



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

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NOTICES

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SHIPPING.

EXPECTED DEPARTURES.

Troopship departs—?

Feb. 29th. OFFICIAL (perhaps Court-house.) The Asst. Asst. police commissioner (you know, the thin one with the freckles), has it from the coolie who clears the pig tin at headquarters, that the probable date of departure is as above.

Feb. 31st. (Popular rumour). The bosom pal of the stoker at the Wireless engine room reports that among the charred ashes from the furnace, was found a NEARLY half burnt code message which has been deciphered by Snowey as possibly meaning Feb. 31st as the date of departure.

GUESS DATE OF DEPARTURE.

First prize, 2 Beers.

Second prize, 4 Beers.

Third prize one rod, pole, or perch.

TIDES.

Rather rough, especially on Sunday after a dirty Saturday night. They didn't clear up the incinerator stuff, but left it lying all over over the beach. Bad Sanitation!

WEATHER.

Quite a lot of this lately—sort of variety entertainment on 20th and 21st Feb. But as long as it brews something to clean our teeth with, what's the odds?

We have been told that the Rev. Kinnersley's garden that used to be in front of the river, is now underneath it.

If it's only to give those poor water-cart chaps a spell—like Olive's husband—"We hope it pours."

The Pull-Thro'

TUESDAY, MARCH, 9, 1915.

A RETROSPECT.

IN the dim light which is at present available, it not easy to discern the course of events. With our attention constantly drawn to violent eddies, we may miss the movement of the broad stream. Six months have passed in which there has been fighting more severe than any that history recalls, with combatants and losses on an unparalleled scale. How does the situation now stand?

In the first place, it has become clear that Germany has been reduced to the strategic defensive. From the East she must contemplate, and in East Prussia she is experiencing, invasion. In the West, she is striving to retain occupied territory on the Bismarckian principle of *beati possi-*

dentis. The entire plan of campaign, of which time was a vital element, was shattered when the retreat to the Aisne began, and in spite of immense efforts the initial failure has not only not been redeemed, but the German strategists, once their carefully elaborated scheme for crushing France was foiled, showed loss of military judgment and indecision. They ignored the great principles laid down by Napoleon, and they forgot the teaching of their own professors of the art of war. Among them there must have been some who saw that, after they had retreated before the Allies in France, it would have been wisest to hold the line of the Rhine, and to throw every man who could be spared into the Eastern theatre of war. Instead they allowed political considerations to dominate strategy, with the necessary result that they have failed on both fronts. The first dash for Warsaw, like that for Paris, entailed a rapid retreat, and whatever the issue of the great battle brought on by the second advance, a decisive German victory is now impossible. Austria received no effective aid in her first great effort in Galicia, and in spite of her gallant rally the effect of the tremendous blows she received could not be remedied without strong support, which was not forthcoming, and she is now nearing the end of her resources.

Meanwhile obsessed by the futile—because political and not military—idea of reaching Calais, the Great General Staff ruthlessly expended the equivalent of more than five Army Corps without any result except inflicting wholly disproportionate loss upon the Allies, who are stronger in numbers, positions, and artillery than where the fighting in Flanders began. The keen edge and more of

the sword of Michael have disappeared, and the shining armour is cracked and dulled. The wonderful machine will continue to grind out brigades and divisions; but improvisation must now replace calculated mechanics, and the Allies are at least equally able to improvise, while they have far more material at their disposal. It would be rash to assume the *moral* of the German Army is severely shaken; but its special prestige and the pride of a generalship, won in 1870-71, have gone, not to be regained in the present war. Time is on the side of the Allies, and already writing on the wall has appeared in the great German cities even though the truth is still concealed.

On the sea, also, the German calculations have been falsified. At the end of four months, the relative naval strength of Great Britain remains unimpaired. The The Grand Fleet, riding out the winter gales in unknown waters, and the flotillas in ceaseless activity, are prepared for action as no harbour-keeping forces can ever be. The raid, expected in some quarters, has not yet arrived and the long days and calm seas have passed, while preparations for overwhelming invaders have been completed. The enemy's submarines have not approached the achievements which have been claimed for these craft, and we have learned—at too heavy a cost of gallant lives—the conditions which provide them with opportunity. The mine, surreptitiously laid under a neutral flag, is not a weapon of honourable warfare. It has taken heavy toll; but it has not swayed the balance of our increasing naval strength. The naval air service has shown pre-eminence in skill and daring. Trade under the German flag has ceased, with result of economic pressure becoming steadily more

acute. Our losses have proved less than in sailing days, and it is now clear, as I have always maintained, that commerce can be better protected in the age of steam. Our command of the sea has not yet been challenged, and has been so completely effective that great numbers of men and vast quantities of stores have been transported across the waters without a single mishap. Our one reverse, of which Admiral Cradock seems to have had a presentiment, was due to delay in making a suitable distribution of naval force. The Royal Navy has done all that could be expected, and more. It has exercised a controlling influence on the Western campaign, in which it was able to take a direct part as soon as the mad project of reaching Calais assumed practical shape. Indirectly it has helped to limit German naval activity in the Baltic. In more complete readiness and efficiency than when war began, it awaits any service which the national cause may demand.

Such, in broad outline, are the results of four months of war by sea and land. Greater efforts and sacrifices may be required; but the Allies, with full confidence born of experience in their supreme commands with strength steadily increasing, and with the consciousness of the full mutual support between East and West, which has already been strikingly demonstrated, can calmly face the future.—*Sydenham*.

Brothers in Adversity! Some are born editors and some have editorial duties thrust upon them. The present staff of the *Pull Thro'* hope that if they haven't managed to meet your expectations in this issue, at any rate you will give them the credit of trying.

When things are rushed censors are blue pencilling, and copy is short. (Look here, why don't

some of you chaps lend a hand with writing "your own" paper?). The unfortunate birds responsible for the perpetration of this effusion don't have the time of their little lives when the only man on the printing plant that can read manuscript is away with a pain in his sash, and every line (most of it written on scrap paper with the bluntest of pencils) has to be typed out, or set by the Editor himself. (He is at it just now, and the atmosphere around him is the limit.) It's "cruel ard" to expect anyone to turn out decent reading and keep merry and bright.

So bear with our limitations and send plenty of stuff for the "next issue." One last word, don't waste your own and the censor's time writing stuff that you could not expect *Truth* to print.

P.S. Ingredients:—Clean paper (why not writing block?) and "sharp" pencil.

Chinese Opera

I had the unique privilege of witnessing a Chinese play on New Year's day. The entertainment was held in a barn-like structure near Vaea Camp, with seating accommodation for about 100 persons, but when I drifted in, there were 500 Chinese at the least packed into this small space. The atmosphere of the "theatre" was impregnated with tobacco, smoke, flies, dust, and that peculiar effluvia that is like unto nothing earthly, but savours more of a fertilizer factory in Sheol. The audience included, in the words of the immortal Omar Khayyam.

"Shapes of all sizes, great and small
That stood together ranged along the wall—
And some, loquacious vessels were, and some
Listen perhaps, but never talked at all."

