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**EIGHTH
REINFORCEMENTS**

414440 Cpl R J Jenkins
C Coy 8th Bn 2/NZEF

Editorial...

We ARE known as the Eighth Reinforcements, but our official title matters little; nor is it important to what branch of the Service we belong. What is significant is that we are yet further evidence of New Zealand's determination to carry through an ugly and distasteful job to the end. A country which has given freely is giving again.

Or shall we think of ourselves as another small weight added to a balance which is already swinging surely against the Axis? Few of us are setting out in an easy careless spirit of adventure, but we have at least the hope that with resolution and steadfastness of spirit, the task may soon be accomplished and the day of home-coming at hand.

Post-war reconstruction is a phrase which is on the lips of a great many thinking people these days, and perhaps it is not out of place to remind ourselves that our responsibilities will not end with the signing of the peace. As individuals we have to do our individual bit toward building, on secure foundations this time, an order, one of the first principles of which will be the outlawing of war.

Maybe we need a little of the vision of Blake:

*I will not cease from mental strife,
Nor shall my sword rest in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.*

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Monkey Glands . . .

(First Prize, Article.)

Pithecanthropies, my arboreal simian ancestor, has nothing on me! I am an example of retrogressive evolution due to maritime causes. In the words of Ariel's song—

He doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange.

Locust-like, I have shed the garment of my former self. That self whose thoughts coursed along the grooves of conventional education and scheming propaganda; whose actions lay within the limits marked by a repressive social system. A poor biped, muzzled by censorship, hedged in by a host of conventions and regulations, blared at by radio, bullied by blatant advertisements, rigged out with false teeth, a glass eye and a mechanical stomach and deprived of the normal functions of self-propulsion by automobiles and trams. The height of evolutionary triumph!

Behold the metamorphosis! The smouldering embers of the raw primordial ape-man have been kindled by the ocean. I slink on board with a "fiver" stuffed in my cheek and thereby cunningly defeat the currency regulations. I scale the rigging with simian nimbleness, and, breathing the winds of heaven, watch distance dissolve my country into the "land of the long white cloud," while I sorrowfully murmur, "breathes there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, 'this is my own, my native land.'"

To reach my precarious perch I have to swing from branch to branch, nicely avoid my recumbent comrades and finally execute a couple of somersaults. There rocked in the cradle (vile misnomer!) of the deep, I am subjected to highly disturbing motions both lateral and vertical. Simian dreams ensue and I endure horrors, swinging by my tail, until my grasp gives way and I hurtle through space—invariably to land in the scupperways.

One certainly needs to be a philosopher to wake up in a stream of water and, seeing one's impedimenta being borne away in a pathetic procession, still maintain one's equanimity.

What else can you expect? The army is a monkey business; our officers are trained as gorillas. Need I ask what sold out first at the canteen—salted peanuts!

—Gnr. J. B. Woodward,

Q. Ship.

(First Prize, Verse.)

Q stands for breakfast from seven till
nine,

For lunch and for tea and a wash in
the brine.

Q at the canteen for hours and hours
And if you feel dirty you Q for the
showers.

Q for the pictures and Q for your beer,
Q-ing for baths that you seldom get
near,

Q for your boat-drill at least twice a day,
Q for an air raid and then for your pay.

So I'm giving up eating and cleanliness
too,

Renouncing imbibing, as puritans do.
No more at the movies I'll sit of a night
Roll no more fags and then scrounge
for a light.

And though I may suffer from B.O. (like
pigs),

Fall victim to why you take syrup of
figs,

I'm risking an end that I'll possibly
rue—

But they'll never again make me stand
in a Q.

—Pte. J. H. Churton,

A SOLDIER AS SEEN BY THE CAPTAIN.

"NO! You've got these boys all wrong. Personally, I just love having the dear souls all over my boat, and it was only after much protesting that I was reluctantly stopped from entertaining them on the bridge and in my cabin. Just how I shall miss them, only I can tell."—
R.R.T.

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R R T

"Two Bob on the Sergeant-Major"

(Second Prize, Article.)

Of all the vices (or shall we call them hobbies?) of the human species, there cannot be much doubt that, among soldiers, gambling occupies a prominent position. To the fighting man, the whimsical laws of chance seem to exercise an irresistible fascination. It seems likely that this will always be the case, and probably it always has been. One can imagine ancient Roman legionaries, after a brush with the Britons, settling down to some classical form of "two-up" or "housey-housey." Or one can let one's fancy wander to the dim future when, in some inter-planetary struggle, our boys will relax with a spot of pontoon or poker-dice after a hard day's drill on the ray projectors.

Modern military gambling may be divided largely into three categories: (a) dice; (b) coins; (c) cards. Best-known of the first division is, of course, crown and anchor, known to our fathers and grandfathers. Classification (b) is worthily represented by two-up and pitch-and-toss; while poker, pontoon, and so on, will fall into category (c). Incidentally, one card game of considerable appeal is known by an expletive expression which cannot be printed. The game involves picking up another card when one cannot be discarded, and tradition lays it down that the player who finds this unavoidable must utter the somewhat uncouth expression from which the game is named. Not to do so is regarded as a distinct breach of etiquette.

There is a school of thought which argues that gambling among soldiers is not, after all, such a bad thing. It holds that a soldier must learn to take risks, to make rapid decisions, to form lightning judgments, to assess quickly and accurately the chances involved in various courses of action. In what way can these attributes be more thoroughly and pleasantly acquired than in, say, a game of poker?

Against this is the view that gambling, and especially such games as crown and anchor, is bound to lead to the impoverishment of some of the participants. This in turn leads to discontent, quarrels perhaps, and certainly to a weakening of morale. Furthermore, gamblers may become so engrossed in their play that they may neglect their duty, and a weak-minded individual who has lost everything during a run of bad luck may be led into dishonesty thereby. And to clinch the argument, it is pointed out that gambling is frowned on by the regulations, which are the result of many generations of military experience, and are the fairest regulations in military history.

Perhaps gambling among troops is not so inevitable as many of us imagine, and in the future some race of super-men may arise who are well able to resist the call of Dame Luck. But on this transport at least, we continue to while away our spare time in the same old way; and, fool that I am, I am glad of it, for there is sixpence burning a hole in my pocket, and as I write I can hear the cry, "Eyes down, look in!"

—R.A.H.,
Ship's Headquarters.

