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Gertrude Palmer

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INTRODUCTION

THE ENTRANCE of New Zealand into the main current of the World's history has been at once dramatic and splendid. Apart from the Maori Wars, her traditions, her historic memorials, her share in all the glorious past of the British race, have been hers because she is an off-shoot from the parent stock, a little piece transplanted to these fair islands of the Southern Sea. But now we in New Zealand will have traditions and memorials of our own; our own sons have played a part not less splendid than that of the bravest and noblest of the Homeland; they have been put to a test that has been one of the severest recorded in the pages of universal history, and most assuredly have not been found wanting.

But undying glory such as they have won cannot be gained without sacrifice. The just pride we feel in their courage and prowess is tempered by sadness. The battle-scarred slopes of the hills of Gallipoli are covered with little mounds, many nameless, many with rough crosses and rude inscriptions, which mark the last resting-place of those who have made the supreme sacrifice and laid down their very lives for the cause of truth and justice and righteousness. More than a thousand of the flower of our youth have so died; many thousands more have been broken in this tragic war.

For them and for those dependent on them the Patriotic Fund is intended to afford some relief and assistance. It should be the proud privilege of those who have stayed at home to show our brave "broken men," and the sad widows and orphans of the valiant dead, that our pride and gratitude bear some proportion to their courage and patriotism, and to prove it by the generosity with which we treat those who have suffered so much for us.

This little booklet is one small part of the effort made by the Civil Servants of Canterbury to do their "little bit" of the great duty which in this respect is laid upon us all. Had the result corresponded with the desire of all who have taken part in it, it would be the noblest shilling's worth ever offered for sale. That it cannot claim to be: but it has truly been a labour of love. The sole desire of the Editor and Contributors has been to stimulate the exercise of those virtues of charity and generosity which, like their sister mercy, bless those who give and those who take.

You will be generous and grateful, and do all you can, won't you?

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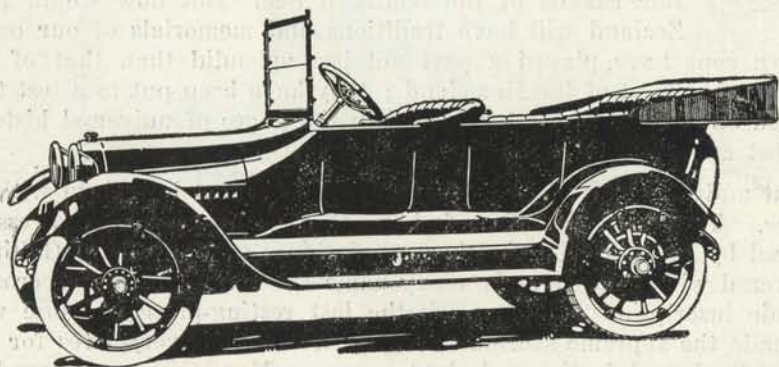
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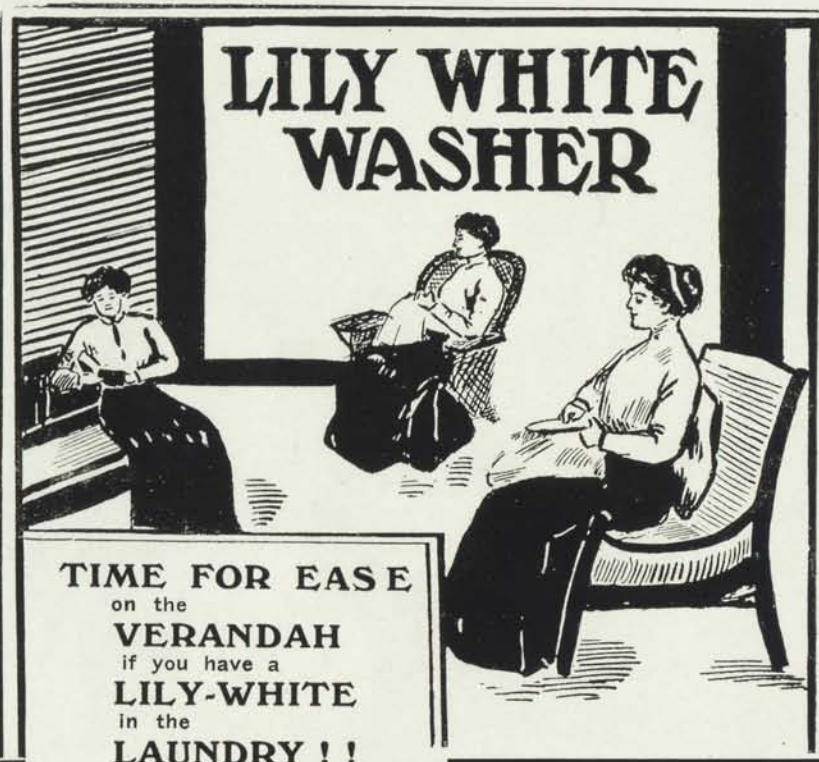
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CHRISTCHURCH

THE CALL



YE who would that war should cease,
War ye must to win that peace :
They who now in arms oppose,
Strive, the grave on peace to close.
Hark ! the call ! can ye be dumb ?
Freeman, come to the summons ! come !
Hark ! the roar of clashing armies
Gathering toll for the rolling drum.

