

had partaken of about three spots of this mixture he would crawl away to some sequestered spot to die, or else he would be seen chasing heliotrope dragons through the surrounding plantations. There was also a "soft" drink for the ladies composed of gin and brandy, and water in which some Irish roll tobacco had been steeped overnight. It was for those whose stomachs were not seasoned. I saw a man standing on his head in a water hole after having partaken of this mixture, and my friend explained that the man probably imagined he was a water-lily. The play ran for 37 consecutive hours with brief intervals for meals.

### TOMMY AND BILL

Ow yer fluffing it now 'ole Bill? Ain't yer doin' it splendid?  
All yer bloomin' navy out ter shell towns wot ain't defended!

An' 'ave yer 'eard the latest, Bill? six 'underd and mostly orfins,  
An' widders an' 'ospitals! Ain't it fine?  
They're orderin' all their corfins!

But Bill, yer a-lookin' sort o' pale! Ain't yer 'ad that dinner?  
Yer talked o' 'avin at Gay Paree? Yer seems a goodish bit thinner!  
An' ain't yer manoeuvred to Cally yet? yer bin a long time abart it!  
Some finks yer ain't ter get there, Bill, an' 'll 'ave ter do wivah it!

Say Bill, wot's come o' little Bill? Yer don't look mighty pleasant!  
They say 'e's bin a lootin, Bill, although yer sez 'e 'asn't.  
Ain't 'e a-bossin' fings in France, an' losin' all yer battles?  
'Ave yer sent 'im back ter 'is nurs'ry, Bill, wiv tin soljers ter play wiv an' rattles?

They say as 'ow von 'Indenburg is smashin' o' the Rooshuns,  
Wiv all 'is Horstrihuns runnin' away ter learn their everlooshuns;  
An' 'ow as von Kluck's done crowin' now 'cos Nancy's chucked 'im over  
An' that von 'Turpentine's sea-sick as 'e can't get ter Dover.

An' 'ow abart yer Zepp'lins Bill? They don't seem ter do much flyin'  
An' them there 'orbers? Can't they go? or are they still a-tryin'?  
Yer luck seems fairly out Bill, s'welp me, and them there cruisers  
Yer sent along ter Falklands, Bill, don't look much when they're losers.

Well Bill, they say as yer number's up, but p'raps they're only bluffin'.  
They finks as yer can't sail yer fleet, an' that yer can't do nuffin'  
Yer didn't get that dinner, Bill, but then on Christmas mornin'  
Yer sent yer hairyplane at last as a kind of a gentle warnin'!

I finks yer clever, that I do, to win as yer been a-winnin—  
Accordin' ter yer noospapers as I've read from the first beginnin';  
An' so Bill, don't yer get downset, but keep yer pecker flyin',  
An' don't yer read our noospapers, Bill, them chaps is allus lyin'!

An' one fine day, I quite expecks as yer'll come ter London town,  
Ridin' a-cock horse, back ter front, yer plans turned upside down—  
An' then they'll give yer a colony, Bill, all all on yer bloomin only,  
Like Boney on Saint 'Elenor 'ad, wiv a guard in case yer lonely.

So cheer up, Bill! Yer lookin' ill, as if yer fought o' snuffin it!  
Don't die just yet, Bill, there's a mate! keep on and keep a-bluffin' it!  
We wants ter catch yer livin', Bill, ter fank yer kindly ter lettin' us, Bill,  
'Ave a peep at yer fiz, so keep at yer biz of amosin' yerself an' frettin' us Bill!

An' when yer get ter London fit, we'll see yer get a fetin',  
An' sich-like, eh! we'll give yer beans, fer ain't we jist bin waitin'  
An' then we'll lug yer, nice and snug ter Saint 'Elenor, 'stroof we will,  
Wiv a Union Jack so's yer can't git back, or revor and good luck ter yer, Bill!

### "THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT."

Say, boys, though still in Samoa,  
We are none of us any to blame,  
Tho' far from the Country we're serving,  
We are serving that Country the same.

