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THE "MOA"



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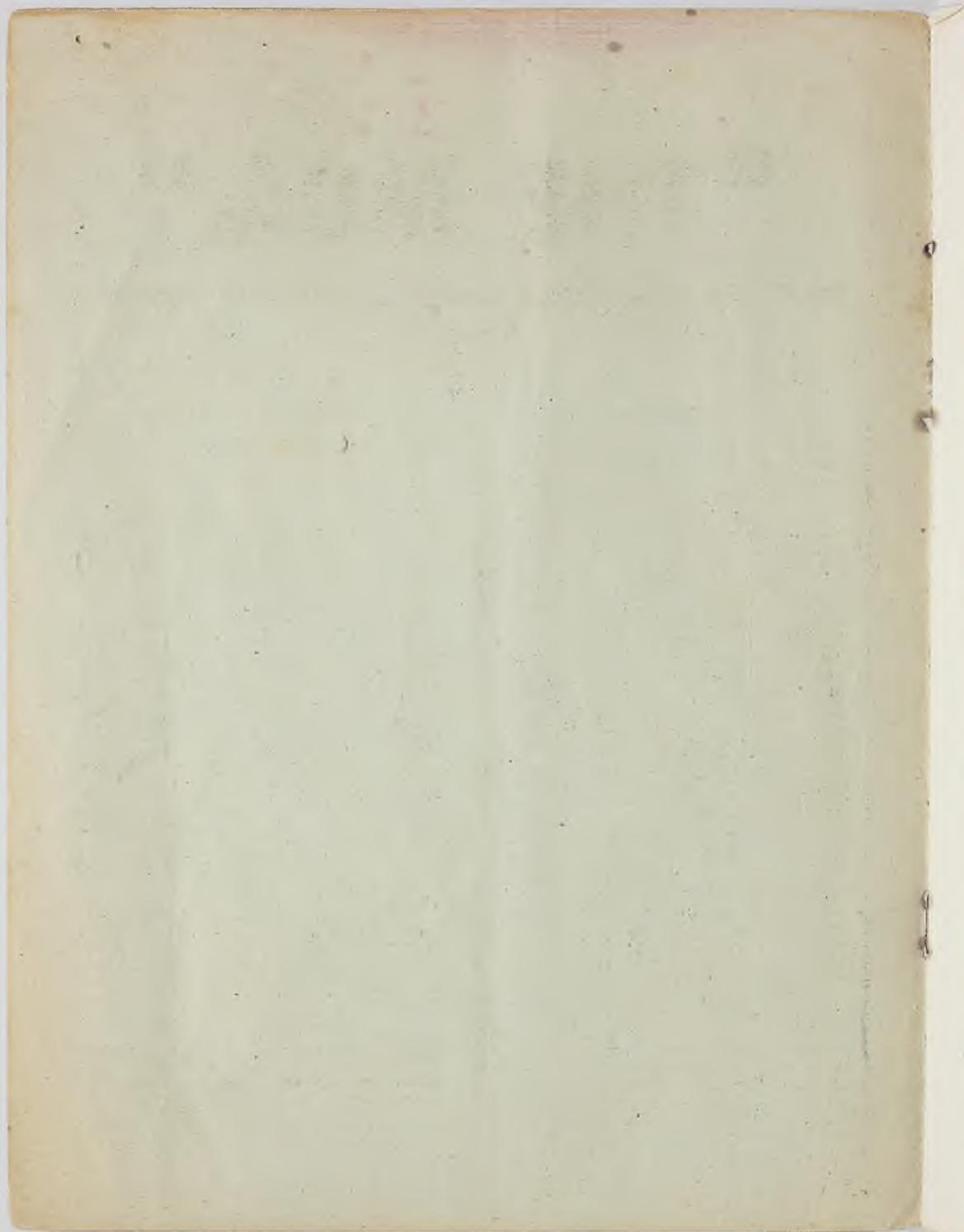
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· THE · LITERARY ·
· "PICKINGS" ·
· OF A ·
· TROOPSHIP ·

EDITORS : · M.T.B. DREW · 2ND LT
· M.W.L. DIGBY · SERGT



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“THE MOA.”

The Journal of the Twenty Seconds on Troopship “Aparima”
(No. 76).

AT SEA.

CIRCULATION 2,000,000

EDITORIAL.

The task of producing this little souvenir of our voyage has been particularly pleasant. It has helped to pass hours that otherwise might have proved irksome, and we have also had the knowledge that it has provided a stimulant for thought and mild industry for quite a number on board. The main idea of the publication was to interest as many as possible, and make it in every sense a ship's paper, and it will be seen by a perusal of a paragraph in another column how great the success has been. This was the spirit we had hoped to find aboard—the spirit that has characterised the Twenty-seconds right through.

A publication of this description necessarily has its limitations—it is possible only to print a certain quantity of matter in the time allotted ashore, and with the finances available. Those competitors, therefore, whose articles have not found publication will understand that a selection for variety had to be made. The editors share in their disappointment, for the editorial pen has had to be held strongly in leash to give room for others.

Our desire has been to produce a paper which will be a souvenir of the trip on this particular ship. Something portraying brightly and faithfully as possible the daily life aboard, which can be sent to relatives and friends at home, or be retained for future years to remind us of the first weeks of our setting out on our “great adventure.” Those few weeks, comprising the first stage of our journey, are now drawing to a close, and soon we embark upon another phase. The ship has been a singularly happy one; all ranks have been well cared for, and grumblers have had short shrift.

May we still proceed on our journey thus—resolved as true soldiers to take with a smile the bad with the good, to do our duty in little things, to champion and comrade each other; trusting always that the prayers for our welfare of those we left behind will be granted, and that a kind watchful Providence will guide us through the dangers ahead to a safe landing on the historic soil of the great Mother who gave our Empire birth, and whom we go to help.

TROOPSHIP SKETCHES.

The First Meal.

(Recorded Lest we Forget).

Around the anchored ship gleamed the lights of Wellington. Our beloved ones had slowly left the wharf and gone home, whither many of us in thought followed them. A few minutes quiet reverie for those aboard—a few dimmed eyes, perhaps. Then in a twinkling the scene changed.

The dinner call blares out! Instantly a thousand or more men awake to the fact that though, perhaps, they have drunk well during the day, they have not eaten much since leaving camp at dawn. The scene becomes historical! Men dive below for plates, pan-nikans, knives, forks; others group themselves around the mess-room entrances; one or two up-end to their lips flasks they still possess, others are helped along by comrades. Some sing, others recite, many swear for the relief it gives them, some stand still and look out into vacancy—some are just rational. It is the duty of one man to introduce some sort of order, and feed the 1,000; and, commandeering an officer or two, Lieut.-Quartermaster Martin sets about it.

A little time before, mess orderlies had been sent to the galleys to bring the food along, and steaming tins and dishes are all ready on the tables. The Quartermaster calls to the noisy crowd to sort itself into two sittings of five hundred, naming the companies in each sitting. Certain numbered tables are allotted to each company, and the places the men occupy are to be permanent for the voyage.

Troopships have particularly narrow alleyways, and very few clear spaces. Most of these are now blocked with humanity. It seems hopeless to tell companies to sort themselves. Yet it is done—the Twenty-seconds have some wonderful things to their credit—and this is added to them. No one remembers now how it was done, nobody cares; but soon a queue was formed waiting ready for the signal.

It comes: “Pick ‘em up!” blows the bugle. Down the mob race.

The leaders of each company have little slips of paper telling the number of the seats. But no theatre usher had task such as this. Beer makes merry with whisky; some stand and sing pathetic little whiffs of songs when they get below and see the scene—long rows of tables covered with eatables under a low iron roof; an iron, slippery floor, iron uprights and staunchions everywhere.

Some of the men look solemn and sad (like come-down swells taking up cheap lodgings), some push and growl. Sweat pours from every brow.

"How the — can I eat the — food if I haven't got a plate?" yells one lusty, cheery-faced private, and, trumpeting his hands, shouts yet louder above the din: "Whose pinched my 'one tin plate pannikan,' you know the — yarn, eh?"

"Sign 'ere!" rips out another at his elbow, completing the Trentham formula.

"Ere, look out! Spill that stoo over yer own clobber!" complains another, as a mess orderly whisks by, leaving a trail behind him.

"What's the tucker to-night, boys?" asks a cheery Maori giant.

"Don't know, but d—d good," replies a little private, his mouth full.

The Quartermaster pushes a singing, vacantly-smiling man into a seat, calms complaining ones, laughs at the inane jokes of the over-merry, who sway and lounge dangerously among the food and tea tins, and between whiles wipes his brow. Arguments are in progress everywhere; pannikans clang against plates, dishes clatter, pandemonium reigns.

Outside up in the alleyways waits another 500 hungry men. The next task is to get the first 500 out, and the second relay to the food. We know it is done every day now as a matter of course as regularly as stoking up the ship's engines. It is done this first night; how, does not very much matter. In a little while the sweltering mess-room has emptied; mess orderlies start their work over again; the bugle presently blows, and in rush the second five hundred. The eating performance repeats itself.

Twenty minutes afterwards comparative silence reigns in the almost empty mess room, and a satisfied Quartermaster wipes the perspiration from his dripping brow, works the clammy shirt free from his back, and thanks Providence.

IN TUNE WITH THE INFINITE.

It is 0.15 a.m.; a bright morning sun glints on the wavelets which cap the great Southern Ocean rollers, sweeping majestically to the North in broad regular lines; a cool bracing wind blows from the South. The bugle notes of the "Fall In" ring out over the ship, calling men up from their recumbent positions on the deck and round about to their places on parade. Officers move from the saloon deck over to their commands. Presently come along the Officer of the Day and the Chaplain, and take their places in the centre of the parade.

"Parade; Attention!" orders the Officer, as the ship's bell rings out 0.30 o'clock. "Uncover!" Every head is bared.

In clear voice the Padre reads three brief prayers—commending to the Creator of the rolling seas our dear ones at home, our comrades at the front, our own welfare on this long voyage not unfringed with dangers—and then leads off with the Lord's Prayer. Manly voices join in and swell the sound to the "Amen."

"Parade! Stand at ease!" orders the Officers. Heads once more are covered, and "Unit Commanders take over!" is the final order.

So starts each day's work aboard Transport 76.

A TYPICAL SCENE.

Darkness has lowered its mantle o'er the sea, and, as all lights on the deck are extinguished, and smoking is not permissible except in the men's mess-room below, most of the troops are to be found in that large room.

A thousand of them! Seated smoking, playing cards, yawning, writing,—a thousand men, or thereabouts, collected together—literally compressed by circumstances into the smallest possible space.

Energetic and faithful mess-orderlies have tidied up the mess-room, and bestowed upon it its very best appearance—iron floors swept, tables scrubbed and scrupulously clean so that you can sit and write at them without fearing greasy cuffs; wash-up towels and cloths, like quaint grimy flags, hanging in orderly fashion from the beams—everything, indeed, as it should be. At the far end of the room, dimly discernable through the maze of tobacco smoke—many of the smokers have only a week before been groaning in bed in sea-sickness—the Y.M.C.A. Representative is seen handing out writing paper, pens, ink, envelopes and magazines from a huge locker which seems to have unlimited resources. Men continually crowd round him. To-night he has handed out 1,500 envelopes and equivalent writing paper. The boat sways with the swell, and the room creaks and groans, as girders and beams move in their tight sockets. The creaky noise pervades the place, a noise such as you never get on shore except on very windy nights and in earthquakes, and mingled with it is the hum of a thousand men conversing, punctuated by a frequent yell of delight as some frantic card player betokens by his antics the playing of a "stoush" hand. The cross-wise running tables are seating humanity at every available inch, crushed in so tightly that the men scarcely move in their places as the boat rolls with the heavy Southern Ocean swell.

At the piano, made fast to a stanchion near the gangway—the gangway is a rough wooden staircase leading from the upper deck, and scrubbed clean to whiteness in spite of the thousands of passengers up and down it daily—a crowd, according to nightly custom, is gathered around the ship's musical Sergeant, who cleverly manipulates the keys—a teacher of music in Invercargill in private life—yes, we'll tell his name, he deserves it for his good work—Sergeant James. First one, then another private, corporal, sergeant, sergeant-major, and often lieutenant, comes up and essays a song, and the crowd about join in the chorus, the strength of which is according to the knowledge the men have of the air. The singing does not interfere with the letter writers—the writers of those pathetic heart-sore epistles which are to bring light into many homes in far-off New Zealand—the card-players play on, the men here and there sitting silent, thinking, thinking, continue their thoughts, and their stare into the far-off past or the more vague distant future, the thick tobacco smoke ascends, and is sucked up by the ventilators, the boat rolls and pitches, and the rafters and beams groan and creak.

And the weary miles outside are gradually slipping past; another day is drawing to its close, and we, units of this scene inside, a little community on this vast restless deep, know, as we sit there, that we are a day's march nearer the carnage of war, but also a day's march nearer the accomplishment of peace, and our glad return homewards.

SUNDAY AT SEA.

Our Sunday morning Church Parades are brief and very similar to all Military Church Parades; but how many people ashore would like to have the experience of attending one of them! Unfettered with the conventions of fashionable church-going ashore, no pew regulations, or petty observances, free on the vasty deep, as near the great Heart of Things as man can get—it is thus we offer our "humble petitions," and join together in our hymns. How different to the ordinary church-goings—knowing, too, all that is before us.

When the Chaplain arrives in surplice and cassock, the parade is handed over to him by the Orderly Officer. If the weather permits it is held on the forward deck; if not, in the mess-room below. The parade is compulsory for all ranks (though not for all religions). The ship's officers and cadets also attend, their blue uniforms contrasting with the khaki. The prayers and hymns all find hearty response. The address is usually short and to the point.

Following the parade comes Holy Communion for those who care to participate. Each Sunday, also, early Communion Service is celebrated. In the evening, Evensong (non-compulsory) is held in the mess-room. Cards and games are stopped, the piano is carried to some convenient place to assist the service; a box is covered with a Union Jack to act as a pulpit, and the men sit along the uncomfortable forms between the mess tables. But discomforts do not interfere, and several hundred men raise their voices in splendid unison. They are uplifting services, and enjoyed by all who attend.

H.T.B.D.

HIT THE MARK—A REAL INCIDENT.

Grand Rounds, after a tour of the forepart of the troopship, had reached the mess-room aft. With an uncanny sixth sense (which others before have attributed to him), the Skipper of the boat discerned something wrong with one of the ventilators, and lo! looking up it, declared: "Aha! It's blocked pretty effectually!" "Should think it was!" remarked the Quartermaster, with a grin, also peering up. Each member of Grand Rounds in turn looked up through the big round iron tube with its large bell mouth, which each day is turned to the wind. "How can we shift him?" someone asked—meaning the burly figure which was comfortably squatted into the upper end. "A pin on a broom handle!" suggested a Captain. "Try this!" said the Quartermaster, and he hurled up a scrubbing brush. The aim was true, and the force behind the throw pretty considerable; there descended sounds of a very hasty, indignant, exit from the comfortable perch, and a hollared enquiry came down as to who was throwing scrubbing brushes about? A frightened Orderly Sergeant, fearing trouble for the delinquent, scuttled up on deck, and told the man the precarious situation, and, the latter feeling himself safe from recognition from the only view presented below, bolted for an obscure part of the ship. Then, having seen the obstruction removed, Grand Rounds, adjusting its dignity, blew aloud its bugle note, and passed on.

OFF AT LAST,

OR

THE TALE OF THE TWENTY-SECONDS.

(An Artillery Action in Various Phases.)

ACT. I.

SCENE I.—CANVASTOWN AT FEATHERSTON CAMP.

The dawn reveals three rows of bell tents, not too regularly laid out, and otherwise bearing evidence of hasty and unskilled erection. This is accounted for by the fact that they were put up in a violent hurry early one morning by men unaccustomed to this class of military work, and not over anxious to learn. The tent floors carry their own testimonial, being ill-fitting and irregular, and containing openings between sections, through which rubbish is dumped. Reveille sounds at 4 a.m., not the good old-fashioned and familiar "Get out of bed," but a much more elaborate call suited, no doubt, to a more polished period. The call, however, is sufficient to raise Sergeant Howitzer from slumber. This gentleman, who is Orderly Sergeant of the day, and charged with the duty of arousing the sleeping camp, gazes out upon what he is in every way justified in describing as a hopeless dawn. It is raining heavily and blowing as badly, and the camp site, none too solid at the best of times, is soft and slushy. It is embarkation day, and the Sergeant shudders as he thinks what must be done before the camp is left behind. Saddened by these reflections, he arises.

Sergt. Howitzer (to himself): —! —! —! —! —! —!
Do. (to his fellow Sergeants in the tent): "Get up you chaps. Reveille's gone."

The Fellow Sergeants (resentful at being disturbed, as they consider, unnecessarily): —! —! —! —! —!
Sergeant Howitzer, gloomily contemplating the lack of appreciation and understanding bestowed upon well-meant efforts, leaves the tent, and squelches his way through the mud to the tents where the other men of the Battery are presumed to be sleeping. The presumption is only too well founded, as the Sergeant discovers on pulling back the flaps.

Sergt. Howitzer: "Get up, lads; Shake it up, lads! Hurry up, lads!"

The lads in question show no disposition to respond to this cordial invitation. In fact they take no notice of it, and when the Sergeant returns from his tour of duty, the position is still *in statu quo*.

The ill-success of the mission is reported to the Sub-Section Sergeants, who, with some commendable alacrity, considering the conditions, hasten to the tents where their men are quartered, rouse the men to some sort of waking activity, and instil into their minds with more or less success the self-evident fact that war is not all beer and skittles. The men, as they leave their blankets, gaze upon the outlook with strong disfavour, and the first privilege of a soldier, to growl, is exercised to the full.

