

eryman's Hut

y, that seekest me through pain,
not close my heart to Thee;
e the rainbow through the rain,
eel the promise is not vain
morn shall tearless be."

many hearts throughout the
to-day the prospect of the
ng of a tearless morn is very,
emote. The sorrow, anguish and
ing that has befallen so many
ies has blotted out all joy and
ness, hope has given away to
r, for many the sun seems to
ceased to shine, and it seems
beyond belief that the dark-

will ever give place to another
at all, and most assuredly not
lawn that will have nothing of
in it. Yet what warrant have
for adopting this attitude?
ghout the ages there has always
suffering and despair, and yet
has sprung from them happi-
and joy, and even to-day the
and tears caused by the sacrif-
war are tempered by the know-
that the loved one mourned for
ed gloriously in the cause of
and justice. If we look
h our tears at the sun, they are
with the hues of the rainbow,
ould not this teach us that if
our deepest trials and sorrows
nly look to Him, who is the
of light, to Him, who on earth
"I am the light of the world,"
those very trials and sorrows
ke on the hues of heaven itself,
st as the rainbow is the token
e world will never more be
lmed by a flood, so that sight
the pledge that our sorrows
overwhelm us, but that there
own a "bright and glorious
" in which all tears shall be
way.

is needed amongst us to-day
spirit of the three young He-
en, who, when given the choice
ouncing the living, God and
down to an image or else be-
into the fire, said to the king
od, whom we trust, is able to
us from the fire, but even if
is purpose to allow us to be
to the fire, be it known unto
King, we will not bow down
image," and through the af-
of the fiery furnace they
l to greater honour than if
d been spared. And in our
trial, let us, as a nation now
g alone, look not to any na-
ast or west, as a source of
at let us look, like David, to the
God of the armies of Israel,
umbleness of heart, and all the
preints in the world will not pre-
against us, and secure in His
h we will be able to look for-
the rising of the Sun of
ousness and the dawning of a
that shall tearless be."

are sure that Mr. Les Taylor's
ight at the Hut will remain
his memory, as the men show
r appreciation of Mrs. Taylor's
s services for them and we only

regret that Mrs. Taylor was not able
to be present. Our prayers and best
wishes follow them to the North.
Mr. Gordon Blair is well settled
in again making up leeway with the
Thirde and on Sunday evening he
spoke to an attentive audience from
the 3rd Chapter of John, citing Nico-
demus as one who though he had
great head knowledge of the Old
Testament teachings, yet had to re-
ceive that knowledge in the heart ere
he could enter heaven and urging the
men to look to the Son of Man, lifted
up "as Moses lifted up the serpent
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ARTILLERYMEN FOR TRAINING

Hawke's Bay Territorials

Artillerymen from Hawke's Bay
centres have left to undergo training
in Wellington preparatory to entering
camp with other members of the
territorial force in two months' time.
The following 50 officers and n.c.o.'s
left by train:—

Napier: Sergeant Bissett, Lieuten-
ant D. Stonehouse, Lieutenant T.
Reaney, Lieutenant E. W. Clement,
Lieutenant A. M. Duncan, Battery
Sergeant-Major G. H. A. Johansen,
Troop Sergeant-Major F. A. McCulloch,
Troop Sergeant-Major J. E. S. Wilson,
Bombardier A. P. Blair, Lance-
Sergeant E. H. Carew, Bombardier M.
J. C. Carswell, Bombardier H. D. Sim-
monds, Sergeant D. J. S. Millar, Ser-
geant H. C. Barlow, Lance-Sergeant
B. de C. Thompson, Lance-Sergeant G.
S. Hay, Lance-Sergeant K. Player,
Lance-Sergeant A. D. Wilkinson,
Bombardier H. G. Menzies, Bombar-
dier R. J. Thorp, Bombardier R. A.
Griffith, Acting-Sergeant C. W. Waters,
Acting-Sergeant J. E. Clapcott,
Bombardier J. F. Scarrott, Bombardier
A. O. Woodhouse, Bombardier D. A.
Blewett, Lieutenant Stancombe.

