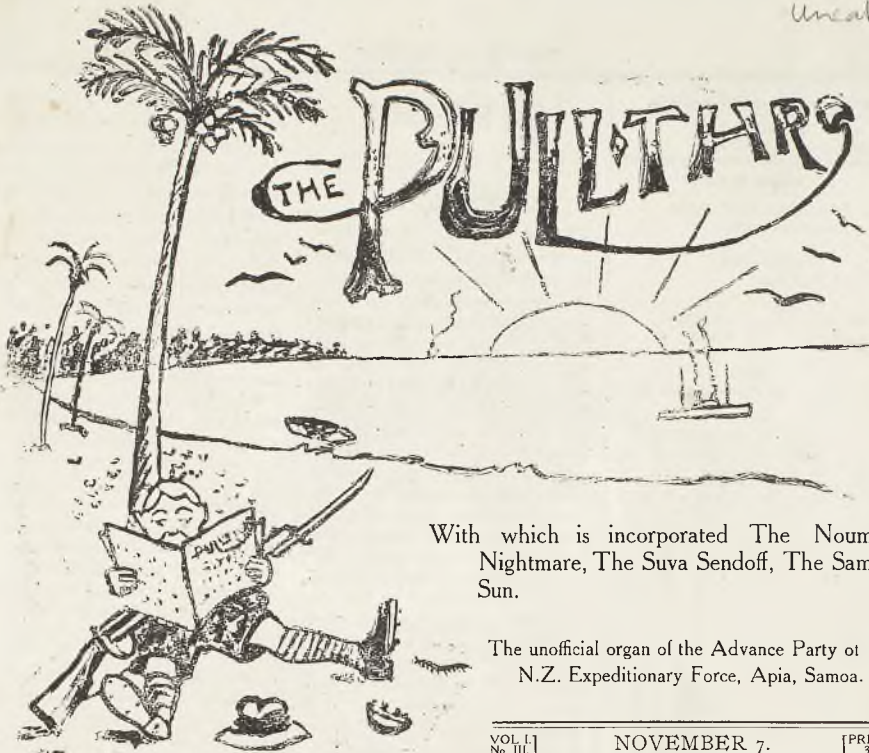


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With which is incorporated The Noumea Nightmare, The Suva Sendoff, The Samoa Sun.

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

VOL. I
No. III.

NOVEMBER 7.

PRICE
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The School of Tone For Nice Boys.

FOR cultured effect, for delicacy and refinement, for fine airs, for grace and elegance, for in short, anything summed up in the word—

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The Dawn, every morn.

ARRIVALS.

The F.E. Mail Boat.

PROJECTED DEPARTURES.

The ships that pass in the night.

TIDES.

Very tidy all the week, especially Sunday.

WEATHER REPORT.

The wet weather usually occurs at the end of October. This year, however, the draught was very severe along the beach from the end of August; but luckily for all concerned the wet season began on October 5th. The floods that were carried off through the usual channels in the Tivoli District were nothing as compared with the perfect deluge in the more central districts. At one time it was feared that the international situation might be seriously imperilled, but the steady soak eased off, and by the end of the fortnight there were only a few bursts. Weather chart reduced to £. S. D.

MESS TABLE GOSSIP.

Mr. Allan, our popular Harbour Master has discovered a new opening through the outer reef. He has promised to call it the Pull Thro' Gap.

Mr. Kemble, Chief Steward of the s.s. Vaimen has signed on as stoker on the s.s. Maloney. The motor car is lying in the stream getting her boilers cleaned, and the chimney swept.

It is probably known to a good many, but I should like to make it even more generally known, through the columns of this paper, very kindly offered to us, that an English service is held every Sunday evening at 7.30 p.m., in the Apia Protestant Church, adjoining the Hall.

There are of course many different denominations represented in the Forces now in Samoa, and so far as I can, I wish to make the services of such a character that each and all will be able to enjoy them.

The service lasts one hour, and on the first Sunday evening, in each month, a short Communion Service is held at the close of the earlier one, to which all who wish to take part are heartily welcome.

We are also very pleased to invite the tennis players among our visitors to join in the tennis arranged for Wednesdays and Saturdays, if weather is fine, in the Mission Grounds. And any other afternoon in the week, players are at liberty to make use of the court, and arrange their own games.

C. J. KINNERSLEY,
L.M.S. Missionary in Apia.

The Pull-Thro'

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1914.

OURSELVES.

THE editorial pen falters. Fate in the shape of Military Duties has inexorably waved its sceptre of power over the Literary Committee of the Advance Party of the N.Z. Expeditionary Force, and the Party's unofficial organ, is forced into a fortnightly publication. We aimed at the improbable and obtained the possible. Conceived in the fertile bed of enthusiasm and journalistic impetuosity, the inaugurating of a camp journal was deemed a plaything for idle hours. Born into a Force that received it with acclamation, a future of rose-beds and summer skies opened up for our little journal. But rose-beds have thorns and summer skies are evanescent. The second issue saw the light of day quick on the heels of the first, but the idle hours were insufficient, and time, precious time, belonging to stern Military necessities, was encroached on, and the dread consequences were escaped only by kindly intervention. In the words of a modern novelist, "we asked the fleeting moments to tarry but they laughed, shook their gossamer wings at us, and flew by on their mad course into eternity." For the benefit of all we made sacrifices, but we have paused in our stride, and discretion has nimbly slipped in and asserted itself. It has shown to us the futility of striving to keep pace with time, the necessity, under dire penalties, of keeping the King's regulations, and the invariable sterility of personal sacrifices made while on the pay roll of the King's Army. The PULL THRO' therefore will, we hope appear fortnightly, *Deo et Rege volente*.

CAMP LIFE pursues the even tenor of its way. The Advance Guard of the N.Z. Exped. Force parades, toils, swims, and basks in the Samoan sunshine as though this were its ultimate purpose; adaptable man makes the best of circumstances. But underneath! what unrest! what chafing and fretting in inaction! Let not the fortunate warrior actively striving for his country's honour despise the humble garrison soldier. Is it harder, we ask, to face the foe in hot blood, or to sit and wait if perchance he may strike? But while we may sorrow o'er this our accursed lot, 'tis not as "those who sorrow without hope." Accuse us not of strengthening the fabrications of Dame Rumour, if we venture the statement that a spirit of hopefulness pervades each branch of our force. Everyone is convinced that a change is shortly pending. It is not our place to substantiate or discredit this belief. Suffice it to say that the rumour has attained considerable dimensions. At meal times it forms the staple article of diet (after the jam tins are empty). Pvt. Dojanyl springs the news at breakfast that the troops will embark at 1.15 p.m. December 6th. At lunch time Segt. Gollop pauses sufficiently to give an interesting account of our future movements right up to the death grip with the soldiers of the Fatherland. The evening witnesses Orderly Pearyn adding the information that a definite period will be spent at Aotea-roi refitting and refilling (Xmas). His statement is backed up by Sergt. Dope-land, who has been informed (we hardly think by a gunner) that the D. battery is to continue protecting the ladies of Samoa. And so *ad infinitum*. Ye gods and little fishes! how closely is rumour allied with the digestive organs.