Driver Fetlock (peering through the tent opening): "What an 'ell of a day. Cruelty, I call it—sheer cruelty."

Gunner Striker (an optimist): "Cheer up, old horse. It's a cruel war; but you'll soon be dead."

Gunner Maxim: "The whole thing's rotten. This is the sort of weather they give us for going away. We're mugs. That's what we are. Nothing but bally mugs. I betcher we'd have a better day if we were the heads."

Q.M.S. Dixie (entering hurriedly, and with a pathetic air of joviality): "Hello, boys. We want to get busy. All these tents to be cleaned out, and the floors removed before breakfast, and the lines cleaned up."

This announcement is received with sheer dismay, not unnatural under the circumstances. The notion of having to shove all one's personal effects out into the drenching downpour, and then to hoist out and stack the tent floors in the same meteorological conditions causes the stoutest heart to quail. Growlings and grumbings are renewed.

Driver Fetlock: "We've had it put up on us again. Pushed out of the huts into this beastly hole, and then pushed out altogether into the rain. Crool. Crool."

Gunner Striker: "Never mind. It might have been snowing."

Gunner Maxim: "Why can't they manage things properly. Nothing but blunders."

Q.M.S. Dixie: "That's the style, boys. Stack everything outside."

The work of preparing the camp for evacuation proceeds apace, and is just about finished, when the clarion call "Come to the Cookhouse Door" breaks through the sodden atmosphere, and comes as a first ray of sunshine on a miserable morning.

SCENE 2.—DINING HALL AT THE CAMP.

It is somewhat of a compliment to refer to it as a dining hall. The structure in question is a narrow, roughly-built and ill-lighted shed, destitute of flooring and of any ornamentation or refinement, save stray cobwebs. It has two recommendations, however. It is better than nothing, and it is possible for one to become accustomed to it in time. The latter recommendation has so far not been properly tested—the dining hall has not been up very long. A double line of tables run lengthwise from end to end of the hall, and these tables are crowded with hungry men.

Driver Fetlock: "What! stoo again, and on our last morning, too!"

Gunner Striker: "It's better stew than you get at the other camps."

Gunner Maxim: "We've nobody to look after us. Nobody cares a cuss how we get on. If we were the heads we'd have bacon and eggs. Bad management. I tell you, bad management. Why can't we be treated like men: why can't we have what the heads have: why can't—"

Further lamentations by this gallant Gunner drive those about him to hasty retreat, until the speaker is left with a small and select, but most appreciative, audience, namely, himself.

SCENE 3.—RAILWAY STATION NEAR CAMP.

The men of the Battery are assembled on the platform with their kit-bags and other gear ready for entraining. They number slightly over 100, and a couple of railway cars—one a genuine antique—together capable of holding somewhere about 65, are put on for their special accommodation. The men squeeze in—somehow.

Driver Fetlock: "What the 'ell are we. Sheep or cattle."

Gunner Striker: "Neither, dear boy, neither."

Gunner Maxim: "It don't matter about us. Any old thing will do for us. Ram and jam us in. We've no feelings. If we were the heads we'd be riding in a cushioned carriage sitting on one seat, and with our feet on another."

Bombardier Breechblock: "That chap's whining gives me the bally stomachache."

Bombardier Dialsight: "Quite so; but it's a free country, and that sort of wind does no harm."

Gunner Maxim continues to entertain his fellow passengers with a further recital of his grievances. They are about to give him a gentle hint to desist by dropping him and his baggage through the window when the port of embarkation is sighted.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—ON BOARD THE TRANSPORT.

The ship, once a crack ocean tramp, has been so altered and amended to suit her for her new object in life as to make her resemble a Noah's Ark. The animals, however, are missing, at least some of them. Signs of hurried preparations are visible everywhere, and the ship is only kept tidy with difficulty.

Driver Fetlock: "Thank God we won't have to shift again in a hurry. What an 'ell of a ship. She's dirtier than a collier."

Gunner Striker: "Yes, but what do you expect for the money? A bridal suite in the *Oceanic*?"

Gunner Maxim: "Any old tub will do for us. We don't count. I betcher the heads have got a good passenger ship."

Bombardier Breechblock: "He'll make me sick before we start."

The men scatter round the ship, and serenely oblivious of the rights of privacy supposed to be enjoyed by others, poke their noses everywhere. They view with disapproval the expedients provided for dealing with men in the bulk, and, with an assurance based on a total want of knowledge of what is to come, confidently predict a bad time.

SCENE 2.—DEPARTURE OF THE TRANSPORT.

Not a very profound or inspiring event. A sort of large scaled grille is drawn across the wharf, soldiers one side, populace the other. Strict orders that the two shall not mix. Hence guard. Farewells are effected mostly at long range, and the transport, to the accompaniment of toots, cheers, and handkerchief waving, backs slowly out. The grille is levelled, and the populace stampede the wharf. They are too late, however, for the ship is well clear.

Driver Fetlock: "It'll be a long time before we see the old city again."

Gunner Striker: "Don't worry. You'll see plenty of other cities."

Gunner Maxim (in the midst of an harangue): "—every time. That's what it is. You won't find the heads doing so: only mugs like us. Why only yesterday—"

Bombardier Breechblock (aside): "That blithering idiot."

ACT III.

SCENE I.—MESS ROOM OF TRANSPORT FIRST NIGHT AT SEA.

It is quite a roomy area, but completely filled with long tables and forms. The evening meal, tripe and onions, has been laid out, and when the bugle blows there is a frantic rush. As the mess-room will only accommodate half the total number at a time, and as there is some uncertainty as to who is and who is not entitled to first sitting, considerable confusion is caused, the result being that several eminent personages find their presence at the festive board unavoidably postponed.

Driver Fetlock: "What the 'ell's this. No tucker?"

Gunner Striker: "You'll get it soon. We were beaten for places, that's all.

Gunner Maxim: "So they get us aboard, and then wont feed us. That's the way they do things. I bet the heads are having all they want."

Bombardier Breechblock: "For God's sake, stow it!"

SCENE 2.—THE AFTER DECK OF THE TRANSPORT.

Some ten or a dozen men, a fatigue party, are engaged in the humble but necessary task of preparing vegetables for the coming meal. The said vegetables consist of potatoes in sacks, onions in bags, and pumpkins or marrows or some other member of the gourd family. The potatoes present no difficulty. Some are peeled, but the majority are simply sluiced through a trough of water in readiness to be boiled in their jackets, eminent medical opinion being that this is the most nutritious way to cook the potato. Such opinion is heartily endorsed by the fatigue party. The onions likewise lend themselves to easy treatment, the test being one more of eyes than of hands. But the pumpkins! They are, as it were, in the sere and yellow leaf, and possess hides of cupro-nickel. A battle-axe, or buzz-saw might reasonably be expected to make some impression; but what chance has the military mess-knife, with which the men are in the main equipped. To the little party is brought Driver Fetlock as a helper. He looks in dazed fashion at the heap of vegetables, then out to sea, and back again at the vegetables.

Driver Fetlock (still dazed): "Strewth!"

SCENE 3.—WELL OUT AT SEA.

A brilliant sunset is holding spellbound many of the men. The ship swings along steadily over a gentle swell.

Bombardier Breechblock (after a long silence): "I wonder if we'll see it through."

Bombardier Dialsight: "I wonder."

—H. W. L. D.

MR. DANIELS—CHIEF OFFICER.

The Chief Officer of the *Aparima*, Mr. Daniels, has the distinction of having on his last voyage been the youngest officer of the smallest transport (for so long a voyage) afloat—the *Navua*. This came about through the death at Home of Capt. Macdonald, of the *Aparima* on its last trip. Capt. Doory, then of the *Navua*, was taken from the little craft, and put in charge of his present command, and Mr. Daniels, then Chief Officer of this vessel, was transferred to the Captaincy of the *Navua*. He guided her destinies, full of wounded men, to New Zealand—unescorted after the first ten hours. He rejoined the *Aparima* again at New Zealand. Mr. Daniels is just the man for a transport such as this—a manly officer, a fine athlete; he has the capacity for sorting out a real grievance from a fancied one, and when there is anything which he thinks should be fixed up for the benefit of the ship or those aboard—if its only a Swiss cottage for the ship's cat—he is a ten seconds' man on the job.

THE TWENTY SECONDS.

A Brief History.

On Tuesday, July 25th, 1916, there entered Trentham Camp the eighteen original officers and 110 non-commissioned officers of the 21st Infantry Reinforcement. A few weeks later the Defence Department decided to extend the training of each draft by one month, and matters were arranged by calling the 21st Reinforcement the 22nd, and forming out of different units in camp another reinforcement to be called the 21st. Training then went on as usual. During August five officers, part of the commissioned N.C.O.'s of the 16ths, and on the 22nd September another 18 officers from the 17th N.C.O.'s were attached to the 22nd. On Tuesday, October 17th, the recruits came in, and work began in earnest. The promoted officers from the 16th and 17th drafts proved themselves keen, alert, and thorough to a degree in their work. Training continued until November 21st, when the reinforcement got up early one morning to entrain to Featherston, and thence go to Tauherenikau Canvas Camp. The behaviour of the troops during the transfer drew forth from the Head Office of the Railway Department a letter commenting in the most favourable terms on their excellent conduct.

In Trentham Camp a great spirit of rivalry existed between the various companies in the matter of keeping lines. This led to the lines of the reinforcement as a whole being maintained at a very high standard as regards tidiness, etc., and the following extract from Trentham Camp Routine orders No. 607 of November, 1916, is interesting: "The Camp Commandant desires to express his appreciation of the excellent manner and neatness of the lines of the 22nd Reinforcements. The photograph of 'Beds out,' 'B' Coy., 22nd Reinforcements, has been forwarded to the D.G.M.S. at his request for the War Office, England, as an example of a New Zealand Camp."

AT FEATHERSTON.

The Reinforcement remained in Tauherenikau Camp for a week only, and then removed to Canvas Camp at Featherston, where training was continued. On 13th December, 1916, a most successful sports gathering was held by the Reinforcement at Elgar's Paddock, Featherston. Extended leave was granted the Reinforcement from 10th December, 1916, to 7th January, 1917. Unfortunately, on January 9th, 1917, 404 men from the 22nd were required to transfer to another draft which was about to embark, and it speaks well for the spirit of the men that this number was despatched by special train for Trentham the following morning. This "breaking up" of the Reinforcement meant the parting of mates and men who had drilled and worked together for some months, and the men transferring were given a great send-off by their late comrades of the 22nd. Later on a similar number of men who were put through a special course of platoon training by officers and N.C.O.'s of the 22nd were transferred from the 23rd Reinforcement to fill the vacancies in the 22nd.

In the early morning of January 18th the Reinforcement commenced the usual march over the Rimutakas, and on Saturday, January 20th, entered Trentham Camp.

It is worth mentioning that, during the Reinforcement's stay in Featherston, not once was it necessary to work on the Wet Day Syllabus.

At the examination for first appointments of N.C.O.'s to Commissions, a large number of candidates passed, and eleven were granted Commissions, and transferred to the 27th Reinforcements.

The officers of the 22nd Reinforcement gave a farewell dinner at the Grand Hotel on the evening of the 30th January. Among the guests were Colonel the Hon. Sir James Allen (Acting Premier and Minister for Defence), General Sir A. W. Robin (G.O.C., N.Z. Forces), Colonel C. K. MacDonald (Chief Infantry Instructor), Colonel H. R. Potter (Trentham Camp Commandant), Major D. J. Sweetzer (Asst. Infantry Instructor), Major Neville Newcombe (Adjutant, Featherstone Camp), Major Mowsey (Trentham Camp Quartermaster), Capt. W. Bell (Trentham Camp Adjutant), Lieut. Cleater, Asst. Military Instructor (Trentham), and others. The principal toast of the evening was "The Camps' Staffs," proposed by the Chairman, Capt. J. Keir, who referred in happy terms to the great work being done by the training staffs.

On January 31st His Excellency the Governor (Lord Liverpool) reviewed the Reinforcement under Capt. Keir, and on February 1st, at 7 p.m., the Twenty Seconds commenced their night march back again over the Rimutakas to Featherstone Camp, their departure from New Zealand having been delayed. They marched that night in the rain, and on the morning of 3rd February the long column entered Featherstone Camp once again, thus having the honour of being the first draft to march both ways over the "Big Hill."

Thus we, the last purely voluntary draft, after nearly five months of training, bade farewell to the Land of the Fern Leaf, and proceeded on the long ocean voyage with the cherished thought and sincere determination in each man's mind to endeavour to emulate the glorious example set them by General French's "Contemptible Little Army" to uphold the splendid reputation won by the Dominion's previous drafts, and to assist in maintaining the prestige of the British Empire.

J. KEIR.

A REVERIE.

A golden sun, just sinking 'neath the sea,
A beauteous sunset, God's inimitable best. . . .
I gaze out long, unfilled, my vague thoughts uncom-
pleted—
And slow, the sun sinks down unto his rest.

Yes, day, maybe, has marked him hot or hidden;
Unthinking man—well served as suited best:
His thoughts earth-held or narrowed by convention—
Has cursed at heat or wind's unwonted zest;

And yet the sun, obedient to his calling,
Unswervingly, his course has run, complete,
Oblivious of such puny human murmurings—
And radiant, rests him at his Master's feet.

So we do learn that often it may happen
That lives upraised, beneficent and blest,
Can be misunderstood by benefiting mortals—
Yet run their course, then sink to beauteous rest.

H. T. B. D.

LIMERICKS.

The assortment of Limericks available aboard has not been great. The best of them we give. At one time limerick-making was as popular a pastime as the game of patience; but it seems to be quickly receding into the category of the lost arts—a sure sign of British decadence, and one greatly to be deplored. We advise a closer study of "Homer," or his latest rival in poetic metaphor, "Ginger Mick."

A valued officer and correspondent—"Kiritahi"—sends the following three:—

Then here's to our friend, Captain Doorly,
Who is guiding us slowly, but surely,
His good ship *Aparima*,
Is a steady old steamer,
Tho' the Adjutant sometimes feels poorly.

Our Dentist's a man of some figure,
Who displays most remarkable vigour,
For a man, of his size,
Which is p'raps hardly wise;
But they say he is sure some digger.

Our Cap's got his wits all about him,
He'll guide us—you surely don't doubt him,
Across the wide ocean;
I haven't a notion,
However we'd get on without him.

"Paritutu" gets a few points on to pals in "B" Company in the following four:—

There was a great soldier named Kirk,
They say he's a terror to flirt,
The girls from Kaponga,
Hope t'wont be much longer,
His marital duties he'll shirk.

There is a young chap called Jack Raven,
Believes in this 'ere daylight savin';
When three o'clock goes,
He chucks off the clothes,
And gets out his tackle for shavin'.

There was a brave soldier called Candy,
Sure—he was a regular dandy,
A bomb hit his "tummy,"
And made him feel "rummy,"
So settled his drinking of shandy.

There was a lance-Jack called Jim Nairn,
The father of one bonnie bairn,
Says he to his wife,
I must off to the strife,
To see how the Anzacs are farin'.

An enemy (W. P.) hath done this because his copy was cut down by 45 pages:—

There was a young fellow named Dew,
Of brains he possessed not a few;
He finds running a paper,
A very good caper,
And so we commend him to you.

Now, here's luck to our Editor sport,
We vote him a jolly good sort;
But one thing that he
Desires is that we
Should make all our articles short.

So now, then, dear Editor "Bertie,"
Be sure that you don't get too shirty,"
If we of our musé,
Try to make the most use,
To sing of "the thousand and thirty."

"His Cobber" sends along a helpful jingle about
"Mac" of the medical corps:—

There's an Ambulance man known as "Mac"
Making fun is his own happy knack;
He's the symbol of humour,
And, mind, there's a rumour,
That on girls he'll ne'er turn his back.

In debate "Mac's" well known as a snorter;
His brevity couldn't be shorter.
Not so with the misses;
For he longs for their -----
If you've one, mind your daughter, for you oughter.

And "Contributor" causes another laugh from the
upper deck:—

There was a young "cookie" called "Scotty,"
Who sometimes got awfully potty.
At the first port of call,
He drank pewter and all;
And now he has nearly gone dotty!
(for the want of it).

There's a little black kitten called "Tim,"
Is as clean as a very new pin;
The Major it pleases,
To ply him with teases,
And hear Tim say: "Stop it, please, Jim."

Just now we are crossing the ocean,
And I've got a very good notion,
That should Kaiser Bill hear,
The "two-tooths" coming near,
He will pray with much extra devotion.

A fresh Sergeant-Major with new command:
Sergeant-Major: "Squad—Attention: Front rank,
five paces step sideways!" Squad all laughed.
Sergeant-Major: "Halt!"

PICKING UP AN ESCORT.

The Way of the Navy.

(By "Cathead.")

The morning sun shone brightly from a cloudless sky,
and the gentle autumn breeze—keen and bracing—
ruffled the sea into a hundred sparkles.

The broad expanse of ocean was relieved by a group
of sombre-painted vessels, whose wet and rusty sides
gleamed in the sunshine as they heeled over to the long,
eternal Atlantic roll. Day after day, night after night,
they had ploughed along in line ahead across the track-
less wastes, proudly bearing to the Motherland's aid
the brave and loyal sons from the outposts of her
glorious Empire.

