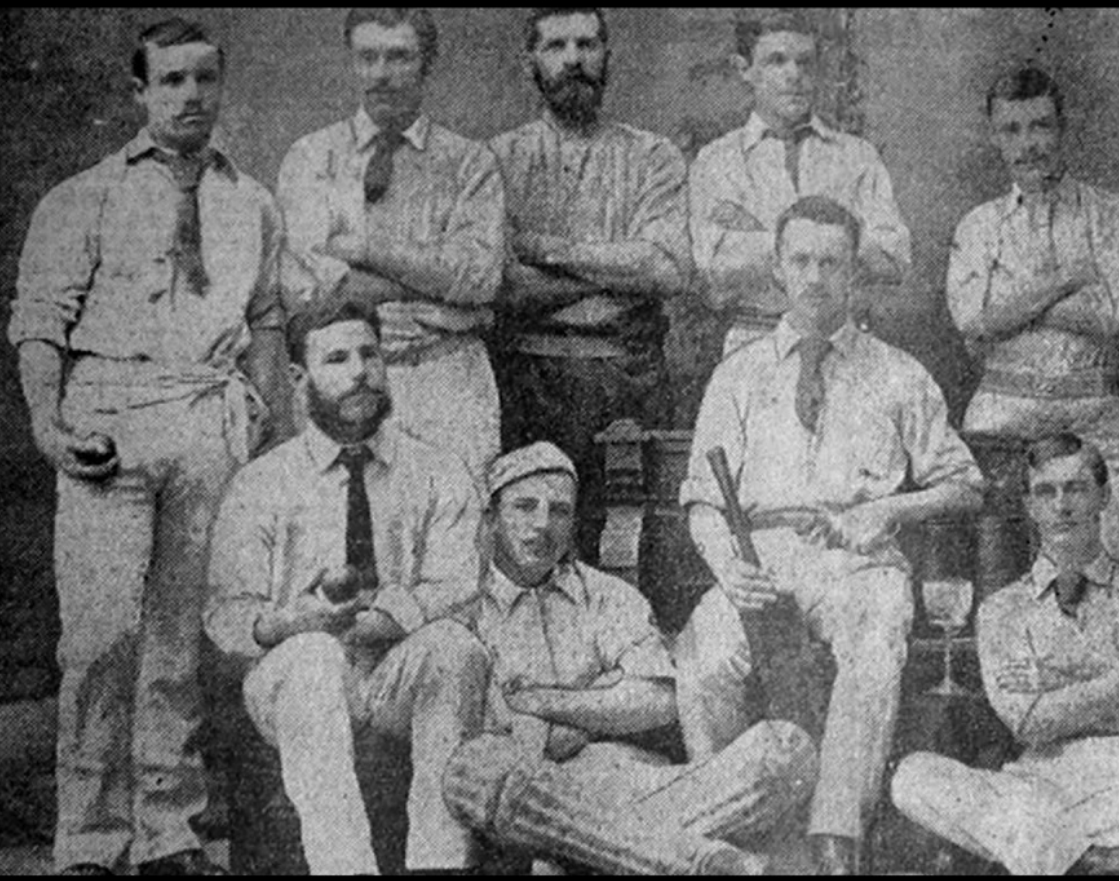
King Willow

Selected Poems



Robert J Pope

Robert J Pope (1865-1949) was a well-known Wellington poet, cricketer and songwriter in his day – and till the end of the 1940s he held a reputation as a national songwriter for his school song 'New Zealand, My Homeland' – but today, his work is little known and out of print.

Pope's poetry, lyrically gifted, showed musical flair and easy felicity of rhyme. He began writing and publishing in earnest during the Edwardian era, and his work notably covers the two world wars and the national politics of the period, 1902-1944.

His most interesting work concerns sporting verse on the 1924/25 All Blacks "Invincibles" tour of Great Britain and France and suburban satires on Wellington city-life. Pope was a leading light verse parodist of his day, publishing mainly in the *Free Lance* and *The Evening Post*, and was a precursor to the 'Wellington group' of the 1950s.

This selection gives a substantial picture of the man and his times and restores a significant New Zealand poet. Previously uncollected and unpublished poems accompany selections from Pope's two published books. An appendix includes a selection of his prose writings, including his Wellington club cricket essay and sporting 'contorts and retorts'.

Mark Pirie is a Wellington poet, anthologist, critic and editor. He currently co-organises the Poetry Archive of New Zealand Aotearoa with Dr Niel Wright and Dr Michael O'Leary. His books include *'A Tingling Catch': A Century of New Zealand Cricket Poems 1864-2009.*

Cover photo: Star Club's Pearce Cup winning team of 1883/84, from The Evening Post, 1929
Author photo: The Evening Post, c1940s

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KING WILLOW

Also by Robert J Pope

Some New Zealand Lyrics (1928)
A New Zealander's Fancies in Verse (1946)

King Willow

Selected Poems

Robert J Pope

Edited by Mark Pirie

No.1 in the HeadworX Classic Poetry Series

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INTRODUCTION

I

Robert James Pope (1865-1949) was a New Zealand poet, songwriter, violinist, cricketer, teacher, and headmaster. He became well known in Wellington between 1910 and 1945 for his contributions to the *New Zealand Free Lance* and the popular "Postscripts" column in the *Evening Post* newspaper as well as for his song 'New Zealand, My Homeland' used nationally in New Zealand schools.

Official birth records state Pope was born in Caversham, Dunedin, on 24 March 1865. He was one of a family of 12 and the son of Helen Grant Rattray and James Henry Pope (a future Government inspector of native schools and founder of the native school system).[1]

Helen and James had previously lived in Ballarat, Australia, and married there in 1862.[2] They moved to Dunedin where James took up a position as assistant master at the High School of Otago (later Otago Boys' High School).[3] Pope's father was an accomplished linguist, writer and musician.[4] James retired from his final position as Deputy Principal at Girls' High School at the end of 1878 due to ill health.[5]

In his poem 'Memories' Pope recalls early Dunedin days where

> …there by the fireside my father sat,
> And I upon his knee,
> Enthralled by the wondrous tale he told
> Of the Old, Old Man of the Sea.
> There my mother plied her needle oft—
> Sure toil our rents supplied;

As a child, Robert was educated first in Dunedin at Caversham District School and after the Boys' High School until on 12 August 1881 Pope left Dunedin aboard the *Penguin*[6] arriving in Wellington where he entered Wellington College.[7] His father had by then moved the family north to begin his work as a Government founder/inspector of native schools.

After school, Pope passed Junior Civil Service Examinations in 1888[8], New Zealand University matriculation examinations in 1889[9], Teacher's Examinations in the early 1890s[10], lived in various parts of the lower and central North Island and began working as a teacher. He married

Ernestina Victoria Pullar in Wellington on 29 December 1896. The couple had three children: Robert Earle Pope, Flora Pope and Eileen Fortune (née Pope). In 1938, Eileen (1903-78), a former teacher at Wellington Girls' College, married in China Reo Fortune (1903-79), who became a well-known anthropologist at Cambridge University in England. In Canton, they had to flee from the advancing Japanese.

In all, Pope worked for the Wellington Education Board for 37 years as teacher and headmaster. He began his teaching in 1888 as assistant master at Te Aute College, Hawke's Bay[11], and then became a master at the first school in Levin that opened on 22 February 1890.[12] Pope arrived in a bullock-dray but didn't last long and was relatively ineffective there. An inspector's report indicated he was 'perhaps too gentle for the environment', opting to move on at the end of the year.[13] His particular dislike were the mosquitoes that arrived in spring from out of the bush.[14]

He moved to Featherston as an assistant master (1891-92) and was next an assistant master at Newtown School in Wellington (1893-1896). He then became a headmaster at Kaiwaiwai School for around nine years in the Wairarapa distinguishing himself with a high student pass record, the first time it had occurred in the Wairarapa.[15]

In March 1906 he was appointed headmaster of Kaiwarra [now Kaiwharawhara] School in Wellington for 20 years. After a fire destroyed his original residence near Kaiwarra School in 1911, he lived in various suburbs of Wellington.[16] Pope retired from Kaiwarra School in December 1925 due to a breakdown in health forcing him to resign his position just as Kaiwarra opened a new school in a new location.[17] His last address was at Garden Road in the suburb of Northland.

There is a colourful depiction of his home in Northland in a newspaper article on his 85th birthday:

> A sunlit scene—flowers and shrubs in arabesques of light and shade beneath a mantle of trees. This was Nature's greeting to Mr. R. J. Pope … on his 85th birthday this morning.
>
> It was the kind of view—the Botanical Gardens seen from his elevated home in Garden Road—that never failed to delight Mr. Pope all his life and has urged him to two books of verse and many prose efforts on his native land…
>
> It was not a life of hard pioneering adventure in the bush that Mr. Pope recalled, when seen this morning but one of adventures of the mind, in verse and music and of many friends made round the piano—of gatherings

in his home of people who would go through the whole of "The Messiah", for instance.

…

A love of New Zealand and interest in its people are inherent in his being.[18]

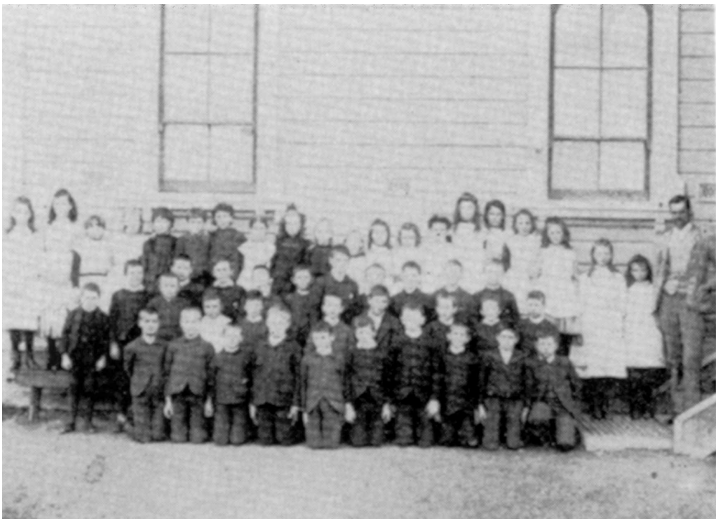
As a young man Pope was an able cricketer and an opening batsman for the Star Club's Pearce Cup winning team (regularly appearing from the 1884/85 season till it disbanded). The Star Club took their name from the former "Wesleyan Rising Stars" church team. Pope played with well-known cricketers of the period such as the slow bowler Charlie Dryden. Members of his team, like Sid Nicholls and Harry Roberts, were also fathers of future All Black footballers.[19]

He continued playing cricket for the Wellington Cricket Club where he won a 2nd XI batting trophy in 1896 (averaging 23.36 in 11 completed innings[20]) and later for the Wairarapa Cricket Club when he was headmaster of Kaiwaiwai School. He was appointed their club captain in 1899.

Pope also enjoyed rugby, racing, politics, gardening, reading and woodwork, was interested in ships and the natural world, and had a reputation as a songwriter and violinist. In 1930, Pope donated lyrics and music to Wellington College for a school song. 'Wellington!' penned by Pope was used at their breaking up ceremony in December that year.[21]

Pope's most notable song 'New Zealand, My Homeland' (composed in 1910)[22] was written for his pupils at Kaiwarra School and performed with a choir of young girls under Robert Parker's direction at the Wellington Town Hall on 22 November.[23] However, after its publication in the *New Zealand School Journal*, it began to be used in New Zealand schools from North Cape to the Bluff. As late as 1971, a letter to *The Evening Post* by Miss H Calvert reciting it from childhood memory at a Wellington primary school suggested it not as an alternative for 'God Save the Queen' but as a New Zealand National Anthem.[24]

Pope's health declined again in his last few years but no cause of death is given. He died in Wellington on 12 April 1949 at age 86. This suggests, although unlikely, his birth date could be 1862 or 1863. An Obituary appeared for him in the *Evening Post*, 12 April 1949, stating he died 'in his 87th year'.



The Middle School, Featherston, 1892, with Mr Pope (source unknown, from A. S. Kilby's *Featherston, Tauherenikau, Kaiwaiwai, Waiorongomai Schools, 1863-1963* ([Featherston, N.Z.]: Featherston School Centennial Committee, [1963]).

The sons and sons-in-law of James Henry Pope and Helen Grant Rattray. Robert J Pope is in the centre of the front row. S P Andrew Ltd:Portrait negatives. Ref: 1/1-014584-G. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, New Zealand. http://beta.natlib.govt.nz/records/23233356

II

Pope published two poetry collections in his lifetime, both late in his life: *Some New Zealand Lyrics* (1928) and *A New Zealander's Fancies in Verse* (1946). The latter collection contains a large portion of Pope's urban monologues and light verse written in a more modern style to the earlier Romantic and colonial lyrics of his first book.

His first book is very much part of the Maoriland period in New Zealand literature and the beginnings of national consciousness. It shows the influence of English and European songwriters and British, Irish and American Romantic or Victorian poets from Keats to Tennyson, from Longfellow to Poe. The second book extends his reading knowledge to include the more modern W B Yeats and Rudyard Kipling. *Punch* and children's authors like Robert Louis Stevenson, Charles Dickens, Lewis Carroll, Mark Twain and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle also appealed to him.

His overall effect stems from his education under J P Firth (the influential Wellington cricketer and Wellington College headmaster) who taught boys – besides sport – to be pillars and guardians of the Empire. Pope's verse intended to inspire patriotism and loyalty among his fellow New Zealanders. Notably these ideas are prominent in his verse or songs covering the two world wars (including poem tributes to J P Firth himself who lost many of his students during the Great War).

His publication period is between 1902 and 1946, from his late 30s to his 80s, and Pope has further uncollected poems and prose pieces in the *New Zealand Free Lance*, the *New Zealand School Journal* and the *Evening Post*. He was a regular contributor (using the signature R.J.P.) to *The Evening Post*'s "Wit and Humour" and "Alleged Humour" columns (1902-10) and Percy Flage's "Postscripts" column (1931-40). He also contributed poems to *The Vanguard*, the *New Zealand Journal of Education* and *New Zealand Life*. His first poem publication I've traced is his satirical 'Coronation Song' on Dick Seddon, *The Evening Post*, 23 August 1902. Pope may have written earlier than this for members of his family as his first book states there was correspondence over his early poetry with his cousin 'who fanned a smouldering fire'. His last individual poem publication was 'Maoriland' in the *New Zealand Free Lance*, 23 February 1944.

In 1929 Pope also contributed an article on the correct pronunciation of Maori place names to *The Evening Post*.[25]

Pope donated his scrapbook and school music book to the Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, New Zealand. His daughter Eileen Fortune gave to the Turnbull more of his papers, her own papers, a second scrapbook of Pope's, and some cuttings relating to her father in the 1970s.

III

…R.J.P., whose natty rhymes
Very aptly fit the times…[26]

A closer look at Pope's papers shows Pope was never lacking in critical support for his poetry. His papers and scrapbook contain letters from various people either subscribing to his volumes or offering feedback, testimonials and generous critiques of his poems.

It was difficult to publish poetry in Pope's time. Newspapers provided welcome support for poets. Pope found outlets for his work mainly in the *Free Lance*, the *School Journal* and the "Postscripts" column of *The Evening Post*. Subscribers financed Pope's two collections, which were printed 'for the author' by Osborn & Ferguson, Wellington, and Whitcombe & Tombs Ltd. respectively.

A list of those writing to Pope or in contact with him includes: Alexander Watson (a famous elocutionist); Alfred Meek; Henry Abraham; journalist Pat Lawlor; Lord Bledisloe, Governor-General of New Zealand; C R H Taylor of the Turnbull Library; Professor Harry Kirk of Victoria University; Sir Robert Stout; Wellington College Headmaster J P Firth; William Wauchop at the General Assembly Library; G H Scholefield, then Chief Parliamentary Librarian; C A Marris of *The Evening Post*; T A Fletcher at the *School Journal*[27]; Walter Fuller of Fuller-Hayward Theatres; and E Douglas Tayler, Supervisor of Musical Education at the Department of Education.

A letter by Walter Fuller speaks of Pope's 'genius' writing 'New Zealand, My Homeland', in particular the closing lines:

> But, life's journey ended,
> The hope of my heart is
> To mingle, my earth, dear
> New Zealand, with thine.

Professor Kirk writes approvingly of Pope's forthcoming second volume:

> I am very glad to hear that you are going to publish another volume of your smooth and polished verse...
> I, for my part, look forward to reading your new book with a great deal of pleasure.
>
> (Letter to Pope, dated 6 May 1944)

Another testimonial letter by librarian William Wauchop speaks glowingly of Pope's verses:

> I have read your poems with considerable interest. Your keen sense of rhythm and appreciation of the picturesque make your verses easy reading. I am sure that they should make a wide appeal to the general reader who appreciates the ironies of every day life and who is stirred by pleasant pictures of homely affairs. I like the tenderness of "Beyond the Veil" and the humour of the amusing parodies. "The Boss" is a charming tribute to a great schoolmaster [J P Firth].
>
> (Letter to Pope, dated 31 May 1945)

Reviews in those days were rare for local writers. Brief review clippings are included in his scrapbook taken from Wellington-based newspapers and magazines. Pope's *Some New Zealand Lyrics* is reviewed favourably in *The Evening Post*, 21 July 1928. The reviewer stating Pope was 'well-advised' to collect his verses. They considered Pope's style to be '*Bulletin*-esque' (referring to the Sydney newspaper) in poems like 'The Lads That Lie Low' and noted that Pope's verse recalled that of the American naturist William Cullen Bryant. Pope's verse, they stated, 'generally has the true ring'.

Several more reviews appeared for *Some New Zealand Lyrics*, and two brief reviews from *New Zealand Magazine* and *The Dominion* account for *A New Zealander's Fancies in Verse*. One reviewer of *Some New Zealand Lyrics* spoke of Pope's 'healthy outlook and melodious style'. Another, in *The Dominion*, 15 September 1928, noted Pope's 'decided poetic ability, many of the poems evincing a pleasantly exemplified mastery of the lyric form of versification.' The reviewer ended by stating: 'It is to be hoped that Mr Pope may give us another budget of his eminently pleasing verse'.

Shibli Bagarag [the NZ Bookfellow, Pat Lawlor], who knew of Pope's cricket connection, reviewing *A New Zealander's Fancies in Verse* for *New Zealand Magazine* noted that 'these rhymes roll as easily from his pen as did the cricket ball he launched from his six feet two altitude in the good old days'[28]. *The Dominion* reviewer was similarly complimentary: 'all [verses] distinguished by an easy felicity of rhyme and homely humour'.[29]

Both books then were well-received, with the former his more successful book with the critics; the latter was pulled together late in his life, and bears the hallmarks of a collection achieved by several hands but without the overall cohesion that shaped his first book which he assembled himself in good health.

IV

Pope had a regional reputation as a poet till the late 1940s and a national reputation as a songwriter after his inclusion in E Douglas Tayler's *Dominion Song Book* (1930; reprint 1948) for use in schools nationwide. This reputation Pope held till the end of the '40s leaves obvious questions in our minds. Why was Pope not included in national anthologies of the period 1906-51. It is hard to know why.

Clearly, Pope's work was of merit, but literary history abounds with these complex situations. Pope was not part of *The Spike* group (the Victoria College poets) who were a younger generation to him. Pope was already teaching by the time *The Spike* group formed at Victoria in 1902. Pope is really part of the colonial 1880s/1890s poets but, as he started writing later than those poets – William Pember Reeves, G P Williams, Thomas Bracken, Marie R Randle, etc – he was missed by them and Alexander and Currie's anthology *New Zealand Verse* in 1906 also. It's no surprise then that Pope is missing from *The Old Clay Patch* anthologies collecting mainly *Spike* verses (the 1920, 1949 editions).

Similarly, the editor of *Kowhai Gold* in 1930, Quentin Pope, was a former member and contributor to *The Spike* at Victoria College and included a number of that group in his anthology. Perhaps that's why Bob Pope was missed by *Kowhai Gold* too.

Circumstances aren't always kind to poets. Pope is missing as well from Alexander and Currie's *Treasury of New Zealand Verse* in 1926, their

update already gathered before Pope's first collection appeared in 1928. So too the *New Zealand Radio Record* collection, *A Gift Book of New Zealand Verse*, compiled by John O'Dreams [Helen Longford] in 1931 and C A Marris's *Lyric Poems, 1928-1942*, which was collected from *Art in New Zealand* and *New Zealand Best Poems*. Pope is also absent from Allen Curnow's round up of the period in his Caxton *Book of New Zealand Verse 1923-45* as well as the subsequent new edition in 1951.

We can speculate that Curnow may not have seen Pope's work and missed him completely. Curnow again is from a new, younger generation of the '30s. Curnow was in Christchurch and may not have heard of or seen Pope's work in *The Evening Post*. Pope seems to me to share similarities with a number of Curnow's nationalist and light verse ideas so I'm reluctant to draw the conclusion that Curnow was against Pope's verse. Pope's contributions to *The Evening Post* are similar to Curnow's own public and satirical role with his Whim Wham verses of the '30s and '40s. As well, Pope's books were available to subscribers mainly and were not widely distributed.

In recent years, despite Pope falling into neglect since the '40s[30], there has been a contemporary renewal of interest. In 2010, I included Pope's cricket poem, 'King Willow', first published in *The Evening Post*, 4 October 1932, in the anthology *'A Tingling Catch': A Century of New Zealand Cricket Poems 1864-2009*.

That same year, I also wrote on Pope's poetry and life in relation to J P Firth in *Poetry Notes* (Poetry Archive of New Zealand Aotearoa newsletter), Vol. 1, No. 1, Autumn 2010; and the article was reprinted in the Wellington College Old Boys' magazine *The Lampstand*, October 2010, and posted on my blog Tingling Catch.

His rugby poems were also republished on the Poetry Archive of New Zealand Aotearoa website during the IRB Rugby World Cup 2011, included on the world Poetry Atlas website, and in *Poetry Notes* (Poetry Archive of New Zealand Aotearoa newsletter), Vol. 2, No. 3, Spring 2011. Pope's poem 'The All Blacks' appeared in *The Dominion Post*'s Thursday Poem page, 22 September 2011. Several of Pope's poems are also forthcoming in Ron Palenski's anthology of New Zealand rugby poems, 'Touchlines'.

In February 2011, a YouTube video called 'My Home and My Heartland' featured an adaptation of Robert J Pope's song 'New Zealand, My Homeland'.

It would seem we are only beginning to see the lasting merit in Pope's work. He certainly deserves recognition outside of sporting lyrics, war poetry and pioneering school music as a significant precursor to the urban 1950s 'Wellington group' of poets. Pope had already begun to localise New Zealand idioms and city-life by 1910 in his poem 'Manners on the Trams'. There are marked similarities between Louis Johnson and James K Baxter's ideas and Pope's satires of Wellington suburban life (e.g. Pope's city monologues or his opening note to 'Spring' in 1933). The main differences between these poets are that Pope is writing from a less bohemian point-of-view and is more conservative in his politics.

V

As with any editor of a 'Selected Poems', my choice of Pope's work will suit my own individual tastes to some degree. However, the key song 'New Zealand, My Homeland', the city satires, along with popular sporting verse like 'The All Blacks' and 'King Willow' would form the basis of any editor's selection.

Even so, I have tended to favour work that is still widely accessible to the public in the 21st century. So, poems of a more archaic diction or primitive nationalist effect (as with some of the work of Eileen Duggan in her *New Zealand Poems*) are best left out; likewise Pope's war propaganda.

Overall, there are more than 200 extant poems or songs by Pope among his collections and scrapbooks, and I suspect there may be more verses by Pope unsigned in the *School Journal*. This selection contains around 100. There are 30 poems in *Some New Zealand Lyrics* and 50 poems in *A New Zealander's Fancies in Verse* along with around 120 signed uncollected or unpublished songs or verses.

Pope was also a prose writer. I've included a number of his journalistic pieces written for newspapers or magazines. Remarkable for its time was Pope's article on correct pronunciation of Maori place names. Pope went to some trouble to ask the opinions of Elsdon Best and Sir Apirana Ngata two trusted Maori authorities. A further article by Pope, 'The Evolution

of the N.Z. Soldier', published in *Review* (2 March 1942), the RSA magazine, gives Pope's patriotic feelings on our early military history.

Other non-fiction pieces from Pope's pen came in the form of a series he called 'Contorts and Retorts' that he sent in to "Postscripts" in *The Evening Post* remarking on politics, sport, literature, art, fashion and daily-life in the Dominion. A few of the sporting ones are included here to accompany his excellent Wellington club cricket essay.

Pope was not a prolific fiction writer but I've included his ghost story as an example of his fiction abilities. He did contribute occasional stories to the *New Zealand Free Lance* and *The Evening Post*. Pope also wrote a series for "Postscripts" called 'Tales Told by an Idiot'. Eight of these pieces appeared in total, some anonymously. Written like short fables, they concerned modern politicians and suburban women and exposed their inherent follies, contradictions or hypocrisies.

In the future, it may become necessary to archive the remaining stories, non-fiction pieces and poems in small booklets. A publisher is interested in this job, so I will endeavour to represent his complete oeuvre as best as I can.

All the scrapbooks and papers used in this selection are held by the Turnbull and I would like to thank the librarians and staff who've assisted me over the past three years in pulling this book together.

Mark Pirie
Wellington, September 2012

Notes

[1]William Renwick. 'Pope, James Henry - Biography', from the Dictionary of New Zealand Biography. Te Ara - the Encyclopedia of New Zealand, updated 4-Jul-12 URL: http://www.TeAra.govt.nz/en/biographies/2p25/1
[2]Renwick.
[3]Renwick.
[4]Renwick.
[5]Renwick.
[6]*Otago Daily Times,* 12 August 1881.
[7]Letter to the Editor, Robert J Pope, *The Evening Post*, 4 May 1931.
[8]*The Evening Post*, 16 February 1888.
[9]*Otago Witness*, 31 January 1889.
[10]*The Evening Post*, 22 February 1893.
[11]*Daily Telegraph*, 23 January 1888.

