

Zealand soldier claims he is without, and which he reveals but rarely, usually after a night in the unit canteen. Although the canteen is often the place of revelation, the place of genesis is elsewhere, amid the exacting demands of the battlefield, the hopelessness of the prisoner of war camp, in the sharp, peasant-like agony for home, in the new-found knowledge of what men can do in the face of mutilation and death. These things find expression in Henderson's pages in a way which may spell a little more than sentiment to the uninitiated; but his story truly shows the manner in which the New Zealand soldier's emotion floods the narrow channels in which he tries to contain it.

There are other feelings which find expression in the pages; the incredible courage of wounded prisoners of war; the agony of pain which only those who have experienced it can comment upon; the rough humour which can be indicated but not expounded in print; and there is another feeling, based deeply, more calmly and rare—the sudden, swift sympathy with the hapless man in grey, a few hundred yards away across the desert. This story was told to Henderson by a South African.

After an unsuccessful German attack, outside the South African lines, in the twilight, a Red Cross flag went up:—

"Tommy," shouted a voice—they thought we were Imperial troops—"Tommy, can we come out and collect our wounded?" (He pronounced the word "wound" as we would in "wound a clock.")

We gave them permission. Out came a small party of stretcher-bearers. They went about their task. Then the same voice:—

"Tommy, we still have more wounded."

"Okay. Finish your work."

Out they came again. The last few casualties were gathered up. The figures began to file away. Then one stopped. Came the same voice, this time with a rather pathetic, lost note about it, we thought:—

"Tommy, we have all our wounded"

"Okay."

"Tommy—good-night."

We paused. We looked at one another. Then:—

"Good-night, Jerry," we said.

It is a feeling which transcends the bounds of nationalism and immediate duty; the men who faced one another in the desert long more than any others for understanding with their enemies.

"Gunner Inglorious" is not the ripe work of a practised writer; but it is sincere, vivid, and sympathetic. It should help a lot of people to understand what is unknown to them at present.

THE RAFT

By KENDRICK SMITHYMAN

THE THING comes so easily after a while, but the first time it's different. You get used to it; but the first time you haven't any experience to look back to. You hear other blokes talk about it, blokes that have been on service in Britain when the same business was common enough; and there's plenty out here now that have seen the same thing up top—I've seen it myself, and more than once. But that first time, the way I was saying, that's different. I saw crack-ups when I was going through

the school, and the first time you see one of them you can't help thinking it could be easy for you. I reckon every one thinks it, but you get used to that, and, any way, it's all in the game. You know that when you start flying, and soon you don't bother about it. Then maybe one of the boys goes, some one you knocked round with, and for a day or two you keep remembering. You get over it. But the business was different the first time. I had to watch a kite in the sea. Which isn't quite right, because we