, honest criticism we welcome. The faults of a first, nay even a second issue are invariably many and obvious. But not with us lies the entire remedy. You, the members of the Advance Party are the producers of the matter we publish. Classification of copy and arrangement of business detail, involves the editorial staff in a contest with Time. Complain not to us that there is too little of this, too much of that. Write what you want

SHIPPING NEWS.

ARRIVALS.

Hungarian Mosquito Fleet from Foxton
Captains Whitebait and Eels.
Peruvian bark, s.s. Bacon. Captain Ham
Sandwich.

DEPARTURES.

H.M.S. Harlock.
W.H.D. Bell.

EXPECTED ARRIVALS.

s.s. Nahvuer.
s.s. Potatoes, 102 ton. Capt. (In) Sacks.
H.M.S. Home Comforts. Capt. Wright.

and forward it to the committee-
man in your Company. All are
invited to contribute. You have
seen the style of paper we intend
the PULL-THRO' to be. Imitate
—nay improve on what is best in
its columns. The journal is YOUR
official organ.

THE Principal event of the week
was the arrival on Monday
evening of the s.s. "Tofua" from
Sydney and Suva. The steamer
brought a big Australian and
New Zealand mail, consisting of
61 bags and 7 hampers, and there
was great rejoicing in the camps
at midday on Tuesday, when the
letters and papers were distrib-
uted. The arrival of the mail from
home is a big event in our lives
now-a-days. Cut off as we are from
the outside world, with only meagre
wireless details of happenings
in the cockpit of Europe, filtering
slowly through, even weeks' old
newspapers are priceless treas-
ures, while letters—well every
member of the force knows full
well what his feelings are when
a letter from home is received.
The scorching sun, the mono-
tonous routine of garrison life
are forgotten; and gone for the
time being, are memories of wet,
lonely vigils on outpost, and nerve
wracking alarms at midnight.
Even the mosquitoes and other
irritating insects fail to receive
their due measure of attention,
and who cares if the Sergt.
Major is still searching for men
to complete a patrol. Letters must
come first. A month has elapsed

since last mail day, and much can
happen in a month. Generally
however, the news is good; and
on all sides tit-bits are being
exchanged. "Hooray!" cries a
ponekeite, "Wellington has got
the Ranfurly Shield at last;"
"New Zealand beat the English
ladies at hockey," remarks ano-
ther, while Reputation's dual
success in the Wanganui Stakes,
and Hawkes Bay Guineas, is
apparently the big item in the
racy looking Corporal's missive.
The Main Force, however, is the
chief topic. Every little item,
relating to our comrades in arms,
is eagerly sought after, and it is
with strangely mixed feelings
that the news of the send off, and
the subsequent return to port of
the force is received. "All's well
at home, but how is it with you,
my son?" it is Mother's letter.
Dear brave Mother, whose pride
in her soldier son forbids the
recital of anxious nights and
tearful prayers. A bluff good
luck from Dad, an envious bud-
get from Jack, gathered in the
almost forgotten haunts, and last
but by no means least, HER
letter. All are full of cheer, all
tell of the splendid reception
awaiting us, on our return and as
the last note of "Lights out,"
dies slowly away, it is with a
feeling of contentment that we
turn slowly over, forgetting even
the hardness of the pebbly couch
in the glad knowledge, that all's
well at home and that the
Advance Guard is not forgotten

Polling in connection with the
New Zealand elections was carried
out during the week, under the
supervision of Mr. J. E. Hull of
Wellington. Booths were estab-
lished in the various camps and in
the township, and a big majority
of the men availed themselves of
the opportunity of registering
their votes. It is understood that
close on 1150 votes were recorded.
Mr. Hull returned to New Zealand
by the "Tofua" on Thursday.

RUMOURED.

—That it was the British Army that rescued the Samoan Belle from the Yellow Peril. What was the reward Dick?

—That Curacao, Chartreuse, Cliquot, Pomerey, Perrier Jouet, Benedictine, etc., are barred. Is it because we have not the money, or acquired the palate for them?

—That since the public have been let into the secret that the Transport Officer will ride Col. Logan's "Governor" in the——, it has become a popular favourite.

—That Kipling could find astonishing material for poetry and prose if he could but hear a little of the repartee, vituperation, and goings on in this little tropical island.

—That several of the rank and file from the north of the Tweed and Palestine, are suffering from angina pectoris, following the promulgation of the order commanding the stamping of letters.

—That the 3rd Auckland Regt. will shortly stage "The Mysterious Mr. Williamson," or "The Broken Glass." By the way, the marching of the Thirds has improved since the Chinese Advance Guard set them an example.

—That washing-soda makes an excellent substitute for baking powder. It is regularly used in the Imperial Army, and Sergt. Lee, too, of the 5th Regiment, cooks and makes scones and Roly Polys of no mean order. The sergeant has undertaken to resole boots, using the same recipe for anyone who will provide him with the necessary washing-soda.

—That the authorities in New Zealand, on being asked to supply the Expeditionary Advance Force with literature to read in camp, at first were completely non-plussed. But, pulling themselves together, they collected all the copies of "Trout Fishing and Sport in New Zealand," and a large number of Standard 3 and 4 Readers, together with all the bound volumes of the Parliamentary Debates that they could lay hands on: this is a collection of such a varied and catholic description that it is felt that every member of the force must be amply provided for.

—That a certain Officer of the 3rd Regiment is training his horse on nothing but "pickles".

—That the Germans have run out of shot. Of course, England has Aldershot.

—That the mules of the Machine Gun Section are very fond of coconuts. One of the more enterprising deliberately commenced to fell a big palm by eating through the tree: but it was not until one of the men overheard him telling a fellow mule to put a scarf in the other side, that it was deemed advisable to move the mule lines.

—That the Palolo fishing the other night was not quite all that it was cracked up to be—one member of the force had quite a busy time, collecting the empty bottles floating round the spot, where they had anchored previous to the fishing. And his catch was considerably more than that of the fishermen. Others wished they had been elsewhere when they saw the Headquarters' staff cruising round too; but luckily no passes were asked for, and how or when they returned to camp is a mystery, not yet solved. Luckily no serious accidents occurred, but it is quite time that our Harbourmaster set a very stiff examination for the local pilots—really it is not safe to try to run a heavily laden launch over a coral reef under some six inches of water. And if it had not been for the nautical skill of one of the party, the R.A.M.C. would have had more to do, with less hands to help them do it.

—That the R.A.M.C. have felt considerably hurt at the paucity of work that they have had to do. One bullet wound is poor compensation for the amount of preparation that they have indulged in. "What is the use," said one prominent member of the Corps last week, "of being prepared to restore a man from practically nothing, if we can't put our pet theories into practice?" And so without more ado, he proceeded to back his *cavalli* into the ditch, by the side of the road opposite the Hospital—but here again he was disappointed. For a moment the sisters stood spellbound, as they beheld a shoe fly out on one

side, while the occupant gracefully went out on the other, with the *cavalli* upside down on the top of him—but the horse was a Samoan; it had had no mummy apples that day, and so, although one shaft was along its back, and the other somehow entwined amongst its legs, it stood perfectly still, with the result that our scientific friend had to ignominiously crawl out, and start to rack his brains to find some other way of providing a fit subject for his pet theories.

CONCERNING ANTS.