[12]Pope's chief legacy to Levin School is his witty and well-received speech: 'An address delivered in the primary school, Levin, on the occasion of the jubilee celebrations in connection with the opening of the Levin school, on 24 Feb 1890' by Robert J Pope (see Turnbull MS-Papers-1781).
[13]*Levin: The Making of a Town* by Anthony Dreaver (Levin: Horowhenua District Council, 2006).
[14]Dreaver.
[15]*The Evening Post*, 20 June 1898.
[16]*Northern Advocate*, 31 July 1911.
[17]*The Evening Post*, 20 November 1925.
[18]Undated newspaper article, 'N.Z., My Homeland', c1948? (see Pope's miscellaneous papers, Turnbull MS-Papers-7194).
[19]'Local cricket feats recalled', Robert J Pope, *The Evening Post*, 4 February 1939.
[20]*The Evening Post*, 26 August 1896.
[21]*The Evening Post,* 31 October 1930.
[22]*The Evening Post,* 3 December 1910.
[23]Pope's song was part of a concert in honour of the anniversary of the Young Women's Christian Association, 22 November 1910 (see *The Evening Post*, 23 November 1910).
[24]A Suitable Anthem?, H Calvert, *The Evening Post*, 29 December 1971.
[25]'Maori Place Names: Correct Pronunciation: Some Simple Examples', Robert J Pope, *The Evening Post*, 30 July 1929.
[26]"Postscripts", *The Evening Post*, 24 December 1934.
[27]T A Fletcher (born Melbourne, Australia, 1891; died 1975): NZ Rugby Union management committee 1923-27; football referee 1911-30; president Wellington Referees Association 1922-26; NZ Referees Association Exec. 1920-31; also a teacher variously and former headmaster of Mackenzie School, Cheviot 1915; edited the *School Journal* and *Education Gazette* 1919-31; inspector 1931-41 and senior inspector of Maori schools 1942-48; worked for the Education Department till retirement 1948-51; published *School Football* (Wellington, NZ Rugby Union, 1925); bowls player in retirement (*Who's Who in New Zealand*, 1951).
[28]*New Zealand Magazine*, No. 25, No. 1, January-February 1946.
[29]*The Dominion,* 30 January 1946.
[30]Until his inclusion in *A Tingling Catch* in 2010, Pope had not appeared in any national poetry anthologies, official literary, cricket or music histories or biographies since his death. He is also absent from Harvey McQueen's contemporary selection of early New Zealand poets, *The New Place* (1993). I found traces of Pope in Dreaver's local history book on Levin; a history of Wairarapa schools; the bibliography, *Author's Week 1936*, contributed by Johannes C Andersen; the Union catalogue, Tapuhi (Turnbull manuscripts database), Papers Past, NZ Biographies Index and NZ Music Index at the National Library of New Zealand; Bagnall's National Bibliography; and more recently by Alistair Gilkison's bibliographical list of the sheet music of New Zealand privately collected (2006).

From *Some New Zealand Lyrics (1928)*

NEW ZEALAND, MY HOMELAND

1. New Zealand! New Zealand!
My fondly loved homeland,
Thy mountains and forests
Are dear to my heart.
I roam with delight o'er
Thy hills stern and craggy,
Whose mantle of manuka
Perfumes the breeze.

2. New Zealand! New Zealand!
My heart yearns towards thee;
I love thy cool glades and
Thy fern shaded streams,
Thy evergreen forests,
Majestic and silent,
With rata's red blossoms
And clematis crowned.

3. New Zealand! New Zealand!
Thou gem of the ocean,
A diamond encircled with
Sapphire, I ween.
In bounties bestowed on
Her sons and daughters,
What land can excel thee,
Fair land of my own?

4. New Zealand! New Zealand!
May fate ne'er compel me
To long for thy charms
Under alien skies.
But, life's journey ended,
The hope of my heart is
To mingle, my earth, dear
New Zealand, with thine.

AN ABODE OF PEACE

When rambling through the bush
  Life's troubles to beguile,
I sat upon a crumbling log,
  To think and dream awhile.

And mingling with my dreams
  There came, from time to time,
A clear, reiterated note,—
  The bell-bird's dulcet chime.

I watched a crystal stream
  Leap from a ferny wall:
A column white, whose fragile base
  Was shivered by its fall.

A little mountain trout
  Came slowly swimming by;
I saw him ply his filmy fins,
  And marked his gleaming eye.

The sun lent just one beam,
  To cheer him on his way;
And clearly, on the sand beneath,
  I saw his shadow play.

A robin came to call;—
  A welcome little guest:
He wore his velvet coat of black,
  And palish yellow vest.

A subtle perfume breathed
  Its fragrance all around,
Born of ten thousand withered leaves
  That carpeted the ground.

Like ropes well weather-worn,
  There trailed from tree to tree
A tangled mass of supplejacks,
  In strange complexity.

Here sprang a feathery fern,
  And there a lichen clung;
From leafy heights the clematis
  Its starry cascade flung.

And to the striving world
  I left the garish day;
In this dim-lighted fane, methought,
  A soul might truly pray;

For here, o'er all there reigned
  A sense of perfect peace,
That banished Life's corroding cares,
  And bade my chafing cease.

Ocean Bay

THE WORN ARMCHAIR

I take up my book and quietude seek,
  In the lap of the worn armchair;
And many enchanting hours I've spent
  With friend or enemy there.
I visit in fancy remoter climes,
  And company strange I keep;
To-night on the warpath with wary tread,
  I and the Indians creep.

And often from Bookland companions come,
  With quaint, engaging ways,
Perchance Little Eva and Uncle Tom,
  Paul Dombey or David Blaize;
And a harum-scarum lad named Tom:
  A boy it is well to know,
Once he and Becky were lost in a cave,
  And Tom met Injun Joe.

Or roving I go afar on the sea,
  Where I meet with pirates bold;
And watch them seize from the Spaniards' ships
  The glittering bars of gold.
There, the foeman captured must walk the plank,
  Or, perhaps at the yardarm swing;
It must be ever so jolly a life,
  The life of a pirate king.

I saw Long John Silver but yesterday,
  As he stumped along the quay;
And I heard him say, "You may lay to that,"
  For he passed quite close to me.
Then Crusoe and Friday I know quite well—
  It seems I have known them for years—
And Smike and David Copperfield,
  And that harsh old tyrant Squeers.

Yes, many good friends has the old chair brought
  Me, under its potent spell:
Tom Brown and Arthur, Huck and Jim,
  Stalky, and Little Nell.
It is hard to choose where all are dear;
  But should I be put to the test,
Although I can give you no reason why,
  I like Tom Sawyer best.

THE ORPHAN ISLES

Out, out in a waste of waters
  Where the long, green curlers foam,
God 'stablished the sister islands,
  And fashioned for Man a home;
A home of enchanting beauty,
  Of mountain, and lake, and wood,
Remote from the ranging sailor,
  And Ambition's restless brood.

Long, long in their lonely beauty
  These virgin islands lay,
While Egypt arose in splendour
  Then languished in slow decay;
While the arms of the great Alexander
  O'erthrew the Persian power;
While Caesar, his Eagles triumphant,
  Filled a brief but glittering hour.

The keels of the daring Norsemen
  Through these isles no terror spread;
No whisper of Destiny stirred them
  While Norman and Saxon bled.
Silent, alone, unimagined
  They rest; and Time gently creeps
Away like a weary mother
  When at last her baby sleeps.

And on and on, down the ages,
  The pageant of life passed by,
When a ship from the highways ventured
  Far, far 'north a new-starred sky;
And there, 'mid the trackless ocean,
  Like a ghost from its burial-mound,
Te Ika a Maui rose shrouded—
  And the orphan isles were found.

TO A "STRAD"

A perfect form to thee thy maker gave,
  In his Cremona workshop, long ago;
His brain and hand contrived thy mystic curves,
  And on thy scroll his impress did bestow.

Two hundred years have come and gone, yet none
  Of multitudes that have the task assayed
Has found wherein he could thy tones enhance—
  On such a lute Apollo might have played.

And what art thou? A casket frail of pine
  And sycamore with catgut strings light strung,
Until a master hand, with power endued,
  Stirs in thee melody as yet unsung.

And then thy soul, but sleeping, is evoked,
  And though pour'st forth those glorious, melting strains;
Rapt thousands list to catch the faintest note,
  And Mem'ry evermore thy spell retains.

WAR POEMS

PRO PATRIA

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori. - Horace

See them swinging up the street,
Thousands and thousands of marching feet;
The Empire calls: they do not wait;
But spring to arms, lest it be too late
        Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,
        Artisan, lawyer, clerk, and scamp;
        Heroes all who tread with pride
        The road their fellows trod—and died.

Hark, the drum! Its measured beat
Pulses the time for those marching feet;
Oft, from their homes, Love cries: "O, stay!"
More precious is Honour—they must away.
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,
Men of the shovel, men of the lamp;
Heroes all: for the breach they fill,
Each man fills of his own free will.

"Men, and more men!" swells the call;
"Fill up the ranks; for thousands fall."
From mother, sweetheart, child, and wife,
Forth they go to the Hell-born strife.
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,
Men from the station, men from the camp;
Free men all: no pressed man here—
Honour their Valour; and Cheer! Cheer!! Cheer!!!

1914-1916

THE LADS THAT LIE LOW

When the war clouds are riven
Over lands that have striven,
And the bugles no longer
Their martial notes blow,
When the bells are a-swinging
And glad voices ringing,
May we ever remember
The lads that lie low.

With flags waving proudly
And drums beating loudly,
We welcome sweet Peace,
Our hearts all aglow;

At the deeds of our nation
We thrill with elation;
  But grieve midst our joy
  For the lads that lie low.

Though many are weeping
For dear ones now sleeping,
  How bravely they smile
  Through the tears that *will* flow!
'Mid the songs of rejoicing
That thousands are voicing
  Steals a soft plaintive note:
  There's a lad that lies low.

Now fresh is the story,
Resplendent the glory
  Which lustres the deeds
  That have vanquished the foe;
When old is the story
And faded the glory,
  In mem'ry will live
  The lads that lie low.

MOURN FOR THE BRAVE
1914-1918

To J. P. Firth, Esq., C.M.G.
(Late Headmaster, Wellington College)

Mourn for the brave,
  That loyal steadfast band
Who sleep their last lone sleep
  Far from their Native land,
Roused by their country's call,
  Unmindful of the cost,

These risked in Freedom's cause
  Their all—and nobly lost
With wreaths of laurel green
  Sweet rosemary entwine,
Fit tribute to the dead,
  Whose mem'ry we enshrine.

Mourn for the brave:
  Now low in death they lie;
So long as Time remains,
  Their glory shall not die.
They shrank not from the blow
  That made the wide world quake;
They leapt into the breach,
  And died for England's sake,
No more with kindling eye
  Ambition's height they climb;
They reached Life's utmost peak—
  The sacrifice sublime.

Mourn for the brave;
  Though tears must vainly flow;
Our grief can ne'er repay
  The boundless debt we owe.
What monument can we
  To their great name upraise
Whose honours far transcend
  The clarion voice of praise?
O let our off'ring be
  A brotherhood so wide
That all the world shall know
  'Twas not in vain they died.

IS IT NAUGHT TO YOU?

Dum tacent, clamant.— Cicero

They rest in peace,
  For their work is done;
Short was the course
  Of a race well won.
Not with white locks
  Or palsied limb,
Worsted in life,
  Or with vision dim;

Not in such plight
  Did they lay Life down;
But wearing their youth
  As it were a crown;
Proud in their strength
  Of sinewy limb
With hope at its zenith,
  Life's chalice abrim.

These were the treasures
  They set at naught?
With this great price
  Was our freedom bought;
And you, as you gauge
  Insistent tolls,
Do you count what you owe
  These noble souls?

Have you so soon
  Forgot their claim,
As you garner riches,
  Or play your game?
Is it naught to you
  That their name abide?—
It was for *you*
  They bled and died!

THE DERELICT

In this secluded bay, her strength all spent
  In conflict with the strong, relentless ocean,
She sleeps in peace; and now is well content
  To feel no more the ecstasy of motion.

The sea-birds walk her deck—her only crew;
  Her prow lies softly pillowed on the sand;
While barnacles are sheathing her anew,
  Decay, unsparing, works with tireless hand.

There was a time when, in her youthful pride,
  She courted hazard with the wind and wave,
Her outspread pinions radiant as a bride—
  No queen more graceful, and no knight more brave.

Full well she played her part in days long gone:
  Despise not, youth, her antiquated mould;
The years are fleeting by, and thou, anon,
  Wilt on Time's shore be left, outworn and old.

And when that day shall come—as come it must—
  And tottering steps foretell the brink is near,
Peace be with thee, if thou'st fulfilled thy trust
  Well as the derelict now mouldering here.

Picton

WELLINGTON

She sits on the throne of her circling hills,
  And looks across the bay,
Where tiered mountains rise abrupt
  To greet incoming day;
Behind her range her trusty guards,
  Liv'ried in green and gold,
Unchanging in their steadfastness,
  'Mid changes manifold.

She smiles as she sees the ships sail in
  And out of her land-locked bay;
These placed the sceptre in her hand,
  And homage now they pay.
They bear the work of the loom and forge,
  And lay it at her feet;
While she, from the fruit of flocks and herds,
  Makes recompense complete.

Yet she has her moods, as all queens have,
  When smiles to frowns give way;
And Nature, haply in sympathy,
  Turns azure skies to grey.
Night comes; and bleak south winds unleashed,
  With lashing rainstorms dire,
Bid pleasure-wooers turn again
  And gather round the fire.

But morning meets a smiling queen,
  And Nature's mood is bright;
Forgotten, too, are fret and frown—
  All vanished with the night;
The sunlight, as from toils set free,
  Now dances on the bay;
And only Tararua's peaks
  Remember yesterday.

And when oncoming darkness cloaks
  The charms she wears by day,
One magic touch, and lo! she stands
  A radiant, glittering fay.
Anon, surmounting Matthews' height,
  The moon, with blushing mien,
Rides gently through the drifting clouds,
  Ensilvering the scene.

Here may she reign a thousand years,
  A thousand years and more,
Endowed with beauty, wealth and power
  In still increasing store;
Proud that her sons ascend the path
  To honour and renown;
Her daughters follow Virtue's lead,
  The jewels in her crown.

SUMMER IS DYING

Summer is dying, the leaves fall fast,
Strewn 'neath the oak lies the nut-brown mast,
Berries now mark where the wild rose blew,
Glitters the grass with a wealth of dew.
Shorn of its glory the garden grieves,
Clothed in sad mantle of withered leaves:
Summer is dying, her life ebbs fast,
Who but will sigh that her hour is past?

Summer is dying: no more I see
Blossoms depend to the toiling bee;
Long lurks the spider within her lair,
Watching, now vainly, the silken snare.
Sands heaped and fashioned with childish toil,
Castle and moat that no foe may spoil,
Lie now as smooth as a tiled way,
Save where the feet of a seabird stray.

Summer is dying, Alas! Alas!
Silent the birds ere her spirit pass;
Hushed the gay song the cicada sings,
Spiral and vacant the broom-pod clings.
Cold midst its ferns runs the stony stream,
White in the moonlight the mountains gleam;
Summer is dead: her joys all past,
Slain by the wrath of the wintry blast.

MEMORIES

Long years have passed, and I stand alone
  In the dear old home I knew;
I tread its vacant, silent rooms,
  And the treasured past review.
And out of the silence I hear the dead
  Speaking to me again;
While memory wakes a thousand chords
  Of mingled joy and pain.

'Twas there by the fireside my father sat,
  And I upon his knee,
Enthralled by the wondrous tale he told
  Of the Old, Old Man of the Sea.
There my mother plied her needle oft—
  Sure toil our rents supplied;
And yonder the spot where my sister fell—
  She was the first that died.

'Twas here in the hall Tom burst my drum—
  I wonder where Tom is now!
A rover born, and no recruit
  For the workshop or the plough,
And little Nell, the pet of all—
  Aye, little Nellie still,
For the grave is green these many years
 Where she lies beneath the hill.

And here in this room the table stood
  Where fed the flock each day;
And many a jest that old board shared,
  For it served company gay.
There oft a battle of budding wit
  Was fought with a measureless glee,
Each soldier skilled in the cut and thrust
  Of our childish repartee.

Can these grey heads that I sometimes meet
  Be the rollicksome band who woke
That day-dawn with their merriment,
  Or sparred with friendly stroke?
And the lady grave with spectacles,
  Was she our tomboy Nan?
Our baby Jack 'tis hard to trace
  In the guise of a bearded man.

* * * *

I started up from my reverie
  To find that day ebbed fast;
The pathos of Life had gripped my soul
  In its commune with the past.
Rising from where I sat awhile
  On a relic of Youth's heyday,
Softly I turn the creaking lock,
  And rev'rently steal away.

GENTLE SPRING

The sun is rising warm and bright,
  The lark is on the wing,
The blossoms wake and deck the trees
  To welcome Gentle Spring.
The daisy opes her golden eye,
  The bees their soft song hum;
Each feather'd songster thrills with joy,
  For Gentle Spring has come.

The lambs are frisking in the fields,
  The flowers their tribute bring;
The golden gorse in fragrance pays
  Its homage to the Spring.
The tui floats his liquid note
  From flax or flow'ry gum;
All Nature cries, "Awake! Awake!"
  For Gentle Spring has come.

AM MEER

(Written at the request of a lady who disliked the words usually associated with Schubert's fine song)

I lingered by the murm'ring sea
  When evening shades were falling,
And a loved voice lost in the morn of life
  Came to me, softly calling.
A billow swelled, then onward rolled,
  And broke into foam around me;
It bore my eager answer down
  Ere she who sought had found me.

I called again; no voice beloved
  Made answer to my pleading;
The wrack slowly heaved on each surge's breast,
  Then sank with its receding.
The seabirds screamed in the fading light,
  The wind from its slumber started—
And ever now I list in vain
  For that dear one from me parted.

Ocean Bay

NATURE'S CALL

Come, don the rucsac; let's away
  And the answer Nature's call;
I hear her soft, insistent voice,
  Amid the city's brawl.
She whispers of the track that winds
  Up Tararua's steeps,
Or haply of the Pinnacles,
  Or where the moss-bank weeps.

She tip-toes to my desk, and croons
  Of stony, hurrying streams:
Wairongomai, or Ohau 'neath
  The moon's enchanting beams;
Of nightly march by forest track,
  Where steps must wary be,
And bright electric torch is flashed
  To find the erst-blazed tree.

But should I *still* not heed her call,
  A witching charm she plies:
One instant—and the camp-fire gleams
  Before my eager eyes;
And sitting around it, comrades leal,
  With pipe and merry chat,
Sweet, girlish laughter crowning all—
  Can Life give more than that?

AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND

The kookaburra's laughing on a gum-tree in the sun;
The crow emits his mournful note: he does not see the fun;
The wattle and boronia scent the air on ev'ry hand;
But my thoughts, like homing swallows, fly away to Maoriland.

Here, massy slabs of sandstone overtop each little hill;
The soldier crabs in squadrons on the sandbanks are at drill;
The pelicans a-fishing by the tide-way channels stand;
Such scenes as these bear witness I am far from Maoriland.

And from a hill-top's eminence for mile on mile I view
A thousand thousand gumtrees with their one unvaried hue;
And, scattered round on ev'ry side, a gay and charming band,
The wildflowers of Australia, all unknown in Maoriland.

The purple sarsaparilla and the glowing waratah
Shine perfect in their beauty as the westering ev'ning star;
But from Australia's native woods stern Nature's laws have banned
Full many of those countless charms bestowed on Maoriland.

The myriad tender shades of green,—of moss, and leaf, and frond—
The thousand leaping waterfalls, and fern-fringed streams beyond,
The tangled mass of undergrowth, the stately nikau palm,—
These give the woods of Maoriland their beauty and their charm.

Emerging from their cloistered shade that cloaks the mountain's rise,
A panorama grand and wide enchains my raptured eyes:
Wild bush-clad hills, a fiord blue, a river's silver band,
The ocean foam, a snow-clad range—yes, that is Maoriland.

Woy Woy, N.S.W.

SIX AND SIXTY-TWO

The Christmases that once I knew
  Are strangers to me now;
Yet, would they grace my board anew,
  I'd welcome them, I vow.
The world has grown so common-place,
  Its lure and charm have sped;
As year on year comes rolling round
  Some ling'ring joy has fled.

The trumpets that I used to blow,
  What glorious strains they woke!
The drums I beat with tireless arm
  Entranced at every stroke.
What wealth untold a stocking held
  Dependent from my bed;
They do not weave such stockings now,
  The art is long since dead.

And then the puddings that I ate,
  So big, and rich and brown!
As fine a pudding you'd not find
  Were you to search the town
And oh, the sport and merriment
  That filled each rushing hour!
The hide-and-seek, the blind-man's buff
  The rapturous lolly shower.

Delights I now anticipate
  Come savourless and few;
I cast a wistful look behind,
  But distance blurs the view.
Awhile I pondered: Why the change?
  Then presently I knew:
Those joys were gauged by eyes of six,
  Which now are sixty-two.

AN OLD SETTLER'S REVERIE

Take all the showy motor-cars
  That hoot, and vaunt their power
By racing o'er the bitumen
  At forty miles an hour—
Poor flimsy things, with cushion tires,
  Self-starters, cranky gears!—
Give me the honest bullock-dray
  I knew in former years.

We were not mulct for speeding, though
  We touched three miles an hour;
And skidding held few terrors when
  There'd been a heavy shower;
Nor had we any grave concern
  About our new enamel;
And thought no more of punctures
  Than an Arab on his camel.

The wheels *were* wheels in those old days,
  No puny things of wire;
Six inches wide of solid steel—
  That's what we called a tire.
The nave would fill a butter-cask;
  Each spoke as thick's your arm;
The roughest track this bush could boast
  Could do *our* springs no harm.

Of course, I'm not denying that
  We often got a bump,
When one wheel climbed a flax-bush,
  And the other struck a stump;
But, bless your heart! We didn't mind—
  Life's full of ups and downs—
We took the knocks that came our way,
  With smiles instead of frowns.

We yoked our bullocks two and two,
  Hitched one pair to the pole,
While at a chain the others tugged;
  The whip was our control.
And sometimes using words robust,
  We urged our team along,
For even language, on such roads,
  Had reason to be strong.

And often now I live again
  Those old days in a dream;
Through fern and mud I trudge along
  Beside my patient team:
"Gee, Dandy, Spot and Robulla!
  Gee, Neptune, Duke"—but there,
I somehow must have dozed a bit,
  While resting in my chair.

VALE*

Confido, et conquiesco

Farewell, my truest friend, farewell;
The hour has come when we must part;
The steepest hill, the roughest road,
Could never daunt your valiant heart.
We've fared for many a day together;
We've shared both mild and bitter weather;
But now alas! Our pathways sever,
And we must part—is it for ever?

Farewell, my truest friend; my thanks
For all the patient care bestowed
When oft, yourself footsore and worn,
You saw me stumble on the road.
We've been true comrades, tried and proven,
Our lives as fabric interwoven;
Divergent *now,* our ways will blend—
God mocks us, if this be the end.

*In Memoriam H.G.P.

Studio portrait of Grandmother Rattray [Helen Grant Pope]. Fortune, Eileen Margaret, 1903-1978:Photographs relating to the Pope family. Ref: PAColl-0408-1. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, New Zealand. http://beta.natlib.govt.nz/records/22808554

From *A New Zealander's Fancies in Verse (1946)*

THE LITTLE SHIPS

The little ships, the gallant ships,
  That served our fathers' day,
And spread the Empire's bounds afar,
  And held her foes at bay—
The little ships, the sturdy ships,
  Our fathers' boast and pride—
Have had their sailing orders, weighed,
  And gone out on the tide.

The little ships, the daring ships,
  That braved unchartered seas—
The ships of Tasman, Cook, and Ross,
  And hearts as bold as these—
Say, where are now those little ships,
  So fearless, staunch and true?
Gone—yet they left a wake of fame
  More lasting than they knew.

No little ships, no flying ships,
  Their holds ajam with tea
From China now come racing home,
  The swallows of the sea;
Nor now from far-famed Sydney's port,
  With cloud of canvas spread,
Come little wool-ships speeding home:
  The little ships are dead.

Ye little ships, ye faithful ships,
  To you how much we owe,
Who, with our fathers nobly served
  New Zealand long ago;
Like theirs, your task was stern and long,
  But ere your course was run
You saw an infant nation rise—
  Our heritage was won.

Ah! little ships, the tide of Time
  Has borne you all away;
Your beauty and your stately grace
  Are now of yesterday.
Grieve not that you are laid aside,
  Your sails for ever furled,
Fame never dying shall reward
  Your service to the world.

BEYOND THE VEIL

When I am gone beyond the veil,
  And earth and all it holds a dream,
Perchance some flower these hands have idly set,
  May bloom, and past neglect redeem.

A pebble flung into the pond
  Sinks straightway, and is seen no more;
The wavelet, born of that unpurposed plunge,
  May bear some pregnant seed to shore.

In like, a word of sympathy,
  A kindly deed, long since forgot,
May in obscure, inexplicable way,
  Survive, and lighten some dark lot.

When we invoke the aid of Fame
  To help us circumvent Death's plot,
'Tis but a barren victory we gain:
  The name endures—the man's forgot.

No lettered stone need mark my rest;
  No useless railing guard the spot;
Oblivion is our sure and destined end;
  Man cannot ravel Fate's firm knot.

Yet one memorial I crave,
  Though transient; when I've played my part,
Be it alone my monument, to leave
  A name enshrined in one true heart.

WANTED, A LEADER

Wanted, a leader staunch and true,
With stubborn, microcosmic-view;
Not one with vision so warped and wide
As e'en to see an opponents' side;
And ponder with judicial mind
Things obvious to all mankind.
Can one whose nature plays such tricks
E'er lead in party politics?