Some wore smiles that were childlike and bland, whilst others had a settled look of melancholy and gloom, which the most ludicrous antics of the chief comedian failed to dispel. The au-

dience was one that would have delighted the heart of Rudyard Kipling, whilst an analysis of the atmosphere would have kept a dozen bacteriologists busy for months. The show had started at 10 a.m. and it continued without interval until 4 p.m. when a short adjournment was called for tea, after which it went on uninterrupted until 2 a.m. the following morning, at which time the first act was concluded.

The orchestra was weird, wonderful and awful. It was composed of tom-toms, drum, cymbals, whistles; a one stringed fiddle emitted sounds like an ungreased wheelbarrow, clappers, and a peculiar oboe-like instrument with two keys. It played all through the dialogue, and at times the noise was so deafening that not one word could be heard from the players. The hero or lead appeared to be taken by a Celestial made up to represent the venerable Confucius. He wore a silken robe and about £10000 worth of jewellery distributed liberally over his capacious person. A rather amusing incident occurred during a duel between the two soldiers. One of the duellers made a swipe at his antagonist who side stepped, and Confucius got the end of the sword under his venerable ear. The hoary old deity promptly responded with a half hook (*a la savate*) and the show took sides and a riot seemed imminent. The chief comedian, however, with great presence of mind, stepped in and saved the situation with a comic song in a high falsetto voice and peace was restored.

I was invited to take tea, with the Chinese through the good offices of a half-caste friend of mine who had obtained permission for me to be present at the function. The meal was composed of roast duck, pork, taro-root, breadfruit, jelly made of a peculiar kind of seaweed, and salad made from raw potatoes, cabbage and cocoanut beetles. The mixture was served up with layers of dried minced shark uncooked. There were several varieties of drinks, the most popular being a concoction composed of French brandy, kava, gin, and methylated spirits. After a Chow

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 'Elene'r '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 'Elene'r, '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 coconuts,
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

a bayonet any more. Naturally you forgot it. After telling this cove off, you bow to the inevitable, unhitch a few more clips, and put the stiletto on. Then you grab your coat carrier and do up your pack. Then someone takes the pack and holds it up, and carefully explains to you that the carrier is inside out, all the weight pulling on the stiches, and that if you march 16000 miles, the said stiches are likely to come asunder. Of course you know all about it yourself, so if you have time you turn the carrier to the right-about; if not, just let it go as it is. Then off to duty. By the way, have you ever noticed how easily the gear gets out of plumb when the haversack and water bottle are taken off? On the word "Turn out the guard!" you grab at the nearest portion, usually a shoulder strap. It's odds on it, being all twisted in a lump, and you get out, with some of the buckles sticking into your back. I have overcome this difficulty by placing a small gyroscope in the mess tin. I have no hesitation in telling you this, as I have secured the patent right. Supplies of the above are expected by the "Navua," and can then be got at the Canteen, price 1 mark 50.

But the most unkindest cut of all was the introduction of the mess tin. You can't get a decent sleep when on duty since it went on to the equipment. You can't lie down for the darned thing. You can't even get a seat and lean up against anything. I used to dig a hole in the ground for the mess tin when I wanted a lie down on duty, but you can't be digging holes all over the place can you? I have been seriously thinking of giving the mess tin and cover away for a pineapple, and doing C.B., but Sandy Weir says there are plenty of mess tins, and I suppose another would be issued.

A prize of 10/- is hereby offered for anyone who can successfully solve the mess tin muddle.

Taken altogether, the Mills' Webb equipment is an everlasting curse to us. The old hand-dog was far better. Ask anyone who was in the South African

war. Ask anyone who wasn't. All tell the same story.

May the day soon come when it and I part company for ever; and if ever I put a Mills' Webb Equipment on my shoulders again, well.....—K.T.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear PULL-THRO'—

Perhaps you may be pleased to hear from your little Hiawatha, and to hear all about dear old New Zealand, for, you know, New Zealand does still exist, and Queen Street and Lambton Quay look much the same as they did six months ago: Yes, and all the pubs are in the same places. The Royal Oak is still in Manners Street, and the Waverley—but why insult Aucklanders by telling them where the Waverley is? A terrible thing has happened in Palmerston North. The Bank of New Zealand has skipped across to the other side of the street. Who is interested in a bank, you may ask? Quite right—a bank is not an important matter—but, it is in the place the old Royal was. That is an important matter. Any fool can get tight at the Royal, but it takes a good man to get an overdraft at the Bank.

And, dear "PULL-THRO'," please remember, if you have not forgotten New Zealand—New Zealand has not forgotten you. Every week lists of the sick are published in the papers—I mean those who have the luck to get up to the big hospital. No such distinction awaits the victims at the camp hospitals, except, perhaps, a brighter crown in heaven; but then all martyrs get them. And then there is that 500 middle-aged men who are going to relieve you all. The papers are always harping on you and what you are going to do. Each yarn is different from the last—just like the good old Yellow Flag wirelesses. Hiawatha had the pleasure of meeting one of the men between forty and forty-five who are going to relieve you. He was—its no use use beating about the bush—"stunned," very "stunned." Hiawatha was in uniform, and the recruit came up and said he was

going to Shamo. Hiawatha informed him he could go to the Devil for all he cared. The beery one then asked Hiawatha if he thought Samoa would suit him. Visions of the Tivoli and the back verandah of the International rose up and seemed an appropriate setting for the child of Mars. Then I bethought me of the clear pure water at the bathing hole, and as I had already decided a wash would not go amiss, I said Samoa was just the place for such as he. And he went away mumbling that he had fought with the Lancers. So the force is coming alright.

It seemed so funny when I got back to wrestle with a collar and get out of the beastly habit of saluting when you are in mufti. I saluted two girls and a chemist before I get used to the feel of a cap. Also its a great joy to eat a meal without keeping an eye skinned for flies in the prepared dishes—and a man does not go to sleep in a firm conviction that a centipede is going to bite him. Of course I am not going to say a man can't get bitten at nights—but it ain't centipedes. One thing the public can't grasp here is that there is a wireless installation at Samoa and so you get news as soon as we. They think it is only through the New Zealand papers that you have learned that the "Scharnhorst" and her dear lady friend had breathed her last some months ago. When I tell them all about the quarter million's worth of machines, they are surprised. They thought we were a land-grabbing syndicate, pure and simple. I don't tell them how the messages come through, though I remember standing by Stumpy when he was trying to read a wireless, he got tangled up in three-syllable words and finally wound up by saying "Damn them wireless—they'd be all right if they did not put in words that the Devil himself couldn't understand." But it wasn't the words they put in—its what they left out that troubled me. Are they any better at receiving the messages now?

