

The Maunganuiian

One of the Many Unofficial Journals of the New
Zealand Expeditionary Forces.

Vol. 1. No. 1.

MONDAY, JUNE 28, 1915.

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The Maunganui.

ALBANY, WEST AUSTRALIA,
MONDAY, JUNE 28, 1915.

OURSELVES.

FOLLOWING the excellent example of our predecessors, we publish this small journal in commemoration of our voyage from New Zealand to the Front. We have attempted nothing wonderful as the wonderful was not required, and even if we had so desired, lack of both time and material would have made it impossible. That we have succeeded in publishing is the wonder. Unsettled weather and digestive organs are not conducive to the writing of brilliant, sparkling wit, and inspiration is found seldom in the heaving sea, when things internal also heave.

The Muses have failed,—did they ever endeavour?—to instil in the languid breasts of contributors themes and verse worthy of printers' ink, so our columns are somewhat unadorned with the tripping rhyme and the stately metre. Want of familiarity with the foibles of our fellows and a hitherto uneventful journey—by uneventful, we mean a scarcity in murders, suicides and robberies—have not been the least of Editorial difficulties. So we send out "The Maunganui" to the world—we have no doubt an extremely gratified one—with the hope that time will thaw the frosty poet, familiarise all, crowd untoward events into the happy hour, and thus make the second edition—if there is one—a still greater success than the success, we trust, this one will be.

ALBANY, and the first stage of our long journey completed. Four thousand miles from New Zealand. It seems but yesterday that we marched through Wellington's streets, but a few hours since we took a final leave of Trentham, and its denim-clad thousands. And yet a fortnight has sped since the Manuauai and her sister-ships, Tahiti and Aparima, nosed their way past Pencarrow Light, out into the troubled waters of Cook Strait. Troubled waters! Ah, what memories are conjured up by those words. Heave and pitch, toss and roll. To the globe-trotter the first few days of our voyage were as moonlight harbor excursions; but to most of us—! Here, in peaceful Albany, however, unpleasant memories cannot be allowed to delay the publication of our journal. Soon we go to press, and this article, which is intended to portray to some extent our life on board must proceed. So far as exciting events are concerned, these pages will be blank. Ours has been a most uneventful voyage, notwithstanding that our sailing date was the 13th of the month. The third day out saw everybody settled down (a good many in their bunks, 'tis true) and the machinery of our lives running in well-oiled grooves. Companies in turn availed themselves of what little deck space there is for drill; guards mounted, without bustle or fuss; and fatigues settled down as to the manner born. Short lectures, physical drill, rifle inspection and a little bayonet fighting make up the day of the soldier not cast for guard or fatigue. After Trentham and its strenuousness, the duties are remarkably light, and there

is plenty of time for recreation. The messing arrangements are good, the cabins and bunks are comfortable and clean, and though fresh water is not available for our ablutions life is still bearable. As at Trentham, both rank and file are full of enthusiasm and the splendid spirit of comradeship which pervades the ship augurs well for the remainder of the voyage. A glimpse now between decks. 'Tis Sunday afternoon, and all duties are over. In the corridors little groups are discussing the order relative to the prohibition of cigarettes, industrious ones are hard at it in cabin and on hatch plying needle and thread; rivers of ink are flowing in the mess-room, which is a mass of humped up shoulders and wrinkled brows. A few are engaged with rifle and cleaning rag, while a quiet game of nap claims the attention of a select few in the sergeants' mess. In the far corridor a long line of laughing men, heedless of the anxious sentry, whose duty it is to keep the passage clear, are receiving apples from a quartermaster, while, over all, are the musical instruments. Fully six gramophones are going at full blast, "Ave Maria," "Tipperary," "The Marseillaise," and "Rule Britannia" mixing, but not blending. Ragtime is being banged out of the piano, in the mess-room, not by a single pianist, but by two, and lusty ones at that, while even the isolation hospital has its orchestra, an unshaven measles patient working "Redwing" to death on his accordion. 'Tis a happy party, indeed. Happy and yet realising fully the serious nature of our errand. Next Sunday will be a repetition of the preceding Sunday. 'Twill be the same, let's hope, until our journey ends. And then—but why anticipate—sufficient to say that we are a contented ship's company. We are enjoying our trip and we'll try and accomplish the task allotted us, when our ultimate goal—the Front—is reached.

A Chameleon Soldier.

(Written Feelingly.)

I burned with martial ardour,
I'd scrubbed my bayonet clean,
I marched aboard the transport
With gay and martial mein.

I felt I was a hero,
Let Turk and German quail;
The "Dandy Fifth" had started
A nosing of the trail.

'Twas calm and still at anchor,
I chafed at all delay,
I longed for mighty oceans,
And a sniff of real salt spray.

These thoughts were all of yesterday,
To-day—Ah mercy, me,
How different are my feelings,
The transport is at sea.

The Germans—blow the Germans,—
The Turks can go to h—
Gone is my martial ardour,
My heroic mien as well.

In the lower bunk I'm lying
A sick and sorry sight,
No thought have I of glory
Or the outcome of the fight.

To myself I have been vowing,
With all my might and main
That when to war I go again
I'll journey in a train.

A Grave Situation.

"To Stew or Not to Stew?"

(By Wireless.)

Special Correspondent,

Trentham, This Day.

The well-known Trentham News Bureau (situated near the medical lines), which has throughout the war done such good service in circulating early and accurate information on matters connected with the titanic struggle now raging, yesterday transmitted the following wireless message, which has caused no little excitement aboard the Manganui:—

"For some time past an uneasy feeling has prevailed that all is not well in connection with the raising and equipping of our Expeditionary Forces. Many wild rumors have been set in motion, most of them too absurd to merit a moment's consideration; others, which, though vague, have had sufficient appearance of truth to cause considerable public anxiety. It was with a view to ascertaining whether any ground existed for this anxiety that our representative yesterday approached the Hon. Jas Ollen.

"No," said Mr. Ollen, 'no good purpose could be served by my saying that everything is as it should be. At the same time, there is no occasion for pessimism. Fortunately, I am in a position to take the public into my confidence, so that I may as well say at once, what the trouble is. No doubt many people have already guessed what it is. The cold fact is that our stew factories at Trentham are not turning out enough stew; not nearly enough. Personally, I am confident that when the stew workers realise the true position the output

will be doubled or even trebled, but at present it would be idle for me to pretend that the situation is not very grave.'

Later in the day Mr. Ollen visited Trentham and delivered a stirring address to the stew workers. He received an enthusiastic reception, both from the workers themselves and from the 6th and 7th reinforcements and Lord Liverpool's Very Own, who were drawn up in hollow square to listen to his remarks.

"At the outset, Mr. Ollen said he wished to apologise for the unavoidable absence of the Prime Minister, who, that morning, had said in his presence, 'If we are to win this war we must have stew and still more stew.' (Defeating cheers.)

"Continuing, Mr. Ollen said he wished to say a few words to those present on this question of stew. They all knew what he meant by stew.

A member of the 6th: "Too, adjective, right!"

"A Tin Hat: 'Silence! Not a move. You're on parade.'

"Mr. Ollen: Of course, I am not referring to that class of stew which a certain lieutenant gets into when called upon to put men through company drill. (Laughter.) No doubt, there are points of resemblance between the two, inasmuch as both are wet. (Loud laughter, and cries of 'Good old Jimmy. Good old lad.') Nor am I referring to Col. Stew, but, as Kipling says, 'That is another story.' But this is not the time for joking. The Empire is fighting for her life against a cruel and ruthless foe. When I speak of stew I mean, of course, that stew, through the use of which the 5th had been able to leave behind them the glorious, the imperishable tradition that 'old soldiers never die.' I wish to impress upon you, though, that it is only old soldiers who live on stew that never die. It was stew, and stew alone, that made the 5th the most soldierly body of men who ever left New Zealand. I deeply regret that it was at times found necessary to serve out chops to the 4th.

A member of the 6th (formerly of the 5th, 4th, 3rd and 2nd): "Nine chops to eight men."

A Tin Hat: "Fall to the rear, that man."

