

spend what money he had earned up-country in a "bender." He had better excuse than most. No one was dependent upon him, and to a man with his few wants the money was superfluous. It was characteristic of him to slip off without saying good-bye to any one. He hated it, and distrusted emotion.



I sat on my horse and watched until a bend in the road hid him from sight.

Then with a sigh I turned back to chasing sheep. I had a home, a charming wife, and two lovely children I was happy and contented, but the eternal vagabond in me wanted to be slipping down the sunlit road in the cool of a summer morning.



THE COMRADES

By Corporal G. R. GILBERT, R.N.Z.A.F.

We are the living :
They are the dead whose now helpless
hands
The burden bear.

Ours the tears but theirs the sacrifice
And they know nothing any more
Not ever failure or success
Nor even peace.

Think of them as you board the tram
Or look for the latest film of love
Do not rejoice but remember ;
They are the dead.