



VOL. I., No. 5

TONGA TAPU

DEC. 20TH, 1943

THOUGHT



MUDDLED ALLEGORY

I want you to meet Mr and Mrs Snark who are, I suspect, as familiar to you as to me, though they never had a name until just now, nor, when I come to consider it, have they ever had anything that you could really call a form. Until this momentary necessity of putting them on paper they have been as formless as those things the Financial Editors designate as "Net Frangibles." With one body in soul, they are as real as the hole in your sock—and as disgusting. They are self-appointed inhibitors. Silently censorious, they are ubiquitous and implacable—our familiars of the sub-conscious. Middle-aged people. Without children. Instead they have opinions. About other people—and their children. With no real experience of LIFE they convey their omniscience.

Snark is that bank chap who doesn't seem to notice you coming out of Moloney's pub, but serves you with a cold notice next day to reduce your overdraft. Or he is the auditor fellow who absent-mindedly leaves a red ink query in that part of your private ledger headed "personal expenditure." In the depression years he was the fat man in the sports model Cadillac who passed to and from work when you were chipping weeds along his suburban road. You remember you said you could almost see him counting the weeds after you left each night, and hear him snort at the end of the count. His wife thought that the little old lady who used to bring out the morning billy was "just encouraging a lot of lazy loafers." Her—Mrs Snark's—rectitude is so starchy it rasps. She has a lorgnette she inherited from Sarah Gump's sister. And her flavour is like that of the red currant wine your wife forgot to put the sugar in. She disapproves. Silently. She is the lady who sends white feathers through the post, and thinks that 25/- a year in *Nat. Pat.* parcels is wasted on Pacific Peanut Pirates and Cocoon Bombers.

Being empty inside these two stand back to back to hide the hollow. Facing outward they are extropective—as human as two dead jellyfish. Plainly, they are inhuman. Having no soul, they have no anxieties. To them the problems of human-kind are no problems at all—just exercises in arithmetic. Demented widow Polowski dies of exposure leaving three young Polowskis in a frozen dugout on the Vistula—"one from four leaves three, or maybe it was two from five." Anyway, as simple as that. Manuelo Cela and some Spanish compadres, lazy with a couple of hundred years semi-starvation in their lean bellies, want to work some of the enclosed common land so that they can continue to exist on the 18 pesetas (10/-)

they get for their week's work in the vineyards. The land was enclosed by the father of Don Calve who lives in the great house on the strada in Buenos Aires. "Certainly," says the Don's agent, who is also the Cacique, "You can have as much as you want for 1000 pesetas down and a third of the produce. Don Calve is anxious that the land shall support the peons." Like bloody hell, he is! "So ridiculous—nothing from nothing leaves no sum at all, and there really is no need for terrible language."

Of course you want to know what put the Snarks in the same boat as widow Polowski and Manuelo. Mainly, I think, because they are common figures in everyman's country.

The Snarks have a moral astigmatism which translates generosity as extravagance; humanitarianism as sentimentalism; ideals as impractical dreams; and tolerance as the front door to the mental asylum. They routine out Let us be Neofuturists. There is a little of the Snarks in each one of us. Their existence is part of the explanation of those little private fights that never were settled before the present big free-for-all started. Such small matters as the unchecked looting of whale oil; sporadic revolution in South America; Jew versus Arab in Palestine; instability of French Government; world monopolies in chemicals, raw materials; syndicated news; chronic semi-starvation and insurrection in Spain; Moslem against Hindu; irreconcilable elements in the Balkans; divided Ireland; even Australian Oranges against N.Z. potatoes; and artificial scarcity in our own two-by-four back yard.

In a world sense the Snarks are by way of being the baser part of human consciousness—that embryonic conscience that has never managed to grow up. They're in the same galley with Manuelo, and the Polish widow, and a whole lot more international figures who are preparing to step out on the world stage again as soon as the present Greatest Drama on Earth rings down the curtain. Last time the Snarks appeared, you remember, they played Othello to Woodrow Wilson's Desdemona, and strangled him with his own fourteen points. They will be there with the same brand of help for Winston Bull, Joe the Mujik, Gunhappy Sam, the Mandarin and select company of assistant fire-walkers when they present their new and monumental "World Review" presently.

There is talk of putting on an investigation of Hitler, Mussolini, and their supporting cast as a curtain raiser. It might be at least as valuable for you and I and Mrs Everybody to find out what is to be known about the Snarks with a view to having them strangled in suitable company at the same show. We could start the investigation in our own back yard with the like of the potato-citrus business. Then Manuelo, the widow, and other ordinary folk elsewhere might be encouraged to do likewise.