They have now reached their final *rendezvous*. A
semaphore message waves from the escorting cruiser,
and in response the leader of the convoy downs
"answer," draws out of the line and reduces speed.
A boat then plunges across the heaving swell and
ranges alongside. Hundreds of sun-tanned troops list
the ship as they eagerly crowd along the rails. A small
canvas bag, conspicuously marked O.H.M.S., is deftly
drawn on board from the boat—messages from the sea
to loved ones waiting resignedly at home.

The cruiser has come to the end of her beat. Signal
follows signal in quick succession—wishes of "good
luck" and "God-speed"—and finally a string of hunt-
ing creeps up to the signal yard. The convoy repeats
the hoist, and in a few moments, all being ready, the
Mother ship's flags come fluttering down. The troop-
ships then alter course together, and their heads are
pointing at last to the mighty Homeland. With "A
pleasant voyage" streaming out on the wind, the cruiser
slowly swings round on her helm. A rousing, thrilling
cheer speeds out from ship to ship as she passes along
—pent-up expressions of thanks for her ceaseless vigil
and protection. She dips her Ensign in acknowledg-
ment, and, rapidly gathering way, is soon lost astern
in a cloud of smoke.

Recent gales had detained the final escort, but the
troopships proceeded unconcernedly on their way.

Wireless warnings were picked up from time to time
reporting "Submarines active" in various localities.
During the afternoon information came to hand of a
transport thirty miles away being chased by an under-
water craft. Half an hour later patrol boats were
dealing with the pirate, and the transport had escaped.

"A good haul, eh?" suggested the Colonel, as he
meditatively surveyed the sturdy khaki figures crowded
about the decks. The Captain nodded significantly
towards his ship's defensive armament. "We'll give
'em a run for their pains, anyway," he said . . . and
don't forget, sir," he added proudly, "that we can pip
a cask at 2,000 yards."

"Still it's strange that we should be left to our own
devices at this juncture," observed the Colonel reason-
ably.

"Look here, Sir," the Captain replied, "the Admiralty
knows what it is about, so don't worry. We've an
armed guard all round," he continued, "look-outs every-
where, and gunners as keen as mustard. In my ex-
perience, Sir," said the Captain philosophically, "I've
noticed that when one is prepared for the worst—no-
thing happens. . . . and," he concluded sensibly, "it
will be a bad day for old England when escorts have
to be provided for all her merchantmen."

The ships proceeded independently during the day.
The *Ariel*, having the best speed, gradually drew ahead,

while the *Miranda* and *Ophelia* jogged along more or less in company. The trail of the *Ariel's* smoke besmirching the Eastern horizon was all that was visible when night closed down upon the grey undulating ocean.

All lights being screened, the ships soon became merged in the darkness.

Possibly the escort was then hurrying out upon its way eager to perform its brave mission. The chance of picking up its charge under these conditions, however, seemed difficult, but to exhibit lights might bring forth that which was not required—nor desired. The situation was awkward.

Below, in the dormitories, the troops snored as usual. The armed guard strutted to and fro, stopping now and then to peer intently into the darkness. The phosphorescent trail of a porpoise making for the ship caused them occasionally momentary concern.

The Captain perused the chart, and listened instinctively to the distant thrum of the engines going at top speed. The stokers were doing their "bit" alright. "Well, their skins are as good to them as mine is to me, I suppose," he mused as he flicked the ash from his cigar.

A muffled "eight bells" marked the hour of midnight. Nothing as yet had intruded upon the gloomy blur of the horizon.

A "Naval Message."

Soon after the Middle Watch had settled itself down to its accustomed duties, the Captain—prone on the Chart House settee, lightly dozing with one eye on the clock—was brought smartly to his feet by the sudden thrust of a fluttering Marconigram between the door curtain. "Naval message, Sir," said the operator. . . . "A good way off yet though, Sir."

The Captain eagerly turned over the pages of his weighty code book, and soon decoded the grouped letters: "State your position, course and speed." The chart lay spread open before him. After a careful laying-on of parallel rulers and a pricking off with dividers the result, dotted on a chit of paper, was promptly converted into an apparently unintelligible jargon. In a few moments a mysterious crackling could be heard in the black void overhead, and the secret reply had flashed into the realms of space.

The Captain, having cautioned the Officer of the watch that the speaking tube whistle would find him immediately, went below to his cabin. There he partook of some cocoa and hot buttered toast, then, lighting a pipe, he "stretched off the land" again, feeling at comparative peace with the world generally. The troops below still snored. A few hours passed. At 4 a.m., as though by instinct, the Captain roused himself, mopped his face with a spongy icy water, and struggled into his uniform overcoat. Simultaneously the wireless operator emerged from his kennel of a room, and dashed along to the Captain's cabin. "Must be up against us now, Sir," he said breathlessly, as he handed the Captain a message. "Nearly knocked the top of my head off, Sir," he added with a wry smile. "Sparks" was game—he'd been "listening in" then for sixteen hours without a break.

The Destroyers.

The Captain skipped up the bridge ladder to the Chart House, and again feverishly fingered the pages of his code. . . . The few letters now meant: "Burn navigation lights." He hurled the book into its secret

recess, pressed down the electric knobs on the switch board near the door, and rushed out into the inky blackness of the bridge. He was greeted instantly by a shout from the Officer of the watch. . . . "There you are, Sir . . . lights abeam . . . just switched on, Sir." The glare of the Chart House light had momentarily affected the Captain's vision, nevertheless he soon made out the masthead and port lights of three vessels in line.

"Must be the destroyers," said the Captain, peering through his binoculars. . . . "Ha, ha," he chortled as the small craft swerved round and showed their green lights. . . . "Worth while pottering about all night for this, eh . . . position's about dead on too . . . good old British Navy."

A peremptory Morse signal then ordered all lights out, and in a minute or two three low lying black streaks were swishing eerily alongside in the darkness. "Are you *Miranda*?" the lamp flashed again. The fact that the ship addressed was the *Miranda* caused one to reflect upon the consummate skill of our gallant guardians of the sea.

"Where is the *Ariel*," was the next query.

"About thirty miles ahead . . . last seen slightly on starboard bow" was signalled from the *Miranda's* bridge. The escorting vessels thereupon had a rapid interchange on flashing lamps, and, without more ado, the leading destroyers, in a churn of phosphorescence, darted ahead and vanished. "I reckon I can enjoy a pipe of peace now," remarked the Captain as he descended the bridge ladder.

Sweeping the Way.

At the first streak of dawn the alert destroyers commenced their day's work of sweeping the way ahead of their charges; backwards and forwards—to and fro—they went, incessantly darting fluently across the bows. Instructions from the shore Military Commandant to the O. C. Reinforcements were unconcernedly shot across by semaphore as the little ship skimmed and churned about on its lively manœuvres. And so the hours sped on.

Gradually the convoy approached the shipping tracks, and vessels of all descriptions—mail liners, transports, cargo tramps and colliers—pursued their various ways zig-zagging incongruously.

Suddenly a few miles away on the starboard bow, in the vicinity of a big Homeward-bound cargo vessel, there appeared two low-lying objects with squat tower-shaped humps protruding from their middles. In a few seconds a terrific explosion flung skywards a great cloud of spray and debris from the steamer's foredeck. Like an arrow released from the bow-string the *Miranda's* destroyer flew off, and was momentarily lost in oily black smoke, foam and lashed-up sprays. The *Miranda* turned away from the scene of disaster, and zig-zagged all over the ocean.

The troops, teeming with interest and excitement, crowded along the rails and cheered wildly as the destroyer's bow and stern guns spat out fiery flashes in quick succession at the submerging pirates. The firing ceased abruptly, and the destroyer dashed off to the stricken steamer. A few moments later she was back again, and unconcernedly "carried on" criss-crossing the *Miranda's* bows.

By this time the animated soldiery had swarmed forward on to the fore-castle.

"Call her up, Sir," said the Captain to the Watch Officer. . . . "Ask the news."

The signal was soon made. The destroyer's answering pennant came fluttering down, and "J. (long-tack) M" instantly flew up in its place. The *Miranda's* Captain, Officer of the watch and signallers gazed fixedly through their glasses. The destroyer was swishing along at 28 knots, and with each sharp swerve round she leaned over alarmingly and smothered herself in sheets of wind-driven sprays. A blue jacket, swaying like a human clinometer, was perilously poised on the top of the after gun, from which venturesome position he calmly waved his red and yellow semaphore flags.

The destroyers reply, in characteristic Naval terseness, sent an indescribable thrill through a thousand hearts. It ran: "Saved steamer's crew . . . bagged the two submarines."

* * *

Next morning the usual stereotyped cablegram appeared in the overseas daily papers: "The Nineteenth Reinforcement arrived at its destination on its due date."

THE CRIMES OF CURLY.

The Court Martial.

One of the most amusing evenings aboard the ship was last Saturday, when Lieut. Perry, of "B" Company, submitted his splendid little stunt, "A Mock Court Martial." The Court consisted of: President, Lieutenant Closs; Members, C.S.M. Gallagher and Sergeant Mackay; "Persecutor," Lieut. Perry, Council or "Friend" for the Defendant, Sergeant Aitken; Prisoner, Sergeant O'Brien; Prisoner's Guard, Private Stand-Easy Brown; Witnesses, Capt. Doory, Sergeant-Major Thomson, Scotty the Cook, and the P.M.O., Capt. Williams.

A terrible list of indictments was arrayed against the accused (one of the most genial and best-beloved characters aboard the ship, called for the occasion "Curly." The following were some of the charges: Having his photograph taken while asleep on fatigue at Featherston; being absent from rum issue at Kai-toke; advertising a well-known brand of hair restorer on board (a personal matter); stealing twelve knots a day from the slow-ship *Aparima*; playing Fan Tan with the Chinese carpenter; refusing to go ashore on leave at last port of call; bathing in a pannikan of water.

All concerned carried out their parts well. Unfortunately we cannot give as much as we would like of the proceedings. The charges were made under the "Fried Fish Act," which for the occasion had superseded the Military enactments.

One of the penalties was that the accused might have to be called upon to drink his own bath water.

It was said in the accused's favour that he cared for the sick in the hospital, and cured them by drinking their medicine. On that plea, and on the evidence of good character, he was acquitted. And the audience "at the back of the court" cheered.

SPORTS ON BOARD.

Anyone who has had experience of life on a transport will know that the main part of that life is sport of some kind (eating always excepted). Before meals and after meals (if anyone knows when one meal ends and the next begins), before parade and after parade, yes, even during parade—sport of some kind.

At a meeting on February 10th a committee was set up. It was exceptionally fortunate in getting such a fine athlete as the Chief Officer for secretary. One, Dave Gallagher (Sergt.-Major "A" Coy.) needs no introduction.

It was decided to hold the first Sports Meeting on the 24th, but unfortunately it had to be postponed. The deck refused to keep still. The following Saturday, however, it was in a kinder mood, and a programme was got off.

The Maoris danced a very fine set of Hakas by way of overture, and were twice encored. The obstacle race was won by Driver Sander, of the Artillery. The obstacles were many and various, comprising a net tightly spread across the deck under which the runners, or rather crawlers, had to go, two sets of sacks, a wind chute, and sundry ladders. The net would have delighted Rex Beach. I saw one of the Maoris attempting to get through a sack open at only one end. Thread the needle—won by Privates Warr and Molloy. Cock fighting in the ring was won by Private Dunn, of the Maoris. This event provided a great study in positions. The contestants were trussed up like fowls, and the roll of the boat made their efforts to push each other out of the ring very ludicrous at times.

Other events: Egg and spoon race, won by Private Warr, "F" Coy. Pillow fighting on a spar was won by Private Le Compte. The fun was fast and furious.

On March 5th the committee met and decided to arrange a boxing tournament. A schedule of different classes was drawn up, and Sergt.-Major Bates was appointed referee. Mr. Daniels was elected wrestling referee. Inoculation prevented the meeting taking place last Saturday, and instead a few other events were run off, as follows: Bun and treacle worry, Private Tuhaka (Maoris). Most of the time the bun got stuck to the back of the contestants' necks. Major Barton obtained a great snap of the winner.

Skiping competition, Private Spud Murphy.

Sack race, Private Ngahana. Tug-of-war—N.C.O.'s defeated the Officers' team.

In a week or two it is hoped to have championship events, for which a fund has already been formed.

J. B. R.

EVENING BOUTS.

The boxing enthusiasts, who have been responsible for the bouts on the forward deck each evening, have initiated one of the most popular attractions on the boat. A rope is stretched to resemble a ring, and the spectators sit, stand, or hang on around about. The bouts rarely exceed two rounds of two minutes. There is a lot of talent aboard, especially in the light weights. The Maoris are popular contestants. The best sportsmanlike spirit prevails.

CONCERTS.

Twice a week, or thereabouts, an endeavour has been made by the Social Committee (who hold their meetings standing up in the Quartermaster's little room) to hold some form of entertainment. Concerts so far have been the rule, but this week Capt. Doorly has been inveigled into giving a lecture on Antarctic experiences in the *Morning*. Mock trials (arranged by Lieut. Perry) and other helpful experiences in life, are to be held later. Concert talent abounds on board, and the evenings have been very enjoyable. The Maoris, as in other departments, hold their own with the pakehas. Sergeant James has been the chief moving spirit in the musical line, and has been the genius at the piano, whom Capt. Doorly and Corpl. Meadows have ably assisted when occasions called.

Unfortunately the programme of the first concert seems to have gone astray, but most of the performers on that occasion helped subsequently, so we hope their names will be included in the list supplied below. Anyway, it is expected that a great deal more talent is aboard that is yet destined to blush on the mess-room stage, but which, as we only run one paper per voyage, will not, unfortunately, be mentioned in print. The helpers so far have been Capt. Doorly, Capt. Robson and Mr. Dalgleish, Lieuts. Phillips, R. E. J. Martin, W. Perry, H. T. B. Drew, McLachlan, Quartermaster-Sergt. Samuels, Sergeants James, De Senna, Brown, McCardell, Fitch, Corps, Lambert, Hepburne, Babbington, Gunner Abernethy, Privates F. Williams, F. A. White, Gibbings, H. A. Jones, Johnston, McHoewan, Townsend, Brown, G. W. Hunter, and Coates.

At present the ship has a capital orchestra, under Sergeant James, which always has a good reception, and at a port of call it is intended to procure other instruments. We have the players.

The chair so far has been occupied by Capt. Doorly, Major Barton, Capt. Keir, Chaplain Capt. Robson, and the M.O., Capt. Williams. The audiences, needless to say, have been very large and very enthusiastic—fondlest of course of the comic element. Unfortunately the same old story holds good now: Pressure on our space prevents further reference.

THE NEW ZEALAND WAY.

Pretty girl—lots of go,
Colonial Soldier—not too slow.

Pretty girl—azure sky,
Colonial Soldier—some glad eye.

Pretty girl—rosy red,
Colonial Soldier—hangs his head.

Pretty girl—ruby lips,
Colonial Soldier—steals a kiss.

Pretty girl—heaves a sigh,
Soldier whispers—by and bye.

"A KNUT."

THE RULING PASSION.

(Football: Relics of the Past.)

The chat on board at present is not about the war or horse racing, but the chances of the North and South Island teams in the coming football match at the next port of call. The ruling passion of dear old Maoriand is still strong. When all else palls on board, quoits, physical drill, washing clothes, grousing, side bets on whether the ship is going forward or aft, boxing, and buying canteen tickets, there is always a fall back upon a good sweating scrum on a 6 ft. x 6 ft. patch of deck, and a rush for some imaginary line with a bit of anything called a ball. But the next port of call affair is to be a serious ding-dong go.

Johnston, the Otagan All Black, has a good team, comprising:—Full back: H. A. Tohill; three-quarters: H. Spence, McPherson, Robinson, Sheldon; five-eighths: Junge, Hetet, Maude and Lieut. Dansey; wing forward: W. Johnston; forwards: Guyton, Lawlor, Watt, Moir, Ramsay, Ramsay, Garrick, Duffy, Boniface, Tepini. Manager of the team, S. B. Routledge, and secretary, Corpl. R. Taylor.

Of these players (who include emergencies), a number have played representative football in New Zealand. Johnston is the celebrated All Black. Spence is a Canterbury representative, Sheldon and Lieut. Dansey West Coast and South Island representative, Hetet a Maniopo representative, Maude, Southland, Guyton, North and South Canterbury, Ramsay, South Otago. All the others picked have played senior football for some district or other in New Zealand.

Dave Gallagher's hefty lot are as follows:— Full back: Duffy Corson; three-quarters: Farrelly, Mitchell, A. M. Thomson; five-eighths, Christopherson, Greeks; half: Thurston; wing forward: D. Gallagher; forwards: W. J. Joy, White, Couchman, Cunningham, Petty, McCarlie, Canseldine. Emergency backs: Thomson, Reynolds, Tennant, Townsend; forwards: Bennett, Aily, Addison, Honeana, Kells, Murphy.

Of this lot Gallagher is All Black, A. M. Thomson a Wellington representative, Christopherson a Wellington B. representative, Thurston a Taranaki and Auckland representative, and Petty a Wellington and Wararapa representative. All the others are ex-senior players.

Facilities for practising and training have been provided by the genial sport-loving Chief Officer Daniels.

OUR COMMITTEES.

The Committees which were appointed to control sports and amusements aboard are as follows:—

Social:—Chairman, Capt. Doorly, Capt. Robson, Mr. H. Fawcett (Secretary), Lieutenants Martin, Tuttle, H. T. B. Drew, Phillips, Archev, Mr. Mackay, Q.M.S. Ross, Sergeants James, Chick, Mackay, Clark, Corporal Rang and Private Gibbins.

