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Bubbles

from the

Thirsty

Sevenths.



DRY GIN

H. R. Harré.
1918.

FOREWORD.

I HAVE been asked by the Editor to write a short foreword for this Magazine. It gives me great pleasure to do so, as it affords me an opportunity of expressing my appreciation of the excellent work done on the voyage by the Officers, Non-commissioned Officers, and Men of the Thirty-seventh Reinforcement. From experience of previous reinforcements, I can say that the Thirty-sevenths can more than hold their own for discipline, smartness, and general efficiency. I am pleased to say, too, that at a recent port of call where we spent several days, I heard nothing but praise for the behaviour and soldierly bearing of the men on leave from this ship.

Continue to cultivate these soldierly qualities, and when the time comes for you to join the ranks of the NEW ZEALAND DIVISION, you will be well fitted to uphold the name of that famous Division.

To all ranks I wish every success, and, when our work is finished, a safe return to New Zealand.

J. L. SAUNDERS, Major,

*Commanding 37th Reinforcement, H.M.N.Z. Transport
No. 103 ("Maunganui").*

EDITORIAL.

WHAT are we doing here? That is the question. Well, to say the least of it, we are having a somewhat mixed experience, the details of which we need not go into here.

We realize that we are out on a quest which will be far from pleasant, but, like the argonauts of old, we can afford to wait till we find the land which holds our golden fleece, and keep our attention for the present on the pleasures and duties of the daily round aboard ship.

On the whole we have enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. The voyage has been a little eventful, but there have been great pleasures too, and as will be seen from the following pages, the brightness of the trip has not been extinguished by the pin-pricks by the way.

But not to keep our readers waiting: our purpose in compiling this Magazine is to show them what manner of things we do and think about, which we cannot do in an Editorial. Ring up the curtain, and to our muttuns.

H. N. ROBERTS, *Editor.*

On account of paper shortage, etc., the Committee regret that they have been compelled to reduce the size of the paper and consequently many articles are regretfully excluded.

ARTHUR L. GRAY, Captain,
Chairman.

“BUBBLES”
FROM THE
THIR(S)TY-SEVENTHS

THE UNOFFICIAL JOURNAL
OF A, B & C COYS., ARTILLERY
DIV. SIGNALLERS, N.Z.M.C. OF
THE 37th REINFORCEMENTS



Chairman - - - Capt. A. L. GRAY
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Cpl. OLDERSHAW, B37

Some Faces we Know!



*Capt. L. C. H. Worrall,
Master.*



Major G. de B. Deereux.



*Major J. L. Saunders, D.S.O.
(Saunders the Silent)*



*Capt. C. T. Cox,
Adj. & Q.M.*



*Capt. A. L. Gray,
Asst. Adj.*

Life on Board a Transport.

REVEILLE, 6 a.m. What scrambling there is to dress! and it is usually a hatless and pitiless brigade that appears on deck by 6.15. Immediately it is over and the fatigues given out, amid rising and falling hopes, the more leisurely few enjoy a smoke and contemplate the never-changing scenery, while others go below to set bunks in order in the proper military fashion from which there is no escape, as the "Quarter" seems to have a microscopic eye for the smallest defects.

At such a time the "Tenement" midway between "Piccadilly Circus" and "Rotten Row," presents a scene of bustle reminiscent of week-end bathing at Day's Bay, when straightening-up is in process. Thirty precious souls live there, and to see twelve in a passage folding blankets, with some of them balanced astride the passage in mid-air, convinces one that the age of miracles has not yet passed. It is a feat to balance there when we roll a bit, but with bent back and a blanket to support, while the attention is concentrated, not on the balancing, as in physical "jerks," but on getting a neat fold, it is sufficient to lend support to the theory of evolution.

At 7 a.m. there is a welcome change when the bugle goes for the first mess, and we lose no time getting along. The messroom is reached by way of Piccadilly Circus, but the atmosphere reminds one more of Billingsgate on a summer day, to say nothing of language. On descending the companion-way a faint aroma strikes the nostrils, rapidly growing stronger as we go down, and at full strength decidedly like a cross between that of an unwashed dishcloth and a dirty soap-pail. Having safely negotiated that we get over mess, perspiring profusely the while. The food is rather an improvement on camp, and the familiar "Any complaints, men?" usually elicits a chorus, "Carry on."