We'll Hold it! But we wish something would happen

WHO GOES THERE ?

Lieut. Harry F. Harlock, of the Fiji Constabulary, who has held the position of Military Censor and Interpreter since the occupation, returned to Suva by the "Tofua," on Wednesday, 21st ult. Lieut. H. F. A. Wollerman, of the 5th Regt., succeeds Lieut. Harlock.

The list of promotions since the occupation includes the following names:—Sergt. S. Barnard, 5th Regt., to be Lieutenant and quarter-master; Corporal E. J. Dingle, Railway Engineers, to be Lieutenant and Postmaster; Lance Corporal J. D. Swan to be Lieutenant and Transport Officer.

WEDDING BELLS.

It is not often that a wedding is performed while troops are actually on active service, and consequently the wedding of the Provost Marshal on Saturday last was of more than ordinary interest.

Captain A. Loftus Tottenham arrived at the church of the L.M.S., Apia, soon after 3 p.m., accompanied by his best man, Captain Eastwood, A.D.C. The church had been prettily decorated with palms, ferns and flowers by the ladies of the Mission, and shortly before 3.30 the bride, Miss Nation, arrived on the arm of Colonel Logan, who gave her away. The ceremony was performed by the Chaplain of the Forces, Captain E. E. Malden, and the happy couple left the church to the strains of the Wedding March played by Captain Keenan. After passing under an arch of drawn swords, the happy couple drove off in a gaily decorated motor to their new home.

We offer our best wishes to Captain and Mrs. Tottenham, and trust that they may long be spared to celebrate the anniversary of their wedding.

It is interesting to note that the ring used on this happy occasion was made by the New Zealand Railway Engineers, a brand new English sovereign being used for the purpose.

"Advice to troops." How to catch a centipede. Bustle him so that his feet get out of step.

THE REGIMENTAL CUP.

Like the front bright ranks of a Cavalry
Line,
How the scouts and their corporal glisten
and shine!
How the boys sit erect in the saddles with
pride,
For the flower of Wellington's horsemen
ride.
Gunderson, Leary, and Urquhart are there,
And their gleaming colours return the
glare
Of the Samoan sun as it sparkles down
On Captain Neill's chestnut and Major
Cowie's brown
The chief, Major Head, has charge of the
start,
The barrier's the shafts of the old water
cart,
He pauses a moment, his sword meets the
ground,
And the scouts are away with a lightning
like bound.
Leary shows first with Rose at his side,
And Brown and McMillin well up in their
stride,
As they reach the Tivoli the vision flies
past—
The whole of the scouts but McCall can-
not last.
Look! Major Head's grey is slipping his
girth,
And Rose and McMillin come falling to
earth!
Well was it then when full swing in his
stride
That the water cart horse bore a scout
that could ride.
For Johnstone was ready, the scout's blood
arose,
He lets out a yell and like thunder he
goes.
Two spurs on the flanks and hands on the
rein
That seldom had grappled a bride in vain.
Wellington's crack horseman steers clear
of the wreck,
But he barely escaped with an unbroken
neck,
For he stumbled while jumping, went
down on his nose
Then staggered and faltered and gallantly
rose—
Unshifted though shaken Liz went on his
way,
But till the hour that he dies he'll remem-
ber the day.
Then MacCall and Bromerly faltered and
fell,
And Hamlin is down, then up with a yell
Mid the rush and the roar of the Samoan
throng
The Adjutant's chestnut sweeps madly
along,
Cap Wilkson's horse is utterly done,
And the Regiment's Cup by the chestnut
is won.

Anyone wishing to see every variety of horse complaint, in all stages of incurability, kindly step along to the horse lines. Wasting sickness is very prevalent, and one animal grew so thin, that all that was perceivable, was a small piece of fluff clinging to the bridle.

THE BATTERY.

From an outsider's point of view the 5th Nov., 1914, may be said to have been D Battery's busy day. The morning dawned very much as any other dawn breaks in Samoa, and one would scarcely have guessed the ruddy revels that were soon to be witnessed along the fore-shore. It is even suggested that the Samoans had begun to think that the Battery had accompanied the forces in a merely ornamental capacity; but any of them that happened along the waterfront about 2.30 p.m. on Thursday, quickly decided that the Battery was a live wire all right. There they were serenely lined up with their four guns blazing shrapnel out into the harbour at floating targets on the reef. They were not merely blazing, they were hitting, and hitting hard. The large crowd that immediately collected was fascinated by the target practice. The terrific bang, the scream of the shell, the long spurt of water twenty feet high, were all calculated to impress; but when they found the range and started bursting shrapnel over the target, one could form a very vivid idea of the destructive power of these shells. The aim was diabolically accurate, and from the way the sea was fluffed up with bullet-splashes it was obvious no boatload of men would survive a single shell.

This was a very grandiose way of celebrating the 5th. Later, about 8 p.m. they unbent and had the good old fashioned bonfire. The "Guy" was not the traditional one. It had a moustache that turned up at the ends and an eagle on the helmet—the Gunpowder Plot up-to-date with a vengeance. A charge of cordite inside the dummy was hardly a disadvantage either and was a typical Battery touch. A scratch band led the crowd round the bonfire and affairs concluded in song. Did I say concluded? Nay the finale that night was Pvt. Silver silhouetted against the embers picking out the charred remains of the Latter-day Fawkes to cook the officers' porridge on the 6th.

CRICKET

A cricket match was played at Vaimea on Saturday 17th. inst. between the Apia Cricket Club and the Custom House and Harbour-master's Staffs, the last mentioned team winning by 84 runs. Following were the scores:—

APIA CLUB.

1st INNINGS.—Hill, b McGirr, 0; Atoa, b McGirr, 0; G. Churchward, c Howe, b Mason, 12; Ulberg, b McGirr, 0; Bryce, b McGirr, 4; Paniani, c Berendson, b McGirr, 8; L. Toleafoa, c and b McGirr, 5; M. Cordts, c and b Mason, 0; J. Meredith, run out, 2; Gaudin, not out, 0; F. Meredith (substitute), thrown out Halliday, 0; Byes, 9. Total 40.

2nd INNINGS.—Hill, b McGirr, 4; Atoa, c and b Jackson, 0; Ulberg, b McGirr, 0; Bryce, b McGirr, 16; Paniani, b Jackson, 4; L. Toleafoa, c Berendson, b McGirr, 0; M. Cordts, c Hutchinson, b McGirr, 0; J. Meredith, c sub. b McGirr, 2; Sheppard, run out, 11; W. Hicks, not out, 1; Byes, 8. Total 46. Ulger took 12 wickets, Mason 2, and Jackson 2.

CUSTOMS AND HARBOUR-MASTER'S STAFFS.