Send us a leader strong and bold,
Who dares to do what he is told;
Whose conscience is his sovereign guide
Except when party claims o'erride;
One skilled to plumb the public mind,
And learn which way his own's inclined;
While with a hold as strong as death
He grasps each time-worn shibboleth

CHRISTMAS TIME

O Christmas is the joyous time
  (At least it is for some),
When father buys his son and heir
  A whistle, train, or drum.
At five a.m. his hopeful wakes,
  And to his glad surprise,
That lethal instrument of youth,
  A trumpet, he espies.

Then like-a rocket up he springs,
  His satisfaction deep,
And Gabriel-like, with trumpet blast
  Arouses them that sleep.
And long and loud, and often,
  He makes the welkin ring;
While, as by magic, pals appear
  Agog to blow the thing.

Then mother in the kitchen toils,
  With pots and pans around;
While jars of this, and bags of that,
  And boys and girls abound.
"We are busy helping mother,"
  With guileless charm they tell;
But frequently, as Fortune smiles,
  They help themselves, as well.

With anticipation eager
  Of the good time just ahead,
Young tongues are wagging endlessly,
  And no one thinks of bed.
The "big ones" of the tribe agree
  Old Santa's powers in scorning;
Yet hang their stockings up at night,
  And search them in the morning.

But as for me, I feel no joy,
  (And that with some excuse);
My point of view is different—quite—
  I am the Christmas goose!

WAITING

The night is dark, the air is still,
And from the grey tower on the hill
The bells ring out. Their mellowed tone
Falls where a woman sits alone.
A wood fire casts its glow around,
Its flickering flame the only sound.
Clear from the bells—her eyes grow dim—
"Abide with Me," his favourite hymn.

A vision floats before her eyes,
The years turn back, the dead arise;
She is again his youthful bride,
And he her lover and her pride.
Yet, ah! so soon, the war-drums beat,
She sees him marching through the street;
A troopship looms, and then her ears
Ring with the sound of lusty cheers.

A message later, breathing cheer,
Comes but to numb her heart with fear:
"After long months of heat and sand,
We're trekking to another land."
He must not name that land but she
Knows now it was Gallipoli;
A land where countless hopes lie slain,
A land where heroes died in vain.

Again the bells—and "Absent" here
Steals plaintively upon her ear.
She lives once more those endless days
Filled with anxiety that preys
Like slow disease on her heart and brain,
And respite or relief is vain,
Day follows day till months have flown,
And lingering months to years are grown.

Once more the bells—*The Minstrel Boy*—
It seems to her the knell of joy.
She knows not where her lover fell,
'Tis Death's own secret, guarded well.
The bells have ceased, the fire sinks low,
The room grows chill—she does not know;
All hope is gone, her soul seems numb,
She does not weep—tears will not come.

BILLY'S TEA

(In the manner of W. B. Yeats)

I will arise and go now, and go get Bill his tea,
  And a nice plate of toast make or buy some waffles made,
Bloater paste will I have there, of Heinz or Maconochie,
  And add a jar of their jam (first grade).

And I shall have some eggs, too, for eggs are getting low,
  Dropping to the moderate figure that milder weather brings,
And Bill, with midday dinner, and but a glass or so,
  At evening's keen on these tasty things.

I will arise and see now if Bill is on his way;
  (I fear, by low sounds now, the kettle's slopping on the floor),
While I stand in the doorway and scan the pavements grey;
  I smell them frying fish next door.

A NAZI PRAYER

O Thou who, by our Fuhrer's grace,
Hast given to us Earth's foremost place
Though modesty and silent merit
Disguise the talents we inherit;
Grant us, we pray Thee, further light
To value our great worth aright,
And help that darkness to dispel,
In which all other nations dwell.
When granting these petitions, pray
Let there be no undue delay;
And if our Fuhrer shall agree,
We'll grant some meed of praise to Thee.

THE TRIAL

I loved a fair maiden, she was but eighteen,
  Her eyes were as blue-bells, she walked like a queen;
I loved her so fondly my heart was aflame—
  It would not be seemly to tell you her name.

We went for a ramble one fine Summer's eve,
  She was sweet and confiding, too fond to deceive;
And when she felt weary (it chanced near a stile),
  We sat on a step and there rested a while.

I told her I loved her—what else could I do?
  Her lips were so rosy, her eyes were so blue;
I asked: "Will you wed me?" Said she with a smile,
  "Perhaps I *might* love you; I'll give you a trial."

When years we'd been wedded, with Fortune our friend,
  I asked her in jest when my trial would end;
"Why speak of an end?" said my saucy young wife,
  "You surely must know you were sentenced for life."

THE PLEASING POLITICIAN

The politician pleases me,
  His ways are wondrous kind;
Than he who is more ready
  To bear your case in mind?
If he cannot at the moment
  For your grievance find a cure,
Well, he'll promise you can count upon
  His interest, for sure.

And it's more than likely that he'll add,
  "If the matter lay with me,
I need hardly tell you, my dear sir,
  'Twould be a certainty;
Your claim must be adjusted
  With no undue delay;
But I'll see the departmental head,
  And get things under way."

Just then he sees Jones bearing down –
  Constituent and bore—
And Jones is just the kind of man
  One cannot well ignore.
"Ah! Jones, I'm glad to meet you;
  But you've caught me on the hop,
I'm just off to a meeting—
  So sorry I can't stop."

But stop he does—and more than once
  Ere the meeting he attends;
For he really must see Pompous
  And make him some amends;
He had promised to be present at
  The Stonybroke bazaar,
But had confused the date, and now—
  "He don't know where he are."

"It isn't always easy
  To decide the course to choose;
For you must ever bear in mind
  The votes you'll gain or lose;
'Address the Ice-cream Conference?
  Or help to plant a tree?'
Now there you have the problem
  That perplexes the M.P."

Yes, the politician charms me,
  He is ever on thin ice,
And must act with marked discretion
  Or meet trouble in a trice;
And not seldom at a crisis
  He's beset with deadly fear,
Lest an ill-timed or incautious word
  Should ruin his career.

THE TUI

Hark! from the rata's crimsoned crown
  The tui's song!—each note a gem
More exquisite than jewel set
  In royal diadem.

Sweet songster banished to the wilds,
  How rarely now thy note is heard!
Nor thrush nor blackbird fills thy place
  In song, melodious bird.

The nightingale in northern climes,
  Reigns queen-like o'er the feather'd throng,
And poets rapturous acclaim
  Her peerless, haunting song.

To them the tui's fluty notes,
  Which lead our forest choir at morn,
Are but a mystic, unknown tale,
  A symphony unborn.

I have not heard the nightingale
  Sing 'neath the moon her joy and pain,
But I have heard the tui charm
  Our forest after rain;

And if, sweet singer, there should be
  A strain more pure, more rich than thine,
Methinks 'twere some supernal song,
  Not earth-born, but divine.

LITTLE BLUE EYES

(To my Grandchild, June)

What are you gazing at, Little Blue Eyes?
Lost in a reverie deep as the skies?
Far away on the pinions of fancy you've flown,
Forgetful of Grandfather sitting alone.

What are the visions your day-dreams have bred?
What truant thoughts fill that fair little head?
Do you see once again the realm where you came,
Ere mortals had claimed you—that land without name?

Or to Alice in Wonderland is it you've sped,
And are awed by the Queen screaming: "Off with her head!"?
Or have you like Goldilocks, braved the Three Bears,
And are sitting as she did, in each of their chairs?

To Fairyland have you discovered the way,
And learnt mystic secrets from some clever fay?
For though you are here, yet you're far, far away:
A queer kind of prank on your Grandpa to play!

Too old to go with you, he here must abide,
Awaiting with patience whate'er may betide;
But soon back to poor, lonely Grandpa you'll fly,
As the song-wearied lark drops to earth from the sky.

ADAM AND EVE

Fashion comes and fashion goes,
At whose bidding no one knows.
Man with his pedestrian mind
Lags complacently behind;
He long since resigned all hope
With *its* vagaries e'er to cope.
Only woman's intuition
Keeps abreast of the position.
Woman (though inclined to chatter)
Knows the things that truly matter;
Knows now that her present hat
Is a sight to shudder at;
Though she thought, when first she wore it,
None could view and not adore it.
Well, 'tis past—and without sorrow;
For the sales begin tomorrow.

Not so man. A well-worn "tile"
Destitute of form or style
Is for him a prized possession
Valued far beyond expression.
Not for rubies or fine gold
Would that cherished hat be sold.

And were it not for woman's guile
He still would own that much-loved "tile";
But on a day—with grief 'tis stated—
Beneath the "copper" 'twas cremated;
And his eye instinctive turning,
Saw its latest fragment burning.
For man is man, and woman woman,
Each a phase of what is human;
Wedlock fain would make them one,
Fiddlesticks! It can't be done.

KING WILLOW

(at the opening of the 1932 cricket season)

King Willow comes out from his mystic retreat,
  And a right merry monarch is he;
He spends all the winter in slumber profound,
  But the sun brings him out with the bee.

His liegemen are waiting their captain to hail,
  And to join in the joyous campaign;
It needs no conscription his armies to raise,
  No ribbons their zeal to maintain.

"Now bring out the bat and the ball," says he,
  "Not stand here in idle array,
Blue sky is above us, green turf 'neath our feet,
  Then why should we longer delay?"

Be the contest at Lord's, among players of fame,
  Or a bout on some small village green,
King Willow is happy; he marks not their skill,
  As long as his subjects are keen.

He loves a bold batsman who piles up the runs,
  A bowler who skittles the wickets,
And a fieldsman who never abandons the race,
  Till the ball rattles hard 'gainst the pickets.

He oft may be seen in some cunning disguise,
  Say, an old man decrepit or lame,
Who watches, discerning with gannet-like glance,
  Every action and stroke in the game.

Then here's to King Willow and all his long train,
  From Bradman to ten-year Jim Small,
Who love the old game, and play it with zest,
  Loyal knights of the bat and the ball.

THE DOORKEEPER'S RETORT TO HITLER

Heil, Hitler! Heil! I lately read
  Your swaggering address,
Its dictatorial manner rather
  Jarred me, I confess.
Even if you are the great Shebang,
  The loud and awful noise,
I think 'twere wiser to adopt
  A less flamboyant poise.

When being Heiled! and Heiled! and Heiled!
  By many a shouting mob,
Your head is apt to swell, and make
  You magnify your job,
And pose as if a superman
  Or else a minor god;
But bear in mind, quite soon you'll be
  Stretched out beneath the sod.

Or, even if the heights you climb
  Ensure a costly tomb,
It will not mend your case at all,
  Or mitigate your doom;
When Peter at the gate you meet,
  And tender your credentials,
He'll say, "This is the Realm of PEACE;
  You lack all the essentials."

"And while I'm guardian of this gate,
  No Nazi shall pass through;
The boot's now on the other foot:
  Remember, I'm a Jew!"

THE CHOICE

I somehow don't quite see the way
  To vote in this election;
For both sides have a stranglehold
  It seems, upon perfection.
If either side had had defects,
  How simple choice would be!
But since both are immaculate,
  'Tis tough to a degree.

I am assuming you would make
  A wise choice if you could,
And are prepared to separate
  What's so-so from what's good;
But that is not the simple task
  We're now asked to perform;
For both sides are so faultless that
  There's no scope for reform.

For proof of this no need exists:
  Both openly admit it;
Ultima Thule's now attained,
  And theirs the side that hit it.
Of course I do not mean to say
  Each side commends the other,
I merely mean each boosts his own,
  And damns that of his brother.

What chance have we benighted souls,
  To choose twixt two perfections?
To compass this we need a vote
  That counts in both directions.
Your pauper, having naught to lose,
  May possibly condemn a
Voter with a stake, who's mazed,
  In this unique dilemma.

"THE BOSS"

(An affectionate tribute to Mr J.P. Firth on his retirement, after nearly 30 years as Headmaster of Wellington College)

Who taught us how to play the game,
How might and right are not the same,
That honest work is more than fame?
  "The Boss."

Who led us all to strive with vim,
To scorn all methods that were "slim",
To prize a word of praise from him?
  "The Boss."

Who, happ'ning on us unaware,
When mischief dire was in the air,
Politely asked, "How will you square?"
"The Boss."

Who from his modest six-feet-five,
Would hope in four-feet-two revive,
Thenceforth the proudest boy alive?
"The Boss."

Who in our school-days sowed the seed
That blossomed in the Empire's need,
And gave us Honour for our creed?
"The Boss."

Who shared our joys of bat and ball,
Who roused us at our country's call,
And won the hearts of one and all?
"The Boss."

THE STRICKEN ADVERTISER

No matter what his aims may be,
No matter if he lies
To benefit his fellow men,
A man must advertise.
His product, be it what it may,
The work of hand or brain,
If he neglects to shout its praise,
He courts success in vain.

Though a trifling lack of candour
In his mode, one may perceive,
"Humanum est errare"'d be
His plea, I do believe;
When issuing a prospectus
How jejune would be bare truth:
It might deceive sheer ignorance
Or unsuspicious youth.

No, in the storm and stress of life,
Man dare hardly pause to choose;
He must banish candour, and employ
Such means as pedlars use.
Why wonder then, when we are told
Some "used-car's" slaughtered price?
The vendor scorns the loss he's made;
And "booms" the sacrifice.

The loss that linen drapers court
At "sales", nigh breaks one's heart;
And trafficers in real estate,
From self-robbery must smart;
Nor are such rumours idly based
On fairy-tale or guess,
They're real authentic losses made—
Vide the public press.

In your perusal of the "ads,"
Impressed you're bound to be
With devastating losses borne
By firms habitually;
For losses so stupendous—
And they frequently befall
Leave you hopelessly bamboozled
How the firms survive at all.

NEW ZEALAND

(Revised Version)

There's a land that lies in the Southern Seas,
  Remote from the Old World's bounds,
On whose rugged shores the mighty beat
  Of the ocean's heart resounds.
It lies in the path of the restless winds
  That blow from out the west,
And shroud with everlasting snows
  The towering mountain crest.

There rata and beech and pine are born
  Of these winds—a mantle green,
Clothing the hills and the stony steeps
  And the valleys that lie between.
In the sheltered vales the tree-fern spreads
  Its fronds o'er the hurrying stream,
That rushes and ramps, then, weary, rests
  Where shimmering sunbeams gleam.

'Tis a land where Nature's ways are kind;
  Its beauties far renowned:
There mountains stand marshalled, range on range,
  And waterfalls resound.
Where daisied downs look up and smile
  At skies of turquoise blue;
There manuka its fragrance lends,
  And flocks enhance the view.

Here Vulcan still conserves his fires
  'Neath Ngauruhoe grand,
And lonely Egmont vigil keeps
  On Taranaki's strand.
From some Lethean cave roars forth
  Pent steam with thund'rous sound,
Or fretful geyser, chafing long,
  Flings skyward with a bound.

'Tis a land of promise, a land of youth
(Time long had passed it by);
No crumbling castles crown its crags,
No minsters years defy.
Its monuments and stately piles
Time's slow, refining hand
Not yet has touched with the soft'ning line
That art can ne'er command.

Here may the old-world traveller gauge
The power of Britain's hand,
Who sent her children forth to tame
A wild, but lovely land;
With faith unfaltering they faced
The hardships and the toil,
And won with brain and sinewy arm
Subsistence from the soil.

And onward, upward, still they strove,
To make an equal land,
Where by his worth and not his birth,
A man should win command.
We children of those pioneers,
(Unurged by stress to roam)
Cling proudly to *their* Mother-land,
And still *we* call it "Home."

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW

They say the grass is springing,
And the birds are gaily singing,
And the land is filled with gladness
for the coming of the Spring;
But for me 'tis rue that's springing,
And the songs the birds are singing
Awaken but sad memories, and idle
longings bring.

'Twas when the flowers were springing,
And the birds their carols singing,
  A love new-waken'd taught me
    all the rapture of the Spring;
But now, though birds be singing,
On a grave, the grass is springing,
  And their happiness adds sorrow to my
    sorrow, as they sing.

SPRING

No self-respecting poet (no matter how poor), will let spring go by unsung. The spring-poet, however, has become conservative and too idealistic. The following is an attempt to treat the subject in a common-sense, practical manner that should appeal to our business men and give a lead to our rising poets:—

When the hefty football player takes his ease,
And the young suburban husband plants his peas,
    When you see the housewife rubbing
    Eternally and scrubbing,
        You may take it, gentle maiden,
            It is Spring.

When the tramper dons his rucksack and his shorts,
And the cricketer upon the turf disports
    Himself in flannels white,
    With a blazer overbright—
        Shed your winter hat, dear maiden,
            It is Spring.

When you hear the pullets cackling loud at morn,
In their cooped-up city quarters so forlorn,
    If in lodgings you should be,
    You may take this tip from me:
        Eggs for breakfast now, sweet maiden—
            It is Spring.

Should you see the lambs disporting round their mums
(That is, before their time for freezing comes),
And the butcher brings you ram
(Euphemistically "lamb"),
Believe him, artless maiden,
It is "Spring."

The Celestial purveyor now displays
New potatoes, peas, and lettuce on his trays,
And the whitebait vender's cries
In suburban streets arise—
These are portents, happy maiden,
Of the Spring.

When round the drapers' windows full of hats,
You see women buzzing, thick as summer gnats,
It is proof beyond all doubt
That winter things are "out";
So rejoice, I say, fair maiden,
It is Spring.

A PROTEST

A section of the community at the time, protested against Wellington's *then* recently-established municipal milk supply. The meeting took place in 1922.

"This meeting is called," said the chief germ, Typhoidus,
"To tender our thanks to all those who've employed us;
And to enter our protest—it can't be too firm—
'Gainst the wrong that's been done to the poor working germ.

There's that man they call Gnaw-wood*—I think that's the name—
Who for all of our troubles is mostly to blame;
When the milk trade was winning us tricks by the score,
He became most officious, and shoved in his oar.

This pasteurised milk is so grossly unfair
That a strong deputation must wait on the Mayor;
And, in English as plain as our tongues can command,
Say this milk distribution's a thing we won't stand."

Then Patrick Diphtheria sprang to his feet,
And, putting it mildly, he "went off a treat"—
"Thim cursed clane battles, I'll break ivry won,
And give *ivry* councillor hell, barrin' none!"

But the chairman called Patrick to order, and said:
"Though your anger is righteous, Pat, easy ahead;
We'll wait on the Council, without more delay,
And lodge our complaints in a dignified way."

And there, sure enough, when the Council next meets
Are three truculent germs in the Councillors' seats.
Says the Mayor: "If you're catching, you'd better get out;
If you're not, let us hear what the trouble's about."

Then chief germ, Typhoidus, arose, and said he,
"With this new-fangled milk scheme we cannot agree;
The citizens *may* get their milk on good terms,
But it's over the odds for us hard-working germs.

"And whatever advantage to others its giving,
For us it makes harder the problem of living;
The doctor and nurse, too, it's robbing, I say,
Of a very large part of their regular pay.

"Now the Stonemason's Union's begun to complain;
Though protest is useless, they firmly maintain;
Dire poverty threatens the troubled wreath-maker,
And you're breaking the heart of the poor undertaker."

* The reference is to Sir Charles Norwood, then chairman of the Wellington City Council's Milk Committee.

OUR BEER

(Written during the First World War)

We have sent our lads in thousands,
Aye, in scores of thousands now,
To bleed, and die, it may be,
  For the cause we all hold dear;
We have given of our treasure,
Freely, gladly, without measure,
But we make one reservation:
  We will not give up our Beer.

'Tis the bulwark of our nation,
It has made us what we are;
'Tis the star that gleams before us
  When the world is dark and drear;
Take our Lares and Penates,
Take our bread and meat and "taties,"
All these are superfluities
  When measured by our Beer.

'Tis on this our constitution
Is founded firm and strong;
And the rights our fathers bled for
  To our hearts are very near;
We are ready to surrender
Home and hearth, and likewise fender,
Making one distinct exception;
  To wit, "the Fam'ly Beer."

Could we see the pallid brewer
Brooding o'er the "might have been,"
Would our hearts be void of pity,
  And our eyes refuse a tear?
Could we bear to see him languish
'Neath the load of loss and anguish,
That would crush his gentle spirit
  If we abrogated Beer?

No; in courage and devotion
To our country and our King,
We yield to no man living,
  Be he peasant, knight, or peer;
Take, if need, our sons and daughters;
Take our lands, and min'ral waters;
But we can't resign our birthright,
  Life's sheet-anchor, glorious Beer.

Uncollected and Unpublished Poems

THE FATE OF THE LAND BILL

Into a vault of Parliament House,
  Where the dead and dying lay,
Shelved by a Government weak as a mouse,
  Somebody's Land Bill was borne one day—
Somebody's Land Bill, so young and so brave,
  Wearing yet on its pale sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
  The lingering light of its youthful grace.

Altered and pruned are the clauses now
  That promised so well in that fair young Bill;
Pale is the hue of its author's brow,
  Somebody's Land Bill they're trying to kill.
Back from Committee all hacked and torn,
  Scarcely more than a few weeks old,
Cross is the look by its sponsor worn,
  Somebody's Land Bill is still and cold.

"Pass it yet, for somebody's sake,"
  Murmurs a member soft and low,
"No bright clause from its fellows take,
  They were somebody's pride, you know."
Somebody's hand had laboured there.
  Was it a Scotchman's, soft and slight?
Or had the acumen of each confrere
  Been distilled in its pages bright?

Ward knows best. He had somebody's Bill
  Softly withdrawn from the world of strife,
Till each member could learn his constituents' will,
  And vote to maintain his political life.
Somebody spoke when he brought it on
  In fashion so handsome, brave, and grand,
That each large farmer it pressed upon
  Nervously clung to his parting land.

Now they're not waiting and watching for him,
  Yearning to take the best blood of his heart;
For his Bill lies there and—the "Ayes" look grim,
  And the "Noes" are smiling in groups apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
  Pausing to drop on its grave a tear,
Write o'er the coat of arms at its head,
  "Somebody's Land Bill slumbers here."

THE SPARROW

I'm only the little Sparrow,
  A ship of low degree
And what is now the use of me
  Is more than I can see.

I used to help Britannia
  To rule the raging waves,
And did my little best to see
  That Britons were not slaves.

But now the jade has jilted me,
  And sold me out and out;
Eight hundred pounds was all I brought,
  Or somewhere thereabout.

She tried to soothe my wounded pride
  By swearing solemnly
That a great and glorious training-ship
  In future I should be.

Her daughter in the Southern Seas,
  She said, would cherish me,
And talk with pride, in language bold,
  Of her great and strong navee.

And I should form that great navee
  All on my little "pat,"
With a captain bold, in lace of gold,
  And a beautiful new cocked-hat.

My grief, said she, at leaving her
  Would soon be turned to joy,
When my decks were paced, and my foreyards braced
  By the wild colonial boy.

By the wild colonial boy, mark well,
  Who is kin to the great "All Blacks,"
That invaded our shores a year ago,
  And donkey-licked our cracks.

The honour seemed so great that I
  No longer felt aggrieved;
I never for a moment thought
  That I should be deceived.

But alas, alas, for a woman's word!
  Alas, for my high-blown pride!
For the only boy attached to me
  Is the buoy to which I'm tied.

And here I'll lie till those boys are born
  Who will form my gallant crew,
But I fear ere that shall come to pass
  My hull will have rusted through.

And I feel the world so dreary,
  As I lie by day and night
Dreaming all my youthful days away
  Off bleak Kaiwarra Bight.

THE LAMENT OF THE NEW ZEALAND EMIGRANT

(With Apologies to Lady Dufferin)

I can't maintain the style, Mary,
  We've lived in, side by side,
Since that bright May morning long ago,
  When first you were my bride.
Though mutton's keeping up just now,
  And the price of wool is high,
They've passed that shocking land-law, dear,
  And ruined us well-nigh.

The place is little changed, Mary,
  The mortgage tight as then;
I cannot raise another cent,
  And the interest's due again.
They've stol'n our hard-earned land, Mary,
  ('Twould make an angel weep),
And I still keep list'ning for the baa
  Of its sixteen thousand sheep.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
  And those paddocks lie so near;
The paddocks where I fattened, Mary,
  I see the spot from here
But the land-law lies between, Mary,
  And the law's right arm, is strong;
Now, I'll bet you two to one, darling,
  They'll grab the lot ere long.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends—
I tried to squeeze your uncle, dear,
But he says he never lends.
And you've had all I've got, Mary—
However hard it sound,
We've nothing left to live on now,
But fifty thousand pounds.

Yours was the brave true heart, Mary,
That still kept spending on,
Though I told you things were in a mess,
And my credit almost gone;
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And a kind look on your brow,
But I think I'll leave New Zealand, Mary—
I think I'll leave it now.

I'm bidding it a long farewell,
My Mary, kind and true,
But I mean to take you with me
To the land I'm going to.
They say there's gold and land for all,
And the sun shines always there,
And I'll not forget to grab, Mary,
Were it fifty times my share.

And often, in a pensive mood,
I'll sit and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To where the old run lies
And I think I'll feel what humble style
We lived in, side by side,
'Mid the springing corn, on that bright May morn,
When first you were my bride.

MANNERS ON THE TRAMS

(From a Woman's Point of View)

Said Mrs. de Launay to Mrs. McBride,
  As they sipped at their afternoon tea:
"The way men behave in these Wellington trams
  Is a thing most disgusting to me.
If one should by accident happen to find
  Herself in a car just at five,
She is hustled and bustled and rudely informed
  That 'drones have no right in this hive'.

"'This car is for workers!' politely you're told
  By the guard, when he's making his round;
But if I'm not a worker, then, Mrs. McBride,
  I'd like to know where they are found.
I'm out of my bed ev'ry morning at six,
  Getting breakfast for Arthur and Jack,
And I'm cooking and rubbing, and on my knees scrubbing,
  Ev'ry hour of the day till they're back.