Shipboard Romance

Masters at Arms can spin amusing yarns of shipboard romance. Even broadminded Skippers are shocked on some cruises they say. One particular skipper got so fed up with tripping over boat-deck couples that he turned the fire hoses on them.

"You know what I liked about my Old Man was that he always did his own dirty work," one of the troopship "Bobbies" told an "Aquitatler" reporter. "He got me to stop up the boat deck wash-down holes and then turn on the hydrants while he directed the nozzle himself. We had some fun when he washed out 14 couples under the life-boats."

WAACS, Nurses, and Officers beware!

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Best Wishes to Everyone . . .

from "The Old Man"

During the Boer War I carried horses and mules to South Africa—I understand that your O.C. Troops wore them all out—more power to him.

Last war I was carrying troops in this ship to the Dardanelles. This war we've carried British, Americans, South Africans, and New Zealanders, and I like you fellows well enough to hope to be able to carry you all back home. All kinds of good luck to you.

—WALTER C. BATTLE,
Capt. R.N.R. (ret.).

from the O.C. Troops



Three strenuous years of war are behind us; who knows how long the struggle will last? Of the result we have no doubt, but there are yet difficult and dangerous days ahead.

This voyage is your first real step along the road to strenuous active service. The spirit of cheerfulness with which you have faced the discomforts of trooping augurs well for the way you will stand up to the trials of the desert and the exacting, hard life on the field of battle.

May you always be able to laugh through the days to come, facing danger with a lightheartedness and determination that will conquer all obstacles.

The experiences you will gain in your travels, the contacts you will make, the knowledge you will assimilate, will be invaluable to you in the years to come. May all of you be spared to return to New Zealand to become worthy citizens of that Island Home we love so well.

—J. H. WHYTE, Colonel, O.C.T.

Christmas at Sea

"It was Christmas Day in the work-house," they chorused as they lined up for mess, but in spite of separation and a little homesickness, spirits were high. For, after all, Christmas is Christmas, whether it be celebrated with holly and snow and mistletoe, on a beach under pohutukawas or on a troopship a few days from the Equator with the temperature soaring up and up.

There were carols on Christmas Eve, boisterous carols that echoed down decks and corridors; and on Christmas Day traditional greetings and gifts. But to those who spent it at sea on board troopship, Christmas Day, 1942, will chiefly be remembered as an occasion of prodigious eating and drinking. Lamb, green peas, and mint sauce, with Christmas pudding and a bottle of beer to follow, were all a reminder of what would be appearing on thousands of dinner tables back home; and it was late at night when the last man collapsed in his bunk, replete with fruit salad.

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Channels of Communication

On a troopship such as ours it is essential that orders from above must reach the bottom as soon as possible so that we may function efficiently. We are spread all over a vast edifice, which to us land-lubbers is a hopeless maze, and some scheme has to be devised whereby we all know what is expected of us very shortly after the chiefs have ceased to think. (Yes, they can think!)

To anyone who has not been on a troopship this would seem an impossibility, but once we have settled down to the daily routine we begin to realise how simple it all is.

This is how it is done. The O.C.T. calls a conference of Group Commanders and gives them the oil. They in turn call a meeting of Company, etc., Commanders and pass on to them in a slightly garbled form what they have heard. This information, leading or misleading, is again passed on to junior officers in a very much abbreviated and improved condition and so reaches the men almost intact in, theoretically, a very short space of time.

But, my friends, theory can often lead us astray, so perhaps we may be permitted to explain in this organ the most efficient channels of communication of certain of the more important orders:—

(1) Routine Orders. Paper is so scarce that these are given only to very senior officers who, having read them, use them to relieve a certain other shortage of paper and so there is no communication (to troops) at all. The news, issued with R.O.'s, is also communicated.

(2) O.C. Troops' Conference. These orders consist of odd bits and pieces assembled each day and communicated as outlined above, with ribald comments. The whole ship goes into a series of increasing huddles and appears more like a lunatic asylum than anything else. They eventually reach the troops in a form that would no longer be recognised by the fount, and in an awfully long time.

(3) Very Urgent Orders. This type of order goes with the utmost dash and efficiency to the lowliest lance private of

each unit and then in a stagnant fashion seeps slowly to the top much too late for anything to be done about it.

(4) Orders from Ship's Office. These orders always get lost in the wet or dry canteens en route, and are not communicated.

Actually something could be organised to cope with the problem, as any interesting rumour initiated at the sharp end of the ship reaches all troops at the blunt end in about ten minutes. Perhaps orders should be made more interesting—or not at all.

In any case let us be thankful for a Mercantile Marine, for orders or no orders, the ship proceeds inexorably towards its destination.

—Major H. S. T. Weston
(3rd Tanks).

Nautical Nuisance Lest We Sink.

When we said good-bye to old New Zealand we also said good-bye, for a time, to much of the paraphenalia which we were wont to wear when literally dressed to kill. We were congratulating ourselves on our new-found freedom from such irksome equipment as web and respirator (not "gas mask," please!), when we discovered its nautical counterpart, the life jacket. This contraption is regarded by the Digger in much the same light as his respirator, a thing which he must wear at all times, because he is ordered to do so, and which may, at some remote and unpleasant time in the future, save him from an untimely grave in the watery deep. Some felt, in the early stages of the voyage, that death in the deep might be preferable to the life on the ocean wave.

Although the familiar "Mk. III," etc., of the military is lacking, the life jacket is made in several types with designs to suit all tastes and figures. Most common type consists of two "pillows," one fore and one aft. These make excellent cushions or pillows and are usually worn parachute fashion. Another popular style, made in O.S. and X.O.S. only, is the

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waistcoat filled with cork blocks, reminiscent of Lifebuoy soap advertisements (pre-B.O. period).

But for glamour of form and line there is nothing to surpass "Mae West," so christened by our Blue Orchid friends for obvious reasons. Even out of the water this has a definite "uplift" effect. There is one drawback in this type which detracts from the fine facade in front, a hump between the shoulders. Pte. Griffiths, who wears his under his greatcoat in chilly weather, bears not the slightest

resemblance to the beautiful blonde of Hollywood, but gives a fine interpretation of Charles Laughton's "Hunchback of Notre Dame" role.

To turn to the serious side of this life-belt business: the question is, will the damn things keep one afloat? It has been suggested by some public-spirited persons that the C.S.M. might be thrown overboard—purely in the cause of science, of course.

—"Terry."



"Never has so much, been taken off so many, by so few."