Wot I says is that there's "Ants" and "Ants," but wot I'm up again is "Ants"—Dam'em! Old Kipperling 'as written summat about "Unts" but I guess if 'e were 'ere 'e'd alter it to "Ants." Yer can't get away from 'em. Yer gits up in the mornin' orl of an 'urry, grabs yer socks and finds 'em covered wiv ants—. Then yer gets 'old of other necessary garments and finds 'em the same, Dam'em. (The ants, I mean, not the garments, they 're Guv'mint and good!) Well! Yer goes along to breakfast, and when yer wants the sugar, yer just calls for the "Ant 'ill," and orl yer cobbers knows wot yer wants. Whiles yer 'avin' yer porridge, yer 'll find one or two starts a'korfin'. 'Taint no consumption—it's just "Ants" Dam'em! Yer goes on dooty. Don't matter wot it is, Garde, Fateeg, or Root March, and yer finds there's somefing a' nibberling at yer back bone and immediately thinks of "Flees," but yer 'rong—its "Ants"—Tork abaht get 'em orf yer mind, why, yer can't get 'em orf yer body—let alone yer mind! Abaht 12 o c "Cookus Dore" sahnds,—and then yer sits dahn on and to—more "ants"—Dam'em! The afternoon's the same and so's the Tea. In the evenin' yer sits dahn for a quiet pull, at the pipe, and gets covered in 'em. Some won says he smells somefing nasty burnin'. Yer looks in yer pipe and find it a fizzlin' wiv "ants." In desperashun yer goes ter tern in and blow me if the little devvles arn't orl over yer blankets.

Ants is a darned newsance, and wot I says is "Dam'em!"

REVIEWS.

THE CRITIC CRITICAL.

We hardly anticipated that our first number would so soon be classed along with the publications, whose opinion and criticism would be welcomed by the PULL THRO' Literary Committee, and so we are more than honoured to be asked to review "The Flora and Fauna of Upolu and Savaii." The talented author of this work has conferred a benefit on the long-suffering soldier. Not only is it published at the marvellous (we might almost say unique) price of one "she-ling," but it is cram full of useful information, and for the benefit of our readers we proceed to cull some of the choicer fragments.

"Every schoolboy knows who was the father of Malietoa, and when Mataafa first met Robert Louis Stevenson, but we doubt if one in a hundred, even among the soldiers of the Samoan Expeditionary Force can tell us how to capture the Egg Fruit. As is well known the Egg Fruit cannot see by daylight, and consequently, those desirous of capturing this simple-minded vegetable must learn to approach it carefully on the left hand side, great care being taken not to step on any centipede or other insect, whose moaning cries might excite the wonder of the object of our chase. Having approached within range, the next movement consists in suddenly stretching out the right hand and clutching the Egg Fruit first behind the gills."—From this point to the cooking pot, we refer our readers to the book.

If this momentous work had been published in time, no doubt the Palolo fishing would not have been the fiasco that it was this season, because those who read this book will find that the process is simplicity itself. "In the still early dawn, during the last quarter of the moon, the intending fisher must row out to the exact centre of the perfectly still lagoon (neglect of these points inevitably leads to disappointment), and he must take with him a hammer, two large nails, an auger, and a piece of A.S.C. cheese. Having arrived at the right spot, he must

nail the boat to the lagoon, then take auger and bore a hole in the water, lay the cheese on the edge of the hole and make a noise like a turnip. Should this not produce the Palolo, examine the calendar for the next moon."

So far, we have quoted the passages that relate to that most interesting of all subjects, the production of food, but in conclusion we must refer to the destruction of Flying Foxes, those pleasant little animals, whose conjugal differences make the tropical night as lively as Queen Street or Lambton Quay on Saturday night. The method is simplicity itself.

"Go out into the bush with a dice box and shake it violently. The rattle of the dice arouses the flying fox, and the moment that you throw three sixes the unsuspecting victim flies for them, as if they were mangoes, and the rest is easy."

These excerpts stamp the author as a genius equal to Macaulay and Barry Paine, and endowed with a wit and logic superior to Harry Lauder. We intend to waste no time reading his next book.

CAMP JINGLES.

[By MALIFA.]

Our Company knows Private Quinn.

His weakness is slings made of gin,

But when tales he's unloading

Of shrapnel exploding,

He'll n'raps put the aspirate in.

Fred Ambridge is a cheerful lad,

His morals anything but bad,

His truthful ways will always please,

And if, perchance, a shot he squeeze

Into your ribs, just crack a wheeze,

He's harmless!!! †

Mac and Snowy out one night

(The Two others had no such luck!)

Were simply frothing for a fight.

The fearsome tales you hear them tell,

Would make e'en Kaiser Wilhelm yell.

But Oh! the hardness of their lot,

They never e'en a comrade shot.

Fergie hails from Aberdeen,

Financially he's very keen,

A guileless pleasure loving chiel

At two a.m. he'll homeward reel.

They say he loves the land o' Cakes,

John Walker's brew and other makes.

There's Private Hart—he's keen at drill,

No movement but he makes at will.

They must have caught him on the nod

For now he's in the awkward squad.

Pat Hanna was a painter mon,

But soldiering he's taken on.

† It is rumoured that a certain private in excess
sive zeal on outpost fatally wounded the
aim.

They say a stripe is what he's 'arter,
But we've "the chat" from old Joe

He'll never get his fullest measure [Carter.

Till Joe unearths the hidden treasure.

And now we come to Georgie Hill,

Who ably fills the butcher's bill;

In camp we'll never have his match;

He rends the cows with great dispatch.

We know the Lord will him preserve,

He's on the strength of the "Reserve."

Oh! Here's a word of little cheer

For our old friend, one, Major Beere;

Just now for crimes he will not cite us,

He's laid aside—appendicitis.

Now here's a word for Major Cowles

For on his men he never scowls.

He strides along with Martial tread,

We'd have no other in his stead.

Another one for Captain Neill,

He does his utmost for our weal.

A common thing is eight days "hard"

"Unshaved" On Mondays quarter-

guard.

And now we come to Captain Roache

To him we can our troubles roach.

He greets us all with friendly mien,

But underneath it all—he's keen.

Now Major Head we'll next remark,

Cuts quite a figure in the park.

I'll bet he'd look a slashing beau

When cantering along "The Row."

A final word for Captain Gibbs,

Who's troubled with a nag that jibs.

Another ladies man I'm sure,

An ardent honest-hearted wooer.

A Sergeant Major too we ken,

Who drills the ammunition men.

They say it's not the lightest rod

He wields upon the awkward squad.

Another "Knut" we near forgot,

Who with the transport casts his lot.

Is one whose face is never wan,

Our erstwhile friend Lieutenant Swan.

Another name comes to our mind

With bearings gentle and refined,

Yet fearsome tales he could unfold

The R.S.M.—a warrior Bould,

And now we come to Sandy Weir

Who sports a cauliflower ear.

Also the Hielanman McMorrin,

Who's come to war without his sporrin,

And one in whose brain theories lurk,

And jumbled dreams of "Hop and Kirk"

It is stated that a recently dis-

covered explosive, and Doherty

Duffs are now being used in Eu-

rope with deadly effect.

Hats off to the Field Engineers'

Cooks, who have discovered a

brass new breakfast food. It is

cheap and can be used in an em-

ergency as fodder for the horses.

Officer, to Juvenile Bugler, in-

cluding in a luscious pen'orth of

Lime Juice at newly opened can-

teen:—"Well, my lad, c'en you

tell me why they call this the

'canteen'?" J. B.—"Yes Sir!"

Officer:—"Why?" J. B.—"Cos

they can't e'en keep the ants out!"