O, I must tell you:—On the way back we had a load of German prisoners. We "brummys" did the grand over them and became quite friendly. There was one, a dear little sissy boy, with pink cheeks, Fougard by name. We called him "Alphouse." I took quite a fancy to him. He is now cracking stones under the auspices of a certain establishment at Mount Eden. I don't know what possessed me the other day, but I bowled up to his residence and asked to see him. The warder showed me in, and after a long delay in a cold stone room, I was shown into the chief warder's presence to state my request. Merciful Heavens! I have seen some hard dials in my time, but never in my wildest nightmare have I seen a harder looking doer than the said chief. My heart sank as I asked to see the German prisoner. "Why?" he spat at me. "Friend—Guard on steamer." "No!" said the face. Well, believe me "Pull-Thro'" I battled for half an hour but all to no avail. It's word was law. In the end I asked it if he thought I was a German spy; as the face looked through me into the wall beyond: did I look like it? Still looking—"because for a downright out-and-out lady-killing Whlan, your own front piece takes the bun." Younger warders titter. Hiawatha exit. Poor Alphouse!

Well, I must say good-bye. Give my love to all the boys and tell them that I have executed most of the commissions I haven't forgotten. I have yet to ring up a girl for one of the boys at the canteen; and tell Miss Barber that the photo of her isn't good. You cannot tell whether it is her sweet self or cow chewing grass ("do you wonder?"), so I have not sent it to the address she gave me.—Hope to see you soon.—HIAWATHA.

THE MOANING OF THE TIED.

Work a little, sing a little,
Whistle and be gay,
Scrub a little, drill a little,
Making "shows" all day.
Growl a little, eat a little,
Don't forget to say—
Cheer up, chaps—the troopship's going.
Any blessed day.

There once was a man called the Kaiser
Who said "I'll give France a surpriser,"
But the Bear and John Bull
Gave his flash "mo" a pull
And said, "Before long you'll be wiser."

Battery Boys Beerless Boosting.

What a night!—variety and plenty of it. Boxing, singing, talking, dancing, coffee, free "soft" drinks, and smokes. The ingredients of the Battery's New Year pudding, well mixed and done to a turn. Time 5½ hours, at boiling point on New Year's Eve. Served with "Old Lang Syne" when the gun fired at the passing of the old year.

The Skipper and Lieut. Reed had a very willing three rounds to set the ball rolling—then followed many other successful—for one man—bouts; no knock-outs speak of being recorded. Much merriment was caused by the blind-fold boxing—a perspiring gunner fighting the air in the hopes that his opponent might be mixed up in it somewhere, was worth seeing.

Bomb. Pierard, Gunners Walker, Cotter, and McGirr, put in some good work at the vocal programme.

Gunner Bark in the double shuffle and step dance brought down the barracks. At the piano (very kindly lent by the Rev. C. J. Kinnersley) Bombs, Dinnie, Pierard, and Gunner McGirr helped the evening on.

And the dancing was immense. It's a popular fallacy that the fair sex is essential, and the dances without them don't happen, but our experience "on this momentous occasion" was that—and the floor was as gritty as most floors, and the heat was "in tents."

One word, and you will understand why this little bun struggle was such a splendid success; all arrangements were in the hands of Sgt. Gill Howe.

Owing to the thousands (of mosquitoes) being turned away, the performance will be repeated on the Transport....., let us hope at a very early date.—H.A.P.

There is distress all over the world. The Belgians are starving, a half-a-million are out in the States, the Prohibition Party in New Zealand is still suffering from the shock of the last elections, and now, to cap all, there is famine and drought in the Vaima canteen.

Pickings from the Picquet.

NUMBER 2.

"I reckon this picquet job is alright."

"I reckon it's up to a bloomin' big head. Some of the boys 'll be doing their nuts. There's nothin' here to stop of a night, but half-starved Chows and overfed Samoans."

"It's good for active service; plenty to eat, and easy times with the girls."

"This, active service? Have you been in the real thing; when the little, lead devils are hummin' like bees in the swarmin' season, and bits off your mates are splashing around the landscape? No. Well, I have—And if you sit down, I'll tell you something. Got a light?—Thanks."

"There was a chap, I won't say his name—I'll call him "Jumbo." For years we were pals. Then, one day he met a little girl; and got tied up. We cut adrift then. A couple of years after I picked him up at the front in my contingent. He told me why he came. I was sorry—But it turned out O. K. since.

"Jumbo" had no schoolin', but he made enough at fishing to get grub. Sometimes he would be away for two or three days. One night he came home to find a cove kissin' his wife. He didn't say much. He just told his wife to get. And when the cove chipped in, he chased him out with a poker. Then he left home.

"Jumbo," me, and about a dozen others were out scouting, just at day-break. I was out on the right, "Jumbo" was out on the left.

Suddenly from the boulders ahead, the enemy started pumping lead into us. There was a Hell of a mess. All hands seemed to drop at once. I got it in the legs; and had to lie there and watch "Jumbo" fight like a tiger. I saw "Jumbo" and a mate surrounded by half-a-dozen foes. Then he stood alone, as his mate went down. His rifle swung round like a whirlwind, smashing heads like eggs. I watched him lay the six out. Then he picked up the wounded mate, and staggered back towards the main camp.

My cot was next to "Jumbo's" in the hospital. I heard the Doctor say that he was blind, both eyes gone; and his hands smashed. That night they changed his nurse. I could not get a proper look at her, but I could hear her voice—and, it sounded so sweet after the rough ones I had been used to. I heard Jumbo ask the nurse to cover his arm up, for it was cold.—Then all at once the nurse cried out his proper name, and then began to sob as she knelt by his cot. She must have recognised the tatoo marks on his arm.

"Nora! Nora!" gasped "Jumbo" as he heard that voice that had often cheered him. "Is that you?" "Yes, dear," she answered. "I'm Nora, your wife.".....And you are my hero. Oh!"

Then I could hear her kissin' his poor, battered face.

"Nora," asked "Jumbo" at last, "how did you get here?" She told him how she found out that he had joined a contingent. So she followed as nurse. She wanted to prove her faithfulness to him.

"Dick," she is said at last. "Do you know who that man is that you so gallantly saved? He is the man you saw kissing me that sad night in our cottage.....And he is my brother." "Nora," he said faintly, "I cannot see your bonny face; but say you forgive me for being a brute."

"And did he live? "Yes..... Look out. Slide for the shadows. Here comes the visitin' rounds."

We have received a specimen of the "Allies Pocket Case" with which our comrades have been provided at the front. It contains two small pockets in which one can place stamps, notes &c, and also a place to hold a post card picture of one's best girl or favourite bull-dog, according to the taste of the soldier. It contains in addition a prayer, a hymn, and a patriotic song—surely three necessary adjuncts in a soldier's life in the trenches of Europe.

G.P.O. Cashier (to lady drawing £15 order on her husband's pay roll), "How will you have it, Mad m, gold or notes?"

Mrs Musket. "Oh, all gold please—if you have it."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Wireless.—We understand that much talent has been unearthed during the clearing operations—Why not let everybody enjoy the good work? Let's have some for the next issue. We are trying to send for it in time for this number.

We have read a copy of *Casey Court Circular*, a sheet published by a section (let us hope a small one) of the First Expeditionary Force.—The crudity and general beastliness of its humour hasn't even the virtue of originality.

A. P. E. S. I. M. I. S. T.—We have sent your copy to be translated. You are on the right road to make us like yourself—pessimists.