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PERSONALITY PARADE . . .

COLONEL J. H. WHYTE, D.S.O. (and Bar), D.C.M., our genial O.C. Troops, has completed 44 years' soldiering. He is a veteran of three wars. Through the mill the hard way, he started the Boer War as a trooper, won the D.C.M. as Sergeant-Major. Later he was awarded the D.S.O. on Gallipoli. Since the present war began has made 11 trips to various theatres of war as O.C. Troops. Left New Zealand for South Africa with First Contingent in 1899. It will be recalled that about 4,500 Kiwis went overseas to that war in some 10 contingents. Returning to New Zealand in 1902, our tall civil servant turned soldier, saw service with the Auckland Mounted Rifles until 1909 when he went to England for a year's training. Joined the N.Z.S.C. 1910 as Brigade Major, Wellington Mounted Rifles. During 1913 went to Australia, where he acted as Brigade Major, 2nd Light Horse Brigade. August, 1914, saw him 2 I/C Wellington Mounted Rifles Regiment. Went overseas with First N.Z.E.F. and saw action on Gallipoli and Sinai. Appointed C.O. of his Regiment 1917. Returned to New Zealand 1919 after being awarded a Bar to his D.S.O. at Romani. Was mentioned five times in dispatches.

ALTHOUGH he is well on the young side of 30, Paddy Kearon, who is journeying to war this time as an infantryman, has already seen his share of action. An unmistakable product of "the Auld Sod," he ran away to sea at a tender age, and the Spanish Civil War found him running the blockade with that dauntless old mariner "Potato" Jones. The Grill Head, a 5000-ton freighter, was the ship, and although the actual running of the blockade was fairly uneventful, Fascist air raids on Valencia gave them plenty of excitement in port. He was on a ship which made four trips to Dunkirk beach, each time getting out by the skin of her teeth. And, as if that was not enough, he was later torpedoed a couple of times, twice losing everything but the clothes he wore. In winter, he will tell you with some emphasis, the Atlantic is

blank blank cold. But Paddy's conversation, which at times is so broad that it is unintelligible to a mere Englishman, must be heard to be believed.

LT-COL. R. L. McGAFFIN, energetic 2 I/C Troops, is something of a mechanical wizard with planes, caterpillar tractors, and racing motor-boats. Before the war, Colonel Mac. took a prominent part in aero club activities and owned, at various times, Avion and Whitney Straight aircraft. Belonged to Hawke's Bay and Middle District Aero Clubs. Spent a number of years in early club flying days as captain of a team most successful in both North and South Island air pageants. For a time was relieving pilot on Union Airways DH86 and Lockheed planes from Palmerston North to Dunedin. Among other innovations besides his "Tank Block Removing Hook," pioneered advertising of Caterpillar tractors by a very spectacular sign on his plane. Owned "Baby Buzz," a 35-knot outboard motor racing boat, and won several championships. Also a keen yachtsman with the Napier Sailing Club. Returned to New Zealand from the Middle East (where he served in Libya, Greece, and Crete with the machine-gunners) to a certain alpine camp with an unmentionable climate, where he was given command of a brand-new battalion.

C. K. SAXTON, diminutive All Black half-back. Went to Aussie with victorious Kiwi side in 1938. Played against the Springboks in South Canterbury team. Represented no less than four places in one year—South Canterbury, South Island, New Zealand, and Southland. Started his Rugby as member of Otago B.H.S. First Fifteen and even in those days critics recognised his brilliance. Went to Aussie for Commando training with one of the Independent Companies. Now a Lieutenant, Charlie has done a great deal to further Rugby within his unit.

PERSONALITY PARADE . . .

COLONEL J H Whyte, DSO (and Bar), DCM, our genial OC Troops, has completed 44 years' soldiering. He is a veteran of three wars. Through the mill the hard way, he started the Boer War as a trooper, won the DCM as Sergeant-Major. Later he was awarded the DSO on Gallipoli. Since the present war began has made 11 trips to various theatres of war as OC Troops. Left New Zealand for South Africa with First Contingent in 1899. It will be recalled that about 4,500 Kiwis went overseas to that war in some 10 contingents. Returning to New Zealand in 1902, our tall civil servant turned soldier, saw service with the Auckland Mounted Rifles until 1909 when he went to England for a year's training. Joined the NZSC 1910 as Brigade Major, Wellington Mounted rifles. During 1913 went to Australia, where he acted as Brigade Major, 2nd Light Horse Brigade. August 1914 saw him 2 I/C Wellington Mounted Rifles Regiment. Went overseas with First NZEF and saw action on Gallipoli and Sinai. Appointed CO of his Regiment 1917. Returned to New Zealand 1919 after being awarded a Bar to his DSO at Romani. Was mentioned five times in dispatches.

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"CAN any b-----d here speak English?" is wild Irish crew-man Matt Bellamy's method of finding his way about foreign ports. He has seen plenty. About the only places he hasn't are Kamkatchka and the North Pole. Has been twice torpedoed in this war, and saw a fellow seaman win the V.C. With one shoulder blown away, this hero kept his "pom-pom" firing until the attacking Heinkel burst into fragments mast-high. Immediately afterwards he collapsed. Born in Australia, Matt closely resembles Spencer Tracy in his best "Captains Courageous" moments. Went to sea at 16 in a German tramp. One of his best yarns concerns a visit to Leningrad. Soviet girls are plain, sans make-up, but Matt was ready to fraternise. Starting a deaf-and-dumb sign conversation with two buxom, flaxen-haired wenches, Matt was intrigued by an invitation to visit their flat. This was a cubicle in a communal hotel, the size of a steerage troopship cabin. They didn't want money, but they coveted Matt's silken New York underwear. "I gave them my shorts and singlet, but at first I didn't know what they were after. They kept pointing at my trousers and then inside my shirt and yah-yah-yah-ing. It was the cheapest evening I had had for a long time."

"BRUSHY" MITCHELL, beefy one-time All Black Rugby three-quarter, who captained the N.Z. fifteen during the 1938 Australian tour, was member of the 1935 All Black team to Britain. Now a tank gunner, he is one of the most popular corporals in the 3rd Army Tank Battalion. Tips the scale at near 16st. now, but hopes to reduce in Egypt. Began his Rugby career when he played for Southland Boys' High. Represented Southland and Otago for eight years.