RAILWAY SMASH

Apia Express Derailed

APPALLING LOSS OF LIFE

All Apia awoke this morning to learn that during the night a fearful calamity had happened, as the result of which several families will be deprived of their breadfruit winners. From sparse details to hand we learn that the Apia Express was wrecked at 10 p.m. on the Vaitele Road. The depositions of Driver Smyrke were taken at the Hospital late last night, and in his rambling account we gleaned that he was travelling at 80 miles per hour (more or less). It appears that the new "W" engine got out of control owing to the traces breaking, and in less than a moment the driver had lost the reins. To make matters worse the Engine shied at a cocoanut tree, left the lines, and plunged over the bridge. Owing to the river being swollen, several passengers were swept away by the roaring waters, and the bugle being blocked up, the roll has not yet been called.

Contrary to expectations, the ambulance men were first on the scene. "Hair Pin Jim" was engaged in reaching the passengers' goods from the hat racks, and the shrieks from the wreckage denoted that the injured were in "Dyer" distress. One passenger's foot was so caught that a private had to "Hew-itt" out with a pick, and a "Grose" or more passengers were similarly situated.

Of the Apian passengers Mr. Centipede has lost three legs, but can still "carry on." Several mosquitoes, with promising careers, were nipped in the bud (we have looked up our references on anatomy but cannot locate bud). And nephews will have to mourn the loss of their "ants," several being mangled in the wreckage. Many "bats" and "crickets" were also amongst the victims, and it is feared the cricket season will have to be postponed.

Mr. C. H. Hiley, Commissioner of Railways, has been cabled for,

and latest advices state that he is in full sail on board the "Storm-bird" with the "Amokura" as escort.

Sad as the news is, out of the accident much good will result, for the opinion has obtained for some time past, that the class of engine was too heavy for the track.

Naturally military affairs were forgotten for the moment, and all along the sea front, crowds agog with excitement were discussing the calamity.

The funeral of the victims will take place to-morrow afternoon, leaving the Vaea Camp at 2.30 p.m. The hearse being in use, transport cart No. 7 will be used, and all ranks desirous of attendance are notified that full dress will be worn, lavalavas being optional.

No flowers, by request, but those so desiring, can bring fruit salad and ice cream for the troops.

ENVIIOUS TOMMY.

Oh! its fine to wear an Officer's sword
and stride along so gay,
With never a pack or harness to wear,
in front of the crowd all day.

But its hell at the end of the column of
route, a swallowing all the dust,
And picking your weary way along till
you sleep the sleep of the just.

Oh! its fine to be an officer man untrammelled
by word or rule
And look on your men with the lofty air
beloved of the blase school.

But its different far in a dusty tent on
bully beef every day,
When a wash is a pleasure, and stews a
treat, bare comfort is far away.

Oh! its fine to wear an Officer's star and
have the run of the pubs,
No harassing cops along the way to give
you nasty rubs.

But its tough for the man in the old black
shirt, and sweat rag of dirty blue
With cash in his hand for forbidden beer,
and meals that he may not chew.

Oh! its fine to be boss of Company B at
the morning stand to arms,
And look around at missing gear, when
you rouse at war's alarms.

But a man has no orderly in the morn, or
other official perks,
And a missing button upon your shirt will
class you among the "shirks."

But when we come to the end of time, and
finish the great patrol,
The man with the short Lee-Enfield gun
will fill a different role.

For we're told that merit will win the day,
and guards will mount no more,
And the star and the crown may be handi-
caps, when Peter opens the door.

Jim & Watson have adopted and
wear extra judicial appearances.

THANK YOU!

The Literary Committee of the PULL-THRO', in accordance with the time-honoured tradition, forwarded copies of their first-born to all the leading papers in the Dominion of New Zealand. The following are excerpts from the comments made by a few of them on our Regimental Journal:—

THE EVENING POST, WELLINGTON.

"We received a copy of the *Pull-Thro'* this week. We wish to compliment the Expedition on their bright and breezy little effort. The paper is undoubtedly patchy, but, written as it is by troopers, for troopers, under many disabilities, it probably filled its mission, and raised a laugh."

THE NEW ZEALAND HERALD,
AUCKLAND.

"In the whirl of the Queen City we paused a moment to read the *Pull-Thro'*. We do not think that the Auckland Boys received their just proportion of attention, but were pleased to note that the capture of the Wireless had been justly commemorated. The fact that the Hero was an Aucklandian is taken for granted in the poem. The Harbour looked very pretty last night at sunset!"

THE TRIAD.

"*Pull-Thro'* to hand.—Thank you for nothing. Very poor stuff—printing bad, verse damnable. The best thing the boys can do is to keep to their swords and leave the pen alone. The *Pull-Thro'* merely apes at being what the TRIAD really is: smart, clever, original, the best for the money in the world. The TRIAD is never dull, never flat—would rather go out of issue than be stodgy. Write at once for terms, Carré C. N. Baertz, Box O, Skiteville."

THE WAR CRY.

"Our noble leader Brigadier Bibbos was dreadfully shocked to hear, through the *Pull-Thro'*, of the soul-destroying ravages of alcohol among the Army at Samoa. One poor wretch made an open confession of his backsliding in his diary. May you have strength to resist, dear brother! Keep the mind employed. Sell the WAR CRY to the poor heathen. Brother Slinking sold no less than 750 copies in Wellington last week. Glory! Go thou, and do likewise."

NEW ZEALAND TRUTH.

"SOMETHING SWEET FROM SUNNY SAMOA.

"POOR PIFFLERS PUBLISH A PAPER.

"Something was doing when the British Boys got going on their paper the *Pull-Thro'*. They slugged the sluggish, peppered the pompous, and did nothing to the nob's. They have a dreadful disadvantage in the dearth of dear dimpled domas divulging juicy details in the divorce court, in having no news of nesting nuts nosing naughty Nanceys in the night time. Still what they have they dished up O.K. They don't wowsie neither—So Gawd bless 'em."

BALLAD OF THE BHOYS.

(Last week we had the pleasure of publishing Fragment I, and promised Fragment II. Here it is. As at this distance in time some of the references may be forgotten, it would be as well to remind our patrons that the former fragment left off with the arrival at Suva; that the Maeraki had a turtle on board which at first amused and then nourished the men; that the Editor of the Suvan Paper stated that although there was next to no one on the pier when the ships arrived, the hills around held thousands of enthusiastic spectators; and that the dearth of fruit in the fabled Isles of Plenty was a never-ending source of wonder to the Troops.)

FRAGMENT II.

The troopship fare was rather tame, and palled on the recruit;
(The troopship fare was musty spuds and bits of frizzled boot)
And so the animal within was clamouring for fruit.

Some even thought to swim ashore, but certain shapely fins,
That cleaved the oily surface, made them fearful for their skins;
A sudden snap, and they'd be up accounting for their sins.

No candidates were coming forth for seats among the blessed.

When suddenly a shark appeared quite different from the rest—

He sang in lovely harmonies, and liked his little jest;
He handed up bananas that had just begun to sprout,

And watched the Tommy take a bite, and watched him spit it out.

And when he sold his coconuts, his humour didn't cease,
He traded them to Tommy at 'Sixty-Pens' a piece—

The real authentic origin of Jason's Golden Fleece.

The man who wrote the leader in the Suvan local rag,
Filled up a column and a half with patriotic gag;

Enumerated all the boats at anchor in the stream.

Expatriated on their size, and used his surplus steam,

in pitching up a prattle of the popular furor,

Such a crowd was on the hills—so run his little story—

As would cover (let us say), Kaiwarra to Karori.