Hastings: Lance-Sergeant F. R.
Tankard, Lance-Sergeant W. H. Robin-
son.

Waipukurau: Captain S. Coles.

AIRCRAFTMAN KILLED

Fall From Plane At Ohakea Aerodrome

As the result of a fall from a Vincent
aircraft, Leading Aircraftman David
Hanforth Hawkes, of the R.N.Z.A.F.,
was killed at Ohakea at 10 a.m. on 3rd
inst. This was announced by the Min-
ister of Defence, Mr. Jones.

The aircraft was engaged in bombing
practice at a height of 3600ft. There
is no information as yet as to the
cause or circumstances of the acci-
dent, but an official committee of in-
quiry is to be held.

Aircraftman Hawkes was the son of
Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Hawkes, Onerahi,
North Auckland, and was 24 years of
age. Before his entry into the
R.N.Z.A.F. he was on the staff of the
Whangarei Harbour Board. He was
educated at Whangarei High School
and was well known in cricket and
football circles.

A Papakura Soldier's Experience as Collector

In connection with the recent Queen
Carnival, held in Auckland for the
Sick and Wounded Fund, on the last
Friday of the appeal a soldier relates

his experience in collecting for the
soldiers' queen. He remarks, it cer-
tainly was a great experience. Never
before have I seen money so freely
given. The good-natured rivalry be-
tween the various collectors for their
respective queens was an eye-opener
to me. I took up my position on the
corner of Wyndham and Queen
Streets. I helped to relieve quite a
lot of people of some of "their sur-
plus cash." One lady said to me: "I
passed all the other collectors, but I
can't pass the uniform." Another old
lady surprised with her donation. She
was so shabbily dressed that I didn't
ask her to put anything in the box.
She came over and put a £1 note in
the box. I very nearly fell over in
surprise. The highlight of the day
was the procession. All Queen Street
seemed to be alive with people. The
procession went up Wellesley Street
West up Symonds Street, through to
Karangahape Road, down Pitt Street
and Grey Avenue, back to Queen
Street. The people along that route
gave wonderfully. They bought art
union tickets with hardly much urg-
ing. Some of them showed me fist-
fuls of art union tickets, yet they
bought art union tickets from me for
the soldiers' queen. Altogether it
was a great day and I did not be-
grudge helping while I was on leave,
and the experience was really worth
while.

YULE SMILE

LIKE AMATEURS!

It had been a very mediocre regi-
mental boxing championship, and
afterwards the men were discussing
it.

"Not much of a fight, was it, Bill?"
said Private Jones.

"Gor. lumme," said Private Smith,
"if me and the missus put up a show
like that on a Saturday night, why,
the kids 'ud boo us."

* * * *

As the sergeant-major was being
borne to his last resting-place, the
coffin accidentally hit the corner of a
wall. From the interior came a yell.
The sergeant-major had merely had a
cataleptic fit.

He did actually die a week later. As
the coffin was being carried along the
path there came a shout from the
ranks: "Mind that wall, mates."

* * * *

"Don't refuse a trifle, sir. I'm an
old soldier," whined the beggar.

"Old soldier, eh? We'll see," said
the General. "Shun," he roared. . . .
"Eyes right . . . eyes front. . . Stand
at ease. . . ."

"What comes next?"
"PRESENT ALMS," said the beg-
gar.

* * * *

"There we were!" exclaimed
Tommy, "surrounded by Germans . . .
trapped, with no ammunition. There
was no food, nothing to drink. The
rum jar had been smashed by a
sniper. . . ."

"Wasn't there any water?" inter-
rupted a listener.

"Course there was," snapped
Tommy, "but that wasn't no time to
think of cleanliness."

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FRANK THOMPSON, Photographer

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thing low," says a Berlin paper. The
point is, could he?

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and DELICIOUS with
pets and Butter Scotch Sauce.
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