Shall the tyrant vindicate
Hate of truth, and truth of hate ?
Loose the passions peace should quell,
Loose on earth the lusts of hell ?
Sleeps your home-love, callous, numb ?
Rather leap with a cry—" We come !
Come to the trumpets' tan-tan-tarara,
Braving the doom of the booming drum."

Liberty shall prompt your deed ;
They would bind whom that has freed :
They would crush with iron might,
Swords the sceptre of their right :
Them, of seething war the scum,
Dare them, hope of the ages ! come,
Tread the fields where shall die forever
Warful sob of the throbbing drum.

Service forced is first afraid :
Service given is double aid.
They are thousands hardly driven—
Ye are thousands freely given.
Never a lip is closed, is dumb,
Joyous the cry comes far—" We come !
Come to the trumpets' tan-tan-tarara,
Gathering toll for the rolling drum."

—Johannes C. Andersen.



So it's Eames

I PASS with a gay bon-mot,
(I cut quite a figure, you know)
No trickster's legerdemain
Baffles my sturdy brain—
Pray have your totals just so !

Precisely ! and experience tells me that
“ bank tellers, like lawyers, know nothing of
accounts.”

So with apologies to the learned gentleman
in the opera, and in the sacred name of duty,

I warn them to be careful, for
I am the Public Auditor !

—W.S.B.



Whitby Abbey

Founded by St. Hilda in 566. Bombarded by the Germans and partially destroyed in 1915.



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“ The way Germany has been compelled to find substitute foods is
exposed in a striking article in the ‘ Daily Chronicle.’ ”—

—“ The Sun,” Feb. 2nd.



HE Germans are wonderful people, they say,
As chemists they're really top-notchers ;
And when they perform in a synthetic way
They show up all others as botchers.

They can make salad oil from a sunflower tall,
And honey from sugar and powder :
From sawdust and glue they produce what they call
The only real Yankee clam chowder.

If you're stuck for some meat send to Munich and pay
For fungus and lichen deposits ;
You will find they will keep for many a day
If salted and hung in cool closets.

They found out another by-product of tar
That's tasty and looks well at table,
Done up in a nice little pottery jar
With “raspberry jam ” on the label.

There's nothing like leather to keep out the wet,
But if it is scarce, well, don't worry,
For boots made of timber are easy to get,
And the soles don't wear out in a hurry.

So now they depend upon synthetic meat,
With synthetic sauces and gravy ;
Until they can build a synthetic fleet
To wipe out the bad British Navy.

—P.E.W.

There seems to us to have been pre-meditation in the printer's error
which caused a leading daily to speak of President Wilsoon.



"Misunderstood!"



An incident in the Spanish-American War—not too proud then

PLUMS



'T'S come again, the season when the plums are hanging ripe,
The weary, troublous time has come again ;
And when I ponder on next week, my weary brow I wipe,
'Tis wrinkled with the thought of future pain.

'Tis then I wish I had no friends—that on a desert isle
I dwelt, where orchards never came to fruit,
Where Maori kits and sugar bags could never more defile
The glories of my brand new summer suit.

I hate to go on messages—I hate to carry bags,
I hate the people who have plums to spare,
I hate the genial way they have of loading me with swags,
My heart is worn with bitterness and care.

My wife she makes them into jam, and stews them up for tea,
And then we have them raw at supper time.
She says I should eat plenty as they're very good for me,
Besides to waste them—that would be a crime.

The beastly stones are everywhere, and when in stocking'd
feet
I thunder through the night to shoo a cat,
I step on one that baby left—my words I'll not repeat,
As once again I rise from off the mat.

I know it's very kind of them to think of us at all,
I know its nice to have such lots of jam,
Yet even so, the knowledge that the plums begin to fall
Provokes me to the ever ready damn!

—P.E.W.

A French visitor to Christchurch was heard to exclaim, "But I am greatly puzzle—me. Who ees it that is ze Maire—what you call ze "boss" of zis town? Is it ze Monsieur Alpers, or ze honourable ze Dougall?"