A journalistic triumph that! Let him memento mori

(That "o" is short for all I know—my Latin's all to glory)

The Editor's a decent chap, they wouldn't like to grieve him.

They wouldn't be so saucy as to say they don't believe him.

But if he thinks they saw a crowd, they want to un deceive him.

The troopers noticed earthworks all along the waterfront,

And waving plumes of Frontiersmen prepared to take the brunt

Of any small invasion that the foe might care to make.

In spite of his anaemia, the Suvan's wide awake,

And he'd shew up to advantage where his country was at stake;

Those Frontiersmen had made the town a toughish place to take.

Their carriage was magnificent, and on the nimble gee-gee
He looked a very soldier, did the Frontiersman of Fiji;
His plumes, and spur, and brazen net, so pleased the volunteers
They took a few of him aboard by way of souvenirs.

And now the flagship gave the word, and all prepared to sail,

In what the Skylarks called a breeze—the troopers called a gale;

And many men were sicker than they even were before,

And swore that they were something fools to leave their native shore.

But obedience to orders kept the head and hands employed.

—A sort of daily gamble that at first they had enjoyed,

But later they were very bored—most said "amoyed."

Imagine Tommy Atkins as he's standing on Parade

In the mazes of Webb equipment painfully arrayed.

A trace of—well—resentment o'er his countenance would flit,

When an N.C.O. from nowhere would pass the word to "Git—

His putties in his mess tin, and his bayonet in his kit."

He reckoned that the words of Alfred Tennyson were true.

That "The ancient order changeth yielding place to new."

Alfred must have served his time and been a ranker too.

For orders there were plenty, and they came in thick and fast,

With each successive detail an improvement on the last.

Till the dear old Webb equipment was another Gordon Knot,

With its owner chewing canvas, and wishing he had got

A thousand tongues to help him curse his thrice accursed lot.

They made him bring his kit bag up, and made him take it back—

And roll his greatcoat bandolier, then put it in his pack;

Then roll the bandolier again, and pile it in a stack.

And if he wore his tunic up he knew it "for a cert"

An N.C.O. would order him to change it for his shirt,

And if he split the diff'rance and wore nothing up at all,

He'd heard the sun would penetrate his neck, and he would fall

A victim to paralysis; and if he stopped below,

He'd stray into the Adjutant and then his cake was dough,

So what the flaming deuce to do the Tommy didn't know.

The 2d-a-day-Grub-Fund Company, Ltd., of the 3rd Regiment, has gone into liquidation, owing to large dividends paid to the Directors. Outstanding accounts are to be forwarded to Q.M.S. Shadow before troops leave for Europe.

Wonders of the Pacific.

PALOLO FISHING.

No doubt the most remarkable thing about the Palolo fishing is the strict attention that these worms pay to times and seasons. For an hour or so, for just one day in the whole year, it comes into sight, and then retires for another year; and yet the Samoan is able to predict its advent with the utmost precision. The method we are told is as follows—When the Aloalo and three other shrubs come into flower, when the trees are putting forth their new shoots, then you may know that the Palolo Moon is near. You scan the heavens for further signs. The belt of Orion has set, the Man and the Duck, the native names for one of the constellations, can no longer be seen, and then you know that the Palolo are close at hand. The new moon that follows these signs is the one on which to reckon, and its third quarter is the time for the mysterious worm to come to the surface.

But a simpler plan is this—the calendar kept by the principle talking man of each village: He has a basket hung on the rafters, nine black pebbles, nine red and green feathers, and three leaves. Each day he drops a pebble into the basket. On the tenth day all are turned out and a feather put in their place, so that a feather is put in on every tenth day. On the hundredth day nine feathers and nine black pebbles are turned out and a leaf put in their place, so that when the basket holds three leaves, five feathers and four pebbles the Palolo is due next morning!

This interval of three hundred and fifty four days is good for two years, on the third it is necessary to reckon three hundred and eighty four since the last Palolo fishing.

This is the method by which the Samoans keep the reckoning. But how does the worm—deep down in the coral—know when its day has come, and why is it only found in Samoa, Fiji, and Tonga, and then only in certain spots? These are questions which we do not pretend to answer for certain; but apparently the Pa-

lolo is not a worm at all, but some sort of growth thrown off by a worm, which is found in the coral of the China sea, just as much as round Upolu. This worm lives all the year round in the cracks of certain coral reefs at no great depth below low water level, and the floating Palolo are parts of this larger worm, which, under some mysterious influence, are thrown off on one day of the year. We have not touched on the sport of the fishing, but rather would we try to probe the mystery why Savaii has Palolo twenty eight days before Upolu, why on the north side of Upolu there is only half a mile of reef where this worm lives, while at Falelatai the reef has been famous from immemorial antiquity. Here is a field of investigation open for any naturalist in the Force to make his name in, and the results might easily produce a better method of reckoning than feathers, pebbles, and leaves, or watching for flowers and signs in the sky.

HOSPITAL DUTIES.

Hospital Duty's a very fine game, Orderlies all will tell you the same, Sponging the patients and taking their temp., Placing things straight so the room's not unkeep. **I**t matters not if they have Dys's or the Flu, Typhoid or Dengue or Tic-Doloureux. **A**fter we've doped them we put them to bed, **L**ull them to slumber by stroking their head. **D**aily and nightly their wants we attend, **U**nguents and gargles supplied without end. **T**ie up their wounds with much bandage and plaster— **I**f they come off—well, ye gods, it's disaster! **E**asily, orderlies have a soft job, **S**isters all work and orderlies "nod." (I don't think.)

Another mystery solved. It now appears that a certain member of the Courthouse staff, to whom the old saying *apropos* of the hairs of ones head being numbered, was sadly prophetic, is not given over to somnambulism. Being profoundly impressed with the wonderful foliage of Apia, the cheery optimist now stands in the rain at midnight bareheaded, hoping for a tropical growth by sunrise. *Nil desperandum.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

C.B.—Certainly not. It is a criminal offence to shoot a military policeman.

L.I.O.—No, Krupp doesn't manufacture German sausages, but siege guns, which are equally deadly.

J.O.K.—No. 1. Yes, you are quite right. No. 2. G.O.C. is in common use, but J.O.K. is no recognised military abbreviation, unless it comes to mean "Joker Over Koolies." Ask Corporal 9th Platoon.

STONE WALL.—In answer to your inquiry re your name, we find that it comes from "Stonewall Jackson," the General, not the cricketer. He was one of the most distinguished Southern Generals in the American Civil War. At the battle of Bull Run before the tide turned in favour of the Confederates, General Bee called to his men: "Look at Jackson's Brigade, standing like a stone wall." Henceforward he was familiarly known as "Stonewall Jackson." "Stoney" sometimes denotes absence of cash!

"INSOMNIA."—The best cure is regular sleep. Try a bung hole full of Laager before bed.

"SEDAN."—The recent reference in the paper had nothing to do with "chairs," but recalled the unfortunate surrender of Sept. 2nd 1870 when a French Army of 80,000 under Marshal MacMahon was surrounded in a defile by a powerful Prussian Army with 700 guns.

"GNEIHORST AND SCHARNENAU."—You have evidently mixed your drinks. However to answer your question whence these names. England, as you know, names many of her ships after her famous admirals. Germany having, as yet, no famous admirals, honours her Generals by giving their names to their fighting ships. Scharnhorst (how the name tastes of our transport), and Gneisenau were the Prussian Generals who re-organised their country's Army after Jena. They adopted a system of short service of two years in the Army, which by treaty was limited to 42,000 men. By this means they had a small standing army, but a large and efficient reserve.

