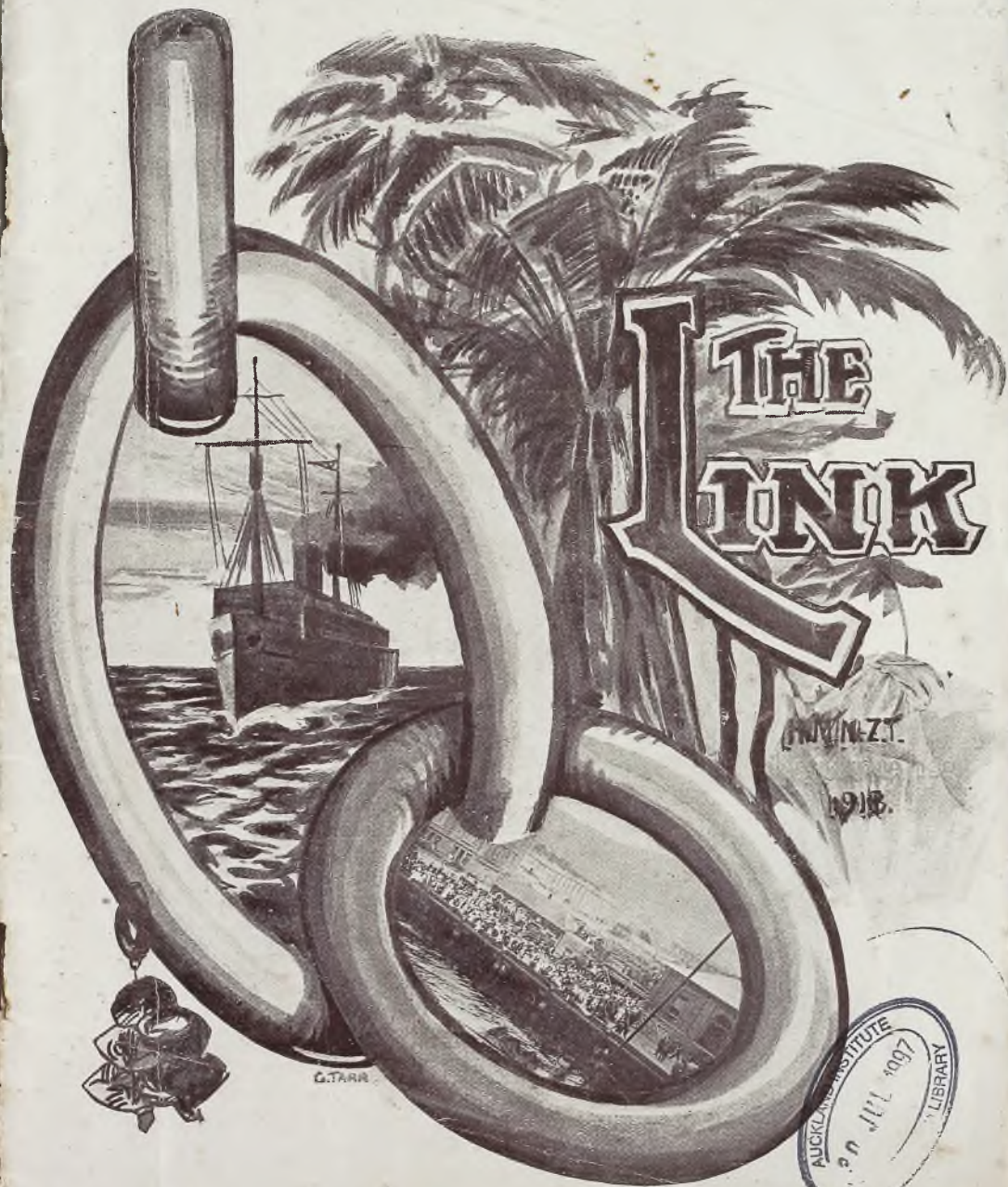


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THE LINK

W. W. W. Z. T.

1913

G. TARR

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Journal of the
34th Reinforcements

With love from
David

15/5/18

Mr. Commandant
Coatford.
Wiltshire
England.



OURSELVES.

We venture to add to the ever-increasing records of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force this magazine of the Reinforcement of which we form part. After three and a half years of war we are treading well-worn trails. About all that can be said of war has already been said; but with due humility we put forward this record of our voyage and of ourselves in the hope that it may worthily take its place amongst its predecessors. It is not compiled in any pretentious spirit, nor does it aspire to literary or journalistic eminence. Simply we endeavoured to make it a lasting record of the Thirty-Fourths and to create a new link with home.

Shortly after the commencement of the voyage, O/C units, each with a representative with newspaper experience, were called to a meeting. The managing executive and literary staff were appointed, and the magazine was started by inviting, through Routine Orders, literary and artistic contributions from all on board. We desired to lure the shy author from his retirement. We would exalt him in our midst and rejoice in his creative spirit. We confess, candidly, that we are disappointed at the response to the appeal. Apart from a few outsiders, to whom are due our best thanks, the whole of the literary side of the magazine has fallen entirely to the staff. With over a thousand troops on board we received, with the aforesaid exceptions, not enough to print a penny stamp. Truly an astonishing lack of literary enthusiasm. However, the staff has worked willingly and well, and if your literary opinion of *THE LINK* is a poor one, gentle reader, then the fault is entirely your own.

On the other hand, we are fortunate in being able to produce the work of Vivian Smith (C Coy.), Bugler King (B Coy.) and Private Tarr (Specs.). Their efforts, we think, are as good as any Reinforcement has as yet been able to show. Facilities for artistic work on board a troopship are extremely limited, but it is with full confidence in their merit that we give you their drawings. Our poets, too, are a pleasant family. The bulk of contributed matter is verse, and we have no hesitation in recommending it to you. Two poems are not original—"The Glad Home Coming" and "The Mast Head View"—but when our artists combined them with a picture we thought them so appropriate and so fine that

we make no apology for their insertion. And so you get *THE LINK*, which we hope you will like and send home.

Let us not forget the home folk. Big, strong New Zealanders as we are, good fighters and good stickers, we are yet full of sentiment. Collected from all walks of life, trained, and now paraded for war—perhaps to die—we are filled with a strong and abiding love for our mothers, sweethearts, sisters and wives so far off in those two little islands under the Southern Cross. Long and sadly we look back upon their whole-hearted devotion and their simple faith in us. "The pomp and circumstance of glorious war" leaves its trail of grief and broken hearts. Our loved ones weep and yearn and great is their burden. But for us is the ever-changing scene and new excitements. We soon recover from the agony and sorrow of parting and cease to moralise on the hellishness of war. With true Colonial spirit we are happy and cheerful and brimful of fun. And so we shout and cheer and sing and write our record in our magazine.

THE LINK.

RECOGNISING that the name of a journal plays a prominent part in its future, it was decided to offer a prize of ten shillings for the best name suggested. The response was good, though not so overwhelming as might have been expected with so many men on board, and it is evident that the field in that direction has already been thoroughly explored. On account of our good ship's transport number, we were bombarded with various titles, but, though they were distinctly appropriate to the ship herself, they lacked that essential quality of suggesting ourselves and our enterprise. For, after all, the magazine is intended to be for ourselves, and of ourselves, and the final choice rested upon "The Link." At first sight it might reasonably be asked in what way does that carry the desired suggestion, but we venture to assume that nobody on board will hesitate to agree that, when accompanied, as it was, with the cover design, our name conveys and imparts a meaning clear to all.

We are indebted to Private Tarr, of the 34th Specs., and the Reinforcement can congratulate itself that circumstances brought him with us. His idea is distinctive, artistic

and highly original. The three links on the cover design form the number of our ship. In the lower link you may see those near and dear to us waving their last farewells so bravely. In the centre is the ship, the link between our loved ones and our future. Who among you can look upon it and not feel the stirring of poignant memories? Is there anyone who can say that our book is not well and truly named?

Many of the magazines published by Reinforcements *en route* to the fighting fronts have had Maori names bestowed upon them. It was only to be expected that, with a Maori contingent on board, the representatives of that intellectual and poetic race would provide a suggestion. The letter of No. 62773, Private R. Marumaru, is worth publishing. He wrote: "Being a Maori and a member of their Reinforcement, I naturally looked for the most appropriate name as from a Maori's standpoint. For that reason I propose that the paper be called the 'Matuhi' or 'Te Matuhi a Tu.' The word 'Matuhi' is the name of a certain native bird, recognised as the Bird of Good Omen. The Maoris believed wherever and at whatever period this bird appeared good tidings of some nature were sure to follow. The word itself means literally, 'The forerunner of good tidings,' or, in other words, 'The Herald, or Messenger, of Good Omen.' In short, therefore, the word 'Matuhi' means 'Herald' or 'Messenger.' With respect to the second name suggested. The words 'a Tu' at the end is the name of the Maori War God, as Apollo is to the Greeks. Therefore the meaning of 'Te Matuhi a Tu' is, 'The Herald, or Messenger, of the God of War.' In short, therefore, it means, 'The Herald of Tu.'"

Other names sent in included "The Ulimaroarer," "The Ulimaroller," "The Log of the Leadsman," "The Heaving Plank," "Blue Sea Blister," "Tropical Times," "Blue Sea Buster," "Marine Chronicle," "The Left-Right-Left" and "The Southern Cross." With commendable appreciation for our feelings correspondents refrained from giving us the titles of their own home town journals.

THEN AND NOW.

A MONTH or two ago
The people used to say:
"Hello, there, old soldier!
When are you going away?"

But ours 's the question now,
No easy one, alack!
It's rather hard to answer:
"When are we going back?"

W. BULLOUGH (13th Plat. D Co.)

PATRIOTIC GIFTS.

DISTRIBUTIONS ON BOARD.

GIFTS for the troops came aboard from various parts of the Dominion. On the first day out a committee was formed, representing all the units on board, to distribute the goods. The officer commanding troops was appointed chairman and our three padres were placed on the committee.

All individual gift parcels were distributed as soon as possible, the gifts for the troops generally being held in the meantime. After February 13th all unclaimed individual parcels were handed to the O.C.'s of units concerned for distribution among their men.

The remainder has been distributed among the various messes. The Otago and Southland Women's Patriotic League placed on board a quantity of sea kits, cigarettes and tobacco, matches, tinned fruit, jam, treacle and golden syrup and other luxuries. All these gifts were distributed. Cake came from the Wellington Lady Liverpool Fund Committee and was distributed to the messes on Sundays. The South Canterbury Association sent sea kits and magazines and similar reading matter and books came from all parts of N.Z.

To the loyal and willing workers among our women folk responsible for these added comforts we send our heartfelt thanks. Words fail to express our gratitude in adequate terms. Women of our dear homeland, we love you all. God bless you!

POLYGAMY.

One afternoon, in the ship's orderly room, conversation turned from the overshadowing topic of war to the new constellation in the heavens, "the ship's magazine." Someone present intimated his intention of posting a copy to his wife.

"Grand idea," remarked a certain lieutenant; "I'll send one to the wife, too."

"Order a dozen copies," said the adjutant cuttingly.

AND SO SAY ALL OF US!

To the Editor of THE LINK.

SIR,—Before we break up our happy party I want to say a few words about our Medical Corps and the officers in charge.

The officers, N.C.O.'s and men of the Medical Corps are often overlooked, and I don't want that to happen on H.M.N.Z.T.

All who have come in contact with the officers of this Corps will agree that we are very fortunate to have men of such ability with us and also men who know how to handle men. Some of us may not have pleasant recollections of medical officers in training camps, but we will all be proud of having met these two officers.

The N.C.O.'s and men right through have been kindness itself to those under their care, and no one could have done more for their patients than these boys.

In conclusion, Sir, we are all proud of our Medical Corps.—Yours, etc.,

EX-PATIENT.

OUR SILENT ARMY.

THE Japanese have long been noted for their reticence and their reluctance in revealing their emotions; a Japanese in a state of tense excitement remains stolid and solemn as though he were in the depths of grief. The Frenchman is just the opposite—if he's glad at seeing you he'll walk up to you and kiss you in the public view, and if he's happy over any event he'll not be afraid to let you know it by cheering and shouting. The Englishman across the Channel is not so emotional as his French cousin; still, neither is he afraid to let you know if he's happy, and if the spirit moves him he'll cheer and shout. The British Tommy, of course, is famed for his never-failing supply of good-humour and wit and his endless list of songs. He has immortalised "Tipperary," and probably Tipperary did more to help the Retreat from Mons than many would imagine.

But what of the New Zealander? Three and a half years ago Auckland's contingent of the main body marched down Queen Street, both sides of which were blocked by immense crowds which overflowed into the balconies and windows the whole length of the street. Probably never had such a crowd been seen there before—certainly never a prouder. Proud faces there were and proud hearts, too; for this was a great day in the annals of Auckland's history, and the men they watched were to make great New Zealand's name. But in all that crowd of people, eager, excited, triumphant as it was, there was never a ringing cheer, scarcely a sound. Here and there it was, "Good-bye, Jim! So long," while someone would sometimes venture a wild "hooray," which would be taken up by three or four quite close to him. But it was a dismal failure. The crowd was dumb. Had they no senses? Had they no emotions? Did they not realise what was passing in front of them? It needed but one glance at their faces, and senses, emotions, realisation were written in letters all too bold. And yet they wouldn't, couldn't shout!

We in khaki are just the same as our brothers in muffi. Shout? We can't shout! Cheer? We haven't yet learnt how to—not a "real fair dinkum one"—at least we haven't. Sing? Well, we come to light occasionally with "Tennessee" and "When the War is Nearly Over," but they are soon tired of. Back in camp we had a route march practically once a week. Outside the camp gates would come the order, "March at ease!" which in the English Army would be the signal for an outburst of song. But with us, though, it might have been a caution to stop talking and singing. Presently, down the road, a fair face would frame itself in a window, and one of the boldest of us, catching sight of it, would start, "There's a nice little girl over there." Four or five in front and rear would join him and keep it up for twenty or thirty yards, and then—silence again. Half a mile further on somebody would start, "There's a long, long trail," which his pals, if they were not too deep in their own thoughts, would join in singing with him. But not for long.

One by one they would drop out again and

talk to the fellow alongside about the farm, or the surrounding country, or their chances of getting week-end leave. Six weeks ago we marched over the Rimutaka as from Featherston to Trentham, and one would have thought that then, of all times, would be chance and opportunity for endless burst of song. But no! It was the same thing over again. Up one side and down the other, with scarcely a song or a chorus to echo round the hills. Now and again, with much persuasion, and after many attempts on the part of the shouting minority, a platoon, perhaps, would come out with, "Who are, who are, who are we?—We are, we are A company." But their efforts were doomed to the same fate as the rest of our songs, and vanished into silence almost as suddenly as they had come.

What is the reason for it? Why are we so silent? Why don't we sing and cheer? Are we unhappy, discontented, afraid? Are we dissatisfied, grumbling, out of sorts? Come with me and see. Come on board our transport of a night; stay here an hour and listen.

A concert is soon to start, and gathered round to listen is a crowd of men—from four to six hundred of them, pipes alight, boots and socks and coats off, for it's hot and they want to be comfortable. Watch their faces in the light of the setting sun for a while and see what is written there; and watch them, too. They're talking and joking one with another, relating, perhaps, their doings on final leave at home, and their faces show they are happy. Some are silent, as they watch the sinking sun, while their eager, wondering eyes light up to prove their happiness. Some read, others write, and our small minority give us a song; but singing is not the order of the evening. The concert is over, and they have enjoyed that thoroughly; that is evident by the way in which they discuss it as they go down to their bunks. We will go with them. There is no noise—you'll hardly hear a song—but here, in this corner, is a party playing cards. Talk to them, and you'll find they're in the best of spirits—quite happy, and yet they make no noise.

There is an old proverb which says that "Still waters run deep," and someone has also said that "the loud laugh bespeaks the vacant mind"; so perhaps there is not so very much wrong after all, with our New Zealand soldier. At any rate, let us not think him unnatural because he cannot sing as loudly nor as long as his English brother; let us not think him sullen or morose, when who can tell what is not being turned over in that silent brain of his. For, after all, his thoughts and emotions are his own very private property, and, although he is only too ready to share them with his cobbler in the bunk alongside him, why should he be expected to reveal his inner feelings to the gaze of a staring crowd or to anyone at all? He can fight, which is really all that is required of him at present—he has proved that beyond a shadow of a doubt—and, if he is not noisy, what matter? He is more of a thinker than one would judge him to be; let us leave him, then, to himself.

P. G. C.

P. G. Clark.
(Auckland)

Capt Ward

Sgt. Jones

Sgt. Cooper



*Capt. Anderson (alias)
A.S. M.C.*

*WING
.18.*

OUR CONCERTS

IN the matter of entertainments we have been exceedingly fortunate. Talent and zeal in organisation have been responsible for several enjoyable concerts, and the competition arranged by Capt. Green, the Salvation Army chaplain, has done much to preserve spirit among the men. This officer has shown particular zeal in soliciting to our social needs and he has spared no effort to make the competition brimful of interest.

The Maoris.

A particularly pleasing entertainment was expected from the Maoris, who have appreciably endeared themselves to all on board, and the expectations of their European friends were amply fulfilled. Classical items were scarcely expected, but their renderings of the old, simpler songs were very good and met with the decided approval of the audience. The hakas and the "Tin Dish Band" were special favourites. Excellent items were given by Privates Erueti, Hameka, Kingi, Haami and Kahukura. At the conclusion, the judge, Capt. Gillmore, described the entertainment as "enthusiastic" and declared that it boded well for future concerts.

D Coy.

The concert given by D Coy. on February 21st was characterised by variety and good organisation. To one who realised the limitations of time and place the successful disposal of a programme that covered no fewer than 23 items seemed a large and risky undertaking, but, thanks to the care and foresight of the organisers, the actual production saw no deviation from the appointed course. It was not an overwhelming success; but, despite an unfortunate recitation and some indifferent vocal items, it was, judged by the military standard as we know it, a very pleasing entertainment—certainly one that escaped mediocrity.

Of the vocalists the most pleasing was Sgt. Stewart, who possesses a good baritone voice. In "Shipmates o' Mine" and "Less than the Dust" he was heard to advantage. His rendering of "Kashmiri" was good, but in this he chose a song the significance of which was lost upon many of the audience. Sgt.-Maj. Keeble was particularly happy in "The Blue Dragoons," which he sang with confidence and vim. Other good vocalists were Privates Radcliffe and Delaney. The cornet solos of Bugler Wilson were much appreciated. His technique was good, but he was inclined to be somewhat hurried in "Coming Home." Apart from that he proved himself an able contributor.

The criticism of the judge, Capt. Gillmore, emphasised the general impression of the production. "D Coy.," he said, "has made a gigantic effort and one that may well scare their opponents."

Medical Corps.

It is generally conceded in military circles that, in the matter of competitions, a small unit is at a decided disadvantage; but the Medical Corps, whose concert was presented on Friday, February 22nd, succeeded in demonstrating otherwise. Their entertainment was undoubtedly a good all-round performance, reflecting much credit on the organisers.

The Awapuni-ites, as Capt. Anderson happily

termed the members of the corps, were specially good in their choruses. Pte. Stephens proved himself a pleasing vocalist, while a feature of the production was the contribution of Pte. Campbell, who recited a particularly amusing piece entitled "Murders."

The programme itself was characteristically designed, its embellishments suggesting certain medical appliances well known to those who have passed through the New Zealand camps.

C Coy.

An original and cleverly drawn up programme seemed to augur well for the success of C Coy.'s concert, and well before starting time on Tuesday, February 26th, quite a large audience had gathered in and around the forward hatch. Their evident appetite for amusement was, thanks to the splendid efforts of Cpl. E. Graham, well satisfied. This N.C.O. proved himself an exceedingly versatile comedian and, incidentally, a tower of strength, for had it not been for his contributions the entertainment would have fallen somewhat flat. It was, in the opinion of several, something in the nature of a "one-man show." However, that does not detract from the ability of Cpl. Graham and he deserves much credit for his vocal and elocutionary efforts. Another valued contributor was Pte. Stackpole, whose singing was, from a purely musical standpoint, easily the best performance of the evening. Licut. Blomfield, tersely introduced as "Blom," was well received in "When You Come Home." The concert concluded with "The Village Pump," ably given by Cpl. Graham. There was no comment by the judge, but it was evident from the thunderous applause that the entertainment had succeeded in pleasing the audience.

Artillery and Specialists.

The concert given by the Artillery and Specialists on Wednesday, February 27th, was a variety entertainment of no mean order. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that the most critical and expressive of audiences is to be found in the ranks of a colonial fighting force, and it was clearly evident from the unstinted applause of those who saw the production that it was more than ordinarily pleasing.

The outstanding feature was undoubtedly the violin solo of Cpl. Ulrich. This N.C.O. has excellent perceptions and, since his technique was good, he succeeded in giving a splendid contribution. Anyone who attended the affair could not fail to take away very pleasant recollections of his playing.

"Mixed Pickles" proved to be an amusing chorus that soon dispelled preconceived doubts, which, considering the title, were only natural.

"Gunga Din," although well known, is too good a piece to become hackneyed, and its able rendering by Pte. O'Connor was much appreciated.

The concert concluded with a turn by Pte. O'Connor, who did some really clever conjuring.

The programme itself was a clever piece of work, reflecting much credit upon the designer, Cpl. Appleyard, of the Artillery.

A Coy.

A Coy.'s concert, which concluded the competition, included some really good items, but the majority of the turns were merely indifferent. That and the non-appearance of some members of the

Coy. who were unable to contribute on account of sickness militated considerably against the success of the entertainment.

"La Marseillaise" is ever acceptable, and Q.M.S. Putt, who gave his rendering in French, was very well received.

Cpl. McKenzie was particularly happy in his songs and recitations. He has a naive style and his listeners were not slow to appreciate it.

S.S.M. Hepditch made a great hit as a singer of comic songs, and Cpl. Wobling, cleverly disguised as a cosmetically inclined lady, gave a very amusing rendering of "Away Down upon the Swanee River."

At the conclusion of the performance the Coy. was accorded a good round of applause.

Special thanks are due to Cpl. Proctor, of D Coy., who appreciably added to the enjoyment of the concerts by his excellent accompaniments. He is a good pianist and was ever ready to offer his services.

The result of the competition was awaited with keen interest. The decision of the judge was as follows:

- C Coy., first, 68 points.
- Medical Corps, second, 61 points.
- D Coy., third, 60 points.