1st INNINGS.—Howe, b Hicks, 13; Jackson, c F. Meredith, b Hill, 14; McGirr, c Toleafoa, b Hill, 10; Mason, run out, 11; Robertson, c Gaudin, b Hill, 0; Sawers, b Hicks, 0; Halliday, b Hicks, 5; Shaw, b Hicks, 0; Hutchinson, c James, b Hill, 1; Beddingfield, not out, 0; Byes, 8. Total 62.

2nd INNINGS.—Howe, b Hicks, 8; Jackson, run out, 25; McGirr, b Hicks, 43; Mason, b Hicks, 10; Robertson, b Churchward, 2; Sawers, b Hicks, 1; Halliday, b Churchward, 1; Shaw, run out, 0; Beddingfield, not out, 1; Byes, 17. Total 108. Hill took 4 wickets, Hicks 10 wickets, and Churchward 2.

Considerable interest was taken in the match on Saturday between the Apia Club and the 5th Regt., the presence of the band drawing a much larger crowd than usual. Apia scored 77 in the first innings, as against the 5th Regt's total of 74, and then dismissed the Regt. for 60. Requiring 57 to win; the local team's chance looked good,

but good bowling by Mason brought about the downfall of Capt. Meredith's men, the last wicket falling, when the score was 55, the Regt. thus winning by two runs. The finish of the game was very exciting, Toleafoa making a splendid effort to save the game. Following were the scores:—

5th REGT.

1st INNINGS.—Jackson, b Hill, 6; McLean, b Hill, 7; Berendson, b Paniani, 6; Borrows, b Hill, 5; Mason, run out, 5; Capt. Puttick, b Paniani, 8; Walker, not out, 26; Spotswood, b Hill, 1; Wilson, b Paniani, 0; Aston, b Hill, 9; Lieut. Bennett, lbw, b Hill, 0. Extras 1. Total 74.

2nd INNINGS.—Jackson, c Toleafoa, b Hill, 18; McLean, b Paniani, 0; Berendson, b Paniani, 2; Walker, b Paniani, 1; Mason, b Hill, 2; Capt. Puttick, b Paniani, 4; Aston, b Paniani, 7; Spotswood, not out, 17; Borrows, c Churchward, b Paniani, 3; Lieut. Bennett, b Paniani, 0; Wilson, b Hill, 0; extras 6. Total 60.

APIA.

1st INNINGS.—J. Williams, run out, 5; David, b Mason, 0; Longkilde, c and b McLean, 5; F. Churchward, b Mason, 1; Toleafoa, c Borrows, b Mason, 21; P. Ulberg, b Mason, 3; W. Hill, b Spotswood, 10; Paniani, b Spotswood, 0; M. Cordts, 13; F. Meredith, not out, 2; K. Godinet, b Spotswood, 0; extras 17. Total 77.

2nd INNINGS.—Churchward, c and b Spotswood, 0; H. Cordts, b Mason, 5; M. Cordts, b Mason, 11; Toleafoa, stpd. Berendson, b Spotswood, 15; Longkilde, b Mason, 1; F. Meredith, b Mason, 0; C. David, b Spotswood, 1; J. Williams, b Mason, 5; W. Hill, c b Spotswood, 4; K. Godinet, not out, 0; extras 14. Total 56.

For the Regt. Mason (11), Spotswood (6), and Jackson (1), divided the wickets; while for Apia, W. Hill (9), and Paniani (10) were most successful.

Private A. was on sentry duty one night recently, after a hot and dusty day. Presently he challenged so neone approaching his post:—"Halt! Who goes there?" "Friend, with bottle!" "Pass Friend, halt Bottle! All's well!"

APIAN SCARE CO.

The signallers were the Proude possessors of a White motor car until one day Duth'e saw a savage maiden Steele the Car(r).

A search party was sent out, and a Batger at once put on the scent. It was an Uphill game though, because at every turn 'Er son resisted attempts to carry out the law. However, in the party there was a Clark from the Pigeongram office, who brought a trained Dove with him. This method did not meet with complete success, so Sergeant Reg called a council of war, and it was decided thereat to Storm 'er hiding place by a fast rush through the Woody Farland. Her whereabouts were reported by signal, and an exciting chase ensued. The Lacey man of the party was not so lazy after all. He was first to the front, and threw his arms (rifle) at her and made a brilliant capture. Those coming on behind had to turn their heads from the spectacle.

On the morrow she was brought before Judge Boucher, whose dignified look made the thief wince. The trial over, His Honor pronounced the verdict that Hutchinson was to Baker and Pierce her with long, red hot Tonges.

The capturing party was in high Glee, when rewarded with a parcel of real A.S.C. cheese each. Unfortunately the cheese left during the night.

THE METEOR FLAG.

Unfurl the flag of England,
And fling it to the breeze,
Beloved by British hearts at home,
And those beyond the seas.
The symbol as in ages gone
Of reverence for the right,
That leads men on and on
Through liberty and light.
Its folds to all of friendship speak,
Of unity to none,
Protection for the wronged and weak,
Wherever shines the Sun,
And when the Union Jack is seen
Rippling o'er wind and wave,
Men hail it, for its tidings
Mean peace to all mankind.
God guard the flag of England,
The Empire and the Throne,
And sister nations far away
In every sea and zone.
And when at freshing dawn it flies
Anew beneath the skies,
Vow we once more, should need arise,
To strike for it and die.

THE SAMOAN LOVEABLE

We met one night on the water front, He, whom I shall call my loveable pagan, and I. His merry eyes, and charming personality at once attracted me, and we conversed.

I told him of New Zealand—of trains, of electric cars, of theatres, of various modes and arts of our civilisation. And he told me of Samoa, his country and his home, of his ideas of things in general. He spoke good English, touched here and there with an Americanism, and I must add, with a fair number of unnecessary adjectives, which, however, did not seem objectionable, modified as they were by his smooth articulations.

Work! Well! he had worked for two years in Fiji, and didn't like it. But then, in Fiji one had to work to live. It was not like Samoa, where he could work when he liked, and still have plenty to eat and drink. Ah no, Samoa was the place for him, and his teeth shone, as he said with an infectious laugh: "There's no place like home."

He spoke cheerfully, but I felt a sudden pang as I thought that Samoa was not "home" for every one.

Was he a Christian? Again that laugh. What was the use of being a Christian, anyhow? Why, a Christian had but one wife, while he—Well he was yet under thirty and he had had six already!—Surprised? That was nothing to be surprised about. How could a man get a good wife unless he tried several? None of the first five had reigned for long, but he now had the best little wife in Samoa. She always kept the house clean, and always had fresh clothes ready for him. In fact, she was as near perfect as could be hoped. How long had he been married to her? Well, three years now. Married in the church? Once more that merry laugh. No, not in the church, but now, maybe, he would marry under a British official. His wife's people, (from whom he had stolen her in the first place), had plenty of money; so why not?

No, the Germans were no good in sports, no fun for the natives;—but the British—ah, he could

remember the old days, when a man-o-war visited the Island, then there were races, swimming, and boating, and all the natives rejoiced. The English gave the natives a chance to rise; but their enemies—pah! they tried to keep them down.

So he talked, on and on, always bright, always entertaining, never uninteresting.