By the time we all finish that it may be that we won't have much time left to see the curtain-raiser—let alone the great World Review. Anyway, we mightn't have much occasion for the review by then.

ENGINEERING TERMS

a 'brush' with the N.Z.E.



moment of inertia

a 'brush' with the N.Z.E.



line of least resistance

Man to Man

I've been asked by some chaps who have been here before,

To pass on some tips about Rec. Centre lore,
And I find that the main thing I want to impress,

Is a grim note of warning—be early for Mess!

You remember how Kipling once wrote in a tale

That the female of species is worse than the male,
And I know that the Waacs have perfected the fate

That's in store for the man who at meal-times is late.

Lie in as you please if a dull morning breaks,
And reflect on the effort that getting up takes
But remember that always a survey reveals—
If you're dining it pays to be early for meals.

And with Tattoo forgotten and Lights Out unheard

You can stay out at nights and give M.P.'s the bird;

But if late in the messroom, my friends there's no hope,

For what man with a score of wild women

You may paint the town red for a hectic three days,

Or indulge in a healthy and glorious laze,
I don't give a damn, but again I repeat,

You'll be wise if on time when intending to eat!!

SUPINE

Lines written on the Allied Victory in Tunisia

A season has pass'd

In full flight of fuller moment

Pregnant with deed and achievement

Of results hard earned,

The sweat, the blood, the blisters burned,

The toil and torment of a world upturn'd,

Of clamorous sound and grinding gears;

The weapons of wars, these stirring years

Toss'd into the furnace Mars has will'd.

To the shriek of shrapnel men have thrill'd

The whistling bomb, and the bursting shell

Madder than man, this man-made hell

Has left a stain on the slate of fame.

The monster of hate has received his gain

Then has the MAN suffered in vain?

Victory looms, that shall wipe the slate,

Free the oppress'd, and those whose fate

Has flung them slaves to that greater hate.

Lucifer! Cringe! the steeld arm of right

Shall cast you forth to a deeper night.

Illum'd, the face of the world turns to the sun

Inspir'd, gives thanks for freedom won.

A.N.G.

Force Marching Song

TUNE—"When this B—y War is over"

We are stationed here in Tonga,

Miles and miles away from home;

We're just waiting for the "Matua"

To take us back across the foam

How we love this Tongan sunshine

And this land of waving palms,

But how much more we love New Zealand—

You can have your tropic charms.

While we're stationed here in Tonga

We've a job of work to do,

And until that job is finished

We will stay and see it through.

Then its back to old New Zealand,

Never, never more to roam—

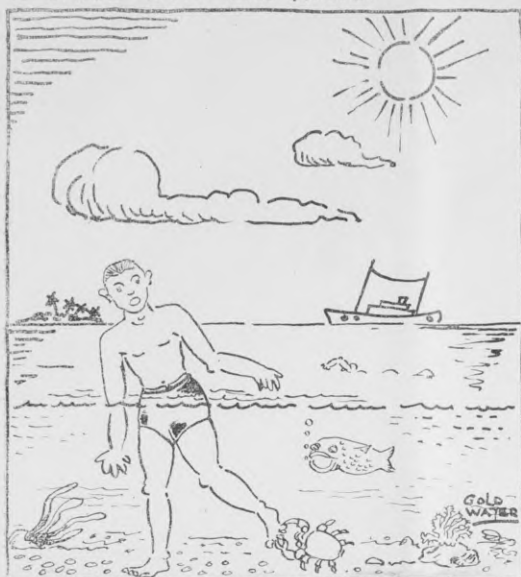
Won't we have a celebration

When we reach our "Home, Sweet Home."

QUENT.

ENGINEERING TERMS

a 'brush' with the N.Z.E.



s'pacific gravity

a 'brush' with the N.Z.E.



'booby' trap

Heartache

Since ancient times its been the thing,
At Christmas time for men to sing
And praise the Lord and send good cheer,
To friends and dear ones far and near;
But times are changed and men who care,
Are turning now to fervent prayer—
The words are strange but quite sincere,
"For Pete's sake, get us out of here!"

SUPINE

Will We Remember?

Will we remember—or forget [street ?]
That lad we noticed marching down the
With head held high, undaunted yet,
He marches on to solemn martial beat
Of drums. Will we remember him?

Will we remember—or forget
The war-torn battlefields where brave
men fought;

And lonely graves, unheeded, wet
With dew? The harvest those men gamely
For us. Will we remember that? [sought]

Will we remember—or forget
Those heroes all who found their resting
On blazing desert sand? Their debt [place]
Is far, but far too great for us to face.
Instead, we'll just remember them.