Continuing his remarks, Mr. Ollen said he hoped such a state of affairs would never arise again. He trusted that it would never again be necessary to serve out a chop to a single soldier. But all depended on the stew workers—our lives, our liberties. Without their whole-hearted support, all our efforts were in vain. The Government and the military authorities had their hands full. As they

knew, the Government was engaged in the manufacture of another useful commodity. They had undertaken to supply 2,000 liver pills by October. (Laughter.) The military authorities, too, had more to do than they could cope with. With the summer almost upon them, it was urgently necessary for them to metal and light the camp, build floors for the tents and push on with the hutments and the hospital. He would quote some figures which, he ventured to say, would astonish them and help them to realise the magnitude of the task which the country had undertaken. When he told them that in yesterday's stew alone five onions, three carrots, an artichoke and a potato had been used—(At this point the camp quartermaster had an apoplectic fit.)—they would see how our resources were going to be strained before the war ended.

"There was another question to which he was very reluctantly compelled to refer, namely, the drink question.

A Stew-worker: "Good old shirker"

Mr. Ollen: "I don't wish to prevent any man from drinking in moderation, but I do ask the workers to be reasonable. Being intoxicated more than seven times a week is unreasonable.

The Stew-workers: No danger."

Mr. Ollen: "I say it is."

The Stew-worker: No bally danger. (Proar, and cries of "Close your trap. Put him in Bill Massey's ostrich farm.")

Mr. Ollen: "Not only does it diminish the output, but, I contend, the quality of the stew cannot fail to be affected by the workers having slept in the drain outside the factory.

After speaking for an hour and a quarter, Mr. Ollen said he did not wish to say any more. He would leave it to the good sense and apertism of the stew workers. Mr. Ollen then concluded an eloquent speech by an earnest appeal to the workers to remember that they were men, and Britishers, and to put forth their best efforts to increase the output of stew and thereby to aid materially in bringing the present dreadful strife to an end.

Mr. Ollen's speech has excited considerable comment, but has to some extent allayed anxiety. Many suggestions have been made as to how the present difficulty should be overcome. Perhaps the one which finds most favor is that a new portfolio should be created and that Captain John Bunny would make an admirable Minister of Stew, his place as Inspector of Oilsheets would be difficult to fill. Probably it would take two officers to fill it.

W.N.W.

"B" Company Rhymes.

We have to lead us, on our way,
The "Galloping Major," Oh, so
gay.

With D.C.M. he'll pave his way.
To V.C. honors are many a day.

There's old A.J.C., of knowledge
On military law, he's quite a col-
lege;

And A.S.T.B. comes in, too,
As No. 1 he'll pull us through.

Then "J.S.M., the bonny Scott,
In action he is pretty hot;
And R.F.G., no doubt, you'll see
Doing the work of two or three.

And now we have the long and
Short,
When they get going they'll make
a snort;
For G.W.H. and our J.M.
Will make the Turks cough more
than phlegm.

Our S.M. framed with W.D.,
And Q.M.S. with F.J.T.,
The first will lead us into slaughter
The other into bread and water.

Now Q.R.S., he holds the sway,
For F.R.H. deals out the pay,
And what on earth would the Coy.
say
If that was deferred till our
doomsday?

Now, Sergeants rany round the flag,
The Turks we'll soon be Downing,
And never a one will Gall(op)oway
For victory is our crowning.

We'll Keeble little up our sleeve,
And Lew(it)s no time in gaining;
We'll Russell them up with the dou-
ble Quick,
For to Walk(er) means refraining.

If put to the Wall(pole) in our hand
We find we have to Stan(d)nard;
We'll Robber(t)son of a Turk, we
will,
And deal with the dirty black-
guard.

We'll (S)Taylor(d) over all we gain,
From poultry down we'll not re-
frain.

We'll MacCook Stewart sweet and
plain
Before we start our Turkish reign.

The company, with our Corporals
bold,

We've Gotter Dys(o)on, so I'm
told;

We'll Wake quite Young and Crow-
ther call,

And play the game, led by our
Paul.

No doubt you've seen our hefty
Breen,

Like Elmes of dear old Ireland,
He comes from the Northco(a)te in
his hand,
And Wils(o)n be on dry land.

The Lance Jacks, too, have a Field
of scope,

Although we're in S(ome)lutherland
I'm sure the rest will follow their
suit,
And fight for the dear old Mother-
land.

Now here's to B and the company,
Led by the good old Maior,
The boys you'll see, wherever you be
On that you can lay a good wager.

Concerning Ourselves.**WHEN WE REACH EGYPT.****THE PADRE'S ADVICE.**

DON'T listen to the city dragomen
or touts. They are often very hand-
some, good linguists and picturesque
in their attire, but the truth is not
in them. They fatten upon the vices
of the ignorant and to accept them
as guides is often to take the quickest
road to ruin.

DON'T listen to the itinerant post-
card seller. His pictures are nearly al-
ways vile and suggestive. Why foul
your imagination? The Y.M.C.A.
tent will have a stock of splendidly-
assorted postcards and pictures far
cheaper than you can get them else-
where.

DON'T, under any consideration,
drink beer or spirits at drink stalls
or cafes. It is often drugged, com-
posed of unmentionable ingredients
and "doped" so as to cause virtual
temporary insanity. Ninety per cent.
of the men who are "down and out"
can trace their degradation to drink.
Why tempt temptation?

DON'T eat native-made ice-creams.
You don't know how and where they
are made. Scores of men have suf-
fered from this cause alone. Avoid
strawberries, the natives clean them
before sale by putting them in their
mouths. Be careful, very careful, to
clean lettuces well before eating; it
is safer to leave them alone.

DON'T pay what the native dealer
first asks. To do so might cause him
to die of heart failure. He never ex-
pects to get his first price. Divide it
by at least one half, or one third,
and you get somewhere near the true
value.

DON'T forget that the "Fifth" have
earned a splendid reputation and it is

your privilege, and in your power, to
maintain and even increase that re-
putation.

DON'T forget that it is up to you
to keep yourselves as fit as possible.
You now belong to the Empire and
the Empire wants you, in this time of
her great stress and strain. At your
best, morally, mentally and physically
Shun everything, therefore, that would
hinder you from thinking clearly,
speaking cleanly and acting as a
British soldier and a gentleman.

DON'T "GROUSE." The grumbler is
a nuisance to himself and others. Give
the "grouser" a baby's dummy and a
feeding bottle, and then, perhaps, he
may keep quiet.

DON'T forget that the ten command-
ments are as binding in Egypt as in
New Zealand. The temptations of
Egypt are a hundredfold and more
worse than in the homeland. You,
therefore, will need greater power to
conquer them than ever before. Trust
in your own fancied strength and your
good resolutions and you will fall.
Avail yourself of

"The strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son."

and you will be more than conquerors.

DON'T tempt temptation. Avoid
yielding to the temptation to visit
the questionable theatres and cafes,
and the bad quarters of the city.
Many a man has fallen through curi-
osity. Remember those who love and
trust you in New Zealand, and for
your own sake, and for their sakes,
and for the sake of Him who loved
you and died for you, be true to the
right, every time and every where.

GUY THORNTON,
Chaplain Captain.

The Watch on the Brine.

Awake, Aeolian lyre, awake!
And give to rapture all thy trembling
strings.

From Trencham, where mud fondly
clings,

Three thousand men, their martial
progress take.
The sailing fish that round them
crowd,

Give Neptune thanks when winds pipe
loud.

And that reminds me—I might hereo
remark

That 'twas, methinks, a most indecent
lark

Those cooks, perfidious, played us on
our first Sunday out.

That nauseous liver, cooked with evil
guile.

Dire fiendish spells, and incantations
vile—

Enough, enough! We pass the sub-
ject o'er.

and fly to fancies that entrance us more.
Let's rather picture, with our glowing pen,
Delights known only to we privates, when
Guard duty is our lot—vivacious pastime,
Invented for our joy—to while away our time,
By our own patron deities, who stand On high Olympus, thunderbolt in hand.