"Love and War."—Why not call your story "Love or War"? The terms are synonymous. Push it on to the *War Cry*.

Uncle Pfenig.—You state in the opening spasms of your alleged storyette that you had great expectations—they didn't happen.

Consistent Reader writes that the PULL THRO' is not as funny as it used to be. We reply, "It never was."

Anxious Enquirer.—The word you require is "hibernate"; but we do not think it would be in the best taste, nor would the Battery appreciate it as part of their "Good Show," if you applied it to one Bombardier Duck, well known to Transport and Wireless people.

Bandage.—Don't be jealous if he has managed to get away with it. Wish him what he deserves—the pretty DEAR.

Fitz—L. We like it. Keep it up. Let the good work proceed. (We can't publish it for obvious reasons.)

"When the Boys come marching Home."—You start well; but surely Niobe, the Queen of the Sob Squad assisted your finish. Its like nothing on earth. Why "grimy individuals covered with dirt"?—Don't be silly!

Dando.—We can get this first hand without the bother of reading it, at any canteen by buying a 3rd drink. Moisten the hands and start afresh.

Corp. Quinell.—9. 10. UMA. "The Lost chord"—Snapped and killed a policeman.—You're

about the worst occurrence (as a poet) that ever did.

Ron.—Try to forget it.—We can't.

CNB of TRIAD "fame"?—Thanks so much for your scathing criticisms. We couldn't read them, but we guessed what you meant.

"Tipp."—Your idea is a good one: why not bring out a local form something like—"It's a long, long way to sweet Noumea"? The French "Piupius" are now singing, "C'est loin d'ici a Tipperary."

Shunter.—Yes, you did well to volunteer to remain: as you say, you may yet be made station-master, as well as cleaner.

Bootmaker. No!—We can't bring ourselves to believe that Mr. Joseph Carter has nearly obtained a commission. Of course, one never knows what the big "boot" may produce, after recent happenings.

BATTERY BALLADS.

(Adapted, with pleasant recollections of one Dampier of *Dandies* fame. It may be sung to the tune of "Jones, of the Lancers"—but don't bother.)

We come from New Zealand,
New Zealand we come from,
To slosh up the Germans and what not!
We fight like the devil,
We do—on the level—
But picquets and lock-ins—Well what rot!
We come from New Zealand—
Well, rather!
By gad! We're the pick of the lot.
The Johnnies who grumble
Are not meek or humble—
Deserve to be poisoned, eh, what!
By gad! you should see us at shooting.
What? Beat us! Oh, don't be absurd!
By gad! Were the gunners—the drivers—
the stunners—
Forget it—yes, mark it—my word!

We all dance like fairies
And Amys and Marys
To dance with us always endeavour
By gad! we can prance, too—
But don't get a chance to.
Some "kid" and canoodle, however.
We're all waiting here for the troopship
To take us to our little girls.
Lord knows when it's sailing,
But list, hear us railing.
We want to be back with the pearls.
So come on you ancient sharpshooters,
And give us a spell from the heat.
We want to get busy
With Mabel and Lizzie—
I'd like to—you'd like to—cold feet.

All troops are required to stamp their letters, even if your friends do not collect stamps, they may be useful to the postman.

Mr. Dooley on "War."

A few of the many funny things he has to say in the January number of *Hearst's Magazine*.

THERE'S no doubt about it, war's a gr-eat thing f'r th' wurruld, an' this shindig is wan iv th' most glor-yous wars in histhry. Iv coorse, there may have been more ath-ractive wars before there was anny histhry, but it don't stand to raison that haythen an' onidjicate-d people cud slam each other as hard as us heirs to all th' ages, as Hogan calls us. But what's sup-risin' to me is that none iv th' boys who ar-re runnin' this magnificent affray that's doin' so much f'r th' wurruld is willin' to take th' blame f'r it.

"Whin ye thry to find out who deserves th' honor, so that a wreath may be placed around his neck, they all pass it up to th' other fellow. Th' German Imp'r-ror blames it on th' Rooshyan Czar, and th' Rooshyan Czar blames it on Francis J. Hapsburg, an' that binivulent dishpot says 'twas caused be th' treachery iv Parfijious Album, which is th' proud title be which England has always been known to her great allies. Ye'd think 'twas some horrible crime instead iv a blessin' that had been committed. I don't undherstand it. If I was as proud iv th' war as me fri'nd Imp'r-ror Willum is, I wudden't be ashamed to come out an' say I done it. Ye bet I wudden't. Its carry'n' modesty too far to pretind ye knew nawthin' about it, an' give all th' credit to ye'er inimies. But, instid iv steppin' to th' futlights in th' westhren theaytre iv war at th' call iv 'Author!' this shy potintate says: "This onspheakable athrocity that will carry th' bini-fits iv German civilization to th' inds iv th' art an' put in th' place iv th' Parthynon (if I get th' name iv that mis'rable room right) a sootable struature iv iron an' reinforced concrete with a heroic, that is, life-size, statoo iv mesilf in gun metal on top—this dhreadful blessin' in disguise, I say can't be blamed onto me be histhry." An' all th' kings an' imp'r-rors an' diplomats ar-re sayin' th' same

thing, on'y they're winkin' over their shoulders an' wishperin: 'Between Thug an' Thug, I done it, but I don't want to say so out loud. There might be some widows an' orphans listenin'.'

"An' here I was thinkin' there niver wud be another war worth goin' to see. Th' Dove iv Peace niver crowed so loud as he did on'y las' summer. I was sure Andrew Carnayge wud privint war, or Th' Hague conf'rence, or th' bankers or—if worst come to worst—th' socyalists wud step in an' f'r-bid it. Whin two imp'r-rors began makin' faces at each other I looked to see Andrew get between thim and an' say: 'Boys, boys, none iv that! Here's fifty million dollars f'r each iv ye. Now shake hands an' go buy ye'er-silves a couple iv liberies.' Thin there was Th' Hague Conf'rence. Th' idee was that whin an imp'r-ror pulled off his coat an' started to climb over th' neighbor's fence, a polisman wud grab both comby-tants, take thim before th' coort, an' have thim put undher bonds to keep th' peace. If Th' Hague conf'rence cudden't do annything with these wild men, I was sure th' bankers wud refuse to supply th' change to carry on th' war. An', last iv all, th' consarvative capitalists iv the wur-ruld looked to th' socyalists to protect thim. Ivry year th' Fr-rinch an' German socyalists met together, went on furlough f'r m th' ar-my, an' passed resolutions puttin' an' ind to war. Says Herr Fritz Bibbel, th' cilly-brated German socyalist leader iv th' Richtag: 'There niver will be another internaytional conflict. Us socyalists will sthop it with our mighty power,' says he. 'Thru'e f'r ye, says Moosoo Looney Duplex th' champeen iv the proolootoorios iv Fr-rance, 'If th' tyrants thry to foorce us to slay our brothers we will call a sthrike. We will sind a walkin' dillygate around to th' war to whistle th' boys off the job,' he says. An' they kissed an' wint home.