The rush back commences almost at once, and shaving takes place in all sorts of nooks and crannies, and not a few economise in water by washing their beauty spots in the water after shaving. By this time it is decidedly warm below, and with polished shoes we repair to the deck, putting on putties there, and generally smoking or reading till "Fall in" sounds.

As soon as the roll has been called inspection takes place, and the man whose razor is a penknife, or who forgot to clean his shoes, feels foolish. "Shave this morning?" "Yes, sir." "Pretty rough; razor not too good?" Sometimes you hear the catchword of the bayonet fighters, "Rough as—"; any soldier will finish it correctly.

"Don't you think you could get a better polish on your shoes by dinner-time? Good stuff, radium, isn't it? Polishes well."

"Get ready for physical. Hats off. Braces off." And in a couple of shakes we are at it. "Head backward bend." "Stand at ease. Stand steady. Don't worry about the ship. Damn it, the scenery has been the same for weeks. Look straight in front." Each exercise is also a balancing exercise, as we are at sea. The favourite exercises are hopping with leg raising sideways, or astride jumping; we are as fond of rhythmical movement as any children, and if the piano accompanied us it would pander to our higher senses and cease to be work for five shillings a day. Competitive relay races are the favourite, and the "seaside" invariably wins. Formerly squad drill followed, but, thank the Lord, the warm weather, by finishing the day at 2.45, has practically cut it out.

Semaphore signalling is the most interesting part, and it is significant that the first messages when we are just learning to read would not pass the Censor if he were a W. It is useful, and that phase changes to something higher, as always happens when an obstacle has been surmounted.

First midday mess is at twelve, and I dismiss it with the statement that the camp authorities might take a lesson here and serve us as often with soup as the authorities do here.

Before "Fall in" at two we spend our leisure much as usual. Afternoon parade lasts for three-quarters of an hour, and is usually a lecture, more or less interesting, be it emergency first aid, saluting and badges of rank, or musketry.

I forgot to mention "smoko" in the morning. We look forward to it with the keenest pleasure, which is, if anything, surpassed by the realization.

In the afternoon we are no sooner dismissed than we are sprawling on deck in a hundred attitudes, but it is too hard to be comfortable. Contact with it continually reminds us that we are not on a passenger ship, but everyone is cheerily optimistic. Cards rule the roost then till darkness, except for feeding time at five, and not a few continue till lights out, in the messroom, where the temperature reminds one of tropical houses in botanical gardens. Gambling is suppressed with a firm hand, but "Where there's a will there's a way" was never truer. It is a moot point whether a man should gamble or not.

Sometimes a bit of a "rough house" is started after dark, but everyone of the participants — I don't include spectators, audience, and victims — enjoys it, so there is a balance of pleasure.

A splash in a salt-water bath concludes the day's life, and then we test the truth of Shakespeare's description of sleep in "Macbeth," either on deck or below. Truly it is "sore labour's bath . . . Chief nourisher in life's feast."

The first fatigue you can go on is at 6 a.m., swabbing the deck. It leaves the feet in a decidedly pleasant condition, and if one goes round in short denims only when it is raining hard, he can have a splendid shower bath. For chief steward's fatigue and vegetable fatigue apply to victims — they'll be compelled to use King's English. It is curious that if work is given as part of the day's duty there is hardly any grouching, but let it be given as fatigue and everyone has a feeling of resentment. It seems to be *infra dig* to do it; it would be interesting to trace the development of the objection, for it is quite evident that it is traditional.

Ship's guard causes more cursing than anything else on board, due in part to the uncomfortable clothing demanded, but it is not worth noting, except to say everyone hates it. Part of their duty is to suppress bad language, and it is carried out efficiently! Submarine guard is an improvement on it, for we are in the open air and get a chance to get sunburnt.

Next to ship's guard is church parade on Sunday, when everything has to be spick and span. We are nearly stifled in our tunics, and would certainly be more comfortable, at times at least, in bathing trunks. I won't criticise it, beyond saying that on the two occasions I have been there a glorious opportunity for putting in a word for progress at least, for there are some energetic brains on board which even the dull routine of camp and military drill has not been able to drive into the narrow groove that is (perhaps wrongly) considered essential.

The remainder of Sunday is a day of rest — i.e., we enjoy ourselves as we please.