AFTER THE WAR

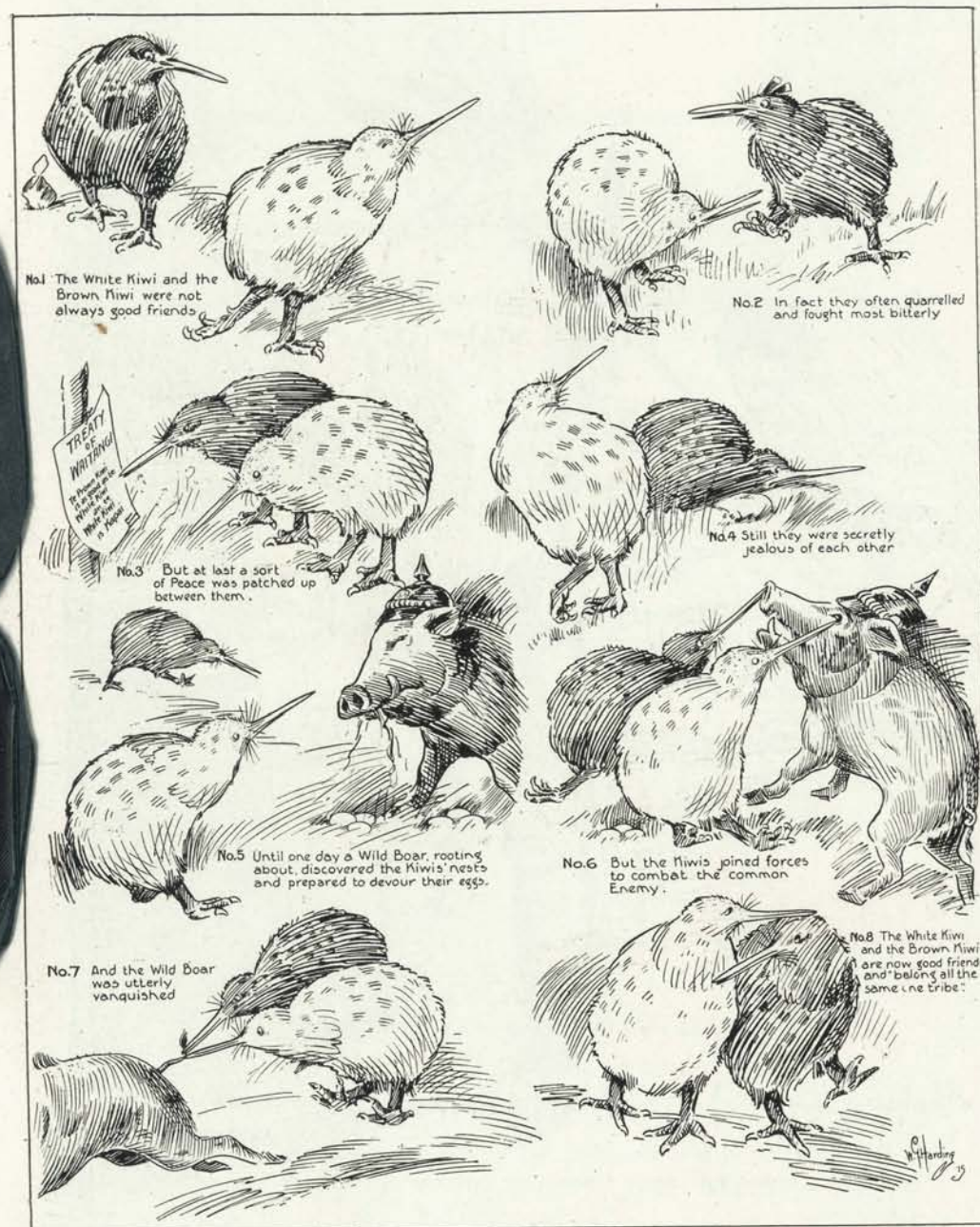




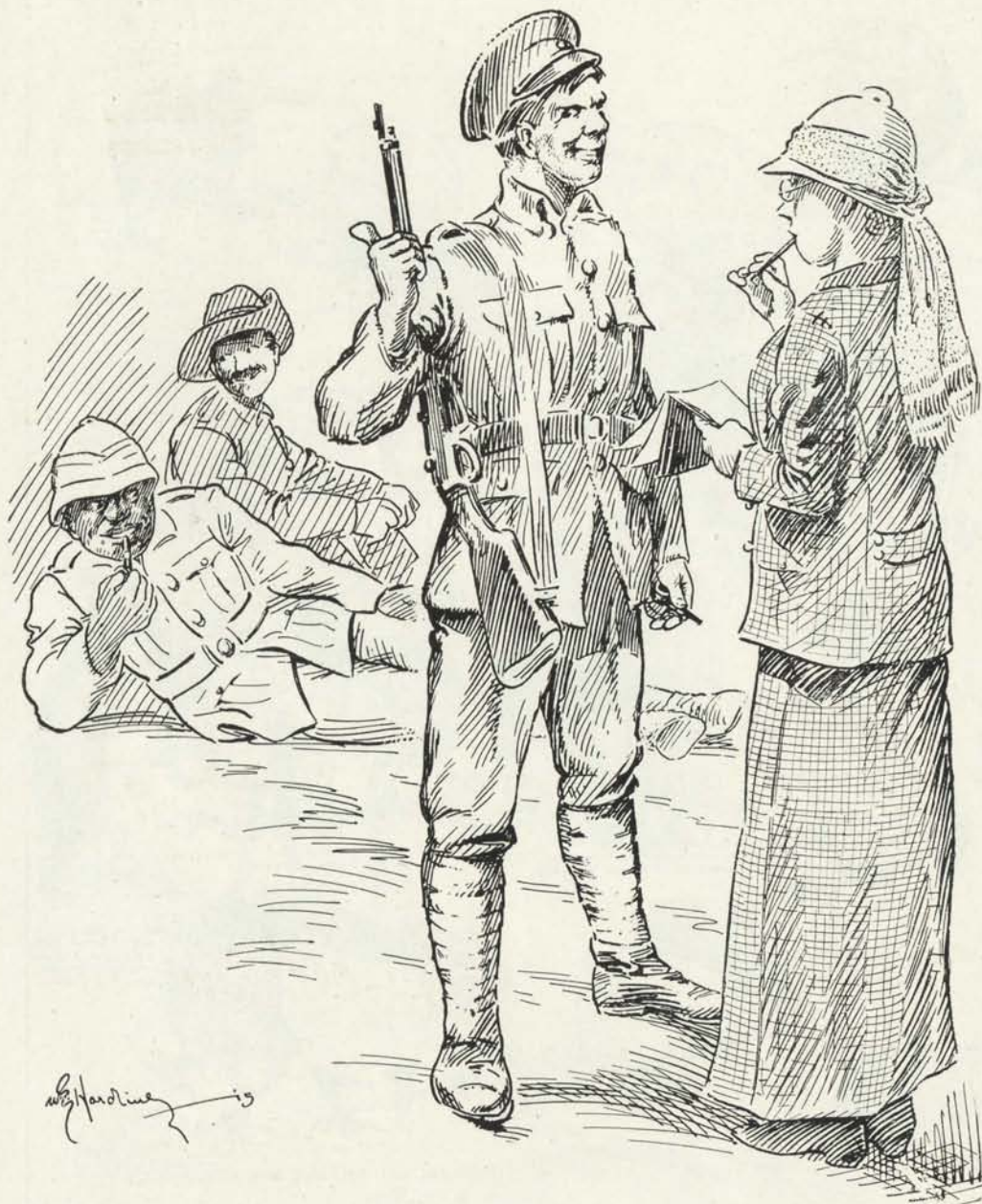
Returned Soldier (to inquisitive stranger): "I was blown to bits by a shell."

Inquisitive Stranger: "Young man, if that happened you would be dead!"

Returned Soldier: "But, you see, I was perfectly collected and pulled myself together again!"



The Entente



SAM WAYBACK INTERVIEWED.

"And what did you do, Mr. Wayback, when the horrid Turks fired at you?"
 "Well, you see, Lady, I just stepped aside, and the bullet sped harmlessly by and flattened itself against the thick part of Jimmy Kumara's head."

QUIPS

A mathematical absurdity—A walk round Cathedral Square.

* * *

The Chairman of the Lyttelton Harbour Board indignantly denies that he stated "that the Gladstone Pier was not wide enough for Doctor Thacker."

* * *

Small Boy (who has been reading history : "Dad, what is an abiding monument ?"
 City Councillor ; "Mr. Sorensen's silk hat."

* * *

Overheard in a Christchurch Tram :

Young Bank Clerk (to Labourer who has been advocating wealth conscription) : "Now, we Capitalists——"

* * *

We learn to our horror that the Citizens Defence Corps paraded in Hagley Park in caps and badges. If this sort of thing is to continue it is about time the Domains Board put its foot down and rigidly enforced the wearing of regulation badges.

* * *

A motor producer named Fawd
 Cried "Let us have Peace again, Lawd,
 For business is paugh
