

MAORIS CELEBRATE.

The ghosts of departed posting committees watched an unusual event the other night in D Block. The occasion was a feast for the Mori reinforcements. The meal was cooked Maori fashion in two hangis. Four pigs, boiled with cabbage and quantities of kumeras, maize, and what-not, made a quick departure from sight.

Later guests, including the Mori Waacs, arrived. Capt. Stewart apologised for the absence of Major Te Punga, at a special Board. His news provided a touch of drama to the evening and later when Major Te Punga arrived to announce that he had passed the board and would take them overseas, the night split with cheers.

Major Punga gave a farewell eulogy to the men and later in the evening presented an address of appreciation to Major Te Punga. The scroll decorated in Mori tradition by Sgt. H.D.B. Dansey was signed by members of the four tribal groups in the reinforcements.

Until 2100 hours the evening went with a swing in the form of an impromptu sing-song.

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D. BLOCK DOINGS.

When in this camp you first appear,

Perhaps you have a little fear

Of what you're really going to do

And dire perils that may ensue.

We'll start off in our nicest style

And drill you for a little while

Till we think you're not so rough,

Commence to get a little tough,

And after that we'll maybe trifle

With a lesson on the rifle.

Now if you really want a thrill

We'll try to teach you a little drill,

From whence you'll rest & wash & dine,

Then start on the machine carbine.

You've had enough? Oh no not yet?

Then come and do some beyond.

I'm still a soldier you would be

We'll trot you out to do P.T.

And then a shower & some tea -

Don't blame the cabbage on to me!

No, when the lights are out we'll creep,

And hope (??) to find you all asleep.