"If black, grimy hands and a well-smutted face
  Are credentials all doubts to dispel,
On Tuesdays they'll find me, when cleaning the stove,
  As black as a demon from—well
I won't name the place, but if language is all
  That is asked for in Labour's own child,
I can scatter my adjectives round fairly thick,
  If you get me sufficiently riled."

"Yes, Mrs. de Launay," said Mrs. McBride,
  "(Thanks, I will take a little more cream),
Ev'ry word you have said is no more than the truth
  (These pikelets are simply a dream);
And it makes me quite angry whenever I think
  Of the attitude men-folk will take;
That they have the bread and the water of life,
  While we have the wine and the cake.

"It is true we don't smoke those most vile-smelling pipes,
And puff the fumes right in folk's faces,
Or boast in loud tones to Brown, Smith, or Jones,
Of how much we have won at the races.
And if these are the merits that give men the right
To monopolise ev'ry late tram,
Then, Mrs. de Launay, I think you'll admit
That our prospects are not worth a—a penny.

"But if by a worker you mean one who works,
I think we can hail man our brother;
For I've done a day's work, and am now going home
To do the best part of another.
I've dinner to get, the dishes to wash,
And stockings to mend by the dozen,
And though this cannot make me the brother of man,
I may surely take rank as his cousin."

HIS IRON CROSS

The friends I know, who in this war
Have won the Cross—the Iron Cross!
I count them over by the score at least,
Nay, by the gross, e'en by the gross.

My own, some weeks gone by, I lost;
I, thought 'twas in the dust-bin flung;
But in a pawnshop window as I gazed,
Why, there it hung; yes, there it hung.

The matter in my mind I weighed,
"What's 'uncle's' gain, I count no loss,"
And meditated as I turned away,
"He, too, has gained the Cross; has gained the Cross."

THE ANSWER

When peace from out the trenches
  Shall lift her bandaged head,
And Germany awake to find
  Her dream of world-power fled;
When she cries aloud, "Peccavi!"
  Says, "I'll evermore behave."
Should not we then forgive her
  And reprisals nobly waive?

When she broods with chastened spirit
  O'er the losses she has borne;
When by conscience, roused from torpor,
  Her guilty breast is torn;
When in sackcloth and in ashes
  She sits and moans her fate
Should not we feel compassion
  For her truly woeful state?

When you see her once proud eagles
  Encaged by walls of steel,
Birds that had sought such dizzy heights
  As make the senses reel;
When you see her erstwhile haughty lords
  Take up the beggar's part,
Will not one grain of pity find
  A lodgment in your heart?

And when hungered, sad, and war-worn,
  She, a prodigal, returns
To crave a servant's portion,
  'Mid shame that well-nigh burns,
Shall our hands, red from the conflict,
  Again in friendship clasp?—
"By Belgium's cruel wrongs we vow,
  That hand we cannot grasp!"

DAY IN PEACE IS DYING

Day in peace is dying,
  Twilight shades prevail;
Silence, slumber's handmaid,
  Lingers in the dale.

Now the stars appearing
  Shine with cold, pale light,
Mirrored in the lakelet,
  Sentinels of night.

Chill the breath of ev'ning
  Through the woodland sighs;
Sleep, life's sweet restorer,
  Falls on weary eye.

A LABOUR SONG

Tune: 'We're Four Jolly Labour-men'

We're four jolly Labour-men
  Come out for M.P.
(There's Fraser, and Wal Nash,
  Bob Semple, and me),
Enjoyin' our L'berty,
  And scornin' all pelf,
(Meanin' Fraser, and Wal Nash,
  Bob Semple and self).

We ain't like those soldier-men
  That went o'er the sea
A fightin' for liberty,
  And dyin' maybe;
With them there's burlesquese
  Of what M.P.'s be,
(Like Fraser, and Wal Nash,
  Bob Semple and me).

Our kind ain't no fightin'-men
  As sailed o'er the foam,
But a quartet of heroes,
  What stayed safe at home,
What stayed boldly home to guard
  "Our Lib-er-tee,"
(Stalwart Fraser, and Wal Nash,
  Bob Semple and me).

And maybe we're Labour-men,
  (And maybe we ain't),
But this here's our character
  Without any paint:
We ain't true-blue Bolsheviks,
  We're hampered, you see,
(Are Fraser, and Wal Nash,
  Bob Semple and me).

We're four jolly Labour men
  Come out for M.P.
Though quite unaccustomed
  To Labour are we;
We talk for our daily bread,
  So talk ceaselessly
Do Fraser, and Wal Nash,
  Bob Semple and me.

PRINCE CHARMING

We met him at the station
  And cheered him loud and long,
We chased his motor up the Quay,
  And battled with the throng;
We shoved, and pushed, and bustled,
  A weary live-long mile;
But our labours were rewarded
  When we saw his magic smile.

We turned out in the morning,
  The dew still on the grass;
We climbed on porch and shelter-shed
  To see Prince Charming pass;
We scurried home to luncheon,
  But scarce a bite we ate,
For we'd a tryst to keep with him
  And feared we might be late.

We troop'd with him to Bellamy's—
  They wouldn't let us in;
So Mary's little lamb's hard lot
  And ours were thus akin.
From that great feast we stood debarred,
  Yet still we lingered near.
And on the flower-beds stroll'd about
  Till Edward did appear.

At once we ran to him and press'd
  As close as we could jam,
For constables and such as they
  We didn't care a —— bit;
As calm as brave Horatius
  Before the Tuscan host,
We dared the guardians of the Law
  To move us from our post.

We footed it to Newtown—
  Then half-an-hour elapsed,
And nothing cheered the heavy time
  Save when a seat collapsed;
When, lo! 'midst solemn silence,
  Three mighty cheers resound,
And the Darling of the Empire
  Steps lightly to the ground.

We clambered up on barricades,
  We vaulted over walls;
We chased him to Petone,
  We followed him to balls;
We were present at receptions,
  Of fences made a perch,
So keen were we to see him
  That we even went to church.

But now he's gone and left us,
  All pleasures seem but vain,
And only at the Pictures
  Shall we see that smile again;
While chewing gum and chocolates,
  A tear we may let fall;
Still, better far to love and lose,
  Than not to love at all.

NECESSARIES ONLY

We've kissed the book, and struck our breath,
  And sworn, by all that's dear,
That, s'help us, Jimmy Johnston,
  We would down the Profiteer.

Only necessary articles
  In future we shall buy,
And she who breaks her solemn vow
  Shall socially die.

Just what are needful articles
  And what superfluous
Is a point on which, I must confess,
  We're not unanimous.

We've talked the matter over,
  Yet have gone from bad to worse;
So much, you see, depends upon
  The length of each one's purse.

There's Mrs. Blunt, of Manylands,
  Who needs a sealskin coat:
"A sheer necessity," she says,
  "For motor, train, or boat."

A voice behind: "Extravagance!"
  At once my lady rounds:
"It's nothing of the sort, indeed;
  They're just two hundred pounds."

"Two hundred pounds!" says Mrs. Skimp;
  "For just about that figure,
I feed and clothe a family
  That's yearly growing bigger.

"Two hundred pence is all that I
  Dare on a coat expend,
And even that will leave me short,
  And worry me no end."

Then Mrs. Quoin, the banker's wife,
  Takes up the tale of woe;
(And really it is pitiful
  To see one suffer so.)

"Unless I buy another frock,
  I can't attend the ball
The citizens are giving
  To welcome General Maule."

"Another ev'ning frock, indeed!"
  I hear a voice exclaim,
"That's twenty pounds, I know, at least;
  It really is a shame.

If she'd as many boys as I
  To keep in boots and socks,
She'd have something more to think of
  Than buying ev'ning frocks."

'Tis really most regrettable
  This profitless dispute;
For there are indications
  Of a rift within the lute.

Now Mrs. Blunt and Mrs. Quoin
  Confer apart from others;
While Mrs. Skimp and Mrs. Flint
  Are thick as long-lost brothers.

PARTING INJUNCTION TO BILL*

'Twas a breezy April ev'ning;
The stars of heav'n looked down,
As a well-appointed motor car
Rolled smoothly through the town;
And there was one within it
Who'd a mission to fulfil
In famous London city
And his usual name was "Bill."

Abreast of Thorndon Station, see,
The car comes to a stand;
And Bill alighting, warmly shakes
His chauffeur by the hand;
For Bill's a democratic soul,
And quite devoid of "side";
He'd stop his car for Lazarus,
And offer him a ride.

Upon the railway platform
Those legislative brooms
Ultra-Labour's chosen leaders,
Fraser, Holland and McCombs,
Stand waiting with impatience
For their bête-noir to appear;
They have weighty parting counsel
To pour into his ear.

And when at last he comes in view,
They hasten to impart
Empiric wisdom crystal pure,
Direct from Labour's heart:
"In our immigration scheme, be sure
To exercise great care,
Lest some Bolshevik apostle
Pollute our loyal air.

"And in choosing workers for our mines,
  Exclude the fractious tike:
The type of man who instigates
  His fellow-men to strike.
And as for those who preach "go slow"
  To stultify the powers,
There's only one fit place for them—
  A warmer clime than ours.

"We have much we wish to tell you
  But the train's about to start;
So we lay just one injunction
  Upon you ere we part:
If the non-absorbent fireman
  Ever comes within your view,
'Twill be incumbent on you
  To secure a crate or two.

"Should your exalted duties you
  Into his presence bring,
Take this our party's message
  To His Majesty The King:
''Mong all New Zealand's stalwart sons,
  We care not who they be,
We Labour leaders yield to none
  In steadfast loyalty.'"

* Bill Massey, Prime Minister at the time.

ON STRIKE

How happy the life of a miner must be
Untrammelled by scruples that plague you and me;
He sits by his fireside, the past to review,
Enjoying a rest from the work he may do.

His life although tranquil is not without care,
For he sometimes must rise from his favourite chair;
And, braving the weather, though stormy and cold,
Attend stop-work meetings, and vote as he's told.

Now, frail human nature, on change ever bent,
Though born in a palace, soon longs for a tent;
So the miner, grown weary, of taking his ease,
Revisits the pit-head, a fancy to please.

And there, as he harks to the pumps' ceaseless throb,
He feels a desire to return to his job;
He longs for the grime and the darkness below,
While his hands fairly itch again to "go slow."

He'd fain fetch his lamp, his shovel, and pick,
For he's feeling this morning in very good nick;
But a non-union cat, whose behaviour was slack,
Had kittens below—and those kittens were BLACK.

This banished all prospect of work for that day,
For the union officials must needs have their say;
Quoth one of these gentlemen, shaking his fist,
"Another dark scheme of the capitalist."

"You may put on your coats, lads, we shan't do a tap;
The blighters all thought we were taking a nap;
But we're ever alert to unmask their designs—
Here's a palpable case of black labour in mines."

So each honest toiler straight put on his coat;
They held a short meeting, and then took a vote;
Each drew a week's pay, then mounted his bike,
And made for the pub, for the mine was on strike.

SHINGLED

(After the German "Drinking")

In barber's chair at ease I sit,
  Though frowning men are waiting;
And words o'erheard reveal to me
  That they are woman-baiting;
But what care I how rude their speech,
  Or with what venom mingled?
Firm in this chair I'll sit until
  I'm shingled, shingled, shingled.

This craze of fashion is a plague,
  But one dare not neglect it;
They need not look so black at me
  For I did not select it.
If all their jibes had reached my ears,
  They surely must have tingled;
But foul or fair, I'll keep my chair
  Till shingled, shingled, shingled.

And true indeed it is, I think
  (Although my dander rises),
This selfish attitude of men,
  No woman quite surprises.
But let men "grouse." My last half-crown
  Has in the till now jingled;
My duty to the world I've done,
  I'm shingled, shingled, shingled!

A BACHELOR'S DILEMMA

(This song is likely to be very popular with Ms. P. shortly)

You are in a sorry plight
And 'tis hard to do what's right,
  When two matrons for their off-spring strive to win you;
Should you either daughter wed,
There is trouble right ahead;
  For the other matron turns her guns agin you.

I could wed sweet Miss Alliance
But only in defiance
  Of a family I very much respect;
They'd undoubtedly be shocked,
And my salary be docked—
  Two contingencies that prompt me to reflect.

There is Melisande de Beer,
Who to me is very dear;
  But the ice I skate on there is rather thin;
I dare not for my life
Ask Miss B. to be my wife;
  Though the match would bring me influence and "tin."

So I really fear I must
To celibacy trust,
  For I cannot marry both these charming ladies;
Yet a day will sure betide
When the point I must decide—
  Then save, ye Gods, my harried soul from Hades!

A NOCTURNE

'Twas midnight, and the city slept,
As much as cities do,
And footsteps in the echoing streets
Were homeward bound and few;
The circumspect policeman
Turned a door-knob now and then,
And peace and quiet reigned within
The busy haunts of men.

The night grew chill, the hours crept on,
A distant clock struck three,
When lo! a muted, pulsing sound,
Like moaning of the sea.
Anon, a surging, striving throng,
A rush of hurrying feet,
Which, like a broken billow, raged
And swirled along the street.

The vigilant policeman stept
From out the snug retreat
Where he, through all the dreary hours,
In theory paced his beat;
Awhile he tried to stem the flood,
'Twas but a madman's dream,
The heedless tide encompassed him,
Then bore him with the stream.

He thought of home and all its joys,
The mate to him so dear,
The fish and chips, the saveloy
The cherished mug of beer;
The little ones that were his pride,
Stout Tim and merry Jane,
Ah, cruel was the thought that he
Might see them ne'er again.

'Twas now in Lambton Quay,
  Yet, pitiless the tide swept on,
Oh, whither was he being borne?
  And what his destiny?
The flood is dammed, the current spent,
  The Fates may save him yet;
And in an instant all is clear—
  He spies—A House to Let.

THE COMMUNITY SING

If life has grown cheerless and drab,
  And you feel you're not having your fling,
As a tonic, I ask you, good Sir,
  Have you tried the Community "Sing"?
Don't tell me you're minus a voice,
  That you cannot hum "God Save the King";
Such trifles as these are no bar
  When you join the Community "Sing".

If 'A' has no voice, though an ear,
  And 'B' has no ear, yet a voice,
They pool their resources, and then,
  In their composite effort, rejoice.
Or if in the gamut of sound,
  You can claim but one note as your own,
Pray don't be disheartened by that:
  Ev'ry Scot will enthuse o'er your drone.

Don't tell me you have not the time
  To have lunch and then go to the Hall;
My very good friend, let me say
  That need not deter you at all.
Bring a parcel of sandwiches thin,
  And when out of range soars the song,
Snatch a few hasty bites, and stand by—
  'Twill come down to your level ere long.

Don't trammel yourself with the key;
  Time, slaves alone trouble about;
As long as you're still in the Hall,
  No critic can say you are out.
But take this advice from a friend
  Who would into your life gladness bring,
Keep well within reach of the bar,
  When you join the Community "Sing".

THE DRESS PROBLEM

'Mong problems now engaging
  The scientific mind,
Not one is so evasive
  Or inscrutable, I find,
As the effort to discover
  And formulate the laws
That govern woman's fashions,
  Be they duchesses or squaws.

With what transcending daring
  Men plumb the depths of space,
And weigh by mathematics worlds
  Their eyes can scarcely place!
But methods mathematical,
  Howe'er they may impress,
Have limits; for they can't foretell
  The style of woman's dress.

Beyond the ken of telescope,
  Of spectroscope, et cet.,
The change of fashion comes and goes
  And not a man, as yet,
Has grasped the basic principles,
  That underlie its code,
And not a woman cares a pin,
  Whose dress is à la mode.

Not hers to question the decree
  That skirts shall be curtailed;
Hats nothing but extinguishers;
  That beauty shall be veiled;
That fiat's forth; she questions *not*
  (So perfect is her trust)
Its wisdom or propriety—
  She'll follow it—she *must*.

ODE TO THE COST OF LIVING

Why, O Cost of Living, why
Do you seek the azure sky,
Watching as you upward go
Mundane incomes smaller grow?
Is it right? And is it fair,
Thus to burden men with care?
Can you not a course arrange
Trending downward, for a change?

Mark the aero in its flight,
See it mount to giddy height;
It, like you, delights to soar
Up and up to Heaven's door;
Yet 'tis not possessed with pride,
Earthward ofttimes it will glide;
Or, with condescension rash,
Headlong downward it will crash.

Come, I beg you, be a sport,
And with humble folk consort;
'Tis for us the very devil
To adjust things to your level;
Have compassion on our state
Nor in hauteur pass the gate;
Pray, come in and take a seat
While I try to make ends meet.

TO A WATERSIDER

(After W C Bryant)

Whither, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far down the wharf's great length dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way.

Vainly the peeler's eye
Shall mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, somewhat padded, 'neath the ev'ning sky,
Thy figure moves along.

Seek'st thou the frequent drink
Of "shandy" long, at bar of taproom wide,
E'en where thy rocking fellows rise, and sink
Upon the hinder side?

All day thy hands have toiled,
But not so hard, i'the hold's thick atmosphere,
As to restrain thy passion to become embroiled
Now the dark night is near.

And soon thy joy shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a tramcar home, to rest
And snarl among thy kindred: soon wilt wend
Primed to thy sheltered nest.

Thou'st gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet where thou'st been,
Gently have sunk upon the ground eleven
Yards of fine crepe de Chine.

He who from day to day
Guides, with stern legal aid, each wanton wight,
Will, in the long run, hit upon a way,
To guide thy steps aright.

A PSALM OF LIFE

(With apologies to H W Longfellow)

Tell me not in mournful numbers
  Life is but an empty dream,
When for merely half-a-dollar
  One can buy a pint of cream.

Life is real, life is earnest,
  And the grave is not its goal;
Will not half-a-sovereign purchase
  What is called a bag of coal?

Art is long and time is fleeting,
  And our hearts though stout and brave
Tremble when the barber asks us
  Ninepence for our weekly shave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
  In the bivouac of life,
Who but shudders at the outlay
  Of his prudent, frugal wife?

Trust no Future, however pleasant,
  Let the dead Past bury its dead;
Carking, ever Present problem;
  How to win our daily bread?

Lives of great men all remind us
  We can make our lives sublime,
But the only sublimation
  Is of profits, in our time.

Let us then be up and doing
  With a heart for any fate,
Hoping to be once more solvent
  In some supermundane state.

PARAFIN OIL: AN ENDEAVOUR TO BRING A FINE OLD BALLAD UP TO DATE

Air –Robin Adair

What's half-a-crown to me?
  A mite of toil;
At half-a-crown I see
  Par-af-fin oil.
What health that stuff can bring,
How it would aid a fling!
By Jove! I'll take it on,
  Par-af-fin oil.

What made my shoulders square?
  Par-af-fin oil.
What gave me back my hair?
  That magic oil.
What, when the night was o'er,
What my head so sore?
I think I took too much—
  Par-af-fin oil.

What made my wife's hair shine?
  Par-af-fin oil.
What made her look divine?
  Same blessed oil.
What smoothed all family jars,
And weaned me from the bars?
Oh! it was—Can't you guess?
  Par-af-fin oil.

But you turned dog on me,
  Par-af-fin oil.
And spoiled my trip by sea,
  Ah, cruel oil!
For when the ship did heave,
What caused my soul to grieve?
Oh! it was parting with
  Par-af-fin oil.

THE WARMTH OF OTHER DAYS*

(With apologies to Thomas Moore)

Oft on a chilly night
  Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
  Of warmer days around me;
    The coals, the wood,
    Not green, but good;
Contentment, tho' unspoken,
    The flames that shone,
    Now dead and gone
The neighbour's fence unbroken.

Thus in the chilly night
  Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
  That former fires shed round me

When in these times of dearth
  Some sticks I fain would gather,
I find but vacant earth,
  Or worn-out things of leather;
    I'm like a man
    Who "also ran"

In some hard-fought election,
Whose dreams are fled,
Whose hopes are dead.
In bitter recollection.

Thus on a chilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory fails to light
The Arctic gloom around me.

AUTRE TEMPS, AUTRES MOEURS

I sing a song of other days,
Ere life became a scurry;
"Taihoa" was the watchword then,
Anglice: What's the hurry?

The tyrannising telephone
Had not then been evolved;
The problem of the horseless car
Was far from being solved.

The good old horse our motor was,
Nor failed us at a juncture;
He rarely needed "cranking up,"
And never had a puncture.

Man then had time to chew his food,
To scrunch and crunch and munch;
He had not learned to bolt it whole—
That came with the "quick-lunch."

It oft-took years to court a girl,
And ponder her removal;
One seldom made a hurried choice,
Or wed just "on approval."

The twain should saunter out at dusk,
  And o'er the hills would roam;
And when the night was well-nigh spent,
  He'd lead her to her home.

For home she had, in days gone by,
  She lived not in a "bach,"
And so they played the sweet, old game
  Till she secured her catch.

The world to-day moves much too fast
  To wed by manifesto:
They meet, they jazz, they snatch a kiss,
  The Registry—hey, presto!

THE PICTURES

I'm sometimes lost in wonder how,
  In days of long ago,
Our poor benighted fathers lived
  Without the Picture Show.
It truly makes me sad to dwell
  Upon their woeful plight;
For clearly, they must oft have had
  To stay at home at night.

The educative influence
  Of Pictures, now so wide,
Is one of many priceless boons
  Our fathers were denied.
Alas! 'twas ne'er their lot to view,
  With what enchanting grace
The corpulent policeman moves
  When in picture chase.

Their lack of culture is explained
  When this we bear in mind:
They rarely saw a murder done
  With cruelty refined;
And as for burglaries and such,
  They really had no chance
Of studying the finer points,
  And making some advance.

For them the master minds in crime
  Shed forth no guiding light;
Our fathers' lot to blindly grope
  And trust their path was right;
Great credit then ascribe to them
  That oft they did succeed
In enterprises calling for
  Both heartlessness and greed.

'Tis sometimes said by sapient souls
  The Pictures will not stay;
The craze is but ephemeral—
  'Twill soon have had its day.
Ah! then I sit and sadly muse
  Upon that woeful day
When lad and lass will have to face
  A surplusage of pay!

THE CULT OF THE HORSE

With figure weary and worn,
  With spirits heavy as lead,
A woman sits in a cosy room,
  A cushion beneath her head;
Her husband and his friend
  Have been out on the course,
And now, with those pipes and easy chairs,
  The talk is all of horse.

Horse—horse—horse—
  While the hours creep slowly on;
And horse—horse—horse—
  Till the night is well nigh gone;
When goaded by a sense
  Of the wrongs of womankind,
In measureless wrath my lady gives
  The twain a piece of her mind.

"O, why will you talk of horse,
  And never a word on dress?
When I asked you what Molly had on to-day,
  You answered, 'A fiver on Tess.'
O, men with sisters dear!—
  O, men with mothers and wives!
Your never-ending talk of horse
  Is blighting women's lives.

Tote, and divi, and weights,
  Weights, and divi, and tote;
'Will Rangi be scratched for the Maiden Plate?'
  And, 'What are the odds on The Goat?'
It's O, for one sweet hour
  Of converse on bargains and sales!
Whether pleats or tucks are to be the mode,
  And what is the latest in veils.

Horse—horse—horse—
  With Gerald and Frank and Will!
And 'orse—'orse—'orse—
  With 'Arry and Ike and Bill!
It's O! to be a black,
  In some far-off torrid clime
Where there's never a race with anything on
  And they take no note of time!

Horse—horse—horse—
  In motor and tram and train,
And horse—horse—horse—
  When I come back home again;
Where it's horse—horse—horse—
  Until, as I live, it seems
The only respite I get from horse
  Is in nightmare-infested dreams."

REJUVENATING GRANDAD

(What may happen when monkeys glands
are transplanted to human bodies)

My grand-dad he was ailing,
  (He was four-score minus three)
His sight was sorely failing,
  He'd a bad rheumatic knee;
He toddled off to bed at eight,
  And never rose till ten,
And life was just that weary round
  It is to aged men.

We took him to the hospital
  And there they "aped" him up,
And in three weeks turned him loose again
  As sportive as a pup.
He started playing marbles
  And cricket on the street,
And carried bakers' baskets round
  To make his life complete.

He followed pretty girls about
  And gave them the glad eye;
He took to wearing purple socks
  And a heart-compelling tie.
He went to dances twice a week,
  Got home well after two,
And dropped his boots with just that thud
  That heedless young bloods do.

Then a sudden spell o'ertook him
  When he made no use of speech,
But searched himself for something
  Which he never seemed to reach;
He would chase an organ-grinder,
  Like a duck pursuing flies
And a kind of winky blinkiness
  Transmogrified his eyes.

He took to eating peanuts next,
  And visiting the Zoo,
And to get him past the monkey-house
  Was all that we could do;
He grew ere long so mischievous
  Our patience sore he tried;
Then, when climbing up a wireless mast,
  He fell, thank God, and died.

OUT IN THE STRAITS

(With apologies to the author of *Out on the Deep*)

Out on the deep when the sun is low,
  And the Sound with splendour burns,
From a business round, and with joy profound,
  The traveller homeward turns.
And he feels all's right with the world tonight,
  For he knows that eyes on shore
Look out on the deep, while the children sleep;
  So he says, "Lads, let's have 'one more.'"
    A long beer, lads, or a whisky, boys,
      And a laugh as home we go;
    For with not a toss, the Straits we'll cross,
      Nor have need of a bunk below—
        Ow-ow—ow-ow—ow;
      Nor have need of a bunk below."

Out in the Straits when the sun is dead,
  And no star above doth gleam;
Of a hope that is fled (for the wind's now ahead),
  The traveller can but dream;
And he seems to feel that his latest meal
  Might as well be out on the deep;
While the wind blows keen through the flapping screen,
  And he'd gladly be fast asleep.
    A long heave up, and a deep plunge down,
      And that squirm which all landsmen know;
    He is off with the love that shone bright above,
      And now fain would he be 'below'—
        OW-OW—OW-OW—OW;
      But the bunks are all full 'below'.