Midnight on deck. Ah! What is that you hear.
That voice, melodious, whisp'ring in your ear?
From slumber's soft embrace you rise! And thus your dear old sergeant: "J!"—your eyes!
(That swear's archaic—never mind—it rhymes).
"Get up, confound you! That's three times I've roused you! Fall in, second relief!"
So, file we off, slow, behind our chief, Deep down below through stuffy corridors.
Before a staircase, lone, he makes a pause;
It is your post. The sleepy guard, full loth to stay,
Gabbles your task, and hies himself away.
Your duty arduous, it now appears, Is to regulate the midnight traffic on the stairs.
A most exacting task—you must be "fig."
To regulate the moths as they go by. And, so alert, you stand, and tensely gaze around,
Ears at full cock to catch the faintest sound.
So smart and soldierly yourself you bear,
You merit well the "rounds" admiring stare.
"Reading," quotha—"sitting down?"
Oh, fie!—
Not while the officer of the watch is nigh!
So, all too short, your two hours fleet along,
Each minute passing like a glad, sweet song.
Each second, as the time slips past, Seems more exacting than the last;
Until, far off, there sounds a heavy tread,
Signal that the next relief's ahead.
"Pass, sentry, pass—thy trouble's o'er, Seek thou thy blankets, get thee hence and snore!" KIWI.

Mrs. Sikes: "Well, what d'yer think o' the war, Bill?"

Bill (emerging from gaol, after a '11 years' stretch): "Bli-me! Ain't they finished with ole Kroo-er yet?"

THE AUSTRALIAN NAVY.

WHAT WAS DONE ON THE OUT-BREAK OF WAR.

ADMIRAL PATEY'S REPORT.

(From our own correspondent.)

Interesting disclosures regarding the means taken to safeguard Australia from attacks by German cruisers at the start of the war, are contained in a report by Vice-Admiral Patey, commanding the Australian fleet, to the Admiralty on the operations of the fleet between July 29, 1914, to September 29, 1914, which was tabled in the House of Representatives last week. On July 12, 1914, a warning telegram having been received from the senior naval officer in New Zealand, steam was ordered to be raised on the Australian ships at one hour's notice.

Position of the Fleet.

The Australia, Melbourne, Encounter, Warrego, and Yarra were at Hervey Bay, Queensland, the Sydney was at Townsville, the Parramatta was at Sydney, and the submarines AE1 and AE2 were refitting in Sydney. Shortly afterwards a warning telegram was received from China, and war position tables were brought into use. The Australia was ordered to Sydney at 20 knots, and the other vessels were variously ordered. On August 3 the Psyche was at Auckland, the French warship Montcalm was en route for Noumea, and the French ship Zewee was at Tahiti. The German ship Gneisenau had left Nagasaki on June 23, probably in company with the Scharnhorst. The Nurnberg was either still in Mexico or on her way back to Tsing Tau, whilst the Leipzig was off Vancouver. It was subsequently ascertained that the Emden left Tsing Tau with four colliers on August 8. Rear-Admiral Patey then divided the operations into periods, the first period concluding with the operations at Rabaul. On August 13 the Admiralty war orders were made out on the supposition, that the enemy's ships would be in their usual peace stations, viz.—Two light cruisers in the neighbourhood of New Guinea. On this occasion, however, it appeared from wireless calls that the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau were also in that neighbourhood and were concentrating. The Vice-Admiral, therefore, suggested that the Australia, flying his flag, should endeavour to get in touch with them, instead of shifting his flag to the Encounter and sending the Australia to her preliminary station at Albany, which course

was approved by the Admiralty. On August 5 war was declared, and on the following morning, he received news that the Scharnhorst, the Gneisenau, and the Nurnberg were in a certain position, steering in a southeasterly direction. Consequently, and pending more reliable information of

The German Ships being at latitude 8deg. S. and longitude 100deg. E., he directed the Sydney, Warrego, Parramatta and Yarra to meet him on August 9 at a rendezvous that had been fixed. Upon the junction having been effected, all the captains repaired to the Australia and the plan of attack on Simpsonshaven was explained to them. The attack was carried out as arranged, but to his disappointment the Sydney reported that both Simpsonshaven and Matupi harbor were empty, as the wireless station at Rabaul was found to be reporting the fleet's movements. Vice-Admiral Patey sent a message to the Governor that if this was continued, fire would be opened. On the night of August 12 the first was heard from the Governor of New Zealand of the proposed expedition to Samoa, and Admiral Patey received information from the Admiralty through the Naval Board that the New Zealand expedition for Samoa had already started; also that the Kanowna was leaving Thursday Island for Port Moresby with 500 men on board, and that a further expedition would leave Sydney in the Berrima. He therefore found himself with two expeditions to convoy, and had to relinquish all other operations. If the New Zealand expedition had delayed its start for three days, the necessity of it coming considerably out of its way would have been avoided.

The narrative then goes on to deal with the second period covering the convoy of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force by the Australia and the Melbourne to Samoa. Detailed orders were issued after a conference at Noumea with the French commander (Rear-Admiral Huhuel). On arrival at Suva, it was learned that Japan had declared war against Germany, and the Commander-in-Chief on the China station placed himself in communication with Vice-Admiral Patey regarding the movements of the ships arriving off Apia. On August 30 the Vice-Admiral wrote to the Governor of Samoa summoning him to surrender forthwith the town of Apia and the Imperial possessions under his control. An answer was demanded within half-an-hour, and, failing a reply or a negative reply, the cruisers had orders to cover the landing party with their guns. A reply was received, that "according to the principles of the rights of nations, and especially the agreements of the second Hague

Peace Conference, the bombardment of our harbors and protectorate is forbidden, and also the threat to do so, to avoid military measures." The Governor added he had given orders for the wireless telegraph station to be packed up, and he left it with the Vice-Admiral to take possession of the Protectorate of Samoa.

The Protectorate of Samoa, respectively remarking that the responsibility for the life and property of the European population would rest with him. The estimates of German residents and armed police varied from 400 to 1,000. No enemy ships were at Apia, nor had there been any there recently. The expedition having been established and all stores landed, the Vice-Admiral left Apia on August 31.

The third period related to the establishment of a base at Rabaul and At 3 o'clock on September 15, the British flag was hoisted at Rabaul, and on September 15 the Governor came in and a conference was held. As the time at the Vice-Admiral's disposal was limited—owing to information being furnished by the Admiralty that the Australia was also to form part of the escort for the Australian troops to Aden, in addition to the Melbourne and Sydney, also detailed for that purpose, and as, further, he had been informed that the Australian Expeditionary Force was to assemble in 27 transports by October 5.

At King George's Sound, where it was to be joined by a further 15 transports from New Zealand—making a total of 42 transports—to be conveyed—he decided to leave Simpsonshaven as soon as a settlement was in view.

Reference is then made by the Vice-Admiral to the loss of the submarine AE1, which left Rabaul on September 14, and was last seen off Duke of York's Island. When the Vice-Admiral learned that the submarine had not returned, he sent the Parramatta and Yarra to search for her. The Encounter had seen nothing and the next day he himself went out to look for the missing vessel. Every likely place was thoroughly searched, but no trace was found. The commanding officer of the submarine AE2 could suggest no explanation whatever of the cause. In his opinion, her motive power could not be entirely disabled, nor could any internal explosion have occurred. She could not have been in collision and if she had struck on any underwater danger some traces should have been found of her crew, fittings or escaping oil. The weather was fine, but hazy, and the only surmise that Vice-Admiral Patey could come to was that the vessel had made a practice dive on her way back to harbor, and through some inexplicable accident failed to return to the surface. The Australia, the Melbourne and the

Sydney left New Britain for Sydney and on the night of September 17 a telegram was received from the Admiralty to the effect that the situation was changed by the appearance of the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau at Samoa on September 14 and of the Emden in the Bay of Bengal. The Australia and the Montcalm were to cover the Encounter and the expeditionary force to New Guinea from attack, and then search for the two cruisers. The Melbourne was to be used at the Admiral's discretion, the Sydney was to return for the convoy of Australian troops to Aden, the Hampshire and the Yarmouth were to seek the Emden, the Minotaur was to arrive at Fremantle on October 4 for the Australian convoy, and one Japanese cruiser was to accompany the Minotaur. Owing to certain circumstances, the Vice-Admiral decided to substitute the Sydney for the Melbourne.

The Mystery Solved.

The weird cry emanating from the officers' sleeping quarters the other night, has now been satisfactorily explained. The following extract from the report of the sentry on duty at the time speaks for itself:—

"I was on duty outside the Lieut.-Colonel's room, on Saturday night. I'd just thrown me last butt overboard, when, suddenly, I heard an 'orrible scream. Me heart stood still, and the marrow in me bones froze 'ard. I thought of the Germans and their 'ellish atrocities. I thought of me nuvver, and I wished I was 'ome, but me dooty stood before me. I entered the cabin and found, not a gashly tragedy, but just a pore old gent, wot 'ad been readin' penny 'orribles and a eatin of too much cheese for is supper. He was sufferin' from rightmeas. Such a nice, 'armless old gent., too."