 On account of the waugh,
 Oh turn into spare parts the Sawd."

* * *

HOT SPRINGS.

First Returned Trooper : "I see you got into hot water at Hanmer."
 Second Ditto : "Well, what do you suppose I went there for."

* * *

Given up Betting in Thousands.

First Small Boy (on Dallington Bridge) : "'Ow deep is it, Bill ?"
 Second Ditto : "Deep ernuff ter drown yer."
 First Ditto : "Garn !"
 Second Ditto : "Bet yer forty million pounds !"

THE WAKATU



(With apologies to Lewis Carroll.)

(In the early days of the war the S.S. Wakatu was fired upon from the Fort in Lyttelton Harbour for dis-regarding the War Regulations.)



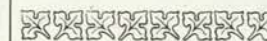
WAS misty mug—the Wakatu
Was wobbling in the wabes,
Below in bunk the tarry crew
Were snorteling like babes.
The wharpled wheelman wearily
Whirled whiffing the spokes,
The bulgy boatswain drearily
Purred pornopathic jokes.

“ Look ! look ! the lummy lights of home,
“ The Lytteltonian lamps.”
The snartled steersman heaved a grome,
Then stretched his creeching cramps.
“ Soon, soon the bilgy beer we’ll brooge
“ While breasting brilly bars,
“ And crumptions curly girls will crooge—
“ Awake ! ye tartless tars !”

When biff-bang-bum, a bursting blage
Came srooshing from the shore ;
A shrieking shell in wild affrage
Its aerial passage tore.
It crossed the Wakatu and wumped
Splish splash into the sea ;
The skipper in his barxy bunk
Cried “ Hell ” most huriously.