THE TYRANNY OF FASHION: THE WASHER-LADY'S WAIL

"Do you see that fashions are changing again?"
  Said Mrs. Brady to Mistress McGee;
"Well, I call it a shame, for 'tis always a tax
  On hardworking people like Brady and me.
When I've cleaned out my offices down in the town,
  And have spent all day charring, I'm wanting to doze;
What time or what spirit indeed have I then
  For studying fashions or thinking of clo'es?"

"Now, I'm sure, Mrs. Brady, you look very sweet
  When I see you on Sundays enjoying a walk;
Your fine sealskin coat is a picture to see,
  And the envy of many, I know from their talk.
Your openwork stockings are dainty indeed,
  And your trim high-heeled shoes, too, as smart as can be:
Just the right length of skirt, not a fraction too long—
  Mr Brady is proud of his wife, one can see."

"Now it really is kind to you, Mistress McGee,
  To say such nice things—'tis your goodness of heart;
But my clo'es are old-fashioned, and you and me know
  That no woman is dressed when her clo'es are not as smart.
The things I've been wearing, though good in a way,
  Are not just the style that are worn by "the set";
And Brady, poor man, has not smoked for a month—
  Sez he's no taste for 'baccy when 'baccy means debt.

"Now, Brady's as kindly a man as ere walked,
  And to cut off his pipe is a thing I deplore;
Yet short skirts and rolled stockings are what is now worn,
  And to be out of fashion's a thing I abhor;
So a much shorter skirt and new stockings I'll want—
  Oh, I wish in this world we could do as we please!
And then there'll be garters, and goodness knows what,
  With the added expense of the rouge for my knees."

THE SYRENS OF KENEPURU

(A holiday incident in the Sounds)

It was three maidens young and fair
  Who crossed the Straits of Cook,
And to the restful, dreamy Sounds
  Their artful way they took.
Though with those potent weapons armed,
  That Nature in her plan
Has unto women freely giv'n
  To pierce the heart of man,

These cautious maidens, not content
  To trust to Nature's darts,
Equipped themselves more stoutly still
  By calling in the Arts.
The Syrens lured poor seamen on
  With song, says Grecian story;
'Twas landsmen these fair maids ensnared,
  By playing, con amore.

They came upon an idle band
  Of trav'llers in an inn,
And with most cunning instruments
  Forthwith began to spin.
They spun a web so delicate
  That to the trav'llers' sight,
Its strands were quite invisible
  E'en when it held them tight.

When night with sable mantle hid
  The glorious "Sounds" from view,
These maidens worked their magic arts
  As such magicians do.
They waved their wands, and—Presto! hey!
  Upstarted at their will,
In lieu of sights the night had stol'n,
  Sounds more enchanting still.

No dungeon deep in Norman keep
  Held captive, long confined,
Who to his gyves and shackles was
  More perfectly resigned
Than were those trav'llers, lured at night
  To Orpheus's domains,
Where they with greedy ears drank in
  Those Syrens' subtle strains.

"THE ALL BLACKS: MY SELECTION"

The FREE LANCE has ordained that all
  Must pick a team of "Blacks,"
That shall the stormy ocean brave
  And face the British packs;
A sense of duty urged me on
  To honours this decree,
But sorely was I puzzled what
  The personnel should be.

I read reports by ev'ry scribe
  From Auckland to the Bluff,
But very soon I learned that this
  Would hardly be enough;
For there are countless players who
  Are born to kick unseen;
Yet, nathless, mighty champions
  Upon their native green.

The "Oio Examiner" I
  Indeed was forced to scan
To see if there was a mention of
  A real outstanding man;
I found at least, a dozen that
  'Twas held, must find a place;
While the Kawakawa "Sentinel"
  Had thirteen in the race.

There was seventeen from Auckland,
And nineteen from Hawke's Bay,
All positively certainties,
Whose claims none could gainsay.
Only eight I found in Southland,
Who were sure to be included;
But from Canterbury's fertile plains
"All Blacks" in scores exuded.

Otago's quota to the team
Was put down as eleven,
And five of these were forwards who
Would grace a team from heaven.
The "Times," indeed, had qualms about
The eighteen from outside;
And wound up thus: "Our men have claims
That cannot be denied."

I read the Westport "Sun's" reports,
And there I quickly learned
Of a full-back and three forwards,
Who had fern-leaves safely earned.
The "Examiner" of Woodville
Was but sparing in its claims;
The list of men it termed "foregones,"
Comprised just seven names.

The Marlborough "Express," I found,
Took quite a gloomy view
Of the number of its candidates,
And put it down as two;
The Nelson "Weekly News" complained
Of being in the cold;
Yet "Apple Land" had five great backs,
Perforce must be enrolled.

To Taranaki's claims I then
  Directed my attention,
And in the "Herald's" columns, ten
  Had honourable mention.
"These two," 'twas said, "must sure find place,
  Let those stand out who must;
But, lacking these, we'd have a team,
  New Zealand dare not trust."

Such multifarious reading had
  By now my mind perplexed;
The problem of those Twenty-nine
  Was making me sore vexed.
I totted up the certainties
  And found them sixty-one;
But, sixty-ones in twenty-nine—
  It really can't be done.

I sat me down and scratched my head.
  Now aching—when, anon,
I found I'd made a blunder great—
  I'd left out Wellington;
Then rapidly I conned the notes,
  Of "Drop Kick" and "Touch Line,"
And found the local certainties
  A modest twenty-nine.

THE ALL BLACKS

Sound, trumpet and drum,
For the All Blacks have come,
  Bowed down 'neath their burden of glory;
They have put in the shade
Old Achilles, and laid
On the shelf all the heroes of story.

Neither England nor France
Could withstand their advance,
  Though 'gainst Newport they had a near squeak;
Old Ireland fought gamely,
Nor did Wales suffer tamely
  The process of eating the leek.

Nicholls, Nepia and Cooke
All played like a book,
  As did Parker, the Brownlies, none fleeter;
And more I could name
Who have just as much claim,
  Were it not for the bonds of my metre.

Yet it might be as well,
In case our heads swell,
  To remember a former mishap;
Let us not crow too loudly,
Or bear ourselves proudly.
  South Africa's still on the map.

Then here's to the boys
Who have made such a noise
  In all lands where the oval is kicked,
While they've burnished her fame,
They have guarded her name,
  And returned to New Zealand "unlicked."

AN ALL BLACKS RUMOUR

[The All Blacks Among The Gods]

Down from Olympus where for months
They've hobnobbed with the gods
The All Blacks, glory-drenched, return
To vitalise us clods;
On nectar and ambrosia
They've supped these many moons,
And 'tis currently reported now,
Have "pinched" the Jovian spoons.

Yet, certain English critics state
In no uncertain way,
These idols of the football world
Alas! have feet of clay;
And we who on their native heath,
Have known them, boy and man,
Dare not deny that, being pressed,
They'll "collar" all they can.

Yet Nepia, likewise Nicholls, Cooke,
The Brownlies, Steel and Co.,
Are not the puny pilferers
The "Pitty Sessions" know;
They are something greater, grander—far;
Read what many critics say,
And you'll find them ranked among the great
Offsiders of the day.

This rumour is malicious!
(*Envy* oft-such means employs)
And it seriously comments upon
The prestige of our boys;
For, had occasion proffered it,
They ne'er would be such loons
As to leave behind the *sacred fire*,
Yet—"make off" with the spoons.

THE WOMAN J.P.

We love you as mothers,
  We love you as wives;
We love you in some aspect
  All through our lives.
As sweethearts each op'ning
  To kiss you we seize;
But we don't somehow "cotton"
  To women J.P.'s.

We love you in sickness,
  We love you in health;
We love you in poverty,
  Likewise in wealth;
We love you in stress,
  And we love you in ease—
Still, we'd very much rather
  Not see you J.P.'s.

You show skill at tennis,
  At golf, too, you shine;
Also driving a motor
  Is quite in your line;
The ballroom's your empire,
  You grace morning-tea;
But so make you J.P.'s—
  Well, we cannot agree.

We love you in short skirts,
  We love you in long;
We loved you in crinolines,
  E'en in the chignon;
We loved you in flounces,
  Or plain, as may be—
But we love not the garb
  Of the woman J.P.

We think you're bewitching,
  We call you divine;
You're the heartiest toast
  When we're circling the wine;
And we'd far rather have you
  To sit on our knees,
Than even the greatest
  Of all the J.P.'s.

GIVE IT A NAME

The re-naming of a large number of the Wellington streets has been entrusted to—wonderful to tell—the Superintendent of the City Fire Brigade. Hence the following lines:—

Not infrequently it happens,
  In life's multifarious round,
That a name on some occasion
  Must immediately be found;
Now, when faced with such a problem,
  And a choice cannot be made,
Ring up the Superintendent
  Of the City Fire Brigade.

That is really what he's there for,
  As everybody knows,
And solely why we furnish him
  With engines and a hose.
So if your street should need a name,
  Or twins require a label,
The Superintendent is your man,
  As well-equipped as able.

Or, perhaps in conversation,
  Some name eludes your tongue,
Don't strive to recollect it:
  Let the Fire Brigade be rung;
They will man their motor engines,
  From the Station they will fly,
And in less time than it takes to tell,
  The missing name supply.

Or suppose, you're to be married
  But she hasn't fixed the day;
Just ring the Superintendent,
  And he'll name it right away.
Or, if you're bound for Trentham
  And unlucky, or beginners,
Just break the glass and press the knob—
  He'll name you all the winners.

So, when in nomenclature
  You require an expert's aid,
Ring up the Superintendent
  Of the City Fire Brigade.
He's a kind of modern Adam,
  And names anything at sight;
And you need have no misgivings—
  He's invariably right.

KINDNESS ON THE FIELD

Be kind to the hooker, or else in the scrum
  Thy poor tender shins he will hack;
Or take the first chance that is offered to him
  Of planting his foot in your back.
Be kind to the hooker, he's hidden from view,
  And can work his revenge in the dark,
So if you insult him, as sure as you're born,
  He'll deprive you of some of your bark.

Be kind to the half-back, he's nippy and sly,
  And will grab you when rounding the scrum,
Or will collar you low, your heels up he'll throw,
  And bang on the ground you will come.
Be kind to the half-back, that watchful young man,
  If you hurt him he'll likely feel wild;
And if he should meet you again in the field,
  You'd probably know why he smiled.

Be kind to the winger, or you he may prod
  In the home of your afternoon tea;
He's fond of a scrap, and won't mind a rap
  If your eye comes to grief on his knee.
Be kind to the winger, he's out for a go,
  And promptly pays all that he owes;
So be careful to give him no more than his due,
  Or he'll give you the change on your nose.

Be kind to three-quarters, they're heady and strong,
  And can run like their master, Old Nick;
So if you tread hard on their corns beg their pardon,
  Or limp off the field with a rick.
Be kind to three-quarters again let me say,
  For their hatred of roughness is such
That, if you should fend them, or neatly upend them,
  You'll travel henceforth on a crutch.

Be kind to the full-back or, when in his grip,
  He'll handle you roughly for sure.
He's a virtuous fellow, and hates fast young men,
  So take care that your language is pure.
Be kind to the full-back, 'tis kindness well spent,
  Don't approach this stern player with vim;
If to score you must try, put your collarbone by—
  A collarbone's nothing to him.

NINE AND TWENTY ALL BLACKS

Nine and twenty All Blacks
  Waiting for the say;
Nine and twenty Silver Ferns
  Eager for the fray;
When the pie is opened,
  How those "birds" will sing!
Won't they be a dandy lot
  To play before a king.

LABOUR ELECTION SONG

Tune: "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again"

When Labour comes marching into power,
        Hurrah! Hurrah!
They'll put things right in half-an-hour,
        Hurrah! Hurrah!
The boys will cheer, the men will "shout,"
And the ladies wear a new rig-out,
  And we'll all feel gay when
    Labour comes into power.

When Labour comes marching into power,
        Hurrah! Hurrah!
The capitalists will all look sour,
        Hurrah! Hurrah!
Depression will be swept away,
And all hands get a quid a day;
  And we'll make things hum when
    Labour comes into power.

When Labour comes marching into power
Hurrah! Hurrah!
There's going to be a golden shower,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Yet shrewdly they have not revealed
The possie where their coin's concealed.
'T might not be there when
Labour comes into power.

TRIFLES

Little lops off incomes,
Wildcat projects banned,
Make a balanced Budget,
And a chastened land.

Fifteen pounds per centum
Added to exchange
Makes the farmer solvent,
And urban loans endange … (rs).

In keeping with the times, we have managed to effect a reduction of 22 2-9 per cent in the last word. This is intended to conserve the time and energy of the reader.

THE MAYORALTY

If I were Mayor of Wellington
I'd show them how things should be done;
I'd start forthwith to cross a lance
With that old bogy, Sound Finance;
I'd show them, too, I had the guts
Straightway to restore all "cuts,"
Raise wages to their former level,
Consigning croakers to the devil.

"The money!" There you go again,
Thinking of money, not of men.
"Expenditure!" The way folks dread it;
You'd think the city had no credit.
Why, other countries, as you know,
Are flourishing on what they owe.

Why should we scrape and weigh each "bob"
Simply to please the moneyed mob?
No, let us now give run to spending,
And bring prosperity unending.
For money spent creates employment
And opens vistas, of enjoyment.
"The Future!" Bah! 't may never come;
The Present's here; then, make things hum.
Some prate much of prosperity,
Of duty to our progeny;
I think it only just and fit
Posterity should do its bit.
Why should WE all the burden bear?
Posterity must take its share.

HONEST GEORGE*

Our honest George will soon be home again,
  In fact, he now is heaving on the sea;
(Ambiguous that last remark) I trust
  The ship alone is heaving, and not he.

He left these shores to serve his country's ends;
  He joined the throng 'mid splendour, rank, and pelf;
He donned the garb of Courts, but all the while
  Retained the good sound sense to be himself.

His country's cause he pleaded earnestly
  In simple language, modest and sincere;
And won the warm good will of each who heard,
  Were he a statesman, merchant, prince, or peer.

I will not say "Our George" has not acquired
  Something—perhaps a crate—he didn't buy:
A knife and fork, a mug for a good boy;
  If so, the "foorce" at Home has winked its eye.

I cannot see Our George transmogrified;
  Nor see him shyly landing here in spats;
And, studying his case in all its lights,
  I see him wearing still the same-sized hats.

*George Forbes, then Prime Minister

THE DOMINION CUP

Election Day, that day of doom,
  Is drawing near apace;
And very soon all men will know
  The starters in the race;
But who can last the distance,
  And who will win the cup,
What man in the Dominion knows
  Till they post the numbers up!
Till they post the numbers up, my boy,
  Till they post the numbers up.
No owner, trainer, "bookie," "tout,"
  Knows who will win the cup.

The Nationalists are confident
  That they will gain the prize;
They point to past performances,
  Courageous, firm, and wise;
The going has all through been rough,
  That fact none will deny;
Still, they've run true, and feel convinced
  They'll catch the judge's eye.

The Labour stable is assured
  The Nationalists are "rotters,"
Fit only to perform with "crocks,"
  Or spavined, played-out trotters:
But in this race, 'gainst "dinkum" breeds,
  They won't have Buckley's chance:
'Tis Labour's team, well trained and primed,
  That's bound to lead the dance.

The Democratic stable is
  At present a "dark horse,"
Which is exercised in secret,
  And has, so far, shunned the course;
But rumour whispers that its stalls
  Contain some speedy nags,
Which, when the final gallop comes,
  May prove (who knows?) real "snags."

The Independent offering
  Is a rather motley team,
With some well-tried old stagers
  Who have often tipped the beam?
But also there are three-year-olds,
  All champing on the bit,
Who have yet to show their mettle
  And prove they're sound and fit.
Till they post the numbers up, my boy,
  Till they post the numbers up,
There's not a quidnunc in the game,
  That knows who'll win the cup.

HATONOMY

My old silk hat, my faithful "tile,"
Unchanging through all change of style
Though now on pension many's the year,
It is decreed you reappear
Once more.

And why? Because the Duke is due,
And times won't run a 'topper new;
So willy nilly, my frail friend,
You must the imminent breach defend,
Here's luck!

It will seem hard at your ripe age
To be recalled to take the stage,
There to enact a part more proper
For a smart juvenile belltopper,
Old Hat.

A worthy son of George R.I.
We're honoring, so by and by
We'll hide that moth-corrupted patch
With some material that will match,
My Hat.

I trust that you will not repine,
But shed an influence benign
About you as upon the day
His Majesty, too, came this way,
Old Bean.

THE NEW MEMBER

Though I am not a Prime Minister,
  Nor member of the Cabinet,
Though I am not the Speaker grave,
  Nor Chairman of Committee, yet
I have an honour great as these.
  I envy none, I have no grouse;
My proud distinction is unique:
  I am the Lady of the House.

PUNCTURED

All set out for the Conference
  With hearts buoyed up with hope;
Each well convinced he knew a way
  With world distress to cope.
But Roos-e-velt the time not ripe
  To talk of things that mattered;
So, bang! the Conf'rence tires blew out,
  And faith and hope lay battered.
Not even Ramsay Mac. can now
  Restore the old machine;
For the Yanks have faked the starter
  And watered the benzine.

G.B.S.

We love witty Bernard, his heart is so warm,
And though he may tease us, he'll do us no harm;
So we'll not pull his whiskers, let him say what he may,
But wish he were able to lengthen his stay.

THE "STAR"

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
Do you wonder from afar
What the orb that queens your sky?
Let me tell you, it is I.

When my dazzling light has gone,
When it nothing streams upon,
You can show your little light,
Twinkling feebly in the night.

You can never hope to shine
With the splendour that is mine;
Laws immutable debar—
You are not a movie "star."

SOUNDS LIKE SENSE

The gildue gallotted
  Across the wallade,
And the pevil delided the coss,
  The dudgery wimbled
  The chudd as he rymbled,
And twinkled the gooju filloss.

Not a groube was deviped,
  Not a proule was impled
As the focculum fivvied the shrube,
  All was murmful and sile,
  Collelling and lyle,
Where the wammeril oft did innube.

There was suss in the sumar
  And rom in the rumph,
For the doble had roden the plean;
  The gogan had dunk,
  And the youlet unplunk,
Now divvied its klank in the whean.

THE EXHIBITION

The light of day was failing fast,
As through the windy city passed
A bus which bore, in terms concise
A signboard with this plain device:
  "The Exhibition."

"Stay, stay!" a maiden doth implore;
"No room," is posted on its door.
No matter how she may beseech,
Tonight, I fear, she will not reach
  The Exhibition.

"Try not to pass!" an old man said;
Firmly, the driver shook his head;
The crowds surrounding her deride
But loud her clarion voice replied:
  "The Exhibition!"

"O stay," a young man said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon my breast";
A tear stood in her bright blue eye,
But still she answered with a sigh:
  "The Exhibition!"

And onward still, at dawn of day—
The early folk of Lyall Bay,
Heard faint, her oft-repeated prayer
Disturb the clear, quiescent air:
  "The Exhibition!"

Till in the daylight cold and gray,
Sleeping, but beautiful, she lay;
And from her throat, like feeble moan,
Came these words in a pleading tone:
"The Exhibition!"

APPRECIATIONS

Dear Percy,—How we've missed you
And your quaint Postscriptal column!
I scan your former haunt and find
Naught but is staid and solemn.
Bereft, e'en "L.D.A." has sought
Fresh woods and pastures new;
That pun-gent, "Dick Shunairy," mute,
"Toper" and "Hamish Dhu."
Dear "Bettykins," I cannot doubt,
Bewails her loss in spots;
For woman costumed à la mode,
Can grieve more gladly—lots.
But why are they a-sorrowing
As souls devoid of hope?
Have they the welcome news not heard
That they dejected mope?
Know, then, our Percy has not yet
Set out for Heaven or—Hades
(I use the euphemistic term.
In deference to the ladies).
They've turned him out to grass awhile,
Yet still he lingers near;
The collar off, he's frisking round
Till early in the year.
When once again he'll grasp his pen
And lead the humorous band,
Who keep the cult of joy alive
In our care-ridden land.

Now, Percy, I have "spoke my piece"
To show you how we've missed you
But on your lady-friends' behalf
I should, by rights, have kissed you.
So French a salutation, though,
I'm sure you would not stand;
So let me, ere I lay aside
My pen, just grasp your hand
And wish you joy throughout the year,
Health, and prosperity,
And may your "Postscripts" long rejoice
Yours truly, R.J.P.

CENTENARY PREPARATIONS

Our Centenary activities are hastening on apace,
And the Exhibition buildings are in train;
But unless we pay attention to some matters I shall mention,
We shall surely cease to lead the human race.

Our modesty Lord Bledisloe took endless pains to cure;
We didn't know before he came how fine we really are;
But now that we're enlightened, and our valuation heightened,
We must show mankind in general we are the Simon Pure.

To sample for themselves our blazoned worth,
The wide world and his wife will soon arrive;
Laying modesty aside, let us evidence provide
That we of all men living are the true salt of the earth.

Of the All Blacks' mighty prowess it were wisdom not to boast—
On account of recent happenings, I mean—
Lest visitors should mention without malice or intention,
The subject that would pain New Zealand most.

Mussolini and Herr Hitler we may safely take as guides:
Both can sound the self-blown trumpet loud and long;
We no longer need the stranger to impress on us the danger
That in humbleness and modesty resides.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A CABINET MINISTER

(Strictly Confidential)

Three years we've been in office come November,
  A truly testing period indeed,
With opportunities to stray not few,
  Temptations all around us, please remember.
Despite malicious tales and idle rumour,
Not one of all our team has made a "bloomer,"
        I'm telling you.

The more I think of it the more I wonder
   That none of us was counted great before
We must have been more gifted than we knew,
  Else surely one of us had made a blunder.
Was there, perchance, one of this band of ours,
Who had foreknowledge of his unfledged powers?
        I'm asking you.

Self-praise, the proverb says, does not commend:
  But proverbs know not all there is to know;
Half our best deeds would often pass unwhooped,
  Did we not 'gainst the proverb voice contend.
But we select with care, as our extollers,
Men of rare taste and tact, true lofty-soulers—
        Who've stooped.

That our great work is much belauded,
  I think that none can truthfully deny;
Yet I have troublous qualms anent self-praise,
  Lest some electors find themselves defrauded.
Much must depend on who's the fulsome praiser,
We're safe; we've Savage, Semple, Nash, and Fraser,
        For stormy days.

THE FUHRER

(With Apologies to William Blake)

Hitler, Hitler, were you "tight,"
That you sought another fight?
What mere mortal hand or eye
Could gauge your fearful lunacy?

And what distant deeps or skies,
But have heard your blatant lies?
On what wings must he aspire,
Who'd outshine you as a liar?

Could no pity on your part
Melt the hardness of your heart?
And did mortal heart e'er beat
That could fathom your conceit?

What the maggot, what the strain,
Wrought delusion in your brain?
Did God smile to mark anew,
A megalomaniac like you?

A HITLER EPITAPH

Dear P.*,—The day will come when Hitler's epitaph will have to be written. How would this meet the occasion?

Here lies the Fuhrer Adolf Hitler,
Than his pledged faith none could be brittler;
He gave his word, resolved to break it,
And kept it when no man would take it.

*Percy Flage

TO A BUDDING POLITICIAN

If a modern politician you would be,
  You'll have need of many subtle art and graces;
You must cultivate (as shrewd detectives do)
  A memory for names as well as faces,
Also master well the art of saying nothing
  In a manner sounding eloquent and wise;
You may cloak the naked truth, perhaps, a little,
  But a well-bred politician never lies.
To fan anew th' expiring spark of hope
  In a millennium he is toiling to install,
Is the politician's virtual board and lodging,
  His washing, his insurance—nay, his all.
There are those who hold the politician crafty.
  Don't believe them; he's as open as he's mild,
Though his winning ways and gestures may deceive you,
  He's as simple and as guileless as a child.
With some the politician's star is waning,
  But it shines on me as brightly as of old;
I count him as a being transcendental—
  A soul beyond the vulgar lust for gold.

If an honoured politician, then, you'd be,
  Abjure the world's more obvious temptations;
In a little private sin you might indulge,
  But beware of giving overt demonstrations.
You need not be immoderately sincere
  (Sincerity is open to abuses);
For a politician of the highest grade
  Must command a stock of plausible excuses.
When dealing with a rival I would urge you
  Not to let the facts your eloquence restrain;
In history or science facts do matter,
  But in politics—well, treat them with disdain.
There's a prejudice, I know, against cajolement,
  Though without it your success I gravely doubt,
Use it cautiously and with discrimination:
  Never, never let supporters find you out.

WINDY WELLINGTON

It seemed to me of late (I fear I erred),
  That Wellington, grown wise, was wearing down
Her one reproach, those blustering springs which gave
  Detractors joy, and cause to dub her oft: "The windy town."

In this, her hundredth year, has she relapsed,
  Dispelling hopes that some amend was made?
Alas! a fore-time gale she late released,
  The fickle jade!

Her lovely Gardens, then enjoying wealth
  Of cherry, plum, magnolia, kowhai, gay,
She smote with ruthless, biting blast, and swept
  That wealth away!

Songs

DICK SEDDON

Air – Tit Willow

On a throne in Old England a monarch did sit
  Sighing, "Seddon, Dick Seddon, Dick Seddon!"
And I said to him, "Edward, oh, why don't you quit
  Sighing, 'Seddon, Dick Seddon, Dick Seddon?'
Is it weakness of intellect, Edward?" I cried,
  "Or has something gone wrong with your royal inside?"
With a shake of his care-stricken head he replied,
  "It's Seddon, Dick Seddon, Dick Seddon!"

He slapped at his breast as each earl made his bow,
  "Oh! Seddon, Ah! Seddon, Great Seddon!"
And a cold perspiration bespangled his brow;
  "Fetch Seddon, Dick Seddon, Our Seddon!"
He sobb'd and he sigh'd, and a gurgle he gave,
  And cast his eye down to the end of the nave—
Then with joy: "I am saved from a suicide's grave!"
  There's Seddon, Dick Seddon, Great Seddon!"