IT is definitely unusual to find the emblem of an air-gunner on a man in battledress. Yet you'll find one in this ship—Signalman Mick Braid. He joined the R.A.F. at the outbreak of war, trained in Canada, participated in 37 operational flights over German territory, including 23 against the pocket-battleships at Brest, shot down a Messerschmitt, spent seven

hours in the Bristol Channel, and was later grounded, unfit, and sent back to New Zealand. Mick enlisted in the Army, passed Grade 1, and is on his way to war for the second time, to use his radio knowledge as a member of Div. Signals. His home town is Dunedin, and before the war he was a sawmiller near Rotorua.

M. P. DONNELLY, All Black cricketer and Canterbury rep., played for the Tank Brigade fifteen last season. Now a Lieutenant on the Brigadier's staff, Martin has not developed any noticeable aristocratic tendencies, and his cranium still warrants the same size cricket cap. Played for Canterbury College and got his N.Z. Varsity Blue. Fast and snappy, plays well both behind the scrum and at first five-eighth.

A. S. FONG marked the famous English five-eighth Spong, in 1930 N.Z. tour. Fong was first five-eighth for the combined Buller and Coast side. Was a South Island rep. in 1933, and a senior referee in Wellington. Was a linotype operator on the "Evening Post," Wellington.

E. W. SAMPSON, who won the first prize in "Aquitatler's" black and white competition with his sketch of "The Old Man" (page 4), is a man of parts. He was three times to Antarctica, once with Byrd (on the Jacob Ruppert, returning on the Bear of Oakland) and twice with Sir Hubert Wilkins. His job: instrument repairer. He has also been opal mining in South America; worked as a die setter at the Royal Mint, Melbourne, and with Dorman Long of Sydney (who built the bridge over "our 'arbour"). He is a precision engineer in civil life, though, as you'll gather, that's only one of his qualifications. He can write M.A., B.Sc., after his name, and he is also an A.R.A. having oils and watercolours hung in Auckland, Wellington and Wanganui galleries. In his spare time he paints miniatures and engraves watches for friends. First seventeen days of the voyage he engraved two hundred and eighty eight.

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"HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME . . ."

Maybe a troopship isn't everybody's choice as an ideal way of seeing the world. Maybe there were times when we would have given much for a little more space - - even a couple of extra square feet per man. But we managed, enjoyed ourselves, prospered and grew fat. Many aspects of shipboard life the camera which took these pictures could not record; here, however, are some pictures which in years to come may help to recall long, lazy, troopship days. They are part of the answer to the question, "What did you do in World War II, Daddy?"



1. Captain W. C. Battle, D. S. C., R.D., R.N.R. (right) and Chief Engineer A. Duncan. 2. Boxing helped pass many a morning and afternoon. 3. Just a group—doing nothing in particular. 4. Washing day finds the ship bedecked gaily with thousands of garments.



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5. Staff Captain T. Smardon, R.N.R., with some of the people who helped run the ship. 6. One way of killing time. 7. Another way. Any reading is welcome on board troopship, be it text-book or western. 8. Colonel J. H. Whyte, D.S.O., D.C.M., O.C. Troops, with his staff and group commanders.

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"To See Ourselves.."

The following article was written after several personal (very personal) interviews. "Tell me, Nurse, what do YOU think of our New Zealand soldiers?"

In the first place, soldiers are noisy creatures—they are bunk lovers, bath-singers, stairway-stampederers, and breakfast bolters. And in between all these uproars, they say "Can't we have a little quietness on this boat?" Furthermore, they are destructive and untidy; they love to spill cigarette ash, leave endless trails of biscuit packets and countless fruit tins. They pace up and down their spacious quarters, while dressing and undressing, shedding garments as they go.

They consider it unsoldierly to pick up anything without the assistance of an S.M., and despite their much-vaunted abilities as cricketers, or deck-quoit artists, their aim at waste-paper baskets, or such receptacles, is far from good.

There seems to be far too many pockets in a battledress, and as they have no sense of direction or location, they are forced to go through every single pocket to find anything at all. Kit bags are chaotic, and yet in civil life their favourite domestic cry was, "Who's shifted my studs?"—though nobody had. It has always been a matter of pride, with troops, to catch trains and boats with only seconds to spare, and this reminds me that their watches are always right. If a soldier's own watch says 0555 hours, well then the Ship's Captain, and the Brigadiers are all wrong, and it's time the authorities were told about it.

They never want to go out, but once out, they never want to come home. They dislike to dress in their evening clothes (namely battledress), but are often enchanted by the way they look once the S.M. has finally persuaded them to do so. They make fun of women prinking in public, but they themselves cannot pass a mirror without a slowing of pace and a glance at "that handsome soldier".

When in camp, all they can talk is "home," and when home, it is nothing out "camp."

What a mixture! I ask you, what's a poor girl to do?

The physical courage they exhibit in sport and at war is conspicuous by its absence when the R.A.P. corporal calls his roll the day preceding a route march. The personification of mortal terror is a soldier awaiting his turn at the Dental Corps.—Gnr. R. R. Towers



"SAPPER"

(Second Prize Verse)

The Dental and the Engineers
At thieving were adept,
They stole a pup in Trentham
The night before they left.

Taken aboard the transport
Wrapped up in overcoats,
He was hidden up on "A" deck
Behind a stack of floats.

When we left the seas were rough,
The boys all looked like ghosts,
The pup was busy hunting round
Trying to find some posts.

Though he's only a little mascot,
When we reach the land of "Wog"
We all feel sure that he'll behave
Like a real New Zealand dog.

—Spr. R. M. Leslie

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The Dragon Has Fins . . .

Somewhere I read about tankers that carry a cargo of spirit across the seven seas. A different genus from certain other gentlemen who certainly can and do carry their cargo of spirit, but rarely beyond the bar. A year of training and asphalt stepping has taught the young dragon a wholesome respect for terra firma. He owes his corns to it. He chips it off his tracks—digs holes in it—carves it from his boots, and in a certain camp learned to breathe in a pulverised form of it and to look for it on his morning porridge. The only sea that he learned to weather was the Two Eye Sea and apart from an occasional rough passage and his usual Saturday night paralysis was happily aware that the good earth was always somewhere pretty handy.

