

## HIS REASON.

(E. R. L.)

Herr Schwatz lived in Samoa many years before the second coming of the English. For nine solid years he had toiled untiringly at his plantations ten miles out of Apia. He enjoyed life. He saw better prospects opening up every year. He was now prosperous and could retire from labour and let others continue the struggle. He therefore lived happily with his wife and family, and nothing disturbed his peace of mind. He was still a patriot, but, although a reservist, he preferred Samoa and his prosperity to even the dear Fatherland. He drank his lager and thanked his God for all the goods he gave.

War had broken out. Germany had defied the world and brought the wrath of the nations upon her head. France was throwing herself into the struggle with magnificent impetuosity. Russia was moving her great fighting machine. England was awakening. England's cubs were rallying round their mother. While the millions were struggling in Europe, New Zealand sent out troops to the Pacific.

The news rushed round Apia like wildfire. Several ships were off the coast. What were they? They must be a detachment of the British fleet. Bombardment was a certainty. The British were noted for their cruelty. Did they not massacre thousands of defenceless and harmless Boers? Herr Schwatz, sipping his lager in the Central, heard the news. He saw the ships. One flying a white flag entered the harbour. It must be a ruse. In two minutes he was on his horse galloping towards his plantation. On, on for home and incidentally, on, ever further from Apia and the hated British. What of his wife and children? They must be defended at all costs.

For three, long anxious days he remained tremblingly in his home. On the fourth day he ventured to go towards the town to some of his neighbours and to get an account of the enemy's doings.

Yes; the enemy were in possession. Many of the Germans were prisoner. Arms and ammunition were supposed to be handed in.

He ventured further—right in to Apia. Wonderingly he rode town the main street. He saw many Germans about town. Even the shops were open. He wandered on until he was stopped by a sentry.

"You can't come in here, Sir." Surely the sentry was not addressing him! He met an officer and made pitiful enquiries about the destiny of his home. He could still live there.

Several weeks passed by. Herr Schwatz still lived in his home out of Apia. He was still happy. His home had not been interfered with. He still had his wife and children. One evening, sitting on the verandah, a neighbour came upon him silently, gave him a note and left. Wonderingly he read it. It directed him to a certain point from whence he was to meet a force from a German war-ship. He was required to guide them against the unsuspecting British.

Herr Schwatz strolled into his garden. He glanced back at his home where he and his wife had spent so many happy days together. Then, as the moon rose above the distant cocoanut palms, Herr Schwatz slowly tore the note into pieces and ground it into the soil.

## FLIES.

Apia 'neath the bright tropic skies  
Is inhabited chiefly by flies,  
Not the timid young kind  
That in Auckland you find,  
But a species not nearly so wise.  
Now the commonest kind as you know  
Are always quite lively, and so  
Should a stray one or two  
Chance to settle on you  
You just wave a hand and they go.  
But the average fly in Samoa  
Needs pushing and shoving before  
He will shift from your nose  
Or your ears your toes,  
Or some part of your body that's sore.  
It's seldom you see one or two  
Here—a hundred's considered a few.  
They swim and they flutter  
In jam, tea and butter  
And always form part of your stew.  
D.C.

P.M.O. (to ambulancer who is looking after indisposed Trooper),  
"What did you do first of all?"

A.M. "Gave 'im some brandy, Sir"

P.M.O. "Quite right; but what would you have done if you had no brandy?"

A.M. (promptly). "Promised 'im some!"

## Merely an Incident.

Come, let me tell you how Jimmie joined the first N.Z. Expeditionary Force and what came of it.

Jimmie, of all men in Wellington! He was the immaculate, the dandy! What a change! From tailored suits, from coloured ties and socks, from the latest patent leather shoes to the drab uniform, and the "bluchers" of the soldier!

But then Jimmie didn't mind at all, for there was one who—but, as the novelists say, I anticipate.

Let me start again; this time at the beginning.

Jimmie was but one of the hundreds of young men who, in the early part of the month of August 1914, were deeply interested in every particle of war news; but one of those hundreds who were eagerly awaiting the call to volunteer when the time came.

And then suddenly it *did* come and—well, Jimmie hesitated. We often read that those who hesitate are lost, but this is the exception; for Jimmie hesitated,—and won.

The plain truth of it is, he was in love! Come now, don't laugh, you've been in the same position yourself. I'll wager you've been in love with plenty of nice girls. Deny it if your conscience will let you, but honestly, didn't you at some time in your life, long to do a certain girl a favour, or other wise raise yourself in her estimation with the sneaking hope that you may become her friend, her—ah, but we won't be sentimental.