Rumored that a certain young altern was caught donning a nice frilly nightdress the other night. On his attention being drawn to the fact he exclaimed: "Certainly, my friend, certainly; don't you know the rule at sea? Women and children, always first."

Mrs. Albany (to Mrs. Manganui, who has been to see a friend off in a troopship): "Well, I'm sure they will be starting soon, because both funnels are smoking; and, you see, my dear, they couldn't want both funnels just for lunch."

Salt Spray.

Portholes over bunks in demand. Water, water everywhere, but not a drop to wash with.

There's nothing like going to sea to bring out what's in a man. (Not ours C.B. on board ship appears to be synonymous with scrubbing decks at Trentham.)

Rumored that a well-known medical officer was seen roaming round the decks after the appendicitis operations on Sunday with razor in one hand and lasso in the other. The taste of blood, etc.

Re the Tower of Babel.—Will the owners of the six gramophones, two accordions, and 63 mouth organs, who inhabit C and D decks, kindly arrange for separate days for their varied and interesting recitals? Musc-hath charms, but "Redwing," "The Marseillaise," "Tosti's Good-bye" and "Row, Row, Row," when taken together, are quite indigestible, especially in the Great Australian Bight.

Scene: One of the lower decks. Soldiers busily engaged at porthole. "Enter the Major and the Captain on ship inspection duty. Major: "Well, my lad, cleaning the porthole?"

My Lad: "No, sir," polishing the brass."

Overheard on C deck: First body-snatcher, as smart young officer trips by. "Them's decent; braces he's wearin', Bill. Second ditto: "Braces, be blowed. Them's not braces. Them's the proper, active service Sam Browns. All the Otago officers wear them, see."

Sentry (to fair visitor, who is attempting to cross his beat): "You cannot cross there, lady."

Fair Visitor: "But I am one of the officer's wives."

Sentry: "I don't care if you are the officer's only wife, you can't go over."

Adjutant (to sentry, who had failed to salute): "Do you know who I am, my man? Sentry: "No." Adjutant: "I'm the Adjutant." Sentry: "Oh, are you, well you've got a darned good job, old chap. You'd better stick to it."

Sister (writing letter to brother at the front): "And hae ye anything else to say, faither?"

Father: "Ay! Tell Donal that if he comes over yon German waiter that gaed us a bad saxeppence for change when we had a bit dinner in Dunedin a while syne, tell him—ta—tak—steady aim."

Tommy (writing home from a German prison camp): Dear Maria, everythink 'ere is luvvly: Comfortable quarters; fine cles; a 'ome from 'ome. Bill, who was of a differing opinion, was shot yesterday.

"Thank You!"

We desire to thank, through the columns of our troopship paper, the many donors of those various gifts which, already so early in our voyage, have proved wonderfully comforting and desirable. If these kind friends knew and saw the excellent use that has been and is being made of their forethought and generosity, they would be repaid at least in part. There was none that was more acceptable than another, widely diverse, though, the goods were. All are thanked and the numerous gifts are here acknowledged.

- 120 cases Apples, from Mayor's Patriotic Fund, Wellington.
 - 500lb. Cake, from Mayoress' Fund, Wellington.
 - 2 Phonographs and records, Lady Liverpool's Fund.
 - 1 Case Books and Games and 1 Phonograph and records, from Gisborne Women's Club.
 - 2 cases Books, C. S. Fraser, Timaru.
 - Books, per Lieutenant Ashton.
 - 1 Bundle Illustrated Papers, from Advertising Office.
 - 5 Cases Books, 300 periodicals, and Games, from Y.M.C.A., Wellington.
 - 5 Bales 1 Clothing, Otago Patriotic Association for Otago Men.
 - 1 Case Games, from Auckland Ladies' Patriotic Committee.
 - 1 Parcel Socks, etc., Morrinsville Ladies' Committee.
- We wish to specially acknowledge the following two items:—
- 24 Cases Measles from Trentham Camp, for use of embryo body-snatchers.
 - 6 Boy Scout Compasses (made in Germany) for Officers of Wellington Infantry, "B" Company.

"A" Company Jingles.

Our S.M.'s nickname is a chiller,
As a swimmer, he's earned fame
and "siller,"
He's an eye for the sex,
On parade you can't vex,
Our company's own lady killer.

A gruff 'un is Ritchie, our Quarter,
His manners are not what they
oughter,

He'll bluff and he'll bellow,
Language, blue, pink and yellow,
Strange effects stripes do have on
a fellow.

He has medals for many a scrap,
For bullets he cares not a rap,
Little knowledge he lacks,
Of our army acts,
Hats off, to Dev.—a fine chap.

He has a voice like a bull in a pit,
Quotes classics and also Sanscrit;
On dry land he's keen,
But from what we have seen
On a ship, Mitch is just a misfit.

A purser, he once used to be,
You can see he is used to the sea.
Bertie Wheeler's his name,
And he's sure to earn fame
'Gainst the Turks in Gal-lop-o-li.

"Move on there!" You have heard
our friend, Hawken,
Give the order when you have been
talken;

At street corner or lane,
With man, girl or dame,
You go 'cos 'tis no use a baulkin.

Sergt. Hay, you don't know him—
well, say;
You'll know when you've digested
this lay,
That he's boss of the mess,
I must really confess
I thought everyone knew Vernie
Hay.

A sure thing for stripes is Dan.
Boyle,
He'd play the game according to
Hoyle.

With Dev. as his sponsen,
He'd make a real bonser.
Slap-up quartermaster would Boyle

A terror to march with is Gudge,
I know 'cos behind him I trudge,
He sets a pace of his own,
And has never been known
To be in step with the rest. Have
you, Gudge?

There are others in Company "A,"
Whom we must leave for some
other day.

There's Riley and Stowe, Wil-cox
and Barlow,
Eric Clerk and George Lloyd (hope
they won't be annoyed),

There's Shepherd and Jones, Albert
Sweetman and Tomes,
They'll all buy the rag to send to
their homes,

So save up your tanners and
thrumbos,
For we'll publish our next when
we get to Colombo.

Oh, yes, bai jove, 'tis quite the
thing in the artillery to wear "Sam
Browns" nt Mess. Officers warners,
too, look so nice on sergt.-majors.

FIFTH REINFORCEMENTS.**SHIP'S ROLL.**

TRANSPORT No. 24,
(Maunganui).

MAJOR G. H. STEWART, O.C.
Fifth Reinforcements.

CHAPLAIN,
Captain G. D. Thornton.

N.Z. FIELD ARTILLERY.**2nd BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS STAFF.**

Lieutenant V. P. Houghton.
Sergt-Major D. M. Eckhoff, Sergt.
C. E. Cole; Corporals J. A. Campbell,
A. E. Loader; Bombardiers B.
R. Wakelin, T. Y. Turner; Bombardier-
Trumpeter A. Donald; Special-
ists: W. F. Coleman, D. A. Herbert,
J. E. Kerr, T. J. Lewin, J. P. McKenna,
D. McLean, T. Martin, E. Pearce,
R. H. Rodney, R. G. Sinclair,
J. E. Stokes, G. L. Stout, R. H. Stout,
J. T. Taine, G. S. Webb,
N. C. Wiseman; Drivers: C. Barr, G.
B. Boyes, J. A. Burdon, H. T. Carswell,
N. McK. Gallagher, T. H. Gill,
G. L. Hazard, T. C. Lomas, L. R. McInlay,
W. A. McIntyre, A. R. Morrison,
J. W. Schofield, E. R. Smith,
N. Tennat; Bombardier-Artificier
A. Macalister.

FIRST BRIGADE REINFORCEMENTS.

Lieutenant H. H. Doughty.
Sergeant F. K. Galvin.
Corporal A. W. Don.
Bombardiers: C. W. Brain, H. J. Dewsnap, H. L. Collins, P. Hether, R. S. Burns.
Fitter J. L. Pickford.
Gunners: D. G. Adam, A. N. Andrews,
L. E. P. Barrett, M. W. Beaven,
R. J. Betts, C. H. Bleach, C. F. Bowe,
P. S. Brent, H. Brown, A. D. Calder,
P. Carmichael, A. H. Carrington,
V. R. Cook, R. E. Cudden, W. R. Cullen,
C. D. Dallison, T. V. Davies,
A. Dockery, J. Dods, A. L. Dolg,
W. Duggan, E. Fair, J. A. Fawcett,
H. H. Fraser, M. J. Fraser, S. J. Freeman,
J. A. Fruish, S. Fry, V. E. Gabites,
D. J. Galbraith, W. N. Gahle,
W. Galland, P. W. Gilroy, C. H. Gillett,
G. Gilmour, C.