Having mastered the terrestrial arts of marching, manoeuvring, and earthy bivouacs, the young dragon is suddenly transplanted to the decks of a transport, and almost overnight he is expected to find his sea legs. He finds that horizontals don't mean a thing to nautical people, and his epigastrium tends to lose its old self-confidence. Also embarrassing adjustments are necessary to his vocabulary. Any allusion to right or left is received with elevated brows and for the first time in his army career he finds himself using the euphemistic "stern." He was invited to look over the winches and hastened to assume his very best appearance only to find two weather-beaten old donkeys of indeterminate sex. The port was undrinkable—the Capstan unsmokeable—the crow's nest devoid of mottled eggs, and when told to guard the brig he was perplexed and more than hurt when a certain gentleman with a red cap objected in no uncertain terms to being followed by an armed subordinate.

Never too bright at languages, he had always understood "mal de mer" to mean mother's undoing, but he learned

that on board ship it's not only mothers who are confined to their berths. It is recorded that Mark Twain said of the malady, "We all like to see people sea-sick when we are not ourselves," so the neophyte attempts to derive meagre satisfaction from the knowledge that he is probably affording a deal of amusement to more seasoned sailors. However, he reflects quietly to himself that he should recover in time to suffer the ails of vaccination. And while pausing in the limbo between the devil and the deep blue sea, he plans to pit his capacity for gorging against this Great Australian Bight he has heard discussed on the boat deck.

Between activities on deck, alarms, queues, and hours of contemplating miles and miles of whateveritis, he manages to write amorous letters to his wife who in her delight will never suspect that the unaccustomed words of endearment are by ruling of the censor. And as for nocturnal entertainment, if he values his health and his pocket—well it's just a lot of bunk.

J. A. Churton.



Officer on boat-drill inspection:
"Soldier, it's your head you want to support—not your seat!"

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Officer on boat-drill inspection:
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ODE ON EXODUS FROM CABIN 74

(With apologies to Macaulay.)

Poor Budgie's face was dark!
And Albie's brow was low!
They darkly gazed upon the wall;
Their orders were to go.

These W.A.A.C.'s will be upon us
Before the sun goes down.
And if just once they gain this deck
What hope? They've done us brown.

Who will stand at my right hand,
Ward off these W.A.A.C.'s from me,
For pips amongst the two of us,
We only have but three.

Then up spoke brave Farnellus
Determined on his fate!
"To every man upon this earth,
Love cometh soon or late."

And how can man woo better
Than facing fearful odds,
'Gainst Captains and their Majors,
And other odds and sods.

So out strode brave Farnellus,
In glorious raiment groomed.
Alas! poor Budge and Albie,
To disappointment doomed!

For then the brave Farnellus
Had met with pretty Nurse,
And poor young Budge and Albie
Could only stand and curse.

Then up into the Boat Deck
Farnellus strode with glee,
Thinks of the sea and moonlight,
Thinks what a chance has he.

"Oh, hello Chas!" cries Nursie,
Farnellus, heart like stone,
Knows that his hours are numbered!
Oftsoons, he stands alone.

Unworthy young Farnellus,
How could ye do this thing!
For poor young Budge and Albie,
See W.A.A.C.'s their kit bags bring.

They had no heart for battle,
For them no even breaks,
A junior's commission
Just isn't what it takes.

Now all ye amorous soldiers,
With eyes turned to the skies,
Here are some words of wisdom,
Advice most passing wise—

"As privates yield to sergeants,
And pips find crowns oft beat 'em,
So crowns must bow to Colonels,
And so ad infinitum.

—Cabin B54.

Thanks for Everything . . .

The list of gifts supplied by the National Patriotic Fund Board to the troopship reads like a summary of a department store stocktaking. It provides striking evidence that without the generosity of New Zealand men and women who have contributed to various Patriotic Fund drives, our voyage might have been a good deal less comfortable. Here is the list:

Ten crates biscuits, 8 cases cordials, 10 cases lemons, 40 doz. bottles soda-water, 1,250 tins sweets, 275,000 cigarettes, 3 cases cigarette papers (2,000 packets), 2,400 packets (2oz) cigarette tobacco, 960 packets (2oz) pipe tobacco, 7½ doz. blotting pads, 4½ reams blotting paper, 4 blackboards, 4 notice boards, 2 boxes white chalk, 2 boxes coloured chalk, 110,000 envelopes, 15 doz. bottles ink (small), 20 bottles ink (quart), 25 gross pen-nibs, 60 gross pencils, 20 gross penholders, 1 doz. red showcard inks, 1 doz. black showcard inks, 24 doz. toothbrushes, 165,000 sheets writing paper, 20 sets boxing gloves, 2 boxes fancy costumes, 1,600 community song books, 5½ doz. crib boards, 16 doz. darts, 5½ doz. dart boards, 5½ doz. quoit stands, 52 sets quoit rings, 16 doz. draughts boards, 24 doz. sets draughtsmen, 10 doz. sets dominoes, 60 gramophone records, 1,500 New Testaments, 10 gross playing cards, 202 skipping ropes, 46 books modern songs (with music), 20 boxes lotto, 4 gimlets, 8 doz. gloy, 5 hammers, 15 lbs. nails, 5 pairs pliers, 5 saws, 3 screwdrivers, 2,091 books, 2,509 periodicals, 502 Penguins.

Total number of cases, 173; space, 620 cu. ft.; weight, 7 tons 17 cwt. 2 qrs. 15 lbs.

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In glorious raiment groomed.
Alas! poor Budge and Albie,
To disappointment doomed!

For then the brave Farnellus
Had met with pretty Nurse,
And poor young Budge and Albie
Could only stand and curse.

Then up into the Boat Deck
Farnellus strode with glee,
Thinks of the sea and moonlight,
Thanks what a chance has he.

"Oh, hello Chas!" cries Nursie,
Farnellus, heart like stone,
Knows that his hours are numbered!
Oftsoons, he stands alone.

Unworthy young Farnellus,
How could ye do this thing!
For poor young Budge and Albie,
See WAACs their kit bags bring.

They had no heart for battle,
For them no even breaks,
A junior's commission
Just isn't what it takes.

Now all ye amorous soldiers,
With eyes turned to the skies,
Here are some words of wisdom,
Advice most passing wise --

"As privates yield to sergeants,
And pips find crowns oft beat 'em,
So crowns must bow to Colonels,
And so ad infinitum.