Anon he donned his trumpled trouse
And laced his bootles tight ;
He could not stop to fix his blouse,
So frimpled he in fright.
He rushed into the rageous night
And seathered as he came ;
Oh ! Jod ! it was a flusome sight
To see his anger flame.

THE WAKATU—continued



And as he mauled his burmy beard
And muggled murderously,
A searchlight shimmeringly fleared
Across the swashing sea :
A voice vulped vauntingly, “ Heave to,
“ Or durdly death you die.”
The skipper bellowed “ Bah ! Boohoo !
“ That’s all my blurgy eye !”

Then one-two-four the cannon’s roar
Bing-bang bummed once again ;
The borchy bellow biffled o’er
The Canterbury Plain.
“ And hast thou snunked the Wakatu ? ”
The Colonel calmly crooned.
“ Ju-ha Ju-hoo ! Oh Waberu ! ”
He smuttered as he swooned.

—P.E.W.

YOU CAN'T SAW WOOD WITH A HAMMER



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to YOU.

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IF



IF I were Queen and topped the poll,
How happy I would be
When I had reached the wished-for goal
In crowned society.
Just fancy ! when through crowded Square
I marched in regal dress,
The others bringing up the rear—
Their feelings I can guess.
If only they had chosen me
Instead of Mrs —
They could have won quite easily—
They've got themselves to thank.

If Doctor Thacker's job were mine
I would not be so shy,
I would not in seclusion pine
Nor let my mana die :
I'd take the soldiers 'neath my wing,
I'd scrub the city streets—
(A horse is an untidy thing)—
I'd give the people treats.
I'd beard the premier ceaselessly
With popular demands,
And everywhere I went I'd be
Preceded by brass bands.

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R. HERDMAN SMITH, F.S.A.M

DIRECTOR

BELGIUM



OUT of the misty flats her cry came ringing,
The dunes and dim salt marshes heard her wailing,
Her ancient dikes and forts were unavailing,
Round the whole world her bitter cry went winging.

Round the whole world the men of British breeding,
How far, far off soever was their dwelling,
Heard the blanched lips the dreadful story telling
And in their thousands to her aid came speeding.

Behold her with her pain and shame still quivering,
While from afar, with brave and gallant bearing,
Throng the young heroes, arming and preparing—
Not yet, but soon, the hour of her delivering !

—Arnold Wall.




THE LIKELY COMBINATION.

Single Man : "Do you think two can live as cheaply as one?"


Married Man : "Oh, thinking of getting married, eh? But you must count on eight or ten, my boy."



Love at First Sight



TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF GERMAN
SHORT WAR STORY



From the Berliner Platterbatt.

I.

HIGH on a rocky crag (or was it a craggy rock) over-looking the rapid Rhine, perched the crenellated and castellated towers of Bimmelheim. This perching had gone on uninterruptedly for hundreds of years, and uninterruptedly during those hundreds of years the Barons and Baronesses of Bimmelheim had perpetuated their line.

One of these perpetuations now leaned her fair form upon the ramparts and gazed, with eyes weakened by the strain of years of gazing through nought but mullioned windows, down the winding road that led to the river's bank and so to Berlin.

"He is coming, my love, my own," murmured the beautiful Hildegard, as she espied in the far distance a rapidly advancing horseman. She waved her needle-pricked fingers, rolled up her Berlin wool work and fled away down the winding staircase that led to the kitchen—for a Herr Captain must eat.

II.


"Beloved, must you go?" sobbed the fair Hildegard, as she leaned on the Herr Captain's breast and ran her fingers lovingly up and down the spikes of his "a l'Empereur" moustache.

"Dearest, my country calls me! The Fatherland needs me, the Emperor, the great War Lord, has spoken and we go to crush the hated English—strafe them good and hard! In a month I shall be occupying an apartment in the Schloss Buckingham, overlooking the far-famed Mile End Road—though they tell me that it is not in the same street as Unter den Linden." [Why stress a geographical absurdity?—Editor.]

"But, Beloved, you may be wounded—killed! I cannot bear the thought," and she sobbed some more.

"Never fear, dearest Hildegard," soothed the Herr Captain.

"Have I not my patent enamelled chest producer and preserver, and has not our Kaiser, Heaven preserve him, issued an order that officers shall not unnecessarily expose themselves? Also (take care, beloved, you have pushed the end of my moustache dangerously near my right eye), these English will not fight, they are a nation of shopkeepers and



SHORT WAR STORY—*continued*

Socialists, and their degenerate nobility play cricket—it is done with a football and a stick. Himmel! but the affair is too easy."

"Go, then, and Heaven preserve you!" cried the noble Hildegard, as she bruised her fair breast for the last time on her hero's chest preserver. Sobbing, she fled to the battlements and waved her last adieus from the crenellations.

As the last gleam of his spiked helmet disappeared on the horizon, a thought stabbed her through.

"Heavens!" she shrieked, "He has forgotten the sausages!" and swooned on the leads.

III.