Life on board a transport does not permit of much change, and amusements of any kind are therefore more than ordinarily welcome. The competition met a very popular demand and its promoters are to be heartily congratulated. There are many of our number who will entertain very pleasant recollections of those moonlit evenings when we were regaled with song and music and forgot, for a time, the sterner phases of our life.

C. M. C.



Capt Proctor

The Q.M.



"Fish and Chips."

THE LOST COURSE.

SEATED to-day at my dinner
I was peevish and hard to please,
For the stew did not assuage me
And the tea did not appease.
I know not what I was eating,
But I think 'twas a kind of hash,
And I spoke one word of sorrow,
Like the sound of a great big—dash!

It flooded the crimson twilight
Of that messroom austere,
And it trembled along the table
In a way that was really queer;
It linked all the puzzled diners
With the touch that makes all kin,
For though none of them had said it,
They all felt the same within.

It may be that Fate's stern censor
Will tell us a gladder tale,
When the mess orderlies bring potatoes
And the bread is no longer stale.
Remembering what I suffered
In eating that hateful hash,
It may be I am forgiven
For the sound of that great big—dash!
SIGNALLER G. E. HITCH (Specs.).

An instruction contained in a recent order reads: "Rubbish must only be dumpt overboard at the stern of the ship." Our editor regards it as an egregious blunder, but we prefer to plagiarise the office boy, who describes it as "dumpty-do." We hope the adjutant is not to blame.

THE MAORI

THE Maori Reinforcements consist of men from the following tribes: Wanganui, 27; Te Arawa, Rotorua, 7; Kahungunu, Hawkes Bay, 3; Ngapuhi, Bay of Islands, 8; Ngaitahu, South Island, 1; Ngaitiporou, Waipau District, 2; Ngaierangi, Thames, 4; Ngatiwharetoa, Taupo, 1; Ngati-manawa, Murupara, 1; Fiji, 1. Total, 55.

The majority of the Wanganui members are descendants of those old warriors who fought for the Queen against their own fellow men for the cause of a higher and a purer Christian civilisation, a cause they believed to be a just and a righteous one. In recognition of the part played by these warrior chiefs a monument to their memory was erected in the Moutoa Gardens, in the township of Wanganui.

Mr. J. Ormond, 2nd Lieut. and officer in command of unit, together with his younger brother, Sgt. W. Ormond, belong to the Kahungunu tribe. They are the third and fourth sons of Mr. G. C. Ormond (run-holder), of the Mahia Peninsula, Hawkes Bay, and grandsons of the late Hon. J. D. Ormond, of Hastings. The second son, Mr. A. Ormond, proceeded to England immediately after war broke out and joined the Manchester Regiment. He was killed at the battle of the Somme, holding the rank of lieutenant. Mrs. Ormond, the mother of the above-mentioned young men, is a full-blooded native, and chieftainess of the highest degree, and a most prominent member of the Kahungunu tribe.

Included in the members of the Ngapuhi tribe is Lee.-Cpl. Tahere. This young man is a descendant of that famous chief, Hongi Hika, who was the first of the Maoris to visit the British Isles and to use the rifle of the pakeha. The advent of these modern weapons of war gave the renowned Hongi a mighty advantage over his foes. It was for this reason particularly that his fame was established throughout the length and breadth of Aotea-Roa.

Among those of Te Arawa is Cpl. Rukaute Hall. This young soldier is one of four brothers who have already given their services to the Empire. Captain J. Hall, now serving with the Maori forces at the theatre of war, is one of the brothers.

Dealing with the Reinforcement as a whole, the genealogical tree of every member could easily be traced back to some chief or warrior, for from such is the composition of a Maori war party. In the days when war was part and parcel of one's daily life the war party consisted only of chiefs and men of the very highest degree of breeding. These men in peace time also ruled the tribe. Their sublime administration, cohesion and faithful adherence at all times to the numerous codes of their beautiful Maori customs, whether under human or Divine law, served to make the tribe live in a mood of happiness, prosperity and progressiveness.

PTE. R. MARUMARU
(Maori Rfts.)

To the Editor of THE LINK.

SIR,—Owing to the frequent use of the poi song, “Hoea mai te waka nei,” by the Maori soldiers, and the many enquiries as to what the poi dance is, I have been asked to give through the medium of your worthy paper a description of the same. My knowledge as a writer being of a limited degree, I must apologise for the weakness of my articles. I trust, however, they will convey to the reader the meaning and intentions thereof. Please find attached hereto the two articles referred to.—Yours faithfully,

PTE. R. MARUMARU, 62773.
(Maori Rfts.)



"Jack."

Lt. J. D. Ormond.

THE POI DANCES.

To understand thoroughly this article and what it intends to convey to the reader, one really requires some knowledge of New Zealand and the doings of its Maori inhabitants. The Poi dance consists of two distinct kinds, and is performed only by women. The ostensible object of the Poi from the first was to give a graceful welcome to strangers, visiting tribes, visitors of high rank, and other persons of distinction. In these dances the per-

formers use small poi balls, composed of raupo leaves, made about the size and shape of a duck's egg.

Attached to the cone end of these little balls is a flax fibre cord of three-plait, and at the disengaged ends small knots are made, so as to prevent the cords from slipping through the hands of the users. The raupo is a certain water plant which grows in swampy lands, more especially on the edges of lakes, and it is used particularly on account of its lightness and durability.

THE SINGLE POI.

As the visitors approach the entrance to the Kainga, the poi party, in two ranks, each member with a single poi, marches on to the Marae and takes up a position in line facing the entrance. Immediately the visitors arrive, halt, and stand at ease, expectant, the poi ranks bow to the knee, whilst the mass of tattooed warriors behind, with one stentorian shout, raise their spears and taiahas aloft, then sink crouching to the ground. As the vibrating sounds of the "tuku" die away and the soft murmurs of welcome are hushed, the women advance in two ranks towards the visitors to dance the poi. As they approach within thirty feet, they halt with their leaders, both men, slightly ahead, one on each wing. The right leader opens with a chant, and ere he pauses to take breath the left leader catches the measure, and so the song alternates, from right to left and back again. Between them the ranks, in perfect time, quickening as the measure hurries on, accompany the song with the poi—the poi of which the Maoris sing :

"Taku aroha kite ranote poi,
To putiputi paie, piri kite
Uma i ra !"

(How my heart longs for the poi leaf !
How beautiful a flower it is to grace thy breast,
my love.)

The poi balls commence to spin, the deft hands twirling them move up and down, sideways, backwards and forwards, hovering now over the shoulders, now over and across the knee, the whirling balls appearing to surround, as with a network of gossamer, the bodies of the dancers as they sway from side to side, lifting alternate feet and throwing one across, gently forward with a lilting motion, giving the general effect of a waltz step.

The women are handsome and shapely, they move with grace, they sing soft words of welcome with musical notes in exact accord of time in a strangely attractive monotone. With flashing teeth and smiling lips, and great beaming eyes, they keep their pois twirling with the daintiest play of arm and wrist and rhythmic swaying of bodies from side to side. Sometimes the song speaks of welcome, sometimes it grows sad and slows down to a weird lament ; now it quickens with a note of triumph as the maidens in salute to the visiting Rangatiras ; anon it wanders gracefully over many appropriate themes. The whole effect is entrancing. The deliciously soft voices, the perfectly ordered motion, the bright colours of dress, mat and piupiu, moving with brilliant beauty, together with the white kotuku feather against the dark hair, complete a singularly graceful and delicate example of the poetry of motion. At length comes the end like

the finale of some admired composition, the approach of which gives the absorbed listener a pang of regret. The poi ball glides down over the right breast of its owner and is caught firmly in her left hand. Then the fluttering ranks bow once more to the knee, a long, steady, courteous salute. The single poi dance was over.

THE DOUBLE POI.

In this poi half of the dancers dress in plain, light-coloured "korowai," the other half in the "kahu kiwi," the sombre yet valuable kiwi feathered mat. They come lightly tripping into line, with three little maids in front to marshal and lead. And this they do right well, with little voices firmly raised in command ; they are high-born damsels and command is natural to them. The poi is as graceful and beautiful as the first, but much more intricate and bewildering. It opens with a quick schottische measure that causes the poi balls to beat and spin and twirl with amazing rapidity. Every now and then the ranks, which stand slightly extended, two deep, wheel by sections to the right, forming fours to the accompaniment of the plaintive ditties and the weird notes of the flute, or "koauau."

Presently the accompanying music seems to glide into a seductive waltz. The rhythm having changed, the motion is subdued to a slow gliding swing, the faces of the dancers half turned to the right. With their two pois, one in each hand, and with these they bewitch all who gaze upon them. One whirls in a half-circle from shoulder to head, while the other sinks from head to breast, to linger a brief moment ere both flash outwards and circle down to meet at the knee.

And ever through the procedure the black and white change places, mingle, or draw up into one long rank of alternate light and shade, or wheel to the right or left in fours, to no command other than the undiminished strains of the quaint Maori music and song. At length it ceases. The pois rest under the arm-pits of the dancers, who stand with folded arms and bow, while the long pent-up sigh of the enchanted spectators bursts into loud clamour of applause. The poi song, which is the subject of the above article, follows hereunder. But in dancing the poi to this particular song the performers seat themselves on the ground or floor, and with their little poi balls whirling and spinning to the tune and the words of the song they imitate the action of the crew of a war canoe.

THE POI SONG.

1.

Haere mai e hine ma,
Menga taonga ote wa,
He reo karanga i katoa,
Haere mai ki au.

Chorus.

Hoea ra te waka nei,
Hoea, hoea kite pai.
Mate tau e karawhiu
E rahui ite pai.

2.

Me pewhea ra e taea ai
Te aroha e pahi kino nei,
Mote tau i pa mamao
Haere mai ki au.

3.

Koia ra e hine ma,
Koha kore noa te pai,
Haere me te atawhai
Ka rahui ite pai.

4.

Nate ngakau tangi ra
Kote tiwaiwaka nei,
Te poi ka hoea atu nei
He tohu note pai.

English Translation.

Ease the pain that gnaws within.

1.

Come, ye maidens, come to me
With your gifts of melody,
Crying near and far to all,
Come where duty calls.

Chorus.

Then together we will draw
This canoe until the end,
To the goal the world desires
Peace and joy for all.

2.

Would you still the longing heart,
Ease the pain that gnaws within,
For the dear ones far away,
Hone where duty calls.

3.

Cleansed by war of all its dross
Love is gleaming strong and bright.
In our hearts we vow to serve
Where our duty calls.

4.

Small may be this our canoe
Floating in a sea of tears,
Tribute to the brave who fell
Where their duty called.

The English version given above is a free rendering of the Maori and must not be taken as a correct translation. It seeks rather to convey to an English audience the motive of the poi song.

The word "poi" means a to and fro motion.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LT. R.—S.—Physical "jerks" may prove effectual; if not, try "Antipon."

FORENSIC.—No, it is not true that the Q.M.S. of C Company brought an action against the Christchurch City Council for building the ground too near his body.

C.S.M. DOWNING.—Military studies are not conducive to the restoration of hair. We recommend, instead, works by Victoria Cross.

ANXIOUS.—Who started the war? Well, we aren't particularly bothered about that now. What we would like to know is: "Who is going to finish it?"

UNWELL.—You were kissed by 526 girls the week before you left, were you? Painter's colic, my lad, painter's colic!

INQUIRER.—It is not true that the armourer sergeant has had a bath.

SHIP'S S.M.—We can only diagnose your malady as being due to overwork. Seek the P.M.O.

TYF E.—Was it vaccination or over-eating?

DAY PODGEE, BARBER.—We understand that your charges for hair cutting are governed by Troopship Standing Orders, but still we see no reason why you should give change unless specially requested to do so.

NEW CHUM.—Yes, it is the custom for ships' officers to wear duck when travelling through the tropics. They will don the furs when we cross the Atlantic.

BARBERS.—Yes, canteen tickets will be accepted by all tradespeople at the first port of call. Paper money will be very largely used after the war.

L.—CPL. A. M., C COMPANY.—Whisky is the national drink of the Scotch folk, and most Scotchmen can carry a fair load before affecting a stagger. We refer you for further information to Pte. McLaughlin.

STUDENT.—For particulars of the Bolsheviks we refer you to Q.M.S. H.—y.

S.—MAJOR MGA.—Cigarettes are now very cheap at the canteen. We are glad you inquired.

LT. CR.—W.—P.—D.—We have made inquiries and are able to state that the skipper did not apologise to the Q.M.S. for disturbing the latter's morning slumber.

DISAPPOINTED BARBER.—No, Sergt. Robertson, of Records, gets no leave on this voyage, so the girls have nothing to do with his refusal to place himself in your hands.

RELIGIOUS.—It was thought unnecessary to include a R.C. chaplain in the complement of this ship, as Mr. Perkins had, previous to a successful military career, studied for the cloth. Spirit world a speciality.

BILL W.—Sorry, but your setting of the "Conqueror" march, "Have you ever had your toe caught in a mangle?" cannot be published. Some of our readers have finer feelings.

SPORT.—We refuse to believe that the well-known cleric's son has turned sweep promoter.

MARRIED MAN.—Of course, in England there are boundless opportunities for that kind of thing, but really it is not done by the best.

FERRIS.—In camp he slept, ate and drilled. Now he doesn't drill.

MILLENNIUM.—Yes, we are afraid so—war and rumours of wars, and, to cap it all, the O.C. Specialists used a word out of place—in fact, he actually swore.

LT. S.—M.—I.—Yes, write once a day while on the troopship. She will appreciate it, especially after a ding in Blighty, when you will, no doubt, suffer a relapse.

WHITE.—The dapper little officer you mention is a great student of the military works and strategy of our friend Napoleon. So far, he has cultivated the bearing, speech and posture of the late lamented; and we believe he has the proverbial baton in his haversack.

N. Z. M. R.—If after using six bottles of "Brice's" Hair Regenerator that is the best result you can attain we would advise you to use "Dobba."

O. T. Z.—We asked a returned soldier, and he said the most successful way to ask is: "Voulez vous promenade avec moi ce soir, dans le champs."

LUCIFER.—We are forced to the conclusion that they are not intended for smokers, but for poker chips.

LONELY SOLDIER.—Cheer up. The latest statistics reveal that there are at least 500,000 women of marriageable age in the United Kingdom with no prospect of marriage. You should note, however, that, owing to the war, this number of widows continues to increase, and the young widow has statistically a better chance of re-marriage than has the spinster.

XXXX.—The French is "Apportez moi, s'il vous plait, un verre de bière."

LT. T.—Cain killed Abel for telling him that joke.

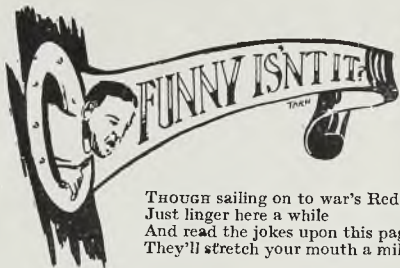
P. F.—We liked it, but it was censored. It's reception at the concerts should be sufficient to ease the bump.

M. C.—Verses not up. Your feet marched, but your imagination rambled.

ACK DON.—We got as far as—

"On that sad day I stood on the deck
Had you been there I'd have wept on your neck
The boys were singing, though their hearts were sad,
And, O! my darling, I did feel bad"

when bitter tears washed it out.



THOUGH sailing on to war's Red Rage,
Just linger here a while
And read the jokes upon this page—
They'll stretch your mouth a mile.

Fifth day out. Orderly Officer doing the rounds to Maori on sentry duty: "What are your duties, sentry?" He reels them off pat.

Orderly Officer: "Any spray come up?"

"Not to-day, sir, but I was very sick first two days!"

"Men must not litter the decks in the vicinity of the canteen with bags, food, and other rubbish" (Extract from routine order). A studied insult to the canteen.

GREAT SNAKES!

"I wonder," mused Bill from the backblocks, "if we'll see any of these 'ere sea-serpents?"

"No," said his mate. "There ain't no bar aboard."

FLYING FISH.

"Yes, I've seen the day, cobber, when I've sailed through regular schools of sardines."

Backblocks Bill: "Rot! How could they swim in them heavy tins?"

HEARD IN PASSING.

ORDERLY SERGEANT: "Come on, put that light out."

SLEEPY VOICE: "It ain't a light, sergeant; it's the moon."

ORDERLY SERGEANT: "I don't care what the blooming thing is. Put it out!"

ORDERLY OFFICER: "Any complaints, men?"

PRIVATE (*ex-jockey*): "Yes, sir; the sausages is bad. You smell 'em, sir."

ORDERLY OFFICER: "They certainly seem to be on the turn."

PRIVATE (*ex-jockey*): "On the turn! Gawd's truth, they're coming up the straight!"

OFFICER: "I say, steward, did this fowl come out of the Ark?"

STEWARD (*a wit*): "No, sir; it's the one wot crowd when Adam picked the apple."

MUSKETRY INSTRUCTOR (*to squad of recruits*): "What's Private Isaacstein running like that for? Has he gone mad?"

PRIVATE SMITH: "It's alright, sergeant. He heard you say 'Fire!' and he's gone to look for his insurance policy."

ORDERLY OFFICER: "What is the number of your beat, sentry?"

SENTRY: "No. 70325, sir!"

OFFICER OF THE WATCH: "What would you do in case of fire, sentry?"

SENTRY: "If it was a small fire, sir, I'd try to put it out."

OFFICER: "Oh! And what would happen if it was a big fire?"

SENTRY: "The ship would probably burn down, sir!"

"What did Alf die of?" asked Jim.

"Oh! weak heart, Jim. Why?"

"I had an idea it was strong spirits."

RECRUIT (*to returned Soldier*): "What did you go away with?"

RETURNED SOLDIER: "Main body."

RECRUIT: "What did you come back with?"

RETURNED SOLDIER: "A — of a thirst."

PROVOST S.M.: "Hey, Tiffey, aren't you going to have a bath?"

Consternation and terror spread over Tiffey's face as he hesitatingly replies: "What! Touch myself with that awful cold water! Certainly not!"

PROVOST S.M.: "Good Lord, man, how long is it since you had a bath?"

TIFFEY: "I've never been on a transport before."

Frantic ship's S.M. finds Maori bugler fast asleep.

"Here, what the—why the—I've been looking for you all over the ship. What the dickens do you mean by it?"

MAORI BUGLER: "Plenty good tucker, plenty good book, me go to sleep."

First day on board. One soldier to another: "Say, Bill, can you tell me the best fatigue job on the ship to get on to?"

BILL: "Yes, I can. But I won't."

SOLDIER: "Why?"

BILL: "Not unless you promise not to call me a — liar afterwards."



"COBBERS."

MEDICAL MUSINGS.

By J. L. G.

SOMEONE has wisely remarked, in speaking of the all-importance of prevention, that "a fence at the top of a precipice is of more value than a hospital at the bottom." Such is undoubtedly true, but the hospital is much appreciated when the fence gives way. Prevention must be supplemented by cure—which is a truism not only in the physical realm but also in the moral.

The N.Z. Medical Corps seeks to provide both the fence and the hospital—the prevention of disease as much as possible and the cure of disease when prevention has failed. The R.A.M.C., upon which the N.Z.M.C. is modelled, has rendered yeoman service in past years in conserving the fighting strength of the British army. The remarkable decrease of disease and of death from wounds in the last great wars proves conclusively that the formation of this corps has been a step in the right direction. So complete is its organisation that we take complete charge of a man from the moment he becomes a casualty till the time when he can rejoin his unit or is discharged from the forces.

So we of the Reinforcement have high ideals to emulate, and the casualty lists of the N.Z.M.C. prove conclusively that this conserving work is being carried on right at the battle front. Strange to relate, one has even heard it said by some whom one would expect to be at least cognisant of facts that the Medical Corps is always "the first in the field after the battle is over," and one learns with surprise and pleasure that some who have passed this remark have actually, in the inward movings of *mal de mer*, immediately sought the comfort of medical corps' beef tea. But we accept these nerve twitches calmly, knowing that the time will soon arrive when we will be urgently required, and—we will be right there.

However, what of our life on ship board? The great event of the day is the sick parade, when all the lame, halt and blind appear to be cured—or killed. The hospital has become a popular place, judging by the crowd which throngs its doors, casts a longing eye at fortunate inmates and searches their anatomy painstakingly and hopefully for signs of ailment. Yet evidently its popularity is not universal, as we heard of a Q.-M. who, after two days, left in disgust because the genial Scottie starved him—a tragedy which tells its own tale. If a man is fortunate enough to discover that he has a pain he thankfully lines up before the desired haven, forgetting oftentimes the M.O.'s maxim to "choose one spot and bank on it."

Will the reader take his stand with the orderly as the sick parade progresses? It is about the fifth day out. The first man enters—a well-known chaser of the bugle. He is the picture of health, but has paraded daily with a persistence worthy of a better cause. His internal organs must by now accommodate as many medicines as a chemist's shop. But once again he has been fortunate enough to discover something wrong. "What's your complaint?" says the M.O. "Sir, I feel bad all over," and one great hand is passed lovingly over the abdominal region, while the other strokes his back thoughtfully. It is an ancient complaint, and the M.O. soon diagnoses it. It is



brought on by an excessive desire for E.D. and affects the body generally, and the eyes and limbs specifically, rendering both heavy. It is known scientifically as "chronic laziness." The patient's exit is rapid if dejected.

Next! With unsteady step he enters and lovingly clings to the table and bunk. It is rather overdone. "Your trouble?" "Sea-sickness, sir. I can't keep anything down, and have just had three sips of tea for the last few days." Oh, strange forgetfulness! Or is it the result of a passing glance through the pantry porthole and the benign expression on the M.O.'s face? We have vivid recollections of the same man the night before enjoying a gift of fruit cake!

Let us digress for a moment to announce that our M.O. has discovered a new cure for sea-sickness. There are many who will hail this discovery with genuine delight. One great feature is its simplicity—no long prescription, no draining expense, no fiery chemicals. Much thought as well as great scientific skill must have been given to its formulation. The cure is—and let the full significance be considered by all—"Do not be sea-sick!" Oh, ye martyrs to *mal de mer*, listen! You are *not* to be sick. Oh, ye hangers over the lee rail, you must say, "I am *not* sick!" He has discovered that it is merely a matter of will, and when those inward creepings assert themselves, when slowly and surely your inner self and possessions mount unaccountably mouthwards, when you bolt ignominiously and gratefully to the side, there to look at the dancing waves and warble that song which moves the very depths of one's being, "The Return of the Swallow," you are to exert your will and say, "I refuse to be sick; get thee below. O my breakfast!" We feel sure that our M.O.'s new cure is being much appreciated, as there has been a marked decrease in the number of those

suffering from this senseless and altogether needless disease.