Saturday is washing day. We get about two gallons of water, and wash all sorts of unmentionables and mentionables. The sergeants set the example and we make them clean. Sometimes we can contrive to get water to rinse, and then we make a drying green of the deck. Don't we miss your gentle voices then, girls? I am dying to hear a woman speak again. Man is not so independent as he thinks.

How many of us have answered the bugle! The angel visits the boat eight times a day and whispers sweet nothings to those who are fortunate enough to get C.B. These lucky fellows think it is one of the lost angels, however, and especially on Saturday or Sunday, when the whisper changes to what seems like a prolonged murmur and the angelic message is to clean out the orderly room. Poor devils! Most of us prefer not to entertain the angel unawares.

The most beautiful time on board is about 6 p.m. Just then the sun is setting in a blaze of fiery splendour, changing ere long to a picture in all the shades (and a few more) that artists know of apricot, crimson, amber and gold. The foreground is the kaleidoscopic colouring of the ocean, changing ere you have caught the most delicate tints, each tiny wavelet reflecting some of the glory overhead. Above, the sky fills the canvas, changing from pale yellow to blue and gradually darkening to a deep blue and purple, flecked with innumerable stars — the port-holes of heaven — the most plainly distinguishable being the Plough, although the Southern Cross is in evidence just above the horizon. There is not a harsh note in the scheme, and even the masts and yards, silhouetted sharply against the soft purple, take on an air of romance. After all, we are on a great adventure and who would say that a trip on a transport is not an incomparable experience? M. L.



NEW ZEALAND.

HURRAH! for New Zealand! We've left thee behind;
Mighty seas may divide us, but memories bind.

Not us to forget thee:
Zealous we love thee,
'Tis within thy dear shores that our hearts are confined.

Many days we shall live, ere thy shores we shall see,
And there'll be ne'er a day but we're mindful of thee.
Under skies that are strange, under fire that is hot,
'Neath the "straff" of the Hun, and the hell of his shot,
Grim though the work and ghastly the sight
As our comrades fast fall from the line of our might,
Not then we'll forget thee,
Unswerving we'll love thee,
Inspired by the thought of thee into the fight.

P. KEESING.

More Faces we Know!!



R.S.M. Slattery.



Capt. F. Turner, R.N.Z.A.



Sergt. Hamilton, N.Z.M.E.



C.S.M. Minehan.



*R.S.M. Massey,
Ship's S.M.*



2nd Lt. S. Burgess.



Rev. E. Evans, C.F.

INFERNAL MACHINE!!!

As told to Hughes Steele.

IT was the eve of departure of the reinforcement. Work was in full swing in the adjoining sheds, and the wharf labourers were hard at it transferring goods and packages to the transport, for her journey homewards. Every precaution for the safety of the ship had been taken. The sentry could be seen hard by at the entrance to the wharf paces his lonely beat, while at the pedestrian gate none but duly authorised persons were allowed to pass the guard, except on production of the military authority. Everything tended to give one a sense of security and assurance.

Suddenly, without warning, amidst the hubbub of clattering trunks and falling boxes, a wild shriek of terror rent the air, followed by a general stampede of the wharves employed in the sheds. Terror was written large on their blanched faces. A general panic ensued, those engaged at the wharf joined in the now universal exodus towards the gates, and in a barely perceptible period the entire wharf and adjoining buildings presented a desolate and deserted appearance, where but a minute before all was life and activity. Amidst the chattering, panic-stricken mob now scattered in groups beyond the barricade could be heard on all sides the ominous sounding words, "Infernal Machine." On enquiry one elicited the fact that secreted in one of the boxes consigned to the transport could be heard an infernal machine, whose mechanism was in action. It transpired that the man who uttered the shriek had heard the buzzing, whirring sound of this dastardly machine, whilst engaged in loading the box on to his truck, had made sure that this strange, continuous sound was emitted from the box, and had then fled for his life, closely followed by his mates, to whom he had yelled out, without stopping in his tracks, those hair-raising, awe-inspiring words, "Infernal Machine." What was to be done? Suggestions, inane and otherwise, were made *ad nauseam*. Finally it was decided to seek the help of the S.E.O. (Senior Embarkation Officer). After a short interval, probably spent in careful and military deliberation, the next stage of the drama had commenced.