Twelve weary months have passed away. Every day the Lady Hildegard had repaired to the battlements with her Berlin wool work, and every day she watched with mullion-dimmed eyes the road that led to Bimmelheim, and, like another equally distinguished lady, "He cometh not," she sighed.

She was alone—alone! ach Himmel! her father, the Baron, was at the wars, and her little dog Fritz was long gone the way of all sausages. Meat was scarce that summer.

Suddenly, a cloud of dust is seen upon the horizon. A cavalcade approaches. A small body of Uhlans comes riding along the road escorting a strange vehicle whose armorial bearings are represented by a huge red cross. Slowly they climb the hill, and slowly they cross the draw-bridge to the great courtyard where the Lady of Bimmelheim stands to greet them.

A sergeant approaches and essays to speak. "Madame," he says, then pauses—

"Speak! tell me quickly! the Herr Captain——"

"He is here" replied the sergeant, indicating the vehicle.

"He is dead!" she shrieked wildly. "And you bring him to me in a butcher's waggon."

"Ach Gott! Lady, that is not a butcher's waggon. Is is an ambulance. Moreover, the Herr Captain is not dead. He is badly dinted, but the Herr Doktor declares that he will recover with care."

The ambulance waggon was then opened and the poor Herr Captain was discovered lying on a stretcher. As they lifted him and carried him to the great guest chamber, he groaned heavily. It was mostly "Ach Gott!" but "der Teufel" came in for a fair share of apostrophe. It seemed evident that the dints were serious.

All that night the fair Lady Hildegard watched by the side of her damaged hero, and, to her intense joy, just as the dawn broke she heard a faint murmur from the depths of the canopied state bed. She leaned hurriedly over the prostrate form and cried softly, "Did you speak,



dear one? Tell your own Hildy what it is you want."

A feeble voice moaned the one word, "Bier."

Hildegarde hastily summoned the sergeant, who, on hearing the glad tidings, sped, weeping, to the buttery, and returned laden with a foaming jug into which, as he carried it, the tears of joy fell with an audible splash.

Propped on his lady love's breast the wounded hero dealt successfully with two quarts, but the third beat him, so he turned his face to the wall and also wept.

"Alas!" cried the good sergeant, "It is the dints, there is not so much room," and went sadly away to finish the jug.

IV.

Time went on, and, after much massage and many runnings to and from the buttery, the poor Herr Captain had so far recovered his normal outlines as to be able to leave his couch and repair with the lovely Hildegarde to the garden, where he lay upon rugs and cushions—the beer jug within handy reach.

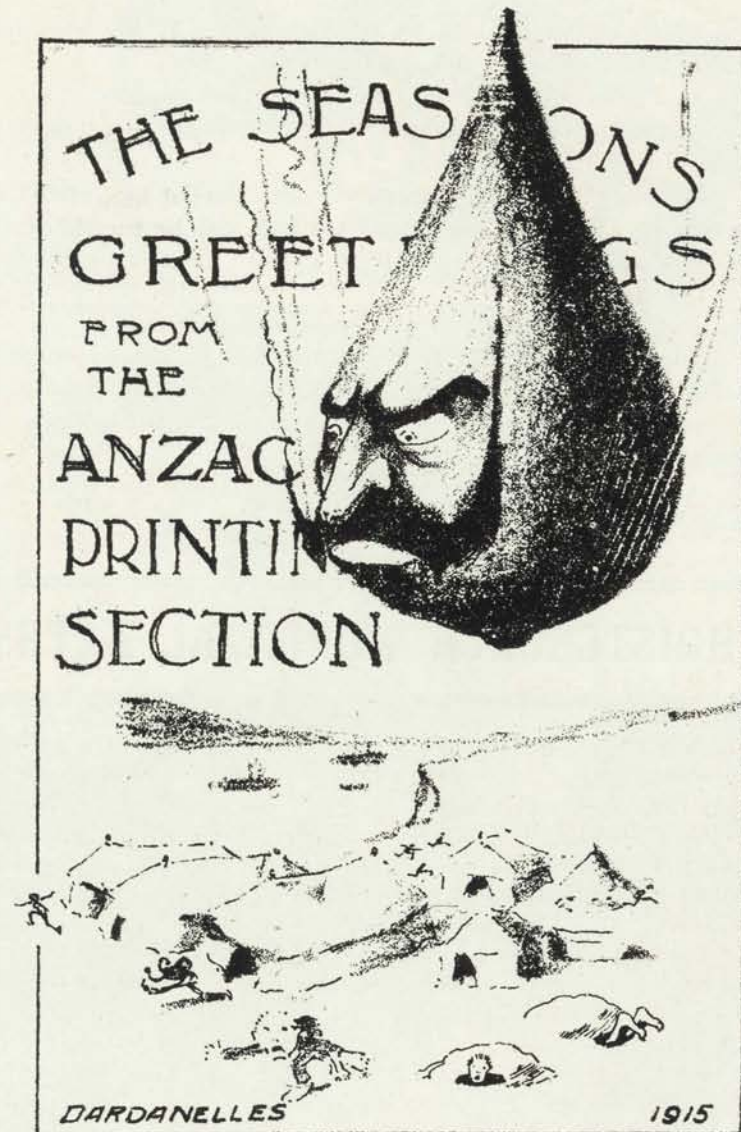
Then only did our heroine learn of the doings and sufferings of her warrior. It was a sad tale.