"Now I feel just as sure as I'm sure that my name
  Isn't Seddon, Dick Seddon, Dick Seddon,
That 'twas lack of his presence, which filled me with shame,
  Oh, Seddon, Dick Seddon, Dick Seddon!
And if he'd remained callous, and not come inside,
  They could never have crown'd me, however they'd tried;
And uncrowned I'd have probably reign'd till I died,
  Oh, Seddon, Dick Seddon, Great Seddon!"

COME, PLAYMATES, COME

(Old German Air)

On this bright summer's day,
Come let us make our way,
Chanting a merry lay
O'er meadows green.
Youth will not last for aye,
Life be not always gay,
Come then and join in play,
Come, playmates, come.

Soon schooldays will be done,
And life's stern race begun;
Rest then is oft not won
Though toil be over.
Ere we life's burden take,
Borne oft for love's sweet sake,
We'll in the woods and wake
Laughter and song.

THE PLUCKY COCKEE

Tune: "Bonnie Dundee"

To a farmers' convention 'twas Butterfat spoke:
"Though the prices are down, still the country's not broke;
Only worthy a slice of New Zealand is he
Who will toil till he sees her from trouble set free."

CHORUS (after each verse)
Come, press down your bale, come fill up your can,
Come, plough up your paddocks, and stick to your man;
He's a spiritless son of his country who'll stand
When the wagon's bogged deep, and will not lend a hand.

"So put by your car, and throw off your coat;
If the cow has gone dry, then try milking the goat;
Though to trudge to the market you've grown rather big,
You can get there all right in the now despised gig."

(CHORUS)

"If your goodwife with sealskin herself would adorn,
Just remind her that rabbit-skin coats are much worn;
Or in town for the races, no doubt you could stay
At a tavern whose tariff is twelve bob a day."

(CHORUS)

"There are cows in the meadows, and sheep on the hills,
Coal and gold to be won, flax, and grain for the mills;
And we'll win in this fight, though the outlook is bad,
If we've half of the courage our forefathers had."

(CHORUS)

WELLINGTON!

"Wellington College has long lacked a school song. There have been school songs written before, but none has possessed that particular quality that makes for permanent recognition as *the* School song. The latest one is from the hand of Mr Robert J. Pope, who composed both words and music. The song was first sung at the Breaking Up ceremony in December, 1930. The words are as follows:—"

There will come in the future when youth lies behind us,
And mem'ries of schooldays crowd back from the past,
The echoes of chorus or cheers to remind us
Of days when the old School was victor at last.

CHORUS (after each verse)
"Wellington! Wellington!" Hear the shouts ringing!
"Wellington! Wellington!" Hark to the call!
"Wellington! Wellington!" Proudly they're flinging,
"Wellington! Wellington!" Best of them all!

Once again we'll be back in the days of our boyhood,
Again stoutly facing our rivals in play,
With delight we'll remember that pass from the scrummage,
And the glorious field-goal that gained us the day.

(CHORUS)

And that great game of cricket! Who does not remember?
The foe wanted four, and the last man was nine;
A lofty drive ended our hopes till the long-field
Enraptured the School with a catch on the line!

(CHORUS)

Then we'll think of the days when the Empire was calling
Her sons to defend her at duty's behest;
With pride we'll recall how the old School responded
And gave to our country her bravest and best.

(CHORUS)

For the light that she's brought us, the wisdom she's taught us
Let each son be zealous her worth to extol;
And follow the pathway of earnest endeavour,
With Duty his watchword and Honour his goal.

(CHORUS)

OUR UNION JACK

In other lands beloved flags
  Have noble deeds inspired;
Have stirred great souls to deathless deeds
  That ages have admired;
And some flags wave o'er ruthless hordes
  Who struck at Freedom's life,
Against such foes our Union Jack
  Must wage relentless strife.

REFRAIN:
Then rally round the brave old flag
  The flag that must fly free,
That ne'er has brooked a tyrant's power
  Be it on land or sea.
Can we our birthright e'er resign,
  And bear a conqueror's yoke?
Not while the Old Flag wields its power
  True freemen to invoke.

We're not the breed that tyrants love,
  A dumb, submissive crowd,
Who cringe before their Master's scowl,
  Nor scarce dare groan aloud;
We were born and bred where Freedom reigns,
  No foe shall find us lack
The courage high, the dauntless will,
  To guard our Union Jack.

Repeat REFRAIN.

THE BRITISH NAVY

Dare foes presume to curb the right
That Britons proudly claim,
The inborn right of Liberty
For all who bear that name?
Yes, foemen flushed with arrogance,
Now challenge Britain's right,
All envious of the place she's won
By many a hard sea-fight.

CHORUS:
But the Navy, the British Navy
Has known such threats before;
Did Spain's Armada win renown
'Gainst Drake's ships off the Nore?
From Jutland, too, the Germans fled
Before Britannia's might,
When Jellicoe and Beatty drove
Their ships in headlong flight.

The Nazis sent the Bismarck forth
The Northern Seas to raid,
Convinced their swiftest battleship
Would break the close blockade.
At twelve miles range she saw the Hood,
And with a lucky shot
She struck that great ship's magazines,
And sank her on the spot.

CHORUS:
But the Navy, the British Navy
Felt anger, not dismay;
From ev'ry side the warships raced,
Nor rested night or day;
The Air-arm, too, played well its part,
And ev'ry rating stood
Firm bound by oath, soon clinched by deed,
To straight avenge the Hood.

All tyrannies Britannia holds
As her persistent foes,
And never while they live will cease
To strike them crushing blows.
Despite all Mussolini's boasts,
Italian seamen failed;
For in the fight off Matapan,
Our British ships prevailed.

CHORUS:
And the Navy, the British Navy
Will not relax its hold,
Retaining still the bulldog grip
Far famed in fights of old.
'Gainst tyrants of the Nazi breed,
Who would enslave the world,
Defiance by our British fleet,
Must endlessly be hurled.

THE LIES

(After the manner of Edgar Allan Poe)

Hear the Nazi with his lies—blatant lies!
What a fund of merriment his impudence supplies!
  While his propogandal 'skite' on the wireless, night by night,
  Fills the hearts of scornful thousands with unspeakable delight;
And all nations, as they hear, ironically cheer,
Keeping time, time, time, in a sort of ribald rhyme.
With what bold Munchausen tales he his audience regales!
As he lies, lies, lies, lies, lies, lies,
With a limitless effrontery that never, never dies.

Hear false Göring with his lies—brazen lies,
All limits to mendacity *his* genius defies;
  On the hark'ning air of might he invents the wrong and right,
  Swears in Germany, not England who does now for Freedom fight.
And from not one prison cell, where interned his captives dwell,
Does complaint of unjust treatment from a single soul arise;
But he lies, lies, lies, lies, lies, lies,
And smothers inconvenient truths 'neath the falsehoods of his spies.

Herr Ribbentrop who tries—by his lies,
To brand England with the perfidy his distorted mind supplies;
  How he manifests delight in the meanest forms of spite,
  Or fakes a tale to cover an ambassadorial plight;
And now, despite their fears, can scarce refrain from jeers;
For the rabble—ah, the rabble knows full well his perverse gabble,
As he lies, lies, lies, lies, lies, lies,—
Since all hearers, barring Nazis, his perversions recognise.

Appendix: Selected Prose

UP-TO-DATE GHOST STORY

Major Mendle, retired, had a nice place in the country. He was now a sheep farmer, and his wife had means; so they were comfortably placed. The Major liked nothing better than to invite his friends there, and an invitation to "Ahauroa" was not to be despised.

It was Christmas Eve, and a selected little party had been invited to spend Christmas at the homestead. George Upton, a privileged guest, having arrived the morning before.

After supper the men folk were carried off to the Major's "den" for a yarn, a smoke, and a "spot" or two. The talk had been desultory; but gradually, through various modulations, it arrived at the mysterious; and from there to ghosts and ghost-stories was but a step.

"Ghost-stories are out of date," said George; "no one nowadays believes in ghosts."

"Oh, don't they?" said the Major; "why, we've a haunted room on the premises."

"Haunted, your grandmother!" George was nothing if not outspoken.

"Well," said the Major, "I can't say I've ever seen the ghost myself; but one of the housemaids declares she saw it; and quite recently, too."

"Major, you tell that to the marines."

"I can only conduct a pig to the trough, George; I can't force him to eat."

Here, Arthur joined in: "I'll bet George isn't game to sleep in that room alone, ghosts or no ghosts."

"I'll bet you I am; and tonight, too, if you like."

"Where is this grim abode?" asked another guest.

"Come upstairs and I'll show you the chamber of horrors; we're having the electric light installed soon," said the Major, picking up a candlestick.

The party followed the Major upstairs, then along a lengthy passage, and finally into a bedroom. A most ordinary room it was, containing an old-fashioned bedstead, a wash-hand-stand to match, a large window with a blind half-drawn, the tree-tops showing in the moonlight, a makeshift wardrobe, composed of a few hooks enclosed by curtains, a chair, and that was about all.

"The maids seem to have allotted the post of danger to you, George. Isn't that your suitcase over there?" asked the Major.

"Trust women for discerning a brave man," retorted George. "Anyway, this will suit me."

"What about a final pipe and a nightcap before we turn in?" asked the Major; "all in favour, follow me."

"I'm tired, and have had enough whisky for one day," said George; "so I think I'll turn in right away."

"All right," said his host, "this is Liberty Hall."

"Good-night, George; pleasant dreams, no visitors," said Arthur, and off the party went.

Arrived in the den, the Major said: "How about playing a lark on George? Suppose one of us dresses up as a ghost and appears at his bedside; that will test his valour." The proposal was carried nem. con.

"You're tall, Arthur, and are the slimmest. With a sheet over your head, you'll look the part admirably. George won't wait to criticise your make up; he'll have a through ticket."

Arthur would have preferred another guest to be cast for the part; but not wishing to appear reluctant, he agreed.

Bedtime having arrived, the Major said: "By the way, Arthur, don't don the sheet till you are sure he's asleep, and take this book with you. Steal softly into the room; there'll be enough moonlight to let you see what you are doing. If he stirs, say you looked in to ask if he'd been disturbed at all. If he's asleep, put the sheet on, stand at the foot of the bed, and drop the book. The noise will arouse him, and as soon as he spies his visitor, he'll start on his travels. We'll stand at the foot of the stairs to catch him, when he leaps from the top. Is all clear now?"

"All clear, sir."

"Then, 'On Stanley, On!'" quoted the Major.

Ascending the stairs quietly, and creeping along the passage, feeling, perhaps, a trifle nervous, Arthur opened the door softly, and entered. A moment or two elapsed. Then, with one bound he was out, and fleeing along the passage; then downstairs, three steps at a time.

"Good God!" was his only exclamation, as he leaped into the midst of his friends.

"Whatever's the matter, Arthur?" asked the Major?

"Matter! I saw the g-ghost!" stammered Arthur white as a sheet.

"Oh, you're mistaken! You *must* be mistaken."

"Mistaken be damned! I tell you I saw the ghost."

"Where did you see it?"

"Standing at the foot of the bed, as plainly I see you now. Don't try to tell me I didn't see it."

"Your nerves must be a bit over-strung. Have another nip, and we'll escort you to your room. There'll be two or three in the next rooms to you so you'll have company."

Next morning, just as the guests were about to sit down to breakfast, George appeared, looking as fresh as a new season's oyster, and as unperturbed. Someone asked: "See any ghosts last night, George?"

"Ghosts! What rot! No. I didn't; neither did you—nor any anyone else."
"You're wrong there, George, somebody did."
"Who did?" snapped George.
"Arthur did," the Major said.
"He's pulling your leg," said George; "did you see the ghost, Arthur?"
"It's no use my saying I did; not one of you blighters would believe me."
"But *did* you?"
"As true as there is a God in Heaven, I did."
The ladies had been let into the secret, and it had been well kept.

"And is there no solution of the mystery?" someone asked, when, on another occasion, the Major was relating the story.

"Oh, the solution is quite a simple one. George arriving a day earlier than the others, he and I rigged up the ghost as a little surprise. One of those wire contraptions used for dress-fitting, a pillow fixed above it and made to resemble a head, a whitewashed mask for a face, and a sheet draping all except the face, comprised the 'ghost' which was duly hidden behind the wardrobe curtains. The blind had been adjusted to give the best results, and all George had to do to make the 'ghost walk' was, before turning in, to remove it from behind the curtains, and place it at the foot of the bed."

"Nothing, however," added the Major, "will now convince Arthur that there are no ghosts; his irrefutable argument is: 'But I've seen one myself.'"

EVOLUTION OF THE N.Z. SOLDIER

Much has been written about the New Zealand soldier and his deeds of gallantry and daring. Here is what Mr. Robert J. Pope, a self-confessed non-military man, has to say about them after an observation extending over some seventy years.

As one who has lived in New Zealand through more than three quarters of the first century of settled government here perhaps I may be allowed to say a little on the above subject. Never having been a soldier, I can speak with all the authority of inexperience.

I was first led to take notice of the New Zealand soldier, when at the age of six, I stood keenly interested watching him go through his drill in the school playground opposite my father's garden, and listened to the words of command as issued by the ex-Imperial sergeant-major with his broad Scotch accent. This was in Otago, at the beginning of the "seventies" of last century.

"As a fraunt-raank standin', prepaarre to lod," came the cautionary tones of the sergeant, followed a few seconds later by the executionary word of command, "Lod!" And the ramrods of the old "muzzle-loaders" were smartly withdrawn from the stocks, as the first steps in the process of loading the weapons.

And the uniforms; how different from the khaki of today! Grey tweed trousers and tunics, faced as to the trousers, with bright blue or scarlet facings an inch-wide; and French peaked caps—straight, flat, back-peaked—hence their customary name, "cheese-cutters." This was about the period of the Franco-Prussian war.

For a long time New Zealand, far removed from the Old World, regarded war as a matter in which she, nationally at any rate, was not intimately concerned. "Mother will attend to that," was her attitude to all Empire disputes and international quarrels, except the Maori troubles. Britain waged many wars during the first half of the nineteenth century, but we, like Brer Fox, "lay low, and said nuffin'."

When I was in my early teens, the names of "the Crimea," and the "the Mutiny" were quite frequently heard; but they meant little or nothing to us then; they were merely tales from a far country to us young folk; and not infrequently, were past before we knew of them. Of course, we heard a certain amount about the Maori wars; but to youthful South Islanders these had no reality.

The Boer War

It was not till the Boer War that New Zealand awoke to the fact that she was a real part of the British Empire, and should accept some of the responsibility of defending it. Then, for the first time we sent overseas thousands of soldiers—all of them mounted men—these being best suited to the services they would have to perform in South Africa, helping the Motherland against the mobile Boer troops. When we saw the unprecedented sight of mounted infantry riding through the streets of our cities, we were aroused to the fact that our men were real soldiers, and now not merely men playing the part. Later, when we read of their bravery in the field, and the casualty lists began to appear, we felt proud of our men, our hearts beat faster, and we spoke of the soldiers as "Our Boys."

It is fine to think that two of our stoutest opponents of that time, Generals Botha and Smute, lived to become ardent champions and stout props of the British Empire.

New Zealand soldiers were up to that time wholly volunteers and were generally regarded by the man in the street as rather a good joke; men who couldn't do any good in a fight, even if they didn't do any actual harm. But we learnt better later on.

It was 1914 that the Great War provided the occasion and the opportunity for our New Zealand soldiers, together with their gallant comrades, the Australians, to perform those feats of daring, resolution and endurance, that gained them that unforgettable joint title of the "Anzacs," and caused them to be enrolled, by their co-operative fighting-men and by their Imperial officers, as members of that proud company, spoken of as "the bravest of the brave". The world rang with the name of these Southern soldiers and their brilliant deeds in the fierce warfare on Gallipoli, the whole amazing feat being subsequently crowned by that triumph of discipline, coolness, and matchless courage, exhibited at the evacuation of that blood-dyed field.

There was no need for Australians and New Zealanders to extol the deeds of their countrymen; the whole of Europe—nay the whole World, one may say, was acclaiming their brilliant deeds.

The Younger Generation

And today a younger generation, another brotherhood of Anzacs, has sustained the companionship established by their elders, and is now adding fresh laurels to that honoured name of Anzacs.

No braver deeds have ever been done than those which these men did; ever *will* be done; the thousands of years accounted for in history, furnish no examples of nobler acts; then why should those ages not yet accounted for do so?

Let me conclude with these few words. In his service abroad, the New Zealand soldier earned one reward particularly gratifying to his fellow countrymen. No matter with whom or in what country he served, in the field or out of it, he won for himself that character which, when an Englishman wishes to bestow his highest approval on a fellow man, he does it tersely, in these words—"He is a *gentleman*."

LOCAL CRICKET FEATS RECALLED

Last week in the city [writes Mr. R. J. Pope, of Wellington] I chanced to meet Charlie Dryden, a noted Wellington cricketer of close upon sixty years ago, and now, for health reasons, living in the far north of New Zealand. In spite of his being in his eightieth year, he was looking remarkably fit.

The meeting carried me back some fifty or more years to the days of the Star team, one of the leading teams of that period. In its eleven in my time were Sid Nicholls (father of the Rugby footballers), J. W. Brown, Harry Roberts (father

of "Teddie"), Charlie Mansill, Charlie Dryden, J. Gooder, W. E. Chisholm, R. Gooder, J. Remington, and C. H. Twiss. The first and the last of these have passed away, and one or two I have forgotten; later, Jack Chapman and Harry Moorhouse joined and strengthened the team. I am speaking of 1883, before the vogue of championship matches, the rival teams contending then for the Pearce Cup. The rivalry between them was, if not keener, certainly as keen as it is today, though, owing to less perfect wickets, the play was not of so high a standard, taking it all round.

Four teams competed for the supremacy: Wellington, Phoenix, Midland (formed of the combined Excelsior and Bohemian Clubs), and Star. The Star team was in those days one to be reckoned with; for it won the cup on at least two, if not three, occasions, and Charlie Dryden was one of its stalwarts.

Consistent Bowler

He was a slow spin bowler; and I doubt if Wellington has ever had a more consistently successful one over so long a period. He represented Wellington with credit on many occasions, and was a member of one of the earliest Wellington teams to visit Auckland. He bowled an admirable length, could break both ways, flight the ball deceptively, and did not in the least mind being hit. He had no nerves, and was quite unperturbed in a crisis; altogether, a good man to have on one's side.

No one could call him a stylish batsman; but he generally contrived to make a useful contribution to the score, and had a very dependable pair of hands. In fact, one needed to be able to hold a ball in the Star team; for to its fielding a great measure of its success was due, and a player who dropped catches was in turn himself likely to be dropped.

I was the "boy" of the team at that time, and an opening batsman; and generally fielded what is now called "silly point," for Charlie; so I had an exceptionally favourable opportunity of observing his "tricks and manners" as a slow bowler. In a provincial game against Nelson in 1886, he and Motley (an ex- English county player then resident here) pulled Wellington through when all seemed over. They made a long eighth-wicket stand; Motley 58 not out and Dryden 19. Nelson were set 84 to win, but only got 71, Dryden bowling splendidly for seven for 24.

The Only Sport

In those days cricket had no rivals as a summer attraction in Wellington; there was nowhere to go on a Saturday afternoon except to the Basin—no golf, tennis,

bowls, seaside resorts, or motor-cars to entice spectators elsewhere. The consequence was that the attendance of the public was relatively much larger, and a prominent cricketer was more in the public eye than is the case today. None was more widely known than Charlie Dryden.

When the Star Club disbanded, about 1886, Charlie joined Rivals and I Wellington.

Wellington today could well do with just such another reliable slow bowler as Dryden was when in his prime.

From CONTORTS AND RETORTS

BOWLING EXTRAORDINARY

In the first innings of the South Africa-South Australia match: the bowling analysis of the South Africans was remarkable. "McMillan was unplayable at times." I should think so!

> Bowling Analysis.—Bell, 5 overs, 2 maidens, 8 runs, no wickets; Christy, overs, 0 maidens, 91 runs, 6 wickets. Vincent, 9 overs, 2 maidens, 36 runs, 0 wickets; Brown, 11 overs, 2 maidens, 23 runs, 3 wickets; McMillan, 17.1 overs, 0 maidens, 91 runs, 6 wickets.

Three bowlers took 15 wickets in the innings, although one man was run out. This must be a record.

CRICKET ETIQUETTE

In his book "—And Then Came Larwood," Arthur Mailey says, speaking of the occurrence when Woodfull was hit in the chest at Adelaide:

> "This dramatic incident might have closed had Larwood continued for an over or so with his off field."

Larwood or Jardine might reply, "Yes, but we cannot be influenced in the placing of our field by the spectators."

Certainly not. In the placing of the field by the spectators influence should not be used.

TWELVE A SIDE

Says a contemporary: "That was rather a remarkable statement that appeared in one of the Wellington daily papers relative to the dismissal of one of the Kilbirnie batsmen caught at the wickets by the umpire. ..."

Quite remarkable. We are of the opinion that the umpire should confine his action to umpiring a player out.

HARD TO SWALLOW

In a recent cricket manual is a chapter dealing with maintenance of grounds. Among other information it says: "In addition to earth worms the eel worm does a lot of damage and also the leather-jacket grub (the first stage of the daddy-long-legs fly). Birds destroy a lot of them and also the heavy roller."

What! We have seen an emu swallow an open pocketknife, but we have had no anxieties about the heavy roller.

OLDER THAN HE APPEARED

"R. W. V. Robins," says "The Cricketer," "had the good fortune to have a father and a brother, younger than himself by 12 months, who were as keen on cricket as he was."

Was the younger brother also older than the father?

SILENT COMMENT

A noted rugby player and writer on the game says in a contemporary:

> In talking to your men after a defeat, if you cannot offer constructive criticism, keep quiet.

Quite so; talk to them either helpfully or silently.

PRECISELY

The manager of the South Africa team, recently returned from their British tour, says in his report:—

> Jock had both his knee cartilages removed, and I'm afraid he will not play football again.
> We are glad to have returned with such a satisfactory record.

Yes, but some credit must be given to his opponents.

HOW THE SPRINGBOKS WON

In a report to the Rugby Union, Mr. J. S. King, who refereed the second Test match, said (in describing scrum tactics):

> Immediately the ball was in, the outside man advanced his outside foot, thereby closing the avenue the ball went in by, and their centre man hooked the ball in a flash with his fourth foot.

Ah! that explains it. Was it fair to have a quadruped in the scrum?

MAORI PLACE NAMES: CORRECT PRONUNCIATION: SOME SIMPLE EXAMPLES

In a country like New Zealand where so many native place-names are used, it is to be regretted that more is not done to ensure these names being at least fairly correctly pronounced. Maori names are singularly euphonious when pronounced as they should be; but how rarely do we hear them well pronounced.

If Maori was a difficult language to pronounce there would be some excuse for the maltreatment it receives, but it is by no means difficult. It has none of the traps that beset the would-be learner of English, such as the same letter representing different sounds, different letters representing the same sound, letters that do not represent any sound, and so on. Maori plays you no such tricks as these: each letter represents one sound and only one; the sound may vary in length, but never in quality.

The writer of these notes lays no claim to Maori scholarship, but he has paid a good deal of attention to the subject of Maori pronunciation, and offers the results of his labours to others like himself who, though unacquainted with the language, wish to pronounce the Native names with some degree of accuracy. The article has the advantage of having been revised by two acknowledged authorities.

It is difficult to give exact equivalents in our speech of one or two of the Maori vowel-sounds; the long e and the short o in particular are difficult to represent exactly. Owing to the limitations of the linotype machine, it is not possible, in the columns of a newspaper, to set out as clearly as could be wished certain features of a subject such as this. Italics and accentuation marks, two important means, are here not available.

Each vowel in Maori has only one sound, though it has its long and its short form. The long and the short vowels are identical except as regards length. It is useless to expect the non-Maori scholar to observe these distinctions between long and short sounds, though often they make a great difference in the meaning. All that can be done is to show him how to get somewhere near the mark in his attempt to pronounce Maori place-names. In general, the meaning is left to the Maori scholar.

The English vowels a (as in day), i (as in high), and o (as in no) are not pure vowels. They are respectively equal to a-e, i-e, and o-u, and are in reality diphthongs. The Maori vowels a, i, and o are pure vowels, being indivisible into two sounds.

Maori Vowels

A long, as in father: examples—Akaroa, Arapapa.
A short, as in papa (unaccented as a very young child would pronounce it): examples Matamata, Tokatoka.
E, as in let: examples—Moeroa, Ohakea, Orere.
I, like e in we: Examples—Otira, Piako, Titahi, Inaha.
O, (short as in not; long as in nought): examples—Otaki, Te Kopi, Towai, Kowhai.
U, like oo (short, as in put; long, as in ruby): examples—Tutu, Waipuku, Waiotapu.

Each vowel, even when two or three come together, should be given its proper individual sound; e.g., Wa-i-ko-u-a-i-ti, Ku-a-o-tu-nu.

Every syllable in the Maori language, and consequently every word, must end with a vowel. The accent is usually on the first syllable, but not invariably so.

Cautions

The initial consonant NG: This character frequently begins a Maori syllable—it never ends one. The non-observation of this fact is the origin of such shockingly common mispronunciations as Wang-ga-nui, Tong-ga-riro, Wai-tang-gi, Ka-rang-ga-hape, Kai-tang-ga-ta, Wing-ga-tui.

TE—This must never—"What, never?" "No, never!"—be pronounced as if it rhymed with ME. Pronounce Ten without sounding n. This is, as nearly as possible, the correct sound of the Maori Te.

E, in Maori, never has the sound of the English o. The following names, among scores of others, are almost invariably mispronounced, through giving the o the English sound in place of the short e (gg) of the Maori: O-hi-ne-mutu, Ka-ri-ta-n-e, Ke-n-e-puru, Ko-r.e-r.e, Ma-h-e-no, T-e Aro, T-e Aroha, T-e-muka (Te Umu-kaha), T-e Anau, T-e Awamutu, T-e Horo, T-e Kuiti, Wai-ma-t.e, Tara-w.e-ra, O-e-o, O-ha-ku-ne.

