

THE LANDING AT ANZAC.

It would be scarcely right if in this issue we did not make some mention of the historic landing at Anzac, the anniversary of which was celebrated on April 25th. A number of the present members of our Unit were privileged to take part in this landing, and the remainder, we know, always "Stand to Attention" at the mention of the fine behaviour of the British and Australian troops, as well as our brother New Zealanders on that occasion, and during all the many months that followed. Our humble part was merely to receive several shiploads of wounded direct from the Beach to our hospital at Port Said, and the accounts we heard from these men of the partings of our friends and loved ones, as they died bravely fighting the foe, thrilled us, and gave us a longing to share some of the dangers to which they had been exposed.

To make our position clear, we wish to dissociate ourselves altogether from the views held by the New Zealand General Hospital (which has always remained in Cairo) through their official paper, the Hohipera Journal, when they say—"We feel that New Zealand will be as proud of the . . . Unit which left New Zealand as the No. 2 Stationary Hospital as they justly are of their brave soldiers who have fought on the battlefield." It is only by experiencing a few of the dangers to which our troops were exposed that we now realise how small was our part at peaceful Port Said, as compared with the great dangers midst bursting shot and shell of our brothers at Anzac. We, therefore, would bow with our New Zealand readers in admiration of the heroic work they accomplished.

It is not our intention to add anything further in the form of a detailed account of the heroic stand of our troops. Their noble deeds speak for themselves, and it is pleasing to know that the anniversary of the day of landing has been celebrated so well.

THE HOHIPERA JOURNAL.

Although a copy of this journal was not sent to us, we have seen the first (April) number, and must heartily congratulate the Editor on the production. Although the journal has scarcely been printed in accordance with Standing Order No. 19 issued to the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force (1/3/1916), we quite sympathise with the staff of our contemporary: such papers as ours are certainly very seriously handicapped by these strictures. The first issue of the Hohipera Journal is certainly deserving of much praise, and the pains that have evidently been taken with it remind us of the zeal which some of us used to enter into the preparation of the "Wellingtonian" in the days of long ago.

WHAT RELIGION ?

The Adjutant (who is obtaining information for the preparation of new identification discs, and who is ever particular about the proper religion being inserted) XX to another officer:—

"What religion shall I have marked on your disc Major—?"

Ever obliging Major: "Let's see, what sort are you short of?"

AFTER THE TRIP TO LUXOR.

Returned Sergeant (contemplating over a book of pictures): "Mac, do you think you'll ever be a mummy?"

The Sleuth: "Well, I don't know? I had hoped to be a daddy some day, but I've never had aspirations to mummyhood."

AT SALONIKA.

All the morning men from the "Scabies" lines had been handing in their clothes to the Q.M.'s store for disinfection. One patient appeared to remain away from the rest, and was the last to be dealt with. The genial Q.M. addressed him—"You're from the "Scabies," aren't you?"

Pat: "No! indade, sirr.-Connaught Rangers!"

THE ANZACS

Out of the boats they leapt ashore
Quite heedless of the cannons roar;
Right up the heights they quickly soar—
THE ANZACS.

They landed on the Turkish shore,
They fought and fell to rise no more,
They covered them with Turkish gore—
THE ANZACS.

Their noble deeds will never die,
Forward! This was their battle cry;
Push on my lads, we'll do or die—
THE ANZACS.

In face of shot and bursting shell
What they endured no tongue can tell;
They faced the very jaws of Hell—
THE ANZACS.

Their comrades fell on left and right;
They heeded not the bloody sight:
On, On, they pushed with all their might—
THE ANZACS.

All night through they crept along:
"God Save the King!" their only song.
They helped the weak against the strong—
THE ANZACS.

No Turkish shell could hold them back;—
Though loud the rifle bullets crack,
They climbed the cliffs, there was no track—
THE ANZACS.

Their pluck and daring all have praised,
A monument of fame they raised:
The world looked on and stood amazed—
THE ANZACS.

From Australasia these men came
To help keep up Britannia's name:
Yes, loyally they played the game—
THE ANZACS.

Some have crossed death's narrow stream:
They look upon a brighter scene.
The world will keep their memory green—
THE ANZACS.

BEN JONES.



HARD ON THE YORKS.

The sick parade of the day was being held before the medical officer of the... Yorkshire Regiment. Most of the cases had been dealt with, when up stepped a man with rather a severe septic hand (right). The Medical officer carried out his duties as per Reg. 15559, Clause (b) and then gave the order—"Ordinary diet, light duty - left hand - Quick march - Left Wheel.

ROUGH WEATHER ON SEA.

Officer to Irish patient: 'W' hat's your trouble, my man?"

Pat, of the Munster Fusiliers:

"Pains, sirr."

Officer: "Before or after meals?"

Pat: "After meals, sirr."

Officer: "Do you vomit?"

Pat: "Vomit, phwat's that sirr?"

Officer: "Are you sick? Do you vomit?"

Pat: "Ah, yes, sirr, shure I do."

Officer: "And when do you vomit?"

Pat: "When I'm seasick, sirr."

This article is entirely infatigable & its article in the Hohipera Journal by 1897 which records the work of our 2nd Regiment in Anzac has been a copy of it sent to you

No higher than 10 to be taken on 28 around the 2nd Regt