Coming towards the gates could be seen the S.E.O. at the head of a column of wharves, whose courage was chiefly apparent from their shaking knees and sweat-bedewed features, bent on the destruction of the "Infernal Machine."

On the box being pointed out by the now terror-stricken man, Oh, horror of horrors! sure enough, there could be heard emitting from it above the noise of loudly beating hearts a strange buzzing sound, which turned the spine to jelly, and which could only be associated with machines of that dastardly type. With frenzied haste and shaking hands the box was finally broken into by one of the braver stalwarts, and there was eventually exposed to the full view of all a strange mechanical device—a ghastly instrument of destruction—an ordinary Electrical Buzzer (the property of the N.Z.F.A. for instructional purposes on the transport), the key of which had accidentally become engaged at contact by the "gentle" knocking about to which the box had been subjected by the "careful" wharfie.

CONCERTS.

AS is generally known, musical entertainments always appeal to our "diggers." Major Saunders, D.S.O., our C.O., set matters in hand shortly after embarkation, and appointed 2nd Lieut. G. H. Lury to arrange concerts. The latter formed the "Kiwi Troupe," They got into their stride right from the word "Go," and have already given six concerts. A move was made to a new "possie" on the boat deck. The move was appreciated by all. The "Kiwis," under Conductor Lury, harmonized very well, and their most popular items are: "Down Texas Way," "Down where the Swanee River Flows," and "The Rosary." Sgt. Crewes has been a regular performer; he is a baritone of quite exceptional ability. His rendering of "Invictus" and "In that quiet little old-fashioned Town," brought forth rounds of applause.

Sgt.-Major Loveday soon proved that he is just as much at home with a violin as he is with a rifle. He has an extensive repertoire, of which "Moto Perpetuo" is easily the favourite.

Sgt. Elvidge, one of our most popular performers, is a bass singer of more than average ability, and it is rumoured that he used his voice to great advantage when ashore, but that is another story.

Sgt.-Major Beswick sings very well and received rounds of applause. Pte. Poppewell has a partiality for Irish ballads and uses his light tenor voice to advantage.

Pte. Pinchin puts plenty of ginger in his work and has several popular chorus songs he takes on with the boys, and they never hesitate to give it a go in the choruses. "Good Old New Zealand" got quite a good run.

Pte. McCarthy is the elocutionist of the party and sticks religiously to racy stuff. "Mac" had to give the last concert a miss and go to hospital.

Cpl. Buckley is a siffleur and delights in whistling little trilly bits to the air of some popular song.

Cpl. Craze is handicapped by not having any of his music on board, so that necessarily we have not had the pleasure of hearing the sweet strains from his cornet more than twice.

Cpl. Strong sings very well, and what is more to the point, interprets them splendidly. This fact was most noticeable in his last renderings, viz., "Up from Somerset," and "A Sergeant o' the Line."

Pte. Johnston has appeared only once, when he gave a novel turn which could be described as making himself a human pin cushion.

Mr. Tarrant, of the ship's staff, has performed at several concerts, and once he has his clarinet tuned is quite a devil to go.

Gunner Galloway has a baritone voice. The boys appreciated his rendering of "God send You back to Me."

Last, but by no means least, is our willing horse, Gunner McLean, who presides at the piano. He deserves the greatest credit for the manner in which he has stuck it under great difficulties.

In conclusion, here's our very best thanks to all the performers, and may their efforts be always as highly thought of as they have been on good old 103.

AN ONLOOKER.

ROUGH NOTES.

From Ship's Canteen, T/S. 103.

IT is a rough show, to say the least, but that is only to be expected. When you have been associated with Mr. Massey's Tourist Party as long as has been the Canteen of H.M.N.Z.T. 103 you will feel slightly rough too.

It is found the rough element is often the best in a tight corner. Certainly, after they had sampled "Fatimas," "Richmond Straight Cut," "Piedmonts," and other brands, the 37th were glad to return to rough, familiar "Three Castles," from the Canteen.

A Canteen is placed on board to supply troops during the voyage, at a reasonable price, with tobacco, cigarettes, biscuits, fruits, drinks, etc. Limited space prevents a full range of goods being carried, hence we were unable to supply Private Centum with his particular brand of scent and face powder, or favourite style of striped socks.