L.L.B.—As far as possible suitable men are lumbered for such work. But we agree with you that it is easier to draw a conveyance in your office in Wgtn. than to draw one here, especially when loaded with sand. But you can't expect the local mules and oxen to do it all. Be a sport.

X.Y.Z.—No. We think you will have difficulty in selling ice to the Vaea Canteen. They already get more than they can possibly use.

PRIVATE 3RD REGT.—Yes. You may possibly get some range practice before long. At present, it is stated the Colonel is teaching the N.C.O.'s something about musketry, for them to pass on.

D. DIETS.—All we can say is that "Will is" going to put the "Brand on" Mac's Lean ne" but "Will's son" will "Brook" no interference from the "Nurse."

Railway Engineers.

(By the Engineers' Special Correspondent)

Since our embarkation at Wellington the lads have been kept busily employed, drilling on board the boat, and shewing their engineering skill in the construction of works on land. I think the Force Headquarters were very sagacious in accepting Colonel Hiley's offer of 250 men from the Railway Engineers, for this company has surely shewn itself to be a body of experts, whose achievements with engine, trolleys, and metals are most meritorious. Fortunately on arrival it was found that the Germans had already constructed a light Railway to the Wireless Station, but the line being in disrepair, a gang of surfacemen under Lieut. Christophers, late of Engineers' staff at Ohakune, was soon at work in the blazing sun, lifting, ballasting and relaying rails. The total length of Railway now in service is about 8 miles, including the various lines to plantations.

A petrol locomotive engine, manufactured by the Telefunken Wireless Coy. was soon overhauled, and is now capable of hauling a maximum load of 5 tons at a maximum speed of 12 miles per hour. The engine is now employed conveying stores etc. from the water front to Vaea Camp, where the Railway Corps is encamped.

A frequent service was instituted, and for several days, the "train" averaged 30 trips per diem between Apia and Vaea. The engine is now branded N. Z. R. and has been christened A I, but the men miss exceedingly the customary whistle of an "A" class engine. Enginemens Sutherland and Smyrke are requested to arrange to have a whistle affixed to the engine. Bells on New Zealand engines are now obsolete, and I don't think Colonel Hiley's sanction would be necessary for the addition.

At the time of writing, our sappers are busily engaged preparing a foundation for the Barracks, toiling hard in the midday sun with pick and shovel.

Doubtless the hard work and

the lack of sleep, caused by constant guard, and picket duties, and false alarms, have been responsible for the large number of men who have paraded as "sick." Dengue fever has claimed several victims, whilst eye and ear troubles have been prevalent. Quite a number have had "chronic dry throats," but with the opening of the canteen and bars in Apia, relief has been afforded.

Everybody has been very industrious lately, cleaning buttons and washing white suits. After all this energy had been expended, it was somewhat galling to be told that the suits were no use, and might be used to advantage for rifle cleaning. This will certainly save the washing bill, which is a very heavy one for the men on 4/- a day.

We are all wondering what has become of the detachment sent to New Zealand with the prisoners of war. Lieut. Lucy, our boxing expert is greatly missed.

Sapper Rogerson has been called out as a reservist, and left for New Zealand by s.s. Navua on the 30th August. He will be greatly missed in his capacity as head waiter at officers' mess.

I notice one of our details, not supplied with a rifle, has a large supply of Samoan implements of war. He informs me that the spears are all poisoned, so that the camp may rest at nights, for no enemy would dare face such a formidably armed enemy. I would suggest a notice be erected, informing the enemy that native arms will be used by this detail.

It is not likely that the N.Z. Government will send the aeroplane "Brittania" to Samoa. She would become entangled in the host of wireless rumours floating about. Moreover you are much safer on your "motor."

Some time ago, a notice appeared in orders, to the effect that a case belonging to Chaplain Segrief had been lost. We were glad to learn that the truant trunk had been run to earth on Friday, but were shocked to know that the Padre's box was recovered in the Tivoli. The case is no longer in the hands of the police.

HOW HOGAN TOOK SAMOA

While the Public's been discussing the price of beer and meat,
(And the Public at discussing things can hardly e'er be beat)

There is a greater question that's been thrashed out at Dummore,
It's not the price of shindy but "Did Hogan take Samoa?"

"It ain't no use" says Alec Paul "discussing beer or sport ;

"Our talk should, in this crisis, reach a higher plane of thought ;

"There's Hock gone from among us, called to duty in the war,

"And he's on an Empire Mission. - to get us back Samoa."

Now Hogan is of Dunmore, the darling and the pride,

His exploits on the football field have thrilled the public's hide ;

At shadow-sparring, drinking beer, he's champion of the floor.

So we weren't a bit astonished when we heard he'd took Samoa.

Now the Cableman has told us, in words both trite and rare.

How New Zealand gave the Germans at Samoa a mighty scare ;

But it's left to one of Dunmore's own to sift it to the core,

And tell the world, with pride and joy, how Hogan took Samoa.

Jim Allen sent for Hock and said : " Now lad, it's up to you

To show these blanky Germans what a Britisher can do ;

We all are in the same old boat, it's either sink or swim,"

And Hogan said " I'll do it, so the Empire's quite safe, Jim."

We wondered, when the troopships left, where e'er they were going,

And great was the discussion among the all-too-knowing :

Some said Picton, others Suva, Fanning Island others swore,

But only Hogan knew that they were destined for Samoa.

Apparently the man in charge was one named Colonel Logan ;

But the real man behind the gun, the brainy one, was Hogan,

So when the troopships left our Port, and reached the open sea,

Our Hogan climbed the bridge and cried,
" Now listen here to me,

" I've got a plan to catch these 'coves, and collar all their beer,"

(Here he was stopped by loud applause)
" We'll get off to Noumea,

Then while they get in large supplies to last them through the war,

We'll double back and catch the cows, and capture old Samoa."

The idea was a good one, it worked out to perfection,

For the Germans thought they'd gone in quite a different direction.

Until one morning, suddenly, the watchers on the shore,

Beheld New Zealand's army steaming on to old Samoa.

The Governor called out to his men, and bared his rusty sword ;

Then suddenly exclaimed " Mein Gott, Who's that I see aboard ? "

And when they cried " It's Hogan, and he's surely coming in,"

The poor old Guv. laid down his sword, and said " Hock lad, you win."

Then Hogan went ashore and hoisted Britain's good old flag,

And to the finest Pub in town he had them take his bag,

And commandeered the private Bar, and there laid down the law,

As to the future conduct of the Germans in Samoa.

This is the tale as it was told to me by Hock himself,

(Punctuated by the gurgling of a " Baby" on the shelf ;

And, though by the time he'd finished he had swallowed quite a score.

I said " Have a glass of beer, boy," and HOGAN took Samoa.

THE RED CROSS

ONE ASPECT. ONE HOUR. ONE DUTY.

SCENE : General Ward. Sister Cleopatra in charge.

Enter Orderly Anthony just going on duty, 2 p.m.

Sister: Are you on duty now Anth?

Ord.: Yes, Cleo.

Sister: Is the steriliser boiling?

Ord.: No, Sister.

Sister: Well, make up the fire and sterilise these bowls and instruments, and there are some bandages in the bath, wash those out and boil them - and you might do these two sheets and this guard while you are at it.

Ord.: Yes sister, (and proceeds to the steriliser).

Sister: Oh Orderly, change X's fomentations, and if he is perspiring give him a cold sponge down, and make Glaxo for Y. and Z.