"Thin somethin' happened. I don't know what it was, an' be th' look iv things I niver will know. I can't get anny line f'r m th' diply-natic corrsypodince because, Hinnissy, a Euro-peen dipply-mat wud look down on Dock Cook as an awkwrd begginer in the pro-

fissyon. Thirty or forty years f'r m now some ol' fellow will write a book tellin' how th' war ra-aly shtarted. Th' Fr-rinch ambassadure forged a tillygram, th' German ambassadure caught th' prime minister iv England with an ace in his sleeve, or th' Czar called up th' imp'r-ror iv Austhree an' used such language to him that th' company threatened to take out th' tillyphone. Annyhow, in less than two hours' time there was star-rted what th' paapers called the gr-reatest war since th' Punic wars, which I do not recall. Th' King iv England ordered his fleet to desthroy th' German navy, an' removed with his fam'ly to the counthry. Th' Austhreens an' th' Rooshyans begun to capture and recapture manny gr-eat an' prosp'rous cities beginnin' with a Z in Poland. An' th' imp'r-ror iv Germany put on one iv his sivinty-eight varieties iv uny-forms an' come out on th' front stoop iv th' palace an' says he: 'This is no ordhinry war. This is a fracas f'r humanity, f'r civilization, f'r culture, f'r ar-rt, f'r all that is beautiful in modern life,' he says. 'So,' says he, 'I intind,' he says, 'to tur-rn th' wurruld into a puddle iv blood, which,' he says, 'is my idee iv something pretty to look at,' he says.

"Well, thinks I to mesilf, now's th' time whin th' frinds iv peace will cut in an' break up th's rough pro-ceedings.

"But, lo an' behold!

"I pick up th' pa-aper a nootral Eyetalian brings me ivry day f'r a thriflin' compensation, an' read,

"Mr. Andrew Canaygie, heavily disguised, be declinin' to be intherviewed, hurrridly sailed f'r home to-day.' In th' nex. colyum I see that th' peace palace is closed, and there's a notice on th' dure that th' dillygates f'r m England, Rooshya, Germany, Fr-rance. Austhree an' Japan has left to jine their reg-ments, an' th' dillygate f'r m Bilgium has gone back to his native counthry to thry an' locate where his house used to be. A sojer with a round head dhrops in at th' bank an' empties th' cash dhrawer into his pocket."

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.

BOXING TOURNNEY.

A very enjoyable evening was spent on Wed. 24th ult. The occasion being a Boxing Tourney held in the A.S.C. Barracks. The contestants in the first bout being L. Carmichael of the Battery and Bandsman Driver. The men were evenly matched and fought a willing bout of three minutes each. The referee reserved his decision. This was an outside event. The first bout of the competition was between F. Love and T. McCail. Three one-minute rounds were fought in which both contestants made the pace warm. McCail was declared the winner of a fairly even go. Quayle and McFadgen fought three hard and willing rounds without advantage to either. A fourth round to decide the winner, in which McFadgen went down for 4, resulted in Quayle being given the decision. Much shadow-sparring was the feature of the third bout between Heidenstrom and Withers. After wilding sparring at long range during three uneventful rounds Withers got the decision. The next bout was to have been the event of the evening, but it proved a very one-sided affair. The contestants were T. Kennedy and Mullaney, two 13 stone men who appeared evenly matched as to size and reach. The bout proved an easy win for Mullaney who outclassed his opponent in all points of the game. Kennedy was compelled to throw up the sponge after a few exchanges in which he got pummelled good and hard. There was no decision but—

W. Duff and D. Pointon proved to be two welters, who were in good condition, and provided plenty of excitement for the spectators. Three good hard rounds were fought, and contestants showed good prowess. No decision. Whitelaw and Halliday were next and made things willing from the jump. Whitelaw's footwork saved him a good deal of punishment. Halliday lead throughout the second round and Whitelaw was on the defensive. Third round uneventful, both men being content with sparring. No decision was given.

An exhibition between McMinn and Steel, two men who gave a very scientific exhibition of the noble art of the game, proved very interesting. Their clever footwork and ringcraft evoked rounds of applause. The next event was between Voyle and Ure, and started very willingly, Ure doing all the best of the work. Voyle did not show to advantage and his second threw in the towel in the second round. Ure got the decision. The Evans-Withers bout developed into a fight pure and simple. Heavy blows were exchanged in which Withers got his frontispiece severely damaged. The decision went to Evans. The final bout of the evening was between Wooler and Power, both of whom endeavoured to land knockouts at the start. This proved a very even go and brought the tourney to a successful conclusion.

Great credit is due to the officials for the even-running of the programme which was thoroughly enjoyed by everybody. The following is a list of the officials:—Sergt. Dawson, Referee; Q.M.S. Schoch, Timekeeper; Pat Hanna, Clerk of Scales. Committee: L.—Corp. Pointon, Sergrts.

Voyle and Ure and Pvts. Evans and Heidenstrom.

A Grand Boxing Tourney is to be held in Apia on Saturday March 13th. Arrangement have been made to provide some first class contests. The proceeds are to help swell the Belgian Relief fund, so roll up and enjoy yourself and help a deserving cause.

BELGIAN FUND CONCERT.

A grand entertainment was given in the London Mission Hall on Saturday Feb. 27th by members of the Force and the Fifth Regt. Band. The show was acknowledged to be the finest ever held in Apia, and two or three hundred were unable to obtain admission. About £40 was raised for the Belgian Fund, and this was added to the amount that was collected by the Regt. Band at previous entertainments. Owing to so many people being unable to obtain admission it was decided to repeat the performance on March 6th 1915. The results of which we will publish in our next number.

The programme consisted of several splendid Band selections which were all encored. The Band has made giant strides during its stay in Samoa, and provided a musical treat to the great crowd that constituted the audience. Items were contributed by Sgt. Culverwell, Barcham (Ragtime), Private Hanna and Gunner Silver (Drawing room sketches which evoked much laughter), Pvts. Clark and Bennett (Sentimental Songs), Jack Gosling (the Ragtime King), Lance-Corp. Berendsen, Lieut. Swan, Bandsmen Christie, Hoare, Worsfold and O'Brien, Pvt. Robertson. (Two fine Ballads) and Corp. Cimino (Clarinet Solo). The Band finished up with a rip-snorting march played *a la Sousa*, which brought down the house. During the evening Pat Hanna sketched a number of prominent people well known in Apia. As each sketch was being drawn, appropriate music was played which added point to some of the sketches.

The concert was under the supervision of Bandmaster Cole who was supported by the following Committee:—Rev. Kinnersley (chairman) Messrs. Rea, Andrews and Syddal, Sergrts. Barcham, Hopkirk, Lance-Corp. Gosling, Pvts. Hoare, Miller, Oliver and Hanna. The Committee is contemplating holding several entertainments on a much larger scale of which more will be heard later.

On Tuesday, 16th Feb. Apia was visited by the Japanese warship "Nisshin." Pvt. Pat Hanna received the officers (unofficially) and spent a merry hour or two in their company. The natty seamen were piloted round Apia by members of Sergeants Mess from Malifa, who made some profitable exchanges of coins. One member of the party, who said to be of Hebraic descent, obtained about 37/6 worth of assorted currency for the modest sum of 1 mark 50 in small change. The Japs departed in the evening for Guam.