Glossop, D. G. Hallgarth, E. Hannah, C. N. Harrison, J. C. Hawkins, E. A. Hendle, B. Hirst, C. D. Hirst, F. W. Horspool, F. H. L. Humphreys, A. M. Innes-Jones, B. C. Johnston, J. W. Haywood, F. Keats, R. Kidd, E. H. Knight, F. T. Leary, W. J. Lester, J. McElhanney, J. F. Mallard, D. W. Masterson, W. Millar, E. A. Mulhigan, D. Murchison, H. M. Murocott, A. Ormand, W. Phillips, H. G. Price, E. J. Pycroft, E. C. G. Porter, F. Radcliffe, N. C. Ricketts, W. E. Russell, W. C. Moore, C. Smith, J. L. Stevens, L. B. Stevens, J. H. Stewart, A. E. Strong, F. H. Walker, A. Westrupp, E. A. Whitcombe, E. G. Wood.

No. 5 BATTERY REINFORCEMENTS.

Lieutenant G. H. Forsythe.
 Corporal J. N. Davis-Colley.
 Bombardier H. R. Chisholm.
 Gunners: W. J. Bracewell, T. J. Culhane, A. E. Hagejorn, B. R. Jack, R. Leslie, A. E. Ludlow, F. Lynch, H. V. Morrell, M. O'Neill, E. E. Reynolds, W. R. G. G. Rippey, F. J. R. Shrivies,
 Drivers: F. Clark, F. Davis, H. W. Gibson, L. Harry, H. Haszard, J. Jones, E. E. Lawrence, D. E. G. Mackay, W. T. Matthews, W. J. Scrimgeour, G. Stevenson, C. Walker, J. H. Hunt, T. Douglas, S. Davis.

No. 6. HOWITZER BATTERY.—AMMUNITION COLUMN.

Lieutenant A. J. Marshall.
 Sergt.-Major E. R. Winkler.
 Sergeant L. A. Johnson.
 Corporals: A. F. Nicoll, W. A. White, R. J. Sizemore.
 Bombardiers: A. Curtaigne, E. J. Spencer,
 Drivers: D. H. Aitken, A. C. Ashworth, J. Aspinall, W. M. Bain, G. Beard, W. Brazier, H. S. Gibson, T. A. Harris, F. R. Jeffery, J. Johansen, O. De St. C. Le Comte, P. Lock, N. K. McFarlane, J. R. McKissock, J. E. Marshall, H. F. Mathewson, G. A. Moseley, P. Prendergast, D. Sinclair, D. Skinner, S. F. Stevens, A. H. Watson, A. Wilson, W. C. Wood, J. Woodcock.
 Gunners: R. J. Cruickshank, R. Fletcher, C. Harding, A. L. Hughes, F. G. Lyons, T. C. Roberts, F. W. H. Smith, C. H. Tucker.
 Saddler C. E. Edmunds.
 Fitter N. McKinlay.
 S/Smith W. B. Barnes.

HOWITZER (EGYPT) AMMUNITION COLUMN REINFORCEMENTS.

Q.M.S. L. S. Carmichael.
 Corporal C. W. Dudding.
 Drivers: W. Anderson, A. Cripps, W. Crook, J. W. Dyson, H. C. Henderson, R. A. Innes, T. A. James, J. K.

Jamieson, D. M. Mullooly, W. Range, A. J. Stewart, B. Swift,
 Gunners: L. Bottoms, P. C. Durwood, C. G. Edwards, T. H. Harvey, G. McGrath, J. Maitland, A. V. Nisbet, A. Nicholls, P. Roselli, S. F. C. Williams,

INFANTRY. "A" COMPANY.

Lieutenants J. D. McComish, J. F. Hunter, A. D. Jack; Second Lieuts. L. S. Ashton, F. J. Ellisdon, O. S. Ellis.

S.M. C. B. Sinton, Q.M.S. M. Richardson, Sergts. S. H. Crawford, W. G. De Ment, J. G. Devenish, V. J. Hay, H. N. Hawken, G. G. Mitchell, W. C. Riley, F. W. Shepherd, D. Stow, N. T. Todd, C. B. Wheeler, O.R.S. F. W. Wilcox.

Corporals A. Barlow, W. R. Beckerleg, W. S. Burns, E. J. Clerk, D. C. Cresser, P. G. Havard, L. Hodsdon, W. F. Jones, C. F. Loughton, C. J. Lloyd, G. McLaren, G. Paterson, J. H. Rist, H. W. Smith, S. C. Smith, A. W. Sweetman, A. Tomes, A. J. Whitburn, P. G. Pearce, G. C. Woudes.

Lance-Corporals S. Blackmore, H. Carr, J. R. Collins, F. Coulam, R. S. Davies, P. J. Devereaux, J. H. Fagan, R. H. Gordon, J. Green, S. W. Hamill, M. Henriksen, W. J. Hill, T. J. Hughes, T. M. McCollum, R. McIntyre, J. Mahon, P. D. Marriner, P. S. Miller, L. S. Mills, F. W. Norfolk, R. A. Otter, P. A. Oxley, J. Reed, M. R. Stewart, W. I. Turner, E. J. Wilson, R. Wiseman.

Privates K. F. Abbot, R. T. Abbot, W. H. Atkins, E. E. Aylward, S. Beavan, A. G. Bennett, E. Bestig, C. V. Billing, W. G. Bishop, J. S. Black, C. Blackwell, P. T. Bloomfield, S. Bloxham, E. J. Bogue, G. O. Boyd, D. O. C. Boyle, P. Brady, S. Bram, F. A. Brooking, C. A. Buckley, A. R. Burton, P. W. Cantwell, E. Carlton, F. Carroll, H. O. Carsen, J. H. Carter, A. L. Casey, W. L. Chalklen, A. E. Chitty, J. W. Clarke, J. E. Clarke, W. J. Clements, P. O. Cole, J. E. Colquhoun, S. Condell, H. Cook, A. Cooke, J. G. Cooper, S. J. Cooper, J. R. Couper, S. Crann, F. Crilly, R. A. Crombie, S. R. Cross, S. G. Cullen, A. Cuthbertson, J. Davies, T. H. Davis, W. E. Davis, E. J. Dean, T. Dean, W. Dickey, C. Donald, W. Ellis, F. J. Evans, H. Evans, W. A. Evans, A. J. Evered, F. Evered, A. D. Farquhar, J. L. Faulkner, D. Ferguson, A. T. Finnagan, W. Fisk, C. L. Fletcher, R. C. Forster, A. J. Fraser, A. S. Fraser, F. Fredriksen, A. G. T. Frost, H. E. Fulcher, N. F. Gardner, A. George, N. Gilbert, E. Girven, J. T. Gleeson, J. Gould, J. Green, W.