And such was my pagan—my Samoan loveable.

HIAWATHA.

[SAMOAN ADAPTATION.]

HIAWATHA sitting smoking
'Neath the shadow of his wigwam,
Saw another brave approaching,
Heard him calling Hiawatha;
So he planted his tobacco,
Yea, and hid his matches also,
So that if the brave entreated
For a pipeful, Hiawatha
Could protest his pouch was empty,
That he'd lent his match box also
To a brave, who'd not returned it.
Thus the wily Hiawatha
Could outwit his friend and comrade.
But his friend was wily also,
Entered Hiawatha's wigwam,
Sat him down upon a kidbag,
Glanced around to see if any
Cigarettes were lying open.
Spied a box of Capstan Medium,
(The possession of a tent mate
Of the noble Hiawatha)
Sneaked a dozen, never blinking,
Knowing that the legal owner
Would accredit Hiawatha
With the stolen dozen Capstan.
Thus, the wily Hiawatha
Was out-witted by his comrade.
Then they fell to talking warfare,
Talked of colonels and of captains,
And of sergeant-majors also,
Hoped that some day they'd be summoned
To the seat of war in Europe.
Talked about the latest tidings
That had come thro' Honolulu.
And agreed it was a falsehood,
Still it didn't stop them talking
Of the news thro' Honolulu.
They decided that the wireless
Was a great and mighty blessing.
They proceeded to the hoarding
Where the latest news was posted,
Thus they hoped to be enlightened
As to what was on in Europe.
Hiawatha was a scholar,
He was very learned in woodcraft,
(Was he not the chief platoon scout?)
He was very learned in hunting.
(He was orderly at meal time
And could always get a picking
From the blighters at the cook house)
He was very great at hunting!
He was also versed in letters,
And the Brave asked Hiawatha
To interpret what was written
On the message from the wireless.
Hiawatha cleared his gullet,
Knit his brows, and put his pince-nez
On his aquiline proboscis.
Then he shouldered thro' the striplings,
Who were crowding round the hoarding.

Then he blinked and wiped his glasses,
Said the tidings came from London.
General French with 30 thousand,
"Stay—now is it 50 thousand?
Very indistinct the figure."
Said the noble Hiawatha,
And his friend the Brave addressed him,
"Get along you silly lubber
Read what follows—damn the figure."
So the noble Hiawatha
Was preparing to continue,
When a sudden rush behind him
Knocked him wholly off his balance.
Bumped his nose against the hoarding,
Started Hiawatha swearing;
And the things that Hiawatha
Spluttered as his nose was bleeding
Were not written in the wireless,
Neither did they fit the metre
Of the "Song of Hiawatha;"
Neither would they pass the censor.
But the Brave had grown impatient,
As as soon as Hiawatha
Reached the stage of repetition,
Told him that his language wasn't
Worth the breath he spent upon it.
So he cleared another passage
Thro' the readers at the hoarding,
So that Hia. could continue.
"General French with fifty thousand
Fought a battle at the dash—dot."
Where was Dash—Dot? Hiawatha
Said he rather felt uncertain.
Probably a foe in Europe.
"And the place was quite annihi—"
—Here there followed a hiatus,
Plenty of them in the wireless—
"And retreated in confusion."
But the Brave was much elated,
Said the foe was surely yielding,
Begged his comrade to continue.
There was news from Honolulu.
"General French with 90 thousand
Was defeated at the Dash Dot."
Then there was a word deleted,
Covered up with several x's,
Probably a bad misspelling.
"Twenty thousand men were captured
With their guns and ammunition."
Hiawatha breathed a mighty
Breath of satisfaction.
One whole sentence of the wireless
Read in clear continuation.
Not a gap and no correction.
And the Brave asked Hiawatha
If he knew what it referred to,
Who was captured—Friend or Foeman?
Hiawatha said, "Damfino"
Possibly he'd see it later.
But the rainstorm of the morning
Had obliterated every
Trace of any other writing.
Then the very legal owner
Of the stolen Capstan Medium
Came along to Hiawatha,
Said he was a rotten mongrel.
And a loud discussion started.
—No connection with the wireless—
And the friend of Hiawatha
Went his secret way in silence,
Smoking stolen Capstan Medium,
Spreading rumours that were founded
On the news from Honolulu.

We want to know when Vaea Camp is going to put gondolas on its canals.

When the troops go back there will not be a shortage of handcart pushers in N.Z.

SWIMMING.

The D. Battery was *en fete* last Saturday afternoon, the occasion being a swimming carnival, for which the entries were so numerous that it was found impossible to crowd all the events into the one afternoon. The laurels of the day were carried off by the ubiquitous Roy, who besides swimming the dive, was successful in both the fifty and hundred yards scratch races. He was also prominent in the other events. The carnival was concluded on Monday afternoon.

Following are details of the events:—50 yards dash:—Gunner Watson 1st; Gunner Wise 2nd. 100 yards scratch: Gun. Watson 1st; Gun. Smith 2nd. Neat Header:—Gunner Wise 1st; Corp. Carmichael 2nd. Long Plunge:—Gun. Vial 1st; Lieut. Mitchell 2nd. Catamaran Race:—Sergt. Gendall 1st; Gun. Watson 2nd. 220 yds Handicap:—Gun. Allan 1st; Gun. Vial 2nd. Water Polo Match:—Rt. Section v Left Section, a draw, no score. It is proposed to hold a big Carnival in the Harbour shortly, and as some of the fastest swimmers in N.Z. are members of the force, it should prove a very successful function.

The world's swimming record for 50 yards has been lowered with a bump. A gunner in the ranks of D. Battery cut out the distance at the carnival last Saturday in the starting time of 22 secs.

Our sympathies go out to the Sergeant Major, who is likely to be cast in a big bill for damages. One morning as he patrolled the island, he had the offer of some big game shooting. Visions of India and Tiger floated through his mind, with remembrances of African elephants, but this time it was a bull that was the terror of the village, so assuring himself that the owner really wished it dead, he neatly bored a hole in its brain with a bullet. Imagine his horror and disgust when he found that it did not belong to the natives at all, and the real owner wanted compensation!

THE ISLANDS OF THE "PEST."

When you read at home in papers of the "Islands of the Blest"

You naturally expect that you will find A place where nothing worries you, ensuring perfect rest—

And a blissfully contented frame of mind—

A state of dreamy indolence throughout the sunny day—

The weather never muggy, never wet— A place in fact where everyone would go without delay

If they only knew the holiday they'd get.

But suppose that you were landed on a blessed tropic isle,

And had to spend your days inside a tent,

And had to live on bully beef and biscuits for a while,

You'd learn what "Blessed Island" really meant.

When you've leisure time, an hour or so, and think that you will write

A letter to your friends across the sea, The flies collect in hundreds, or should it be at night,

Mosquitoes think its time to have a spree.

At first you try to brush them off, quite gently for a start,

But soon you find these tactics will not do,

You promptly start to scratch, and then the bites begin to smart,

And if you keep on scratching—fester too.