We desire to offer our most grateful thanks to the Rev. and Mrs. Hills, and the Rev. and Mrs. Sibree, whose hospitality made possible the publication of this number of the *Pull-Thro'*.

KABBAGES AND KAISERS.

Their Similarity.

In the first place they both possess heads. Several varieties of the first named have hearts; but only a few of the latter. The Kabbage without a heart is like lamb without mint sauce, but a Kaiser without one is in the public eye just now for a short period only. These ambitious monarchs must learn and the rod must not be spared in the teaching—that all that glitters is not Teutonic, and that they—like accordions—should stop where they are made—in Germany. The best advice to offer him just now is that given to Alice by the station master, "Never mind what they say, my dear, but take a return ticket every time the train stops."

But to return to our mutton (Kabbage I should say). The most necessary operation in the life of a Kabbage is its boiling, and remember my brothers, a boil in the kettle is worth two on the ... neck. After the boiling the eating—Oh! What a feast! How we will prod our fork into the remains of the bird, cooked by long, tedious grilling during the dread days of winter snows and frozen trenches! With what toasts we will honour this feast! Perhaps the only discordant note sounded will be that of the absent friends stretched out under foreign skies. But what matter the price—the goods are worth it. The greater the fight—the greater the glory.

(The Mad Hatter)

OUR LIBRARY.

The following Military Works may be obtained from all booksellers and Stationers:—price 25 pfenig each:—

Skirmishing in 3 Acre Paddocks. Kayjaw May. *Practice and Procedure in Courts Martial.* J. Don. and "Daddy" H. (in collaboration). *Alcohol in Warfare.* A Samoan Private. *Machine Guns. Their use in war.* Cpl. Lowndes. *My Experiences in Samoa during the Great War.* Maj—Genl. Leary. *Hard Labour in the Tropics.* Swinburn. *Field Punishment and Fines.* Jones C. B.

If you're told a thing for certain,
And the teller tells you that
He has "seen behind the curtain"
And he knows it for a fact,
Be he N.C.O. or private
I think if you are wise
You will treat the whole concoction
As a blessed lot of lies.

ODDS AND ENDS.

DEPARTURES.

It is with great regret that we learn of the departure from our midst of one Gustave, who was always Schick—to the boys. We shall miss his manly form and figure, his sprightly tread from the ever shut doors of the Tivoli.

HAVE YOU HEARD?

Have you heard the latest
Rumour going round?
New Zealand's house of Parliament
Has been removed to Milford sound
The troopship left New Zealand
But its sailing off to Spain.
Kaiser Bill is ill in bed
And will never rise again.
The great Chinese Republic
Has landed troops in Guam.
The "Von der Tann's" torpedoed
And captured by the "Fram."
The great King George of Tonga
Has now begun to reign
In the Kalahari Desert
And the sunny state of Maine,
Tasmania is captured.
Lord Kitchener is a knave,
He's spoiled the British Army.
Bill Richardson's had a shave.
The Turks have captured London,
America and Japan.
The Kaiser has an iron cross
For every soldierman.
But the greatest jolly rumour
I'm sure you'll smile to hear
Is a rumour lately started
That we're going home this year.

NEW VERSION OF OLD SONG.

I've got ringworm on my fingers,
Ringworm on my toes,
Dhoby itch to sit upon,
The same thing on my nose.
So now I'm isolated
My fair Samoan rose,
So go, run away,
You'll catch it yet, who knows?

British Bulldog roused to fight,
Makes of German bone one bite—
One dog and one bone—
Was ever a bulldog like our own?
English, Irish, Welsh and Scot,
Frenchy, Belgy, and what not.
One dog and one bone—
The butcher's bill falls on Bill alone!
Now that little Terrier chap
Our Eastern ally, joins the scrap.
One dog and one bone—
He cannot leave Kiau Chau alone!
Lonely, distant, scattered far,
All England's pups are out for war.
One dog and one bone—
We've got Samoa for our own.
Oliver Twist.

Sentry (to officer tak'ng guard) "Halt!
Who goes there?" "Officer of the day."
"Then what the—are you doing out at
night?"

The attention of our readers is drawn to the fact that this edition comprises 16 pages of reading matter instead of the usual twelve pages. We have endeavoured to make the paper as interesting as possible for all branches of the service.

We want smart, brief and trenchant articles—which should be free from personalities and abuse. Anonymous letters to the editor hit the w.p.b. first shot. One more point—patronise the firms that advertise in our columns—it shows we are in earnest and helps business at the same time.

The Samoan Expedition has brought about many novel circumstances and has demonstrated many strange facts. At the present rate of elimination of sick and unfits there bids fare to be a strong confirmation of the Darwinian theory of the survival of the fittest. In quite another way the "survival" theory was well born out recently in a London hospital. Two patients were admitted the same day, suffering from the effects of frequent fits. That day A took thirteen fits, and died that night; while B took twenty three and seemed to thrive on them—which provoked a junior medico to venture the remark that it was a case of the "survival of the fittest."

The motor dispatch riders are quite an institution here. They are doing for Apia what the advent of the electric cars did for many a N.Z. town—they are shaking things up: putting life into the many, at the expense of a few. On a recent Friday, a motorcyclist during his daily road races along the water front, killed three dogs, four fowls, spilt out six baskets of native food, fired off one passenger, shied several horses, scared a round dozen of natives almost to death, climbed two telegraph poles, burst through four groups of school boys, and in general, had a thoroughly enjoyable time. Their motto: "Hit hard and often."

Officer (at food inspection to private of the next to nature type who is laddling out from the dish) "Any complaints?"
Next-to-Nature. "No."
Officer. "No what?"
N.T.N. "No ——— complaints."

P.M.O. (to novice in bandaging, who has been demonstrating on model's ankle) "May I point out that this patient's ankle was supposed to be broken *before* you bandaged it."

Sergeant (in charge of wall building at Wireless, to Gunner Slowcoach) "Now then, you, hurry up with that!"

G.S. "Orl right; Rome wasn't built in a day."

Sergt. "No perhaps not; but the Battery weren't building it."

Extract from letter to jilted trooper from "his friend's" friend—"Her and me were the best of friends before him and her met, of course, this is between you and I."

(Surely her isn't him—she's it.)
Ed.

Oh! a beautiful place is Apia.

The heat makes a fellow feel queer
With mosquitoes and flies,
And the rumours and lies.
One would surely go mad in a year.

CHRISTMAS DAY IN SOCIETY.

Mrs. Jones, of great social standing, invited some friend to dine on Xmas Day. Miss Mary Jones, aged 10, the only child, was allowed to dine with the guests. The guests on their way to Mrs. Jones's place, decided to buy a present for Mary. A nice Teddy bear was chosen and after leaving the shop they discovered that the Teddy bear was cross eyed. No time was allowed to return to the shop and change it. All arrived at Mrs. Jones's and the present handed over. The guests wanting to know what Mary intended calling the bear, one said, "I suppose you will call it Teddy." To this the child replied, "No! I am going to call it Gladly." "What a funny name," remarked one of the guests. Mary got wild at this and explained that often at Church with Mother she heard them sing "Gladly thy cross I bear."