Anyhow, it was like that with Jimmie, for, about a week or so before, he had met a young lady who was, to use his own expressive term a "stunner"!

Now he, (oh yes, he was just as egotistical as you or I) had no doubt that he could find a way to gain her respect, if not something stronger, if he had but the time. So now, while he wanted with heart and soul to be where, as he put it, "the whips were cracking," he hesitated. Hesitated, because he thought he might lose her, and then, just when he had decided to take his medicine like a man, a miracle happened! In chance conversation with her on the very

## Random Rhymes and Rumours.

## THE REGULATION STYLE.

We're a clever lot of cusses here without the slightest doubt,  
We work all day and build away from "fall in" till "lights out,"  
And all the finest workmanship you'll find our jobs contain,  
But when they're done they're never right and must be done again.  
We take a lot of pride you know in building strong stone walls  
For using as defences if ever duty calls,  
And when they're up and finished off we knock them down once more.  
Oh! I'll tell you we're a clever lot of cusses in Samoa.  
Upon our boots we first were told that we must use no blacking,  
And were all supplied with dubbin, to prevent our 'bluchers' cracking.  
But lo! Within a week or so we got a shock to find  
They'd brought it out in orders that our boots must be well shined,  
And as such alterations here are very far from few  
There's always half the company who don't know what to do  
An order's not an order here as p'raps you've heard before,  
Until it has been cancelled half a dozen times or more.

D.C.

## THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

(Samoan Adaptation.)

Under the feathery cocoanut palm  
The territorial lies,  
His trou' are wet with quarts of sweat,  
Despair is in his eyes,  
As using language far from mild  
He tries to chase the flies.  
Each Sunday morn he goes to church  
And hears the parson shout,  
And feels politely bored while there  
Without the slightest doubt,  
For half the time he doesn't know  
What all the talk's about.  
Week in week out from morn till night  
His weary life goes on,  
Each morning sees some task begin,  
Each evening finds it s wrong,  
Which makes him speak his sentiments  
In language rather strong.  
Toiling, boozing, borrowing  
Have told an awful tale.  
It's ten to one if he gets leave  
He'll finish up in gaol.  
The only things that cheer him up  
Are pay day and the maie.

D.C.

It is said that several cases of senile decay have come to light in the garrison. It is stated that the uncontaminated in Vaimea Camp are getting at least two nights in bed.

## PASS IT ON.

The captain told the subaltern a job he had to do,  
The subaltern went straight away to Sergt.-major Drew  
The Sergt.-major looked about, and very soon did spot  
An idle color sergt. by title Sergt. Scott.  
So handed his instructions on and left the job alone,  
But Scottie said he wasn't doing such things on his own.  
So pounced upon a corporal and once more handed on  
Original instructions which by now were partly wrong,  
And in the end the corporal, to labour not inclined  
Put the job on to a private who thought it most unkind.  
The job was made a mess of, and the skipper was so wild  
That he pitched into the subaltern who merely stood and and smiled,  
Then turned with wrathful countenance to Sergt.-Major Drew,  
And asked why all his orders had not been carried through.  
To the sergt. and the corporal the blame was passed along,  
Each asking of the other why the d'ckens he'd done wrong,  
Till finally the private who had done as he was told  
Was blamed for all the lot as he had no tale to unfold,  
And in spite of the instructions being messed about by three,  
The man of common rank was given seven days C.B.

D.C.

## IT IS RUMOURED THAT:

A battalion we know of verily gloats over four parades daily. Practice shall make perfect.

A "Stout" gentlemen we know will soon be thin through worry and work.

Divers have been engaged to remove barnacles from s.s. "Talune."

Vaimea sentries are now models of exactitude and precision.

Passing rats, insects and flies are now being rigorously searched at Vaimea for spuds or onions.

The Webb equipment when worn, is conducive to sleep.

All warships had been notified of our ringworm epidemic and keep well below the horizon.

The military authorities are providing troops with preventives of baldness and grey hairs.

A non-com. we know, who holds a railway position in civil life, considers guards should only be turned out at scheduled times by similiary situated officers. The other night the guard was slow in turning in, and in reply to the officer's rebuke he said, "Well, Sir! You are much later than usual, you know."

Since the advent of ringworm lavalavas are at a premium in Apia.

It is indignantly denied that several suicides have taken place at Vaimea, but cordite will soon be at a premium.