Sports:—President, Capt. Doorly; Vice-Presidents: Major Barton, Captain Keir, Chap.-Capt. Robson; (Secretary) Mr. H. A. Daniel (Chief Officer); Committee: Lieutenants Larsen, Perry, McLachlan, Dansey; Capt. Pettv, C.S.M. Gallagher, S.S.M. Bates, Corpl. Cooper, Bom. Reynolds, S.M. Anderson and Corpl. Jordon.

TROOPSHIP 76.

By Capt. C. S. Doorly, R.N.R.

As sung with unbounded success by Lieut. R. E. J. Martin.

I.

When Kaiser Bill commenced this War he reckoned
on a win,
But now he's got to puzzle how to save his blooming
skin,
Of course he didn't think New Zealand ever would
come in

With Troopship 76.

Bill Massey said "Oh, yes," we soon shall come to
Britain's aid;
He dealt a heavy blow when out he sent the new
Brigade.
To clinch it altogether now the ace of trumps he's
played—

That's Troopship 76.

Troopship 76. We're against the Hun for all his
dirty tricks;
We've had a bitter struggle with the German and the
Turk,
But soon we'll show we're capable of any kind of
work.
We'll fight like very demons, and our duties never
shirk—

We're Troopship 76.

II.

We left our fair New Zealand nestling far across the
tide,
But soon began to contemplate committing suicide,
Especially when our breakfast started shooting o'er the
side

Of Troopship 76.

She rolled, she pitched, she jobbled till she nearly broke
our necks;
No wonder the material that belongs to Georgius Rex
With all the mess-tins, blankets, clothes were floating
round the decks

Of Troopship 76.

Troopship 76—We're against the Hun for all his dirty
tricks;
The sick parades were popular, and gargled anything;
The Adjutant was feeling like a chewed-up piece of
string,
But Doorly said "Cheer up, me lads, we'll get there
in the Spring."

On Troopship 76.

III.

The bugles always blaring out "Come to the Cook-
house door."
We eat like blooming fighting cocks—and then we eat
some more;
The Maoris and the Tunnellers have nearly topped the
score

On Troopship 76.

The Officers are dilly playing quoifs the blessed day;
The Sisters' squealing kitten is the mascot—so they
say.

And kind Lieut. Phillips does gum-digging by the way
On Troopship 76.
Troopship 76—We're against the Hun for all his dirty
tricks.

We shove our bloomin' chests out when at Rounds
the Tin Hats pass.

My word! our O.C., Captain Keir, is great on cleaning
brass;
The prison seems a funny place to hold a Bible Class
On Troopship 76.

IV.

But when we're getting near the end how sorry we
shall be
To leave the ship that's brought us safe across the
mighty sea.

Oh, yes! we were a very, very merry company

On Troopship 76.

No more we'll have to rise up when the Sergeant bel-
lows: "'Shun!

Now then, me lads, spring up to it; you're very slow,
me son."

Instead of idle dreaming, now we're out to fight the
Hun

From Troopship 76.

Troopship 76—We're against the Hun for all his dirty
tricks.

Certainly her antics sometimes made us rather sore,
But when the Germans meet us they will not be want-
ing more;

They'll shout "Mein Gott! they've landed; we will have
to stop the War—

Here's Troopship 76.

A DINNER ODE.

The chaps who bring and serve the stew, have no
other fatigue to do. There's meat and bread and tea
to get; that's after waiting in the wet. Yet, notwith-
standing jars and jolts, mess orderlies are happy colts.
For our our creature wants they care, and never, oh, no,
never swear. The parting with the weekly bob, is
hard, but still we miss the job; such scrubbing tables,
tins and stairs, would quickly give *me* pale grey hairs.
I could not seawards tip the muck, it soon would make
me kick the bucket. In roughest or in smoothest sea,
my dinner is brought safe to me. I bet he ends in
Heaven blue; the man who dishes out the stew.

T.M.

Little drops of water

Of colour unto paint.

Make the soldiers' "tummies"

Feel quite sick and faint.

UNFORTUNATE INJURY.

Our pages are made up ready for the printer, but we
cannot let this paper go to print without expressing
the great regret of the ship at the unfortunate accident
which has overtaken the very popular Quartermaster,
Lieut. Martin. While walking on the dark upper deck
Mr. Martin was unfortunate enough to hit
his knee heavily against a ventilator, injuring the knee
cap. At present it is not known whether it will be
necessary for him to lay up at the next port of call,
but we are sure the general hope will be that it will
not be necessary, and that the hurt will not be as bad
as is feared.

ROUTINE ORDERS MADE PLAIN.

Routine Order No. 22: "Troops are not allowed on the roof of the hospital." As a matter of fact, it is imperative that those wishing to use that institution should occupy the accommodation provided inside.

Routine Order No. 19: . . . "it is essential that all troops gargle at least twice a week." It is as well to have this reminder that they are troops.

Routine Order No. 17: "O.C. Units for washing must advise Chief Officer whether their units are at full strength." Just as well to have these details recorded before the O.C.'s undertake such risks.

Routine Order No. 17: "It is suggested that men wash first their towel, handkerchiefs, etc., and that the whole unit be then paraded through again for washing shirts, socks, etc." Irate Sergeant to Maori scrubbing pants in the first wash: "Hang it! what are you washing there?" Maori: "My etceteras!"

Routine Order No. 22: "Men sleeping on deck must have with them their life belts, but not their palisades." The reason of course is that you might forget in the hurry, and put your palisade around you instead of your life-belt. Men are such bally asses.

Routine Order No. 24: "Troops not detailed there for duty are forbidden to enter the cook's galley, bakehouse, butcher's shop, etc." We suppose the reason for this restriction to be explained in another announcement in the same routine orders, viz: "Found in the cookhouse, in the stew pot, a set of upper false teeth. Apply Headquarters."

H. T. B. D.

AN ACROSTIC.

H is the Homeland, we all love so well.
M for the Maoris, as sound as a bell.
N for the nurses, there are two on this tramp.
Z for the zeal, that they show in the camp
T for the Troopship, the name is below.
A's our Company, the best of the show.
P is the policeman, on guard at the clink.
A is the armlet that marks him, I think.
R is *revicille*, which makes us all swear.
I the identity disc, we all have to wear.
M stands for men, whose loyalty won't swerve.
A is the Army, that were going to serve.

THE WHITE HOPE.

HARD LUCK.

(As forwarded by Contributor.)

"I peen te town Toosday and saw a Maori sojer." By korry, him te furra. All te girl he run to him. When I got home, I tink and tink, and say "By cripe, I go te war too." I went te town te next tay and saw te man wid te crown and four tripe on his hand.

I say to him: "Boss, I want te be a sojer, and go te war and fight te Cherman. I want te catch te Kaisha and win te Wicktoria Krosh."

He make me write my name, and make me put my hand on te Piple and say: "I fight fer te King," and by korry, I tell you I was werry glad.

Te tay after he gave me te paper, and I tort it te Kahiti (Gazette), so I took it te Rand (Land) Court. Te man say at te Rand Court: "This paper not fer me." By korry, I doan't no what to do, so I ask te poppy what te paper for. He tell me fer te sojer to go te dochter. Ehoa! I just tink of te sojer too.

I went te dochter; he te werry funny furra. He say to me: "Now take 'em your clothes off!"

I take em off my coat, my jersey and my trousers. He make te feel my heart and my mussel. He say to me: "You got misses?" I say "Yes."

"How many kiddy you got?" I say "Ten."

"By korry!" he say, "you ore right! You pass fer te fight. You werry strong man! You go narrow neck to-morrow."

I say to him: "Come on boss, we go te pub, and have te peer."

We had two peers, and I go home. My missus cry and all te kiddy cry when I tol em I go te war.

In te morning orl te people of te kainga come te station. By cripe, I feel werry sorry; all te people had te pig tangi, and I tangi werry much too.

I go te Camp, and te man wid te four tripe he give me te new suit. By korry, I te werry fresh man. Te puttons he shine orl same te tiamond. He tell em me te ket ready fer te trill te next tay. Te next tay he come te trill me. He say "Tenshun!"

I say: "Tena koe pakeha, you te pig chief here." Py cripe! He call me te pig fool. I tell you I werry nearly punch his eye. I was werry wild fer calling me te fool. I say: "Boss, doan't you get wild to te new chum."

Te Friday night he come, so I ket te pass to go te town to have te peer. By korry, orl te girl Queen Shstreet he look at me and wink. I tell you me te furra for te girl. I met my brudder Hone at Waitemata Hotel. Him and I had te pig tangi. We had plenty peer. I ket werry krunk. I ket on te poat and go home.

When te pus got near te gate I try to jump, but me fell on te road and preak my foot. My mate Hori, he took me te horspital. By korry, I feel werry sore. Te dochter say: "You pe orl right two or tree week."

When I ket well, what do you tink te fool say? Me no good now; you leg not good fer te slow march. Next week you go home. I say: "I never come to kick te Cherman, but to kill him." But he no listen.

So I put on my own clothes and go home. Py cripe, if not for te peer an my leg, I tell you I te one for te sojer. Better ruck next time.—Hoani Kaipuha.

MARINE MURMURS.

That Keir-itis is a term meaning the cleaning-up habit.

That the same O.C. troops cannot sleep (at time of writing)—there's nothing left aboard to clean up and tidy, except the Coolies, and 'tis whispered he wants to start white-washing them.

That 4,200 letters were censored for the first port of call, and 5,109 at the second.

That we wish all friends and relatives ashore and afloat best Easter greetings.

That the Officers' quarters on deck once housed troopers' horses.

That the present mess-room also did.

That the *Aparima* Cadets wouldn't on any account pull the leg of Instructor Dalglish by cheering and encoring each time he sings at the ship's concerts. Oh no!

That the Maori sent by Quartermaster Martin for a bucket of "revolutions," went from the Captain to the mate, to the engineer, to the stoke-hole, where he was given a bucket of cinders, which he duly delivered to the Quartermaster.

That the boxing bouts up forward each evening bring out much talent, both Pakeha and Maori.

That "Sister" who participates is a short 14-stone, husky native.

That "Dreamy," another boxing Maori, must not be accepted on appearances.

That Rangī—well, everybody loves genial, smiling Corporal Rangī—Rangī who swam ashore off Gallipoli and killed a Turk with a pick handle.

That there are so many microbes in the P.M.O.'s tunic that he has to use chloroform to get rid of them.

That the officer who relieved a policeman at night, instead of the officer of the watch, is taking a torch with him in future.

That the O.C. Draft, promoter of the quoits handicap, has declared a full book on the P.M.O. and O.C. Artillery.

That after the war is over, Monty of Alley Sloper's Cavalry, is giving up cow-spanking to sign on as A.B. for the term of his natural life.

That the ship's clerk is prepared for the worst. He always has his Tomb(s) near him.

That the Officers' mess is supplied with hot rolls. The men get rolls, but not hot. Is it the helmsman's fault

That some merry lads on the *Aparima* are having six meals a day—three down and three up.

That when his Little Mary allows him, Littlejohn runs the canteen.

That, if he continues as he has started, "Jack," the popular Sergeant of "A" Coy., is liable to get into serious trouble for being out at the front "but not fighting."

That the Aimer-ble Skipper of "A" Coy. is generally Holden well, and finds it hard to Ward off all importunate friends and keep on humming a lively Carrol.

That there is considerable talent on board the ship, but it was not apparent until the editors of these pages Drew it out.

That women should make good munition workers. They are such excellent judges of the value of soldiers' arms.

That the ship's police are a sober lot, though there is a "Bonniface" amongst them.

That the A.S.C. unit may not be Pretty boys, but they have one Peacock among them, and he is always close to the Park(es), and you must not encRoach thereon.

That if he goes on eating, the popular C.S.M. of "B" Company won't be seeable for smiles.

"FIRST SITTIN' OF THE SARJINTS."

(For the benefit of uninformed, it may be explained that the Sergeants' mess on the troopship is summoned, not by sounding brass, but by the *vox humana*. A mess orderly with a strident voice stands at the top of the dormitory stairway and shouts "First sittin' of the Sarjints." This call has already become a classic, and for the Sergeants, at all events, will remain one of the most enduring memories of the voyage.)

When drowsy sergeants be it told
Are loath to leave the blanket fold,
A clarion call rings down the hold—
"First sittin' of the sarjints."

Then up springs every mother's son,
Convinced the daily round's begun;
To meals, to meals, they cut and run—
"First sittin' of the sarjints."

No sluggard he who hears that call,
But hies him to the banquet hall;
On porridge, fish and stew will fall—
"First sittin' of the sarjints."

A downcast heart, repining, low,
Will pick up courage, cheery-ho,
Will see that life's not a bad go—
"First sittin' of the sarjints."

Perchance in battle's awful din,
When hostile hordes push in and in,
That call will sound to charge and win—
"First sittin' of the sarjints."

And in the vale of gloom and fear,
May all the soldier spirits hear
A kindly greeting, "Enter here—
"First sittin' of the sarjints."

H. W. L. D.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"COMPLAINANT."—It's no use you growling; you are out on your own. All the lads called upon to shift heated coal in the hold did so with heartiest goodwill. They liked the exercise, soon got rid of the dirt, and were ready for more next day, and any other day it liked to come along. You ask "Mick."

"PATHETIC SONGSTER."—"Why did they sell Killarney?" Can't say. No reference to the subject in Military Training. But why worry, we've got Bagdad now!

"ANXIOUS."—No. All Black Massa Johnston wasn't bitten by a lively snake at last port of call. He's merely training for the big football match.

"PUZZLER."—C.B. means: "Canteen's bust!" (At time of writing.) See King's Regulations B.3472. Bob Spence's Edition.

"PRE. ISITT."—Yes; the ship is a tea-total one, but (quietly) "B" Company has a Private Barr.

"RETURNED SOLDIER."—Yes; this is Sister Sanderson's third trip as a hospitaller since the war started—once to Egypt and twice to England. Long and happy life to her, eh, boys?

"NAUTICAL."—You benighted lubber. No: you call that the stern of the ship, not the blunt end.

PRISON INFLUENCE!

"Bible Class at 7.30 p.m. in the Prison." runs a notice posted around the ship. It seems a little incongruous perhaps, though savouring most of Biblical times. The reason is not that the Padre desires the arrangement so that prisoners may participate in Gospel instruction, but because the prison (better known as "Klink") is the only quiet spot of nights about the ship—except the crew's nest. This is rather to the credit of the ship, a speaking tribute indeed to the general good behaviour—the fact that the only vacant place on the ship is that set apart for misdemeanants.

Appropos of this, a rather amusing incident deserves recital. Knowing that a meeting of a sports committee, of which he was a member, was in progress somewhere aboard, the O.C. Maoris fossicked round, and at last reached the "Klink," where he found a large number gathered together, and sat down amongst them. It didn't take him long to discover himself in the midst of Bible Students. It was a delicate situation. The Padre (Chairman also of various other Committees) had smiled sweetly and encouragingly on the O.C.'s entrance, and, besides, many Maoris were among the gathering. There was nothing for it but to remain to the end, and, excellent result, the O.C. Maoris is now to be found at all Bible study gatherings!

CAPTAIN DOORLY, R.N.R.

(Of Troopship 76.)

In the year 1902, Captain Scott's party in the *Discovery* were wintering in the Antarctic, and it was decided to despatch a relief ship from London. This vessel, the *Morning*, left London that same year for the Antarctic, many miles away, to endeavour to give the necessary relief.

On board the *Morning* was a young officer, James Gerald Stokely Doorly, born in Trinidad, the son of an Anglican clergyman. This lad, like many another spirited British youth, full of life and seeking adventure, had managed to secure a position as an officer, and was included in the ship's complement.

The full story of the adventure of the *Morning*, and of the second relief ship *Terra Nova*, and the finding of the *Discovery*, is splendidly told in a book, entitled, "The Voyage of the *Morning*," written by this same adventurous young sailor.

Many years have passed since then, and to-day we find in the Master of Troopship No. 76 (T.S.S. *Aparima*), Captain J. G. S. Doorly, R.N.R., the same spirited lad grown up with the same happy, bright nature, but with the sea-power influence upon him. There has grown in his mind that enlarging process which casts overboard everything narrow and petty. This is the result born of travel and the influence of the vast open sea. The sailor's life conduces towards producing in the individual that grand combination of fearlessness endurance and long-sightedness, without which it would be impossible for a nation—as in the case of the British Empire to-day—mistress of the seas. The Empire owes its existence at the present time to its association with the sea.

Captain Doorly has been the life of the ship in more respects than one. When it was decided to form a Sports Committee and a Social Committee aboard, he was elected President unanimously. If there is a concert on, the Master is only too willing to assist (if his duties will permit)—either to preside, lecture, sing a song or contribute something else. His kindly interest in the men is such that the latter could not help noticing and remarking upon it. He also acts as "organist" at the Sunday services.

As a writer, Captain Doorly ranks high. He, be it said, is also a frequent contributor to the *Bulletin*, and has already a fine collection of yarns connected with the Merchant Service's share in the present war, which we sincerely hope at some time he will publish. They should be given publicity. In this paper his valued contributions are "featured" over "Cathead." As a *recounteur* he is "out on his own": indeed many of us will remember the interesting evenings spent in his cabin—the P.M.O., an ardent admirer, not least amongst us.

Captain Doorly, on morning inspection, has the eye of an eagle. Many amusing yarns are told of his weird sense of finding things which are out of place. We all wish him long life and prosperity, and a successful and happy career.

J. KEIR and
H. T. B. D.

The "Recruity."

Some of his Trials.