You give it up, and go to bed, and think you'll get some sleep,

And wrap yourself in rug from head to toe.

A swim with perspiration, you will lie a sodden heap,

And if you strip, they have another go.

But mosquitoes like a rest themselves, and in the early morn,

They go away and let you have some peace.

You arrange your pillow, and hope to sleep till dawn

Now that irritating buzzing seems to cease.

But stay, there's still another foe you're called upon to fight.

Who's a big consideration in the fray: A centipede, 9 inches long, decides to come to light—

They find your name on sick parade next day.

Ants in hundreds you will find, who like to emigrate.

And seem to fancy walking over you Until at dawn you find yourself a mass of lively freight,

With 10 to 1 a scorpion in your shoe.

In conclusion might I make so bold, and venture to suggest,

That though the name is suitable for some,

It might very well be altered to "Island of the Pest"

For I'm satisfied these isles are blest by none.

D. C.

FISHING IN SAMOA.

The paternal care of the New Zealand government in supplying us with *Trout fishing in New Zealand*, was no doubt prompted with the idea of giving us an opportunity to learn how to add fresh fish to our rations; but none of the lures so common at Taupo—and none of the dodges of the practised Kingfisher from the Bay of Islands, are of any avail to entice the Samoan fish from his coral bed.

To catch the native fish, you must employ native means. Of course it is possible to get them with dynamite—or with an electric light bulb inside a wire netting cage—but these methods are not sport.

Slippers with strong rope soles—a bathing suit—a ten foot pole with a spike at the end, made of iron, and a few torches made from cocoanut leaves, are all the weapons that one wants. Properly armed, you then walk some, and swim some, out to the reef, and there to the wall of thundering breakers. You select a likely pool for small fish, or a passage through the reef for larger fish, such as bonito or mullet.

Fishing is always carried on at night—hence the need of torches—and as you see the dark bodies moving over the illuminated patch of sand, a quick downward stroke with your spear may or may not produce a fish for breakfast. It sounds simple enough, but for the novice it is a game full of missed chances, and if you are really anxious for a fish breakfast, it is perhaps better to fish by daylight; but then the method is entirely different. Wading out into the lagoon during the day, one looks about for some deep pool, full of fish—this as a rule is not hard to find—then you mark the spot, and go back to the shore and collect a good deal of a certain beach weed with large round leaves, make it up into bundles about a yard long and a foot thick—tied round carefully every few inches. Then with the aid of many small boys, the fisherman carries these off to his pool, but before dropping them in, he gives them a few hard blows with a thick stick. The first bundle naturally frightens all the fish

into their hiding holes in the coral, but five minutes after the last is in, they come back to feed. Presently instead of swimming lazily, they rush about in all directions, and finally cluster on the surface, straight up and down, with their mouths out of the water, gulping in air, and in a few moments the fisherman can get as many as he wants. This is no conjuring trick it is merely one of the vegetable fish poisons so extensively used in the Southern Islands. The beating of the weed sets free the active sap, which gradually fills the coral basin, and as the walls are practically solid, none of it is wasted by being carried off by currents or tide. By itself the sap is rather like the juice of a water melon, but mixed with sea water it tastes like a sharp and pungent acid. The result is only momentary, and after ten minutes, the fish will recover and swim away; but as a means of catching fish it has no rival, although it may not be as sporting as using a spinning-minnow or a march bunn.

DUTIES. 'SHUN!

(Dedicated to the Adjutant, with a singular mixture of affection, respect, and deadly fear.)

The sun went down in splendour, and the moon rose up in pride,
As the sky, in crimson tender, showed the soul of eventide.

And the gentle breeze from heaven, blowing o'er the waters deep,
Kissed the tents of Number Seven as they laid them down to sleep.

But the hearts of Number Seven were as heavy lumps of lead;
And the men of Number Seven humbly wished that they were dead.

And they bowed their heads in sorrow, and they vowed their fate was hard,
For their duty on the morrow was to form the Quarter guard.

And the strongest men were weeping, weeping tears of bitter woe,
As their fate in Heaven's keeping, they consigned e'er they should go.

And the strongest men were swearing, swearing words of awful sound,
And a man of manly bearing in the ranks could scarce be found.

For their fate was truly tragic, and of hope was scarce a shred,
Number Seven prayed for magic as it sought its earthly bed.

And a quick release from sorrow they besought their God to grant,
For at eight o'clock to-morrow they must face the Adjutant.

They could bear the heat of battle, they could march for twenty miles,
They could bear the cannon's rattle, they could face their death with smiles,

And their hearts would never languish in the burning tropic sky,
But they knew they'd writhe in anguish 'neath the Captain's awful eye.

That night, each man was scrubbing, till his boots were shining black,
That night, each man was rubbing, till he couldn't bend his back;
And the razors fast were plying, and the faces lathered clean;
But still the men were sighing for the life that might have been.

And the sun rose in the morning, rose in majesty and state,
Number Seven cursed the dawning, shuddered at the thought of eight.

But the guard at last was ready, ready, but not half prepared,
And the ranks stood fast and steady, as the Awful Being glared.

Down the ranks of Number Seven passed the Captain, grim and dour.

Each man prayed for help to Heaven in this dread and awful hour,
Trembling as the Being pondered, quaking, as he eyed him well;

Every man in anguish wondered whether this was less than Hell.

Slowly scanned he hat and rifle, slowly scanned he belt and boot,
Each man felt his spirit stiffle, as he heard the dreaded foot.

Slow he passed, and never ending, was the horror that he spread.

Slow he passed with strong men bending; bowed in terror at his tread.

Slow he passed, and slowly turning, passed in silence in the rear.

While the strongest breasts were burning, burning hot with deadly fear.

Every abject heart was dancing, as he passed along the back;

Every man could feel his glancing boring keen through belt and pack.

But no torture lasts for ever, Heaven has in pity ruled

Heights of pain, beyond which, never may the minds of men be schooled.

So at last the torture ended, so at last their pain was done,

And the wounded spirits wended at the order, "Duty Shun!"

Gaily waved the palm trees near them; green the shrubs around them sprang,
Each man felt that he could cheer them as the birds above them sang.

And a cry of thanks to Heaven, earnest, rose from each man's breast.

Blithe again was Number Seven, for the Guard had passed the test.

Certain members of the Force wish the palolo fish would come every morning.

Overheard at—mess table at hospital:—A native girl was in this morning, so cross-eyed that when she cried the tears ran down her back." "Rats!" "Well, it is a fact!" "Then why is Major—treating her for?" "Bacteria, of course!" And then things began to fly.

FACTS.