Cabin B54

Thanks for Everything

The list of gifts supplied by the National Patriotic Fund Board to the troopship reads like a summary of a department store stocktaking. It provides striking evidence that without the generosity of New Zealand men and women who have contributed to various Patriotic Fund drives, our voyage might have been a good deal less comfortable. Here is the list:

Ten crates biscuits, 8 cases cordials, 10 cases lemons, 40 doz bottles soda-water, 1,250 tins sweets, 275,000 cigarettes, 3 cases cigarette papers (2000 packets), 2400 packets (2oz) cigarette tobacco, 960 packets (2oz) pipe tobacco, 7½ doz blotting pads, 4½ reams blotting paper, 4 blackboards, 4 notice boards, 2 boxes white chalk, 2 boxes coloured chalk, 110,000 envelopes, 15 doz bottles ink (small), 20 bottles ink (quart), 25 gross pen-nibs, 60 gross pencils, 20 gross penholders, 1 doz red showcard inks, 1 doz black showcard inks, 24 doz toothbrushes, 165,000 sheets writing paper, 20 sets boxing gloves, 2 boxes fancy costumes, 1,600 community song books, 5½ doz crib boards, 16 doz darts, 5½ doz dart boards, 5½ doz quoit stands, 52 sets quoit rings, 16 doz draughts boards, 24 doz sets draughtsmen, 10 doz sets dominoes, 60 gramophone records, 1,500 New Testaments, 10 gross playing cards, 202 skipping ropes, 46 books modern songs (with music), 20 boxes lotto, 4 gimlets, 8 doz gloy, 5 hammers, 15lbs nails, 5 pairs pliers, 5 saws, 3 screwdrivers, 2,091 books, 2,509 periodicals, 502 Penguins.

Total number of cases, 173; space, 620 cu. ft.; weight, 7 tons 17 cwt 2 qrs 15 lbs.

TROOPSHIP

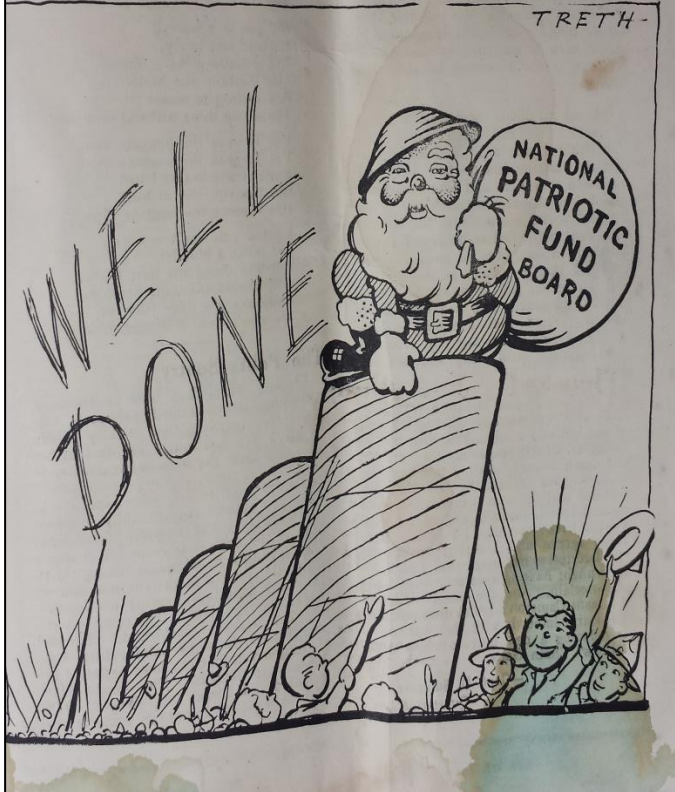
Yesterday the troop train and the march
to the gangway;
The unemotional good-bye.
To-day the placid horizon charts our
voyage to a war.

The ship crept out of harbour
While half the city was still sleeping.
Was she sleeping?
Or was the hoarse blast of the siren a
knife turning?

At noon, a thousand miles out,
Here and now cease to matter;
Is it unprofitable that we do not
Cross the International Date Line?

Let us prepare within us a constant home
place,
A harbouring at last.

-J.G.M.



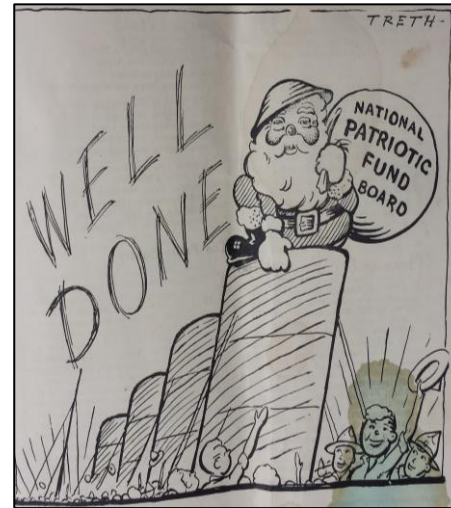
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JGM



Those Jerry Prisoners

This article shouldn't really be in at all, but feeling that the subject was of some considerable importance I arranged to have this space kept. So if you do happen to read it, DON'T TALK. It was Sergeant A. Cameron who first told the story and I rather think he was guilty of a security breach. At any rate, the R.S.M. publicly criticised his action in telling even a few that we had Jerry prisoners in the bottom hold under the canteen.

I heard all about them from a friend of mine who had been down, and I'm afraid I was a little doubtful, especially when he told me how dirty and unshaven they were and that they were not allowed any exercise. However, when he went so far as to pledge his honour that there were Jerries on board I was satisfied, in fact keen to go—so it was arranged that I should go down that very afternoon. In the meantime I consulted with others who had been down and discovered that you had to look through a small port and that although you could see them, they couldn't see you.

I was told to look out for a very dirty one who was usually at the aft end of the cell and a slightly flushed one at the other. In due course my time arrived and down I went, hearing new facts as we descended. Then the last cheerless corridor and the two windows. I crept up and looked through, and as I looked I went back over all. I'd been told of these Jerries and I realised how true the description had been. But I do think they might have told us they were made of porcelain. And the latest victim of Sergeant Cameron's grand coup mounted the stairs imbued with the purpose of introducing a new mug to the "Aquitatler's" Chain Gang.

—Capt. D. Sumpter,
Quartermaster.

The Baggage Man

(This song, to be sung or hummed softly to the tune of "Popeye the Sailorman," was written by "The Baldheads" in honour of one of their officers who very capably carried out the duties of Baggage Officer.)

I'm Terence the baggage man,
I'm Terence the baggage man,
I pack what I can
In a blooming great van,
I'm Terence the baggage man.