All his life he had been a peace-loving, and, perhaps, God-fearing, citizen, and once or twice he had voted. For a long time past he had read the war news, talked the war, discussed the war, argued the war. For long he had cherished the delusion that it would be all over in a few months, for what chance had Germany and Austria against the combined might of England, France, Russia, Italy, and the rest. And, anyhow, wasn't one Britisher as good as half-a-dozen Germans any day?

Often had he been present at farewell socials to mates of his about to go into camp. And, as month followed month and the war didn't look like ending before Christmas, it began to dawn upon him that these Huns would take some beating, whereupon he began to see in himself the guest of honour at a friendly "send-off," and to picture himself in the trenches, joining the friends he had helped to farewell, and assisting them to uphold the honour and glory of the British Army in general, and the "Anzacs" in particular.

And so it came to pass that one day he hid himself to the Recruiting Office, answered innumerable questions as to his legitimacy or otherwise, and also as to whether he had ever been acquainted with the interior of the "Hotel de Garvey," signed the papers, and sallied forth in an exultant frame of mind to see "Popsy" at the "Royal Tiger," and to pour several pints of the amber-tinted liquid, received straight from the hands of the fair and smiling "Popsy," into his heroic frame, in a vain endeavour to quench the flame of patriotism burning within him.

AT TRENTHAM.

Tuesday morning, a fortnight later, found him marching into Trentham Camp with a number of companions, including a bad head and a raging thirst. Going out in the train, a friendly Staff Sergeant-Major had warned all the "recruits" that when they marched into camp, headed by the Band (if it wasn't away at the Races), the reinforcement that had gone in a month before, and who now, after four weeks training, felt like seasoned veterans, would line the route and yell in one unanimous voice: "Are we down-hearted?" "Now you take my advice," said the S.S.M., "and don't yell 'No!' because, if you do, the others will yell back: 'Well, you soon will be.'" Thereupon this quota of the 22nds, being thus put wise, formulated a plan which was designed to put the enemy to rout. Hence, when the civilians of four weeks ago stepped themselves out, as the S.S.M. had prophesied, and yelled in a large, stentorian, collective voice: "Are we down-hearted?" our "recruits" with equal unanimity and not less vim, yelled "Yes!" Whereupon the enemy was for the moment discomfited. But only for the moment. The inevitable cheerful idiot in their ranks (he abounds everywhere), suddenly had the only inspiration of his life, and, in a shrill, strident voice yelled back: "Well, it serves yer —— well right." This counter-attack

was a complete success—the cheerful idiot had saved the reputation of the 21sts.

Shortly, very shortly, the recruity's troubles begin. He finds himself suddenly in a big building, and the next thing he knows is that he has taken off all his clothes and donned his "birthday suit," so that he can be medically examined. Next, he is taken under the wing of a kind-looking Corporal, who, observing that he is hungry, takes him to a place where another nice, kind-looking man, who also has stripes on his arm, gives him a bright new tin plate, pannikin, knife, fork and spoon. Armed with these implements of trade, he enjoys (?) his first meal in camp—bread and jam and cheese and tea. No beer. He would give something just now for a "tin with a dash," and wonders whether his first night's leave will come soon. Likewise he curses the absence of a wet canteen. But the Corporal takes a fatherly interest in him and the others, and their hearts warm towards him accordingly. To them he is a person of the profoundest wisdom, and many and various are the questions he has to answer and does answer. Not always correctly, certainly; but, being a wise Corporal, he opines that he mustn't let them know that there is anything from the powers of the Camp Commandant to the duties of the sanitary fatigue that is not familiar to him. And if he makes a mistake, they won't know anyway. Little do they dream that, although he has never been a private, yet only three short months ago when he came in with the 22nd N.C.O.'s, he was as green a "recruity" as any of them, and seldom allowed to forget the fact by the sharp-tongued Staff Sergeant-Major who put him through his daily torture. But now his purgatory is over—he has visions of shortly hoisting a third stripe—perchance a Crown as well!—and already he is sorting out the likely-looking ones from amongst them for his platoon.

All is new. All is strange. Somehow, it's nothing like what he expected, but it doesn't seem so bad, especially as the Corporal seems to have nothing to do but look after him. And it's nice to have someone to look after you. And a Corporal, too!

CALLS HIM "JOE!"

He likes the Corporal—begins to get familiar with him—calls him "Joe" and, as his meal is finished, and the pipe of contentment going strong, and the thirsty feeling disappearing, he feels that he has done enough for one day, and suggests to "Joe" that he "sposes a man can have a lie down for a bit." At once "Joe" becomes a Corporal again, and says: "No. You have to be attested yet." He wonders uneasily what "attested" means, and has vague ideas of something to be signed, and dim forebodings of questions to be answered. Presently he is marched over to another building, and told to sit down on the stones outside until everything is ready. The Corporal is now plied with more questions. "Who's that bloke with the big hat with the pink band round it. Blime, he's flash, isn't he?"

"Oh, that's the Camp Adjutant."

"One of the 'heads,' eh?"

"You bet he is," replies the Corporal.

It is only a week since that agonising interview he had with that same Adjutant for failing to see the Camp Commandant in time to salute him.

"Who's the little dark chap on the bob-tailed horse?"

" THAT IS MR. CHEATER!"

" That," says the Corporal, looking wistfully at his hero, " that's Mr. Cheater. Shakes everybody up. You ought to hear him snort at the officers."

" What! Does he shake the officers up too?"

" My oath, he does. One day an officer lined up with a pair of flash leggings on. Cheater gasped like a fish out of water, and glared at him. Says he to the officer: 'What's them you've got on?' Officer says, 'Leggings.' Cheater says, 'Used to 'em?' 'Yes, in my Regiment.' 'Ain't in your Regiment, now—you're in Trentham Camp. 'Ook it and take 'em off.' Buy a pair of puttees. Another day, officers' squad lined up for usual parade in the morning. This same Infantry Instructor inspects them. Spots one bloke—Captain too—looks him up and down—sideways—frontways—backways. Then with a stony glare, he says, 'Put it on the strop.' That Captain bought a new razor, and always was careful about his shaving afterwards."

" Go on! He must be hot stuff."

" Oh, but that's nothing. I know another bloke he sooled—an officer with spurs on. Cheater says to him: 'Hullo! You walking out? What train are you going to catch?' Officer said: 'Not going to catch a train. Going on parade.' 'Well, what are yer doing with them things on?' 'I'm supposed to be a mounted officer.' 'Mounted,' says Cheater, 'Why, the cook's assistant wears them things 'ere, and, in case you trip when you turn round, you go and take 'em off.'"

" And did he do it?"

" You bet he did," said the Corporal. "Smartest man in camp, Cheater! Smartest man in camp."

Then the cheerful idiot (he is here too): "He'll need to be smart to catch us, won't he?"

The Corporal smiles, grimly.

Inside the building, the "recruity" finds himself sitting opposite a timid-looking N.C.O. He, too, has just come into camp, and has already had a lecture from the Record Office on the proper method of filling in Military History Sheets. The "recruity" produces his papers, and the N.C.O., after much fumbling, succeeds in placing a sheet of carbon paper between two printed sheets bearing on the top the words: "Military History Sheet." Not that the raw recruity who left his home that morning has had any military history to speak of, as yet, but one never knows what a kind (or unkind) future may bring forth in the way of C.B., Detention, Promotion, V.C.'s, etc., and all these are, with beautiful incongruity, entered on this sheet as the soldier emerges from the chrysalis state we see him in now, until he returns to New Zealand from active service, or remains to "push up the daisies" on a foreign soil.

GETTING HIS HISTORY.

The first few questions present little difficulty—to a single man. Our "recruity" is a married man with a family, and it's not long before he and the N.C.O. come to grips. Asked the exact date of his starting in the matrimonial stakes, he strokes his chin reflectively, attempts to re-light his empty pipe, admires the ceiling for some time, wonders what on earth this has to do with killing Germans, and feels vaguely resentful at this unnecessary prying into his private affairs. The idea of being asked by a man whom he has never seen before the exact date of that important step in his life, and, worse still, of being expected to answer the question off-hand, as if the memories of that happy day were

never out of his mind, doesn't please him. However, after having made several more or less rapid mental calculations, in which the ages of his three children, and certain great events in the history of New Zealand such as the passing of the Abolition of Barmalids Act, the 50th birthday of Joe Carter, and the return of "Dohn" Fisher to Parliament, assist him considerably, he finally decides that he must have been married on 1st April, 1908. Then, having arrived at the age of his eldest son by a clever imitation of the five-finger exercise, which gives the answer as 3rd April, 1908, he is gently reminded by his patient interrogator that the year of his marriage must surely have been 1907. He at once agrees with this (about this stage he would agree with anything), and suggests that he had better write to his wife for the exact ages of the children, "because, you know," he remarks confidentially, "the mothers always remember the children's birthdays."

THE FIRST ISSUE.

Arrived outside, he is once more collected by the ever-vigilant Corporal, and, in company with the others, is marched to another building to receive what he afterwards knows as his "first issue." Almost tearfully the Corporal exhorts him "to be sure and get a good fit." Having been fitted with a felt hat (which feels exactly like a piece of starched cardboard, and rests on his shoulders when he puts it on), a pair of boots weighing at least half a hundredweight, and a great-coat which weighs half a ton when dry, and four times as much when wet, he finds himself standing in front of a table, at which a man with a star and a lot of stripes on his arm is sitting with a pencil and a pile of cards. His attention is drawn to a heap of articles on the floor, and he hears, in a bewildered sort of way, the voice of the man at the table rattling off something that sounds like the multiplication table, only it is said much more quickly, and seems, like the book, to go on for ever. In reality it was a patter commencing in a machine-gun sort of rattle, with: "One tin plate—one tin pannikin—one knife—one fork—one spoon—one great-coat—one pair denimmmmmmmmm—, and ending in a high crescendo with "Sign here, my lad." "My lad" signs here, picks up his bundle, and drops it on the stones outside. He attacks the bundle, and discovers that he has only two pairs of socks, instead of three, and, being an independent British subject, and unaccustomed to the ways of the Army, he returns to the man at the table, and asserts his independence accordingly. The man at the table, being accustomed to the ways of the Army, and having had a long experience of "recruitries," is unperturbed. Methodically he produces the card, and asks curtly: "That your signature?" "Yes, but—" "Don't want any arguments here. You've signed for three pairs of socks. Your card says you have three pairs of socks, and you can't dispute this card. It's never wrong. Next, please." This is not the recruity's last experience with that card. It pursues him everywhere—it even follows him on board the troopship that takes him away from New Zealand, and he is sorrowfully convinced of its infallibility when he has to pay for a waterproof sheet, an oil-bottle or a pull-through which he has returned but which the "infallible" card proclaims he has not returned.

THE FIRST TRAINING.

Back to his hut—his paliasse filled with straw—a good hot meal—a look round the camp—a cup of coffee in the canteen, and then to bed. The straw paliasse is not

as comfortable as the mattress he slept on last night—he was one of the last to get at the bale—and he has an idea that before a week has passed he will have corns on a part of his anatomy that is not his feet.

So ends his first day in camp. In spite of the lack of straw in his palisade, he sleeps the dreamless sleep of one who is tired. Sleep undisturbed by visions of physical drill on the Race-course at 6.30 a.m., of slow march, of squad drill without arms, of the assembly at the close of the day's work, and the feeling of awe and reverence that will permeate his being when he sees the "Senior Reinforcement," just arrived back from Featherston after its march "over the Hill," marching up to the Assembly Ground, veterans in their "shorts," Mills-Webb equipment, and "war gear"; of his Platoon Sergeant executing frantic Brigade movements to get the Platoon into its proper place in close column; of the lectures on "Barrack Room Duties," "Soldierly Spirit," "Saluting, and Bodes of Rank," by his Platoon Commander or Platoon Sergeant; of lectures by the Camp Commandant, the P.M.O., the P.D.O., the Chiropodist, and the multitude of lectures that will weary his flesh before he is ready for embarkation; of rifle exercises, and what an expert he is destined to become at "Piling Arms"; of the weary days on musketry exercises, when his very dreams will be disturbed with "Safety catch, cut-off bolt and bolt-trigger—cut-off—safety-catch—cease fire and unload; of Platoon training on Burt's Paddock at windy Featherston; of Company training at Nix's Paddock and Morrison's Bush; of the march "over the hill," and the "Bivvy" at Kaitoke; of Church Parades, Sick Parades, Pay Parades; of Crimes and Crime-sheets, and Detention; of Wet-day syllabi; of Fatigues and Unit for Duty, and supplying shortage, and "the thousand things other men miss" that go to turn him from the raw recruit into the trained soldier.

Then, Embarkation and—the unknown.

W. PERRY.

A' PROPOS DE TIN-FISH.

My! ain't it awful! Only just think,
Not a hill nor a house to be seen.
But water, water, right to the brink,
With Tin-fish and others I'll ween,
And, gee-whizz,
Lemon-eyed Liz,
She wishes she'd never took part in this biz.

Only consider it; are we on land?
And what does the tin-fish think
If he should join with our innocent band,
Does he know that our ship might sink
And, by gosh!
Dear Mr. Bosche,
We'd rather not play if you come at that slosh.

Hang! this is serious! The water's quite wet:
It's surface is ruffled with frown,
And say!, When we tossed, if Fritz won the bet,
My goodness! We might go down!
But, Darn me!
New Zealanders we,
Will never give in to der hock Kaiser "B."

GUN. J. M. ABERNETHY.

22nd N.Z.F.A.

THE CALL.

She speaks:—

Why must you go, I question from my heart,
Seeking an answer—Why must we two part
Drifting upon life's ocean with no chart,
Is not the woman's far the harder task.
Moving through crowded street and busy mart,
Smiling lest tears should dim my steely mask?

Why must you go? Why must you go, I ask,
One with the millions who are torn apart?
England, my England, thou hast taken all
That made life fair and beautiful to me;
E'en though I murmur I would not forestall
My happy warrior in his destiny—
Proudly to hold the blood-stained trench for thee,
One with the millions that have heard the call.

He answers:—

You ask me why I go; but, knowing you,
Life's purpose is revealed. Your eyes of blue
Gleaming with tenderness flashed out "Be true
To me; be to all womanhood a friend,
And this, the one great message that I send—
I knew him brave and steadfast to the end."

And so the great adventure I enjoy,
Dreaming of one who loves her soldier boy.
Oh, fair lady, who brought me to you feet,
Helpless with longing for a prize so sweet,
Bind me with love that when at last we meet,
Be this your daily one dear, loving thought—
"For me alone he lived, he loved, he fought,
And so at last I make his life complete."

R. H. ASHCROFT, "A" Coy., 22nd Rifs.

QUOIT EXCITING.

The scores stood at 10 all.
BARC-LAY two with a 'Red'; MATT-HEWS it
out. 'White' was for HOLDEN back, intending to
DEAL out one of his famous ARCHEY curves; but,
being CLOSS to the end of the rubber, he was obliged
to FAWCETT.
'Red' then SANDERS-ON again and throws another
two as though he wOS-BORNE to the stunt. This
DREW out his opponent. It was IMPERRYtIVE for
'White' to score. Although he was TIM-id and feared
CAT-astrophe, he swings his arms like a windMILL'S
and drops O. MA!—CLEAN into the middle.
'Red' now ROBS-ON a soothing shot and PHIL-
LIPS his rival neatly out of the ring.
This causes an awful SHANNON! 'Reds' friends
DANSEY excitedly—(having a HANNA or two quietly
on the game). "White's" backers, however, con-
sider the LAWS have been broken, and accuse "Reds"
of PETTY LARCEN-cy in Rings. There is no end
of a tittle-TATTLEy over the affair. Eventually they
call in referees. "Red" gets MART-IN on its side;
BART-ON the other, representing the majority, de-
clares—White Lies!
This makes "Red" Cross. They jeer: "O.C. how
he GILKES!" Being biassed, they don't KEIR a dump
about the decision, and promptly challenge "White"
again at two p.m. o'clock.

LADIES' LETTER.

Dearest Madge,

I know you are simply dying to hear all about everything since we left New Zealand, and as this letter will escape the eagle eye of the censor, I am just going to tell you all that I think may interest you. Well, as you may imagine, to be one of two women among one thousand men is a rather unique position to be in, but I would not have missed it for the world. It is so good to take part in a great cause, and to realize the *esprit de corps* which exists on this ship. I do wish that all the mothers, wives, sweethearts and sisters that are left in New Zealand could appreciate the glory of the sacrifice they are making in giving their dear men for their country's cause. How I wish they could see them on this troopship, well cared for, well fed, and as jolly as sand boys, despite such trifles as sea sickness, vaccination, etc. From *Revielle* to Last Post there is a constant current of activity, with intervals for meals, and once during the week we have an excellent concert. Sunday brings a cessation, and then we have early Communion, Church Parade, an evening service, conducted by a Padre, whose sincerity is only equalled by his skill at quits.

Of course you will remember Baby Tim, the mascot I brought with me. Well, I think he is sweeter than ever. I need hardly say he is the most spoilt kitten that ever left his country for his country's good, but he is withal a very fine mascot, so much so that the Captain, who is an author, a *conteur* of very good stories, and a dear into the bargain, has sworn, by all the gnats in Joppa, that he would stop the ship if Tim fell overboard. There seems to be some doubt in the minds of some of the officers respecting the promise of the Captain, and they seem feverishly anxious to try the experiment of throwing darling Tim overboard just to see what will happen. Imagine my feelings! Words fail me! The same kitten has been photographed many times in attitudes more or less becoming. And the ship's carpenter has been directed by the Chief Officer to build a Swiss cottage wherein his Katship may while away the tedium of the voyage.

