

giant Acks goes up into the mountains wot surrounds the plains of Tu'tonger, where the Uds 'as come to roost, while the dwarf Acks stays on the plain, bein' only runts, an' not much use for anything but ping-pong.

The Uds has to be protected from their enemies, too, y'see, because when they're roostin' they're attacked by blue-skinned vermin wot drives 'em frantic so that they bounce into the air shriekin' like the Screamin' Skull.

Now, after all this shenanigan the Acks gets our on Life, see, an' by the time I'm tellin' you about they're a terrible fierce pack o' blankards.

An' its up in their country that ole David's sheila's been rubber neckin' the beef.

(To be concluded)



"Cripes, must be Tonga!"

### Bitter Refrain

In August 1939 Berlin taunted Germany's coming victims with the following verse set to a martial tune:—

Morning red, morning red,  
Shall I soon be lying dead?  
Soon the trumpet sounds to strife,  
Then must I lay down my life,  
I and many a comrade dear.

It was repeated in jeering English just before the Luftwaffe attacked Gt. Britain.

Today, we suggest the verse has a refrain:—

Evening dim, evening dim,  
Reaped in swathes, cold and grim,  
Lie your comrades in this strife  
Calling you, "Come give YOUR life."  
Aye, and many a comrade more.

### Island Produce

It was found that peanuts grow well in Tonga, and provide a good rotation crop to precede kumaras, so a start was made to supply N.Z., the Government there having offered to buy at £30 a ton. The first lot of seed supplied to growers was too tempting—it was eaten. Some of the second lot got planted—but the crop was eaten. Now there's another lot underground, and a lot of speculation above.

## Christmas Greetings

There was never a Christmas morning

Never an old year ends

But somebody thinks of someone

Old days, old times, old friends.

May all the season's deepest joys

It's peace and comfort, too,

Be with you at this Christmastide

And long abide with you.

### Paid to Leave

Nice fellows, the Arty. We went to a dance of their's at Victoria Hall a while ago. Doing pretty good with the sheilas when one of them—nice sort of chap—comes along and says, "Are you fellows Artillery?" Of course he doesn't have to ask because we had our red colours up, but, as I say, they're a nice lot. Then he asked us if we would mind accompanying him. Seeing he was such a pleasant sort of bloke, of course we went with him, and he takes us to a fellow at the front door and says, "Look, you chaps, there's been some mistake here, this is an Arty. affair—a private show—I hope you don't mind, but Bill here will have to refund your money. You understand, don't you?" Well, when he put it that way, what could we do but take the money and go?

They were such nice chaps we really couldn't tell them we'd got in a back window because we were broke—now could we?

\* \* \* \* \*

Dark Felt, this year's Melbourne Cup winner, was a trier at Flemington when he ran into a close fourth in the same classic last year. He also took the Moonee Valley Cup last spring.



"WELL WHAT CAN I GIVE YOU?"

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