TA-KI—This is one of the most maltreated combinations. It is commonly pronounced like tack-ky, to rhyme with lackey. It should sound more like tar-key (r not rolled), e.g., Wai-taki, Tu-taki, Whaka-taki, Pu-taki, Taki-timu, O-taki, Kiri-taki, Ma-taki-taki, Ngai-taki.

Further Illustrations

As the vowel sounds in Maori are so important, they are now repeated in a different manner.

The difference between a long vowel and a short vowel is, let it be repeated, a difference of length only; not a difference of quality.

A long, like ah: e.g., ka-ka, parrot.
A short, shorter than a in far: e.g., ka-ka, fibre.
E long, like eh in English, avoiding any sound of a as in pay: e.g., pe-hi, to press down.
E short, like e in egg: e.g., pe-ho, morepork.
O long, like o in tone: e.g., po, night. Short, like o in omit: e.g., po-ho, chest.
U long (oo), as in too: e.g., pu-pu, bundle.
U short (oo), liko oo in stood: e.g., pu-ha, song or chant.
I long, like ee in see; e.g., pi, a chick.
I short, like i in H (nearly): e.g., ti-ki, a pendant.

Vowel Sounds Usually Mispronounced

It should be noted that the following are examples of sounds to be avoided, not of sounds to be used. The correct sounds are in parentheses.

U (oo), mispronounced to rhyme with ew in new. Exs.: Mu-ritai, Re-mu-era, M-u-riwai, Te-mu-ka, Tu-tanekai, Hu-ru-nu-i, Mo-tu-e-ka, Wanga-nu-i, Ta-pa-nu-i.

AU (ah-oo), mispronounced to rhyme with ow in cow. Exs.: K-a-u-ri, Manu-ka-u, T-a.u-ranga, T-a.u-po, T-a.u-maru-nui, Wai-ra.u, Te An-a.u, Ka-wa.u.

AI (ah-ee), mispronounced to rhyme with sky. Exs.: W-a.i-nui, T-a.i-ta, T-a.i-hape, W-a.i-kanae (na-e), W-a.i-roa, Wha.i-ti.

AE (ah-e, e as in let), mispronounced to rhyme with my. Exs.: Te W-a.e-w-a.e, W-a.e-ranga, P-a.e-kaka-riki, P-a.e-nga, K-a.e-o.

OU (oh-oo), mispronounced to rhyme with o in no (generally). Exs.: Wha-nga-p-o.u-a, Wai-k-o.u-aite, P-o.u-kawa, P-o.u-kino, Wai-o.u-ru.

AO (ah-oh), mispronounced to rhyme with ow in cow. Exs.: M-a.o-ri, A.o-tea, A.o-rere, R-a.o-r-a.o, Ta.o-roa, Wai-h-a.o.

EA (eh-ah), Te.a, usually mispronounced to rhyme with Fear. Exs.: Ao-te.a, Kiwi-te.a, Moeawa-te.a. Other examples: Ha-we.a Kara-me.a, Moure.a, Oha-e.a-wai, Puke.atua, Pahaute.a, Nga-te.a, One-te.a, Rongo-te.a.

Analysis of Maori Names

Many Maori place-names that appear formidable on first acquaintance are found, on closer examination, to be composed, in the main, of a number of familiar portions, e.g., Wai-totara, Wai-manga-roa, Wai-papa-kauri, O-tangi-kahu.

Words frequently used in compounding place-names: Whaka, Wai, Whare, Roto, Maka, Kai, Tai, Moana, Awa, Rimu, Puke, Tangi, Rangi, Tahuna, Tapu, Nui, Renga, Mata, Rua, Papa, Nga, Te, Ana, Whanga, Maunga, Manga, O-ne, Motu, Pari, Ma, Tiki.

Repetition of syllables is widely made use of in Maori words, and these repeated syllables frequently present a formidable appearance to persons unfamiliar with them: e.g., Para-para-umu, Whaka-rewa-rewa, Puke-koi-koi, Whanga-mo-mona, Wai-ke-ke-wai, Mata-mata, O-nga-o-nga, Ma-taki-taki.

Words commonly employed in compounding place-names, with meanings and examples:—

Whaka (causative prefix): Exs., Whaka-kai, Whaka-tane.

Whare, house, hut: Exs., Whare-poa, Whare-papa.

Wai, water: Exs., Wai-tomo, Wai-hola (hora).

Roto, lake: Exs., Roto-iti, Roto-rua,

Maka, to throw, put, place: 2, fishhook: Exs., Maka-raka, Maka-rewi.

Kai, food; 2, to eat, drink (except water): Exs., Kai-toke, Kai-waiwai.

Tai, sea; 2, tide: Exs., Tai-nui, Tai-tapu.

Moana, sea: Exs., Waikare-moana, Tangi-moana.

Awa, stream, river, channel, gully, groove: Exs., Awa-rua, Awa-tere.

Rimu, red pine; 2, seaweed; 3, moss: Exs., Rau-rimu, Puke-rimu.

Puke, hill: Puke-kohe, Puke-rua.

Tangi (n), sound, mourning; 2, (v) to cry, cry for, resound, weep over: Exs., Wai-tangi, Tangi-tere.

Rangi, sky, weather, day, tune, verse, tower: Exs., Rangi-toto, Te-rangi.
Tahuna, sandbank, sea-side, beach, battleground: Exs., Tiaki-tahuna, Wai-tahuna.
Tapu, prohibited, under restriction: Exs., Tapu-teranga, Wai-o-tapu.
Nui, large, intense, many, superior; 2, size, abundance, etc.: Exs., Wai-nui, Tapa-nui.
Renga, to overflow, fill up; 2 (n) meal: Exs., Renga-horu, Wai-renga.
Mata (final a long), flint, quartz; 2, chert, obsidian: Exs., Wai-mata, Pari-mata.
Rua, pit, hole; 2, two: Exs., Rua-wai, Rua-tapu, Rua-kaka.
Papa, the earth; 2, floor or site of a house, anything flat, a board, etc: Exs., Papa-nui, Papa-kura.
Nga, definite article, plural; 2, (v) to breathe: Exs., Nga-toro, Nga-puke.
Te, definite article, singular: Exs., Te Reinga, Te Teko.
Ana, a cave: Ana-timo, Kau-ana,
Whanga, a bay, expanse of water, land, or space; 2, (v) to measure with arms: Exs., Whanga-roa, Whanga-mo-mo-na.
Maunga, mountain, range of hills: Exs., Maunga-tua, Maunga-turoto.
Manga, stream, branch of river or tree, etc.: Exs., Manga-weka, Manga-whare.
One (o-ne), sandy beach, soil: Exs., One-hunga, Pi-to-one (Petone).
Motu, island, clump of trees, etc.: Exs., Motu-eka, Motu-roa.
Pari, cliff: Exs., Pari-tutu, Pari-haka.
Ma, abbreviated form of manga, a stream: Exs., Ma-ka-ra, Ma-uku, Ma-tangi.
Tiki, pendant, ornament: Exs., Tiki-tiki, Tiki-tere.

NOTES

The notes that follow give a record of first publication of Pope's writings used in this selection in books, newspapers or magazines. Several poems were unpublished in handwritten scripts. Nearly all of Pope's poems survive in the two scrapbooks held by the Turnbull Library, Wellington, New Zealand. They are: *Mere Waste of Time: Snips from a Dominie's Scrapbook* (Pope's own scrapbook, 1902-1943, which he donated in 1941 and itemised, indexed and revised), and a second scrapbook, *Contributions in Prose and Verse*, containing cuttings from newspapers 1902-1946 that he gifted to his daughter Eileen Fortune for safekeeping. Eileen gave this second scrapbook to the Turnbull after her father's death. A few dates of publication have eluded me. Mostly, Pope left a handwritten inscription next to the cutting indicating its date of publication. He signed his poems in newspapers or magazines as 'Robert J. Pope' or 'R.J.P.'. Other newspaper poems of Pope's exist online in National Library of NZ Papers Past searches. It is possible there are more poems by Pope earlier than 1902. A fire at his Wellington home near Kaiwarra School in 1911 may have destroyed his earlier poetry.

Most of Pope's verses are imitations and parodies of other well-known songs and poems. In most cases, Pope has acknowledged his sources. He explains this with a note about his parodies in *A New Zealander's Fancies in Verse* (1946): 'I no longer apologise to any poet for parodying a poem of his. After a careful study of a poem, a parody of that poem is my highest token of appreciation for both the poet and his work.'

Pope worked hard on his poems, and his scrapbooks show he was a constant reviser. He was also meticulous in his use of the Maori language noting syllable count with a note to the reader in some cases. Several draft versions exist of some of his poems and I've had to make a choice on several occasions. I've indicated where possible revisions and corrections he has made after their newspaper or magazine appearance and given some background sources for the poems.

Some New Zealand Lyrics (1928). 43 pages. Pope's first collection ran into two editions (or a reprint). Financed by subscription. My copy is the 'Second Edition'. Printed by Ferguson & Osborn Ltd., Printers, 202 Lambton Quay, 1928. Pope prefaces the book, stating: 'I proffer these poems, conscious though I am of their imperfections, because I believe there is in them a vein of genuine metal. This opinion is, I know, shared by some competent to judge.' Acknowledgements made to the Education Dept., *New Zealand Free Lance* and *New Zealand Life* for permission to reprint poems. Thanks given to his subscribers. The book dedication reads: 'To My Cousin, E. A. C.[Mrs Edith Annie Coates], who fanned a smouldering fire'. No manuscript copy sighted.

New Zealand, My Homeland. Written and scored in 1910. Hand-written score extant in Pope's school music book used at Kaiwarra School. Turnbull MS-Papers-9751. Published in *New Zealand School Journal*, June 1911; also appears in *The Dominion Song Book: Authorised for Use in Schools of the Dominion* (Whitcombe & Tombs, Christchurch, 1930; reprinted 1948). E Douglas Tayler selected songs for the book. Tayler was then Supervisor of Musical Education and Assistant to the Director of Education, Department of Education. The song had its first public performance in November 1910. As such, it was widely publicised in newspapers. Here follows the reports on Pope's song:

> Mr. R. J. Pope, head-master of the Kaiwarra Public School, finding that there is no patriotic song which young New Zealanders can sing in praise of their native country, has stepped into the breach to meet the want. And, sooth to say, he has met it in a highly effective way. Under the title, "New Zealand My Homeland," Mr. Pope has written four verses breathing in poetic language the sentiments of attachment to Maoriland, and brightly descriptive of her natural features. These words he has wedded to a haunting melody, in two-part music, and admirably suitable to the juvenile capacity. As yet the words and music have not emerged from private circulation, but it will be surprising if they do not receive a wide vogue, even beyond the schools of New Zealand.
>
> (*New Zealand Free Lance*, 5 November 1910)

> The concert given last evening in the Town Hall, in honour of the anniversary of the Young Women's Christian Association, was in all respects a successful one.…The choruses by the children were particularly acceptable and were sung with sweetness and precision. They included a stirring patriotic number, "New Zealand, My Homeland," performed for the first time in Wellington…
>
> (*The Evening Post*, 23 November 1910)

> "New Zealand, My Homeland," the patriotic school song, which was sung by the choir of young girls under Mr. Robert Parker's direction at the Town Hall on Tuesday night, is a local production of more than ordinary interest. As regards both words and music, it is from the pen of Mr. R. J. Pope, headmaster of the Kaiwarra School, who was evidently moved to its composition by the feeling which all educationists have realised of the dearth of school songs racy of the soil, and their dependence upon imported music of little or no local application. Mr. Pope has met the need with a song which breathes the spirit of love of country without dropping into anything in the nature of bathos. Moreover, he has set the words to a piece of pure

and original melody which bids fair to live. At present it is written in two-part harmony, but it would admirably suit four voices, and is worthy of adaptation to use beyond school limitations.

(*The Dominion*, 24 November 1910)

This country badly required a patriotic song for use in its schools, and Mr R. J. Pope, headmaster of the Kaiwarra School, has answered to its call (states The Post). His composition, "New Zealand, My Homeland," was given its first public performance on Wednesday night by a choir of some 200 voices, under Mr. Robert Parker's direction, at the gathering in the Town Hall in connection with the Y.W.C.A., and scored a distinct success. To begin with, the words are poetic, blending the sentiment of attachment to the country with an apt description of some of New Zealand's mountain and woodland charms. Then Mr. Pope has wedded the verses to a lovely two-part melody, which, while conforming to the laws of music, is simple, easy of acquirement, and well within the capabilities of childish voices. On both its poetic and melodic merits it is safe to predict for "New Zealand, My Homeland" a wide popularity, if not general school use in the Dominion.

(*Marlborough Express*, 25 November 1910)

A local headmaster, Mr. Robert J. Pope, undismayed by the difficulty of the task, has essayed a school song which departs from the familiar, conventional lines, and which, if published, should make special appeal to the native-born. He has sent us a manuscript of "New Zealand My Homeland." The air is simple and melodious, and with sufficient character to be readily learned and at once recognised. The ballad celebrates the national charms of the land without descending to the catalogue level and avoids the boastful note which too often passes for patriotism. In dispensing with rime Mr. Pope has made a bold, innovation but he has a theory that children are specially liable to be distracted from the meaning by watching for the jingle of chiming words. Only actual experiment in classes could supply an adequate test. Mr. Pope's praiseworthy endeavour seems to us to promise to supply the long-felt want better than any of the earlier local experiments with which we are acquainted.

(*The Evening Post*, 3 December 1910)

A further National Library of New Zealand Papers Past search for Pope's song lists more results up to 1934, showing its national usage was extensive:

Celebrations at Wakefield. Pupils belonging to Wakefield and Pigeon Valley Schools sang 'New Zealand, My Homeland' (*The Colonist*, 24 June 1911).

'New Zealand, My Homeland' sung by pupils of public schools at a concert in aid of the Returned Soldiers' Fund, Wellington Town Hall (*The Evening Post*, 1 September 1917 & *The Dominion*, 1 September 1917). *The Dominion* reviewer noted: 'Another unquestionably fine number was the new part song, "New Zealand, My Homeland," composed and conducted last evening by Mr. R. J. Pope, of Wellington. The song breathes the proper spirit, it has a tuneful melody and the breadth and character of a national song that should be popular in all our schools.'

'New Zealand, My Homeland' sung at Nelson Day celebrations (*The Dominion*, 20 October 1917 & *The Evening Post*, 20 October 1917) (Pope was conductor).

Brookside School breaking up ceremony (included Pope's songs 'New Zealand, My Homeland' and 'Gentle Spring') (*Ellesmere Guardian,* 19 December 1930).

'New Zealand, My Homeland' sung at Armistice Day service (*The Evening Post*, 10 November 1934).

Pope's poem may have inspired the poem 'New Zealand, My Homeland' by C W Grace (*New Zealand Free Lance* Christmas annual, December 1925) and the song 'New Zealand, My Homeland' by Olive Evelyn Higgs (reproduced below) c1930s? Higgs's song was sent in to a newspaper by 'Maude Tatton, 204 Ponsonby Road, Ponsonby'. Pope had a cutting of it that he included in his scrapbook noting its 'echo' of his song.

NEW ZEALAND, MY HOMELAND

New Zealand, my homeland, thou child of the ocean,
Was ever a beauty like thine?
The great seas surround thee, the warm sun hath found thee,
Thou land of the rata and pine!

Ah! little New Zealand, the gods must have loved thee,
To grant thee a beauty so great,
With hills and with mountains, and swift-flowing fountains,
And snow peaks to guard at thy gate.

I love thy green forests, majestic and mighty
  Where golden-throat tuis delight
To sing songs of gladness, till all of life's sadness
  Departs on the wings of the night.

Thy beaches lie golden with sand in the sunlight;
  Thy cool waves caress thee and croon
Like a mother who blesses the child she caresses,
  And dreams in the light of the moon.

Thy flow'ers, blue, golden, and crimson and purple,
  Are diadem, girdle and gown.
The birds that befriend thee, their sweetest songs lend thee,
  New Zealand, thou land of my own!

Thy ferns and thy woodlands, thy soft sloping meadows,
  Thy lakes and thy rills and thy streams—
Should fate ever make me go forth and forsake thee—
  I would see them again in my dreams.

Ah! little New Zealand, the gods must have loved thee,
  To grant thee a beauty so rare,
The great God doth bless thee, and will confess thee
  My homeland, unrivalled, and fair!

—Olive Evelyn Higgs, Blenheim.

The cutting of Higgs's piece is extant in Pope's scrapbook. Turnbull MSX-5936.

An Abode of Peace. No date given. TS extant in Pope's miscellaneous papers. Turnbull MS-Papers-7194. First publication in Pope's *Some New Zealand Lyrics* (1928).

The Worn Armchair. Published in *New Zealand School Journal*, September 1926.

The Orphan Isles. Published in *New Zealand School Journal*, October 1923. Note by editor in *School Journal*: 'English history was … for many years a story of war and struggle and strife both at home and abroad. But during all those years New Zealand lay far on the other side of the globe, and not a sound of this strife reached her shore.' Note by Pope at foot of poem in *Some New Zealand Lyrics*

(1928): 'Te Ika a Maui' is 'The Maori name for the North Island of New Zealand.' Used as a test recital for elocution in a Wellington competition.

To a "Strad". No date given. An ode to a violin, possibly Pope's own, made by Antonio Stradivari or a member of his family. First publication in Pope's *Some New Zealand Lyrics* (1928).

Pro Patria. 'Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori' is a line from the Roman lyrical poet Horace's Odes (III.2.13). The line can be roughly translated into English as: "It is sweet and fitting to die for one's country." Published in *New Zealand Free Lance*, 22 October 1915.

The Lads That Lie Low. Published in *New Zealand Free Lance*, 14 November 1918.

Mourn for the Brave. Possibly after the poem 'On the Loss of the Royal George' by William Cowper. Joseph Firth retired as Wellington College headmaster in 1920. The poem commemorates his former students who died in the Great War. Published as a song (with musical notation: 'Air by G. F. Handel') in *New Zealand School Journal*, April 1924.

Is It Naught To You? Cicero's Latin quote, 'Dum tacent, clamant', translates as 'Their silence speaks aloud'. Published in *New Zealand Free Lance*, 22 April 1925. Revision extant in Pope's scrapbook. Turnbull MSX-5936. Pope states in *Some New Zealand Lyrics* (1928): 'Written with the object of awakening a sense of duty towards the Wellington Citizens' Memorial to the Fallen.'

The Derelict. An old barque run ashore at Picton Harbour; said to have been there for 25 years. Published in *New Zealand School Journal*, February 1927.

Wellington. 'Matthews' height' refers to Mt Matthews. Published in *New Zealand School Journal*, June 1925.

Summer is Dying. Published in *New Zealand School Journal*, March 1925.

Memories. Editor's note to *School Journal* states: '...a visit to [Pope's] old home in Dunedin, now deserted.' Sentiment similar to 'The Graves of a Household' by Mrs Hemans. Published in *New Zealand School Journal*, October 1924.

Gentle Spring. Published in *New Zealand School Journal,* November 1919; also appears in *The Dominion Song Book: Authorised for Use in Schools of the Dominion* (Whitcombe & Tombs, Christchurch, 1930; reprinted 1948). E Douglas Tayler selected songs for the book. Tayler was then Supervisor of Musical Education and Assistant to the Director of Education, Department of Education. *School Journal* version has 'ope's' instead of 'opes'.

Am Meer. No date given. 'Am Meer' translates as 'By the sea'. Extant in Pope's *Mere Waste of Time: Snips from a Dominie's Scrapbook*. Turnbull qMS-1652. First publication in Pope's *Some New Zealand Lyrics* (1928).

Nature's Call. Published in *New Zealand Life*, c1926-27? Place of publication but no date given by Pope in *Some New Zealand Lyrics* (1928). Cutting not sighted in his scrapbook. Pope's other two poems from *New Zealand Life* are 'Resurgent' and 'Only a Tree' published in 1926 and 1927 respectively. An incomplete run of this periodical exists at the Turnbull Library. *New Zealand Life*, edited by Maurice Hurst, began in 1921 and, after a merger, retitled *New Zealand Life and Forest Magazine*. Its merger with *New Zealand Forest and River Magazine* (founded by Will Lawson) gave it its forest and bird outlook as well as its coverage of New Zealand books, history, events, art, leisure, and general events from the *New Zealand Life* section. Poets like William Pember Reeves, Johannes C Andersen, Jessie Mackay, Blanche Baughan, Will Lawson and Alan Mulgan appeared in its pages. Later it became *New Zealand Magazine* and absorbed Pat Lawlor's book column from *New Zealand Railways Magazine*.

Australia and New Zealand. No date given. First publication in Pope's *Some New Zealand Lyrics* (1928). Woy Woy was a small coastal resort north of Sydney when Pope visited and wrote his poem there.

Six and Sixty-two. Revision extant in Pope's scrapbook. Turnbull MSX-5936. Published in *New Zealand Free Lance* Christmas Annual, 1 December 1922.

An Old Settler's Reverie. Published in *New Zealand Free Lance*, August 1927. Editor's note in *School Journal*: 'The old-fashioned bullock-dray was a very strongly built cart without springs, having two enormously strong wheels and a stout pole; it was generally so bespattered with mud that no paint was visible. The driver used no reins, and usually walked beside his team, cracking a huge whip, and urging on his beasts in language that was more forcible than polite.'

Vale. 'Confido, et conquiesco' is Latin for 'I trust and I am completely at rest.' 'Vale' means farewell. No date given. Elegy to his mother, Helen Grant Pope, who died in 1927. First publication in Pope's *Some New Zealand Lyrics* (1928).

A New Zealander's Fancies in Verse (1946). 56 pages. Pope's second collection appeared in hardback and soft cover. Financed by subscription. My hardback copy is No. 17 of 100. Printed by Whitcombe & Tombs Ltd for the author. No date given. A review in *The Dominion* on 30 January 1946 suggests that was the year of publication. Pope prefaces the book himself and dates it 1945. A short poem epigraph opens the preface:

A MOOT POINT

Though Certes, many persons dub me 'Poet',
I'm a versifier only—and I know it.
Asks one: "What purpose can a further effort serve?"
"Purpose," indeed! Mine, too, the myst'ry poets guard,—
But hold!—
I dare not 'Blow it.'

For this particular volume, Pope notes that he has given himself a free hand to produce a larger book than his first, 'but, [he trusts], not too free'. Acknowledgements made to the *New Zealand School Journal*, *New Zealand Free Lance* and "Postscripts", *The Evening Post*, for permission to reprint poems. He includes some detail on his writing-life. Thanks given to his subscribers who made the 'dignified' appearance of his poems possible. Pope also thanks a group of friends: 'Messrs. W. H. Olson, W. H. Denton, T. A. Fletcher, and last, but very far from least, E. N. Morris and his daughters, Miss Lilian Morris and Mrs. G. E. Moller, all of whom have, in various ways and on different occasions, removed from the path of my advanced age, obstacles which sometimes threatened, at this difficult period of my life, to make the publication of this book an impossibility.' The book dedication reads: 'To my daughter Eileen'. The title page includes a short epigram: 'Some are pensive, / Others, gay; / More, with a twinkle, / Light the way.'. No manuscript copy sighted.

The Little Ships. Published in the *New Zealand School Journal*, August 1930. Several versions of this poem are extant in Pope's scrapbooks, including correspondence about it with Professor Harry Kirk, and a version appears in *A New Zealander's Fancies in Verse* (1946) with an additional stanza after stanza 3:

Those graceful ships, those valiant ships
All hazards laughed to scorn,
Defied the "Roaring Forties'" rage,
And battled round the Horn;
Those silent ships, those dauntless ships,
Of wind and wave the sport,
In spite of gale, of hurricane,
Triumphantly made port.

I'm not satisfied this was Pope's doing as the cutting from the *School Journal* has a different ending to that version used for his book. I've gone back to the original *School Journal* version with his hand-written revisions for it on the clipping itself. The stanza I've omitted is the one (above) that Professor Kirk didn't think worked.

Beyond the Veil. No date given. Pope adds a note about his usage of 'ravel' to the foot of the poem in *A New Zealander's Fancies in Verse*: 'Ravel: In this sense, untwist; more often with *out*. To ravel out a knot.' Extant in Pope's *Mere Waste of Time: Snips from a Dominie's Scrapbook*. Turnbull qMS-1652. First publication in Pope's *A New Zealander's Fancies in Verse* (1946).

Wanted, a Leader. Published in "Postscripts", *The Evening Post*, 23 July 1934.

Christmas Time. Revised after publication in *The Evening Post*, 19 December 1932.

Waiting. 1932. Date given by Pope. *The Minstrel Boy* is Thomas Moore's Irish song. Pope adds a note at the foot of the poem in *A New Zealander's Fancies in Verse:* '"The grey tower on the hill": Wellington (N.Z.) Carillon.' Extant in Pope's *Mere Waste of Time: Snips from a Dominie's Scrapbook*. Turnbull qMS-1652. Pope also suggests an alternative ending, by deleting the last four lines from 'The bells have ceased…' He leaves it to the reader to prefer which ending. See second note to poem in *A New Zealander's Fancies in Verse*. First publication in Pope's *A New Zealander's Fancies in Verse* (1946).

Billy's Tea. After W B Yeats's poem 'The Lake Isle of Innesfree'. Published in "Postscripts", *The Evening Post*, 18 October 1933. Probably refers to Pope's character Bill and his wife Lize, a working class couple used for humorous satirical purposes (see Pope's 'Music for the Working Man' [where Bill and Lize attend a Town Hall organ concert] in *New Zealand Free Lance,* 9 May 1914).

A Nazi Prayer. Published in "Postscripts", *The Evening Post*, 12 April 1940. Newspaper publication has no note but a note accompanies its publication in *A New Zealander's Fancies in Verse*: 'Many persons, some of them German, would perhaps, detect a tinge of irony in the following lines; but no true Nazi could ever be guilty of so egregious an error.'