If I were not afraid of indulging in personalities I should love to tell you about some of the people on this ship. *Entre nous*, Madge dear, I am glad I am not one hundred years younger. I know I should be hopelessly in love with quite a lot, including the dignified ———, who reminds me of the late artist, Phil May, by his appreciation of a joke and the way in which he wears his hair, the Adjutant with eyes like blue bells under water, and who misses many meals. (This quotation, though apt, is not original), the adorable mystery in the regimental stores, the youthful lieutenant with a face of very kissable pink baby, the handsome fair man with a square chin, the dark one with the dimple and delightful manners, and the Cadet with a lisp—and many, many others whom I have not time to write about. If you think me frivolous, just remember I am writing this for your benefit, to enlighten and amuse you.

While I write there is a skipping competition and a quoit tournament going on overhead above our cabin, and if I lack inspiration one hasn't far to go to find a cause.

I forgot to mention that we have on board a John Falstaff, jun., with a winning smile and a tuneful voice, whose nice epicurean tastes are a constant source of

interest and diversion to his friend and cabin mate, the Padre.

I will write again later, Madge dear, if I can evade the Censor.

With many purrs from Private Tim Kat, and with my love, believe me fondly yours,

ROSEMARY.

P.S.—it has been the custom from time immemorial for sailor men and others to toast their sweethearts and wives. Sister S—— and I think this is one-sided, so we are going to suggest having our platonic friends included. *Que pensez vous mon amie?*

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

We started out with right good will,
Resolved on smashing Kaiser Bill.
So left the town of wind and hills,
And turned our faces seawards.

The first few days "Ole Sol" did shine,
The decks were dry, the nights were fine,
And all had such a jolly time;
The new life seemed just a l.

But soon a change came on the scene,
The waves came o'er the foc'sle green,
And coursed the decks, a swirling stream;
Then the boys they felt green also.

The tucker, and the tea as well,
They soon consigned to; need I tell?
Because they couldn't face the smell
Of that confounded mess-room.

Down in the bunks you'd hear them say:
"Lord speed the ship and speed the day
When we may get to
"To stretch our sorry sea-legs."

Arrived we did—with hearts content,
As down the wharf we spanking went,
Resolved on short-lived pleasure bent:
With more shore-leave to-morrow.

We never had a thirst so keen,
As when afar a "pub." was seen.
We are the biggest drouths who've been,
On any of the troop-ships.

Some fed their face with ham and eggs,
While others rushed the fruit instead;
And some could scarce stand on their legs,
As wharfwards they did turn.

But when the morrow's dawn saw we,
The skipper sure; says he to me:
"I guess your shore-leave's up a tree,
"For the boat's a-sailing soon."

So now, my boys, here's to "the day,"
When we sail into Bay.
Three weeks shore-leave, I hear they say,
In next port; well, "I don't think."

"PARITUTU."

SHIP'S PAPER COMPETITIONS.

When it was decided that a ship's paper would be issued on the voyage, various competitions were arranged, and contributions invited. The response was surprisingly good, and any success the magazine may have will be due in no small measure to the efforts of those who exercised their literary abilities in the direction indicated. The Limerick competition, which was confidently expected to produce a most luxuriant crop of topical rhymes, did not altogether have this result. Some good Limericks were certainly sent in, but there were not too many of them. Curiously enough, several competitors did not seem to have the slightest notion of what a Limerick was, and sent in for the Limerick Competition efforts which were anything but Limericks. Where the quality of the contributions warranted it, these misdirected Limericks are published in the magazine, but, of course, took no part in the competition. The Limerick prize was won by "Paritutu," who has helped the paper very materially by a versatile budget of contributions. The prizes for the best paragraphs were won by Sergt. Morrill, A.S.C., Pte. F. N. Tomlinson, and private J. H. Glasson, 22nd Specialists. The comic verse competition was won by "Paritutu," and the best poem by Private R. H. Ashcroft. The short story, "Right or Left," by Private Patterson, N.Z.M.C., was the winning contribution in that particular competition while the prize for the best descriptive account of the landing at the first port of call went to Gunner J. M. Abernethy, 22nd N.Z.F.A.

TITLE AND COVER DESIGN.

The title for the paper, likewise the cover design, each formed the subject of a separate competition, and the decision was made by a special committee composed of representatives of the different units on board. Very many suggestions were sent in for the name of the paper, and the title "THE MOA," was finally selected. Two competitors had suggested this title, Lieut. Barclay and Private C. J. Stevens, "A" Company. In the ordinary course of events the prize would have been divided between the two, but Mr. Barclay, in common with all other officers, who competed, renounced all claim to any prize. The prize therefore goes to Private Stevens. Various designs were sent in for the cover, and that by Mr. Barclay, a particularly striking and appropriate design, was adopted. Mr. Barclay relinquished the prize, which was accordingly awarded to the author of the next best design, Private Patterson, N.Z.M.C., who sent in several contributions of considerable merit. It is intended to issue a special wrapper for posting, and the prize for the best wrapper design was won by Private Patterson, N.Z.M.C.

Instructing others to do what he can't do himself:—
The Chief Dental Officer telling his patients to sit in his dental chair.

Lord Roberts once said that a man was not a soldier until he had received C.B. twelve times.—If this is the case "Pull Through" is qualified for a Field Marshall's baton.

A DECK ODE.

Under the wide and starry sky,
Down the deck in rows we lie,
With thunderous snores ascending high
As we dream of home, sweet home.

This be the call you gave for us,
The call was clear, the cause is just;
So when the tyrants bite the dust
In truth it will be "All's well."

"PARTUTU."

With apologies to R.L.S.

THE CRUSADERS.

Towards foreign lands to do and dare,
We gladly said to take our share;
To fight the cause of all that's good,
As every loyal Briton should.

What though our foes are fierce and bold,
And Belgium fast and strongly hold;
Are we down-hearted at their means,
The lowest of most brutal fiends?

No! Ring it out across the main,
New Zealand's sons more honours gain,
And in the end, with victory great,
Shall help to seal the Kaiser's fate.

J. MANSEN,

22nd N.Z.F.A.

TO TROOPSHIP No. 76.

By a Miserable Wretch.

Roll on, thou craft, roll on!
O'er heaving, trackless seas.

Roll on!

What though I'm always ill at ease?
What though my dizzy cranium reels?
What though I cannot eat my meals?
What matter how my "Tum-Tum" feels?
Never you mind!

Roll on!

Roll on, thou "Cow," roll on!
O'er leagues of restless main.

Roll on!

It's true I'm drenched with sprays and rain;
It's true I'm sore and got the "Flu";
It's true my bunk's collapsing too—
But don't let that unsettle you!

Never you mind!

Roll on!

(It rolls on.)

CATHEAD.

Apologies to W. S. Gilbert.

"RIGHT OR LEFT."

(Winner of Short Story Competition.)

It must have been after half-past ten when I left the O.C. and set my face with more or less of a contented sigh towards my bunk in the Sergeant's quarters. It was a moonlight night, but rather cloudy, and my eyes had not got used to the dimness, when I met and nearly collided with a figure coming slowly and fearfully along the port side.

"I'm sorry," it said; "I did not see your armet."

Rather startled at being taken for a common policeman, I was about to speak a little sharply when a ray of moonlight struck on my collider's shoulder, and I was surprised to see there a brass 16.

"You have been long enough in the army, surely," I said, "to be able to keep from running amok!"

"I have, yes," the figure replied hastily, even humbly. "But I never seem to find the right side. When I first came aboard I was told to go along the starboard side when going astern, and the port side when going forward. I took particular care always to do so, but never could. Something was always the matter. One time it was the officers were having dinner, another it was a fatigue party wanted all the room; so I had to go back and along the wrong way, or not at all. All this must have got on my nerves a little.

"One day I was at the hospital visiting a sick man, and the bugle went for the second tea sitting. I was in that, and I hurried down and tried to get along the port side for my mess gear. There was a crowd of men there waiting to get to tea, and they said I was to go along the other side, and would not let me pass. On the other side a military policeman refused to let me pass. After remonstrating with him for a little while I went back to the port side, but another military policeman told me there was a fatigue party there. Then I thought I would run across the quarter deck and under the bridge; but when I got there two officers turned me back, and threatened me with C.B. I took a little rest, and then tried the port side again, but another policeman was there. After that things seemed to get dim, and everybody seemed to be a policeman turning me back. I hid till next morning in a ventilator, but as soon as I came out an officer asked me what I was doing, so I hurried away to the stern. It wouldn't have done to let him know I wanted to go forward, would it? I have been trying to get past ever since, and somebody always turns me back. They dropped a box overboard the other day, and someone mentioned my mother. I wonder why? I hope they haven't lost my mess gear. . . . I'll go down the other side. There can't be a policeman there now." And the figure turned and bolted.

PTE. PATTERSON.

Time: Midnight. Boy on Look-out: "All's well, Sir!" Maori in bed: "All's well be ———! I'se sick as 'ell!"

Greyhounds of the Sea.—Indian Coolie waiters.

NAMING THE PAPER.

Naming the paper caused the ship some perturbation. Naming anything is usually a trouble—your new novel or your last baby. Opinion always differs, and you generally have two minds or more on the matter yourself. No less than twenty-six names were suggested for our little *Aparima* infant, and out of that number it was decided to select one of three letters, the simplest of the lot, and no doubt the most suitable—the Committee were almost unanimous on that point—"THE MOA." It is a name taken, of course, from our Reinforcement badge.

The other titles suggested were: "Ventilation" (with a very clever cover design); "Call of the Stew"; the "Periscope" (too bloodcurdlingly suggestive!); "Aparima Argus"; "Transoceanic New Zealander"; "The Tourist" (libellous); "The N.Z. 76 Chronicle"; "The N.Z. 22 Apariman"; "The Apariman"; the "Taihoa" or "The Aparima Stunt" (an insult!); "The Moa"; "The Kiakama" (meaning Cheer-oh!); "The N.Z. 22nd Wave"; "Aparima Courier"; "The Two-Tooth," or a Small Pair"; "The Moa Afloat, or the Amphibious Moa"; "The Raft" (too suggestive); "The Sea-kit"; the "Rolling Moa" (there were too many of them at last port of call); the "Moa's Egg" (greatly favoured); "The Column of Route"; "The Moving Post"; "The Southern Magnet," and "The Atlantic Times."

A very excellent list.

WATER.

Eleven hundred N.Z. soldiers,
Afloat upon the deep,
Eating, eating, eating,
And then the rest is sleep.

Once they washed their faces
In water pure and bright,
Now they have to clean them
Like a Tom Cat might.

On board there is a rumour
That soon our clothes we'll wash,
But that silly piece of humour
The O.C. soon will squash.

They say that in the trenches
Your clothes you never clean,
But amid the mud and stench
You fall asleep and dream.

I hope that when I go to Heaven,
I may, I cannot tell—
That instead of milk and honey,
I may live beside the Well.
"AQUA PURA."

AGAINST HIMSELF.

On arrival at Albany both Officers and men were anxious to stretch their legs once again on *terra firma*. One of the squads was delayed nearly half an hour. They were one short! After calling the roll twice, and counting all ranks, it was found that the Sergt.-Major hadn't counted himself. Mistakes will happen!

WHY DO FATIGUE?

Let US fall in. We are the TWENTY-SECOND SPECIALISTS, Specialists in swabbing decks. Send for our hose and bucket brigade. We can supply a policeman or peel an onion.

OUR PEELING DEPARTMENT cuts out the bad bits.

Why have ROTTEN SPUDS when we can sort them? It's up to you to see our Sergeants!

SIDE LINES.—Machine Gunnery and Signalling.

The 22nd SPECIALISTS await your Signals.

For hire at next port of call. By the morning, afternoon, or by trip, Motor Cars. Terms to soldiers: Ashore, with leave, 1s. from boat to town. Ashore, without leave (if accompanied by the johnops), 7s. Apply C. B.

Notice to N.Z. Housewives: I have a large stock of waiters and housewives for delivery after the war. Guaranteed SOBER, SAFE, RELIABLE. Trained to wash up and wait at table. MARTIN'S TRAINING COLLEGE, Mess-room, Transport 76.

WANTED.—Barman for wet canteen. Neither ship's police or cooks need apply.

WANTED.—A set of harness for ship's rumours.

WANTED.—A caretaker for black kitten. No officers need apply. Particulars from P.M.O. or Lieut. Closs. (Enquirers guaranteed personal safety.)

WANTED.—A few purchasers of the latest popular song: "I am so lonely waiting for you," by Sergeant Gough. O. C. Klink.

WANTED BY SOLDIERS.—A sure and ready supply of canteen tickets.

Heard at Officer's Mess.—"I say, Captain," said the Junior Subaltern, "Why do they call it the Dog Watch?"

"Because, my dear fellow, just because its cur-tailed."

"JAM."

To the beautiful ladies of Gore,
Your succulent jam was a score;
Like yourselves it was sweet,
And if ever we meet
We will certainly ask you for more.

The Sergeants have got a fat man,
Who really would burst if he ran;
So we put all the peach
And the plum out of reach,
Lest his girth should increase by a span.

So here's to the ladies of Gore.
That you're married we greatly deplore;
If you have any "Misses,"
Just give them our kisses,
And when we come back they'll have more.

"WASHOUT."

AN INVOCATION.

Dearest, when you awake
And dreams still linger in your dawning eyes.
When all the world a vision seems,
And shadows veil the morning skies—
Dearest, send your prayers for me,
Our comrades' brave hearts I lead
For love and freedom in the fray.

And when the moon has drifted by,
And nights on ocean vast and deep,
And the warm dark in which you lie
Is fragrant with the flowers of sleep—
Dearest, send your prayers for me,
Our comrades' brave hearts I lead
For love and freedom in the fray.

Private P. W. BABINGTON.

HEARTIEST THANKS.

It was a pleasant surprise, two weeks out, to have opened up aboard twenty-four cases of jam sent to the troops by the ladies of Gore. A versifier in another column nicely expresses the feelings of all aboard. We give official editorial endorsement to those expressions.

But the ship's goodwill does not begin and end there. Many other gifts were sent aboard, and to all donors the same heartiest thanks and appreciation we ask the winds to waft us back, and we include the Mayor of Wellington (Mr. J. P. Luke) and the Mayoress for their gifts, which number among them that very indispensable article, the piano.

Among those to whom the Editors' thanks are due is Sergt. MacLaren, of "B" Company, for the assistance he has given in the typing of copy, and its preparation for the printer.

The promoters of this paper are indebted to Major Barton, O.C. Draft, for his kind offer to finance the cost of the paper until the proceeds from the sale can be collected.

LE PETIT CHAT.

Sister had a little cat,
Which came with her aship.
It was the darling of all hearts;
The feature of the trip!

Here follow 76 verses describing the kitten; but, as the description is very full and faithful, and in view of censorship regulations bearing upon the transmission of important information which might prove useful to the enemy, it is thought better, in the interests of the ship (and the cat) to eliminate them. Last verse:—

"What makes the party look so sad"
A soldier once did say:
"The kitten, ah!" a sub. did sob,
"Will be a cat one day."

WAIL OF THE MESS ORDERLIES.

We're up with the lark at Reveille;
No lying in stunt comes our way,
No time to wash, shave, or to dally
With hobbies, or sidelines or play,
For we,
Yes, that's we,
Have to work like d—d niggers all day.

No matter what like be the weather;
No matter how billows may roll,
We're supposed to have innards like leather:
No sickness, no feelings, no soul,
No qualms,
During storms,
Carry on, carry on, is our goal.

We line up alongside the galley,
And wait for an hour or two,
Till it comes to our turn for the tally
Of potatoes, or cabbage or stew.
Then, below,
Off we go,
And do everything—dinkum we do.

We blast, and are blasted in turn;
We stand all complaints; that's a fact.
When will all these cannibals learn,
That the tucker they get is intact.
No more,
That's the lor;
And we can't do the fish and loaf act.

Then hooray for the end of this jaunt;
We're fed up with the job, that's a cert.
Relief? No such luck; so avaunt!
Yet we'll stick it, howe'er it may hurt.
Then, bon jour
"Cook house door,"
Ditto washings, and swabbings and dirt.

H. W. L. D.

Some readers may possibly have noted the absence of illustrations. This was unavoidable on account of the short time available for printing and producing. Hence many cartoons and sketches sent in by Private Patterson N.Z.M.C., and others, which were worthy of inclusion, had to be cut out.

TOPICAL.

Some topical verses, written and sung by Mr. Fawcett, of the Y.M.C.A., at a recent concert, tickled the popular fancy. Below are sample verses:—

Kaiser Bill was hard to please,
Thought he'd conquer all the seas;
Said he'd do the job with ease,
But now he's "also started."
He reckoned he would win the war,
Till Britain landed on his jaw,
And sent poor Willie to the floor
Feeling quite down-hearted.

It's the Kaiser, just the Kaiser;
He's the cause of all the trouble, cause of all the
crime,
When you hear a mighty roar,
Like a blooming-cross-cut saw,
Then you know it's just the Kaiser every time.

The Quartermaster walks the deck,
And, should he chance to find a speck,
He swears he'll wring somebody's neck
For dirtying the mess-room.
The pots are made to shine, you know,
The tables scrubbed till they're like snow;
In fact, from end to end the show
Is like a Sunday best room.

Mr. Martin, Mr. Martin,
He's the cause of all the trouble, cause of all the
crime,
Though we say these things for fun,
Yet we know it everyone
That he shows himself a white man every time.

The Maori Boys are just the thing,
They're funny as a piece of string;
But one or two of them can sing,
And some can play the fiddle.
To see them doing Swedish Drill,
Is quite enough to make you ill:
It makes you hold your sides until
You ache across the middle.