(*Here a bell is heard being violently struck. This means a patient requires the attention of the Orderly. The Orderly must needs cut into quick and lively. On his way back to the steriliser Sister calls him.*)

Sister: Orderly as soon as you have the fire going, just fill up the drinking bottles on the ice chest, also the hot water jugs, - and see that the basins in the ward are emptied and the water jugs filled.

Ord.: Yes, Sister ; (and again proceeds towards the steriliser).

Sister: Oh Orderly, just a minute, I want to shew you what is on the line (goes out with Sister to Clohes Line). Those two towels and the pyjamas belong to X. That blanket is Y's, and that sheet and guard belong to the Dysentery ward. As soon as they are dry fold them up, and

take them to their respective places.—And you might roll up those bandages or give them to the patient to do.

(Here another bell is heard and away flies the Orderly.)

Ord.: Very well, Sister, I'll see to it.

(It's now 2.20 p.m. and the afternoon tea is on at 3 p.m. As a orderly returns from ward towards the steriliser once more, he runs against Sister Cleo, who says:)

Sister: Oh Orderly, when the tea is on, X and Z mustn't have any. X can have cocoa, and Z can have Glaxo. You might make these, and if you have time before you get the tea, I want a couple of four-hourly charts.

Ord.: Y-e-e-s. S-i-s-t-e-r-- (and collapses.)

MAUDLIN RAMBLINGS

(BY D. T.)

The husky N.Z. terrier is not the husky lad,

He was on far New Zealand shore when things were looking bad;

For with the polls approaching, and the right of beer to choose,

Ten-hardened alcoholics were diverted from the booze.

Raise your voice, ye hardened wowers of the dandy fighting fifth,

For ten besotted characters have learned the way to thrift;

Send a joyful burst across the sea, of Bung's approaching doom,

And weave the thread of Temperance upon the crystal water loom.

Though a hundred of the devils spawn, against ye raised their might,

Ye have shewn the Barleycoren's how the sons of Temperance fight.

Tho' the newly baptised proselytes, they tried to smear with mire,

Ten brands from out the burning ye have snatched—and great their ire.

When the emissaries of the trade essayed the upper hand,

Uproarious Jones unloosed on them the famous ragtime band;

When they started interjecting, tried to send you on a cruise,

Ye confuted them by striking the "strike-out-the-top-line" ruse.

But there's one thing we must all regret, ye guardians of the free,

'Tis reported that the lecturer is filled with fiendish glee;

And in company with the Chairman of that night to memory dear,

To the Central with the takings hied to spend on Lager Beer.

The Chief Justice of Somewhere is esteemed as such.

Corporal:—"Is it Thursday Today?"

Private:—"Yes th nks, I am a bit."

A DAY AT VAEA CAMP.

(BY A "K'NUT.")

What! Reveille already! It seems no time since "Lights out" sounded! So I yawned and tried to stretch myself. But my joints were stiff and sore. That's the worst of having to sleep on the ground, with only an oil sheet underneath one. After a while I attempted to move, and with a struggle managed to sit up, kicking my toe against the tent pole in my endeavours. I felt for my matches and attempted to light the candle, but the matches were damp, and I only succeeded in rubbing the phosphorous off the the sides of the box. However one of my tent mates, who had taken the precaution to put his match box under his pillow quickly had the light burning. A glance at the watch, and I found the time to be 3.30 a.m.! The bugler had made a mistake of an hour. The language that emanated from our tent on this discovery, was more forceful than elegant. But we all dressed and lay back and dropped off to sleep again. "Dress for Parade" woke us again at 4.45 a.m. so I picked myself up again, and fell in with my platoon on the parade ground. Just before "Fall in" sounded, we started to drill. After 10 minutes, coffee and biscuits were served round to all the troops. An enjoyable interlude. I look forward each morning to this cup of cheer, as it gives us the stimulus required for drill. We took our one and half hours' drill with a will. It will take a good company to beat us now at company drill. After parade, a few minutes to wash ourselves, and then breakfast came along. The same thing, sops and bully beef. Puerile and monotonous. But the tucker was eaten all the same. For to eat is to live. It was my turn to wash up the mess dishes, and I toiled with water that was only half warm, yet in having such, was fortunate.

At 9 a.m. the bagles blew, so I fell in for fatigue. The first job was to clean camp, then we wheeled in a quantity of shingle for our tent floors. This was most acceptable, and a great improvement on earth floors.

This finished, swimming parade followed. So I picked up my towel and trunks, made out of underpants cut down, (not a pair provided by the department, but a private pair) and away with the rest to the river. The usual duck, and back to camp. A few minutes spell, and then "Clean Arms Parade." *Mirabile dictu*, the Sergt. Major complimented me for having my rifle clean, and in first class order! We were soon dismissed, and then waited for dinner time to come round. We were all looking forward to a pudding for dinner, for as yet such a luxury had been *non est*. Yes, six whole weeks without the sight of a pudding. But we were doomed to disappointment, for dinner arrived and—bread, cheese and jam. We were very hungry, so the fare was eaten. When nearly finished, one of my tent mates noticed the cheese move, so we put it in the incinerator, and felt queer for a while.

Dinner over, I was glad to get out into the shade of the trees. At 2 p.m. leave was being granted till 4 p.m. but as I had been out the previous day, I had to amuse myself in camp. So I took advantage of the leave to write a letter home. At 4 p.m. we fell in again, and had three quarter of an hour physical drill. This was alright, but we were very hot by the time we finished. Then I prepared to go out on picket duty. Had tea, just the usual hash of bully beef, onions, potatoes and broken biscuit. I did not feel much like tackling it. It has become so monotonous that it has lost its palatableness. Next I got my rations for the following day, and fell in at 5.45 p.m. Examination of arms took a few minutes, and then we marched off and relieved the picket on Vaitete Road. My turn for sentry-go came at 10 p.m. and from my station on the bridge I saw midnight pass, and my day's work completed.

The 3rd Town Picket is still thinking of the marvellous number of sugar experts that come to the front as soon as there is argument about the sugar. Nearly all the youths in the Regiment have had at least 20 years in a sugar factory. (*sotta voce*).

Hochspannung Lebensgefahr

These words, separated by a flaming red arrow, greet one on the door leading to the sanctum of the chief wizard of this Island. For the benefit of the uninitiated we may explain that this means: High Tension, Danger to Life; but why they should not be on the "Wild Cat" too, is a mystery, because the journey to the wireless is nearly as dangerous as a sojourn inside its portals, but we will let this pass—merely observing that next time we will not push the engine up the hills, and if the timber trucks jump the rails, we will advise kerosene and a match instead of jacks.

To the mere layman the inside of the wireless is one confusing mass of intricate machinery, surrounded with the longest glasses for having a drink out of, that man ever saw—while outside for 400 feet rises the giant mast with its spreading net of aerials, anchored far back in the bush, while its own supporting stays are fastened to great lumps of concrete, strongly defended by blockhouses of the most modern type; while the whole camp is as strongly defended as ingenuity and the Auckland Regiment could possibly make it.

