THE KIWI.

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Ourselves.

It has now become the time honoured custom on board ships conveying our troops to the seat of war to issue a modest journalistic effort relevant to the many phases of the long sea journey, and, if only because of precedent, we, the right wing of the 25th Reinforcements, feel it incumbent upon us to perpetuate the custom in the publication of the 'KIWI.' In launching our journal we make no apologies, but ask the indulgence of our readers, and, as the 'KIWI' is meant to interest and amuse we would also ask that if at any time your expectations are not realised to remember the conditions under which we labour. Our columns we will, with your help, endeavour to make humorous and racy, and although the idiosyncrasies of yourself or your best friend may at some time provide the subject for an amusing sketch or joke, we publish with malice toward none. It is our intention to lift this little journal, without aspiring to literary heights, to a standard hitherto unattained by any publication on board H.M.N.Z.T. 'Tofua,' and in this we require the help of our readers. Remembering that the confined life on board a troopship is not brimful of exciting events we are nevertheless of opinion that there is sufficient talent on board 'Transport 83' to more than fill our columns with material of merit. Contributions, which we will at all times be pleased to receive, will be dealt with by the executive who reserve the right to decide what shall be published, but at the same time will be glad to consider suggestions for the improvement of our journal. It behoves our readers now to submit their best efforts and mayhap in the peaceful days to come in our homeland, among our friends and dear ones, the 'KIWI' will revive memories of pleasing jokes and 'auld acquaintance' during a long and tedious journey. And now we launch the 'KIWI' in the hope that it will meet with your approval and united support.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Lt. B-tch-r.—You are in error. The expression referred to is a contraction of the phrase 'Half a mo-ment' and has nothing to do with personal appearance.

Sgt. W-ll--ms.—Many thanks for your contribution on navigation. We fear, however, that it is Cribb-ed and must therefore be Barr-ed.

Capt. T--d.—No, we understand no butter was carried down the ships ladder. So we are at a loss to account for the slipperiness.

Lt. J-hns-n.—We would refer you to Mr Weller's advice to his son Sam regarding widows.

Ports Of Call.

By Claret.

After several days steaming, under weather conditions sometimes ideal, but unfortunately, more often the reverse, which latter made many on board feel anything but happy, it was very pleasing in the morning of Tuesday, to hear the welcome shout "Land ahead."

As the objects on land gradually became more discernable, it was soon apparent to the traveller, that our first port of call was to be Sydney, and 83 slowly, all too slowly for most of us, glided through the entrance of the harbour, to the accompaniment of cheering from the residents on the nearby shores and the curtsies of small boats, which came to see, who, and what we were.

Unfortunately, Jupiter Pluvius was still sulky, and our first view of the renowned Harbour, was, to a certain extent, marred by misty rain. A short time before lunch the ship came to anchor in the stream.

As the day advanced many of the fair sex came out to welcome the Maorilanders, bringing with them gifts, the scramble for possession of which provided quite interesting tests in tactics. The lucky recipient generally withdrew to the rear of the stage to investigate his prize and altogether the scene suggested a day at the Zoo where delighted youngsters are to be seen providing peanuts for our "alleged" ancestors.

Wednesday morning dawned bright and fair and 83 quickly moved up to the wharf just as the finishing touches were being allied to the tunic buttons; surely, never was task so lightly done. Ash re! oh, to get a good solid grip with the "Masseys" again; a march through the city to the station, and what marching. Did not the Dailies say it was 'well nigh perfect"? Scarcely could it have been otherwise, with a Military Band to set the time and the whole route thronged with our neighbouring cousins, the ladies, God bless 'em, being much in evidence.

Arrived at the station, entraining was but the work of a moment and per medium of first class carriages (the boys wish their appreciation to be stressed) the trip to Liverpool Military Camp was made in an hour. This journey was perhaps the most exhiliarating experience to date. Scores, nay hundreds of engines "Cocka doodle dood'" until the brain ached from the din whilst all along the line the residents waved flags, towls, aprons or anything that came just to hand. As for the boys, we lay back and enjoyed it all to the full, almost feeling justified in a belief in our marching song, "We are Bil Massey's tourists."

Liverpool station all too soon, thence to camp where our brother Anzacs turned out to give us a welcome, with plenty of good natured chaff and not infrequently and perhaps with an occasional touch of earnestness, the query "Did you bring any butter with you mate"?..

Our stay in camp extending over just a week was a holliday as reall as it was unexpected. Thanks to the efforts of our O.C. leave was easily obtainable, and

fully taken advantage of, so much so, in fact, that a debit entry against our account with the Government w. s very welcome.

(*Continued in our next issue.*)

Shot and Shell.