"The English, ach yes, they fought, to our great surprise, but they do not fight fair. They do not observe the rules of war. Listen, dear one. We Germans, if we are surrounded and out-numbered ten to one, we raise the white flag and surrender. Not so these madmen. They fight on—they lose their tempers—they use the most dreadful language. Then they are irreverent. They even mock at our Emperor. The Tommy privates they say he is William the Weed. That is blasphemy. Ach Gott, but they shall pay! My dints? How came I by them? You shall hear, dear love (a pint will suffice—I have no thirst). You will have noticed that I have no chest protector now. Alas, my beautiful chest protector, it is wrecked! Listen. One day, while scouting with my Uhlans, I surprised a small party of English at a village in France. They were shoeing their horses at the forge and had not kept a good look out. However, they all reached their horses but one man whom I called upon to surrender. But he was mad and rushed upon me with his smithy hammer, and, before he was shot down succeeded in destroying my chest preserver, and, incidentally, the contour of my chest."

"How terrible," murmured the Lady Hildegarde. "But, dear one, the dints upon your back?"

"Beloved," replied the Herr Captain, "there are some things too terrible to relate to tender ears. Let us forget for a short time the horrors of war. Meanwhile, I thirst," and the Lady Hildegarde dropped her Berlin wool work and fled away to the buttery.

—P.E.W.



A Christmas Card from the Front

The Electrical Department of the Christchurch City Council

DESIRES to call attention to their especially low rate for ELECTRICAL COOKING and HEATING.

This rate is 3d. per unit for all current used not on the Council peak load hours, and 6d. per unit for that used during peak load hours.

During the Summer months, viz., September, October, November, December, January, February and March, the peak load period is from 6 p.m. till 10 p.m.

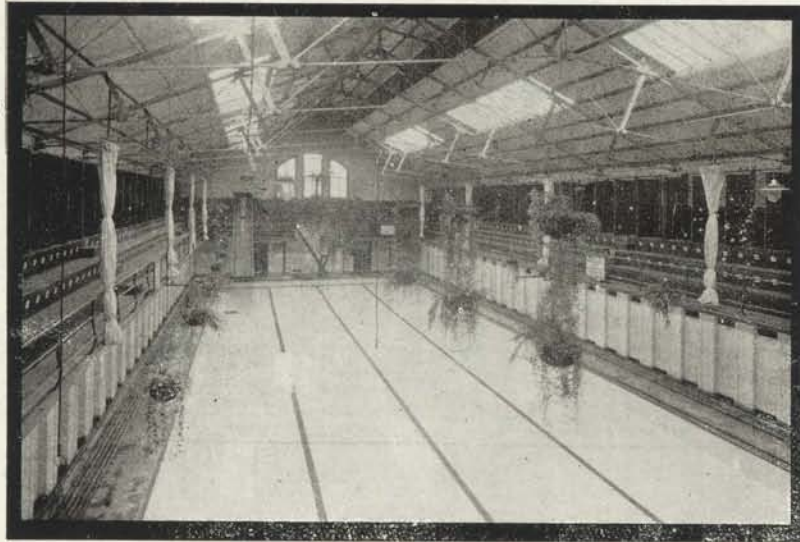
During the Winter months, viz., April, May, June, July, and August, the peak load is from 3 p.m. till 9 p.m.

The registration of the consumption is indicated on two meters, one for the 3d. rate, the other for the 6d. rate and all current (Light and Heat) is indicated by one or the other of these meters.

A clock controls the times of registration and a charge of 10/- per year is made for its use.

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The finest and most up-to-date Swimming Pool in Australasia.

Swimming Instructions given by Custodian and Assistants.

TERMS :