Greenhalgh, P. R. Griffin, C. Hamilton, F. G. Hammond, F. I. Hampshire, G. Hamdon, G. E. Hardley, T. Harris, C. R. Harrison, W. C. Hastings, J. G. Herdman, D. Hill, C. H. Hinton, T. H. Hodgen, A. Holland, H. Howlett, F. G. Hunt, H. W. Hines, F. Inch, W. G. James, A. Jay, E. J. Jeffery, J. Jeffery, J. H. Jacobson, C. O. Johanson, H. N. Johanson, H. Johanson, C. Johnstone, J. Johnstone, I. D. Jones, W. Jones, F. J. Kay, J. H. Kemble, A. M. Kemp, L. H. Kendall, H. Kenworthy, G. C. Kinsella, H. Kirby, E. W. Knight, J. W. Knocks, H. N. M. Laird, C. S. Legge, D. Leonard, G. F. Longdill, A. Lorie, G. J. Lucas, E. McBrean, W. J. McCabe, D. McCord, S. E. MacDonald, L. V. McInness, W. P. McKandry, L. H. MacKenzie, H. A. McKillop, G. Mackinder, K. McKinnon, J. McKone, D. R. McLeary, R. McLeay, G. T. McQuay, C. H. Marks, J. H. Mansell, C. C. Marniner, N. S. Marriott, W. P. Martin, F. G. Masterman, P. J. Masters, G. M. Maunsell, A. W. Maxwell, N. R. Maxwell, T. W. Medhurst, A. Milne, R. M. Milne, J. Minahan, W. E. Mold, R. O. Morgan, J. H. Moore, R. C. R. Moore, B. J. Morris, R. C. Morris, J. Morrissey, W. Murland, J. Murphy, J. B. Nicholson, A. Norling, J. G. Öberg, P. V. O'Donoghue, C. O'Dwyer, J. D. Oliver, J. Osborne, A. Oxenham, H. J. Page, H. Parkin, N. M. Parkinson, H. Pau-fai, E. W. Payne, G. P. Peake, T. B. Penno, W. H. Penno, W. D. Phillips, H. Pilkington, E. G.)Prince, H. C. Pritt, W. L. Rackham, W. A. Redfern, J. Reeve, F. J. Robertson, R. Robinson, E. Roper, H. J. Rowe, T. A. Rushbrook, R. W. Russell, D. W. Rutledge, K. Satchwell, J. F. Scott, E. J. Sharp, R. Simpson, H. Skinner, A. Smith, H. Smith, L. Smith, J. F. Spence, F. P. Stephens, E. H. Sturmer, J. Subritzky, C. H. Sullivan, W. Sullivan, G. P. Swan, J. F. Taylor, W. I. L. Tchernogovskii, T. H. F. Teape, I. Thomson, J. D. Thomson, E. L. Thorn, C. P. Tibby, N. Tompsett, E. F. Toulson, M. A. Towers, R. C. Trenbath, E. M. Trevarthen, I. S. Trives, T. A. Troward, W. J. Tynan, C. Vickery, W. E. Watson, S. G. Weaver, A. R. Webster, J. J. Wells, S. T. West, E. I. Wilkie, A. E. Williams, G. T. Williams, J. A. Williams, A. J. Wilson, W. Wilson, J. W. Winslow, C. Woodcock, K. C. Woodcock, J. Woods, D. M. Yeats,
 Attached.—J. E. Brache, D. Davis.

"B" COMPANY.

Major W. H. Fletcher. (O.C. Troop-ship).

Lieutenants A. S. T. Butler (Dhip's Adjutant), A. J. Clark, J. S. Mackay (Ship's Q.M.), R. F. Gambrill (Ad-

THE MAUNGANUIAN, MONDAY, JUNE 28

jutant to O.C. Troops), G. W. Henderson, J. MacMorran, S.M. W. Dunleavy, Q.M.B. F. J. Tattle.

Sergeants F. R. Hutton, A. J. Downing, M. S. Galloway, H. Keeble, W. E. Lewis, W. McCook, W. B. A. Quirk, E. M. Robertson, J. M. Russell, A. Stannard, J. Stewart, R. Taylor, J. Walker, J. F. R. Walpole.

Corporals J. J. Breen, P. Cotter, S. A. S. Crowther, S. H. Dyson, J. E. Elmes, W. H. Harvey, W. G. Ireland, W. C. Northcote, S. V. Paul, H. W. Syson, H. L. Wake, G. Wilson, J. Young.

Lance-Corporals W. Anderson, E. R. Cakebread, P. T. Field, J. P. Gosling, J. A. McLean, W. G. Morpeth, N. J. Siepen, F. C. Pinckney, E. J. Spooner, J. W. Stratford, G. Sutherland, A. Taylor, F. C. Tunley.

Privates K. E. Adlard, E. Affleck, S. N. Alderson, H. A. Alexander, E. L. Allen, J. Allen, A. G. Anderson, C. L. R. Andresen, W. N. Arnott, J. Barber, R. N. Barleyman, W. M. Barnes, D. Barnes, L. W. Barron, W. Batson, W. H. Behrent, I. R. Benson, W. B. Berry, A. J. Best, A. S. Birch, S. A. Blackburn, R. C. Blackett, F. Borrow, C. T. Brewer, P. F. Brickell, N. A. Brodick, A. L. Brown, D. B. Brown, J. P. Brown, J. Murmister, H. B. Burnley, A. F. Burrell, A. H. Burt, A. Butcher, H. Butler, T. H. Callaghan, J. L. Carlson, S. W. Carruthers, H. J. Carson, F. Carter, L. Chambers, S. P. Chapman, C. Christensen, J. Clark, T. E. Collins, R. W. Cooper, A. J. Cox, G. Craig, C. M. Cronquist, F. H. Crosland, G. R. Christie, J. H. Davidson, R. J. Daniel, F. A. Davis, H. A. C. Davis, N. Davy, B. J. Dennehy, T. Dyer, J. B. Elliott, A. G. Ellis, W. C. Ellis, H. M. Flynn, A. Pea, T. J. Fogarty, G. D. Fox, G. B. Francis, W. A. Francis, G. R. Freeman, R. Freeman, F. Fry, A. C. Gagen, R. Galloway, T. George, F. C. Gibbs, J. H. Gibbs, R. J. Giles, G. H. Glenn, R. E. Gold, W. Goldstone, A. W. Goodall, I. B. Gow, E. Goymour, O. S. Graham, C. K. Grant, W. A. Gray, W. R. Gray, W. Green, H. Gresham, F. Grigg, P. Harlen, J. K. Harrison, H. Hart, H. Hassell, F. D. Haste, A. E. Hawker, G. G. Hay, G. A. Hayden, E. G. Henderson, L. A. Henderson, W. A. Henwood, R. E. Herbert, J. E. Hodges, W. G. Holdcroft, E. J. Howard, J. W. Hudson, J. Hunter, P. Hurdle, G. Hutchinson, J. Jackson, A. Jessop, W. H. Jessop, W. F. Jones, J. A. Junco, G. King, L. W. R. Lgmbert, H. K. Laurensen, C. A. Kirkby, P. Kugener, A. S. Lamb, C. R. Lambert, H. K. Laurensen, G. A. Lawrence, A. H. Lawson, A. Leo, R. B. Leo, H. Lenox, R. Lewis, C. H. Liardet, F. Lister, T. R. Luff, P. J. Lawton, W. J. McAneny, S. McCool, W. McCormick, J. W. McCullagh, H.

McCutcheon, K. McDonald, N. L. McGonagle, H. D. McIntosh, R. W. McKenzie, A. D. McKinnon, R. B. McKinnon, A. R. McLean, R. McLeay, W. H. McLew, L. A. McMillan, P. Mahoney, G. G. Marr, G. G. Marshall, H. G. Marshall, A. W. Martin, G. P. Martin, H. H. Martin, C. S. Masters, C. E. Menzies, J. Midwinter, A. R. Mildon, A. J. Mitchell, W. M. Molloy, E. T. Moore, W. H. Moore, G. S. Moran, D. P. Morrison, R. G. Morrison, M. L. Morse, W. P. Morton, J. G. Moss, W. Moston, W. H. Munro, G. H. Nation, M. A. Neill, J. P. Neilson, R. O'Connor, J. C. O'Leary, B. W. Oliver, A. C. Olsen, F. W. Packer, A. Parkinson, W. H. Parkinson, A. Pattillo, W. H. Paynter, B. Penny, A. G. Pestell, J. R. Piper, A. H. Pollen, N. J. Pugh, F. E. Quayle, R. P. Quillan, E. H. Rainey, P. L. Randall, C. Reid, C. N. Reid, H. J. Reid, C. Renner, F. Ringrow, D. W. Ritchie, E. E. Rivers, W. J. Robertson, A. J. Robinson, R. Robinson, W. J. Roil, E. B. Ronaldson, D. W. Rosie, G. Rotherham, W. Rugg, C. A. Rumney, R. J. Russell, H. Schierning, W. E. Scott, E. J. Scrutton, P. J. Sharkey, T. J. Sheehan, E. Smith, T. W. Smith, W. J. Smith, H. J. Sommers, C. L. A. Spearman, F. J. Squire, C. E. Stanford, R. P. Staveley, J. Stedman, J. Stephens, E. O. Stewart, A. H. Stokes, L. C. Sylvester, I. C. Taylor, J. Taylor, H. Tempero, R. Third, F. G. Thompson, J. Thwaite, R. J. Trotter, J. Tuite, J. A. Twist, A. Underwood, W. E. Vestey, E. W. Vickers, J. C. Walsh, J. P. Walters, F. Ward, R. J. A. Watson, S. Weatherby, W. D. Webster, P. Welsh, G. D. White, E. A. Whittle, B. V. Williams, A. G. Wilson, N. Wilson, W. N. Wood, J. Woodger, E. W. Woodhouse, J. F. Woods, J. A. Young.