We shall remember—not forget [stead ;]
Their epic deeds, their suffering in our
For vengeance must be ours, and wreck
Our enemies we will, 'till they lie dead
In dust. We shall remember then!

Evan F. Browne

Pacific Play-boy

He wasn't a hero of "Monty's" Brigade,
Under the palm trees he lounged in the shade
His battlefield wasn't all gory with blood,
He just fought the flies and wallowed in mud
He didn't get headlines for any great charge,
He just got the works from the bloody old
Sarge.

Never the heat of battle he saw,
He only killed mosses that chewed him red
raw [leave,
No sweet faced fair damsels to meet on his
Just blacked out tabines—his love dreams
to weave [rain ;
He ambled through heat, through seasons of
Got stung by the hornets and fought back
again.

He never got wounded, or shot at by Japs,
He was just a real Play-boy—well—maybe—
perhaps; [fame ;
His Middle East cobbers, he honoured their
As a Coconut thrower he thought it a shame
That because of his grading or Government's
He languished in luxury over the hill; [will,

He thanked all the ladies for parcels received,
And was really surprised when he heard they
were peeved; [strayed ;
It wasn't his fault that their parcels had
Not sent to the fighters as they really had
prayed.

But in years that are coming when children
you've had, [Dad ?
And they ask the question, "Where were you,
Don't be ashamed as you answer and say,
"In the Pacific, just having a Play."

R. McK.

"Malo 'e Lelei

(GREETINGS—GOOD DAY)

"Malo lelei, white man, Malo lelei. Where do you go so early? To Vaikeli! Ai'e, so far and the day so hot. Stay awhile and smoke with me the cigalato—see, here is a tree for shade and to lean against.

Later someone will pass, and—do not doubt—will help you on your way. The day is long yet. Here breathes a breeze to stir the palms in soft leaf talk. Soft speech to write in a book. Your book of memory! So many books have you, Papalangi—and so little wisdom. So many words you write, but so much you do not see. Grey pages—counterfeit for feeling. Tomorrow—soon—you go back, and the next day you will forget. For there will be the touch of your woman and the hold of your children! And again the keen race and thrusting grasp for life. And, between a breath and a sigh, you will be old; sitting under a tree seeing in cigalato smoke those things gathered by memory from the days that have been and cannot return.

Good things they will be, for in memory there is little of pain, and less of evil. So fold carefully into this greatest of books, vivid things from Tongatabu. Live these days with eagerness and zest, savouring each moment as a gourmet would; searching out each final essence of colour, scent and spirit, to store in faithful remembrance. Discard the dross. See only the good. Unmeasured days stealing to rest in scented sheets of night. Wayward breath of orange flower and tangerine. Opal fire of Kingfisher's flight. Lantana

are gone. These things and more paint clearly with strong, sure touch, each sheet complete with some fresh thing, and thread them through with many inter-woven tendrils, bright-dyed with the stuff of these days—for age grows dim of sight—then close them reverently away against your time of need. Then, long in after years when the fire is gone from your blood, and tomorrow has lost its call, one day you will sit where there is leaf talk or curl of smoke, and you will find these sheets alive before you again. And as fluttering finger of memory turns each page a happy sigh will rise and whisper "Malo lelei, Papalangi, Malo lelei."

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LITERARY COMPETITIONS

Space forbids publication of comment on entries submitted for the Supplement Literary Competition. The findings of the judges, Mr J. K. Brownlee, (Premier's office) and Major Bogle, N.Z.E., is as follows:

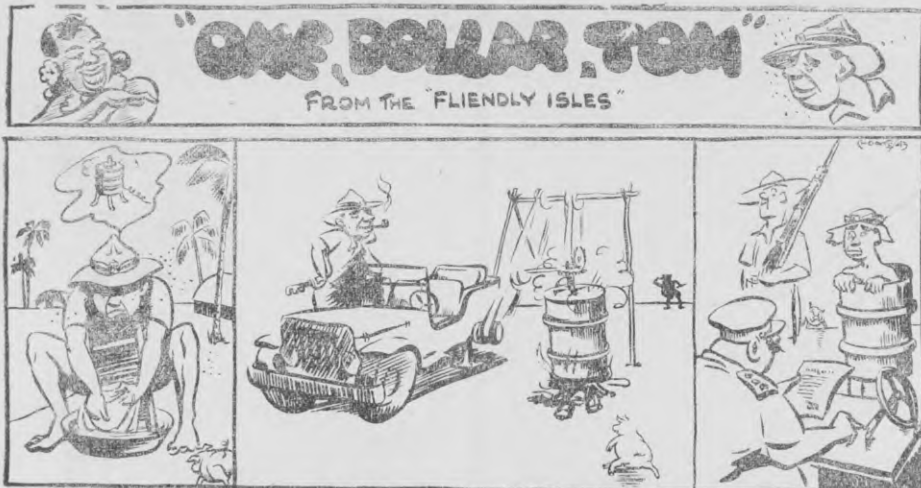
SHORT STORY: *The Coins* by Gnr. J. F. McDougall