Corporal Rangī, Corporal Rangī,
He's the cause of all the trouble, cause of all the
crime,
He was seen in Albany
With a girl upon each knee,
And you know that's just like Rangī every time.

The description of the first port of call, by Gunner J. M. Abernethy (the prize contributor), though an excellent article, had, unfortunately, to be cut out at the last moment, owing to the limitations of space available.

A Bath in time saves nine.

There is a rumour afloat that beer is so cheap in Cape Town that one can almost wash in it for nothing. What a grand excuse the late comers will have in the morning: "Please sir, we were having a "bath."

Heard at Officers' Mess.—"Where do albatrosses lay their eggs?"

"In the Crow's Nest!"

PAPER COMMITTEE.

The Editors are indebted to the members of the Ship's Paper Committee for their assistance in getting in contributions, and for help in picking from the numerous suggestions sent in a suitable title for the paper. The Committee comprises:—Capt. Doorly, R.N.R., Lieutenants Archey, Perry, Matthews, McRoberts, Barclay; Sergeants Aimer, Aitken, Bradley; Corporals Martin and Babbington; and Privates Goodley and Strachan.

An Executive to assist the Editors in financial matters was appointed, consisting of Capt. Doorly, Lieut. McRoberts, and Corporal Martin.

"WHERE MY LIFEBELT?"

Crash! Bang! The startling din awakes the sleepers in the second flight down (No. 3 Dormitory) tenanted by "B" Company and Maoris. Startled Maoris leapt from their bunks and stood staggering and swaying in their scanty night attire with wide open eyes.

"Torpedo, boys," yelled one scared native, tearing like mad at his lifebelt, and bolting like a baby elephant for the companion ladder, shouting: "Come on! get out rafts!"

"Where my lifebelt, eh!" gasped another as he tied his money-belt around his waist, securing his shirt tails to his brown limbs. "Who got my lifebelt?"

"Never mind to lifebelt," shouted a mate, darting for the exit, and yelling, "Come on, ship sinking, hurry up boys."

Some whites, awakened by the din, also got hurriedly out of bed, and started donning lifebelts.

Rushed in a Dormitory Sergeant: "Here, what's all this noise about?"

"Ship's sinking, struck a rock or torpedo I tink, eh?" gasped a dusky warrior, half in and half out of his pants.

"Ship's sinking be hanged. It's only the boxes in the store-room fallen over with the rolling of the ship."

"Not sinking? By gorry, dat's good, eh?" gulped the sweating thankful Maori, and he shouted the good news to his mates on deck, who already were at work with the rafts.

There was much laughter, when, encased in their white lifebelts, they returned below.

H. T. B. D.

In the Chief Steward's cabin, which is just off the main gangway, are two choice Australian parrots. It is the Steward's chief recreation, when tired of conversing with the Coolies, to sit patiently teaching his pets to talk. They have already learned some words. But when he is away, and the troops are waiting *en queue* for the tucker call to sound, those in the vicinity of the cabin pull away the curtain and teach the birds other words! You can guess the nature of the words. The Chief can't understand why the parrots give him back bad words for good.

After the N.C.O.'s defeat of the Officers in the tug-of-war, a large Sergeant was overheard to remark: "Well, after that, they can have their ham and chicken. The old stew will do us."

GROUND ROUNDS.

Grand Rounds on a troopship is a ceremonial parade of inspection each morning. The party gather at "Headquarters" on the bridge deck. The Captain of the ship then takes charge. The bugler goes ahead, and blows a long "G," on hearing which all troops in the vicinity spring to attention. Next comes the Regimental Quartermaster, who prepares the way for the inspection, then the Captain of the ship, after him the Officer Commanding Troops, the Principal Medical Officer, the Ship's Adjutant, Officer for the Day, Ship's Quartermaster, and Provost Marshall, and some N.C.O.'s. Every part of the ship is visited and examined, and woe betide those responsible for any neglect or untidiness.

THE MAN FOR THE JOB.

"Known to me personally," is C.S.M. Gallagher's tribute to the Chief Steward of the *Aparima*, Mr. James Mackie. At a matter of fact, the two friends travelled together in the s.s. *Cornwall* to the South African War in 1900 with the 6th N.Z. Contingent. Mr. Mackie joined Kitchener's Scouts and saw the war through. He stayed for some time in South Africa, and for the last few years has been with the Union S.S. Company on the East Coast of New Zealand, and intercolonial trade.

"He's an authority on anything relating to boxing," states Sergeant-Major Gallagher, "and enjoys nothing more than a good old mill in the ring. . . . Is a great favourite with the ladies, and the general public." Also with the "boys" on this boat, we might add.

SHIP'S OFFICERS.

Master: Captain G. S. Doorly, R.N.R.; Chief Officer, Mr. H. A. Daniel; Second Mate, Mr. G. Macdonald; Third Mate, Mr. C. C. Waters; Instructor for Cadets, Mr. A. S. Daigleish; Chief Steward, Mr. J. Mackie; Second Steward, Mr. E. Bruce; Chief Engineer, Mr. T. Rogerson; Second Engineer, Mr. W. Hirst; Third Engineer, Mr. P. Cairns; Fourth Engineer, Mr. H. A. Macgregor; Fifth Engineer, Mr. N. F. Fleming; Sixth Engineer, Mr. J. McKeegan; Seventh, Mr. H. Mayo; Electrician: Mr. Robinson; Plumber, Mr. W. Wells; Wireless Operator, Mr. Vipan; Asst., Mr. R. Millington.

Henceforth there will be lectures given in the mess-room every night by "Sister" Osborne, the subject being "How to put on weight."

The Maori Quota are practising economies—three use the same plate.

C.B.—Caught below (smoking).

C.B.—Come back. Next call.

Why not start a knitting class on board? There's 10,000 bales of wool down in the hold.

New Military Signals.—First "tucker" call: "Prepare to rush." Second "tucker" call: "Rush!"

Who's Who on Board.

A COMPLETE RECORD.

- Officer Commanding Draft.*—Major J. E. Barton.
Officer Commanding Troops on Board H.M.T.S. 76.—
 Captain J. Keir.
Ship's Adjutant.—2nd Lt. A. Mills.
N.Z. Army Nursing Service.—Sister R. Sanderson,
 Nurse Gilkes.
N.Z. Army Pay Dept.—Pay-Sergts. E. W. McCardell,
 E. M. McCardell.
Chaplain.—Chaplain-Capt. G. T. Robson.
Y.M.C.A. Representative.—Mr. H. Fawcett.
Ship's Permanent Quartermaster's Staff.—Lieut. R. E.
 J. Martin. R.M.S. L. O. Strong, Corp. F. N. Samuels.
Ship's Permanent Medical Staff.—Sergt.-Major B.
 Bock. Ptes. H. K. Turner, T. H. Macken.
Ship's Record Clerk.—Sergt. L. Turner.
Naval Rating.—Petty Officer H. Roberts.

ARTILLERY.

- Lieut. G. E. Archey, Lieut. W. E. Orsborn, Sergt.-
 Major L. R. Neilson, Q.M.S. G. S. Ross, Sergts. E. L.
 Buchanan, H. W. L. Digby, A. W. L. England, A. R.
 Frost, A. L. MacDonald, and H. B. Martin; Corpls. H.
 G. Betts, R. S. Darby, H. F. Gifford, L. W. P. Mabley,
 and H. Fyfe; Bombrs. I. Abel, M. L. Drower, F. C.
 France, Wm. Freeth, H. C. Gimblett, L. H. McKenzie,
 J. B. Reynolds, R. E. Savage; Spec. J. M. Abernethy,
 Gnr. W. H. Ansell, Gnr. B. Ashby, Dvr. James Bassett,
 Gnr. J. D. Bennett, L. C. Bishop, S. R. Blow, and
 Wm. Bolwell; Spec. H. S. Bramley, Dvr. G. T. Brewer,
 Spec. A. A. Burd, Fitter O. C. Burt, Gnr. W. A. Cald-
 well, Dvr. A. J. Callister, Gnr. A. Carter, Dvr. J. F.
 Clemmens, Far. C. W. S. Crabb, Dvr. J. A. Cunningham,
 Gnr. P. D. Daniell, Dvrs. A. Devlin, R. B. Dilks, C.
 E. Dugmore, E. J. Eden, J. A. Egan, A. A. Emerson,
 Gnr. F. F. J. Ferguson; Spec. E. G. Ferriday, Gnr. Robt.
 Flett, Gnr. Alex. Gamble, Spec. E. G. Goldsmith, Dvr.
 C. L. Goodwin, Gnr. R. L. Gribbin, Dvr. C. D. Hampton,
 Gnr. Walter Hellier, Dvrs. A. Hepworth, N. Hill, H.
 E. Hodgkinson, Spec. L. W. Hooper, Spec. W. F.
 Jackson, Gnr. K. R. James, Spec. B. H. Jones, Dvr. W.
 F. Kelpe, Gnr. Edwd. Kidd, Gnr. Basil King, Dvr. S. G.
 Livingstone, Gnr. F. E. K. Macdonald, Fitter James
 Manson, Gnr. A. G. Martin, Spec. Wm. Matthews, Gnr.
 J. C. Maxwell, Gnr. J. C. Mill, Gnr. Alex. McCarlie,
 Fitter D. A. McGillp, Spec. G. P. McIntosh, Dvr. E. C.
 Oldfield, Gnr. Thos. O'Reilly, Gnr. John O'Sullivan,
 Dvr. L. Pedler, Gnr. C. A. N. Pitcher, Dvr. H. G.
 Potter, Gnr. Caleb Price, Gnr. Robt. Richardson, Spec.
 B. D. Robertson, Gnr. Frank Robertson, Dvr. S. J.
 Robertson, Gnr. Thos. Rodgers, Dvr. D. R. Rowe,
 Dvr. F. P. Sander, Gnr. Wm. Shearer, Gnr. R. M.
 Shirriff, Dvr. Donald Smith, Gnr. John Smith, Far. W.
 J. Smith, Gnr. I. O. Stanley, Spec. R. M. Stevens, Gnr.
 H. G. Stringer, Gnr. H. L. Thom, Spec. E. Thompson,
 Spec. R. Thompson, Dvr. E. N. Tunnichiffe, Spec. F. W.
 Tyler, Gnr. P. Vos, F. H. Walls, J. A. Whyte, Dvr. J.
 P. Wyatt, and Fitter J. R. Wylie.

INFANTRY.

"A" Company.

No. 1 PLATOON.—Lieut. H. McC. Holden, 2nd Lieut.
 E. O. McRoberts, S.S.M. W. Bates; Sergts. H. G. Little-
 John, C. H. Skipper; Lance-Sergts. F. F. De Senna, E.
 F. Dumergue, Corpls. C. de C. Lambert, W. J. Betty;
 L./Cpls. D. H. Fraser, A. W. Talbot, W. H. Addison,
 T. H. B. Childerhouse; Privates A. K. Alley, A. H.
 Aitken, J. Benson, C. Bray, A. Brown, B. A. Coulter,
 T. B. Clark, W. G. Clark, F. Clements, H. J. E. Diggs,
 W. Doolan, J. Ellison, F. Evans, G. T. Fegen, W. D.
 Fisher, W. H. Fleming, R. Goad, A. G. Godsmark, W.
 T. Green, R. H. Hancock, J. C. Hick, T. Hocking, C.
 E. Hooks, A. E. Jenkin, F. J. Kenkin, H. Jones, J. D.
 Keen, C. A. A. Lilley, H. J. A. Lilley, R. H. Marvin,
 W. S. Marvin, J. D. Michie, W. McCarthy, W. McD.
 McQueen, A. G. Phillips, T. C. Petty, J. Saussey, I. W.
 Simmons.

No. 2 PLATOON.—C.S.M. D. Gallagher, Sgts. A. F.
 Harvey, M. E. Ward, L./Sgt. M. H. Carroll, Corpls.
 C. Angrove, R. J. Campbell, L./Corpls. F. A. Butter-
 field, G. H. Whyte, V. Moon; Privates N. Nelson, R.
 J. Wilson, R. H. Ashcroft, W. J. Bell, F. J. Cole-
 brook, J. Currie, J. J. Daly, W. Daly, J. Fletcher, E. G.
 Fox, R. Gore, S. A. H. Hammond, R. J. Hamilton, P. J.
 Handley, R. Hayes, E. J. Hothersall, L. J. Hunter, A.
 E. Innes, E. J. Jones, H. G. Lang, W. L. McCready,
 F. McKeown, J. H. McIntyre, R. R. A. Murphy, H. J.
 Newman, A. Noble, C. J. Palmer, E. A. Phillips, J.
 Ross, F. J. Schischka, W. A. Smith, G. P. Smith, H. B.
 Sommerville, L./Cpls. A. M. Spencer, E. F. Tretheway;
 Ptes. A. W. Thompson, J. Whiteside, J. H. Williams,
 A. R. Wooldridge.

No. 3 PLATOON.—Q.M.S. W. R. Andrew, Sgts. K. W.
 Aimer, E. A. Dargaville, Cpls. W. J. C. King, J. P.
 Motherwell, L./Cpls. A. G. K. Wilson, F. W. Morris,
 Ptes. C. A. Aickin, R. Bailey, T. R. Bender, S.
 Bregmen, P. Broady, J. Bright, P. Cooper, H. R. Cork,
 A. B. Crossley, W. F. Douglas, E. W. Farmer, J. Gibson,
 W. H. Good, R. T. Grant, W. F. Grupen, A. E.
 Hawkes, R. B. Hayson, C. Hughes, R. L. Kaye, C. E.
 Knapping, T. Knight, L. A. Laxcock, A. Le Huquet, H.
 C. W. Legg, O. A. McLean, T. Perry, R. P. Petley, F.
 C. Prohine, H. Russell, C. J. Stevens, H. J. Sylvia, C. V.
 Turner, L. Watson.

No. 4 PLATOON.—2nd Lieut. J. S. Hanna, Sgts. D. F.
 Mackay, J. O'Brien, Cpl. R. H. Kent, L./Cpls. W.
 Bendall, A. D. Gould, W. G. Joy, W. C. Kerz, Ptes.
 G. Adams, E. Banfield, A. G. Bell, A. H. O. Bowyer, G.
 Chapman, O. E. Davis, J. F. Dromgool, W. Farquhar,
 J. Farrelly, W. E. Frost, J. Hamilton, R. C. Hannken,
 L. J. Houltham, R. A. Howe, T. S. Howe, B. H. Joy,
 J. H. Massey, M. Mahon, J. A. Mansell, G. Milne,
 J. McIntyre, L. E. Rogers, D. A. Russell, E. F. Scarrll,
 C. Simpson, G. K. Thorburn, J. Wilson, V. Wiles, F. A.
 White.

"B" Company.

No. 5 PLATOON.—2nd Lieut. W. Perry, R.Q.M.S. A. C.
 King, C.S.M. A. M. Thomson, Q.M.S. W. G. Fleming,
 Sgts. C. E. Tennant, A. P. Pointon, W. H. Webb,
 Cpls. E. J. Cunningham, A. F. B. Hepburn, W. C.
 Smith, L./Cpls. J. D. Coleman, W. B. Dyer, A. H.

Parker, A. W. Swap, Ptes. C. L. Beattie, C. W. Bowers, R. Brown, A. G. Clark, W. N. Crawford, F. Doherty, H. Durose, E. E. Edwards, L. W. Gribben, G. Hall, T. F. Hephurn, C. le F. Honore, S. J. V. Howard, W. B. Hull, W. H. Kilby, S. L. King, T. Lewis, L. Lyons, J. F. Mason, H. C. Maulder, C. McGrath, J. F. McKain, A. F. McDougall, R. O'Brien, P. O'Brien, V. Ogilvie, A. Raiton, A. G. Sinclair, R. Smith, E. G. A. Smyth, F. Stubbs, H. S. Thomas, F. W. Townsend, C. Waetford, J. White, H. V. Wilton, A. C. Withey.

No. 6. PLATOON.—2nd Lieut. H. T. B. Drew, Sgts. H. W. G. Paine, J. H. McLaren, L./Sgt. W. F. Hargreaves, Cpls. A. W. Cooper, P. J. Kruss, L./Cpls. G. H. Bennett, E. O. E. Christopherson, E. H. Hillman, D. L. Williams, Ptes. A. R. Anderson, C. H. Anderson, C. C. Barker, E. Callaghan, W. H. Campbell, C. L. Collins, J. H. Corson, T. Coutts, G. Cundy, C. T. F. Davis, I. Doreen, J. A. Dowler, A. Duncan, C. M. M. Falk, C. Forbes, C. P. Greeks, H. A. Jones, T. S. Jones, A. Joyner, G. H. Hamlyn, H. H. Kells, C. M. King, E. J. Knight, R. W. Millar, J. A. McDougall, R. McCauley, J. McLoughlin, J. Orr, H. F. A. Phillips, M. Richardson, E. P. Sparkes, W. Stewart, E. A. Tozer, A. Waterman, A. C. Woodward, J. J. Foley.

No. 7. PLATOON.—Sgts. S. L. Paterson, W. A. Wright, L./Sgt. I. J. H. Carlett, Cpls. A. Curd, W. L. Dove, E. J. M. Ferguson, L./Cpls. A. J. Adamson, P. Kegney, A. Wilson, Ptes. G. W. Barker, J. P. Brough, H. Brown, B. N. Campbell, C. R. Cooper, O. J. Dolan, P. G. Dysart, T. H. Ebbett, B. Exell, K. W. Frank, C. T. Gibson, L. G. Gibson, W. Gordon, J. Grey, W. L. Hannett, F. Harrison, G. J. Harvey, C. H. Hedderwick, H. Hendry, W. R. Hickson, L. E. W. Jeffries, L. R. Johnson, J. A. Nielsen, A. R. Pratt, R. Pritchard, P. J. Rice, W. Rogers, D. Rogers, W. W. Scanlan, J. Simpson, D. W. Sullivan, E. M. Smith, E. Smith, P. D. Spicer, P. J. Wilson, F. G. Wood, F. T. Tucker, J. L. Stevens.

