

certain people whose identity my researches have so far failed to discover. About the year 1855 it was proposed to make John Webster Sovereign Chief of Eastern San Christoval, while Charles Julian, of New South Wales (afterwards Chief Justice of Fiji under King Thakobau), and E. E. de Boss Reeves, author of a book on the South Sea Islands, were to be appointed to the same dignity on the islands of Marau and Malo. These three kingdoms were to form a confederation under the protectorate of the Government of the Sandwich Islands. Each of the Sovereign Chiefs was provided with a national flag. Webster received a royal coat of arms and seal, of tasteful design, but apparently no prac-

tical steps were taken to put him in possession of his principality. King Kamehameha, of the Sandwich Islands, created him a Knight Commander of the Order of Arossi, the insignia of which was "very handsome and unique," but there the royal assistance ended.

A stream of questions arise, to which, unfortunately, I can give no answer. Who were the sponsors of this republican revival, and what was the form of their proposed constitution? Was their project backed up officially, or were they private adventurers? And, lastly, why were they prepared to spend quite a lot of money on expensive trappings, and, as it seems, very little on the practical details of setting up a Government.



TO SEE A MAN ABOUT A LEG

By Jim HENDERSON

"WELL, SO LONG," I said. "Good-bye. I'll be seeing you."

"Don't forget to write and tell us all about it," they said.

"You will now, won't you?"

"Yep," I said. "Good-bye."

The Pension Department's ticket took me in Newman's service car to Nelson, but I had to pay the 25s. boat-fare across Cook Strait. Once they reach Wellington, most amputees go to "Mowai" Red Cross Home, up in Hobson Street. But I wasn't quite fit enough yet, so a Red Cross car took me to Ward 11, Hutt Hospital. It was pretty good there. Nice and clean and new and cheerful. They know how to look after and, most important, understand a returned soldier.

So the days passed happily, until one day Sister Richardson came to me and said: "I've just got a ring from the Limb Factory. You're to report there tomorrow morning for your leg."

Oh boy, oh boy, won't that be great—to walk again—to put one foot in front of the other—to chuck the crutches away in a corner—to unpin, forever, that left trouser-leg, for so many months empty and tucked up—to wear a pair of shoes—

That night, I felt like a kid on Christmas Eve.

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A month ago I had gone to the Limb Factory to see about the building-up process—post-battle reconstruction.