"D" COMPANY.

Captain W. Domigan.
Lieutenants P. L. Hunt, J. McCrae, A. H. Wright.
Second Lieuts. J. Thompson, H. V. Tregear, M. J. White.

Sergt-Major A. J. Kerse, Q.M.S. C. F. Wilkie.
Sergeants W. A. Bain, C. G. Carey, J. P. Daly, W. H. Ellis, C. D. Gabites, A. M. Hamilton, J. Harper, A. R. MacDonald, B. B. Moodie, W. B. Quennell, N. A. Wilson.
Lance-Sergts. W. J. Gliddon, P. C. Pascoe.

Corporals R. J. Anderson, W. S. Brown, A. D. Craig, G. H. I. Stone, J. Fyfe, T. F. Hickey, W. E. Johnston, D. H. Lea, K. McLennan, C. B. Mansell, A. McDowell, L. A. McKenzie, A. T. Nelson, D. Porter, A. C. Ridgway, C. Somerville.

Lance-Corporals W. F. Butters, A. L. Ching, T. Dee, J. A. McAlister, J.

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and, J. Searle, J. A. Saver, J. Scan
lan, D. J. Semmens, F. G. Sheehy, G.
Sheehy, P. Sheehan, A. J. Simms, H.
G. E. Simpson, O. V. Simpson, W. G.
Sinclair, G. C. Smith, W. G. Smith,
P. J. Smith, T. Smith, L. W. Smith,
D. G. F. Spooner, T. Stack, C.
Stifford, D. Stark, A. Stevens, D. G.
Stevens, G. Stevenson, D. R. Stew
art, W. Sullivan, P. R. Sykes, A. Tay
lor, L. W. Terry, L. G. Tew, W. B.
Thompson, N. Theophilus, A. Thom
son, A. Thorpe, H. C. Tombleson, A.
Torrance, W. A. Totty, W. Toy, A.
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bath, J. N. Waddell, J. Walker, W.
R. Walker, R. J. Warr, D. H. Wat
son, R. J. Watson, K. G. Webley, D.
White, J. White, A. O. Willcocks, J.
J. R. Williams, J. H. Wilson, J. T.
Willsie, J. T. Wolferton, C. Woods,
E. G. Woods, A. E. J. Wright, A.
Wynne, A. W. Yorke, M. Young.

No. 2 STATIONARY HOSPITAL.

Lieut.-Colonel W. H. Parkes.
Majors: T. C. Savage, C. E. Maguire.
Captains: W. S. Vallis, F. T. Bow
clank, T. Fergus, F. L. Scott,
Lieutenant G. M. G. Purdy.
Sergeants: C. M. Began-Brown, N.
Broad, W. M. Duncan, G. W. Hall, H.
McKinlay, A. Russell,
Lance-Sergeant, A. E. W. Salt.
Corporals: G. A. Duncan, H. Hender
son, W. A. Hopkirk, C. J. McHardie,
Privates: R. S. Abbott, L. J. An
derson, F. G. Austin, V. Barton, J.
L. W. Buckingham, J. A. Biss, F. E.
Burrdell, E. McCampbell, S. Canning
ton, L. C. Castleton, F. O. Chissold,
N. K. P. Cocklecutt, G. R. Cooling,
R. Craig, W. B. Cumming, L. L. Da
vidson, W. R. Dixon, A. T. Forsyth,
N. E. H. Fulton, A. J. L. Goodstein,
C. M. Gordon, H. P. Gray, L. W.
Green, H. E. Haggitt, W. W. Ains
worth, H. J. Bantler, J. Harry, F.
C. Harrison, T. H. Hawkins, T. O.
Hazelwood, A. M. Holmes, F. W.
Horrobin, V. J. B. Hufan, G. W.
Hughes, E. R. Keely, A. H. Latta,
K. P. London, C. McAdam, M. Mc
Kenzie, C. H. Maddison, F. Martin,
P. Munro, H. Neill, F. K. O'Malley,
R. Otway, J. M. Pearson, L. S.
Poore, W. Rodie, J. R. Slater, C.
H. Stevenson, L. T. Whelan, T. W.
Wilbertoss, A. White, A. M. Wanson,
W. E. Wood, J. Warden, W. B. Wol
ton, A. H. Wright, T. Wright, G. T.
Williams.

SUNDRY UNITS.

ARMY PAY DEPARTMENT.
Sergeant C. S. Robertson.

HEADQUARTERS DIVISIONAL STAFF.

Privates: F. C. Ambidge, N. Avi
son, E. Bowles, C. A. Ellaby, A. J.
Glen, E. H. Kimberley, H. McCormick,
D. E. L. Rose.

MILITARY POLICE.

Sergeant S. Carter.
Privates O. J. Parry.

INFANTRY BRIGADE HEAD- QUARTERS.

Sergeants L. H. Buchanan, A. W.
Davies.

SIGNALERS—C COMPANY.

Privates F. C. Evans, H. R. Rich
ards, A. J. Saunders.

MOUNTED RIFLES.

Troopers: F. W. Wilson, P. J. P.
Drummond, H. P. Coull, W. G. Man
dler, A. J. Simpson, C. R. Gourley, F.
W. Moore.

ARMY SERVICE CORPS.

Drivers: R. W. A. Johnstone, A. O.
Hill, C. H. Mundy.

MEDICAL CORPS.

Corporal W. C. Prosser.
Privates: J. Wards, G. Manners, G.
Whalley.

VETERINARY CORPS.

Sergeant P. Marcusen,
Private R. D. Munro.

In Whom We Trust.

Without them all the military
knowledge—the goose step; the num
berless phases of the attack and de
fence; the dodging of guards and
pickets; the etiquette of the orderly
room—so carefully assimilated at
Trentham would be futile. Therefore,
let their names—the officers of our
ship—be inscribed herein.

T. C. H. Worrall (Captain).
H. C. Saunders (Chief Officer).
F. S. Sangsters (Second Officer).
A. Christie (Third Officer).
P. Mudie (Chief Engineer).
A. Young (Second Engineer).
G. N. Gillanders (Third Engineer).
A. P. Douglas (Fourth Engineer).
W. E. Ormiston (Fifth Engineer).
V. T. Standing (Sixth Engineer).
D. R. Spence (Seventh Engineer).
G. T. Kennedy (Electrician).
G. M. Cormlie (Wireless Operator).
Alexander Baird (Chief Steward).

A Fragment of Ancient History

While excavations were being carried
out in the mighty ruins of that won
derful old-time city, London, on the
site of what was probably the public
archives, several documents, preserved
in metal cases, dated A.D. 1920, were
brought to light. The following
translation of one, which has found
its way into our hands, seems to deal
with some minor tribal quarrel of
those days.

THE COMING OF THE FIFTHIS.

Chapter LVII.

1.—And it came to pass, in the
reign of good King Geor., a great
war arose between the tribe of the
Brits and the tribe of the Huns, and
Lo, the Brits did smite their opponents
—the Huns—hip and thigh, so that
they became as a tree that is fallen,
and of low repute upon the earth.

2.—But, verily, it went hardly with
the Brits for a time, so that the great
men of the tribe did speak among
themselves, and one, Kitch., son of
Warr, spake thuswise: "Lo, it hath
come to pass, my brethren that the
hand of the enemy is heavy upon us.
Wish ye not that the help of the tribe
of Bil, the Masseite, be asked?" But
when Kitch. had spoken thus the great
men did send a fleet messenger, whose
name was Cable, to Bil, the Masseite,
and charged him to say: "Come over
and help us and that right speedily."

3.—Now, the tribe of Bil dwelt in a
far off country, whose name was Noo
senland, and it was a goodly place,
fruitful and of great prosperity. And
the young men of the country were
many and great warriors withal; al
so the young maidens were fair to
look upon, and, indeed, it was a joy
ful place.