But, valuable as this information is, we must return to the sick parade. A merry Maori is the next man, and his trouble is, "A dry throat, sir." We are constrained to remark that this complaint is almost universal, judging by the continued applause which greeted the announcement of the chorus, "Another little drink wouldn't do us any harm." We hope our friend was cured. The M.O. recommended water!

Next! With a smile another Maori slips to the table. He is not quite sure of this white place, and what is that double tube on the table, and look at those glistening knives. He has a nice big boil on the neck, and, having examined it, the M.O. turns to the dressing orderly with the command, "Just take the head off." The poor fellow looks round, but there is no sympathy in the set faces of the men. An orderly grasps a gleaming knife, wipes it, and says, "Sit down here." It is more than human nature can bear, and he bursts out, "No fear, no fear, you not take off my head!" It took some persuasion to convince him that the operation was to be on the boil's head—not his.

Lately we have been very busy on the sick parade, and the M.O. is thinking of getting a gas mask if he has to sit for two hours every morning in a cloud of cabbage gas, as the effects are very deadly. A curious disease is very prevalent. Its signs are four little pimples on the left arm and a great deal of needless fuss is made about this. Some men come into hospital with this trivial complaint. Here comes a man the picture of misery—his arm is bent, he is sore from head to heel, and is convinced that when the M.O. sees him he will be full of compunction and will console him and immediately admit him to hospital. Slowly and painfully the dressing is removed. How curiously it clings, as if unwilling to disclose

the cause of all the trouble. Ah, there is the thing!—four little black dots. Lovingly the M.O. grasps the arm, admiringly he looks at his handiwork, and instead of words of commiseration all he says is, enthusiastically, "What a beautiful arm! An absolutely typical case! A perfect specimen! Go and get it dressed!" Farewell, visions of sheets and fish for breakfast! And as another plaster is applied and the patient betakes himself off to enjoy his E.D. he muses—beauty has many standards and appeals to different minds in varying ways.

Let none think that such scientific interest betokens lack of sympathy, for patients and medical corps men alike cannot speak too highly of our officers, their castor oil, and their jam!

And so the days pass in little attentions which lead to new friendships, and we would like our brothers in this struggle to know, as we believe they do know, that our service is rendered gladly, for we have a great task, a great incentive, and a great goal.

EVENTIDE.

The mighty ocean rolls in splendour;
The troopship gently glides,
In the calm of evening stillness,
Onward, northward, swiftly rides.
On to more and greater glories
Than our eyes have even seen,
Pursuing courses which other troopships
Never hitherto hath been.
Now the heavens swiftly lighten
With the setting rays of sun,
Thrusting forth more gorgeous beauties
Than earth's artists ever won.
All the western sky is burnished
With great dashes of bright gold,
Interspersed with mildest azure;
Huge grey banks to southward roll.
Then, surmounting all with orange,
Strewn in wisps across the sky,
The ocean surface answers purple
Momentarily, as we fly.
And as if 'twere not sufficient,
All the east is flushed with gold
Of a richer, brighter radiance
Than the diadems of old.
On all this scene the moon looks down,
As lesser orb in fuller light;
When silently the glory fades,
Leaving her as queen of night.
Human lens hath not the vastness
T'appropriate so full a scene;
Human art hath not the quickness
To paint its outlines on the screen;
But our eyes will still behold it,
As upon our way we go.
We shall welcome still its memory
When we dig the miry slough.
'Twill remind us of the beauty
Dwelling in the southern seas,
'Twill remind us of the glory
Of the piping days of peace.

LEONARDO DE WESTI.



"Skipper" Smiles.

St. Blomfield



The soldier who bemoaned his impecuniousness the other day should have sent us a contribution. It was bound to come to a guinea (Guiney).

From Willie's letter to his mother: "Sometimes we get news by wireless telegraphy, which is felt, in a manner of speaking, without any aperient communication." We can only presume that he has been in the clutches of the medical corps.

Why is Lt. G—g studying Scottish time-tables? We know he's a braw laddie, but how's he going to comply with the residence clause with only four days' leave?

Food supply depot—the Gulf of Lyons.

Queries we would like answered: Are Capt. W—d and Lt. R—s—l going to exchange slacks?

We hear that the P.M.O. has revealed a new poison gas. He tried it on the Adjutant and Fish and Chips, and they report that its universal use would be too inhuman, even for the Huns.

Last car from Seatown. Enter (out of breath) Subaltern and fair lady. "Two to town, please!" Dreadful discovery, sand on girl's hat. Next stop: Exit in confusion. Did they walk home? Ask Freddie M—y.

Overheard in Canteen Queue: Hungry-looking soldier to anxiously-waiting corporal: "Say, Corp., can a bloke buy any other tinned fish than salmon and sardines at the canteen?" Corporal: "Yes, try a tin of Merkins; they're real good." Our correspondent left the counter as the perplexed soldier waxed eloquent regarding Merkins, which his corporal had assured him were stocked by the canteen.

N.B.—Sergeant Hutchings always has a tin of Merkins in his kit.

Mc A-l-s-t-r.—Thanks for your handsome donation to the Magazine fund. The surplus of 2½d. will pay all our working expenses.

Somme talker.—Lt. T—.

Can the P.M.O. throw any light on the identity of the chaplain who is said to have deeply mourned over departed spirits?

Medico.—His name is spelled with a "W," not a "T."

We are given to understand by Sergt.-Major Jack that Bombardier R-b-n-s-n doesn't pronounce his Christian name—he sings it.

Lt. P-t-r has received a good many telegrams in his time, but we believe the Auckland "wire" "capped" them all.

When we left to embark, we left in camp, as canteen officers, Lts. DeM-, N-th-n, T-ps-n and L-n. It always astonished us what a lot of Trentham business can be conducted in Wellington. Oh! these "tender" farewells.

Why is Captain—like a leopard? We suppose it's because he changes his spots as often as he goes from one spot to another.

"Port-side" writes:—"If all the empties from Lt. R-s-l and Lt. P-k-s were collected and stacked they would fill all the empty crates in the ship."

[But they are, and they do.—Ed.]

Glory Hole.—No, we do not know anyone aboard who would say:

"In the dead of night with a terrible snort—
Who the h— opened this b—y port?"

Tom No.—Amongst good bridge players it is the rule to double your opponent's no-trump declaration when holding four aces and four kings. Of course, there are exceptions to all rules.

"Dad."—Don't do it. Let them talk. There is no regulation dealing with hirsute ornaments.

Q. M. S. Vercoe's "Balaclava" leads one to believe that he has joined the army.

At the canteen: "Peace: Perfect Peace!"

It takes twenty years for a mother to make a man of her son, and twenty minutes for another woman to make a fool of him.

* * *

A woman will forgive a man every sin in the calendar—except another woman.

* * *

Apropos of Lieut. Peace's appointment as O.C. Canteen. We trust this is not the work of pacifists in our midst, whose propaganda is: "Peace at any price!" We have a very high regard for the gentleman in question, and hope that he will take his lead from the Allies, and insist on being negotiated for at absolutely his own price.

* * *

"Men — are advised to wear hat without pugaree, so that if the hat does get lost the cost of replacing will not be so great."—Ship's Routine Order, No. 16. If the authorities are so anxious to conserve costs, why not order the men to wear the pugaree without the hat?

* * *

From Routine Order, No. 13.—"Messages to the troops. One copy per officer, n.c.o. and man of this booklet is to be issued." And we were priding ourselves on being officers, n.c.o.'s and men of the army.

* * *

We suggest the undemoted as suitable British holiday resorts:—

- For the chaplains, a heavenly spot—Skye.
- For nagging sergt.-majors—Barmouth.
- For the adjutant—Bramtree.
- For bridge enthusiasts—Deal.
- For Taranaki-ites—Coves.
- For quarter-master-sergeants—Sittingbourne.
- For the rank and file—Ayr.
- For artillery drivers—Leeds.

* * *

We understand that the chiropodist is thinking of taking to a pipe. We suggest his procurement of a corn cob.



Our "Mary."

L. Ellen

THE ITCHY MOB.

When the Kaiser thought he'd strike us,
And sent his Huns to fight us;
When our national escutcheon was at stake;
King George sent forth his army.
But the Prussians thought him balmy,
For the British arm~~e~~, they found, were yet to make.

It took three years to do it,
But we mean still to pursue it,
And smash the "frightful Hun" while on the job.
The "Contemptible" did wonders,
In spite of all the blunders;
But the "flower" is on the way—the "Itchy Mob."

When they mobilised in Trentham
They'd a striking air about them
That captivated all who came in touch.
The "heads" were all enchanted
And into them implanted
What furthermore they could—which wasn't much.

Captain Cheater daily eyed them
And the horse, too, gaily spied them.
Two martinet were they when on parade;
Plenteous faults they tried to find.
Still, the "Itchies" didn't mind:
Their glory, spite of all, would never fade.

* * *

There were showered all around us
Epithets from various "bounders,"
Not a few with Captain Purdon on the job.
But by far our greatest skill
Was in platoon and company drill—
When we, by Wright, were dubbed the "Itchy Mob."

Itchy! Yes, we may have been;
But the sandfly bites were keen
And the camp ground, please remember, was a bog.
But, despite all accusations,
We'll display to all the nations
What gallant hearts comprise the "Itchy Mob."

And when this war is ended,
And we our ways have wended
Back again to our New Zealand shore,
Not our faults will people gather,
But our deeds of daring rather,
And the "Itchy Mob" they'll honour evermore.

LEONARDO DE WESTI.

PHOSPHORESCENT SEAS.

TWINKLING gleams in waters black
As tho' we sail in starry track,
Where stars are born and die as soon,
And brief and frequent is the moon,
And on we glide in a Milky Way
Until the magic fades with day.

P. B.



Vincent Smith
1918.

VERSE.

AOTEA-ROA.

(The Long White Cloud.)

THERE'S a fair land to the southward,
Far beneath the southern skies,
Where our thoughts are turning ever :
In our dreams the visions rise.
We can see the snow-capped mountain
And the smiling golden plain.
We can see the purling streamlets,
And the sunshine, and the rain.
In that land our hopes are centred ;
It is where our kindred dwell.
Tho' the future still is hidden,
Yet we trust all will be well ;
That when these war clouds have been
driven

Far away from sea and land,
We shall live in peace and content,
Home again in Maoriland.

LEONARDO DE WESTI.

OURSELVES.

WE know the heart of the wooded hills, whence
the crystal rivers fall ;
We've pierced to the depths of the forest shade
where the lonely wekas call ;
We've been to the tops of the mountain range
where the snow-cap covers all—
Now we've heard our country's call.

We've ploughed the plains and the rolling hills
from the mountains down to the shore,
We've ridden miles for the mail o' nights to the
nearest settlement store,
We've seen the lights of the new bush town, and
we've heard the cities' roar—
Should we have come before ?

Some were too young, and some were sick, and
some had farms to sell,
And some had mothers or sisters to keep, and some
have nothing to tell ;
But now we're crossing the leagues of sea to stand
where our brothers fell—
God grant we may fight as well.

OCEAN MAGIC.

THE sun sets red in the golden west,
Red as a copper fire aglow.
Near are rain clouds black in hue,
As far as one sees an ocean of blue ;
Back are the white heaped woolly clouds
That gleam white through and through.

Some great big fairy lady
Is washing out of sight,
Washing where the twilight lies,
Wringing raindrops from the skies.
The dirty clouds she takes and boils,
Boils with the copper in the west.
Then she puts them through the blue.
(That's the ocean, as you've guessed.)

And when they then quite cleanly shine,
They're hung on her horizon line
That little kiddies (and grown-ups too)
May see that this vast ocean blue
Is just a pot for washing day,
To wash the dirty clouds away.

P. B.

THE MERRY SAILORS.

WE'RE gaily sailing an ocean wide,
Borne on the restless, surging tide—
The tide that comes of human strife
And takes its toll of youthful life.
But strong is our cause and happy are we,
For we come from a land of liberty.
So gaily we trip and gladly we sing,
Content to take what Fate may bring.

We're sailing now for a land of pain,
Borne by the Force that takes no rein—
The Force that works in Honour's name
And makes of war a righteous game.
But gay is our life and bright are the eyes
That pierce through the gloom of the world's dark
skies.
So gaily we trip and gladly we sing,
Content to take what Fate may bring.

C. M. CARATTI.

DRAWN is the sword, unsheathed it shall remain
Till in the confines of thine own domain
Thou liest a conquered and a humbled foe,
Until each crime thy shameless hand hath wrought
And each and all thy deeds that have been fraught
With venal purpose and inhuman show
Shall to the full be expiated for ;
Until the shackles which fast bind each land
That's fallen a victim to thy treacherous hand
Shall lie unloosed—once more the people tread
The soil for ever hallowed by their dead. . . .
Strong is the hand, but stronger is the will
To bring thy false, satanic creed to nil,
And stay forever in its mad desire
The tyrant hand that set the world afire.

D. A.
C

ANY COMPLAINTS.

I've left my good home in New Zealand
To serve like a soldier true ;
And what have I found to reward me ?
Well, one thing I've struck—and that's stew.

I've left those I love and who love me,
Each day with work hoping to fill,
And what have I found to employ me ?
Well, one thing I've found—and that's drill.

I've had varied experience of weather,
Sunny skies and dark skies overcast ;
But one thing I've found in the Army,
In all weathers one's sure of a blast !

I'm no weary Willie in spirit,
I quite like to chop and to dig ;
But since I've turned into a soldier
I can never get rid of fatigue !

Back home on the farm when dad called us
We sprang up and ran for the cows,
It sometimes was really quite early ;
Now earlier still sounds the rouse !

There's just one call now that sounds sweetly
Mid the waste of sad things to deplore ;
Only thrice in the day may we hear it,
You may guess that it's " Cookhouse Door ! "

Even this little joy has its offset,
For each blessed day of our lives
We must list while the very same bugler
For our betters blows " Officers' Wives ! "

Though the day may dawn never so brightly,
There's always this shadow of gloom,
Who knows if 'twill bring ere the evening
A visit to Orderly Room.

From lance jack right up the dread ladder,
They fill our sad spirits with woe,
Our sergeants, our subs, and our captains
To the blight of the awesome C.O.

I had visions of gaining distinction,
Of bringing back, say, a V.C.
Or a medal for conduct distinguished —
Up to date all I've gained is C.B.

Oh, civvies ! at home resting quietly,
Secure from all worry and fears,
If you knew but the hardships of soldiers,
'Twould move your kind hearts e'en to tears.

I could write many reams on this subject,
'Twould be poetry grand, there's no doubt,
But just to remind us we're soldiers,
Hark ! the bugler is blowing " Lights out ! "

Pessimist.

EN VOYAGE.

THEY'VE SWUNG her out into the harbour now
And she's rounded the Heads at last,
While the waves of the briny break over her prow
And New Zealand's a thing of the past.
We've said good-bye to the " missis,"
And kissed all the kiddies, too,
With a note to all that will miss us,
And a special one sent up to You.

We're a speck in the boundless ocean now,
Just a thousand poor souls, all told ;
And feel just like—well, just like how
We felt back in the days of old
When they fitted us out in Bill Massey's boots,
Dished each one out a spoon and a fork,
Then lined us up like a lot of coots
And told us we couldn't talk.

Oh, what of the squeamish first few days,
When we'd hardly cleared N.Z. !
How the fellows in hundreds of different ways
Went over and hung the head.
They'd stay there forlorn for hours on end
While they gazed at the ship's black side,
And swore they were counting the rivets up—
But somehow I think that they lied.

They shove us at night into our six by two's
In a hole that should only hold ten ;
But at somebody's order—I wish I knew whose—
It's branded " Two hundred men."'
The air's none too good of a night time,
But when in the morning we wake,
You could take out your knife and slice it
Then scrape it away with a rake.

The tucker's as good as it always was—
" I don't think ! " did you say ?
Well, what if it isn't, we'll eat it because—
Well, if we didn't it wouldn't pay.
We've not come out on a picnic, boys,
Nor yet on a pleasure trip,
So we'll have to give up a few of our joys
When aboard the King's troopship.

So we're swinging away on our journey still
And we've nothing to trouble us yet,
Save our thoughts of the land that knows no ill
And the folks that we can't forget.
For a life on the ocean wave's all right,
And there's a good time yet to come ;
But as sure as the moon shines bright to-night
There's no place now like home.

We're steaming ahead for England and France
All willing to do our bit ;
We're willing to live or die, just as Chance
In her uncertain way thinks fit.
But back of the mind of each one of us
Is the land we are longing to see,
Where bush fire and beach are a part of us
Way back in our " ain cuntrye."

P. G. C.

THE MASTHEAD VIEW

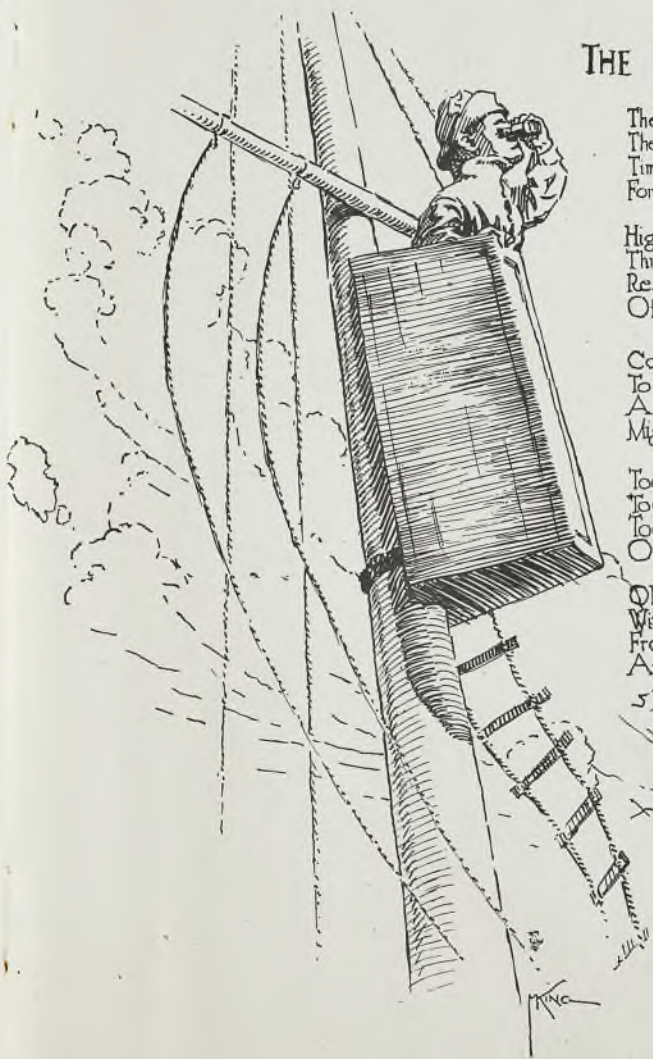
The billows take a deeper blue
 The sky enfolds a broader sea
 Time flows into eternity
 For eyes that keep the masthead view.

High in the crow's nest, wrought of dream,
 Through the twin glasses of Hope and Prayer;
 Resurgent waves the likeness wear
 Of ripples on a summer stream.

Could we the wide horizon sweep
 To pilot Honour through the stars;
 A million lights outshining Mars
 Might lead us on from deep to deep.

Too late we heave the careful log.
 Too early pipe the hands away,
 Too long we hug the sheltered bay,
 Or lie at anchor in the fog.

Oh Thou who saw'st our voyage through
 With all its peril, pain, and loss;
 From the high vigil of the Cross
 Aid us to keep the masthead view.



SPORTS.

It was not long after we left our dear old Dominion that it became noised abroad that there were several sets of gloves aboard.

The production of the gloves was a wonderful restorative for many a victim to *mal de mer*, and there were those frothing for the fray who soon displayed an anxiety to use their "dooks." Those who thought they could, but couldn't; yes, and those who thought they couldn't, but could.

It was astonishing to see the galaxy of skill and science which an energetic sports committee had induced to enter the contests.

The number of entries received by the sports committee was encouraging, and the arrangement of details was left to Lieut. Russell, with Sgt. D. Appleby as secretary, it being decided that the tourney would be held each Wednesday and Saturday afternoon.

Maorilanders, versatile as they are in sport, were at a decided disadvantage on the opening day of the ship's sports tourney, Wednesday, February 20th, 1918, when a heavy N.E. wind prevailed.

A ring was roped off on the fo'c'sle port deck, and by two o'clock some 500 men had flocked to view the sport. Every vantage point was taken long before the appointed hour by keen spectators, so much so that it was with difficulty that Lieuts. Toon (judge) and Ormond (timekeeper) could get anything like a decent "possie."

Promptly at 2 p.m. Lieut. Russell (referee) ordered seconds out of the ring, and the first contest commenced, decidedly the most interesting one of the day, and a real ding-dong go.

The space the editor has allotted me will not permit of a full description of each fight, nor yet to relate in detail each day's programme, so the following is written for the purpose of having a history which may be handed down to the rising youth of New Zealand, or—should I say?—our rising youth.

This record is also written irrespective of the date on which the events occurred.

BOXING.

Feather-Weights.

Pte. Mita (Maoris) v. Pte. Brosnahan (D Co.).—By no means a brilliant spectacle; no science, skill or form was exhibited by either. Unfortunately Mita, who had the best of the first two rounds, lost his pecker when Mr. Russell gave him a cautionary word, and towards the end of the last round swung in the towel.

Pte. I. J. Hing (D Co.) v. Pte. J. Fairman (A Co.).—A real ding-dong go. Little Hingie slathered up Fairman with a sight more alacrity than he can slip pineapple, "Flags," or Cailler's over the

canteen counter. Canteen Hingie fought a clean fight, and his victory was a decidedly popular one.

SEMI-FINAL.

Pte. Hughes (A Co.) v. Pte. L. Brosnahan (D Co.).—Hughes opened out in a most aggressively guarded manner, and plugged steadily into "Brossie," who caught Hughes a beauty on the konk. The second round saw Hughes continuing the onslaught with little retaliation from his opponent. Brosnahan seemed to have lost his wind, and Hughes was making hard for "Brossie's" solar with sufficient severity to induce him to cast an envious eye in the direction of the sponge. Exit Brosnahan.

Light-weight.