The Trial. Revised after publication in "Postscripts", *The Evening Post*, 25 January 1939.

The Pleasing Politician. Published in "Postscripts", *The Evening Post*, 11 July 1938.

The Tui. No date given. Extant in Pope's *Mere Waste of Time: Snips from a Dominie's Scrapbook*. Turnbull qMS-1652. First publication in Pope's *A New Zealander's Fancies in Verse* (1946).

Little Blue Eyes. No date given. Written for Pope's granddaughter at an early age. Pope adds the following notes at the foot of the poem in *A New Zealander's Fancies in Verse*:

Notes - Stanza 4 "fay=fairy"
5 "drops to earth."
Nearly every country-bred child has noted the skylark end its song abruptly, fold its wings, and drop to earth like a stone.

Extant in Pope's *Mere Waste of Time: Snips from a Dominie's Scrapbook*. Turnbull qMS-1652. Title after 'Little Blue Eyes' in *New Zealand School Journal*, September 1912; reprinted there from *Children's Magazine*. First publication in Pope's *A New Zealander's Fancies in Verse* (1946).

Adam and Eve. Revised after publication in "Postscripts", *The Evening Post*, 13 November 1936.

King Willow. Note under title extant in Pope's *Mere Waste of Time: Snips from a Dominie's Scrapbook*, but does not appear in *A New Zealander's Fancies in Verse.* Published in "Postscripts", *The Evening Post*, 4 October 1932; republished with note below title in *'A Tingling Catch': A Century of New Zealand Cricket Poems 1864-2009*, edited by Mark Pirie, HeadworX, Wellington, 2010. Pope's poem title may have come from J C Snaith's cricket novel *Willow the King* (1899).

The Doorkeeper's Retort to Hitler. Published in "Postscripts", *The Evening Post*, 30 May 1939 under the original title of 'Heil, Hitler!' and with stanzas 2 and 3 swapped round for book publication. Original draft version extant in Pope's *Mere Waste of Time: Snips from a Dominie's Scrapbook*. Turnbull qMS-1652.

The Choice. On the upcoming 1938 Election. Published in "Postscripts", *The Evening Post*, 31 August 1938. Pope thinks a former pupil at Kaiwarra School replied to his poem (*The Evening Post*, 5 September 1938):

THE CHOICE

Your logic, dear old R.J.P.,
Is somewhat weak. Instead,
When election day at length comes round,
You both should stay in bed.
For if your wife, in perfect faith,
Votes for her perfect National,
What earthly sense is there for you
To vote for Labour? Be rational!

I.D.

Pope wrote: 'Don't see the point'. Extant in Pope's scrapbook. Turnbull MSX-5936.

"The Boss". Written on the retirement of the Wellington College Headmaster J P Firth. Published in *New Zealand Free Lance*, 8 December 1920. Firth replied to Pope's poem tribute in a letter:

> My Dearest Bob,
> It was most kind to send me a copy
> of your verses, which I like very much.
> The dedication to me makes me feel very proud…
> Your generous words will always be treasured
> and will give me never failing pleasure…
> Yours sincerely,
>
> J.P. Firth

Letter from Firth, dated 21 July 1927, is extant in Pope's *Mere Waste of Time: Snips from a Dominie's Scrapbook*. Turnbull qMS-1652.

The Stricken Advertiser. 1944. Date given by Pope. The Latin proverb 'Humanum est errare' translates as 'To err is human'. Early hand-written draft under the title of 'The Sufferings of Advertisement' was rejected by "Postscripts", *The Evening Post.* Pope gives a reason: '…too many of its advertisers being superabundantly provided with "coins" that this would tread on.' Extant in Pope's miscellaneous papers. Turnbull MS-Papers-7194.

New Zealand. Published in revised form in *New Zealand School Journal*, September 1931. The final stanza is noted by Pope as the revision he has made to the original version. Clipping extant in Pope's miscellaneous papers. Turnbull MS-Papers-7194. The version I've used here is extant in Pope's *Mere Waste of Time: Snips from a Dominie's Scrapbook*. Turnbull qMS-1652. Pope adds instructions for correct Maori pronunciation of 'manuka' and 'Ngauruhoe' to the foot of the poem in *A New Zealander's Fancies in Verse*:

> Pron. ma-nu-ka, a like ah (in both cases), u like oo. Accent on ma.
> Nga-u-ru-ho-e, five syllables; the o and the e both cut short, the e as in egg.

Sunshine and Shadow. 1929. Date given by Pope. He notes: 'Rue - A plant with a strong, unpleasant, and sharp taste. It denotes sorrow.' Revisions extant in Pope's scrapbook. Turnbull MSX-5936. First publication in Pope's *A New Zealander's Fancies in Verse* (1946).

Spring. Original newspaper publication note has 'young poets', which Pope changes to 'rising poets' in *A New Zealander's Fancies in Verse*. Published in "Postscripts", *The Evening Post*, 26 September 1933.

A Protest. Published in *New Zealand Free Lance*, 16 August 1922.

Our Beer. Published in *The Vanguard*, 18 October 1919. Written at a time of conflict between pro-liquor and anti-liquor groups. Extant in Pope's *Mere Waste of Time: Snips from a Dominie's Scrapbook*. Turnbull qMS-1652. *The Vanguard* (1906-65), a long-lasting temperance periodical published by R A Wright in Wellington, continued *The Prohibitionist and Direct Veto Advocate*. Wright was a local M.P.

Uncollected and Unpublished Poems

The Fate of the Land Bill. Concerning the withdrawn Land Bill of September 1906 whereby Joseph Ward's Liberal Government hoped to confirm its lead in wealth and social prosperity as a British colony. Published in "Alleged Humour", *The Evening Post*, 20 October 1906.

The Sparrow. An ex-war ship, *The Sparrow,* was used as a training ship for boys and moored at the Kaiwarra bight in Wellington. The Ministry of Defence hoped the training would turn out able seamen fit for naval or merchant service. Published in "Alleged Humour", *The Evening Post*, 1 December 1906.

The Lament of the New Zealand Emigrant. Also concerning the withdrawn Land Bill of September 1906 mentioned above. Published in "Alleged Humour", *The Evening Post*, 27 October 1906.

Manners on the Trams. Published in "Alleged Humour", *The Evening Post*, 29 October 1910.

His Iron Cross. Refers to the German military award given in multitudes thus reducing its status during World War One. 'Uncle's gain' is the pawnbroker's profit. Published in *New Zealand Free Lance*, 1 June 1917.

The Answer. 'Peccavi!' translates as 'I have sinned'. Published in *New Zealand Free Lance,* 28 July 1916. Original newspaper ending extant in Pope's scrapbook (Turnbull MSX-5936) but revised by him:

> Shall our hands, red from the conflict,
> Again in friendship touch?
> "By all brave Belgium's cruel wrongs,"
> We answer up, "NOT MUCH!"

Day in Peace is Dying. Hand-written version extant in Pope's school music book used at Kaiwarra School. Turnbull MS-Papers-9751. Published as a song with musical notation in *New Zealand School Journal*, June 1919. Possibly meant as alternative words for the music to 'Day in Peace is Dying' is the following lyric by Pope 'See the Light is Fading':

SEE THE LIGHT IS FADING

See the light is fading
From the western sky;
Day, thou art departing,
Night is drawing nigh.

Evening winds are breathing
Through the forest green;
Crimson clouds are [wreathing?]
In the sky serene.

See the stars appearing
All around so bright,
Emblems ever cheering
Of eternal night.

'See the Light is Fading' is also extant in Pope's school music book used at Kaiwarra School. Turnbull MS-Papers-9751.

A Labour Song. A parody of 'We're Four Jolly Sailor Men'. Published in *New Zealand Free Lance*, 3 December 1919. Revisions extant in Pope's scrapbook. Turnbull MSX-5936. Pope changes 'Hal Holland' to 'Wal Nash'. I made a correction in stanza 2, line 5: 'Which them...' to 'With them...'.

Prince Charming. On the 1920 visit to New Zealand of Prince Edward of Wales. Published in *New Zealand Free Lance*, 19 May 1920. Correction of typographical errors extant in Pope's scrapbook. Turnbull MSX-5936.

Necessaries Only. Published in *New Zealand Free Lance*, 9 June 1920. Revision extant in Pope's scrapbook. Turnbull MSX-5936.

Parting Injunction to Bill. About Prime Minister Bill Massey's visit to the Imperial Conference in London. Pope notes that at the time 'Labour's leaders were notoriously disloyal'. Extant in Pope's scrapbook. Turnbull MSX-5936. Published in *New Zealand Free Lance*, 13 April 1921.

On Strike. Published in *New Zealand Free Lance*, 20 October 1920.

Shingled. After a German drinking song. Published in *New Zealand Free Lance*, 4 March 1925.

A Bachelor's Dilemma. Published in *New Zealand Free Lance*, 6 July 1927.

A Nocturne. Pope writes: 'Written at a time when a house to rent in Wellington was unprocurable'. Extant in Pope's scrapbook. Turnbull MSX-5936. Published in *New Zealand Free Lance*, 12 November 1919.

The Community Sing. Published in *New Zealand Free Lance*, 7 June 1922.

The Dress Problem. Published in *New Zealand Free Lance*, 10 February 1926. Revisions extant in Pope's scrapbook. Turnbull MSX-5936. Pope changes ending from 'She'll follow suit or bust.' to 'She'll follow it – she *must*.'

Ode to the Cost of Living. Published in *New Zealand Free Lance*, 11 June 1924.

To a Watersider. Pope writes: 'Written at a time when cargo pilfering was rife'. In the manner of William Cullen Bryant. Published in *New Zealand Free Lance*, 30 June 1920. Revision extant in Pope's scrapbook. Turnbull MSX-5936.

A Psalm of Life. Published in *New Zealand Free Lance*, 13 October 1920. After Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's 'A Psalm of Life'.

Parafin Oil. A reworking of 'Robin Adair' by Lady Caroline Keppel. Published in *New Zealand Free Lance*, 23 May 1914.

The Warmth of Other Days. Pope notes it was 'written when there was a great dearth of fuel'. In the manner of the Irish poet Thomas Moore. Extant in Pope's scrapbook. Turnbull MSX-5936. Published in *New Zealand Free Lance*, 11 June 1919.

Autres Temps, Autres Moeurs. 'Autres Temps, Autres Moeurs' translates as 'Other Times, Other Customs'. Published in *New Zealand Free Lance*, 22 December 1923. Revisions extant in Pope's scrapbook. Turnbull MSX-5936.

The Pictures. Published in *New Zealand Free Lance*, 16 February 1921. Revisions extant in Pope's scrapbook. Turnbull MSX-5936. Pope changes penultimate

line from 'When many a lad will have to face' to 'When lad and lass will have to face'.

The Cult of the Horse. Published in *New Zealand Free Lance*, 13 February 1924.

Rejuvenating Grandad. An early 'speculative fiction' poem. Published in *New Zealand Free Lance*, 7 February 1923.

Out in the Straits. Published in *New Zealand Free Lance*, 16 July 1924, as 'Out on the Deep'. The book is possibly *Out on the Deep* (1870). Revisions extant in Pope's *Mere Waste of Time: Snips from a Dominie's Scrapbook*. Turnbull qMS-1652.

The Tyranny of Fashion: The Washer Lady's Wail. Published in *New Zealand Free Lance*, 26 July 1922. Revisions extant in Pope's scrapbook. Turnbull MSX-5936.

The Syrens of Kenepuru. Unpublished. 1920. Date given by Pope. Extant in Pope's scrapbook. Turnbull MSX-5936.

"The All Blacks: My Selection". Picking the team for the All Blacks 1924/25 tour of Great Britain and France. Published in *New Zealand Free Lance*, 21 May 1924. Revisions extant in Pope's scrapbook. Turnbull MSX-5936.

The All Blacks. A poem marking the return of the triumphant All Blacks "Invincibles" of 1924/25. Players named are George Nepia, Bert Cooke, Mark Nicholls, Jim Parker and Maurice and Cyril Brownlie. Published in *New Zealand Free Lance,* 11 March 1925.

An All Blacks Rumour. A further poem on the All Blacks "Invincibles" tour of 1924/25. Winger Jack Steel is the further player named. Unpublished. 1925. Hand-written draft with corrections. Extant in Pope's miscellaneous papers. Turnbull MS-Papers-7194.

The Woman JP. Concerns the reply by W D Lysnar, MP, to an open letter by the President of the National Women's Council, Wellington branch, on the subject of women Justices of the Peace (*The Evening Post*, 22 July 1924). Published in *New Zealand Free Lance,* 21 August 1924.

Give it a Name. Refers to R H Huntington's Letter to the Editor, *The Evening Post*, 24 September 1924, revealing the naming of Wellington streets were chosen by the Superintendent of the Fire Brigade 'to avoid confusion through the similarity of names when fire calls [were] made over the telephone'. Published in *New*

Zealand Free Lance, 15 October 1924. Correction of typographical error extant in Pope's scrapbook. Turnbull MSX-5936.

Kindness on the Field. Extant in Pope's scrapbook. Turnbull MSX-5936. Under its title, it says "For The Post", possibly for the *Evening Post*, between 1902-1910 when Pope published regularly in their "Alleged Humour" column.

Nine and Twenty All Blacks. Refers to the selection of the All Blacks for their upcoming 1935/36 tour of Great Britain. Parody of English nursery rhyme 'Sing a Song of Sixpence'. Published in "Postscripts", *The Evening Post*, 15 June 1935.

Labour Election Song. 1931 Election poem. After the American Civil War tune 'When Johnny Comes Marching Home' by Louis Lambert [Patrick Gilmore]. Published in "Postscripts", *The Evening Post*, 20 November 1931.

Trifles. Published in "Postscripts", *The Evening Post*, 25 November 1932.

The Mayoralty. Published in "Postscripts", *The Evening Post*, 29 April 1935.

Honest George. Poem on Prime Minister George Forbes's visit to London. Published in "Postscripts", *The Evening Post*, 29 July 1935. Government press release before his departure noted: '[Forbes] has been as popular with audiences here as is the case in the Dominion. The result is attributable to his good humour, tact, and transparent honesty of purpose (*The Evening Post*, 4 July 1935).'

The Dominion Cup. 1935 Election poem. Published in "Postscripts", *The Evening Post*, 19 August 1935.

Hatonomy. On the visit to New Zealand of the Duke of Gloucester, instead of Prince George. Published in "Postscripts", *The Evening Post*, 13 November 1934.

The New Member. Published in "Postscripts", *The Evening Post*, 15 September 1933.

Punctured. President Roosevelt declared a monetary war at the London Conference discussing the world's financial outlook, which had the effect of destabilising proceedings. 'Ramsey Mac' is British Prime Minister J R MacDonald. Published in "Postscripts", *The Evening Post*, 29 July 1933.

G.B.S. The initials stand for the writer George Bernard Shaw. Published in "Postscripts", *The Evening Post*, 24 March 1934.

The "Star". Parody on the early 19th century English children's rhyme 'The Star' by Jane Taylor. Published in "Postscripts", *The Evening Post*, 7 February 1934.

Sounds Like Sense. In the nonsense manner of Lewis Carroll. Unpublished. 1939. Date given by Pope. Extant in Pope's *Mere Waste of Time: Snips from a Dominie's Scrapbook*. Turnbull qMS-1652.

The Exhibition. Refers to the upcoming Centennial Exhibition located near Lyall Bay's surf beach. Published in "Postscripts", *The Evening Post*, 20 November 1939.

Appreciations. An ode to C A Marris's column "Postscripts" that he edited under the pseudonym 'Percy Flage'. Pat Lawlor's *Confessions of a Journalist* gives Flage as Marris. 'L.D.A.' is L. D. Austin. Pope's ode highlights the public enjoyment of the column in its heyday. Published in "Postscripts", *The Evening Post*, 18 January 1932.

Centenary Preparations. Published in "Postscripts", *The Evening Post*, 19 April 1938.

The Confessions of a Cabinet Minister. Satire on the Labour Government. Published in "Postscripts", *The Evening Post*, 1 June 1938.

The Fuhrer. Published in "Postscripts", *The Evening Post*, 20 September 1939. After World War One, Pope also parodied William Blake's 'The Tyger' in his poem 'The Kaiser' published in *New Zealand Free Lance*, 16 July 1919:

> THE KAISER
>
> (For the New Zealand Free Lance)
>
> Kaiser, Kaiser, sitting tight,
> What wild thoughts were yours that night
> When from Berlin's wrath you stole,
> Looking for a "better 'ole"
>
> In what lands or 'neath what skies
> Found you credit for your lies
> To what heights must he aspire
> Who'd outsoar you as a liar?

What the horror that could start
Pity in your stony heart?
When, before you knew defeat,
Did your heart with anguish beat?

When your Taubes threw down their spears
Were you moved to saurian tears?
Did you grieve your works to see
Did you care a damn, Billie?

What the blazes, did you gain
Wantonly inflicting pain?
What the devil?—that's too strong
For the diction of a song.

Kaiser, Kaiser, in your fright
To the border that dark night,
What mere mortal can portray
Your deadly funk upon the way?

A Hitler Epitaph. Published in "Postscripts", *The Evening Post*, 14 July 1939.

To a Budding Politician. Published in "Postscripts", *The Evening Post*, 16 February 1934.

Windy Wellington. Published in "Postscripts", *The Evening Post*, 4 November 1940.

Songs

Dick Seddon. After 'Tit Willow' from Gilbert and Sullivan's light opera *The Mikado*. Early version of this song appears as 'A Coronation Song' in "Wit and Humour", *The Evening Post*, 23 August 1902. Pope was possibly replying to Ambrose Pratt's article 'King Seddon' in *The Daily Mail* (UK) and to the earlier poem 'King Seddon', also in "Wit and Humour", *The Evening Post*, 9 August 1902 by 'Truth'

Should the journalist, wielding a masterly pen,
  Seek a subject the which he can 'spread on,'
Let him take as his topic that Monarch 'mongst men—
  Our redoubtable guest—Mr. Seddon!

But let him, whatever his politics are,
Take good care that he's not too much led on,
Lest he find himself going a little too far
In his praises of sturdy Dick Seddon!

The version used in this selection is from *A New Zealander's Fancies in Verse* (1946) and includes the following explanatory note:

> It will be remembered that the coronation of Edward the Seventh of England was postponed owing to the King's sudden attack of appendicitis. Among the Colonial Premiers present at the coronation when it took place, was the Hon. Richard John Seddon, whose strong personality made him a conspicuous figure in any company. In this parody, the writer humorously brings out this characteristic.

Hand-written version of 'Dick Seddon' dated 1902 is extant in Pope's scrapbook. Turnbull MSX-5936.

Come, Playmates, Come. A school song with musical notation extant in Pope's school music book used at Kaiwarra School. Turnbull MS-Papers-9751.

The Plucky Cockee. After the traditional Scots song 'Bonnie Dundee' inspired by Sir Walter Scott's poem about John Graham of Claverhouse. Published in *New Zealand Free Lance*, 15 June 1921. Revisions extant in Pope's scrapbook. Turnbull MSX-5936.

Wellington! Lyrics published in the *Wellingtonian* 1930, the Wellington College annual. No musical score found. Lyrics collected in Pope's *A New Zealander's Fancies in Verse* (1946).

Our Union Jack. Sheet music printed by Harry H Tombs Ltd, Wellington. Date not given. c1940. Words and music by R J Pope, and with accompaniment by organist Chas W Kerry. Extant in Pope's *Mere Waste of Time: Snips from a Dominie's Scrapbook*. Turnbull qMS-1652. Lyrics collected in Pope's *A New Zealander's Fancies in Verse* (1946).

The British Navy. Handwritten sheet music by Pope, and with accompaniment by organist Chas W Kerry. 1941. Date given by Pope. Extant in Pope's *Mere Waste of Time: Snips from a Dominie's Scrapbook*. Turnbull qMS-1652. Lyrics collected in Pope's *A New Zealander's Fancies in Verse* (1946). Professor James Shelley would've been the Musical Director of the New Zealand Broadcasting

Service at the time of the request made to Pope for this music. Pope writes: 'The officer who made the request told me that Service had not hitherto been able to find a song extolling the deeds of the British Navy in the present war (1941), and asked me to write such a song'.

The Lies. No date given. 1940s? After Edgar Allan Poe's 'The Bells'. Written near the time he was working on The British Navy. Extant in Pope's *Mere Waste of Time: Snips from a Dominie's Scrapbook*. Turnbull qMS-1652. No musical score found.

Appendix: Selected Prose

Up-to-date Ghost Story. Published in *The Evening Post*, 23 December 1939.

Evolution of the N.Z. Soldier. Below headline, it had a note: 'A Civilian's Tribute'. Published in *Review*, 2 March 1942 – official RSA magazine.

Local Cricket Feats Recalled. Published in *The Evening Post*, 4 February 1939. Spectator A F Wiren enthusiastically replied to this article (*The Evening Post*, 18 February 1939) as did player Charlie Dryden, noting more of his feats (11 March 1939).

Bowling Extraordinary. Published in *The Evening Post*, 26 January 1932. It refers to the South African tour of Australia 1931/32 season. The match with South Australia was played at the Adelaide Oval, 22-26 January 1932. Christy's correct bowling figures were '5 overs, 0 maidens, 31 runs, 0 wickets'. Quintin McMillan's figures were correctly given.

Cricket Etiquette. Comment on the Australia-England 'Bodyline' Test series of 1932/33. Bill Woodfull, Douglas Jardine and Harold Larwood are the players named. Published in *The Evening Post*, 5 December 1933.

Twelve a Side. Published in *The Evening Post*, 27 January 1934.

Hard to Swallow. Published in *The Evening Post*, 26 January 1932.

Older Than He Appeared. Published in *The Evening Post*, 8 August 1938.

Silent Comment. Published in *The Evening Post*, 21 July 1933.

Precisely. Published in *The Evening Post*, 14 April 1932.

How the Springboks Won. Concerns the referee's report on scrummaging during the second and third test of the 1937 Springboks tour. Published in *The Evening Post*, 21 April 1938.

Maori Place Names: Correct Pronunciation: Some Simple Examples. Published in *The Evening Post*, 30 July 1929. The two acknowledged authorities on Maori pronunciation mentioned by Pope in the article are Elsdon Best and Sir Apirana Ngata. (Ngata was known to the Pope family as part of a remarkable group who achieved their schooling through Te Popi [James Pope]'s native school system.) A positive reply was received from 'Pirona' (*The Evening Post*, 1 August 1929):

> MAORI PRONUNCIATION
> (To the Editor.)
>
> Sir,—My congratulations to Mr. R. J. Pope for his excellent article in the "Evening Post" on pronunciation of Maori place names. Like your contributor I have a great love for the soft and melodious Maori language, and seeing it is so simple of expression, it is amazing that the pakeha takes such little pains to pronounce it even moderately correctly. In years to come the identity of the Maoris may be lost, and perhaps their language, but the place names will live on. Can nothing be done to teach the children the simple rules of pronunciation? Why not teach it over the air? At the present time "the air" is the greatest sinner. We get 'Partanui" for Pa-hau-ta-nu-i; "Porrirua" for Po-ri-ru-a; "Parramatta" for Pa-re-ma-ta; "Teti Bay" for Ti-ta-hi; "Kerrore" for Ka-ro-ri; "Mackra" for Ma-ka-ra; "Nowranga" for Nga-hau-ranga; "Mattermatter" for Ma-ta-ma-ta; and so forth ad finem. The Maori names of our mercantile marine are also very incorrectly pronounced over the air. I would suggest to the Broadcasting Company that they send Mr. Pope to instruct their announcers, also the uncles and aunts who conduct children's sessions. Maori is easier to pronounce the right way than the wrong way, and when the vowel sounds are correctly articulated there is a music and lilt in the language that is very pleasing.—I am, etc., PIRONA.

Another letter from Hare Hongi was not so complimentary, noting perceived errors in Pope's article (3 August 1929) and criticising his two Maori authorities in particular for the article's failure to distinguish between the long and the short form in some of the Maori vowels. Hongi issues a brief list of corrections to Pope's article and its usage of Maori vowels. In his response to Hongi's criticism, Pope considered this was a 'grave oversight' on his part and was not the fault of the two authorities who revised the article (7 August 1929). Hongi in a further letter (9 August 1929) continued his criticism of Pope and his two

authorities calling Pope's article a 'misadventure'. Hongi's criticism of the article was supported by Rore John Josephs, Maniapoto Tribe, Te Kuiti, and Harehana Kuku.

*Library Holdings**

Library holdings for books by Robert J Pope:

Some New Zealand Lyrics: Harvard University Library, National Library of Australia, University of Melbourne Library, State Library of New South Wales, University of Queensland Library, University of Auckland Library, National Library of New Zealand, Alexander Turnbull Library, Dunedin Public Libraries, Wellington City Libraries, Hamilton City Libraries, Invercargill City Libraries, North Shore Libraries, University of Canterbury Library, Hocken Library, University of Otago Library, University of Waikato Library, New Plymouth District Libraries, Wanganui District Libraries, Wellington City Libraries, Auckland Libraries, Poetry Archive of New Zealand Aotearoa (PANZA) Library, and Victoria University of Wellington Library.

A New Zealander's Fancies in Verse: New York Public Library, University of Melbourne Library, University of Queensland Library, Massey University Library, University of Auckland Library, National Library of New Zealand, Alexander Turnbull Library, Christchurch City Libraries, Auckland Libraries, North Shore Libraries, University of Canterbury Library, Hocken Library, University of Waikato Library, Victoria University of Wellington Library, and Poetry Archive of New Zealand Aotearoa (PANZA) Library.

*The list (taken from the WorldCat and New Zealand Libraries' catalogues) shows some international pick up of Pope's works. WorldCat and New Zealand Libraries' catalogues may be incomplete. For instance, I found Pope's books in the Wellington City Libraries catalogue by a further online search.

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