

Previous to leaving New Zealand he was in charge of the Hastings branch of Mr. C. Tiliard Natusch's office.

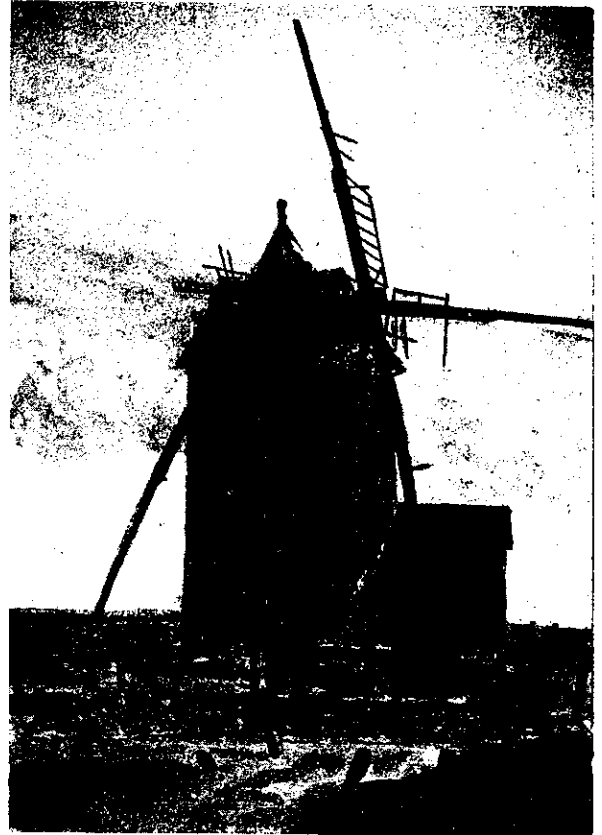
While at the front Staff-sergeant Chadwick, by his sterling qualities, made himself a great favourite, and in the words of his senior officer, Capt. Beamish, his decease "cast a universal gloom over the whole depot." It must be gratifying to those left behind to know that he had earned the greatest compliment that could be paid him by his brother officers, and that is, their sterling admiration. We civilians who remained at home—many of us being debarred from active service—can hardly realise what the boys have gone through together, and that it is only such experiences that test the manhood of our lads. It is therefore something to have lived for when a comrade can say that the loss of his pal has cast a universal gloom over the friends he left behind.

We are glad to have the opportunity of publishing some of Sergt. Chadwick's sketches drawn in his spare time, feeling sure that his brother architects in New Zealand will be glad of the opportunity of seeing them.

In the arid desert of life there springs a bubbling brook called *Friendship*. Master and man, rich and poor, bond and free may drink at the stream and know the richness and warmth of the beverage.—G.J.S.



Town Hall and old Church Tower. By Staff-Sergt. R. Chadwick, drawn from his office window in Bailleul, France.



Old Windmill at Etaples, France. From a water-colour drawing by Staff-Sergt. R. Chadwick. 1918.

### A Proper Pride.

You're spick and you're span enough, laddie,  
You reckon you're boss of the dock;  
But 'ow'd you like to 'like the 'ole night  
And stick to the tick of the clock?

I've done it, me lad; and no wonder  
They think such a lot of 'is nabs!  
'E wanted the stuff in the morning  
And they gives a quick look at 'is tabs.

Then they ups and they load us, yers trooly,  
Not 'arf a load, neither, you bet.  
And we goes on our 'undred miles jolly  
Through the muck, and the rain and the wet.

When we turned into 'Bury's at seven  
They was waiting a tip-toe for me,  
When the engine was stopped I just granted,  
And Bill 'e starts arskin' few tea.

We done it O.K., me fine feller,  
Four tons—and me proper load's three;  
Not a stop nor even a stutter,  
Old Bill, young Jim, and just me.

H.N.B.