Pte. Hughes (A Co.) v. Gnr. Gilman, N.Z.F.A.—Hughes was a plucky fighter, but was not getting in on Gilman as he should have done. Gillie was far too open, and in consequence suffered a nice crack or two, but Hughes had to take in return a lovely hit on the bezookah, which, incidentally, added more colour to the scene. Gilman, who probably did more leading, was declared the winner.

Pte. R. Ryan (B Co.) v. Pte. Rameka (Maoris).—Ryan opened out in a most aggressive manner, Rameka slashing out with a length of arm which a knowledge of the game would have made a formidable weapon. The Maori afforded no little amusement in the second round by sending "Ginger" into a pail of water. The experience, however, did not damp "Ginger's" enthusiasm, whose well-aimed lefts induced the Maori to sky the wipe in the third round.

Cpl. Miller (A Co.) v. Pte. Jones (B Co.).—Jones, it was quite evident, knew a thing or two, and he wasn't slow to show it; and in the second spell he got well in, but Miller knew one hit which at spasmodic intervals he got home on Jonesie. Jones was making the fight, and scored an easy victory from Miller, a much more muscular and heavier man than Jones.

SEMI-FINALS.

Gnr. Gillman (N.Z.F.A.) v. Pte. Ryan (A Co.).—A willing fight and evenly contested. Ryan fought hard, but found Gillman's long reach a handicap, and for the first two rounds "Gillie" contented himself to clinch when trouble threatened. It was break, break, break! Ryan was well blown in the third round, but "Gillie" had taken well a rather severe punishment, but yet appeared to be comparatively fresh. Mr. Russell awarded the fight to Gillman.

Middle-weights.

Pte. H. Lilley (D Co.) v. Pte. Taputoro (Maoris).—Lilley knew the game, and being possessed of a good

left walked into Taputoro in hot style. The Maori lost heart quickly, and seemed to be troubled with his feet on the hot deck. Lilley, however, kept at him, and when he plugged Taputoro one on the konk the Maori cried, with an air of dismay, "No more!" An easy win for the pakeha.

Pte. N. L. H. Grant (A Co.) v. Pte. Tonih (Maoris).—Tonih opened out on Grant and sent him to the ropes, but "Snowy" returned and, catching the Maori midships, stood back while Tonih recovered. "Snowy" then pushed Tonih and fought with too solid a pace, landing his opponent hit after hit until the Maori seemed half-dazed. Unfortunately "Snowy" had initiated a pace he could not maintain, and the Maori awakened from a dream and with a mighty swipe sent Grant to the ropes. Tonih thirsted for blood, and Mr. Russell had to pull him off his opponent's throat. Tonih had won, but he wouldn't have done so had he hit Mr. Russell, which he seemed of a mind to do.

Pte. C. J. Reid (C Co.) v. Pte. Kahukura (Maoris).—Kahukura was first of form and lost his wind after the first minute. Reid pushed him hard, but lost many a good bluff by closing his eyes. Reid fought better in the second spell, but was not getting the advantage; he needed more weight behind his blows. Reid lacked ginger in his hits, but Kahukura was not to be denied and kept at Reidie until he shied in the sweat rag.

Pte. Silveira (A Co.) v. Pte. Tahana (Maoris).—Tahana has a great reach, and with a better knowledge of the game could have secured an easy victory. Bill Silveira commenced pressing the Maori in the second spell and made so distinct an impression on the Maori's clock that he threw in the sponge at the end of the second round.

SEMI-FINALS.

Pte. H. Lilley (D Co.) v. Pte. Tonih (Maoris).—Lilley slathered up Tonih like a piece of pasteboard, but Tonih, despite a sanguinary swipe on his nose, stuck to it. He took a beauty in the solar, but hung to it well until, like a flash, he saw blood, and flew into Lilley like a hurricane, provoking a warning from Lieut. Russell for hitting low. Lilley kept cool, and whipped the Maori rather severely. Lilley, who is a pretty boxer, scored a popular win.

Pte. Kahukura (Maoris) v. Pte. Silveira (A Co.).—The Maori hopped into the ring covered in smiles, bubbling over with that good-humour we're so accustomed to see in his race. He hit a blow, which Silveira fended off, and "Bill" let out two sledgehammer blows on Kahukura's head. The Maori gazed heavenward, rolled his left eye, and called, "Oh, give best. He hit too hard," and then looked round the ring for Sgt. Appleby, who had told him he had a "soft" thing on.

Heavy-weights.

Cpl. F. Salisbury (C Co.) v. Pte. Timoto (Maoris).—Neither seemed to know much of the game, and it was the third spell before there was any fight, when Salisbury came up with a stinging upper cut, which the Maori easily dodged, and smashed into the corporal with certain effect. Timoto's was a well-deserved victory.

THE FINALS.

Feather-weights.

Private Hughes (A Co.), who had broken his thumb whilst training, defaulted to Pte. Hing (D Co.).

Light-weights.

Gnr. Gillman (N.Z.F.A.) defaulted to Pte. Jones (B Co.) on points.

Middle-weights.

Pte. Silveira (A Co.) gained the decision over Pte. Lilly (D Co.).

Heavy-weights.

Lce.-Cpl. Newcombe beat Pte. Timoto (Maoris).

WRESTLING.

The wrestling bouts were varied, but did not evoke the enthusiasm which had attended the boxing events.

Capt. Pricor refereed in the catch-as-catch-can, and Lieut. Russell in the Cumberland events.

CATCH-AS-CATCH-CAN.

Light-weights.

Pte. Rameka (Maoris) threw Pte. A. Pearce (A Co.) after a comparatively easy struggle.

Pte. Pratt (A Co.) secured an easy victory in throwing Pte. Des Forges (C Co.).

Middle-weights.

Pte. A. J. Fisher (D Co.) beat Pte. W. A. R. Ross (D Co.).

Pte. F. Ray (C Co.) threw Lce.-Cpl. Morgan (A Co.).

Cpl. Wilkie (A Co.) threw Pte. MacIntosh (A Co.). Pte. Hunt (Maoris) got scissors hold on Cpl. Hunter (A Co.) and laid him low.

SEMI-FINAL.

Pte. Ray (C Co.), after a strenuous struggle, secured a victory from Pte. Hunt (Maoris). Ray is a well-developed and powerful wrestler, who had in Hunt a tricky and quick opponent.

Heavy-weights.

Pte. Stickle (C Co.) threw Pte. A. G. Peat (D Co.). Cpl. F. Salisbury (C Co.), a very powerful wrestler, had an easy task in throwing Pte. H. Booth (D Co.).

Light-weights.

Pte. Rameka (Maoris) beat Pte. Pratt (A Co.) after a tussle of seven minutes.

Cpl. McIntosh (B Co.) proved too good for Pte. Petheridge (C Co.).

A great bout ensued between Pte. Rameka and Cpl. McIntosh in the final. They tried all they knew for eighteen minutes, but neither could get the other's shoulders down. The referee, Cpl. Salisbury, gave it a draw.

Middle-weights.

Pte. Tonih (Maoris) was too hefty for Pte. Ross (D Co.), and won after an eight minutes' struggle.

Pte. Ray (C Co.) thought he had a good thing on with Pte. Tonih (Maoris). So he had, but he threw his chances away, and the Maori landed him and the first prize.

FINAL.

Cpl. F. Salisbury (C Co.), who is a fine type of man and a tower of strength, had a formidable opponent in Pte. Stickle (C Co.). It was six minutes before Frank could get Stickle's shoulders to the ground.

CUMBERLAND.

Gnr. Dunstan (N.Z.F.A.) simply flew in and laid Pte. Ngawaka (Maoris) low. The Maori did not appear to know how to take a grip.

Gnr. Dunstan met a more formidable opponent in Pte. Douglas (A Co.), but was awarded the laurels after a most evenly contested struggle.

TUG-OF-WAR.

The arrangements for the tug-of-war were the best that could be secured on board ship. Both teams faced the same way and pulled round a large pulley. There was a disadvantage, however, inasmuch as the team next the bulwarks had the benefit of the ship's list to port, and with one exception each team which won the toss had a runaway victory from the word "pull."

D Co. pulled N.Z.F.A. No. 1 team.

Maoris pulled C Co. No. 1 team.

Maoris pulled Specialists.

B Co. pulled 13th Platoon D Co.

A Co. pulled Police after a thirty seconds' struggle.

Maoris No. 1 team pulled D Co. No. 1 team. This was the most interesting pull of the tournament, for D Co., who had the advantage of the lower side, got away from the word "pull" with about twenty inches, by which time the Maoris had rooted, and inch by inch they got their rope back, and in 2½ minutes they had D Co. off their feet.

The finals of all the sporting events promise to be most interesting, and we regret they could not have been worked off in time for inclusion in our magazine.

J. L. S. W.

BRITISH MUSEUM, 3000 A.D.

(BY A VERY JUNIOR SUB.)

AMONGST the relics of the Great War is to be seen a container about the size of an ordinary bucket, with an iron handle and deep lid. This was dug up in the early 'eighties, in a part of Salisbury Plain called Sling. This place was known to have been the training camp of a race of people called New Zealanders. As soon as this interesting relic was found, men came from all parts of the world to try and identify it. Some people thought it must have been a kind of bomb, dropped by the Germans, on one of their numerous raids reported to have taken place about this period, as there were traces of fire outside and inside. This idea was soon put by, as there was no locking attachment on the lid. A man who had studied the history of this race from the Southern Seas thought perhaps it might have been used to contain a brew called beer, which it was known these men were fond of. This same man had another idea: perhaps it was used to contain

whisky, a spirit, or joy-water, which these Islanders were most devoted to. Yet the supposition is unlikely, for legend has it that they drank the firewater from square bottles made of glass. These people were so fond of these beverages that a law had to be passed called the Anti-Shouting Law, the aim being to preserve the remnants of a race deprived almost entirely of their male-folk through the Great War. The only conclusion historians can come to is that this one-time vigorous race used to rush about shouting, like a herd of calves, until someone satisfied their craving with one of these two beverages. The Anti-Shouting Law thus became a necessity.

At last a man whose greatest grandfather, who had left New Zealand with that all-glorious and famous Regiment, the 34th, arrived at Sling. This man produced a much-valued heirloom in the form of a letter in which was mentioned the fact that a piece of meat the size of a chop had been found in the stew one morning. The letter proved this ancient warrior was more than a ranker as he had the letters Q.M. after his name. After reading up a lot of records it was found that a Q.M. in those days was a kind of foster-mother, who looked after the feeding of the men at regular hours. As it is no hidden secret how fond these Islanders were of the two beverages mentioned before, the same applies to their love for a concoction called stew. At last it was decided that the find might be a stew container, or stew stewer. Scientists now took charge of the carbon remains from the inside of the vessel: these remains were put to every test known. Traces were found of bones which might have formed part of the cow's husband, but more likely the Moa; also indications of boots, buttons, socks, various articles of clothing, feathers, hair, etc., etc., etc. One of the minor but marvellous discoveries was that traces of soap were found. As far as can be gathered all these ingredients were put in the pot and boiled, until nothing could be recognised, but a semi-liquid fluid of a doubtful colour. The only conclusion for the flat lid was that the cooks put huge weights on them while cooking the meals. This prevented the more active pieces of meat from escaping and also the waste of valuable gas. It is a known fact that the race preferred their meat in the second stages of life. To satisfy this taste they had huge storehouses all over New Zealand in which the meat could be kept for years. The carbon deposits in the container proved beyond doubt that these Islanders liked their stew burnt. They were so fond of this form of food that they fed upon it three times a day, for weeks on end. This curio was evidently made for the cooking of stew, the apparent national food of this very interesting race. A drawing has been found of a smaller style of stewpan: historians say every man carried one for his own use. If this is so, the race must have been stew-eaters before the war. So far no traces have been found of an Anti-Shouting Stew Law, which no doubt accounts for the race having shared the same fate as the Moa. It is as yet an open point if the stew and spirit, or the want of it, is responsible for the loss of such a fine race of men. Among the papers in the Archives of the Peace Office may be seen a genuine pre-Peace document, termed an Indent, on which is faintly inscribed the following:

"Field Kettle, 1 Men, for the use of."

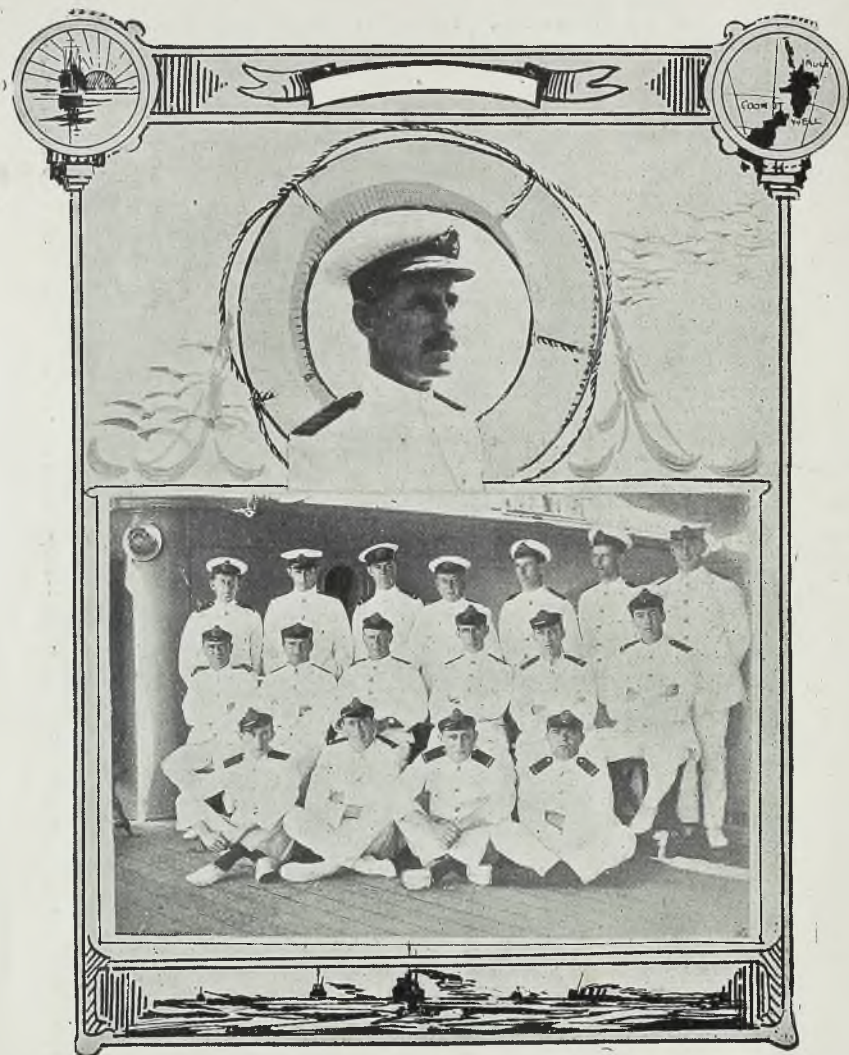
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DE. Thomas





Top Row.—T. D. Shearer, Junior Wireless; A. Ipkendanz, 5th Eng.; J. M. McCarthy, Second Steward; F. Stone, Chief Steward; E. M. Bain, Senior Wireless; B. J. Rasmussen, 8th Eng.; R. Hungerford, 9th Eng.
Middle Row.—A. J. Cornish, 3rd Officer; R. J. Webb, 2nd Officer; R. Jones, Chief Officer; H. J. Crockford, Chief Engineer; C. S. Waugh, 2nd Eng.; A. E. Kendall, 3rd Eng.
Front Row.—G. J. Reyburn, 6th Eng.; A. J. Drew, 7th Eng.; G. A. Henderson, 4th Eng.; W. Brown, Extra 3rd Officer.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY.

N.Z.F.A.

A is for Appleyard—the boy from Petone,
Some rider on trek on the "Jerusalem" pony.
Corporal on the howitzer, 'twas tackled with zest;
The crew are so smart, it has puffed out his chest.

B is for Bennett, who is well known in the south
For the wise words of wisdom which fell from his
mouth.

Take care, oh, beware, of Chippie's innocent dial;
The brain-box is working—don't judge by his
smile.

C stands for our sergeants, George Crimp and Bob
Clark;

Both figures well known on the athletic park:
To bathe with the damsels of Lyall Bay fame
They always made sure they were on the first
train.

D is for Dunstan, little "Dunce" with the grip;
If you would keep your good looks don't give
any lip.

At weight lifting, shot putting and wrestling, of
course,
He's a sure thing, a winner, our modest dark
horse.

E stands for explosives, you've heard of lyddite,
And picric acid, gun-cotton, also cordite;
Gas shells of all kinds, if you sniff but one smell,
You'll not dodge again the H.E. or shrapnel.

F is our Faulkner—his initials A. J. ;
He's a sport through and through for five bob
a day.

A white man, a grafter, he's keen on his work;
What a lesson to those left behind who did shirk.

G stands for "Gillie," which one we don't know—
There's Gilchrist, the long one, and Gilman, our
foe.

And as we're all brothers, they don't care damn;
So we'll christen them "Gillie" and "O'Gilligan"

H is our corporal—Bert Hardy, you know—
The mild music flows from his fiddle and bow.
His tenor voice sweet has a wonderful timbre
So fluent, so flowing, if we fall off the limber.

I is our bosom friend—inoculation;
A very mild stab beside vaccination.
To keep the pain fresh in our memory
Have a look at the pay book, it's there, T.A.B.

J is our corporal, whose parade name is Joyce;
To us, Chunder Loo, Keystone, epithets choice.
His skill with the compass we hereby endorse,
Army law, semaphore, angle-itis and Morse.

K are the Keystones, their corporal is a snorter;
There's Nicholls and Hunt, Drummond and
Porter.

The least said the better, 'twill save further
trouble;
But let me remind you of Gifford and Hubble.



"Ubique."

L stands for Bombardier Long and Tom Leanen;
Two dashing bold gunners, they don't make good
seamen.

Said both: "This life is some good on the
ocean";
But that was before they had sampled the motion.

M is Len Martin, also "Mrs." McCaul,
Who carries a library, well known to all.
Len's had a "bivvy" in the Featherston stable;
He's knows the "Tin Hut" and has "dined"
at its table.

N is for Nicol, who answers to Len,
And for Nicholls, the "Spec.," who runs like a
hen.

He's been checked by his corporal, who won't
pass it by;
"Take that identification disc out of your eye."

O is for Olen, who warbles in Maori;
A boy from the North—the land of the Kauri.
A head-driver sure with a wonderful seat;
The stirrups seem small, it's the size of his feet.

P is our pay book—just turn over its leaf;
Check age, bunions, corns, the state of your
teeth;
Next-of-kin, weight and eyes, a queer record it
shows,
Numbers the hairs of your head and claw
hammer toes.

Q is the queue, which is formed every day,
For issue, inoculation, records and pay ;
R's and T's at the tail-end, A's in ahead ;
Let us hope that, for once, they will start off
with Z.

R is for Reilly—our "Jack of the Rye" ;
He'll argue, and argue, but never say die.
If knowledge you seek, statistics or dates,
Go to Jack, and absorb the wisdom he states.

S is for Surridge, who mends the fuze keys :
Since coming on board he thinks it's hard cheese,
As he misses his tea, which arrived twice a day,
At the Featherston Gun Park, now far away.

T stands for Temm, a quartermaster, no less ;
See the pride in his eye as he watches the mess.
"I'm the Quarter, you know, of the Artilleree.
Any complaints, men, please refer them to me."

If U are the subject of this doggerel rhyme,
Don't take it to heart, but forgive me the
crime.
We are *all* cobbers here, you can't deny that ;
Take it all smiling; watch the others smile
back.

V is vaccination, of which has been said,
It's the chance of a lifetime—now then, swing
the lead.
Parade sick in the morning, you *might* get E.D.,
And your arm in a sling, and your mates'
sympathy.

W stands for the Wilsons—we have three—alack
There's J. A., H. F. and big Wilson Ack.
J. A. and H. F. get the mess orderly tips ;
And big Wilson Ack. "bites" for-rard with
"chips."

X is an exercise—results give great praise ;
"On the back—down—one, two—both legs—
R-a-i-s-e."

Y stands for Yorston, our new Specialist ;
Thank heaven, we've come to the end of the list.

Z is our zeal in the work of the battery.
Attention to details and punctuality ;
Loyalty to officers and each other, of course,
Keep up the good name of the smart —th.

A. C. S. (57659).

A COY.

The undoubted and even undisputed (?) fact that A company takes first place amongst the units of H.M.N.Z.T. no doubt owes its foundation to three most important bodies composing it—officers, n.e.o.'s, men. As we have got them down in that order we might as well discuss them, each in turn, in that order.

Though it is not often talked about—and this fact may be accounted for in one word—jealousy—the senior officer is no less a person than O.C. Ship. Of course, he has not time enough to put us through

our showers at 5 a.m., and we deeply sympathise with him in the responsibility which his work as O.C. entails, yet he is often to be seen keeping an eagle eye on us from a point of vantage on the upper deck, and is bold enough to enquire at unexpected intervals whether we "have shaved this morning."

Our O.C.—like all great men—has his peculiarities and quiffs. One of these is that we should not be too noisy. In fact, so insistent is he upon this that he has told us so, many times and in many ways, one of which ran something like this : "Now, men, all I want to hear to-night is—perfect silence !" He takes great care of us, though, and so fatherly are his interests for us that we sometimes forget ourselves and call him "D—."



"Arfa."

Our second in command is one of those returned fellows—he knows his job, though. Some say he is related to a Canadian animal, the moose ; while I have heard others calling him "Arf-a-mo." They say, too, that he De-mo-ralises fair hearts—I don't know, though.

We have also an officer called B—. No, it's not what you think it is—it's a nice name, really. He may be seen of a morning on his allotted portion of A company's parade ground, and seems to have a good deal to do with No. 2 platoon.

Another of our one-star artists has rather the habits of a dormouse. He is known to bite at times, though. But if ever you want to find him make a bee-line for cabin 7. If he's not there, try the crow's-nest. On the morning of embarkation I heard a Scotsman proffer the hope that he would not be "lang awa" !

A keen, enthusiastic officer is Paul —, yet another of our platoon commanders. He has the goods alright and knows how to make something of the raw recruit. I shouldn't be surprised to

hear that there are some fair maids in Auckland bemoaning the loss of a cheery, athletic young man who goes by the name of C—. Good luck to P.G.C., and may his shadow never grow less!