'Twould be fine to be out at the Front boys  
And strike a good blow for the Right,  
The Germans may think themselves brave,  
boys,

But we'd give them a jolly good fright.  
When we read the description of battles,  
That in Belgium and France have been fought,

We long to go over to Europe,  
Our hearts burn within at the thought.  
But maybe, tho' standing and waiting,  
While others are winning the fray

With shot and with shell and with bayonet  
We are serving as nobly as they.

And so, boys, tho' weary of waiting,  
In the heat of this tropical Isle,  
We know that our presence is needed—  
That remain here we must for awhile.

So we'll take up our burden right gladly,  
We'll toss up our caps, and we'll sing,  
Three cheers for our Army and Navy,  
Three cheers for our Country and KING.

### THE CREED.

All ye youngsters, remember, the Army  
Consists of one regiment alone.  
Acknowledge the merits of others,  
But know that this corps is thine own—  
Thine own to be careful and proud of,  
To uphold as a man doth his wife  
In all sorts of bother or fighting,  
As long as God granteth thee life.  
(Adapted)

### BALLAD OF THE B'HOYS—

(Continued from previous editions.)

They served them out with cartridges and gave them lectorettes.  
On how to close a mortal wound and how a fracture sets.

And changed their water-bottles and gave out bully beef.  
And talked of "Apia Harbour" by which they meant the reef.

In spite of these excitements the days grew slow and slower.  
Until one morning early there was heard the cry "Samoa"

And every man was on his feet and rushed on deck to see.  
The place where as the Scotch would say "he had to do or dee"

They drew up near the coral reef and here they paused awhile—  
The pause was quite essential—it's the Regulation style.

But still for once the troopers thought they might have waived the custom  
Or filled in time by firing shrapnel—taking care to bust 'em.

Where the troops could see the fun; they shewed a great neglect.  
Of these essential principles of what is called "effect"

It turned out that the "Psyche" had started in at seven  
To find a passage through the reef (it took her till eleven)

And also if she struck a mine a passage through to heaven.  
(Now "Heavens" always been a nasty word to find a rhyme for,

Wesley's frantic efforts I wouldnt give a dime for  
Such stunts as "Throne" and "Given" no heretic has time for)

At last the mighty moment came; they scrambled into lighters,  
And launches towed them to the shore where lived the German blighters.

They stole in search of trouble through the jungles fair Arcana  
But all the trouble that they met was caused by green banana.

They drank their fill of kava at the friendly native huts  
And rushed up their bayonets in splitting cocoanuts.

And then they raised a Union Jack and read a proclamation  
Concerning licensed premises or some such aberration.

(The only drastic measures in Samoa's annexation  
Regarded by the regiments with stern disapprobation.)

(Here the fragment ends. There are a few incoherent lines following, the most notable of which is an attempt to rhyme "Caruso" with "Tivoli" and "Scharnhorst" with "Union Jack." It is surmised that the unhappy bard found that took too free libations at the muse's altar—if there is such a thing—and he was in all probability departed as undesirable.)

Banana peels were discovered in our tent. We 'a peeled' against C.B. but our 'a peel' was fruitless

### SAMOA GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

The Annual Meeting of the Samoan Geographical Society will be held on the 1st April, but, fortunately we have been honoured with an advance copy of the President's report, which we have much pleasure in publishing to the world—it reads as follows:—"Gentlemen."—I have the honour to present to you the Mago report of the Society for this year. The first half of the year was uneventful, but at the end of August the expedition organised by the New Zealand Government and despatched via New Caledonia, where some of them were nearly lost in Noumea, arrived off the port of Apia; you will agree with me, gentlemen, that this was a particularly hazardous expedition—the journey in a straight line being 1569 miles—how much further they went in their efforts to discover us I am unable to state, as they had to burn their logs when short of coal. But the most extraordinary feature lies in the fact that they did not lose a single ship. One ship by itself can usually avoid danger but with a fleet it is different; you will remember how only a few weeks ago our friends on the "Scharnhorst" and "Gneisenau" came to utter destruction—but to continue—We gather from the official records of the expedition that on August 29th the Pyramus nearly collided with the "Moeraki" and that this so disturbed the man at wheel on the "Monowai" that on August 22nd he fastened her securely to a mud bank to prevent further accidents. Again, on August 24th the "Melbourne" nearly disappeared over the horizon, but was pulled back by the wireless of the Australia; such is the value of modern science (Loud and prolonged cheers). Well gentlemen, to cut a long story short, all the eight ships arrived off Apia on August 29th, and the first discovery of any importance was made when the "Psyche" found her way into the harbour on that date. Discoveries followed thick and fast during the next few days: After incredible suffering and hardships a party discovered the Wireless station, while others arrived at