ON THE TELEPHONE.

Malifa Camp rings the exchange.

Native exchange clerk answers.—Hullo!
Hullo! Hullo!
Malifa.—Number 24 please.
Exchange.—Please, sir, no. 24 engaged, thank you.
Malifa, tired of waiting, calls the exchange again.—No. 24 please
Exchange.—Wait, mister, I see if they talking please
Malifa.—Give me 24.
Exchange (speaking to Postmaster) Please, sir, I think no. 24 get worried with me.
You know, Mr. Postmaster, I do my best.

MOSQUITO BITES.

A society for the registration of patents is sadly needed at Vaimea Camp. Put your private mark on the Mess's tin of butter, and it's guineas to gooseberries that there will be a heated argument as to the ownership at the next meal. By the way, butter, although already high, is still going up.

The after-lights-out-debating-societies at Vaimea appear to have lost a lot of enthusiasm since Griff and a few others were ordered to contribute a certain portion of their pay to the funds of the Govt.

Competition for the position of cycle orderly is still very keen at the Vaimea Camp, and fashion plates are not in it with the members of the main guard now-a-days. Now that Clarkie has been made a lance jack, competition is now open in the Auckland detachment.

A certain cure for guards, picquet, and drill—sore arms and legs with an occasional boil. Beards also are useful.

Pvt. Funkum—We congratulate you on the discretion you showed at the recent native disturbance, in accepting the explanation offered by six foot native that the scimitar he was carrying was only being taken home to peel bananas with.

Private Slim: "Whatever else happens, our boys in Egypt are not likely to go hungry."

Private Trim: "Oh, why not?" P.S. "On account of the sandw-(h) ich's there."

P.T. "Garn, funny, don'tcher; but do you know they had calendars served out to them?"

P.S. "No, straight? Why?"

P.T. "So that they can consume the dates."

The Public is hereby notified that the undersigned has taken over this newly renovated hotel and that he will endeavour to ensure the satisfaction of his customers by supplying only first quality drinks and meals.

Improvements are being made to the bar, dining room, and bedrooms, so that now clients will find the building thoroughly clean cool and comfortable. New chefs and are being engaged who will endeavour to make the hotel a hospitable home for all.

They say that big game hunting in the rice is one of the favorite occupations of the garrison cooks. Big Dock, of Vaimea has the best bag to date, but his record is likely to be beaten, as game is becoming more plentiful every day.

It is reported from Madras that a few hours before the Emden arrived to bombard the town, the port officer received a wire, and replied as follows—"Your telegram reporting the Bay safe for shipping duly noted—Madras now being bombarded by hostile cruiser."

There was a record sick parade at Vaimea, after the football tourney on Boxing Day, and as a result rugby football is now tabooed. There were no serious casualties during the tourney, but contact with the hard ground resulted in most of the players losing large quantities of skin.

Lawn mowers and sickles have no longer a monopoly of the grass cutting business. Noticed a squad at Vaimea last week hard at work on the grass with spades and long handled shovels. The method snacks of the primitive, but you know occupation must be found for the troops. Although we cannot recommend the method to owners of tennis lawns and bowling greens as being either speedy or efficient, still it is an excellent form of physical culture.

Wonder who first thought of the shovel act?

The Boss: "Well, Michael, and what do you think of the war?" Mike: "Wot I says is yer 'anner, that them Germans are licking us all the time! Wot are the French doin'? Nothin'! And the British aint the same fighters as in the old days. And the Belgians, they

don't count' cos there aint enough of 'em. And the Russians aint worth anything. By Gosh! If it wasn't for them there Allies we'd simply get walked over." (Bulletin)

We are delighted to see a gentleman of such wide experience and a possessor of "the goods," in charge of postal affairs in Apia. Mr. E. E. Coghlan we are sure will keep a paternal eye on the Pull Thro's and see that they reach their little destinations (a thing they haven't done for months and months and months).

To him and his able staff Messrs. J. T. Schulenberg, T. A. Jackson, W. T. Bird, and F. W. Player, we extend our felicitations.

E. HANKE THE BOY'S OWN BARBER

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His real Bengal Razors are guaranteed, money returned if not perfectly satisfied.

You know where the Central is—don't laugh—well, just behind it on the same side of the block is

SUNDIN AND JOHANSSON'S Model STORE

Here's the one thing that will interest you - - Wax Matches - - Safety Wax Matches - - Just like the ones you used to carry loose in your ticket pocket at 6d per doz. Drop in and have a look round.

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APIA - - SAMOA

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ATHLETICS.

[FOOTBALL AND SPORTS TOURNEY].

Despite mosquitoes, ants, centipedes, town picquets, orderly rooms, fatigues, and last but by no means least the heat, there is still an abundance of energy among the troops located here. Particularly is this noticeable at Vaimea, which detachment celebrated Christmas and New Year with a monster 7-a-side football tourney held on Boxing Day, and although the glass registered 130 in the sun, eleven Rugby and five soccer teams took part. Players made light of the heat and the hardness of the ground, and play of a surprisingly high standard was witnessed. This was very noticeable in the soccer games, each of which was a revelation to the natives of whom a large contingent was present.

The 3rd Auckland Regt. and the Railway Engineers each entered two teams, the Machine Gun section furnished the remaining team. The Auckland B. team put the Railway B. team out of action in the first round by one goal (scored by Fraser) to nil, and the Machine Gun team succumbed to Auckland A by 2 goals to 1. The last mentioned game was very exciting. Machine Gun played up surprisingly well, and 3 minutes from time led by one goal to nil, but by pretty combined play Auckland scored 2 goals in quick succession and secured victory right on time.

In the second round Auckland B. put up a great fight with Railway A, and when time was called, the score sheets were still blank. Under the rules, however, corners were made to count, and as Railway had one in their favour, the Auckland team was defeated.

The final saw the Auckland A. team at the top or its form, and Railway A. went down to the tune of 2 goals to nil. The following are the names of the winning team:—Q.M.S. R. Haddow, lance-corporals A. C. Ibister, R. Bennett, privates T. C. Kent, R. S. Clerke, H. Boyne and T. Venables.

For the Rugby tourney teams were entered as follows:—Railway Engineers, 4 teams; 3rd Auckland (Vaimea detachment) 3 teams, 3rd Auckland (Wireless detachment) 2 teams; Machine Gun and Battery each one team. Railway B, Auckland B, Machine Gun and Wireless A, went out on the first round, and the conclusion of the second round the following teams remained in:—Wireless B, Battery and Auckland C. Battery and Wireless B entered the semi-final, Battery winning by 6 points (2 goals by McGirr) to nil, after a very even game. The Auckland C. team which consisted of Corp. A. W. Ohlson, Privates K. Ifwerson, E. C. Owen, J. Colquhoun, R. J. Fisher, C. Williams and R. Emirali, was a hot favourite in the final, but Battery played a great game, and victory only rested with Auckland by five points (Owen try converted by Ifwerson) to three points (goal by McGirr).