Our senior n.c.o. is often heard remarking, "Well, I'm over, if you're not in! Wait a minute, gentlemen, wait a minute—I may be able to do business. Yes, up she goes. Sixteen! Vot a game it is!" We absolutely can't understand what he means—perhaps he can tell us?

The Q.M.S. should be able to improve his knowledge of Maori while on board. Did anyone ask how long he had been in the class? Sergeant Appleby has lately been struggling with his "seven-a-side." It's no use, sergeant—they don't sell Brice's hair restorer at the canteen. Great statesmen, though, always show lack of hair.

If you're at a loss for words of any description, on any subject, ask Sergeant Westerman (length immaterial). It was a treat to hear him and Sergeant Knudsen trying to pull the "Southern Cross" to bits "abaf the poop," the other night. By the way, we are told that the latter has nobly offered his lifebelt to "J. J. A.," so confident is he of being able to swim alone to shore. His tactical handling of sharks should be able to stand him in good stead.

Sergeant "Pat" is said to have left an important part of his anatomy at a spot 10 miles from Kawakawa. "Somewhere in the North," a voice is calling, and softly in his sleep we hear him answer.

The following are a few caustic remarks gleaned from the Forepeak:

That the gang of Blenheim Roughs—Pots, Macted, May, Taplin and Boyle—are to be congratulated upon the perfection they have reached in the art of lead-swinging. We notice, too, that they are always first out of bed at reveillé, and just revel in their morning shower. Who was that said, "I don't think"?

That we have two prominent pugilists in Privates Hughes and Stiviera—the former a "heavy" little boxer—the latter a real "hard hitter." Needless to say they will both pull off their weights in the competition without the slightest difficulty.

That "Bill the Dunk" is a noted lead-slinger, but that he has the happy knack of feathering his own bed to advantage.

That Peter Fraser, a "canny" Scot from the Shetlands, knows all about knotting and lashing, and that his fire-brigade talent is of value even here. He has been known, too, to lapse into poetry over the appetising aspect of the stew.

That it is a pity that "Paddy" of No. 2 platoon is being starved. He is absolutely fading away. He can talk "some," though. Hooray for "Oireland!"

That the peaceful summer evenings at Tauherenikan and Featherston were often rudely disturbed by A company's musician—Piper Ross.

That A company possessed two "All Black" celebrities in J. Douglas and H. Atkinson, of Otago. Owing, though, to "unsuitable" train arrangements Harry, unfortunately, "is not."

That No. 2 platoon have at least one honest n.c.o. He came away to fight—not to play policeman. He's some "Man-son."

Following is an extract from A company's Detail Book.

MISSING.

Fears are entertained for the welfare of a party of Massey's Tourists, who left Tauherenikan camp on Saturday, November 10th, for Wellington. Last seen leaving the Grand Hotel, about 10 a.m. on the 12th inst., in a car, No. W.1227, apparently with the intention of making the return journey. Since heard of somewhere in the vicinity of Paekakariki. Public opinion differs as to whether the party took the wrong turning or met with a fearful accident. *Compres?* Included in the party were several prominent military officials. Any information regarding the above will be gladly received by the undersigned.

D. A. D. and C.O.

B COY.

B Coy., as it is now constituted, is a varied collection of men, the majority of whom were transferred to its ranks just prior to embarkation to fill shortages caused by the isolation of several of those who were originally posted to it. Consequently it is a unit with little or no history. That, of course, is unfortunate. The officers and the majority of the N.C.O.'s, however, have worn the uniform sufficiently long to have gained for themselves some distinction (or, should I say, notoriety?) in camp circles. Since the inception of the company changes have occurred in the commissioned ranks also, but there are still two officers who saw the compilation of the first nominal roll.

Lieut. J. H. Crawford, the O.C., has seen considerable service on Gallipoli and in France, and there is little that he does not know about modern warfare as it is waged on the Western Front. Of a quiet and imperturbable nature, he readily succeeds in gaining the goodwill of any placed under his charge. I am told that this popular officer belongs to A.B., and that, although partial to the fairer sex, has no intention of entering the holy bonds of matrimony.

The tall and virile commander of No. 5 Platoon, Lieut. J. O. Toon, is a typical New Zealander of the sports-loving class. He, too, has seen more fighting than falls to the lot of the average man, and is recognised as an authority on all the latest methods of combating the versatile Hun. He implicitly believes in "playing the game" at all times and holds no brief with any who disregard this golden rule. Rumour has it that "Jim" is a great favourite with the ladies, and I am inclined to believe that Dame Rumour has not erred.

Although he has not been long connected with the company, Lieut. A. Thomson, who is in charge of No. 6 Platoon, has already shown his worth. He interests himself a good deal in the welfare of the men, and is never so happy as when he can do a service, however small, for someone. He likes to be up and doing, but that is not surprising, considering that he has been in the legal profession, and that he is married!

In Lieut. J. R. Richards the men of No. 7 have a well-instructed officer. He is quiet and studious, and believes in discipline. It is stated that he has

distinguished himself in scholastic circles and that he promises to "make good" out yonder.

Lieut. C. L. Crump, who is responsible for No. 8 Platoon, rules with a firm hand. He dislikes mediocrity, and insists in making his men a smart lot; and in the old days, when the company was made up of its original draft, No. 8 was undoubtedly a model platoon. There are no flies on C. L. C., a fact that is doubtless due to his possession of a "better half" and experience gained in a not unimportant Government department.

Coming now to the N.C.O.'s, I find that prominent among these is C.-S.-M. Downing. "Kewpie," as he is popularly termed, owing to his rotundity, is a "downy bird," who believes in business, and detests anything opposed to military decorum or etiquette. It is said that he is on speaking terms with all the really nice girls in the Wallaceville district, but that he has no intention of becoming a Benedict until he himself has a nice little farm, remunerative and stocked with all manner of delectables. "Kewpie" is a firm believer in the maxim that an army cannot fight on an empty stomach.

By virtue of his connection with the legal profession, Sergeant G. J. Bayley is well known in Taranaki. He knows his work, but one could never charge him with being an aspirant to military honours. By nature he is ruminative and critical. George John is destined, I think, to win much attention from the fairer sex. It is significant that he received so many nice parcels on the day of embarkation.

Sergeant Caratti (Spaghetti), an erstwhile resident of Christchurch, is seldom seen on parades. He is fond of orderly-room work, and delights in handing over to the men their hard-earned "boodle." He is particularly partial to talking after "lights out," and resents any interference by inspecting sergt.-majors who carry electric torches. He is of the opinion that the electric torch is revolutionising in its effect, that it is calculated to kill romance, and that it should not be sold to persons under fifty years of age.

Sergt. McGrail, E.B., is a quiet chap who has the happy knack of doing the right thing at the right time. He is of that kind that delights in an *affaire de cœur*, and listens sympathetically to any maudlin recital of feminine charms. It is to be hoped that "Mac" will remain true to his Wellington lassies.

Sergt. O. J. Rodgers is an N.C.O. who has all the keenness of youth. He has always been fond of drill, and I suspect that he has been an enthusiastic territorial. There is not much that "Oszy" does not know about Palmerston North and its people.

"Hogan" is the name by which Sergt. C. J. Smith is known to his more intimate companions. His tastes are mainly centred on the stage, which, it is said, he once graced as an important cleric in the "Monk and the Woman." We shall doubtless see something of his histrionic ability before he quits the army.

So much for the sergeants. Of the corporals the best known are H. Hogg and G. Heald. The former, despite his name, is an artistic soul, who simply revels in classical songs. Having come from England, he is something of an authority on the

"old dart." He will doubtless be an able pilot in London, the "high lights" of which are well known to him. Corporal Heald is a sturdy New Zealander with a mechanical turn of mind. It is stated that the ship's speed has appreciably increased since he joined the engineer's staff.

I humbly apologise to Q.-M.-Sergt. P. J. O'Sullivan for my seeming neglect, but he well merits the most conspicuous place, and that, as any lady will tell you, is the end and not the beginning of an article. "Peter" does not sail serenely on the chopping sea of militarism and looks hopefully to the time when he will be washed high and dry on the shore of civilian life. The law is the profession of his choice, and I understand that at one time he attended with meticulous care to certain legal files considered important by a painstaking Government. This may possibly account for his oft repeated remark, "Leave it to me." "Peter" is, apparently, a misogynist, for it is well known that he neither seeks nor tolerates female society. This may, or may not, be due to a constitutional dislike.

Personally, I am inclined to attribute it to the fact that his time is already fully occupied with other things—as, for instance, frequent ablutions and the performance of those hundred-and-one little duties that devolve upon the heads of conscientious Q.-M.-Sergts, and which keep them habitually off parade. I only hope that "Peter" will not suffer a nervous breakdown.

Little Scotty McPhie asked Me(e) to have some Old-ale. But the King said, No, throw it to the Lyons at the Kensington Museum. We notice that Scotty has parted from his old habit of throwing boots, and he is fast losing his reputation as a Hunter.

Corporal Roberts has remarked that the English Rose is the Leader of all flowers. But we will find that the Fisher does not hold the same opinion.

In the Barron wastes of France we hope that we will have no Frost, as it would sadly inconvenience the old Ford.

During the voyage B Coy. has been very pleased to have the strains of the bag-pipes so close to their parade decks. This Noble Piper has proved a Clinker at the art, especially at (K)night.

Sergt. Smith is undoubtedly some Kid on ragtime. But he needs Mo(o)re music before he can hold forth in public.

It was evident that the boys took a keen Pryde in watching Ryan score his Good-win on Saturday last.

Q.-M.-S. O'Sullivan has been noticed G(l)adding about on the hospital deck a lot lately, and we sincerely hope that his vaccination has Heal(e)d by now.

The Germans term their submarines U-boats. Why not call our transport waggons E-Vans?

Young Pollock has a great mania for over-staying his leave. He has a Heap of crimes on his White sheet. He would Trip away from the Trail for days, o'er Hill and Hollow, and finally return hard-up, and far from any of his Ho(l)mes.

Aylward was asked by Anderson, of Downing Street, to partake of a Murphy. He Beck(oned) to Kelly to pass the Box. But they had been left too long and had started to Mould away.

C COY.

The fact that the majority of C Coy. boys come from Taranaki, the land of the cow spankers, will possibly account for the similarity of character displayed by so many of the men, though variety is made up by the n.c.o.'s, most of whom are of a much more cosmopolitan nature.



"C."

We have men of outstanding greatness in our company. One naturally thinks of Sergt. Hutchings, more popularly known as "Little Hutchie." His everlasting, One! One-two!! echoes in my ears. They say Hutchie did a big thing in civil life. He managed, and was part proprietor of, Winter John's Merkin manufactory. Tommy, our "made-in-a-day" Quarter—and who will say he was not well made?—is a popular n.c.o. Our one regret is that he had not been Q.M.S. from the jump. He's a particularly fine sailor, never missed a meal.

While thinking of greatness in C Coy., one will never forget C.S.M. Flackton, more frequently referred to as the "Bokaka." Notwithstanding the elasticity and length of his shapeless limbs, try as he may, he will never succeed in getting Billy Whitlock's mantle to fit him. But then, Billy was a soldier. Sergts. Armstrong and Bonnington are two good "boys," and, mark you, I use that word advisedly. Time, and experience of war will, however, efface youth and supply to them a keener knowledge of human nature and the ways of men. Dear Old Finny, he does think of his men, and well he gets there, every time. In every sense of the word, Sergt. Hugo—or should I say Finn?—is a man of the world, and possesses that ripened tact and versatility which come with years of experience.

Our corporals, like our men, are a motley crew. By George, did ever one strike a more harem-

scarem chappie than good old Jarvie, rough as angel's food, but adored by his men; and, quietly, I'd much sooner have old George, as a pal in a tight corner, than any of the schoolboys. Another good old chap is Jimmy Hoare; he's the acme of good nature. Like most married men, he has learnt the knack of looking after the other chap before himself. Corporal O'Neale has earned the reputation of crowding more hours sleep into one day than any other n.c.o. in the company. He is also second fiddler to Corporal Graham, the chief entertainer and O.C. dormitory sweepers. Corporal Salisbury is a snag as heavy-weight boxer, but I like him better as anchorman in the tug-of-war team. Morrie has distinguished himself with his soft trench (?) cap. Spare the word, he "ain't" yet a returned soldier, though, be it said, he possesses sufficient swank. Corporal Wright hasn't been seen on a parade since he took on the orderly-room work, but they tell me he has written a convincing argument for many a chap after special leave—but "them's the days of old, Maggie."

Our lance-jacks, Gee Whiz; what a galaxy of beauty! Harry Palmer holds the palm. He won the Beauty Competition when a nipper of twelve moons and has grown prettier every day. In civil life he is a keen member of the I.W.W. League of Skilled Craftsmen. Rowly, the company's energetic representative on the Gifts Committee, lost, when embarking, a small packet containing ground ginger. He's what they call a Final Leave Benedict.

Our boys are of all nationalities. Old Mac, or McLachlan, with emphasis on the "Lach," has never drunk whisky since he came aboard. The last I saw of him was when he was putting the nips into the ship's Assist. Q.M., but I hear he only got an empty case.

Many of the others have made names for themselves. Why, in civil life, they must have been famous, had they lived long enough. Martin, B.A., would prove a valuable man on such a cruise as this, when fresh water is at such a premium. Pat. Scullion, at present acting as aide-de-camp to Hutchings Winter, hopes to qualify for some Court appointment. Tiny Willcox shows signs of melting away. The heat, he says, is terrific, and the vegetables smell so! Still, we all hope Tiny will be spared to see his wife again, and demonstrate to her his ability in spudatoc and pumpkin-shaving. The man I want to see reach Berlin is O. C. Packer. No, no. I've mixed my initials; yet, I knew he had some connection with the O.C. Yes, he's his batman. Without doubt the most preoccupied man on board. Has ridden a winner or two, and hopes, yet, to ride the Kaiser, if not for him. Musicians! Yes, musicians galore. Corporal Graham, naturally, holds the biscuit; he is Mr. Blom's trump card. Lawrence—why, his cornet is a source of everlasting comfort, to—well, at least himself. Of songsters we have many. Barlow, chief soloist to No. 10 Platoon, is as vociferous as "Vickey," with the latter's everlasting "Private Michael Cassidy, V.C." Belk sings a sweet song, generally in the privacy of his own closet. It goes to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home," but I've never heard the words. Nevertheless, there's more than Belk who would pay quids for another sight of the dear little girl he left behind him.

Private McLisky—somewhat of a paradox—

H. C. R.

popularly known as Mack, but as full of Irish blamey as any "Pat" could be. Mack has qualified as a dispenser of warm drinks on cold nights! Hot tea, bovril, or grills and toast may be had from Mack at shortest notice—if in the vicinity of "Lights Out." Mack is a good-hearted chap, but you can't rope him in for a game of poker.

Our history of C celebrities would be by no means complete if reference were not made to our fighting men, Culkeen and Cheevers. Ever since that little tiff at Trentham, when old Tom neatly placed a dirty left right under Cheevers' Kaiser-winking optic, these two have been born pals. I don't think! Frank Salisbury advises me they were both keen entrants for the heavy-weights.

C Coy. has another feather to its cap, in producing the entire ship's postal staff. Sergt. Jimmy Dilks and Corporal Gordon Duff are both good men, and qualified for their job, which means a lot in the Army. Jimmy, when at home in Opunaki, in addition to the multifarious duties of a post-master, which, I fancy, frequently fell to his lot, acted as dead-letter clerk. Should he ever see the front in the capacity of a postal sorter, may he handle no dead men's letters. Gordon was on the staff at Greytown, and played with more live wires there than he dared to touch since he came to camp, thanks to the shock Major Mounsey gave him. The two have had a strenuous time. Evidence of that statement, surely, is the fact that Jimmy Dilks had four days in hospital, during which period Gordon was at his wits' end to know how to get through the work.

THE SQUIB.

D —.

Here's to our old D —,
Few better have left N.Z. shore.
They're rough, Sir, I'll admit,
But they're game, and ready to do their bit.

Our O.C. is a twicer, name George Greig,
A 2nd Lt. who's already done his share.
By hard graft from the ranks he has risen
To his present position;
Deny he's not a good 'un, if you dare.

A main-body man is George,
At Gallipoli and in France he's fought;
And now back again for another smack,
To give Fritz h—l, and keep him back,
Is the spirit shown by all his sort.

With the camera he's some good,
With the rifle he's some shot,
With the girls he's no "boob,"
He's a sport, Sir, and that's the lot.

Our next in command is A. V. Peace,
A returned sub. from the 8th we all like.
His name sounds fine, and would look well in
large type.
But "Barney" wouldn't have it,
As the time isn't ripe.



"D."

You see, Sir, it's this way:
In France "Barney" got smacked, for getting in
the way.
Still, he was a good 'un, and to N.Z. returned
With a commission, honourably and proudly
earned.
But men of his stamp in N.Z. can't stay,
'Cause Haig and Godley are still away.

The remainder of our "subs," of whom there are
three,
I'll now try to describe, if you'll bide-a-wee.
The first is Anthony, although not a Jew,
You'd scarcely believe it, but it's a fact, and true.
It's Anthony C. Nathan, a member of the Bar,
Who at present is doing nothing but talking of
war.

The second is a late motor-cycle king,
Who could fly to Sumner, like sea-gulls on the
wing;
Although he's white, his name is Black,
A coincidence you'll agree, but nevertheless a fact.

Last, but not least, is L. C. Averill.
Rumour hath it he will 'ave-a-ell of a time ashore,
For he's young and full of life as a half-tamed boar.
Still, he's plucky, and not afraid to speak
Like others I know, who'd sooner lie down and
sleep.

Of our C.-S.-M. G. C. Keeble,
You have all heard of him, I'm sure.
No? Nonsense! Not heard of our Jim,
He with the poisoned leg and finely-chiselled chin.
He's no slacker is Keeb;

Always ready for his nose-bag when it contains
a good feed.
He can hold a fourer and beat all your full-hands,
And bet on a bluff ; do ye ken, ye lambs ?
Still, he's a soldier and a good 'un to the core :
Here's to you, Jim, and may we stick for evermore!

Our Q.-Master's name is E. Henry,
And he knows his 'job, does Ted ;
If it's Bill's stew, dry hash, or just plain bread,
Just tell our Quarter, he's alive, not dead.

Away aft is our tame poet, Sergt. E. Wood,
Whose wrath is often misunderstood.
He hails from New Brighton,
And his ambition isn't fighting ;
But if you want a good tip
About running the ship
He'll give it without any skiting.
Of stature big, he's as fat as a pig,
And, better than all, he's no prig.
He loves the good old game of draw,
But will never rise it except on fulls or four.

Our little half-back is named Skinny,
Who often gets the hump and pains in his pinny ;
When sea-sick he does his bit,
Although at times quite unfit,
And has never yet been known to quit—
That's Skinny !

Our Glory-Hole King, Sergt. W. Stewart,
Is a singer of some repute ;
Be it comic or hard stuff he'll be there,
In his little short shirt and closely-cropped hair.
Yes, Bill's a doer, but a grafter as well ;
He's got some "common" and is as sound as a
bell.
He'll tell you funny stories, in a blankety-blank
way,
And will always toe the mark when it's his turn
to pay.

We have a "one and only" Sergeant Smith,
A very uncommon name you'll say ;
But Smithy's name is also Stan,
You bet he's a trier, not an also-ran.
When first we came aboard—behold !
Smithy's parcels nearly filled the hold ;
For he's some steam in his quiet little way,
And has a different girl for every day.
They tell me that, when our stunt is o'er,
That you're getting married for evermore.
Good luck, old chap, and may it be true,
For honestly, Smithy, I think it's up to you.

We also have a sergeant named Climie,
Who's beginning to enjoy his trip on the briny ;
He's sergeant of the canteen, I say,
Where cash doesn't count, only coupons will pay.
Cigarettes ten for threepence, tobacco 6d. a tin,
What about it, Climie ?—you're in for a good spin.
But you do not smoke, or wildly swear,
Your chief concern seems to be your hair ;
We know it's jolly hard to bear—
So cheer up, Climie.

Before our tame poet goes mad,
Methinks he ought to add
A line or two to his old pal, "Moonshine."
Perhaps some may not remember Sergt. Frank
Pratt,
Whose laughter was good, and made one fat.
His face shone like the moon,
And was a treat to see in any room.
His was a character that none could excel,
A true friend and the best of pals.
We used to be called Frank, the heavenly Twins,
But now are separated like the four winds.
Say, Pal, the time is drawing near
When you and I will again be with those we hold
dear.
May good luck go with you, as it should,
Is the wish of your pal, Sergt. Wood.

OUR MESS.

For a soldier to write home stating that he
belonged to No. 2 Mess (or any other mess for that
matter) might, without some word of explanation,
create any impression but the right one. A "mess,"
as a civilian understands the term, implies muddle or
chaos, the state of things resulting from incom-
petence ; but, used in the military sense, "mess"
signifies the soldier's first duty to himself—the
partaking of nourishment. Whatever may be the
extent of the military knowledge of those of No. 2
Mess, or "N.Z.—," they all know and appreciate
the wisdom of old "Nap," who immortalised the
maxim that an army fights on its stomach. They
also know that "Charty begins at home," and so
they combine these two golden rules, happily with
excellent results.

It will therefore be seen that a messroom, and
No. 2 in particular, is one of the most important
departments of our ship, and its working staff as
competent. For the Quarter will not allow things to
be done by halves, and the orderlies know well that
their whole soul must be put into their duty for
their room to pass the careful scrutiny of the
Master. At 6.30 a.m. the bugler pipes the warning
that some six hundred hungry men are focussing
their appetite for 7 o'clock and the tables must be
got ready. Never did men work more willingly or
smartly ! There is also some element of speculation
as to what the cooks have prepared, for here we
certainly have a varied menu, whereas at dear old
Trentham it was "stew" with the regularity and
precision of the rising of the sun, the only varying
element being the quality.

At 7 every corner of the room is invaded simul-
taneously with the precision, ferocity and thorough-
ness of a British attack on an enemy line of defence,
and the onslaught is quite as complete. But this
is where the simile ends. When the attack is over
the retreat is sounded, the room cleared, and the
orderlies are left to prepare the field for the counter-
attack which is always made from the waiting line.
When this is over the daily spring clean commences,
for everything from floor to ceiling must be spotless
by 10.30 a.m., when the procession of the "chiefs"
enters, headed by the Master of the ship, and the
inspection commences. Every man on board stands
at his post till the ship's officers pass by, preceded

THE SPECIALISTS.