the Central, Tivoli and International, while a few of the favoured ones penetrated as far as the British Club (Cheers). After such a burst of enthusiasm one would have expected the expedition to go into winter quarters, but after the departure of the ships, which, of course, could not stay on the coast for fear of being frozen in during the winter, the outposts of discovery were pushed further afield. To the Fifth fell the honour of discovering the Racecourse and later on Malifa; while the honour in store for the Third consisted of Vaimea and the railway engine (Violent applause). The next two months were spent in consolidating these discoveries and linking them up with the previously little-known history of these Islands; but early in the month of December the Fifth threw out numerous parties into the eastern part of the Island and in the early part of December discovered the two lost Sergeants. That such a valuable discovery should have been made in such a short time reflects great credit on all concerned. Meanwhile the western slopes had been explored by the Third, and in commemoration of the successful triangulation of this portion of the island we have decided to present our annual gold medal to Lieutenant Frankton, the silver medal to Lieutenant Johnny, and a special bronze plaque to the Sapper who drove like the Fury (Tremendous cheering)

We cannot close our report, gentlemen, without a reference to the Geographical discoveries of the Mountain Gunners who added to our knowledge of the fauna of this group by discovering the Lizard and a small vein of dramatic talent; and also by the reference to the party camped on the eastern point, who so wonderfully discovered the time at least once a week.

The evening is not long enough to refer to all the "mares nests" discovered and the exploded rumours, but for further details we must beg your indulgence until the proceedings of the Society are published in book form (Loud cheers, in which the Chairman resumed his seat after having presented the awards).

### THE MILLS' EQUIPMENT

"SEE HIM TOSS AND TEARING."  
"SEE HIM SWEAT AND SWEARING."

With flies and the Adjutant accepted, the Mills' Webb equipment is without doubt, our greatest source of trouble here in Samoa. Gaze on it and see the conglomeration of straps, buckles, pouches, all in one unsightly mass. Once put on however, the whole aspect of the thing changes as if by magic, and assumes quite a respectable and rather natty appearance. It is only when one gets long leave, however, that one begins to know the equipment more intimately. If you see anyone taking the whole contraption to bits, bet your last pfennig, he has long leave. First, the shoulder straps and pouches come off, followed by the bayonet, water bottle and haversack, and last, the mess tin. It beats the band to watch different blokes getting the mess tin cover away from the belt. You have got to twist the belt sort of half-left "turn," and pull like a team of bullocks to get it to come through those little leather straps. Some who are suffering from sore throat, recklessly cut a few stiches to get it through. The belt being successfully extracted, put it and the bayonet on, sling the rest of the muck anywhere in a tangled heap, and go for your life before half-past six. Some genius lately discovered that a shoulder strap would do in lieu of the big belt, so the dismantling act doesn't apply now. Likewise the half-past six act.

It is when one has to get the equipment ready for action however, that the real fun begins. This is usually done, the night before, to go on duty the morning after. Firstly the mess tin cover has to be got back. After more turning and twisting of the belt, and more Sandow exercise, the cover is got to the middle of the belt, only the find you have got it upside down! Off it comes again, and if you get it right the second attempt, it is a very fair average. Then you remount the shoulder straps with the pouches attached, and you think you have got it; but you haven't. It is at this point that some silly nark politely enquires if you are not going to wear