

the form of a concert given by the Tramways and Electricity Social Club Orchestra, interspersed with a number of musical items. Following the concert, eulogistic speeches were given by the general manager, Mr. Hutton, the city electrical engineer, Mr. Maunder, and Messrs. McCune and O'Sullivan.

The presentation, which was made by Mr. Hutton, consisted of an easy chair and a standard lamp. Mr. Good, in his reply, told of the various stages in the life of the electricity department and also gave us some of the humorous incidents which he had in his memory.

The evening concluded with supper, followed by a very pleasant dance much appreciated by the younger members of the staff.

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It is with great pleasure that we announce the arrival of a bonny son to Mr. and Mrs. Joe King. Joe is very well known on the job, but even so much of his good work is not known to the extent that it should be, for as the treasurer of the comforts committee he is responsible for the raising of the necessary "hard stuff" which purchases the "comforts" we send to you chaps overseas. We leave it to you to judge just how good a job he is making of his position. To Joe and Mrs. King we extend the very sincere congratulations of all their friends.

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We have been hearing some comments concerning the officers of the comforts committee getting additions to their families, so we thought we would see what is doing. In our last issue, you will no doubt remember, we told you that Mr. and Mrs. Hansen had just had a son, and now we are informing you of a similar event in the home of Mr. and Mrs. King. Now, Percy is chairman of the committee and Joe is treasurer, so hearing a lot of rumours, we decided to make some inquiries of Alf Burns, who is the secretary. We received some very caustic remarks from him, due, so he informed us, to the fact that he is now scared to go home as Mrs. Burns has threatened that there will be trouble in the Burns home if he thinks he is going to maintain the standard set up by the other officers of the committee. "Anyway," added Alf, "I am too busy with OVERSEAS comforts to think of HOME comforts just at present."

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Len Bernecker, one of our cobblers somewhere in the Pacific War Zone, who is doing a job of work putting Tojo's little yellow blighters on the run, has blossomed forth as a boxing trainer. He has unearthed a champion, a lad named Philip Gon, who is taking all before him. Gon, who never boxed before leaving New Zealand, has won nine

out of his last ten fights. His opponents have been American servicemen who have good records back in the States and put up strong opposition. Len has done a grand job of handling this boy and he says his protege would beat any amateur in New Zealand at his weight, 10st. 10lb. Gon's last fight drew a large crowd and he quickly K.O.ed his opponent in the first round amidst tremendous excitement. This boy Gon is very popular with our Allies and his latest effort brought the house down, incidentally earning many dollars for our New Zealand boys who backed him to the limit. The betting on these fights is very heavy. Keep the good work up, Len, and we hope to see you both back here soon in action in our Town Hall. You certainly have done a grand job of making a champion who definitely looks the goods.

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The following tribute to the "Kiwi Concert Party" was written by Conductor Betty Butler:—

It was the "Kiwis" who were playing,  
I closed my eyes while listening,  
Saw the palm trees gently swaying,  
And desert starlight glistening.

To somewhere over yonder,  
My thoughts were quickly fleeting,  
Where lonely hearts grow fonder  
At another "Kiwi" greeting.

They scramble from their dugout,  
They leave their trucks to slumber,  
While in the desert blackout,  
Await the Opening Number.

Comfort was not found in sand,  
Or warmth in a desert breeze,  
But with a pal on either hand,  
And a greatcoat round their knees.

These men from home who are our  
pride,  
Will gather now, and after,  
To let the "Kiwis" turn the tide,  
From thoughts of war, to laughter.

Be they French or Aussies,  
South Africans or Yanks,  
New Zealanders or Tommies,  
To the "Kiwis" they give thanks.

So back to the stage once more  
At the final chord of the band,  
To find my feet on the floor,  
And my eyes not full of sand.

Men of the "Kiwi Concert Party,"  
Whom I applaud so loudly,  
Please accept this greeting hearty,  
From one beholding you proudly.