No. 8. PLATOON.—2nd Lieut. F. G. Matthews, Sgts. J. Doig, H. Stewart, Cpls. M. J. Squire, H. R. Fell, S. M. Shrimpton, L./Cpls. A. F. Atkinson, H. H. Hornblow, J. R. Nairn, W. A. Sonson, F. Gladding, P. Kirkby, Ptes. W. G. Barr, F. D. Bramald, M. Brown, G. Butler, J. Candy, A. Coutts, J. Davison, J. Davis, E. De Jardine, H. J. Edwards, E. A. Fazackerley, W. J. Fisher, E. J. P. Fitzsimons, F. J. Foster, W. Hooker, A. Hunter, E. Jensen, G. J. Johnston, E. J. Kendrick, J. Kirk, W. J. R. Latham, S. Lowe, W. T. Murray, A. McPherson, A. Neilson, A. F. Parson, D. W. Paton, W. I. Quinn, J. F. Raven, J. A. Rodgers, C. A. Thurston, C. H. C. Walshe, J. T. Young, R. B. MacLeod.

"D" Company.

No. 13 PLATOON.—Lieut. J. McLean, Q.M.S. H. H. H. Writington, Sgts. H. B. Gifkins, C. L. James, Cpls. N. L. Berry, W. Chittock, L./Cpls. G. E. Berry, J. F. Burke, S. Corrigan, Ptes. J. Bemrose, E. A. Bills, J. Brown, T. A. Bruce, G. D. R. Campbell, A. H. Davis, I. W. Ferrar, C. Gilliland, F. G. Harris, W. B. Hocking, D. G. Hogg, W. N. Kinnimont, R. Kidd, J. W. W. Lunam, C. Mason, R. McDonnell, J. McTaggart, W. McNaught, L. W. Norman, H. O'Neill, L. Parlett, G. Perwick, T. P. Perwick, W. Saunders, N. J. Stephens, W. G. Stewart, A. H. E. Sutton, E. H. Taylor, W.

Thomson, L./Corpl. H. A. Tohill, Ptes. E. J. H. Walker, R. Watts, T. Watts, G. P. Webb, E. J. Wilson, J. R. E. Wilson, W. Wilson, R. Young.

No. 14. PLATOON.—2nd-Lieut. J. R. Deal, Sgts. G. M. Sheldon, W. Kerr, Corpls. W. Sim, H. J. H. Glasson, L./Corpls. J. W. Dunean, W. H. Dowse, J. H. Moffat, J. T. Ramsay, Ptes. T. J. L. Barkman, J. L. Brownlie, G. Bisset, W. W. Barclay, G. S. Cook, W. T. Caulcutt, T. Donnelly, G. Downie, H. J. Dale, A. C. Dale, J. J. Dillon, F. W. Doble, D. H. Flint, H. G. Guthrie, A. D. Herbert, A. T. Herbert, C. W. Harvey, A. F. J. Heath, E. T. Hickman, E. Hubbard, J. Hetherington, G. A. Kinloch, G. Mitchell, H. J. Magon, O. W. McFie, J. McPhee, J. M. Reid, N. Robertson, T. Robinson, J. S. Ramsay, J. W. Swale, M. Sutherland, C. Stewart, T. J. Tubman, G. J. Todd, R. Thomson, R. J. Thompson.

No. 15 PLATOON.—C.S.M. A. G. Hunt, Sgts. A. W. Aitken, E. J. Bell, Corpls. W. Cooper, R. White, H. H. Rice, L./Cpls. W. fl. Cornack, H. Kennedy, C. M. Martin, P. Roberts, Cpl. M. Meadows, Ptes. J. Aitken, B. E. Ashby, F. Benfell, I. Butler, W. J. Cartwright, C. F. Castlehow, W. W. Crighton, W. Cunningham, J. Davidson, R. H. Freeman, W. J. Grant, W. J. Inglis, J. Johnston, C. Leitch, V. D. Manning, J. C. Mouat, J. D. Munro, H. McNeill, J. O'Brien, G. Paterson, P. R. Peek, D. A. Ritchie, J. H. D. Smith, T. H. Spence, G. Stevenson, J. B. Stuart, G. H. Tyler, W. G. Watkins, F. E. Watt, S. D. W. Webb, G. I. West, T. Walls.

No. 16 PLATOON.—2nd Lt. W. O. Closs, Sgts. St. G. R. Berestord, J. O. Adamson, Cpls. J. Hanlon, H. C. Small, R. Taylor, L./Cpls. J. Baird, J. M. Brown, T. McFarlane, Ptes. J. Rennie, W. Bell, W. Benzie, J. L. Cockburn, P. Downey, P. Ford, C. J. Gilder, G. Gilder, W. J. Guise, W. G. Hall, W. G. Hunter, G. Innes, H. A. Johnston, F. King, M. J. Lawler, J. H. Lepper, A. H. Maude, H. Maude, A. Mawhinney, T. H. Molloy, J. McDonald, W. G. McKenzie, A. McLean, J. D. McLean, E. A. Poole, J. T. Robertson, R. K. Sibthorpe, J. H. Smith, J. Speers, J. A. Stewart, S. Stuart, R. H. Trengonning, R. Ward, G. G. Webb, J. Wheeler, G. Wilson, G. Taplin, M. Stack, H. Cogan, P. P. F. Albrecht, J. Phillips, T. Waugh, H. Brown, P. J. McMahon.

"J" Company.

No. 33 PLATOON.—2nd Lt. A. J. Larsen, Sgts. G. H. Chuck, L. W. Knight, L./Sgt. P. B. Wright, L./Cpls. S. Foster, H. R. Mundy, A. Yates, Ptes. P. Beaumont, A. A. Currie, P. Dean, J. Donnelly, E. Edwards, R. Gibb, J. Gibb, T. C. Giles, W. L. Graham, P. J. Hanley, R. Harrison, R. C. Hunter, L. Klein, A. Miller, J. Moore, J. R. McGillivray, A. McIntyre, D. S. McKinley, F. D. McLeod, W. S. O'Brien, A. Peers, C. L. Polwart, H. A. F. Quicke, J. H. Sarginson, G. Scanlon, T. Scrimshaw, J. C. Sims, W. Trotter, J. L. Tutley, A. D. Walker, W. Warren, C. C. Weavers, J. H. Wilson, C. G. E. Wright, C. A. M. Young.

Maori Details.

2nd Lt. G. R. Dansey, Sgt. Z. N. Mitchell, Cpls. P. Pakuku, W. H. Rangī, H. T. Wi, L./Cpls. H. P. Anaru, R. M. Babbington, G. Ereata, C. W. Hetet, Ptes.

A. Ahomiro, P. W. Babbington, T. S. Cootes, G. Greeke, H. Dunn, W. Graham, T. P. Gray, T. Hahunga, J. W. Hobson, M. Hohepa, T. Hokai, R. Honiana, H. Jumbo, W. Kaio, N. Karaka, R. Karangaroa, A. Katau, H. Kirikau, B. T. Manene, H. Marino, H. Mauhe, R. W. Ngahana, F. Ngapo, T. Ngawaka, A. Osborne, D. Paki, T. Papa, J. H. Patene, A. Pinker, G. Pomana, P. Pue, F. Rangi, R. Rapata, J. M. Rickus, E. Rihari, P. Smith, K. W. Stevens, E. Taka, T. Tangitu, C. Te Amo, H. Tehui, H. N. Te Huiki, A. Temoni, J. Thompson, W. Tipene, K. Tuhaka, K. Waata, W. Wihapi, M. Wirangirangi, R. Wheoki, T. Te Amo.

Tunnelling Corps.

1st Lts. E. W. Tattley, H. G. Shannon, C.S.M., C. P. Y. Purchas, Sgt. C. B. Annand, E. F. Bradley, Cpls. L. I. Grange, J. M. Jordan, V. C. Kitching, W. Masters, G. Morrison, L/cpls F. Lemon, J. Smith, E. D. White, Sappers M. C. Abbott, A. Bollington, J. Bourke, A. E. Brown, J. Brown, C. Buckingham, J. Byrne, C. N. Collins, J. Cronin, W. H. Crowe, B. A. Daly, H. C. Davies, W. G. Dean, H. Dunn, W. J. Dyer, D. Flanagan, T. Foden, F. Foley, W. J. Frearson, J. J. Freeman, R. J. Gardiner, W. Gentlemum, A. Gillan, A. C. Goedicke, P. Hamill, R. D. Hamilton, A. Hanton, M. Hannon, M. A. Hardwick, E. S. Harrison, C. L. Hart, J. Hedgeman, P. Hennessy, R. E. Heenan, W. Holt, A. D. Hotham, E. Jones, J. Kirkby, C. W. Kneebone, W. Laird, L. W. Laloli, A. Light, T. F. Lowe, J. Marshal, J. Mercer, F. Merton, J. McNeill, J. McVicar, J. O'Sullivan, J. Penrose, R. Petterd, J. Pitman, J. A. Rogers, J. Rourke, J. Sanderson, J. C. Smith, S. R. Sandwith, D. C. Stuart, A. W. Sulings, F. N. Tomlinson, J. C. Turk, T. A. Turnbull, W. Williams, J. Young.

N.Z. Engineers.

Sgt.-Major R. L. Harding, Sgt. F. W. Luke, Cpl. L. H. Brough, L./Cpl. F. C. Foster, Sapper H. Allan, W. G. G. Cuddon, T. J. Gullick, A. W. Lee, H. N. Logie, F. A. V. Morris, F. J. Merry, P. McNiece, W. J. Neill, J. N. Nicholson.

ATTACHED TO ENGINEERS. — Sergt.-Postal-Sorter L. Anderson.

Specialist Company.

MACHINE GUN SECTION.—2nd Lt. G. C. Laws, Sgt.-Major W. S. Anderson, Sgts. E. L. Fitch, F. W. Gough, P. J. Martin, L./Sgt. J. W. C. Moore, Cpls. W. C. Beck, F. G. Watson, Ptes. A. A. S. Anderson, A. Beauchamp, B. B. Beaumont, A. E. Blanch, C. Buchen, P. J. Carmody, A. V. Clapham, P. M. Close, F. J. Colgan, L. P. Cooper, W. C. Cowan, J. L. Cramer, N. Drower, J. G. Falder, R. H. Gibbins, J. H. Glasson, I. K. Goodley, W. W. Grantham, J. E. Gregory, W. H. Hinchliffe.

W. A. C. Honeyfield, H. W. Hotson, A. A. Jenkins, P. R. Jones, W. G. Joy, W. L. Junge, J. Kendall, E. G. Knight, W. A. Knight, H. L. Lees, G. McCandlish, A. E. McConkey, H. Millen, A. Morgan, E. Morgan, L. I. Marter, D. Patterson, A. H. Peters, C. A. Raman, R. Revell, H. D. E. Robinson, A. Shadbolt, A. C. Smith, D. Smith, O. Sundberg, T. A. Taylor, A. F. Tepene, V. L. Warner, A. W. White.

SIGNAL SECTION.—2nd Lt. J. W. Barclay, Q.M.S., A. L. Robb, Cpls. E. A. Baker, R. F. Percival, Bomb. F. B. Horwood, J. C. Orman, T. G. Tonner, Gur. E. L. Carrick, Ptes. D. Carr-Rollett, N. Carr-Rollett, Gnrs. A. J. Carsaldine, P. A. Cullen, A. S. Davidson, T. Duffy, Ptes. F. J. Forster, J. M. Fox, Gnrs. R. J. Gamble, A. Garlick, Pte. D. P. Ginane, Gnrs. A. C. Gray, P. Henry, E. E. J. R. Hill, Gnrs. G. A. Hopkins, W. W. Laing, H. W. Le Comte, J. A. McGavin, T. McPherson, Pte. F. C. Mason, Gnrs. J. Mitchell, W. Moir, Pte. W. M. Morris, Gnrs. W. J. Power, F. P. Rickards, S. B. R. Rutledge, H. Spence, W. F. Tebitt.

Divisional Signallers.

Cpl. L. M. Swales, Sprs. B. C. Ashwin, H. E. Cairney, W. L. Cliffe, B. S. Twidle, R. R. Wilberfoss, L. D. Woolf.

Army Service Corps.

2nd Lt. J. W. MacLachlan, Sgts. E. A. Carter, D. E. Clerk, W. J. Parkes, Sgt.-Fitter H. N. Roche, Sdler.-Cpl. F. Morrill, Cpl. W. A. Peacock, Dvrs. H. C. Allerby, S. A. Andrew, L. F. Bennett, E. G. Boniface, C. A. Brook, W. Black, A. Barvell, D. Chapman, A. Campbell, C. H. Couchman, R. Dayman, C. S. Gilbert, J. Gunning, A. Green, G. W. W. Hayes, J. G. Hewitt, G. H. Kenyon, A. D. Laing, S. T. Lewis, J. J. Montgomery, W. G. McConnell, R. McNicol, G. Nyhane, E. A. Pagri, Farrier D. P. Patterson, Dvrs. A. E. Patrick, W. Ryan, J. R. Scurrah, Whlr. R. H. Selkirk, Dvrs. J. Smith, S. Stevenson, J. W. Temperly, F. Tombs, A. E. Weller, H. J. Williams.

N.Z. Medical Corps.

Cpts. T. Pettey, J. W. Williams, Sgt. Ingram, T./L. Cpl. P. J. Guyton, Ptes. G. Atkinson, C. B. Black, E. Brueton, W. J. Dempsey, A. Foote, H. Hall, R. J. Jeffs, A. J. Layther, P. J. McCaskey, H. E. Myers, W. J. C. Patterson, J. Peachey, W. F. S. Pollock, A. Graham, S. Waters, R. A. Watkins, C. B. Wright.

N.Z. Dental Corps.

Lieut. R. O. Phillips, Sgt. P. C. Stephenson.

AUTOGRAPHS.

us,
G.
in,
can,
ma-
C.
F.

J.S.,
omb,
L.
airs.
I.
R. J.
A. C.
Hop-
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L. W.
F. P.
ebert.

irney,
L. D.

D. E.
Scler-
H. C.
mitac.
han. A.
Gilbert,
Hewitt,
Mont-
sylvania,
A. E.
Selkirk,
erly. F.

T/L
ack. B.
R. J.
Myers,
lock. A.
ght.

J. Barton Major
N.Z.S.C.

THE MOA.

L.R. Keillon B.S.M.
N.Z.S.A. 27
Petone,
N.Z.

AUTOGRAPHS.

A.L. McDonald
Sgt. N.Z.S.A.
C.N.C.A.

H.W.R. Digby
2nd Lt N.Z.F.A.
Blenheim N.Z.

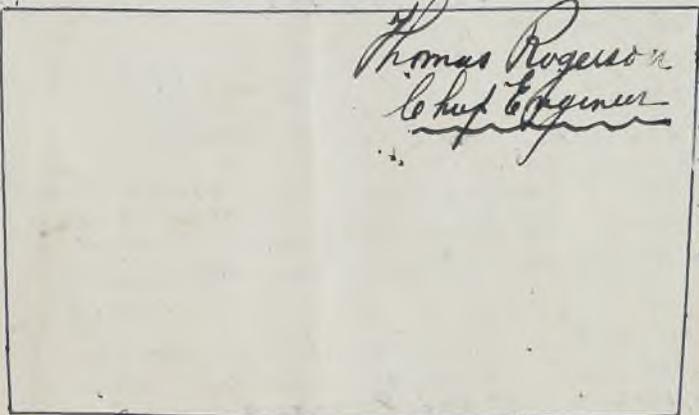
M. England
Sergt N.Z.F.A.
Auckland.

A.P. Frost
Sergt 22 N.Z.F.A.
Guskaru.

A.B. Wallis
Sergt. N.Z.F.A.
Petone. N.Z.

G. Sinclair Ross R.A.M.S.
22nd N.Z.F.A.
Masterton N.Z.

Revenge
Joe P. Watts
Bluffton
Southland
Zeborn



Thompson 35626 B. Kelly
Septon
Wentworth
Petone
Wentworth 35246
g. J. Johnson
Petone
Wentworth

L.W.P. Mably Corp.
Christchurch

J. Dale Bennett Esq.
Seaton. Wgton. N.Z.

no 35684
Dunedin
Westport
1874

J.A. Egan.
Barnett's Lane.
Sgt. H.B. Bramley
Blucher str. Wgton.

35370 W. Bolwell gun
George St. Dunedin

35490 Dowd. L. Thoms.
W. Hallatane
Bay of Plenty.

R.M. Stevens
Lower Hutt.
Wellington

J. Ferguson
Miller's Flat.
al sago
at hurd.
Petone
Wellington

16864 Endera. Gamble
Shaw St
Auckland

34537. En Hood Stanley
Pouarua
Auckland
De Grace, Hutt,
Lower Wellington

R.L. Lubbin
Devonport
Auckland

kins, E. G. Fish, gan, ana, C. F.

J.S. omb, L. Mrs. T. J. C. Top, W. P. butt.

ney, D.

E. ler, C. Fair, A. bert, wit, out-gane, E. sink, 7.

L. E. J. ers, A.

AUTOGRAPHS.