My job is a worry,
I panic and hurry,
But nobody gives a damn.
The Captain and Major
Are willing to wager
The whole thing will end in a jam.

I'm Terence the baggage man,
I'm Terence the baggage man,
I'm not the brains trust,
But I'm rip, — or bust,
I'm Terence the baggage man.

I know you won't wonder
If I make a blunder,
But I'm doing the best I can,
And should the Japs bomb us
And take the bags from us,
We won't need a baggage man.

The Polite Sentry

A polite sentry had been courteously reminding absent-minded professors on board they had forgotten to carry "Mae Wests." He had much satisfaction in swooping upon the more meticulous and fussy officer type. "You should know better, Sir. After all, your pips won't keep you afloat," he gleefully remonstrated. Then out of the proverbial Indigo blue of the empyrean came his chance. Like a vulture he closed on his prey. A Brass Hat, oblivious that he was minus the most important item of his be-ribboned paraphernalia. Tip-toeing up to the dignitary he apologised. "Excuse me, Sir, but it is my painful duty, Sir, to inform you that you have neglected to bring your life-belt." The Brass Hat coloured. It was Col. Whyte, O.C. Troops a bit off colour, en route to the hospital.

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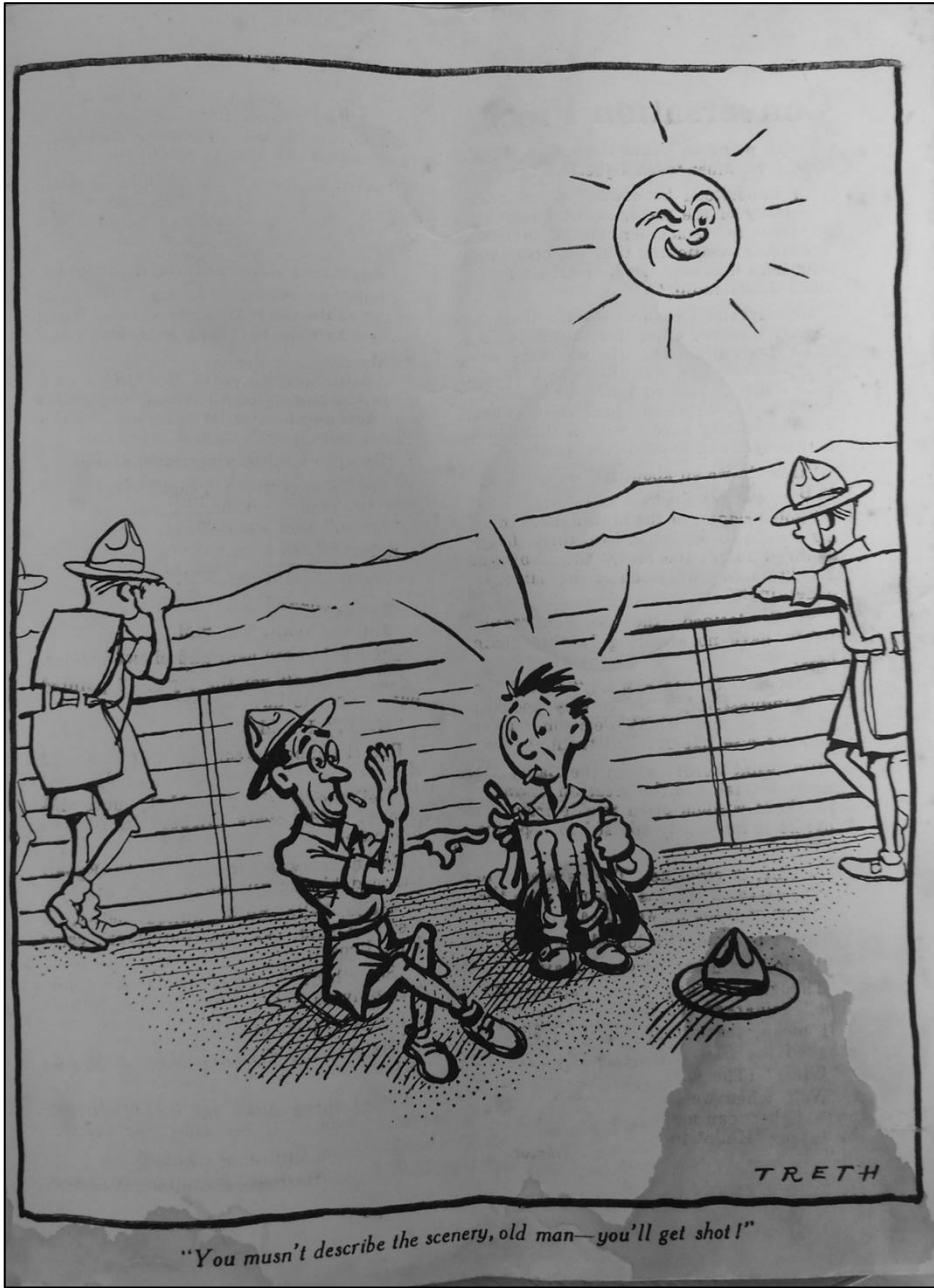
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"You musn't describe the scenery, old man -- you'll get shot!"

Conversation Piece

"The point is," said the Mess President, "we must teach Egbert to talk."

"I understood he could," pointed out the Baby of the mess, rather tactlessly. "I seem to remember our honourable Treasurer mentioning that the bloke who sold it to him said it could gabble better than Tokio radio."

Luckily the treasurer wasn't there to defend himself, otherwise the fur would have flown properly. He was very sensitive about the way he was taken in over Egbert. Egbert, I might explain, is our recently-acquired mascot—a gaunt, vicious-looking parrot with a dirty look in his eye, and even dirtier plumage.

"How do we go about it?" asked Tony, of B Company.

"Bob Bridges, of the Hauraki's, taught his budgie to say 'One, two, three, five—damn—I forgot the four,'" the Baby put in. "Couldn't we teach it the same, or something?"

"No," decided the Sergeant-Major. "We'll have no swearing in this damn mess."

"We must choose a word," stated the Q.M. impressively. He is very good at arriving at important decisions after everyone else has reached them.

"But what word?" asked the Baby. "It must be suitable to the occasion, if any." (Words of wisdom often trickle from his lips; he is frequently advised to wipe his chin.)

"Arsine, or chlorine. They are easy to say," suggested the gas expert. Just the silly sort of thing he would say.