Enjoyable as the football tourney was, the sports meeting on New Year's Day was an even greater success. His Excellency the Governor (Col. R. Logan) was present, and each unit was represented by a large contingent. The 5th (Wellington) hand came in a body and added greatly to

the enjoyment of all present. As on the first day, the natives mustered in force, and there was great excitement amongst them during the spar fighting. An excellent programme of running and field events was got off, and as an additional attraction there was a seven-a-side soccer match, and a dance by a bevy of native girls. Interest during the day was very keen, the struggle for the points prize between the Railway Engineers and the 3rd Auckland Regt. being the feature of the Meeting. The Railway Engineers led for some time, but in the field events and the 75 yds. championship, Auckland secured a lead which they maintained to the end, the final points being 3rd (Auckland) Regt. 35, Railway Engineers 27.

As a fitting wind up to an excellent day's sport, a concert was held in the new barracks at Vaimea, at which the prizes were distributed by Major W. Kay. The concert, which was arranged by Sergt.-Major Bale, Corporal Grigg and Pvt. Robertson, was a huge success, the presence of the 5th (Wellington) Regt. Band, being the outstanding feature. Following are details of the event decided during the day:—

75 yds Championship.—A. W. McNeish (3rd Regt.) 1; V. Mitchell (Railway Engineers) 2; N. L. Ingpen (3rd Regt.) 3. McNeish when leading by 5 feet at 50 yds. ricked a snow, but gamely struggled on and won by inches. Sack Race.—B. Tangey and J. Hiddlestone. (Rly. Engineers). High Jump.—J. Colquhoun (3rd Regt.) 1; A. W. McNeish (3rd Regt.) 2. Cigarette Race.—L. Piggales (3rd Regt.) 1; E. Smyrke (Rly. Engrs) 2. Engineers Alarm Race.—B. Tangey 1; G. Higginson 2. 3rd Regt. Alarm Race.—C. Pain 1; J. Colquhoun 2. Long Jump.—J. Colquhoun (3rd Regt.) 1; A. W. McNeish (3rd Regt.) 2. Potato and Bucket Race.—J. Colquhoun (3rd Regt.) 1; Piggales (3rd Regt.) 3. Legged Race.—R. Boswell and D. I. McKeller (Rly. Engrs) 1. Hop Step and Jump.—A. W. McNeish (3rd Regt.) 1; J. Colquhoun (3rd Regt.) 2. Veterans Sprint.—E. Smyrke (Rly. Engrs) 1; E. Mein (3rd Regt.) 2. Officers Sprint.—Lieut. Bond 1; Lieut. Hackworth 2. Tug of War.—Railway Engineers (C. Barry, J. Fenton, G. Shaw, R. Syme, A. D. McKellar, H. Revell, W. D. Wilson, B. A. Smith, W. B. Willstead, S. Perry) 1. Relay Race.—Railway Engineers (D. Furey, V. Mitchell, G. Power, H. Barnes) 1. Veterans 3 Legged Race.—W. L. Mitchell, W. Hill (3rd Regt.) 1. Visitors Race.—C. Clarke (Auckland Singallers) 1; Barnard (5th Regt.) 2. Football Kicking.—W. G. Wynyard (3rd Regt.) 1; Tangey (Rly. Engineers) 2. Quoits.—L. Hewitt (3rd Regt.) 1; S. Knight (Rly. Engineers) 2. Soccer Football.—Camp defeated Auckland by 1 goal to nil.

The Committee responsible for the football tourney and sports consisted of Sergt.-Major Avey, Sergt. C. Barry, Lance-Corpl. Smith (Rly. Engineers), Corp. A. W. Ohlson, privates F. Robinson and W. Hill (sec.) (3rd Regt.), Corp. Tomline (Machine Gun), and Sergt. Copeland (Ambulance Corps). The judges for the sports were Sergt.-Major Bale, Q.M.S. Simmonds and Haddow. Capt. P. St. J. Keenan acted as referee, and Lieut. A. I. Walker was starter. The football match-

es were refereed by Capt. Keenan, Lieut. Walker, Sergt.-Major Bale, Corp. Sheehan, Q.M.S. Simmonds, Pvt. LeCren and Sapper Smyrke.

THE NAVAL FIGHT.

I strove to write of a naval fight with a technical sort of a grip, In a practical way, in a tactical way, in the way of the earlier Kip; But as I reach for the nautical speech, it twists and troubles my tongue— But I would not shirk the fendish work, and this is the song I sung:

We lashed the foe to the grinding floor and we soused his lugs in brine, Till our binnacle broke in clouds of smoke, and we patched it up with twine; In the outer dark the charnel shark rose up to bay the blast, But we tickled him, we pickled him, we scotched his mizzen mast;

B'god, says we, it is easy to see he cannot swallow his duff—

But the foeman cried, in his idiot pride "Then luff, you beggars, luff!" His keel ablaze flared through the haze clean to the Narrow Seas, And the submarine leapt quick and keen, like an Afghan wolf with fleas;

And the galley cat on the hatchway sat, not knowing the thing was loaded, While the starboard mate, cursing his fate, turned turtle and exploded.

In the outer dark the charnel shark waves the thumb of his fin at his nose, And the big bull trout comes up to spout as the waiting cruisers close—

And the barnacles drop from the firing top as the eager cannot speak— B'god, says we, it is easy to see that he carries his teeth in his cheek! The thing-a-ma-jig on the captain's gig fell foul of the conning chain— And we rammed her home from Hull to Nome, and she wallowed blind with pain!

And the charnel shark in the outer dark he picks his teeth at ease— B'god, says we, it is easy to see we have cleared the Narrow Seas!

A local scientist in a communication to the editor, writes pointing out that the common impression that there is only one species of bug domiciled in the A.S.C. stores and bake houses, is incorrect, as he has already identified five, including one new to science. To verify the identifications, the specimens are being referred to that famous bacteria biologist Mr. Swan, to be examined between his spare time and the Tivoli.

Heard in the trenches at the range. Pvt. Flatfoot. "Well, Cockey, what do you think of the shooting?" Cockey. "I thank God we've got a navy."

THE CENTRAL HOTEL

THE SAMOAN HOTEL

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Cool
Broad shady verandahs
Overlooking the glorious harbour

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1914

Splendid Cuisine
Excellent Service
Only the very best
Brands of liquor stocked

If you are planning a trip to these wonderful islands you are advised to book your rooms in advance as our accommodation is always over taxed.

Correspondence invited E. SAUNDERS,
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O le Kalena Samoa

1915

A souvenir for your friends.
PRICE - - - 6d.

Have you got it? Well do not delay. There are not enough to go round, so make sure that you get yours. It contains a list of the *Advance Guard*; a useful vocabulary of English-Samoan sentences—(just what you have been looking for); a list of Govt. Officials; a diary; moon phases and tide tables for 1915; a map of the group, and general information about Samoa. On sale at many of the stores in Apia; and at the Hall.

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