Sometimes, as we sit around the mess tables, we learn little facts of natural history that are not generally known. The other night the conversation turned on rabbits, chiefly, I suppose, because there are none on Samoa. "Ever catch them?" said the man on my right. "No," chimed in the man opposite, "but there was a Chinaman down our way, who used to bark like a dog—and of an evening he would go out and plug up their runs about two feet down, then walk about the hillside barking till they had all gone to earth: As the book says, the rest was easy, all he had to do was to put his hand in and pull them out. Often he got 50 an evening!" After a silence that could be felt, the man on my left asked, "Does poison affect the flesh of rabbits?" "Not necessarily," I said. "Well I don't know," here plied, "but I have seen a rabbit running to water with his sides smoking with phosphorous! And talking about rabbit shooting, which of course we weren't, (seeing who could stretch the farthest being the game), 'I had a rum experience driving in from Te Kuiti: seeing a rabbit on the road I let drive at it from the trap, and when I went to pick it up, I found I had shot nine with one barrel!"—Chorus!!!!

Then the conversation swopped round on to fishing, and Uncle Sam assured us that the largest fish ever caught on the line was eleven tons, fourteen hundred-weight, three quarters, two pounds, six ounces, not that it was rightly caught—only hooked; "See here," said he, "it was like this—a little boy was fishing down on the point at Mulumu with a bent pin and a piece of cotton, and presently he got a bite but being a very little boy the fish began to pull him in; but luckily some Kanakas, who were working close by, saw what had happened, and went and pulled too, but still that fish pulled them in. Then the D battery of artillery came along, hitched their horses on behind, but still the fish pulled them in. Then a dreadful thing happened—the little boy

came in half." "Well Sam," I said, "if that was the case the fish must have got away; and how could you tell its weight?" "Well I guess," he said, "we sent the remains of that little boy to the United States Laboratory and tested the breaking strain!"

LADIES' COLUMN.

My dear Phyllis,

It was so sweet of you to send us news of what has been going on at home in N. Z. I shall in return, try to give you a short account of a concert that we gave the other night. It was held at the camp at Malifa, and was *such* a success. Most of the girls turned out in their smart white frocks, while some of the more daring wore that delightful *neglige* Xray mode so sensible in a hot climate, where there aren't many men. It was held in the open air—the concert was—and all the girls sat round on trestles and things, and the lamps hanging round made the scene quite gay and *chic*. The belle of the evening was Tiny Barber. You remember her dear don't you? She was the girl so much to the fore at strike time, doing so much good amongst the poor fellows at the wharf. They called her "Jimmie." Well she was dressed in the sweetest little, dearest little, pink frock of clinging voile, which showed off her neat figure to advantage. There were *du monde* there too, people outside the Keggy I mean, but dainty little Tiny eclipsed them all. She was to have sung an item at the concert: But (*entre nous*) she had to meet her "special" boy and could not stay till her turn.

You remember in my last I told you the band was practising hard. The instruments have been chopping and changing a lot, and as you said, Mrs. Christie and her little girl have left the band altogether. Ours is the 10th band Mamma Christie has played in, up to date *on dit*. Last Saturday night they were in great form. They were on a concrete platform to ensure a firm bass, and the solo cornets may have used their A shanks. At any rate the rest of the band did not seem flat at all. Miss Baker (not

Hiawatha's friend) played the piano delicately and sympathetically and looked such a dear little thing in her *chic* jelly bag opera hat. She is really lovely on the piano. Her imitation of a gentleman falling downstairs is most convincing, and the way the bass says damn! at the end shows she has a very correct ear. Well dear as I was saying, the band conductor should have been a proud woman on Saturday night. Just after they had given the first item, the "Defaulter's call" went, and Misses Stanley, Bunny, and File had to go to a Meeting at the Regimental mess. It did not take them long to fix up the dish-business and they came back sweeter than ever. The concert *had* to go on tho', so the girls were all told to be quiet during the items, (it felt so funny not to be able to talk during a song), and Miss Clark sang "The Ocean's Blue to Gold," followed by Miss L. C. Webb who recited that sweet little thing "Christmas Day in the Workhouse." Then Miss Cairns sang a contralto song in a light soprano voice. Miss O'Brien, who was to have sung first, but was out of breath from playing the twirly-whirly thing in the band, then put a gusset in her belt and rendered "Whisper my name to Bill." Do you know Sissy McAlister? She used to take cooking lessons at home, and is attached to the domestic staff here. Well, dear, she positively convulsed us with her recitations. She made her *debut* with great *ecst* (you don't pronounce the t's in French dear.)

The girl scouts were there too. Girl Scout Leary in her cowboy outfit played something on something, accompanied by Scout Johnston on a guitar (I think it was). Miss Johnston wore the *real scout* costume. Khaki shirt waist, with the Prince of Wales feathers and "I dine" on the arm, a beautiful black scarf round her delicate neck, and the quaintest khaki nickers. She is very clever, too, at taking the guitar out of the case; makes it make a noise *just* like treading on a sucking pig. The seventh item was by Miss Gosling, who gave us some slithering ragtime that turned the trombone slide green

with envy. Then Madam Gilmore gave a splendid recitation about a Patriot who went mad, and his mother and sister and sweetheart who were shot. We liked it very much, and he gave us for encore a *killing* story of a poet who stood on a rock and jumped into the water. Then came Private N. F. Jacobson with a rollicking Scotch song, and then the Band again with "Its a Long Long Way to Tipperary." One of the distinguished visitors present, Patricia Hanna C. B. had brought the words up to date, and we learned them, and sang it with the band. The eleventh item was the Mule Mesmerising Quartette, consisting of three girls. They gave them the key of G to start off, and that was *all* the help they needed. It was quite *cute*. Then Sgt. Colverwell sang "Come Sing to Me." She has a very pretty mezzo-soprano voice. As hers was the nearest approach to a *good* song *well* sung, we encored her lustily. She sang the "Rosary," but proved none too sure of the words or tune; but we hope to hear her again. O dear, I nearly forgot the Captain. She is such a splendid chief! And gave us a recitation first and then a song. "Break the Nocks to Muvver ah!" or "the Cockneys' Revenge on Sentimental Slush." We did laugh so, although it was *really meant* to be funny.

And then we sang a lot of things too—all the girls together—"I Wonder Who's Kissing Him Now," and "On the Mrs. Sippi," and lots, more. It was a grand time. They wound up with what the men call "Gossaye." Good-bye dear. Write and tell me *all* the news next time.

Yours ever
MABEL.

Gunner Levy of the Battery is showing decided histrionic ability. His demeanour on the stage of the L.M.S. hall as a modern Alexander Selkirk in the pose of "monarch of all I survey," is most realistic. However it is true that practice makes perfect, and he has not been without practice on that stage.

DER KAISER'S NEW MAP.