Males, full Course .. 15/-

Women and Children .. 10/-



THE HAWAIIAN NAVY

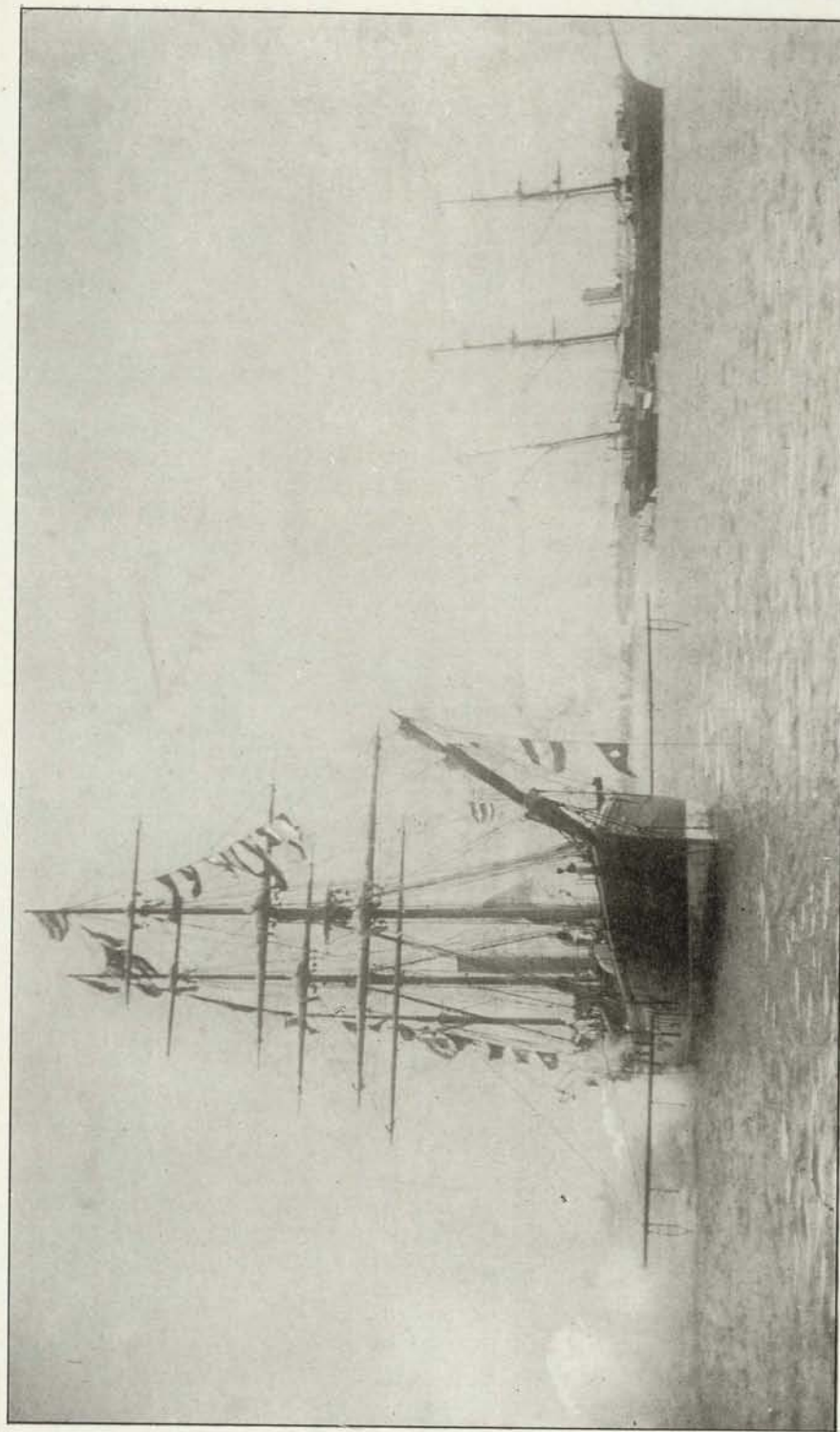
DURING the troublous times in Samoa, Kalakaua, at that time king of the Hawaiian Islands, conceived the idea of island confederation, and (to quote Stevenson's "A Footnote to History") "armed and fitted out the cruiser 'Kaimiloa,' nest-egg of the future navy of Hawaii. Samoa, the most important group still independent and one immediately threatened with aggression, was chosen for the scene of action. The Hon. John E. Bush, a half-caste Hawaiian, sailed (December, 1887) for Apia as minister plenipotentiary, accompanied by a secretary of legation, Henry F. Poor; and, as soon as she was ready for sea, the war-ship followed in support. The expedition was futile in its course, almost tragic in result. The 'Kaimiloa' was from the first a scene of disaster and dilapidation; the stores were sold; the crew revolted; for a great part of the night, she was in the hands of mutineers, and the secretary lay bound upon the deck. The mission, installing itself at first with extravagance at Matautu, was helped at last out of the island by the advances of a private citizen."

The photograph on the opposite page is one of a series taken by J. D. Strong, Stevenson's son-in-law, and shows the "Kaimiloa" lying at anchor in Apia harbour. Strong "was attached to the Embassy in the surprising quality of 'Government Artist,' and took a leading part in the intrigues carried on between the Embassy and the rebel king of Samoa. The Germans were very much incensed at the actions of the Embassy, but eventually out-witted Poor, after some exciting scenes.

"When the 'Kaimiloa' steamed out of Apia on a visit to Mataafa, the German warship, 'Adler,' followed at her heels; and Mataafa was no sooner set down with the Embassy than he was summoned and ordered on board by two German officers. The step is one of those triumphs of temper which can only be admired. Mataafa is entertaining the plenipotentiary of a sovereign power in treaty with his own king, and the captain of a German corvette orders him to quit his guests.

"Not long after, the presence of the 'Kaimiloa' was made a casus belli by the Germans; and the rough and tumble Embassy withdrew, on borrowed money, to find their own Government in hot water to the neck."

—P.E.W.



The Hawaiian Navy

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