Concerning Interior Economy. We are very pleased with the exceptional quality of the "Ship" safety matches in stock. We guarantee at least five matches per box will burn sufficiently long to light a cigarette. In the case of pipes the limit is THREE. The constant demand for matches is sufficient evidence of their popularity. For further testimony see the Provost Sergt. and Staff, who have worked very hard in keeping the King's English within the limits authorised by Webster and King's Regs.

Biscuits have sold very readily. Quite recently the last box was sold, and as the empty case was lowered to the hold by our fatigue, the "Last Post" was whistled by the ship's Q.M.S. in a very impressive manner.

Drinks are also going very quickly and we will soon be a "Dry" Canteen in very truth. Corkscrews will then, no doubt, return to their rightful and sorrowful owners. Canteen corkscrews, be it said, are equal in quality to the matches. Their average life is three corks, although one crabbed the joint by pulling six!

The empty bottle crisis became such that we were compelled to appoint Private "Orbut" Snow to be official collector, and that he has ably fulfilled the duties of his office no one will deny.

At one port of call we purchased 4,000 oranges. They were sold within fifty minutes the same evening, and even now a few on board believe those eight barrels are still in our possession. It's very mysterious. Could they have heard the very complimentary remarks made to the Canteen Officer that evening by the ship's Chief Officer concerning the state of the deck, and then have seen that orange peel complained of, they would NOT have wondered. It's only a shame what the N.Z.F.A. Special Orange Peel Fatigue which was called out as "Last Post" had to say. I don't think they like oranges!

Relations between the Staff and its customers have been very pleasant, and despite the fact Mr. Evans DID purchase a 12/6 box of Yellow for 10/3, and a brand of Havelock not hitherto on sale, it did not seriously interfere with the Canteen sales.

I must not say too much concerning the Staff, Sgt. Hewitt, Privates Cuming, Forsyth and Wilkinson, for "Darky" Wilkinson is too handy with the gloves. But I am of opinion that "no complaints," either directly or indirectly, is sufficient evidence of their conduct at the Bar.

I trust too numerous enquiries will not be made respecting the new brand of "Havelock," for it has been withdrawn from sale. Mr. Evans assured us it was awful trash, and although he is a little prejudiced at times, we obliged him with an ordinary tin of "Aromatic" in its place for the sake of our good name and that of T/S. Canteen, No. 103.

O. E. JARRETT.



S.W. FEARN 1916.

NEW YORK NEWS FROM NEWPORT NEWS.
 SAY! GUESS THE SAMMIES ARE GIVING
 THEM HELL OVER THERE NOW!!!



IGNORANCE IS BLISS
 Private Lovebunk on ships guard Caught
 napping in the still watches of the night



A Staff Problem in Black & White



"SNOWY" OR-BIT,
 — THE
 BOTTLE -
 GATHERER

The Wanderings of the Hosts of N(u)Z.

By Caeco and Beak O.

CHAPTER I.

NOW in the fifth month of the fourth year of the reign of Saunders the Silent it came to pass that all his host was summoned from the east and from the west, and from the north and from the south, and were gathered together from the uttermost parts of the land of N(u)Z, and were pitched in the plain which is over against the chief city of the N(u)Zites.

2 And it came to pass after many days that the ship of Saunders the Silent, the king, drew near to the land of the N(u)Zites.

3 And he came unto the plain which is over against the chief city of the N(u)Zites, and spake unto Potter (for) he it was who was chief in those days.

4 And he spake and said unto him, Go, say unto my people, Get you ready against the morning, for behold, on the morrow we journey into a far country, into the land of the Hunites, for he hath gone down into the land of our kindred, and hath thrown down their temples, and he wasteth the face of the earth.

5 And lo, on the morrow the host of the N(u)Zites did rise, and girded up their loins, and took with them their issue: their sea-kit, their Bill-Massey socks, and the photo of the girl they left behind them; and they bade farewell to the land of the N(u)Zites, and went down to the sea in ships, and took their journey to the land of the Hunites.

6 And it came to pass that as they journeyed across the sea, behold they rose up in the morning, and by their tens and their hundreds they were grievously smitten with *mal de mer et de maison*, and they fed the fish with the stew that was made in the plain which is over against the chief city of the N(u)Zites.

7 And the slaves of Saunders the Silent were idle, and had little to do with their ovens and their kneading troughs until the third day.