Der Kaiser, he sit mit himself von day.
 Und he study der map ven Herr Gott vos
 away,
 Und he make oop his mind dot de dear
 Vaterland
 Vos not pig enough, und she moost pe ex-
 pand.
 He see all der spots ver der dam British
 rule,
 Und he knows he vos greater as dot pig
 Shon Pull
 So he make him a map, of der brand new
 design,
 Und he take in der dirt, from far 'yond
 der Rhine,
 Far 'yond der Rhine, and far 'yond der sea
 Und he say, dot himself der Herr Gott he
 vill pe,
 So he set him to vork, und he drill all der
 men,
 Und he puild him der guns by der thousand
 and ten.
 Und he laugh him der shits, und he laugh
 und he say:
 "I vill mit dot Shon Pull make pig fight
 some tay.
 So he vaits py his door, tinkin eferytings
 o'er.
 He vos get tings all ready some long times
 before.
 Und den ven he tinkt dat der coast vos
 quite clear,
 He sools on der army mitout any fear.
 So dey marches away, und der pands dey
 vos play.
 Und dey all shoutds in Yarman der vord
 for "hooray."
 Dey vistle und sing, und dey shump und dey
 prance,
 As dey go for to vipe out old Shon Pull
 and France
 Dey march till dey coom to der small Pel-
 gianland,
 Und dey laugh ven dot Pelgian he askd
 dem to stand.
 Und dey say—"Vot he mean py such con-
 duct like dose,
 "Get out of der way, or ve vipe off your
 nose."
 But der Pelgian, he say dot dey moost go
 around,
 Und he dare dem, py Gott! put a foot on
 his ground.
 So dey dared, und py shingo, dere vos
 hell to pay,
 For dot Pelgian, he mow down dose Yar-
 man like hay.
 Dere vos tonner und blitzen und earth-
 quays, und thngs,
 Und der pig Yarman eagle go lame mit
 his vings.
 It don't vos some pignigs dey go for to
 meet
 Mit der Pelgians all spreading sweet
 flowers at der feet.
 Und der Kaiser he find dot der map vot
 he made
 Vos pankrupt to pieces, und viped off der
 schlade.

AKARANA.

It is noted with regret that the hotel biz is falling off. Is it because the Paymaster, out of consideration for the soldiers' welfare, is holding back the money?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

A.S.C. SERGEANT.—Latest Authorities state that L. H. shovels mean Long Handled shovels. We can find no reference to left-handed shovels in our books.

Samoan Proverbs.

The following Samoan proverbs have been forwarded by a Samoan Student with the troops:—

Taliu 'a e popo'e, i.e., Of one who is afraid at sea. (Who murmured "Monowai?")

O le to'oto'o sinasina, i.e., A white orator's staff, i.e., a new speaker or speakers. (Does this refer to the Court House or Vailima?)

E le pu se tino i upu, i.e., Words don't break bones. (The foregoing might be borne in mind by all ranks).

O le ola e taupule esea, i.e., We can't control our lives. (Some of us are less than dubious in this connection).

E loa le loto a e pa'le no'o, i.e., The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak. (Who said the N.Z. A.S.C. are beyond reproach?)

Ua lele le laumca, i.e., Of troops routed. (This may refer to troops "route" marched).

E 'ese 'ea le aitu, 'ese le ma'emau, i.e., Doing something wrong under a different name. (We have been given to understand that this does not refer to Routine Orders).

O le lima e pa'ia le mata, i.e., One who brings trouble to himself. (Clean your rifle, don't steal, and don't indulge in spirits).

O le mama i oa, mama i taba, i.e., Applied to one who has no longer hope of a turn in his misfortunes. (This applies to all ranks).

O le puta i Tufu, i.e., An empty threat (or possibly utterances of Sergeant-Majors on early morning parades).

The Rt. Hon. C. E. Hobhouse, British Postmaster-General, announced in the House of Commons at the outbreak of war, that letters addressed to soldiers serving with the Army would be carried free. What about the letters from the soldiers?

RUMOURED.

—That beer will pass—when you can't get anything else.

—That Joy rides, and the evils attending same, are a thing of the past.

—That the Egyptian *Mummies* will not allow the Maori troopers to take their *pahs* to Egypt.

—That the Monowai has found a good way of scraping off barnacles without going into dock.

—That there are no ærial bombs in Samoa; but, stand under a cocoon palm on a windy day!

—That the stewards of the s.s. "Nayua" are frightfully jealous of the new white uniforms of the troops.

—That the Fifth buglers are assiduously practising the "General Salute." Practice shall make perfect, etc.

—That pay days are as scarce as hen's teeth. How can a man support a tropical thirst on the tick the canteen and the Central allow?

—That when we go to Europe, a special company consisting of all the barristers and solicitors amongst us, will lead in all the charges. They are so experienced you know.

—That the residents of Upper Apia have lodged a complaint to the Administrator in connection with pools left in the track of literary Tommies en route to Stevenson's Grave—why should they object to honest sweat?

—That the next Routine Order will provide for the supply and injection of morphia to the troops, to render them indifferent and insensible to the humming of mosquitoes, rhinoceros beetles, etc., the said drug not coming within the category of "soft drinks" or "malt liquors," both of which latter must be consumed on hotel premises.

The Courthouse staff had a photo taken prior to the departure of Captain Bell and Mr. A. Loibl. We have just seen the proof, and are grieved to note that one of the most important officials is not included. Hard luck J. O.

BILL BOGGITS.

["A Belgian Lancer named Bogaerts is becoming famous. He gallops out alone— lance in hand, and usually kills or wounds one Uhlan, whereupon the rest surrender. He has already secured 14 prisoners, killed 3 Uhlans and wounded several without having himself received the slightest injury."—Press message.]

The Germans they were crowdin' on our centre and our flanks,
Their cavalry was spreadin' consternation in our ranks;
The Hairypanes was droppin' bombs and barrows from the hair,
And things were pretty umptee doo, but Boggits 'e was there.
Says Boggits "Elp me on me 'orse, and pull me girth ropes tight;
"I'm going to eat 12 Prooshians up before I sleep to-night.
"I'd sooner scoff a 'Hewlan' than a plate of Hegg's and 'am.
"I'll shew these damn—dra—bloomin'—goons the sort o' bloke I am."
The rest of us was lying low and duckin' to the shell.
But Boggits he rode forth alone towards the mouth of 'ell;
An 'undred Prooshian cavalry was racin' down a slope
"Ands up yer cows," say Boggits, "for you havn't got no 'ope."
The Kaiser and 'is shiny staff upon a 'ill-top stood.
The staff keeps tellin' Willic "Things" is going pretty good.
But someone with a telescope sings out across the fun—
"So 'elo me Bob, There's Boggits." Says the Kaiser—"Then we're done." Says Five thousand Prooshian Hewlans they came plunging thro' the grass,
"Old 'ard, old 'ard," says Boggits, "cause you aint allowed to pass."
Es skewering them Hewlans while they 'owls and runs an' hops,
'An there's 40 Prooshian kidneys on 'is lance before 'e stops.
A telegram to Kitchener goes flying o'er the sea,
"With you an' France an' Boggits we can keep our country free,"
An' Kitch. wires back—"Give Boggits beer, an' laurels for 'is brow."
Bill Boggits an' Bill Adams rank as equal heroes now.

It rests with the Force to make their newspaper PULL THRO' financially. Don't borrow it. Buy it.

It had been very hot the day before, and when the bugle woke Major Cox, of London, from his beauty sleep, he determined to take a morning off, so he quietly slipped across to the forge, and began to tinkler with a pickaxe. Presently the captain looked in.
"What are you doing here?"
"Blacksmith, Sir." "Any experience?" "Two years with Stewart Dawson Sir"!!!