"Don't be crude," retorted the Baby.

"Hello," said the Sergeant-Major.

"Thought you had been here all the time," remarked the Q.M. pleasantly.

"I mean, teach him to say 'Hello,'" pursued the S.M. relentlessly.

"Why?" (The Q.M. again.)

"Well, when we have visitors to the mess, Egbert can make them feel at home by saying 'Hello' to them as they come in."

"I thought that was the Mess President's job," came from the Baby. Of course, he is just ignorant. Everyone knows that the mascot should say it.

"What happens if the visitors are leaving?" asked the Q.M. "If Egbert says 'Hello' then, the visitors might turn around and come in again."

"Repeat ad lib," murmured the Baby.

"Shall we teach it to say 'Hello' or not?" asked the S.M. aggressively. When he speaks like that, mere sergeants must agree.

"Yeah, righto," said the Q.M., who, since reading some American magazines, has developed what he calls an "American Accent," with capital letters.

The S.M. stealthily approached Egbert who ignored him entirely, and carried on stolidly chewing a walnut.

"Hello," said the S.M.

Egbert chewed on.

"Helloh," said the S.M.

Egbert chewed on.

"Hulloa," said the S.M.

Egbert changed gear and chewed faster.

"You haven't got the style," I pointed out. "Let me have a go."

"Hello," I said.

Egbert changed gear again and chewed slower.

"Hello-hello-hello," said I, more distinctly. Obviously Egbert must be humoured.

No answer was the stern reply. Egbert changed his walnut for a fresh one.

"Hello, hello, hullo, hulloa, hell-o, oh Hell!" I said, as no movement came from Egbert.

"Something wrong?" asked the Baby, tactlessly as ever. "Not talkin', huh?"

I took a deep breath.

"Hello, hello, HULLO, HELLO HELL-OH..."

Egbert threw down his walnut in disgust. "Talkin' to me, son?" he asked.

—L/Cpl. J. F. Thuell,
Northern Battalion, Infantry.

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Northern Battalion, Infantry.

“Leave is a Privilege . . .”

Leave, says the Army, is a privilege; it's a right, says the soldier. Whatever it is, you've got to ask for it. Southern infantrymen wrote their O.C.'s. about it at their first port of call.

Said one: "Sir, I wish to apply for shore leave to visit _____ My reason: This is my first sea voyage and I am sick of the sea. Your obedient servant....."

One was modest: "Sir, I beg to apply for twenty-four hours' leave in _____, my reason being that I have been cooped up for nine days and will be for weeks yet. So I would like to exercise my legs and break the monotony."

Could you beat this one? "I respectfully wish to apply for twenty-four hours' special leave as I would like to visit my brother's girl friend in _____."

A thoughtful conclusion: "As an experienced traveller in the tropics I realise what an ordeal lies ahead, and therefore feel that if you could see your way clear to grant this leave I would be better fitted both mentally and physically to stand up to the remainder of the journey—Group 6.



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Group 6



"The Three B _____ s we're after!"

How it happened . . .

Paper, ships' magazines for the printing of, being such a rare commodity these days, it is nothing short of a miracle that this particular ship's magazine ever saw the light. But a series of minor miracles did come to pass, and this little book is the result.

The ship's printing shop, the more mechanically qualified members of the Magazine Committee were delighted to discover, housed a linotype machine. It had not been in use for over a year, but there was no lack of mechanics to get it in running order again. (Indeed, the number of linotype operators, compositors, machinists and members of allied trades who answered the call was one of the manifestations of Providence associated with the production of "Aquitatler".)

As we neared our first port of call, it became evident that much would depend on the assistance given us by "friendly natives". A vital part of the linotype had broken; a quick repair must be made. The stapler was out of commission altogether; a substitute must be improvised. A series of photographs had been taken of shipboard life; enlargements and blocks must be made in a matter of a few hours, and, most important of all, sufficient paper must be located and cajoled from its owner.

And so, in a midget craft on a lumpy sea, two Officers of the troopship made their way landward with these very definite objects in view. Did they achieve them? They did, but not through their own efforts by a very long way. These are the simple facts. They were met, they were directed, they were advised, and all their wants were supplied in approximately six hours. It entailed seeing process engravers, instructing them and leaving them to print negatives, to group and size the job, and to make their blocks. It meant working out paper requirements, choosing cover paper and having it cut. And it involved the buying of a dozen or more necessities, from galleys to ribbon. All this, and more, was done through the courtesy and kindness of MR. W. EDDY of ALEX COWANS and MR. J. PARKER of GIBBNEYS.

It is thanks to them that we have a magazine at all. Without them and their overplus of kindness, the paper would still be lurking on city shelves and the blocks imprinted only on our imaginations. Mr. Eddy and Mr. Parker, incidentally, would have been delighted to see the struggle the two officers had to get the precious paper on board the troopship from a small tossing ferry, battling against wind and water and an audience of doubtful sympathy.

And, finally, a word of appreciation to all those who spent so many hours of tropical days and nights deep down in the ship in the printing shop. And our sincere thanks too, to MR. HARRY PUCKERING and MR. GORDON WARREN, the ship's printers, for their kindly tolerance of such a large scale invasion of their premises.

MAGAZINE STAFF

Editorial Committee: Chairman, Padre J. S. Somerville; Co-Editors: J. G. Male, H. Milner, W. Little; Printing Staff: Manager, 2/Lt. R. A. Wilson; Linotype Operators: A. S. Fong, J. A. Hutton, W. G. Worn, H. G. Keith, C. B. Day, B. J. Adams, N. B. Crooks; Compositors: A. Weavers, R. Gibb, R. J. French, C. G. Gemming; Machinist: E. O. Harland, R. Bauld, C. B. Chandler, A. T. Fletcher, E. H. Reynolds; Engraver: E. W. Sampson; Proof Reader: J. V. Peters.

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This is the back cover of the Aquitater, which was reserved for autographs.

This back cover has no room left on it for any more signatures, it is covered so completely.

Ronnie/Ronald Joseph Jenkins kept his copy of the Aquitater Magazine all his life. After his death, it remained with his mother's things. After her death, it ended up with a niece of his, Margaret, 6th child of Ronnie's older brother Bernie/Bernard John Jenkins.

Margaret gave the magazine to her older brother John, who allowed his older sister Francie to photograph, digitise and transcribe it.

No attempt will be made to decipher any of these signatures on this autograph page.