4.—And it came to pass when Cable
spoke unto Bil his message, Bil called
unto him his trusty henchman Jim
alan, and they spake unto the young
maidens, saying: "Give unto us your
young men, that we may train them
to become great fighters, and help the
Brits to overcome their enemy." But
there was exceeding great sorrow am
ong the women of the tribe of Bil,
and the names of Bil and Jimalan
became sour in the mouths of the
women, and they spake not of them.
Then did Bil promise the young men
the goodly sum of five shekels per
diem, three of which were to be given
unto the women, and, Lo, there was
drying of eyes and the names of Bil
and Jimalan became once more of
some standing in the land.

5.—Now, a great encampment was
made at a place called Trent Ham,
which means Mud, and a great man

was made captain of the hosts at that place, and the name of him was Kernal, which means Potter. Likewise, they gave unto Kernal many henchmen to do his bidding and make the young men into great fighters. And the chiefest of these were Adam, known as Adjutant, Purd, son of Dom, Wilsin, surnamed the Blazingone, and Joubunny, a goodly clerk and worker of miracles; also there was one called Canteen, and one Levi, but they were of lesser note.

6.—And many trained men went forth from Trent Ham to give battle to the Huns, and to a lesser tribe, the Turks, who rendered allegiance unto the Huns, and did massacre their enemies whom they took in battle. And the trained men did wield their implements of war, the short sword and the shooting spear right valiantly. But, verily, their progress was slow against their enemy, so that the people of his tribe did look sideways at Bil.

7.—But Bil was a man of great spirit, and of much resource, and he did think unto himself right hard. And it came to pass that he thought of the Fifthis, a mighty tribe of fighting men, who dwelt in the silent places of Nooseland. Therefore he sent forth messengers to the Fifthis, bidding them haste from their creditors and gather at Trent Ham, which was called Mudd. So the Fifthis, who were named among the men, the Dandies, came in their tens, in their hundreds, in their thousands, and in chariots. And there was a mighty concourse of them, and the whole land was joyful because of their coming.

8.—And among the Fifthis were men of the company of the Gunnis, who rode the war chariots into battle, and those who looked to the war-horses, and these last were called Drivas and Hardeas. Likewise, there were Teropas, valiant men who rode astride on war-horses and also could swear mightily. Then came the Bodi-natches, men, meek and mild of spirit, but of much skill with the weapon called the pilbox. There were also men of the Vetts, of the Amiservas, and of the Sappas, a goodly number of each. And there came with all these a vast company whose name was Infan-tary, and these last were great and huge men, skilled in the art of gravelcrushin, and great linguists, withal.

9.—And, lo, the time drew near for the men of the Fifthis to depart across the sea, and thence do battle against the enemy. Therefore there was much sorrowing and weeping in the land when they went down to the sea in mighty ships. The young maidens sang songs of praise, the old ones did gather together and bestow on the warriors gifts of garments and food, wherewith to refresh themselves.

And when evening time had come the mighty ships put forth into the deep and the place thereof knew them no more.

10.—And it came to pass that the winds blew mightily and the sea rose and the warriors were much cast down within themselves, and cast overboard many of the comforts given unto them by the maidens wherewith to refresh themselves. And they spake among themselves, saying:

"Oh, why did we join the Fifthis?"

"Oh, why did we join the Armi?"

"Why did we come in this bally old ship?"

"Because we were bally well balmi."

Even the great ones, the captains of the hosts on the ships, were stricken down. Verily, they were all prostrated. There was Parkas, the great kernal, famed as a dreamer; Mag-whyer, son of Erin; Flet, surnamed the Maje, or Bosoveruss; Stuurt, Bossothelot; and there was Domi, son of Gan, well used in the arts of goodly raiment; Docsavage, welder of the pilbox, and a mighty hunter of the appendix; Chapp, son of Thorn, a man of goodly life and learned discourse, albeit, a great fighter, and Wallis, surnamed joyful one. And there were many others of lesser rank, sore stricken, but withal valiant men. And among these were Jac, a yeoman of sturdy build, from the roadless north. Gordi, son of Forsthe, and Lufe, the Doughty one, captains among the Hardeas. Todbutler, the adjudger; Ashi, the bold sailor and catcher of the sly meale, and Mako-Mish, the hairless; Klark, notamovenow; Sidelis, the runner of Marathons; Hendee, the famous bard and vendor of musical instruments; Gam, son of Brill, the holder of sinecures; Elli, son of Don, a man of raiment; Rite, a valiant sailor; Hun, son of Tee and Tre, son of Gear, beloved of the maidens. Wite, the youngest of the chieftains; Keith, son of Untar, a mighty man of deeds; Mak-Mora Mak-Kai, dancer of Hakas, and Mak-Ray, of the Kelts, and these last were men of hot blood and much caution, likewise of pretty wit.

12.—And in those days the ships which conveyed the warriors across the seas put in at divers places to replenish their water and provisions. So the Fifthis did sojourn awhile on the shores of Albani, a village of Ors-tralia, and therein dwelt beautiful maidens, who were fair to the eye. And, lo, the warriors straightway forgot the maidens of Nooseland, whence they had come, and so made merry with much music and dancing in this strange land. But the time came when their ships were ready for sea again, and the men of the Fifthis had perforce to depart, albeit, they left many tokens behind them of good fellowship among the peoples of

the lands wherein they had sojourned.

Here the manuscript is untranslatable, though mention is made of Censor, a high chief, skilled in the use of Bluepensil. We are submitting the papers to Professor Wowsor, the eminent authority on ancient England, and hope at a later date to give our readers an opportunity of studying this interesting document of history.

Burial at Sea.

John Joseph Merrick, a private in the A.S.C., died from meningitis on board the Aparima, at 7.40 p.m. on June 20.

The news was received on the Maunganui and the Tahiti at the early hours of Monday morning and there were few who did not feel something in the nature of a shock at the nearness and suddenness of death.

At 10 a.m. the three transports paused in their course across the Great Australian Bight and the last respects were paid to the dead. All were drawn up at attention on the decks of the vessels, and as the clear clarion notes of the "Last Post" sounded over the expansive waters, the waves closed over the shrouded form. The vessels moved forward once more, and that most solemn of all burials—a burial at sea—was over.

Our Gray Home Going West.

(By Hospital Orderly.)

When reveille goes half an hour late,
And the need of my midnight watch
is o'er,

I return to my bed, with a terrible
head,

For I never was weary before.

Then the privates go down to their
mess

(And mess is the right word, I
guess),

Where there's no Irish stew, and the
tea's rotten too,

In our rolling grey home, going
West.

We've salt water to wash in, none
else,

So to lather sea soap, we try yet;
And the canteen stocks nought, cig-

arettes can't be bought,
And the measles are all we can get.

But there are no small brass buttons
to clean,

And we're sick—if fatigue's on—

I mean,

So this statement I dare: There's
nought can compare

With our floating grey home going
West.

EVERYTHING FOR EVERYBODY!

EASY PRICES! BIG VALUES!

AT THE CANTEEN

This magnificent Emporium is replete with full stocks of every possible need of the soldier not on Active Service. If perchance the thing you ask for happens to be out of stock, you may depend that it is not good for you to have it. Or you will be told that "we shall have some in by 4 o'clock to-morrow." Four o'clock is our eternal stand-by. It disposes of all argument and gets rid of troublesome customers.

HOURS OF BUSINESS.

And they are hours of business. You will find that the canteen is always closed when you want it open. That's your fault, you should regulate your wants. The Canteen is always open during the rush of the hungry ones in and out of the mess-room. Thus when you do your shopping you are sure to meet all "the very best people" don't y' know. Incidentally you'll get hustled into a bad temper, but that again is your fault.

Canteen Tickets.

The Q.M. will sell you a ticket if he is in a good temper. If he isn't you must borrow one. Some people prefer to do this always. It is true economy.

Try our Crib Boards and Salmon.

By anticipating the market we have secured goods from H.M.N.Z. Transports 3, 8, 11, 17, 18 and 20. In the interest of N.Z.'s soldiers who came after, this stock must be cleared at once.

Soldierly Spirit.

This beverage, which is highly intoxicating, will shortly be on sale in small bottles.

Salt-water Soap.

Guaranteed not to lather in *any* water. Fourpence a cake (sales have gone off somehow!)

Come in Crowds! Come in Crowds!

SEE THE WINDOW DISPLAY.

Printed by W. F. Forster & Co., York-street, Albany, for the Five Units of the Fifth Reinforcements on board H.M.N.Z. Troopship (Maunganui), No. 24.