8 And on the third day the captain of the tribe of the Medicaites came unto Saunders the Silent, and said unto him, Behold, O king, the scourge hath left the people, for the young men of my tribe have been busy among them, and they are all healed.

9 And the lead-singers are yet sick within their hiding places, but on the fifth day, O king, not one will remain, for the form of my visage is stern, and my lieutenant is quick to rise in anger against them, and behold he is not deceived.

10 And it came to pass that on the fifth day it was as the captain of the tribe of the Medicaites had said, and there remained no sick, no, not so much as a member of the Flying Corps.

11 And the captain of the tribe of the Medicaites spake again unto the king, and said, Behold, O king, let thy servant go forth among the people, and pour anti-toxin into their veins, so that their travail may be grievous.

12 And the king answered and said, Go, let it be as thou sayest, and let not one escape; and it was so.

13 And after many days the young men of the Swarbrickites, and the Flying Kites, and the Devereuxites, and the Burgessites, and the McLeanites were smitten with the smallpox until the twelfth day.

CHAPTER II.

AND it came to pass that the ship of Saunders the Silent drew near unto the land of Woodrow, the place where two continents are divided by the waters of the sea, on this side and on that, for the land was smitten by the rod of Gothals, in the days when Roosveldt sat upon the throne of the Yankees.

2 And the waters flowed in, and the seas became joined, the one to the other, so that they who go down to the sea in ships could pass through the place, which before was dry land.

3 And behold the ship of Saunders the Silent passed through, and the great gates of the Yankees closed upon them.

4 And the children of the N(u)Zites saw the great sights of their land, and marvelled thereat.

5 And it came to pass, as they passed through, that Saunders the Silent, the king, lifted up his voice and spake unto Cecil, his chief captain and adjutant, saying, Send thy servant Gray, the chief captain of the guard, and let him make known unto my people that they must not spy out the land, to see the nakedness thereof, with kodaks.

6 And he answered and said unto the king, It shall be as thou sayest, O king.

7 And behold, as Gray, the chief captain of the guard, passed along the port side of the ship he passed by the massage room, where stood arrayed the soldiers of the guard, whose feet were at forty-seven degrees.

8 And the thing did not escape the notice of the chief captain of the

guard, for he was an austere man; and he spake angrily unto them and said, What meaneth this, that ye stand so? Tell me, I pray you, is this C.B. parade?

9 And they said, Nay. And the chief captain spake again and said, But it damned soon will be if you don't stand better than that.

10 And he went on his way rejoicing to deliver the message of the king, wherewith the chief captain of the king had charged him.

11 And the ship of Saunders the Silent tarried awhile to take coal wherewith to pursue her journey; but the host of the N(u)Zites were not permitted to land, nor to partake of the fruits of the country, wherewith they murmured exceedingly.

CHAPTER III.

AND on the morrow the ship departed from the city of the land of Woodrow, and made her way into the sea which washeth the border of all the land of Woodrow, from the north unto the south.

2 And behold, the chief sailor of the ship was silent, and his countenance was sad that day; because the waters were filled with the great under-water boats of the Hunites, and he was troubled.

3 And lo, on the fourth day of their journey from the city of the land of Woodrow there came unto the chief sailor a message, and the same came not with messenger, but on the north wind, saying:

4 The under-water boats of the Hunites are in our waters; make ye your way to our harbour with haste. And the chief sailor of the ship lifted up his voice and said, Damn and blast it!

5 And he spake again, and said unto Saunders the Silent, the king, Go, speak unto the captains of your host, and tell them to array themselves and all their young men in their coverings of cork and of kapoc, and make them ready to swim, for we be dead men, for the under-water boats of the Hunites are near us, and the waters are filled with fierce fish.

6 And it was done as he said.

7 And certain of the captains and of the young men of the host were smitten with a pestilence like unto leprosy, and their faces became white as snow.

8 And there was in the ship a man who was clothed in white apparel; he it was whose business it was to read the writings of the N(u)Zites, when they wrote unto their kindred in the land of their birth, and to the girls to whom they made their allotments.

9 The same came unto the men, and gave counsel unto them, and said:

10 Fear ye not, ye men of N(u)Z, for behold, we are surrounded by the under-water boats of the Hunites, and the wind is up, and we be dead men.