Inside all this, controlling five hundred thousand electrical devils, sits the chief wizard of it all. At his command the button is pushed or the handle turned over, and at once bright bluegreen sparks fly about, the sound of a rushing, roaring wind is heard, violet flames about the mouths of the drinking glasses, and out into the midnight air springs the message that tells the world that Empires have fallen, or that Mrs. Jones has twins again. So great is the power of the chief wizard that nothing is too large or too little for him not to take notice of. Such is the inside of the wireless to the ordinary soldier; but for those who know and understand, it is one of the most important and costly plants in the world; here within four walls is machinery costing a quarter of a million pounds—there outside, balanced on one glass foot, is a tower weighing 40 tons; and it is for this, that few of us even see, and fewer still understand, that we have come across the Pacific and braved the battle and the breeze. It

may seem dull to be in Samoa, and duller still to have had no fighting; but this prize alone is worth more than that, since it is worth the cost of the whole of our expedition, and having got it, we have with it the nucleus of a new colony, which in time to come will be the stepping stone from one continent to another, as it is at present the half way "talking house" of the Pacific.

HIAWATHA.

SAMOAN ADAPTATION.

HIAWATHA wasn't feeling
What you'd call distinctly healthy,
Ever since he reached Samoaah,
Ever since he left Nuuzila.
His digestion gave him trouble.
He had kept his lonely vigil
Thro' the small hours of the morning
Right until the tropic sunrise.
He was not on sentry duty,
Nor was he engaged in cooking
Coffee for an early route-march.
It was just the pain inside him
Kept him groaning, always groaning.
Kept him always on the qui vive,
Made the whole of his existence
Centre round the *Fullew* Penant.

And the noble Hiawatha,
Daily, hourly, growing weaker,
Went to see the great Witch Doctor,
He who wore the magic Redkroz,
And who smelt of weak Karborlik.
(Nothing stronger I assure you).
Went into the great man's presence,
Made a noble low obeisance,
And was suddenly ejected.
This was done because he hadn't
Got his name upon the parchment
That the Doctah had before him.
So he went again at even,

As the sun was slowly setting,
Groaning, groaning, always groaning.
Got his name upon the parchment,
Found his place among the others,
Who were waiting for the Doctah.
After waiting twenty minutes,
No, an hour and twenty minutes,
He was summoned to the Marquee,
Gave his name as Hiawatha,
And his Regimental Numbah.
Wun-bar-twen-ta-six his numbah,
Asked if he were wed or single,
Said he didn't know quite,
Said he'd left a squaw at home like,
But he'd sojourned in Samoah,
Such a Blazes of a long time,
Miami might have snuffed the candle,
Passed her Cheeks or Kicked-the-Bucket.
Any how he said he cared not.
All he knew he had the Kolik.

Several other things he mentioned,
Which were written down on parchment,
And the Doctah said the watchword,
Talisman or incantation.
Sodi-Sulphate was the word he
Said unto the Boddi-Snatchee:
And they made him drink a phial.
Told him that his Mess was Tapu.
He must dine on what they gave him,
Every morning, noon and evening,
Sent him out upon his business,
Groaning round the *Fullew* Penant.
Every Morn and every evening,

Yea and every midday also,
Went the noble Hiawatha
Groaning, to the Boddi-Snatcher;
Forcing down the stuff they gave him,
Arrorute was what they called it.
Hiawatha, being simple,
Asked them why straws were in it.
Also if the brownish colour
Was intended by the Doctor.
He was told to Cloz—his—Claptrap,
Told to go unto the Devil.
Thus was Hiawatha learning
Not to question Boddi-Snatchas.

But the day was fast approaching,
When the noble Hiawatha
Was unable to stand upright.
Simply lay and groaned his heart out;
And the great Witch Doctor saw him,
And he pitied Hiawatha;
Thought it time to try and cure him,
So he called in at the Wigwam
Of the chief of the Witch-Doctahs,
Found a bed for Hiawatha,
Sent him there to live on nothing,
Nothing, nothing, always nothing
Was the food of Hiawatha.

And the pain died down within him,
And the groaning stopped within him;
And he waked and looked around him,
Saw old Flannig, ginger, radiant,
Standing at his bed and smiling,
Listened to the mighty Baka
Cracking classic jokes and laughing
From the evening to the morning.
Saw the charming, kindly Sistas
Moving round and shedding sunshine
By the radiance of their presence,
Felt his inside getting hungry,
Knew that he was getting cued,
Begged that he might have his dinner.
Mista Baka the facetious
Said he would be most delighted,
Then he brought—a glass of water.

Then the chiefest of the Doctahs,
He who rode the noble war-horse
Came around to Hiawatha,
Tapped him gently on the Tummi
Said they could "increase his diet."
Then the Sistas fetched him something,
Arrorute she also called it:
But it lacked the brownish colour,
And the straws and little lumpslets.
Hiawath didn't like it,
Said it lacked in bulk and flavour,
But he swallowed and grew stronger.
Great the joy of Hiawatha:
He could go a day and never
Worry Flannigan or Baka.

Wonderful the Great Witch-Doctah,
And his Wigwam in the mountains,
And the discipline he kept there.
Everybody must obey him,
Everybody must respect him.
Once a Sistah asked him smiling,
If the Great Ship sailed that even;
And he answered "I suppose so."
That was all the Doctah answered,
And the Sistas went on smiling—
That was all she really could do.
Hiawatha soon recovered:
One day in the great Chief's Wigwam
Can do more by way of curing
Than a dozen in the open.
Hiawatha sends his greetings
To the patrons of the Penant:
And adjures them, if they love him,
To essay to reach the Wigwam
Of the Chief of the Witch-Doctahs.
There where Flannigan and Baka,
And the careful quiet Sistas
Work their wonders to restore one.

A LASSIE'S LETTER.

"Any soldier (who would have liked to receive a letter by this mail and hasn't), N.Z. Advance Guard, Samoa."

[Such was the inscription on a letter included in the mail brought by the "Navua" last month. Apparently every man in the force received a letter, as the missive is still in the hands of the post-master on whose suggestion the text is published.]

WELLINGTON.
2nd. Sept. 1914.

DEAR UNKNOWN,

I expect you all are looking forward to receiving letters by this mail, and in case your special friends in New Zealand had not noticed that a boat, leaving Auckland to-morrow evening, would take correspondence for Samoa, I thought that I would write you a little letter to let you know that you are still remembered. We did not know until a day or two ago exactly where you all were, but everyone was making guesses as to your destination, as soon as your boats left our harbour, I wonder if you heard that as the "Monowai" and "Moeraki" steamed past Soames Island, that a sentry, who was on guard there, noticed that the smoke from the two funnels formed a complete horse shoe. Now wasn't that a splendid omen, or perhaps you are not superstitious? I have to confess that I am that way inclined, and if I had been on the boats I should have loved it. I was fearfully disappointed that I was not a boy, for I should have liked to go with you all, ever so much. I was at the Basin Reserve on the Friday, the day before you left, and I quite envied you your expedition to the unknown lands. Everyone is talking about the war now-a-days; and it says in the "Post" to-night that the troops will be leaving for Europe very soon now. While down on the wharf last Sunday, I saw the boats which are to take them on their journey. They look so different from what they did a month ago. I noticed the 'Tahiti' especially, for I have a friend on board. Men were working like niggers getting her ready. Some were painting her grey, which colour she is to make her huge, while others were at carpentry work, putting up extra bunks. It didn't seem at all like the Sabbath, for cartloads of tim-

ber were lumbering along, and everything in all directions, pointed to work.