ALTHOUGH we have left behind the larger half of our number, reviling their fate in isolation at Featherston, the company has succeeded in maintaining life in the body, in spite of the fact that it is much dismembered, being quartered in various odd places on board. Every morning in the deck dormitory the cheery Jock is first up to whistle at the sunrise (!) and every night last to bed to crow at lights-out, while in the under regions young Nick and the Wogey keep things stirring, aided by certain other small inhabitants.

We have not yet landed, but, having come by the route generally expected, the boys have exchanged souvenirs with comrades-in-arms on shore, and are proudly displaying the badges, hat cords and money of our Ally. The novel sights of submarines (friendly), destroyers and various engineering works have been a welcome relief from the weeks of sea travelling and the lungs have again been exercised with cheers and choruses for passing vessels and the few shore inhabitants allowed near.

The main part of the company has been allocated to various fatigues and special duties—ship's signallers, mess orderlies, police, cooks, etc., in general "running the ship"—so that after medical inspection at 9 a.m. the army melts away, leaving a select few to do parades, physical drill, lectures, semaphore, etc. In spite of this strenuous life there still seems time to think of home. Judging by the number of letters written for our only mail, so far, and the figures one sees leaning on the rails, watching the moon-track, in the excellent weather we have had, if these are any signs, home is much remembered; and perhaps not least when meal-time comes round and the remembrance of past luxuries is roused by stew and sago. In spite of all minor discomforts, however, we are enjoying good health and still keeping to our "Maxim" to keep the "Flags" flying.



"Guts."

by the orderly bugler, who at frequent intervals blows a "G."

Between the clean-up and inspection there is generally an hour off when the men indulge in their own personal pursuits of reading or writing or whatever their particular taste may lead to. When the first blast of the bugle is heard, everyone "springs to it," and the mess utensils are all arranged in proper fashion and the dazzling brilliancy of the plate displayed.

The silent procession—for no one in its train has yet uttered a syllable, in our hearing—moves in, and the sharp glances of the Master as he scans with the aid of his electric torch every nook and corner ask these questions: "Is this scupper quite clean?" "Did you use the knifeboard?" "Did you prune this morning?" "Did you scour that dixie?" "Did you nuggut your shoes?" and so on. This ceremony over, the tables are again prepared for lunch, for does not the invasion by the menagerie take place again at noon? At 1.30 p.m. the tables are again white and everything packed away.

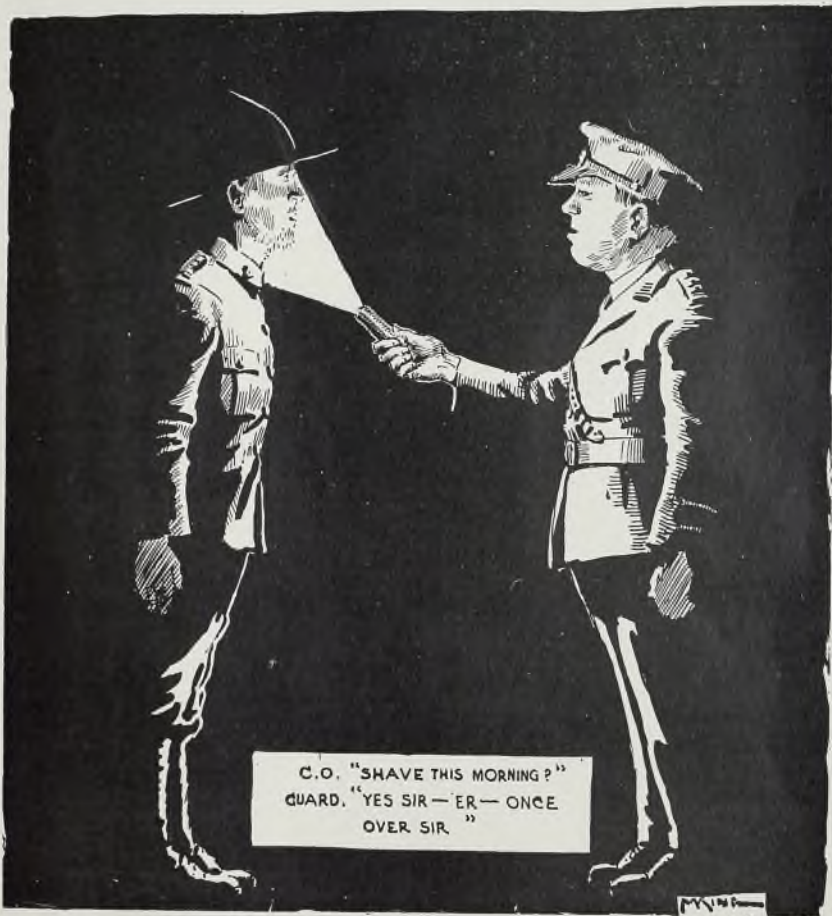
From then until 4.30 the orderlies dismiss and are free to carry on at whatever they wish. Dinner at 5 again throws all into the limit of activity and sees everyone—first the staff and then the invaders—"going for their lives." The shock of their onslaught is taken by the well-filled plates, and the appetites of the boys, but recently so insatiable, subside, like a wave broken by the ship's bow, and is flung back, leaving in its place no trace of its former fury.

E. S. H.

OUR CHAPLAINS.

WITH us we have three chaplains—Chaplain-Captains McKenzie, Peat and Green. The latter is the only chaplain who is attached to the Reinforcement. Chaplain-Captain McKenzie recently returned to New Zealand. He has been on service since 1915 with the New Zealand Rifle Brigade, and was latterly on duty at Homechurch. The Y.M.C.A. has also a representative in Mr. Lawrence, D.D. He has done much for us. Games writing material and sweets have been provided by him. The Sunday services have been divided between the chaplains. Services and Communion are held in the morning, Bible class in the afternoon, and voluntary services in the evening.

The chaplains have also given valuable assistance in promulgating entertainments and sports, while Chaplain-Captain McKenzie has started a French class.



C.O. "SHAVE THIS MORNING?"
GUARD. "YES SIR - ER - ONCE
OVER SIR."

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WHAT MIGHT BE.

It was a beautiful morning in early spring, and I was about to lazily contemplate my surroundings when I suddenly became conscious of the presence of a well-dressed stranger. At first I was somewhat irritated by his undetected approach and use of the seat which I had hoped to keep to myself. To show my resentment, I gazed steadfastly across the green, until curiosity prompted me to covertly regard my companion. He appeared to be about thirty-five and unhappy. With the reflection that he was lonely and probably desired company, my irritation vanished.

"Fine morning," I said, tentatively.

He declared that he had not noticed it.

"Perhaps," I suggested, "you are in trouble."

"The trouble is," he explained, "that I am not in harmony with my environment. My position demands the observance of certain customs that I am incapable of following. You see, I'm a returned soldier, having served nearly three years in the Army. When I returned to my wife and family, I expected to live the pre-war life, in a respectable, civilised manner. But for me it is no longer possible. At the hours of seven, twelve and five, I procure a plate, mug, knife, fork and spoon, and, holding these very tightly, I hang around the dining-room door until food appears. For the life of me, I cannot desist from dipping a greasy knife in the jam. Latterly, I have taken to searching the store rooms and garden for odd pieces of lead. Sometimes I vary this by collecting stones and giving them a liberal coating of white-wash. When rain renders this impossible, I retire to the kitchen and insist on peeling the potatoes. I embarrass the servants by doing the washing. My wife, who does not understand, and therefore cannot sympathise, considered me mad when I grabbed my hat the other evening and hastily left the house. That was because an imp of a territorial bugler who lives near by was practising the C.B. call. I habitually address the gardener as 'Sir,' and invariably stand to attention when any of my daughters plays the 'Marsellaise.' The scoldings of my family weigh me down; I am henpecked and chickpecked."

I murmured my sympathies and referred to the healing effects of time.

"No use," he said, lugubriously. He lapsed into a moody silence, which I did not attempt to break. Presently the college clock proclaimed the hour of twelve. I rose, stretched myself and declared that the Square was my destination.

"Mine, too," he said, rising with unexpected alacrity.

An attempt to leave him at the Shelter was frustrated. Hardly realising the position, I was piloted towards "Warners." We drank modestly and with the deference of new acquaintanceship. An officer appeared in the saloon. The red in his hat and tunic unmistakably pronounced him a member of the district staff and, as he passed us, my companion stiffened to attention. I smiled and assured him that his rigidity was unnecessary. He misunderstood, thinking that my remark implied ignorance of the regulations.

"Do you know who that is?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered, preparing to depart. "He

is a good sort, but rumour has it that he has swung the lead."

"Swung the lead," he ejaculated. "Then you have been in the Army?"

I nodded acknowledgment and strode towards the swing doors. He took my arm in a firm grip.

"Not yet," he pleaded, earnestly. "Let's have another."

C. M. CARATTI.

SHIP'S BIBLE-CLASS.

NEW ZEALAND enjoys the reputation of being one of the foremost countries in Christian work amongst young men, and that form of activity which has specially appealed to them is the organised Bible-class, with its three-fold aim: the development of the member spiritually, mentally and physically.

Amongst such a number of men it is only to be expected that there are a number who have been members of such classes, and early in the voyage several approached the padre to see if it would be possible to continue this work on the troopship. Every encouragement was met with and the result has been that every Sunday afternoon, at 2.30 p.m. in No. 2 Messroom, we can have the privilege of the co-operative reading of the Bible, led by one of the padres.

Gathered round a couple of mess-tables are men from all parts of N.Z. and from every denomination. They are drawn by the conviction that for the highest manhood there must be due attention paid to the highest part of our nature—the spiritual. Quietly and simply the padre explains the chapters to be considered, bringing home its truths as they apply to our present conditions and future problems. All are welcome to ask questions or to make any other contribution they desire to the meeting, and thus we feel that it is ours, that each has a part and that it is our duty to support it in every way.

There has been an increase, so far, in the attendance, and we feel sure that such will continue. We would like our padres who have helped us to know that we appreciate exceedingly their work. For ourselves we feel that we must be true to the old N.Z. ideals, and to those who, at home, are carrying on in the face of diminished numbers and increasing difficulties.

To any classes in N.Z. who may see these lines we send our warmest greetings.

J. L. G.

SCENE: Ship's orderly room, occupied by ship's Provost S.M.

Enter sickly looking private with sick report.

"Please, sir, can I have my medicine?"

P.M. (*facetiously*): "What sort of medicine? Ink?"

PRIVATE: "What sort of ink?"

P.S.M.: "Br-r-r-r!"

SONG.

To tune of "Another Little Drink."

Now the Master of the ship is a man with a will,
As a master of transport unexcelled for his skill;
But he never misses anything on his daily round,
And another little "G" is his only blooming sound.

Chorus ;
Another little "G," etc.

But the man of the moment is the O.C. troops.
If you haven't had a shave down upon you he swoops.
Should he find a single hair on your poor old dial,
Says, "Lost yer bloomin' razor? Well, then, go and buy a file!"

Chorus ;
So you go and buy a file, etc.,
You've lost yer bloomin' razor, so you've got to buy a file.

At 5 a.m. they tell me that a voice is heard.
It must be the song of the adjutant bird
Piping down the glory holes to those who're nearly dead:
"Hey! Who th'—why th'—what th'—are you doing there in bed?"

Chorus ;
Oh, who th'—why th'—what, etc.

Now the question of supplies with the quarter-master lies.
You send your requisitions and the business simply flies.
By the time they've stopped the blessed ship and sounded "boat alarms"
You may get the thing you asked for, so "it's written in the Psalms."

Chorus ;
It's written in the Psalms.

At the medico's inspection you're expected to say "Ah!"
If your tongue is rather dirty Sergeant Walker's at the bar,
But the things that worry us a great deal more than all their drugs
Are the doings in our funk holes of those wily blooming bugs.

Chorus ;
The nippy little bugs, etc.

Since we've angered all the Staff we must try and gain our peace,
Who is O.C. fish and chips and holds the canteen lease.
Should we suddenly get hit and the boat begin to sink,
We can all rely on him for another little drink.

Chorus ;
Another little drink.
A. D. A., Feb. 18th, 1918.



SUNSET AT SEA.

O, FOR the words which might in full portray
This loveliness that marks the close of day:
The beauty of the vision and the dream
That comes to us from o'er the ocean's gleam.
'Tis in such hours with nature that we find
To what high realms of thought an eager mind
May fast ascend. It is such happy scenes,
Such grandeur in the heavens display, that weans
The weary worker from the world's oppress
And awakes his soul with a soft caress.
Long do we linger leaning o'er the rail,
Rapt in the past the western heights unveil—
A breath of jasmine lingers in the air,
A soft-toned woman's voice; and in his hair,
High-perched, ere through the fading light the wings
To rest, the welcome thrush, extulant, sings—
All the harmony of eve returns,
And in the heart a fire rekindled burns.

D. A.

SERGEANT OF THE GUARD (to sentry on cabbage patch being relieved by Maori sentry): "Turn over your orders."

Sentry turns over orders in orthodox fashion.
MAORI RELIEF (to interested Maori onlooker):
"What he say? Tell me in Maori."
A few minutes' interesting conversation.
SERGEANT OF THE GUARD: "What did he tell you?"
MAORI: "He say, 'Look out! Mind boss don't catch you!'"

IMPRESSIONS OF AN N.C.O.

I HAVE been agreeably surprised. Of course, it is nothing for a soldier to be surprised, but you may rest assured that, if he is agreeably surprised, he has had an experience worth recounting. As a Trenthamite I had vague misgivings about the voyage. The prospect of a sixteen-thousand-mile trip on a crowded troopship was anything but pleasing. I was prepared to suffer, like the proverbial sardine, uncomfortable contiguity to kindred beings; to present an attractive field of exploration to intrepid rats, and to receive peremptory orders from callous, sea-hardened officials, coldly indifferent to the incapacitating effects of sea-sickness. My actual experience furnishes no fulfilment of these expectations. I am, therefore, agreeably surprised.

I do not mean by this that it is all unalloyed bliss. Far from it. Much could be written concerning what some are pleased to term the boundless monotony of life aboard-ship. That may well be the portion of a soul steeped in materialism, and it is not difficult to appreciate the viewpoint of the mere materialist—for days neither land nor shipping, nothing but a vast expanse of sea of varying colour, according to the state of the sky. Whales one had not expected to see. It was reasonable, however, to count upon the pilotage of a few entertaining and corybantic porpoises, but never a one has appeared. And the life, too, is regular and prosaic, following a routine that a punctilious bugler blasts into so many parades, fatigues and meals.

But, apart from all this, there is much that affords genuine pleasure. The training, so far from being a drudgery reluctantly to be endured, is mild and, at times, mirth-provoking; for it is certainly amusing, when at physical drill, to jump like a frog, or, under orders from a versatile instructor, chase a companion for the purpose of introducing to his most enduring member a stout stick or thick rope. Compared to the effusions of the indefatigable Cheater and fastidious Turnbull, the syllabus is mild—even apologetic. Of course, the military atmosphere is ever present, undeniable and potent; but the administration is characterised by a sweet reasonableness much appreciated by the average New Zealander. I am sure that, at heart, the O.C. Reinforcement is a gentle soul. He is a cheery, chubby commander, and no magisterial knitting of the brows or flashing torch will make me think otherwise.

Then, too, there is always the stimulus of company, an asset that the soldier cannot over-estimate. Here the officers, n.c.o.'s and men see more of one another than was ever possible in camp. Men, hitherto unsuspected of anything of the kind, happily display musical and vocal talents of no mean order. Keenly solicitous of our social needs, the chaplains and Y.M.C.A. representatives arranged for the production by units of competitive concerts that never failed to afford amusement. There is humour to spare, and often one finds it in unexpected quarters. I chanced, the other day, to encounter a sergeant who was arranging to relieve one of his guard. In response to his command: "Pass over your orders," the old sentry commenced in exemplary style to detail his duties to his appointed successor. The latter, however,

promptly interrupted. "Ye can gang awa', ' he said, "I ken it all."

As my quarters are close to those of the Maoris, of whom there are about fifty aboard, I have excellent opportunities of studying their characteristics. Among themselves they are very partial to practical jokes and any pastimes calling for physical prowess. Ever bright and cheerful, they readily endear themselves to their European shipmates, and are most exemplary as regards behaviour and treatment of superiors. Their farcical boxing contests are surpassingly comical, and I am sure that so long as these dusky warriors accompany us, it will be simply impossible to fall a victim to ennui or any similar malady.

These, then, are a few of my impressions of life aboard H.M.N.Z.T., enough to convince you I think, that it is, in the idiom of our modern young man, "Not arf bad." As I said before, I am agreeably surprised.

C. M. C.

MAGAZINE COMPETITIONS.

EARLY in the voyage, when the magazine was first mooted, it was decided to offer ten shilling prizes to the contributors sending in what the committee considered were the best efforts under the various headings. The best articles were sent in by Lieut. Clark, "The Silent Army," and Private Marumaru, whose interesting history of the Poi Dance should receive attention in our own land as a historical document. The competition for the best poem was won by Sergeant Westerman (A Coy.), who sent in a lot of good writing. The best humorous poem was sent in by Captain Anderson, our genial P.M.O., and as a song, to the tune of "Another little drink," it was a great success at the Medical Concert.

The humorous advertisements were not considered worthy of a prize, while the competition for the best original joke was a joke in itself. Some of the alleged humour sent in must have been the result of some weird brainstorms. The best sketch prize was won by Private Vivian Smith (C Coy.), "The Spieler," and Bugler King (B Coy.) won ten shillings with his picture of the C.O. and the unshaven soldier. The work of these two boys is worthy of more than passing comment, and we hope that now the rifle is substituted for the brush, THE LINK will be able to point with pride at the early work of a future Bainsfather.

THE ODISIOUS BUG.

Bite me, bite me, little bug,
In my bunk so warm and snug,
When you hug me, I declare,
I could do without you here.

Sneaky, creepy, little bug,
Crawling 'neath my cosy rug.
Morning breaks on my ———
What a swelling I shall find.

Sprinkle, sprinkle, little bug,
Now with formalin and drug.
Is Kerol good?—there's plenty more.
Farewell, dear bug, thy life is o'er.

W. R., N.Z.M.C.

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"POLICE."

THE "GLORY-HOLE."

THE DAY'S WORK.

THROUGH the open door, above huddled and numerous bunks in the "glory-hole," comes the clarion voice of the ship's S.M.: "All hands on deck! Come on now, hop out! Time you were all up! Didn't you hear the bugle?"

Eyes slowly open and faces disappear in cavernous yawns. The paucity of space about the bunks does not permit the luxury of a stretch.

"I wish ter Gawd that S.M. had taken a sleeping draught."

"Blimey, it's only 4.30 by my ticker."

"Same 'ere, mate, and here he goes robbin' us of a half an hour's snooze."

"This half-hour touch of this longitude biz is no oop."

Ruminations of the men are cut short by the indefatigable N.C.O.'s (who never appear to sleep) rousing the sluggards. Slowly the men get to the floor. Bed looks so inviting; but it can't be helped, and so dressing commences.

"Hey, just lift your 'daisy root' while I rescue my sock, will you?"

"I'll be hanged! Someone's shook my boot."

"Anyone seen my denims? Strayed durin' the night."

"Hurry up there, men. Shower's ready now. Hop along."

A stream of men passes on to the deck; off comes clothing and a gasping, spluttering crowd fills the shower-house. Evidently the water is cold, as a babel of shouts and "Ouches" filters from the shower-house.

A clatter of dishes issues from the mess rooms. Mess orderlies hasten about, while the "Quarter," with dewy brow, endeavours to do several things at once. His worries are many. "Don't let 'em down yet, Corporal." "Yes, three spuds to each man." "Tea's not ready?" He is bombarded with questions, while the men in the passage pass scathing remarks on him and his underlings for the delay in preparing breakfast.

"Let 'em come, Corp," says the Quarter, and with a rush the hungry men are seated.

"On the wing with the grease, mate."

"Heave us the bread, digger."

"When you are done with the salt; tar," and the meal continues.

Almost as suddenly the room is clear and the harried mess orderlies survey their task of washing up with stoicism (and with frequent objurgations) and prepare to clean in readiness for the next sitting.

With no parades till 9 a.m. the men have plenty of leisure in which to amuse themselves. "Keep on the sunny side" seems to be the motto of all, and soon the deck is littered with khaki. "Mal-demer" is now almost a thing of the past, but here and there a soldier makes a frantic rush for the rail and —. Nearly all have become accustomed to the roll of the ship and have settled down to a comparatively easy life. The sea has no terrors for them

and the danger zone is too far off to cause any perturbation.

"Go three, will you? Right! I'll go four."

"Oh, will yer—four, eh? Gor blimey, I'll go nap!"

Here also are the book-lovers. Good friends of the lads in khaki have provided innumerable books and magazines, and so the hours are pleasantly whiled away. Old acquaintances are renewed and old days recalled. Then the sound of "Fall in" interrupts a pleasant reverie, cards and books put aside, and parade decks are soon occupied. The work is not hard and the men get to it with a zest. As the days go by they begin to realise they are not in for a picnic and it gradually dawns on each and all that there is a war raging. In the training camp it was difficult to realise what they were up against, but realisation is creeping into the minds of all.

Parades over, the men again seek out comfortable places, there to converse, read, or "shuffle the spots off the cards" as they will.

A satisfying day has been "cleaned up." Twilight is falling and tea is just taking the count after a jolt from dusky night. The setting sun casts a glorious crimson hue over the expanse of ocean and gradually night draws a curtain over sea and ship. . . . Lights twinkle on the ship and endeavour to dispel the darkness. On deck the men again are grouped. But with the advent of night their moods undergo a change. Minds wander back to memories dear, and home and loved ones are the objects of thought.

Then a gay spirit starts a chorus. Immediately, with wholeheartedness, the boys join and the air resounds to happy song. Sentimental and light are the airs. Rollicking choruses, such as "Back home in Tennessee," "Pack up your troubles," and a variety of others, pour forth in pleasant harmony, while syncopated catchy airs are eagerly taken up. This is perhaps the happiest portion of the soldier's day.

The closing scene is enacted in the "glory-hole." "The Last Post" warns the men that all must be below.

"Hey, Charlie, sling us your insect powder. About umpteen bugs tore hunks out of me last night and I'm hanged if I'm going to be eaten to-night."

"— that rail above my head. That's the ninth time I've bumped my cranium on it."

