



(continued from previous page)

Jess." He whistled gently, and a fox-terrier asleep by the fire rose and delicately accepted the tribute.

BARTIMEUS

("Naval Occasions")

Pioneer Dinners

CHRISTMAS DAY, blowing hard from the south-east and very cold, with neither grog, tea, or sugar, and nothing but the remains of the flour to celebrate the day. In the afternoon it turned out fine weather.

GEORGE HEMPLEMAN

(Banks Peninsula whaler, in the 'thirties)

IT was one of Wellington's best days—warm, mild, still, with blue sky above and a sapphire sea, and the air was filled with perfume and a hundred different sounds. The lapping of the sea mingled with the bell notes of the makomako and tui, and the fragrant perfume of steaming pigeons with that of burning bushwood in the boiling of the billy. There were sucking pig, beef, pigeons, parakeets, fish and sweet potatoes.

(Description of a Christmas Dinner in early Wellington.)

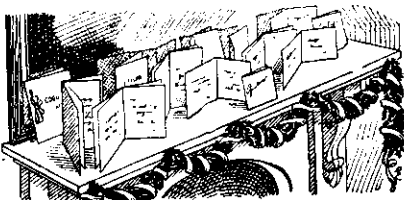
Antarctica and Kurdistan

I LOOKED round and found the second sledge halted some way in rear—evidently someone had gone into a crevasse. . . . It appears that Lashly went down very suddenly, nearly dragging the crew with him. . . . We had four courses. The first, pemmican, full whack, with slices of horse-meat flavoured with onion and curry powder, and thickened with biscuit; then an arrowroot, cocoa and biscuit hoosh sweetened; then a plum-pudding; then cocoa with raisins; and finally a dessert of caramels and ginger. After the feast it was difficult to move. Wilson and I couldn't finish our share of plum pudding. We have all slept splendidly and feel thoroughly warm—such is the effect of full feeding.

CAPTAIN SCOTT

(Diary—Christmas Day, 1911, latitude 85 deg. 50 S.)

THE day's journey was accomplished, and my Christmas mail awaited me. I read on and on till I had opened every letter and every parcel from my home at the ends of the earth. Cakes that were cakes, shortbread that was shortbread, even a plum pudding! All had made the 8000-mile journey from New



Zealand in grand style, packed as they were in soldered tins. . . . The matter was settled for me by the appearance of Clarke himself on the well-lit verandah, in immaculate evening dress. What a strange setting! A wild winter's night in Kurdistan, a solitary Englishman celebrating Christmas alone in a large typically Eastern house built out on the flat grain-fields of Arbil, that oldest of all cities. . . .

In a corner of the room a gramophone was playing a soft air by Beethoven, and the mantelpiece above the blazing fire was bedecked with Christmas cards, many Arabic and Kurdish ones amongst them, for even the Mohammedans joined in the spirit, if not in the belief, of Christmas.

A. M. HAMILTON

("Road Through Kurdistan")

Tasman and Marsden

AGAINST noon the Master came with the merchant of the Zeehaen on board our ship (the Heemskerck) as guests of the Commander. There were also two pigs killed for the crew, and the Commander ordered, besides the ration, a can of wine to be given to every man, as it was the time of the Fair.

SAILOR'S DIARY

(Tasman's ships being then in shelter at Stephens and Admiralty Islands.)

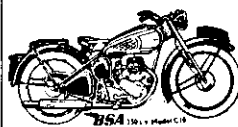
DECEMBER 25, 1814: About ten o'clock we prepared to go ashore to publish the glad tidings of the Gospel for the first time. I was under no apprehensions for the safety of the vessel, and therefore ordered all on board to go on shore to attend Divine Service, except the master and one man. When we landed we found Korokoro, Duaterra, and Shunghee dressed in regimentals which Governor Macquarie had given them, with their men ready to march into the enclosure to attend Divine Service. They had swords by their sides and a switch in their hands. We entered the enclosure and were placed in seats on each side of the pulpit. . . . The inhabitants of the town, with the women and children and a number of other chiefs, formed a circle round the whole. A very solemn silence prevailed—the sight was truly impressive. I got up and began the service with singing the Old Hundredth Psalm, and felt my very soul melt when I measured my congregation and considered the state we were in. After reading the service, during which the natives stood up and sat down at the signal given by the motion of Korokoro's switch, which was regulated by the movements of the Europeans, it being Christmas Day, I preached from the second chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, the tenth verse: "Behold I bring you tidings of great joy."

SAMUEL MARSDEN

(Journals)

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