11 And he straightway put his hand into his bosom and took out a cabbage leaf of the species of Havanah, and he lighted it, and looked as if he didn't care a tinkler's curse.

12 And it came to pass on the Sabbath day, that he walked to and fro in the ship, to seek a place for the host of the N(u)Zites to gather together and worship; and he sought, and found none.

13 And he said, I will not suffer mine eyes to sleep, nor mine eyelids to slumber, until I find out a place for the host of the N(u)Zites to gather together and worship.

14 But Saunders, the king, held his peace, and cocked his right ear to listen, and he sent forth his servant Cecil, his captain and adjutant, to give unto him a place.

15 And he gave unto him a place on B deck, and after that he slept, and arose refreshed.

CHAPTER IV.

AND the ship pursued her way on her journey, and the under-water boats of the Hunites came not nigh her, and she pursued her way safely till she came to the harbour of Chezeapeke.

2 And she entered the harbour of Chezeapeke, and the gates were closed behind her, and she was safe.

3 And behold, the countenance of the chief sailor lifted, for his troubles were at an end.

4 Now there had arisen rumours, on this side and that, and the same had their beginnings in the nethermost regions of the ship.

5 And they grew and waxed exceedingly, so that it was not possible for the men of N(u)Z to know wherein they might believe.

6 And they spread diversity of understanding among the young men, so that they were not able to tell by what means they had escaped from the under-water boats of the Hunites.

THE WANDERINGS OF THE HOSTS OF N(u)Z.

Continued.

7 And they said among themselves, Truly a great and marvellous man is the chief sailor of our ship, for he hath wrought great wonders this day; and stout and mighty is the ship which he saileth.

CHAPTER V.

AND it came to pass that Saunders, the king, made a decree that the men of N(u)Z should be given their freedom for a season, and he told his chief captain, Cecil, saying:

2 Tell my people, the N(u)Zites, that I make a decree that they shall go forth into the city for a little season.

3 And behold, they shall be clad in garments which reach to their knees, to cover their nakedness, before and behind, but their knees shall they not cover.

4 And say unto them, Behold, Saunders, the king, hath made a decree that ye shall go into the city for a little season, and ye shall clothe yourselves in garments which reach to your knees, to cover your nakedness, before and behind, but your knees ye shall not cover.

5 And the men did as Cecil, the chief captain, had said, and they went their way, and walked to and fro in the city.

6 And it came to pass that as they walked certain of the Swarbrickites came face to face with the men of the Medicalites.

7 And the satrap of the Swarbrickites did separate himself, and spake unto the satrap of the Medicalites, and said unto him:

8 Friend, lend me thine ear, and hearken unto my voice, and let not my words be heard.

9 Let this thing, I pray you, be a secret between me and thee.

10 Tell me, I pray thee, hath this city an inn?

11 Come, let us go and rest awhile, and partake of a little barley-wafer, for I am as dry as a chip.

12 But the satrap of the Medicalites answered and said,

13 Nay, it cannot be as thou sayest, for the city is as dry as thou art.

14 And the countenance of the satrap of the Swarbrickites fell;

15 And he lifted up his voice and laughed, and his laugh was like unto the roaring of a mosquito; and he turned himself about and went his way, laughing.

CHAPTER VI.

AND on the fifth day after they came to the harbour of Chezapeke it was so that Saunders the Silent made another decree, that all his host should return to the ship, and bid farewell to the city of the harbour of Chezapeke.

2 And the men returned, and they fell on the necks of the nymphs of the city, and kissed them, and wept, and returned unto the ship to do phizzik jerks.

3 And the ship of Saunders the Silent pursued her way to the land of the Hunites.

4 And as they drew near to the land of the Hunites it came to pass that Saunders, the king, did puff out his chest, and girded himself in his Sam Brown.

5 And he stood and cried, saying: I, the king, have done this thing;

6 I, even I, am he that hath brought the host of the N(u)Zites in safety across the waters of the sea, and behold, we are here because we are here.

7 And he bowed himself to the earth, and was exceeding thankful, and held his peace.

8 Thus did he.

"WANTEDS."

Wanted by one (?) soldier return passage to N.Z. Apply to Lead-Swinger, 37th Refts.

Vacant shortly, several Sentry Posts, sometime occupied by the artillery. Lounging a speciality.