Everybody seems most patriotically inclined, and such huge sums of money have been given to equip our men. I heard that the Gear Co. had an order for 20000 lbs. of sausages to be delivered on board the boats. Doesn't that seem a tremendous quantity, and that is only one item. To-day a little bare footed boy of eight, demanded an interview with Mr. Massey, his business being to offer his services as a drummer to the Expeditionary Force. When Mr. Massey told him that no drummers were needed as yet, he cheerfully said that he would get in as a bugler, for he knew that they were needed, and he was quite as good at playing the bugle as he was as a drummer. He had walked ever so many miles, poor little soul. We have had such beautiful weather ever since you left. I hope that you have been enjoying as good in Samoa. To-day has just been like the height of Summer. Goodnight. I hope you are well. I must hurry down to the train to post this, or else you will not get it after all, and that would be a pity. I love to get letters when I am away from home, so I hope you do. Best wishes and all good luck.

PHYLIS.

[Any member of the force desirous of writing to this little patriot, may obtain her address at the Post Office.—ED.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

(TO THE EDITOR).

DEAR MISTER EDITOR,

I haf sometings vot I want to right you: I did your "Pull-Thro'" mit moech appreciation read. It vos a goot choke; it vos too much a choke. Dere vas too much der vat you call him—Mosquito Perk, and back slaps through der Post Office. Vy you not sometings instructive publish. Sometings vot appeals to der Germans as well as to der Englanders, and ven I say Enlander I vos mean der small section of dem dat can der choke understanden; or else explain der chokes. Who vos Anna, der pulic-man's girl? Dat vos vone question. Und leave der chesse and Stanley Nathan und der Ninth Platoon out of der next paper. Let dem be of der past vot vos bury its own corpses.

As before yours,

HANS BUMBLEDINBER.

THE ALARM,

or "The song of the John Williams."

The Sentry saw the Ship, Sir,
And told the Sergeant so,
The Sergeant told the Skipper,
The Skipper said, "Ho, Ho!"
Then he climbed the Look-out,
His glasses in his hand,
And said to Mr. Reed, Sir,
"The Guns must now be named."
Then Mr. Reed, he says Sir,
"The guns are all O.K.
And all the tents are down sir,
And all is as you say.
The men are in the trenches
With rifles to their hand,
And when the Germans come, Sir,
We'll keep them off the land."
But as the ship came closer,
We got a better view;
She sailed in like a warship.
Painted like one too.
The Captain with a smile, Sir,
Perched up in the tree
Said, "All you men take cover
On numbers 4 and 3."
The ship she dropped her anchor,
We found out our mistake;
And any kind of action
Against her could not take,
For she was not a German,
As she turned out to be.
The famous ship John Williams,
Her service—Missionary.

* Note—The look-out is a tall cocoanut tree, which has been made climbable by large nails.

When the Barnards cease from barneying
And no more that martial air,
"The march of all the Cameron men,"
Is sung by Sergeant fair.
When the Davies crack no chestnuts,
And the Lewis makes no jest,
Then will "Knockers" cease from knocking,
In the "Islands of the Blest."
The Moore is to Morocco bound.
And Foley's getting sand,
Budge Oliver's a carpenter,
And Walker lends a hand,
And Spotswood now can spell his name
And almost any brand.
Fred Baker, colonel's tailor-cook,
Of whom the third will rave,
Is sometimes known to part his hair
And sometimes known to shave.
We trust the news we've just received
Won't put him off his oats:
They've signalled the appearance
Of those rummy German boats.
Of prohibition names for Bungs,
There's one that does the trick,
Proprietor of the "Tivoli,"
Our August Gustave Schick.

Wireless wants to know if mosquito netting is on sale in Apia. "We are right out of pudding cloths," he states.

"Will you see that the hotels are closed when the A.S.C. are making up the stores for the wireless station," asks "Sweet Tooth." "We can tell the difference between sugar and salt" he adds, "but this is a dry district."

An order is not an order until it has been countermanded at least twice before being executed.

MOSQUITO BITES.

Smithy has learnt to ride a horse and how to use red tape.

Colonel:—"What Company do you belong to, my man?"

My Man:—"The Proteheronga Meat Company, Sir."

The 3rd Regiment is anxiously awaiting a visit from the 5th Regimental Band. A hearty welcome is assured.

Nursing Sister, to patient just admitted to Hospital:—"Have you pyjamas?"

Patient:—"Worse than that, the Doctor says it is *pendicitis*."

Camp Cook to Patriotic Maori troopers en route to Europe:—"What do you want for dinner boys?" Patriotic Maoris:—"We want to Kai, Sir."

Many noticed that during "Prohibition Week" Sam Perry was going strong on the water wagon. Sam's smile would be worth a fortune on one of Staple's carts.

The Port Captain will not supply "starboard lights" or "port" except to a favoured few. Cocktails can only be obtained from the Poulterer-General, on and after his appointment as such.

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Printed by H. S. Griffin for the Literary
Committee of the Advance Party of the
New Zealand Expeditionary Force.

October 24, 1914.

FOUND

FOUND.—A Down Bed,—quite a number of them. Owner to pay cost of this advt. Apply FITAFITA Camp

LOST.

LOST.—An Appendix. Loser advises all his suffering brothers to call on P.M.O., Apia.

PERSONAL.

ROSEBUD.—Forgive your own little Percy. Wear a scarlet Hibiscus above your left ear, to shew all is forgiven.

WANTED.

WANTED KNOWN.—Our Summer Stock just arrived. Par-lined Lavalavas, Woollen Gloves and Scarves (special thick), Snowshoes, Gumboots, all at cost price, at Davie Micks, Tpi Tpi Street, Apia.

NOTICES.

THEATRICAL.—The Forty (?) Thieves will perform outside the Town Hall, Samoa, at any time. Avoid them.

SPORTING.—Vaea Races to be held first Monday and Tuesday in January, 1915. All entries to be forwarded by end of December to Ham on charge of Horse Lines, Cygnet Stables.

CURIOS.—Island Curios may be procured at Home's store. Yates' yellow beads. Ken Dall's Kut-aways. Isaacs (Icing) Glass and good Stout Tapper Cloth are in great demand. Ward Locks also in store.

MEDICAL.—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Extract from letter: "Before I used your pills I lived at Reading. Now I live in the Isle of Wight."

WHY DON'T YOU GET ON!!! Knowledge is Power!

THE 7TH PLATOON, 5TH REG. (INCORP), or THE LEARNED BRETHEREN, will prepare you for any calling. A special course of Military Promotion:—

CAMP SANITATION
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SPECIAL LINES: L-Corp. Berendson, LL.B., lectures on Models of Compendium and Lucid Condensation. He is accompanied by Prvt. Hosking, LL.B., (*I don't think*) on the

TROMBONE, PICCOLO, CLARINET

Corp. Busby gives a special course of instruction in Architecture. See his Pamphlet, "How to build a 'What's-its-name.'"

Corp. Hudson, B.Sc., is the science instructor. Practical lessons in botany, every day—from bug crushing to mosquito charming. His strong line is Anatomy, to which end he spends several hours per diem at the native bathing pool. He is said to be rather fast.

Prvt. Howard, Economics and Juggling. Author of "Tricks with Coins," and "How to make the Money fly."

Work! Work! Work!
IN YOUR SPARE MOMENTS.

TESTIMONIAL, (*We receive hundreds such, daily*)—

TO THE LEARNED BRETHEREN IN CAMP.

DEAR SIRS,

I ave always ad a habmition to get on. Wen I studied your system i began to rise. I became a Platoon Skout, and this gentleman in face of the fact I ad never seen bush before. Then I rose to Reggermental Skout. I was kicked out of this, but it was through henry. Soon I ope to be the Platoon Kommander. All the blokes is gettin stripes.

Yours ever,

MR. SÉDD-N.

Also one from Carranza -- Fooks, Esq., but the above is typical. All communications, care BARNEY O'SHEA, MALIFA.