Many of our ship's company seem inclined to attribute all our troubles to the unpleasant behaviour of the Australian bight. In our experience, however, it is by no means the only 'bight' that has proved unsatisfactory.

Modern version of "The Man of Madrid" (We are uncertain whether to insert this under the heading of 'Aviation' or 'Acquatics.')

A captain (identity hid)
Once slipt on a ladder that slid.
When he popped up his head
The words that he said---!!??!!
Well, I'm sorry he did, but he did!

Concerning the alarm signal, a good many men (and all the sisters) seem inclined to observe the admonitions given by the old Scottish sexton to the lady who appeared in kirk with an ear-trumpet, adapted to read: "Ane toot, and we're oot!" It is, then scarcely to be wondered at that 'Peel's view halloa' could hardly have been more effective than three toots.

The genial chief engineer, though quiet, is rather gay, as will be judged from the following---Scene---Quartermaster's Office. Enter Sister---"I wonder who Mr Welch has for visitors tonight. (Noticing Chief Engineer) "Oh, Chief, it was really you I was wanting to see." Chief: Why didn't you tell me that quietly, sister." Exit Sister.

That the Ship's Quartermaster is an excellent judge of the smell of "Fresh herrings" straight from the canteen.

That the Ships Q.M.Sgt., is a better judge of the 'Taste' of the same 'fresh herrings.'

That the Police Sgt's. verdict was "D---d rotten, eh what"!

That a certain officer was greatly excited and wanted the "nuisance removed immediately, from the near proximity of his window."

That one of our junior officers was much perturbed at the attention of a Fremantle urchin who wanted badges, buttons, or any other old souvenir.

O.C. Ship is taking a little interest in life once more. His first conscious remark on seeing the water after eight days malde-mer--"Why the ---- don't they plough these furrows straight.

The farming instinct has evidently been aroused as he was overheard asking the Skipper "How many fish to the acre does the Indian Ocean carry."

Can any reader inform the officers as to which is Fowler and which is Fisher? We think this point should be cleared up. Also is it Fowler or Flower?

Lieut. Wallace is to be court-martialed shortly. He will be charged with destroying Govt. property in war time---to wit---Throwing overboard 3 meals per day.

Capt. Graham tells wild and woolly stories of his previous seafaring life as a buccaneer in the

---was it the Hesperus or Cachalot.?

Gales thunderstorms, rocks ahead, breakers, fireballs, mainmast gone, with all the necessary particulars. Of course he wasn't a captain then.

Subscriptions will be received at this office to go towards providing a (nice) diving suit for Captain Todd.

We were surprised to see two senior officers at Watson's Bay with some young ladies. Why not leave that to the subs, eh Captain.?

Extract from Capt. H---d---gs---n's letter home.--"Dear People,---We are having a lovely trip. The weather is very warm and very windy and the sea pretty rough. The ships officers and myself are the only ones on deck to-day. All the other officers are sea-sick. This is the life for me."

Can any reader inform us as to how Lieut. Chapple received his black eye?

That a certain Sgt. of J merely muttered "Raight Oh" when informed that he was to be sued for the balance of purchase money on a threepenny ice cream at Liverpool Camp.

Algy of D. Coy is considered to be the best correspondent on board, it is rumoured that the censors eyes have been weary over the thirty letters that he wrote between Sydney and Fremantle. It is to be hoped he tells a different story to each girl.

Extract from our musical contribution. "'The Little Irish Girl' in the hands of the chairman proved very effective."

A benedict's toast---"Here's to the flea that hops over me and bites the missus."

The stress of war time is being felt by professional men very keenly. Even our doctors on board are scratching for a living.

There's a skipper on board called Graham,
With his men he is always the same.
Though he's not a high stepper,
At drill he's hot pepper,
So good luck---may he soon rise to fame.

We print what we think and ld----n the clink,
We're free agents of all that is fair.
If you don't like our style,
Just stand by and smile.
But for Go ss sake stop beating the air.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

Owing to the unavoidable scarcity of paper we are able to publish only a limited number of copies and also withhold until our next issue several interesting contributions. It is intended to publish on arrival at our destination a souvenir copy which will contain, in addition to matter appearing in previous issues, new matter and a complete list of those on board. The number of copies will be sufficient to meet all requirements.

"THE KIWI" EXECUTIVE.

President—Lieut. J. G. Harcourt.
Managing Editor—Lt. C. Carncross.
Sub. Editor—Pvt. M. Christie.
Cartoonist—Pvt. S. McIntyre.
Printer—Q.M.S. A. Geddes.
Publisher—Q.M.S. K. L. Familton.
Secretary—S.M. E. Threadgill.

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From Mr R. Constable
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