THE MAXIM SQUAD.

When maxim gunners go to town, they do the thing in style,
And the town guard sleeps in safety, at least once in a while.
They take their full equipment out, the gun, and horse, and cart,
The maxim gun is nothing, if it isn't ultra smart.

They send out an advance guard, a connecting link or two,
We cannot hope to give them half the praise that is their due.
And when they're passing by, its just a treat to watch them march,
For they hold their heads up, keep in step, and are as stiff as starch.

But coming home next morning is the time they really shine,
They let their gee-gee trot off home an hour before its time.
Then each man in the picket is forced to take a pull,
And take right up to Vaea Camp, a cart that's nearly full.

Then the language isn't pleasant, and in fact I've heard them tell,
That a certain ratty gunner said he wished the cart in—well.
Now in future I am thinking, 't would be wise to watch that nag,
For they say that playing horses is a rather tiring gag.

COCKROACHES.

Curse on 'em! Curse on 'em! Curse on 'em!
Out with 'em neck and crop,
Crawling all over the ottoman,
Kill 'em right on the spot,
Kend not your hearts or your garments
Over the little brutes,
Annihilate all of the varments,
Crush 'em under your boots,
Hast ever thought what's best to be done—
—eh?
Elevate all to "Kingdom Come!"—Nay
Send 'em all down to—

There was great rejoicing in the 3rd (Auckland) regt. camp last week when a large case crammed full of sports material was opened by Q.M.S. Haddow. The case was a gift from the ladies of Auckland. In thanking them we should like to thank also all the ladies of New Zealand, who so cheerfully spent time and trouble on our comfort. Could the ladies, who sent the case have seen the unfeigned joy on the soldiers' faces when it was opened, they would probably realise far more than we can hope to convey, the gratitude we feel towards them.

"Private" anxiously wants to know whether there is any hope of his receiving his overdue pay this side of Christmas.

FOOTBALL.

Will all members and ex-members of the Athletic Football Club, Wellington, please communicate with Bugler K. C. Aekins at the Courthouse, Apia, for the purpose of arranging a suitable date to have the representatives of the Club photographed.

No. 8 Platoon B. Company will miss their popular Lieut. J. Cowles, who was compelled to return to New Zealand to undergo an operation. All wish him a quick recovery and an early return to Apia.

We learn on good authority that the building now being erected at Vaea Camp is to be used as a stadium. Since the consignment of boxing gloves arrived from Auckland, there have been several try outs neath the cocconut trees, and rumour has it that more than one reputation has suffered in consequence. One championship event was decided last week, when Daily, the Auckland welter weight, met and defeated a former Australian champion in Leslie, the barber. It was not a highly scientific scrap, but there can be no doubt that it was "willin'."

The 50 or so non-commissioned officers and men of the occupying force, who were the guests of the Apia Cricket Club at Papasea on Sunday week last, will carry with them the memory of one of the most enjoyable picnics ever experienced. The weather might easily have militated against the success of the function, but in the face of such lavish hospitality it would have taken more than a rain storm to dampen the enthusiasm of the men from the regiments. The morning was spent in sliding at the falls, and after a truly magnificent luncheon, a number of native ladies and young men entertained all present with native songs and dances. It was a great picnic and the thanks of the men are due to Messrs. Sam Meredith, L. Tolefoa, G. Churchward, Gus Nelson, P. Ulrich, M. Beetham, and others, whose efforts made the function the success it was.

MOSQUITO BITES.

Two soldiers born under a lucky star:—Bob, Harry.

Is it true that Samoa is the Ant(e) Chamber of the Pacific?

Bugler Bill is still making things warm, and the poor Engineers lose many hours sleep. Why not put a cork in your bugle Bill?

It is rumoured that Stumpy and his now well trained regiment will be the first to go to the front. Stumpy must have a big *pull* somewhere.

Smiler was again seen to advantage last Sunday, on his gallant steed. By the way Smiler, is it necessary to wear spurs like bicycle wheels?

Funny what strange stories reach Wellington, and are published in the *Free Lance*. We look to the German scholar for enlightenment.

Genial Judge Watson went to a picnic a-horseback last Sunday, but now he has to pay the penalty. What is the Chinese valet doing with the cushion Bob?

On the boards now that dear Lady Mac is temporarily in the Treasury Dept., poor B. Company will have to look out for their hard earned biscuits and jam.

George Purdy, of poetic fame, is still the same old George. In spite of the many hardships of active service, he manages to get sunburnt whenever he is lucky enough to get leave to go to town.

The Non. Coms. of B. Coy. wish to compliment Cement-Sergeant Foley on his recent promotion. We understand his rallying cry on the battle field will be,—“Up Floats and at ‘em!” N.Z. papers please copy.

Deep interest and doubt is entertained by many of the rank and file (and N.C.O.'s.) as to whether the last Routine Order dealing with white clothing, i.e., that portion dealing with “walking out,” is a direct or indirect encouragement of serious wooing of the female element in Apia and thereabout. We hope such is the case, and would fondly welcome the advent of the day, when Samoa will be truly British to the very core in more senses than two.

STOP PRESS NEWS.

Reported that the Russians have taken Prussic-A-Cid with heavy loss, and the Germans are entrenched in Eau-de-Cologne. Potato blight broken out in Austrian ranks, and English Concrete Guards sent out to re-inforce the French. The French are fighting madly round the Sane with the D.T. Mountain Battery mounting guard over the bottles.

Wellington, this day. The Salvation Army put to sea in a dredge. Encountered Field Ambulance off Cape Terawhiti. The Salvation Army *saved* the situation (Hallelujah!) and the Ambulance *carried off* the day. Latter now in critical condition.

**HIS MAJESTY'S AMPH-
THEATRE**

(Near the Bandstand.)

Under the Direction of Herr von Swanski, of Apia, London, and Scotland Yard.

THE BLOOD-CURLING,
HAIR-RAISING
BELLOWDRAMA,

“Lights Out”

at 9 p.m.
BY A. BUGLER.

Played for 75 consecutive nights in Samoa, Europe, and Africa.

To be preceded at 8.15 p.m. by the counter attraction

“5 Nights in a Bar,”

or
“10 Pots in 20 Minutes.”

By I. U. NO.

Prices: One schellin to come in; two schellin to raise the blind.

WANTED.

WANTED, a sober reliable cook. Must be respectful to officers. Apply Wireless Station.

GONE, but not forgotten, One Military Hair Brush, marked with two crosses on the back. Will the present possessor lose no time in returning same to the butcher, 5th Regiment. Note.—No need actually to face the butcher. Leave brush on bunk during daytime, or at shop during night. A month's loan without interest is good business, anyway, so leave kit or shop, as case may be, intact.

NOTICES.**MOVIES**

APIA TOWN HALL
APIA TOWN HALL

**D BATTERY IN A SCOTCH
QUARRY.**

Sensational American Drama (by Autograph Co.), screened for first time—

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