

A Duty Well and Nobly Done

PROBABLY nothing has stirred the imagination of the people of New Zealand more than the unexpected return for a spell of furlough of a portion of the Second New Zealand Division which has rendered such yeoman service in the battlefields of the North African Deserts.

Imagination runs from the realisation by the men concerned that what must have been rumours of the truest Army type current for many months were to be realised, to the excitement of the embarkation and the natural hush-hush of the whole undertaking. And very largely to the ultimate destinies of the men themselves.

Briefly, the men who have returned formed what were known in the early days of the mobilisation of the 2nd N.Z.E.F. Division as the First, Second and Third Echelons, and well remembered is the controversy over the meanings and pronunciations of this hitherto little used word.

These formations left New Zealand at intervals and an immediate connecting link with the Great War was made when the first of the formations was encamped in the same surroundings as that body of men which left these shores for destinations unknown in the first few months of the long and bitter struggle which is known now as the Great War.

With the association with the Australian Forces was sown the seed of the spirit and tradition of what is universally described as the "Anzac tradition."

Historians and writers throughout the world have touched on this tradition and the later generation of new soldiers that left these shores in the early months of this war left with the expectation and hope that they would preserve that tradition.

That this has been accomplished, and is undeniable, is proved by the battle records of the new division.

Under the inspired leadership of a soldier with a fighting record second to none in any part of the world, the division rose to every occasion magnificently.

Significantly, the men who have returned were all volunteers for service in any part of the world and, again, traditionally free men have proved themselves the best soldiers.

The transition from war to peace, even though it may be only temporary peace, has come to these men with a dazing suddenness, and during the period that they have been released from their duties there will be time for contemplation, not only by them themselves, but by the whole country.

Events in war-time happen with startling suddenness and the ultimate destinies of these men cannot be seen with any clearness.

What is certain is that whether or no they return to where they came from, they will be welcomed in any sphere, as by their steadiness and devotion to duty they have acquired a stability that has fitted them for any operation, be it military or civil.

The contemplation of the position of returned men in the post-war world is worthy of serious consideration and thought. Many men who have done their part in the fighting sense are capable of sharing in the problems of readjustment and stabilisation which are sure to follow. Let them have every chance of participating.

—A. P. F. NEESHAM,
Capt. N.Z.T.S.

HOT SHOTS



WE understand that Sgt. Hotere held an "at home" in his hut the other evening after a "do" in the Sergeants' Mess. It was a rather exclusive affair—he didn't invite any of his pals, it was noticed.

Who is the D Coy. man who is seen each morning to empty a hot water bottle?

Colin Ruskrige has acquired the name "Topsy" because he works in Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Who wouldn't be a sergeant? Poultry two weeks running!

A COW!

WE were very proud of our gardens. None more so than the gardeners. But the other day a drove of cattle was being driven past, when the leaders decided to investigate the camp. So cows (male and female), horses (sex unknown) and dogs (assorted) went for a stroll over our gardens. The pansies and violas, smuggling to the bosom of mother earth, withdrew from sight. They haven't been seen since.

And you should have heard the language of the gardeners. . . . 'strewth!

Said the young lady—"and there's Murray McNair—you know—the bulldog's father."

COLD SHOWERS

NO more will we get the inside story of the winner of next Saturday's races. No more will we hear the tale of woe poured in our sympathetic ear. No more will the Orderly Room spend half the morning explaining things—and then, in the afternoon start off explaining again. P.B.P. Rosie has left us.

Why did Ray McNairy get rattled when he got a telegram of congratulations?

Who was the N.C.O. who started ordering the C.O. about during a recent pig hunt?

