

28th Māori Battalion Italy, 1944

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"No infantry had a more distinguished record, or saw more fighting, or alas, had such heavy casualties."

*Lieutenant-General Bernard Freyberg, Commander of the 2 NZEF,
commending the 28th Māori Battalion.*

Look for further information:
[28th Māori Battalion \(28maoribattalion.org.nz\)](http://28maoribattalion.org.nz)

Italy, 1944

CHRISTIAN YALOWITZ

FIRST VOICE.

When dawn into the shades
These hectic days have gone,
And presences recede and memory fades
Still, in the dim recesses of the mind,
The ghosts of Italy will linger on.

SECOND VOICE.

You will hear the sound of cannon,
You will see the ghosts of men,
And across your inner vision
Will come Sherman, Bailey, Bren-
Indescribable confusion;
All the panoply of war,
Drunkenness and sports and travel,
Women, and the vino jar.
Here the tent that marks the living,
There the cross that marks the dead,
And the long road, still unfolding,
And the voice that pleads for bread.
You will see the flash of gunfire;
Hear the roar of plane, or shell;
Tread the rubble of the ghost town,
Cratered where the big bombs fell.

THIRD VOICE.

The shattered tank beside the road,
The ancient fortress on the hill;
Naples and Rome; the streets we strode
Their ghosts will stir the memory still.

ALL VOICES

In the dark blue Adriatic,
Or amid green olive trees,
Ornate church, or pillaged attic,
Dwell the phantom memories
Of the soldiers of all nations,
Sikhs, Mahrattas, Canucks, Greeks,
Poles, Italians, Yanks, Rhodesians:
Eyes of coal, or copper cheeks.
These will haunt the days that follow,
These - and a million more beside:
And when we're gone, still will the swallow
Swoop past graves of friends who died.

Frederick Beere



Te Hokowhitu A Tu

This poupou commemorates many old boys killed on the battlegrounds of war. The full moko, the weapon held in the hand and the dog tags around his neck proclaim his calling