"Shift your kit, matey, while I vamoosh into my kennel."

So the boys prepare for a welcome sleep. Gradually the hum of conversation diminishes. The clear notes of the bugle rise above the wash of the sea. "Lights out," "Lights out." Heads rest contentedly on the "pillows" and "Nature's soft nurse" steeps the senses of the men in slumber. From above comes the steady tread of the watch, and faintly, but reassuringly, is heard the cry, "All's well!"

A COMPARISON.

How pleasant is the lot of those
 Who wear upon their sleeve
 The little "pip" that we salute,
 That gives them chicken, fish and fruit,
 Nice soft beds and girls—"Oh, lieutenant!"
 It makes poor Tommy grieve.

Meanwhile the men in torrid heat
 (So 'tis ordained by fate),
 With sweltering rush in clammy air,
 Still get the same old bill of fare
 Of stew and mince and old dried pear
 That goes down after meat.

What time the stewing orderlies,
 Who curse their jobs—too late!
 With greasy pan and dixie, too,
 Must fetch and carry for the crew,
 While cool and easy flit the few
 Who wait upon the great.

But let us reach the front—and then
 (Did someone hope—too late?),
 Where subaltern for glory longs
 And soldiers sing the latest songs,
 We'll give 'em hell—those "allemongs"—
 Together with the great.

50173, N.Z.F.A.

A PHANTOM OF THE DEEP.

We were heading for port when the incident happened. It was a sultry night and cloudy—the sort of a Tropic night that causes the brain to reel and swish about in one's cranium. Banks of cloud hid the moon, but the projecting rays diffused a sort of half-light that bathed the sea and the ship in a phantom-like glow. I was on guard at the time in one of the small railed spaces on the starboard side of the vessel. Being a warm night the deck was crowded with the forms of sleeping men, whose uptumed faces shone ghostly white in the semi-dark. Mechanically I paced the narrow beat allotted to me, my thoughts far away back in the land we had left behind. Leaning drowsily over the side for a time I became aware in an abstract sort of way that the sea was full of phosphorescent bulbs or globules. Little blobs of light that looked like the fishy eyes of all the drowned adventurers that ever left their native land to sail the Southern Seas. Evidently I was getting nervous, for try as I would I could not help but think of all the ghostly yarns of Dickens and the creepy, weird tales of Edgar Allan Poe. To combat this frame of mind I turned away from the sea and glanced along the deck at the rows of uptumed faces. Just then the moon slid into a feathery cloud less dark than the surrounding ones, and the ship was lit with a light the clearer by comparison. For a few seconds I could not focus my eyes to the new light, but when I did my hair stood on end and my powers of locomotion ceased. Spellbound I gazed with staring eyes at a Shape—a hideous, headless Shape that hovered over a bunch of

sleepers and seemed to be in quest of a victim. What it was I could not tell. Perchance, thought I, it is the Spirit of Typhoid marking out its future toll amongst the sleeping men; or maybe the concentrated Spirit of all the murdered men who go down to the sea in ships, and looking for vengeance among the living. Whatever the Thing was I realised that I must act, so forcing my terror-stricken limbs into action I crawled along the deck towards the apparition. Slowly raising its arms in a menacing manner and crouching as for a spring, the phantom was truly terrifying; but nerving myself for the onslaught, and letting out a yell of mingled hope and despair, I leaped to the encounter.

There was a rending sound as we crashed to the deck together. A blow on the head caused me to reel. I felt myself slipping into oblivion, but with a fierce determination I clung like grim death to—the O.C.'s Pyjama Suit. That worthy's batman had hung it out on the rail to air. And now if anyone can tell me a good way to reduce the lump on my head where I hit it on the deck I will be very thankful.

M. BULLOUGH,
 13 Platoon, D Company.

THEN AND NOW.

Tune; "There is a Happy Land."

(Com gusto, as sung in camp.)
 THERE is a training camp
 Not far away,
 Where we get Massey's stew
 Three times a day.
 Ham and eggs we never see,
 We get pepper in our tea,
 And we are gradually
 Fading away.

(Cum dolore, as sung the second day at sea.)

There is a training camp
 So far away
 For which we sadly pine
 All through the day.
 Oh, for that lovely stew!
 "Shanghai ballast"—dopèd brew—
 We'd of them ne'er complain,
 Back there again.

70356.



SUNDAY ON BOARD.

SUNDAY morning on the ocean. No drowsy city bells awaken us to a consciousness of the day. Yet the peremptory call rouses us to Nature's heralding of a day of golden opportunity. On the eastern horizon the day is dawning, and soon the golden sun flames upwards "chasing far the silent night." And as if in welcome of the hallowed day the sky and sea glow and burn in an ardent response till both are blended in a silent but gracious acknowledgment of the day of the Lord.

Religion in the average ranker is a varying quantity. To some it exists subconsciously and is only felt in one or two of life's experiences. To others religion consists of ideals—ideals of a beautiful and saintly mother or of a godly father; ideals of purity and manhood which have beckoned to a higher life. And to others religion means experience—experience of God, committal to His keeping and faith in His guidance. Indeed, such a classification is, after all, at best superficial, and in moments of soul-revealing, when we gaze into the very depths of our being, one is not surprised to find that the subconscious religionist, the idealist and the Christian, have but one great anchor for the soul, one grand object of belief—God.

And so the Sunday dawns and we gather to worship Him.

First there is the church parade, with its full muster, its full-toned singing, its brief and pointed address. It is a parade at attention before God. Much is said against this compulsory worship, but all that can be compelled is attendance. Worship must always be spontaneous and can never be coerced. It is the deliberate prostration of the being before Divinity and as such implies self-surrender, which is a personal attitude. But it appears to us that the great service rendered by these church parades is that they bring us into the atmosphere in which that attitude of worship is most possible. It is not surprising either that some who are present unwillingly find in the service that which silently and almost unconsciously compels that attitude of heart and mind which is worship. The hymns throng the memory with associations of sacred hours that are gone. The Scripture whispers of a daily verse at a faithful mother's knee. The prayers take us back to a family group where we knelt together and a father spoke to God. The manly and simple talk brings the realities of religion into touch with the daily need.

And so we worship—some reluctantly, some willingly—and God accepts.

Then follows Communion, about which one hesitates to write. It is the trusting place for those to whom religion is a love and a service. Slowly, reverently the Padre repeats those mystic and gracious words "This is My body broken for you," and the symbols of a love which died to redeem pass from man to man. Then as thoughts crowd in, a new meaning attaches itself to an old truth. We begin to realise that salvation means sacrifice. "My body broken" was the price for a world redeemed, and we silently reflect that a new world of righteousness and peace may cost the same

price of life and sacrifice. Quietly we file out of the place for ever hallowed by the thought of the Great Sacrifice, new decisions take form and past failures are cast behind us.

The afternoon is spent variously. Some give writing their attention and for others the Bible Class offers its helpful companionship. We need not say much about this, as news of it appears in other pages of this magazine. We meet as a family of inquirers with the object not so much of worship as of encouragement and wisely guided investigation. The aim is intensely practical. Here is a man who left New Zealand with high ideals and resolutions: nobly has he striven to realise them, but oftentimes the loneliness of the conflict has left him discouraged. He begins to question "Am I alone in this endeavour?" He joins such a group of fellow-strivers and immediately he finds his error. Here are comrades in the fight of faith, and finding this, sharing his triumphs, gaining courage by expressing conviction, he goes out again strong.

One would like to give much space to the evening sing-song on the fore-hatch. To many this will always be a vivid memory. Round us the rolling ocean. The darkness gathers in quickly. The moon rises, casting a soft brilliance on an interesting scene. Hundreds of men are crowded round the hatchway or sitting round the raised decks till the whole has the aspect of a thronged amphitheatre. Above towers the bridge. The Padre steps forward briskly and gives out a well-known hymn. The great arc-lamp lights up his earnest face and the men catch something of his spirit. Then they sing, and out over the water the grand words roll: "Fight the good fight with all thy might." There is then a call for the Maoris and their soft, melodious voices blend well. They, too, know the old hymns, and the men listen intently to "Jesus, Lover of my soul," sung with soft cadences in the native language. Hymn follows hymn with eager demand, and when a pause is made, the Padre quietly asks the Divine blessing and speaks shortly on the great realities of life, of God, of eternity.

Eternal things become very real at such times, and, after all, had we but spirits keenly enough attune we would find that the dividing line between the spiritual and the physical is but a faint one. Indeed, we make a grave mistake in distinguishing, as we often do, between the real and the spiritual. The greatest reality of life is the spiritual and it is well for us to realise this. The grave emergencies of life, which strip the soul of every veneer of carelessness and pride, reveal that the spiritual is, after all, the greatest reality and that to which all instinctively turn.

So we have found it in these services. The environment fades away. The danger is forgotten. Even our mission becomes a secondary thing. We sing together the hymns of trust and confidence because they speak to us of God.

And the moon shines on silently, and the great ship throbs her way into the unknown to all—but God.

J. L. G.

THE GLAD HOME COMING

When I come home to you, dear,
 What, what will your welcome be?
 Tried by long months of waiting
 Will you have changed to me?
 Or will your love have grown, dear;
 A stronger, purer tie,
 'Cause of those months of waiting
 That've pass'd so slowly by

When I come home to you, dear,
 What will your welcome be?
 The hours you've found so dreary
 How drear they've been for me!
 Yet, 'mid't the noise of battle,
 One hope has urged me on,
 And that fond hope I'll cherish till
 My work is wholly done.

When you come home to me, dear,
 My heart will gladden'd be
 The long long months of waiting
 Have made me yearn for thee,
 Though weary are the long some hours,
 To you I still belong
 God bring you home to me, dear
 And crown my life with song





ROLL OF THE REINFORCEMENTS.

SHIP'S COMPANY.

Chief Officer, Mr. W. R. Jones; 2nd Officer, Mr. R. J. Webb; 3rd Officer, Mr. A. J. Cornish; Extra 3rd Officer, Mr. W. Brown. Chief Engineer, Mr. H. J. Croftford; 2nd, Mr. C. S. Waugh; 3rd, Mr. A. R. Kendall; 4th, Mr. G. A. Henderson; 5th, Mr. A. P. Ipkekanoz; 6th, Mr. G. J. Reayburn; 7th, Mr. A. J. Drew; 8th, Mr. B. J. Rasmussen; 9th, Mr. R. Hungerford. Chief Wireless Operator, Mr. E. M. Bain; Assistant Wireless Operator, Mr. T. D. Shearer. Chief Steward, Mr. F. Stone; 2nd Steward, Mr. F. J. C. McCarthy.

THE STAFF.

O.C. Troops, 8/2803 Capt. W. Ward (O.I.R.). Adjutant, 10/3569 Lieut. R. R. Gow (O.I.R.). P.M.O., 3/3942 Capt. A. D. Anderson. Ship's Quartermaster, 15/193 Capt. G. Pricot. Assistant Quartermaster, 6/118 2nd Lt. H. A. Perkins (C.I.R.). Paymaster, 60356 Capt. H. J. Gilmore. Assistant Paymaster, 45447 S.S.M. J. S. Jack. Canteen Officer, 12/2819 Lt. A. V. Peace (A.I.R.). Ship's S.M.—66237 S.S.M. W. H. Culley. Ship's Q.M.S., 11/738A Q.M.S. C. F. Caterer (A.M.R.). Ship's Provost Sgt., 4/237 R.S.M. W. Hebditch. Records Clerk, 3/2327 Sgt. J. A. Robertson.

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11/738A Q.M.S. C. F. Caterer.
23076 Sgt. G. Parsons; 3/2327 Sgt. J. A. Robertson.

ARMY CHAPLAINS.

18/10 Capt. Chap. J. A. McKenzie; 50668 Capt. Chap. S. S. Green; 43091 Capt. Chap. H. T. Pent.

N.Z.F.A.

Officer Commanding, 50242 2nd Lt. H. C. Cook. Subaltern, 50241 2nd Lt. P. C. Hurst. Attached, 2/683 2nd Lt. B. J. Tussell. Battery Sgt.-Major, 50173 D. J. Guiney. Attached, 12900 B.S.M. F. Berry. Q.M.S., 50185 A. W. Tenn. Sergeants, 50199 G. P. Crimp, 57702 R. Clark, 2/21 F. H. Barrall.

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Bombardiers, 59184 S. V. Ayling, 59263 A. Gilchrist, 57636 L. H. L. Hubble, 57253 C. J. Long, 57639 F. P. Morrison, 57640 Y. H. Robinson, 57692 W. F. Rowe.

Fitters, 57655 K. Macdonald, 57642 C. I. Suridge. Gunners, 50701 P. B. C. Averill, 57701 C. C. Deane, 57645 A. I. Bennett, 42302 A. R. Brooker, 57704 A. V. Charman, 57668 W. J. Conroy, 57870 W. G. Cooper, 57900 T. C. Cmcric, 57703 G. L. Croll, 50483 W. Dawson, 59873 L. R. Drummond, 57625

W. A. Dunstan, 57674 A. J. Faulkner, 57675 E. J. Gifford, 57710 J. C. Gillan, 2/42 F. C. E. Griffin, 57736 R. S. Hanna, 50849 C. G. Harvey, 57650 E. J. Heath, 57714 A. H. Hitchcock, 57717 L. G. R. Hunt, 57637 J. A. Jamieson, 50215 A. F. Kruse, 57718, J. T. Leaman, 57719 T. Marks, 56273 F. S. Martin, 57686 P. Mayne, 57652 A. M. L. Mills, 57688 M. G. C. McCaul, 57735 J. K. McLean, 58796 A. H. Nicholls, 57690 L. S. Nicol, 57691 B. C. D. Parker, 60199 I. N. Porter, 57875 G. A. Ringrose, 57913 H. H. Reynolds, 57893 H. A. Sandilands, 57659 A. C. Struthers, 57664 J. A. Thomson, 57700 T. W. Williams, 57732 E. J. F. Wills, 57686 A. Wilson, 57698 R. F. Wilson, 57643 J. A. Wilson, 50932 R. C. M. Yorston.

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No. 1 Platoon.

O.C., 8/2803 Capt. W. Ward. 60284 Lt. V. C. Cooper. 6/35 Lt. K. De Maus. 4/237 R.S.M. W. Hebditch. 54199 R.Q.M.S. W. L. Howard. 66241 Arm. Sgt. R. S. H. Lyons. 55388 Sgt. D. Appelby; 52551 Cpls. J. J. Anderson, 69158 J. G. Watt, 69159 J. K. L. Woebing; Lce. Cpls. 69095 M. P. Kearney, 69111 F. L. J. Morgan; Ptes. 70012 C. Barron, 69164 G. W. Baskett, 70134 W. S. Bell, 70001 C. Bland, 70013 J. Bradley, 70006 D. Campbell, 70015 G. Conway, 70014 C. G. Cumming, 70453 S. Davies, 69061 R. T. Davys, 70094 W. J. Dawson, 70260 L. E. Faulkner, 69070 W. G. Feron, 70469 J. A. P. Glasson, 69162 F. Groves, 70169 H. A. Hamilton, 70483 A. Hewlett, 69174 A. Mackley, 69107 J. H. Marshall, 62734 C. J. Meehan, 70169 B. Moore, 70112 D. J. McCarthy, 70113 B. McCormick, 70114 F. McIndoe, 70175 H. McConnell, 69102 H. R. McKay, 70306 R. McLennan, 70118 A. R. A. Nichols, 70325 T. C. Nott, 70326 J. O'Brien, 69116 J. O'Sullivan, 69119 A. Pearce, 70389 R. Riddell, 70191 W. Rolton, 70360 W. P. Silveira, 70852 J. Smith, 70359 G. S. Tilby, 70865 E. O. S. Twidle, 62765 A. A. Walker, 69156 N. A. Wilson, 69157 C. H. Wilson, 70132 W. H. Young.

No. 2 Platoon.

60290 Lt. G. Birnie. 51606 C.S.M. G. D. McAllum. 55063 Sgt. J. H. Knudsen; Cpls. 54321 L. Avann, 69332 A. S. Burns, 24/184 F. Hunter, 69350 B. W. P. Hughes, 69012 D. S. Manson; Lce.-Cpls. 10/1494 T. Glover, 69353 E. C. McLeod, 69150 A. Walker; Ptes. 69180 J. S. Alardice, 69331 E. S. Brooks, 69056 H. Cleveland, 69335 W. C. Childs, 69337 A. A. Clarke, 70247 D. A. Cooke, 69063 J. Douglas, 69341 C. Donovan, 69342 F. Edmonds, 71323 J. W. Fairman, 69345 A. R. Gardner, 67824 J. Garner, 69085 R. McD. Hellyer, 69083 C. Head, 05650 T. Hartnell, 70104 I. Hodgins, 69089 D. J. Jbsister, 87663 R. O'C. Jenkins, 69093 J. W. Johnson, 70503 J. A. Leppard, 70179 J. McKain, 70533 E. J. Peters, 70061 C. W. Philips, 69123 P. J.

Reid, 69163 J. L. Ryan, 69127 G. F. Ross, 69130 F. T. R. Ryland, 69144 A. Stuart, 68869 A. Simpson, 69131 R. Scott, 69135 D. E. Simpson, 70066 R. E. Smith, 69139 L. Solomon, 69146 E. T. Stewardson, 69147 G. Taylor, 68853 N. E. Wallace, 69149 S. J. Wakein, 69154 G. E. Wetswood, 69158 J. C. Wix, 17218 J. Woods, 69161 J. Wright.

No. 3 Platoon.

41980 Lt. F. W. Lang.
54390 Q.M.S. C. E. H. Putt.
54429 Sgt. W. Higgins, 56057 Sgt. V. L. Westerman; Cpls. 69171 D. Forsyth, 68835 K. McKenzie; Lee-Cpls. 68866 F. K. Miller, 68836 H. F. McLernon; Ptes. 69048 E. W. Athfield, 69052 J. Blackie, 70437 B. Blake, 69165 W. Blackmore, 68809 W. Bolton, 68810 F. G. Boyle, 69167 E. Broad, 69168 J. T. Bryce, 68812 L. W. Bush, 69314 T. Byrne, 70251 T. G. Crowley, 69158 G. Cree, 69059 B. J. Daly, 69062 W. D. Dawson, 69064 W. E. Duncan, 69065 W. J. Dunn, 70043 J. L. Eager, 69067 H. E. Earley, 69068 J. Fallon, 70045 H. Forsyth, 69071 P. Fraser, 68821 N. L. H. Grant, 69173 P. Hassan, 69087 J. P. Fynes, 70490 L. Jones, 68830 B. L. Jarrett, 70495 B. R. Kennedy, 69098 T. G. Lonie, 68838 H. Maxted, 70180 J. Mannion, 68840 C. E. May, 70176 G. E. McClung, 70527 W. J. Nixon, 68842 R. Newport, 68844 L. H. Page, 70123 G. Pratt, 69124 B. W. A. Reid, 67512 L. S. Rowe, 68887 J. H. Ryder, 70557 F. W. Strickett, 70559 P. C. Smith, 68851 T. H. Taplin, 68857 H. J. Webb.

No. 4 Platoon.

46224 Lt. P. G. Clark.
56519 Sgt. P. Dryden; Cpls. 68634 F. A. Wilkie, 68643 C. N. Mackintosh; Lee-Cpls. 18135 H. A. Nelson, 68641 H. C. Fendall, 68638 A. Banks, 69339 C. E. Cundy, 68864 S. C. Higgins; Ptes. 40174 J. W. E. Askew, 64400 A. E. Adams, 68800 J. Burnett, 69896 G. W. Barker, 70242 J. L. Clarke, 68369 R. W. Coppard, 68874 H. A. Cox, 70447 A. H. Collins, 68649 J. D. Dickie, 68640 C. Everest, 68642 K. R. Foster, 137284 L. A. Fleury, 68883 T. Gardner, 68818 W. Glover, 68820 G. Goodman, 70016 V. Hughes, 70280 T. G. Hauchey, 68585 S. Holland, 70613 J. Harvey, 70481 D. S. Haynes, 70664 T. J. Hickland, 70484 C. S. Hickton, 69177 J. Milne, 70002 J. Johnston, 70496 A. N. Kovey, 70174 B. E. Langdon, 68833 W. H. McAlister, 69899 E. McCarthy, 68645 F. H. Needham, 70528 C. R. Odom, 69347 A. J. Parnell, 70622 P. C. Purchase, 6/2730 H. W. Rainey, 68629 J. E. Shepherd, 68872 M. O. H. Smith, 70555 H. Standon, 70197 J. E. J. Strange, 68635 A. Warren, 68856 W. J. Watson, 68858 L. G. Whiting, 70202 V. L. Williams, 70570 W. F. Wills, 68807 I. Warren.

B COMPANY.

10/3569 Lt. R. R. Gow.
10/926 Lt. T. H. Crawford.
66237 S.S.M. (W.O.2) W. H. Culley.
38802 S.M.S. G. E. Downing.
45961 Q.M.S. P. J. O'Sullivan.

No. 5 Platoon.

6/2031 Lt. J. A. Toon.
Sgts. 46645 C. M. Caratti, 49384 E. B. McGrail; 68584 Cpl. A. W. Roberts; 68954 Lco.-Cpl. J. Grimshaw; Ptes. 70693 E. Baston, 68876 R. Beck, 69798 L. Chalkin, 69021 W. Colby, 69761 A. Cushman, 68923 W. R. English, 68947 W. Ford, 67614 E. Frost, 69451 D. Findlay, 70696 T. Gilbooly, 68955 J. A. Gilmour, 68953 J. Gibson, 64055 D. Graham, 68915 T. M. Graham, 69280 A. J. Harris, 62698 J. R. Heap, 68882 E. J. Hill, 68885, J. Hollow, 69283 J. W. Hurly, 70298 A. Jackson, 68887 G. James, 68807 G. H. Keats, 70294 M. King, 70665 H. Keirle, 69046 J. V. Keltman, 70293 A. E. A. Kell, 70301 J. Logan, 68974 W. A. Mac, 64655 J. G. Moriarty, 68975 R. N. Morton, 69027 J. J. McNeill, 69028 D. McPike, 70309 M. H. Malvey, 70313 H. J. Marshall, 70513 J. E. Mitchell, 69774 F. H. O'Gilligan, 68997, K. S. Rose, 69034 J. Redditt, 68907 J. H. Taylor, 69086 G. D. Thompson, 68909 J. Tapp, 69038 P. M. Terry, 69007 D. Wetherston, 68892 T. McNulty, 9/1050 J. L. Pollock, 68992 R. Pryde, 69697 H. Hall, 3/3329 A. J. S. Coleman.