ESSAY, *After the War*, by Pte. R. S. Whitmarsh

BEST PARAGRAPH: *Bitter Refrain* by Sgt V. B. Portman A.E.W.S.

* * * * *

Since the war really started to "put in the nips" in N.Z. the waiter at the restaurant has been loud in the land. "Souveniering has become so bad that metal spoons are being replaced with wooden ice cream spoons for tea, and special measures taken to preserve remaining cutlery.



"UNAVAILABLE DAY"

Where else could this happen? Major V. M. Marr who runs a U.S. fighter squadron up North reared up and spoke a piece to his men a while back. "Men, why don't you take a break—have an 'unavailable' day."

Next day every officer in the outfit, including himself, was detailed for fatigues. They peeled the potatoes, cut the chops, cooked dinner, washed up and did police duty. They fuelled the planes, loaded ammo, and cleaned the motors.

They swept and scrubbed, ran teletyper and switchboards and communications and then they cleaned the latrines.

Was that something? We'll echo, "Was it?"

creeping; Flamboyants, hard and bright as sin. Soft purring of tahine laughter in the trees. Brown, baby bodies—pale, graceful green of young banana rows. Sky's blue laughter in a depthless sea. Hibiscus—not a name in a book, but heart's blood splashed on a hedge, and Bougainvillea—a royal robe thrown against a tree. Ships standing nobly by against the sky beyond the reef.

Passing, too, go Caroline and Finau, Fika and Tonga Lil, to mingle tears with that other Magdalene; but with you is the taste of age-old delights in strange new vessels. Freely yielded are the voluptuous secrets of their bodies—not meanly bargained for nor jealously withheld. A Royal gift of price made proudly with a laugh in which will be the echo of a sob—when you

'FALE' PALAUER



BERTIE AND STEVIE IN THE "LINGA LONGA" ISLANDS

By POTATO PETE

Yer want a fairy tale? Well, once upon a time I'm in the Army. That'd be about '43, early in the war. I'm up in the Linga Longa islands—one of 'em's called Ere u Linga, and the other a lit'l Linga F'n.

On the west coast of Longa a N.Z. battalion was camped deep in the jungle. They was called the Grunts, because they comes from Gruntlebury, down south. Forlorn and almost forgotten.

For more months than the Colonel 'ad 'airs on the top of 'is 'ead the A.S.C. 'ad overlooked 'em and there came a day when each man was reduced to a few lousy pineapples a day. Meat 'adnt touched their lips since they et the last flying fox weeks before.

Fin'ly, although they'd never been known to moan before, they was all lyin' around moanin' under the trees too weak even to take the fruit off the tahines. Now there was two old sweats in the mob called Bertie and Stevie. Little Bertie they called 'im, probably because 'e was a great bull-belerin' blankard. There was a bit of bull about Stevie too.

One of 'em was a pretty big pater in the outfit and the other was 'is pannikin.

An' Bertie says to Stevie, "They can't do that there 'ere, they'll all get their 'scutcheons blotied," an' what can they do about it? So Bertie cracks back an' says, "We'll ask David—'e knows all about tucker." David's a tame 'ead 'unter wot 'ad a delicatessen before this 'ere depression 'it 'em.

David says 'is tahine's been on the prowl away up in the fastnesses of the Fuland country, an' she'd seen a couple fat crows with some sorta red and blue colours on their shoulders—prob'ly some kinda brand the herce Giant Acks of the region was usin'.

These Giant Acks is queer roots. In days gone by they was called just plain "Acks." (A feller told me that it used to be "aches" 'cause they used to bellyache a bit.). Then they was attacked by swarms of yellow-gutted 'ornets called Nips. Now there was a tribe of giant loids called the "Ring-winged" Uds wot used to feed on these Nips. So the Acks sends for 'em to 'elp, and some of these Uds comes an' settles among 'em. By and by there's no Nips left to feed on, an' these Acks 'as to start feedin' the Uds.

They gives it a burl to grow enough scran to keep the Uds bellies off their backbones, but they can't make the grade. So they asks the people on Ere-u-linga to lend an 'and. Them being galleyed of the Nips too they agrees to do it year an' year about

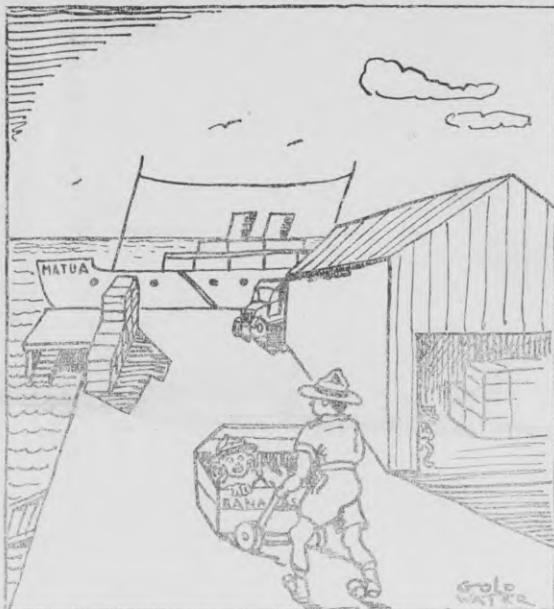
with the Acks. In this way the Acks found that one year they got more kai than the king's cook, and the next year she's a skinner.

This leads to all the kids born one year bein' giants and the other year dwarfs. So they splits into two tribes—the Giant Acks and the Dwarf Acks. An' the

(continued on page 6)

ENGINEERING TERMS

a 'brush' with the N.Z.E.



"PLOTING DEPARTURES"



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 kumars, 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?"

ALEXANDER TURNBULL LIBRARY
WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND

TIK

"That Bloke with the Scissors"

We call him the Censor because it's his job,
To read all our letters their Tit-Bits to rob;
He sits at his desk and he clips and he clips,
And all of the real news he snips and he snips;
We can't mention ships, or Tongans or planes,
All we can say is...it rains and it rains,
Or the mossies they bite us and raise great big lumps,
And we're happy as hell, (though we're down in the
dumps;)

So if you should write on pages both sides
He cuts out the bad bits and good bits besides;
And if we should say he was this or was that
He'd tell our dear colonel we're due for the "mat";
Our friends and our wives and our sweethearts complain
That the Bloke with the Scissors just gives them a pain:
Our letters when opened they just fall to bits,
And nothing makes sense where the missing part fits;
So when in our civvies to this "bloke" we point
They'll tear him apart, each limb and each joint;
But while we are here, dear Censor, it's true,
We just wish we could try out your scissors on **You**.

* * * *

BEEF IN THE ARMY

Beef rations to N.Z. Forces in N.Z. have been cut in conformity with civilian restrictions.



ITS ALL RIGHT, HE'S FOUND HIS WATER BOTTLE NOW



From Her Diary

MON. I felt highly honoured at being placed at the Captain's table.
TUES. I spent the morning on the bridge with the Captain. He seems to like me.
WED. The Captain made proposals to me unbecoming to a lady.
THUR. The Captain threatened to sink the ship if I did not agree to his proposals.
FRI. I saved 600 lives.

* * * *

A firm of English car manufacturers has informed its New Zealand agents that it is prepared to take orders for new cars for delivery in either 1944 or 1945.

The Popao Club Grins

Tropical sunshine; coral beach; bottled lunch; miles from home.

Nukutuka Island..idle conversation:—

"By Jove, Jack look at that beautiful popao on the horizon!"

"Yes, Colonel"

"Its got a sail just like mine—good type of sail, that, Jack—by cripes! it IS mine!!!"

* * * *

This really happened! At Guadalcanal one day a truck came driving out of the jungle, loaded with N.Z. beer which was distributed free to thirsty soldiers and marines. Now, how did that get there?



2nd N.Z.E.F., Tonga
1943

A LAST WORD

Time, inevitably, is a major military problem, for Service publications as for more important undertakings. For that reason it is perhaps unnecessary to say that we regret our inability to publish this number complete with previously unpublished competition entries and features and in the form desired. However we must apologise to both our readers and to the author of the winning short story for publishing it in the form of a mimeographed appendix to this number.

We have endeavoured to meet numerous requests for "souvenir" copies by reprinting all "One Dollar Tom" cartoons and by making available a distribution sufficient for a copy to every fourth member of the force.