No. 6 Platoon.

44565 Lt. A. Thompson.
Sgts. 52776 G. J. Bayley, 56731 C. J. Smith; Cpls. 53378 W. Moore, 70663 A. C. Haase; 70606 Lco.-Pl. W. R. B. Oliver; Ptes. 69910 T. Anderson, 67692 G. C. Argent, 70755 H. E. Barron, 69095 V. Bluck, 70536 J. Boussilk, 58337 A. A. Box, 70233 G. P. Burkett, 69943 J. Ellison, 70463 J. Findlay, 69210 E. J. Flavin, 58451 M. Fogarty, 69219 G. Gore, 70648 P. G. Hende, 70768 R. C. Holmes, 68962 G. W. Inglis, 29170 J. E. Johnston, 64524 L. C. Jones, 70678 W. P. Kelly, 70173 A. W. Kidd, 70752 D. Leader, 70319 R. S. Michie, 69909 P. E. Miller, 62611 L. A. Moulder, 70018 J. W. Murphy, 69969 J. A. O'Connell, 37479 H. H. O'Leary, 67585 W. Piggins, 69923 R. Potter, 68993 P. Reynolds, 67608 J. E. Robinson, 60633 N. P. Russell, 69904 E. Sharon, 69995 C. S. D. Small, 67581 R. N. Teague, 69998 A. I. Watson, 69884 F. W. Wright.

No. 7 Platoon.

60287 Lt. R. J. Richards.
56849 Sgt. O. J. Rodgers; Cpls. 68884 H. Hogg, 69228 Heald, 70166 G. Griggs; Lee-Cpls. 70117 R. Newcombe, 70396 N. D. C. Kensington; Ptes. 70149 S. S. Agnew, 69655 J. S. H. Alsop, 70228 F. Brambley, 70155 J. H. Cliniker, 70154 A. Chapman, 70248 G. Costello, 70156 A. T. Coxhead, 70251 A. P. Eustace, 70282 E. V. Freeman, 70275 T. Griffiths, 70266 C. E. Gillard, 70268 H. C. S. Glasson, 70273 T. Graham, 70270 W. H. Goodwin, 70277 H. L. Hackett, 70279 J. G. Hamilton, 69588 A. P. K. Hansen, 70236 W. G. Hudson, 70283 H. Holmes, 70106 H. A. James, 70291 G. S. Kelly, 70198 T. H. Leng, 70303 F. O. Luhrs, 70305 P. Lyons, 70017 J. McShane, 70307 R. H. McLeod, 70312 H. E. Markwick, 70111 J. Murtagh, 70020 W. R. Newton, 70327 H. L. O'Haire, 70120 O. J. Philpott, 70396 A. O. Pitt, 70548 R. Ryan, 69779 C. Scanlon, 70145 R. A. Sutherland, 70131 J. B. Thorpe, 70361 R. Trail, 70367 C. M. Wallis, 70005 A. H. Washer, 69648 G. A. Young.

No. 8 Platoon.

18430 Lt. C. L. Crump.
28793 Cpl. A. F. Pratten; Lee-Cpls. 64154 P. A. Smith, 69809 S. A. Wells; Ptes. 66790 E. E. Ashward, 59560 F. Bielawski, 69028 G. V. Clark, 70244 W. H. Clarke, 70157 S. Collinson, 70254 W. Davies, 70097 P. J. Ellingford, 69701 A. G. Evans, 70099 E. M. Foody, 70163 S. Fisher, 82006 L. G. Fountain, 70164 J. P. Gaskill, 69585 V. J. H. Gibson, 70265 H. W. Gibson, 70267 W. H. Gladding, 70269 O. Godkin, 70272 F. Graham, 70276 R. S. Gribble, 70147 C. V. Hunter, 70170 D. B. Haslie, 70281 W. T. Hoffman, 70285 R. G. Hood, 70289 P. P. D. Jefferies, 70292 W. Kelly, 70869 S. Knight, 70625 J. Little, 70304 F. S. Lynch, 70318 J. H. Medhurst, 70315 L. F. Martin, 70308 M. D. McPherson, 70119 A. Nielsen, 70141 H. A. New, 10/1935 A. Noble, 70121 H. J. Pike, 70395 F. Piper, 70530 E. L. Parker, 70394 W. B. Phillips, 29562 L. S. B. Shennan, 70130 A. Smith, 64930 R. J. Stanton, 70357 T. Taylor, 69785 W. Weastell, 70377 B. A. Wells, 70372 E. T. White.

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8/1563 2nd Lt. F. W. MacKay.
43139 R.S.M. R. W. Edwards.
57057 O.S.M. Cecil Flockton.
55431 Q.M.S. T. R. Condliffe.

No. 9 Platoon.

4/150A 2nd Lt. E. H. Blomfield.
Cpls. 60941 J. H. Hoare, 58948 J. L. S. Wright; 69437 Lco.-Cpl. H. Thompson; Ptes. 69481 R. C. S. Gibson, 69407 W. Collins, 69497 D. W. Lawrence, 69258 T. W. Malcolm, 69601 B. A. Martin, 69865 W. Macmillan, 69255 R. J. Mulholland, 4/1184 J. P. McLisky, 69267 J. McGonagle, 69283 J. Reid, 69808 V. Smith, 69530 B. Stanton, 69531 G. F. Silvester, 69396 L. P. Steady, 69537 L. B. Taylor, 69864 G. Aldridge, 69757 W. L. Berry, 69564 J. W. Bowe, 69671 J. Bugg, 69672 S. Butler, 69758 B. Broadhead, 69671 T. E. Buckley, 69630 G. A. Crawley, 6982

E. W. Cubbon, 69789 F. W. Downey, 69580 D. H. Eley, 63125 W. Evers, 69583 E. Fenwick, 69787 J. Gordon, 69590 T. J. L. Hastings, 69766 A. Holmes, 69765 N. H. Hughes, 69603 G. A. B. Lovejoy, 69620 J. J. McDonald, 69625 C. W. O'Callaghan, 69624 T. O'Regan, 69728 H. Parnell, 69640 W. B. Sticklo, 69735 W. J. Thomas, 69645 P. S. White.

No. 10 Platoon.

45955 2nd Lt. J. Lyon.

Sgts. 55107 R. C. Bonnington, 57212 H. M. Finn; 69529 Cpl. F. Salisbury; Lec.-Cpls. 69509 W. J. McLean, 70342 T. H. Rogers, 69523 E. D. N. Rowland; Ptes. 69452 A. C. Allan, 69458 H. E. Barlow, 69460 A. J. Belk, 69456 G. H. E. Browne, 69829 C. E. Brookes, 69442 E. Buckridge, 69465 C. H. L. Callaghan, 69468 V. Choeyers, 69462 C. C. Cornelius, 69469 T. P. Culkein, 69474 R. R. Dibble, 69473 L. C. Des Forges, 70891 E. Edwards, 69479 J. Firmston, 69024 R. Fisher, 70398 T. Gavo, 69482 W. Goble, 69489 J. J. Hopkins, 69491 O. H. Johns, 69498 G. H. Lacey, 69410 H. G. Laidlaw, 69548 P. S. Lawson, 69498 T. T. Longstaff, 69504 J. G. Mace, 69505 S. D. Mace, 69507 G. Markham, 69551 J. S. Moratit, 69268 J. T. McKelvie, 69514 W. H. Norton, 69517 B. A. Parker, 70084 A. Petherbridge, 69520 W. G. Phillips, 69519 S. Pollard, 70720 J. S. N. Potts, 69555 D. S. Robertson, 70340 A. J. Roberts, 69522 S. G. Rogers, 70019 J. Ryan, 69449 V. J. Simpson, 69528 A. J. Smith.

No. 11 Platoon.

61112 2nd Lt. H. A. Perkins.

56772 Sgt. D. J. Hutchings; 69378 Actg. Sgt. J. B. Dilks; Cpls. 56789 G. A. Jarvis, 69254 S. H. Morrison; Lec.-Cpls. 69412 W. J. Loader, 69310 H. G. Spencer; Ptes. 70211 A. Aiton, 69374 P. S. Avery, 69383 P. L. Ansley, 69395 W. Bates, 69388 L. M. Clapp, 69448 T. Dray, 69399 R. O. Falkner, 69400 A. R. Freeman, 69844 A. C. Gigg, 69406 J. A. Henderson, 69409 D. W. Johnstone, 69855 E. P. Kilt, 69372 F. H. Lupton, 69280 D. B. Packer, 69373 A. F. Priddy, 69293 T. R. Reade, 69427 R. Ripley, 69286 F. Ray, 69304 J. Scorrini, 70085 W. Sinclair, 69381 P. Scullion, 69311 J. Sweeney, 69432 N. T. Shinnie, 69305 A. L. Shaw, 70354 J. J. Stacey, 70548 A. M. Sinclair, 70023 T. Stackpole, 70348 J. M. Shearer, 70349 F. Sheeran, 70004 T. G. F. Sutton, 69315 J. A. Taylor, 69319 C. F. Tanner, 69380 T. Tait, 69224 H. Thompson, 69321 A. Trotter, 69323 J. C. Turner, 69439 H. G. Vickerstaff, 69326 G. R. J. Vetori, 871666 W. Walsn, 69329 T. E. Willcox, 69387 G. L. Williams.

No. 12 Platoon.

67204 1st Lt. H. Ellen.

57000 Sgt. E. W. Armstrong; Cpls. 69473 E. Graham, 69423 R. C. O'Neale; Lec.-Cpls. 69256 A. Moir, 69278 H. J. Palmer, 69447 G. W. Duff (acting); Ptes. 69398 H. Allen, 26/407 W. D. Humphries, 65285 G. H. Gallaway, 64960 L. D. Johnston, 69411 A. G. Leach, 69860 A. G. Lee, 69608 R. S. Leggoe, 69413 T. W. S. Loveridge, 69862 J. H. McCutcheon, 69863 J. McIntyre, 69416 H. D. McLachlan, 70116 D. McQuarrie, 63187 H. E. Maddigan, 69419 E. A. Mephann, 69257 R. T. Moir, 69420 A. Monson, 69868 A. Muir, 69652 R. J. Murray, 62123 C. F. Oak, 69223 J. H. Osborne, 69277 J. Pullar, 69254 C. Quian, 69296 J. W. Ritchie, 69299 C. W. Robinson, 69291 C. J. Reid, 69298 W. G. Ross, 673452 W. Russell, 69301 A. Stevens, 69434 T. H. Sheerin, 69435 W. R. Smith, 69761 W. G. Trilford, 70426 T. P. Walker, 70022 G. Wattam, 70369 R. Weir, 69883 A. E. Wheeler, 70576 W. J. White, 63077 H. C. Woodward, 70133 G. E. Yates.

D COMPANY.

67829 Lt. G. Greig.
55316 C.S.M. G. C. Keeble.
46233 Q.M.S. E. S. Henry.

No. 13 Platoon.

12/2810 Lt. A. V. Peace.
41435 Sgt. A. L. Humphries; Cpls. 53322 G. D. Cockeril, 71644 N. F. Newbold, 52784 A. E. Dobbie, 59685 J. G. Martin; Lec.-Cpls. 69754 R. W. Thomas, 65306 J. T. Woodhill; Ptes.

69744 W. Allen, 63927 J. P. Artha, 10/2055 S. M. Alderson, 70980 L. G. Arthur, 68501 A. E. Averis, 68657 R. L. W. Baldwin, 69745 C. J. Ball, 69074 J. H. Barber, 70081 E. Bassett, 58395 H. Booth, 70082 G. H. Broom, 70083 W. Bullough, 68230 G. H. R. Byron, 64987 C. F. Churchward, 65054 A. L. Clack, 70092 E. C. Curtis, 65264 L. A. Elmsly, 70098 A. J. Fisher, 69764 S. C. Flavell, 63331 E. Goldsmith, 70100 J. T. F. Grideman, 64951 J. Hahn, 70105 T. Holland, 70102 C. Higgs, 70142 H. H. Johnson, 70137 W. L. Johnson, 65770 A. Kennedy, 66181 J. Macken, 69609 S. G. Martin, 56941 O. F. Metzger, 68616 H. C. E. Milne, 64554 W. Mills, 68735 J. McCollough, 68540 M. McGill, 70115 A. J. McDoe, 65905 H. O'Connor, 68554 E. O'Donnell, 69655 R. Rees, 69806 G. H. Raynor, 68751 S. D. Robinson, 68858 T. J. Roche, 68564 R. Shute, 66034 E. Smith, 62766 C. B. Smyth, 56511 J. Taylor, 65244 J. Varley, 65136 F. A. Wilson, 69647 H. Woodmas.

No. 14 Platoon.

55126 Lt. A. C. Nathan.

Sgts. 55325 S. J. Smith, 53435 W. S. Stewart; Cpls. 55327 J. R. H. Thorp, 55513 W. Leighton, 65160 W. H. Sadler; Ptes. 64904 D. J. Bain, 65096 G. E. Broad, 64889 G. Cadwallader, 65071 A. J. M. Campbell, 65099 C. Campbell, 68670 W. E. Carney, 64939 W. A. Christie, 64023 F. C. Christmas, 69678 L. S. Cox, 63675 C. Cree, 63692 J. Cfozer, 69685 R. J. Devereux, 60925 S. W. Fitzsimmons, 65055 J. Gordon, 64954 V. D. Hewer, 65980 I. J. Hing, 53376 J. C. Kendall, 64910 J. Kidd, 66107 J. C. Lindsay, 64907 D. J. Lutton, 69607 E. Lyne, 68733 J. A. Macfarlane, 65744 E. Mills, 64913 F. W. Morris, 54201 H. N. Muschamp, 63917 S. McEern, 68734 J. M. McGoverin, 66093 J. McKinlay, 68546 W. C. Niles, 70206 C. E. Parkes, 58242 H. E. Pike, 64718 N. Radcliffe, 64915 W. A. R. Ross, 71027 H. E. Russell, 68562 A. F. Sargent, 68753 F. Saunders, 64007 W. T. Scott, 68755 J. Sharlick, 70138 G. F. Smith, 70120 B. H. Smith, 66148 J. J. Stanley, 68707 L. F. Thomson, 62662 B. Taylor, 70356 D. A. Taylor, 70139 S. J. Walker.

No. 15 Platoon.

46219 Lt. L. C. L. Averil.

Sgts. 48304 H. B. Burdekin, 54223 H. R. Climie; Cpls. 55578 L. F. Bate, 57141 F. J. Proctor, 70148 J. Logan; 70995 Lec.-Cpl. C. A. Donn; Ptes. 69561 V. Abbott, 65092 T. Ahearne, 79214 H. M. Anderson, 70587 G. H. Arkie, 68656 A. F. J. Bailey, 65387 T. H. Bell, 64937 S. Bigham, 65590 W. C. Bisphan, 68666 C. H. T. Brown, 64936 G. H. Bruerton, 69801 G. Y. Buglass, 68506 H. R. Burbrough, 64887 J. Burns, 65053 J. S. Caird, 65342 J. B. Carroll, 69755 J. W. Cross, 65364 M. Dailey, 62941 T. Delaney, 65179 W. Eichold, 64891 J. R. Ferguson, 65885 F. Gibbons, 64926 P. Hanley, 65106 H. J. Hill, 65218 H. Hopewell, 64903 J. J. Hough, 64894 J. J. Hutchings, 65108 J. Kemp, 65065 A. Mallor, 65119 H. Mickelwright, 63475 J. A. McCurdy, 61731 A. G. McLean, 69634 J. Reddish, 64929 E. H. Robertson, 65059 G. Robins, 49932 A. Ronald, 69636 W. E. Rolands, 66149 F. G. Sheargold, 65242 T. Tate, 64977 A. J. Vizar, 70636 F. W. Wall, 65642 F. West, 69541 N. W. J. Winter, 65139 D. B. Wishart.

No. 16 Platoon.

45031 Lt. C. L. P. Black.

52708 Sgt. E. W. Wood; Cpls. 65090 D. Mackay, 56624 A. E. McCracken; Ptes. 68558 W. J. Barber, 65197 A. N. Dooth, 65143 H. J. Brass, 66122 T. J. Broen, 64935 G. E. Briggs, 68504 L. P. J. Bronsahan, 68781 C. H. Campion, 64943 E. Colenso, 65102 G. J. Collings, 63722 W. Currie, 65768 T. H. Davies, 68518 P. F. Dix, 65104 T. Ford, 68705 E. J. Geary, 65588 G. Hampton, 66092 L. Hamilton, 68528 C. Hanfitt, 65216 W. E. Harrison, 61670 L. P. Kelly, 64905 A. H. Lilly, 65112 T. Looney, 65036 F. W. Lyders, 65228 R. J. Mewhenny, 65229 S. C. Mewhenny, 65154 F. L. Michel, 65155 E. E. K. Mills, 68742 J. Monteith, 68539 T. McCarthy, 68600 W. McClure, 64668 F. H. Noble, 65125 J. L. Oughton, 65186 A. C. Peat, 65137 F. Podofsky, 68790 H. J. Perkins, 68552 W. E. Pierce, 68749 P. L. Prebble, 65010 P. Quigley, 68623 J. Quinn, 57563 J. Ritchie, 68539 J.

Salvidge, 65236 H. C. Sankey, 65544 E. G. Tong, 60015 A. S. Twidle, 65082 E. White, 65246 W. S. Williams.

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O.C., 41979 Lt. N. A. Jory.
13/118 Lt. J. F. Potkor.
41998 Lt. C. B. Samuel.
4/332 C.S.M. W. H. Woodward.
45282 Q.M.S. R. S. Vercoe, 55297 Sgt. P. W. Burbidge; Cpls. 64194 L. M. Berrill, 64233 R. S. Wogan; Loe.-Cpls. 64193 J. M. Bates, 64270 J. P. Harris, 62833 A. Ross; Ptes., 63480 J. M. Alkman, 64192 H. E. Baughan, 66091 F. F. Berkahn, 55676 C. V. Bond, 65812 W. L. Braddock, 62864 G. D. Burrows, 65953 S. Craig, 62868 J. S. G. Forrest, 62869 A. Groon, 64202 A. A. Hanson, 64507 W. A. Henwood, 64271 S. W. Hills, 62871 G. E. Hietch, 64207 C. H. Ilstou, 66066 H. H. Jagger, 58379 A. H. Message, 65421 J. A. G. Mackay, 62874 F. J. S. Margetts, 62875 G. W. Marsh, 62877 G. F. Mazzy, 64215 H. T. Mould, 63490 D. P. Murzell, 54698 W. H. McKenzie, 64211 D. A. McLean, 62878 F. R. R. Nicholson, 62879 C. G. O'Le, 62880 R. W. O'Connor, 66102 A. J. Parker, 62881 D. I. Porteous, 62882 S. F. Powell, 66018 A. E. V. Radford, 62884 T. F. Rusbridge, 62885 W. T. W. Rutledge, 66029 E. W. Savage, 65842 G. Tarr, 64279 R. E. Thompson, 64226 E. A. Trustrum, 63496 J. T. Walter, 62888 E. A. Welsh, 64280 W. E. Weston.

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60356 Capt. H. J. Gilmore.
45447 S.S.M. J. S. Jack.

N.Z. DENTAL CORPS.

3/3222 Lt. J. A. Brown.
3/4005 Lt. D. E. Thomas.

N.Z. M.C.

3/3042 Capt. A. D. Anderson.
3/3865 Capt. G. Walker.
3/459 Sgt. I. D. Walker; 3/3651 Loe.-Sgt. J. Stohr; 3/3766 Cpl. E. W. Chiselm; 69800 Loe.-Cpl. C. S. Williams; Ptes. 70027 P. J. Anderson, 63534 J. C. Anson, 3/3873 H. M. Besant, 3/2716 J. Boswell, 64615 R. H. Bradley, 66062 H. P. Burgess, 3/3777 J. M. Burt, 70237 S. J. Campbell, 3/3768 G. A. Cattermole, 61213 B. K. Cochran, 3/3876 E. A. Crabtree, 3/1832 F. W. Dixon, 68701 W. H. Early, 3/3886 J. L. Gray, 3/3864 R. Hamilton, 3/24 G. C. Johns, 3/3803 J. Keating, 3/3832 V. Kilby, 3/3827 W. G. Lane, 3/367 H. M. Lawrey, 3/3900 H. Lithgow, 3/3892 A. L. Low, 3/3893 G. E. Low, 3/3899 G. J. Monro, 64111 G. H. Nicols, 3/3904 A. E. H. Potto, 3/3894 A. S. G. Pulford, 69122 N. C. Reid, 69129 A. G. Russell, 3/3930 E. E. Stevens, 3/3888 C. M. Sullivan, 70090 E. J. Warmington, 69155 J. H. Wilden, 3/3671 W. T. Wilson.

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45638 Lt. J. Ormond.
19875 Sgt. W. Ormond; Cpls. 60504 T. Tuatini, 60534 R. J. Hall; Loe.-Cpls. 60480 R. Pokiha, 16765 J. R. Stubbing, 19793 K. H. Tahere, 60503 R. T. Tapa, 60482 N. P. Tinirau, 20041 R. Tonini; Ptes. 60544 J. Anderson, 60535 R. T. Bristow, 60488 H. Brueti, 60547 R. Geary, 60496 P. Haami, 60527 H. Hapeta, 60524 H. Hemara, 60550 E. Honeycombe, 60499 K. Huirua, 60529 I. Hunt, 60528 T. Ihaia, 60483 P. Kahukara, 60519 T. Kaiwhare, 60493 P. Katene, 60497 H. V. Kingi, 60495 W. Kingi, 16/1128 G. Kohimoka, 60543 H. Koti, 62773 R. Marumaru, 60545 T. Mita, 60542 T. Mohi, 60525 P. Ngawaka, 60489 M. Perepe, 60491 M. Potaka, 60530 J. Rameka, 60518 W. Rana, 60500 W. Rangitauwira, 60522 W. Ranie, 60541 R. Roto, 60546 T. Rota, 19627 K. K. Stephens, 60533 S. Tahana, 60515 N. Tairoa, 60506 H. Tanguru, 60539 W. Taputoro, 60502 K. Tehuia, 60490 T. Tehuna, 60532 R. Tekakau, 60507 T. Tetua, 60494 R. Teweato, 60508 D. Tonih, 60551 T. R. Waata, 60552 J. Whatafai.





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