To Let, very soon, accommodation in the clink, overlooking propellers; very quiet if the gun is not fired; attention guaranteed. Apply to Ship's Sergt.-Major.

Wanted, good blade shearer (one used to woolly sheep), willing to do mustering; must have dogs. Apply at once for position of barber to the Flying Corps.

Wanted known, by the Thir(s)ty Sevenths, the whereabouts of "Bill Massey" and "Joe Ward."

CONTRIBUTED BY SHIP'S ORDERLY ROOM.

THE FIGHTING BREED.

NEW ZEALAND'S sons are there at the guns
When fighting a foreign foe.
They've left their land to take their stand
For they knew 'twas right to go.
And there they are in a land afar,
In the battlefields of France,
And all the while, with a sunny smile,
They play their game of chance.

CHORUS:

New Zealand's sons are there at the guns,
And we know it is safe to bet
New Zealand's sons will follow the Huns
And keep on smiling yet.
New Zealand's sons won't play for "funs"
Though the shells come piling on.
New Zealand's sons will smash the Huns
And still go smiling on.

In battle fame they've made the name
Of Anzac ring with glory.
With blood 'twas bought, for there they fought,
As never was told in story,
Our lads away from our shores to-day
In a distant land fight on,
Though hard the game, they will smile the same,
And still they'll keep right on.

We know they're proud of the "Long White Cloud"
And it's up to us to keep
The fires alight throughout day and night
For our lads far o'er the deep.
New Zealand's sons face the German guns
In that grand old British style,
And we're proud to say, though they're far away,
They still carry on with a smile.

S. SHAW.

A GRAND CONCERT AT SEA.

GIVEN by the "Maungoni Moaners" and augmented by a galaxy of unqualified star artists:

Commencing at 6 a.m.

1. SOLO (that it can't be heard) "Christians, awake"
By the SHIP'S BUGLER.
2. RHAPSODY "Deck Scrubbing" with Holystone Obbligato
By HERR "BOSUN."
3. RAGTIME "Antipon and its Uses"
PTE. HUNT, G.R.G. (the ship's tin whistle).
4. RECITATION "Grey's Elegy"
PTE. ROGERS.
5. SONG "Bottle O, orbut, orbut"
PTE. SNOW.
6. DEBATE "Will chewing gum keep its flavour on the bed post all night"
Affirmative: LIEUT. CLARK (the gamest man to leave N.Z.).
Negative: SET. SHORTRIDGE (the first man to cross the Rhine).
7. CLARION SOLO "I hear you calling me"
THE C.B. KINGS.
8. DUET "Shall I crime him or pray for him"
S.-M. HUME and CPL. RAINBOW.
9. RECITATION "The Cynic"
CAPT. GREY.
10. WHISTLING SOLO "Toemaine poisoning"
CPL. BUCKLEY.
11. SACRED SOLO "Angels ever bright and fair"
ROYAL FLYING CORPS.
12. NOCTURNE "Phantom Submarines"
CHAPLAIN EVANS.
13. SACRED SOLO AND CHORUS "Come unto me"
The P.M.O., assisted by the Ship's lead swingers.
Admission—Identity Disc. Carriages at 9.45 p.m.
Seats booked by the Hon. W. F. MASSEY, Ship's Orderly Room.

"SARTOR RESARTUS."

TO begin with, we are thankful that Carlyle is dead, as otherwise he would probably, perhaps improbably, make us a butt for some scathing criticism.

Clothing, in our most conservative of institutions, is the be-all and end-all of life. The debutante, on being presented, is not more conscious of her appearance than is the soldier on being presented to his platoon-commander for inspection, and Beau Brummel himself was not more fearful of the ridicule of his set than is the timorous guard of that of Capt. Gray. We know not by what method our standard of quality is determined—arbitrarily, most of us presume—but we certainly are sure that no ship ever had a more able exponent of the art of dressing than has H.M.N.Z.T. No. 103. To him a speck of white powder on the "neutral tint of khaki" shows up more clearly than a Hun on the skyline.

In American camps the dress of the day is clearly exhibited by a photograph hung outside the Orderly Room, thus saving the time both of the typist and the soldier himself. We, however, at great risk to the pet corn we cultivated for the benefit of the chiropodist, accompanied by the use and abuse of expletives, make our way to the routine-orders sheet, perhaps to find by the following morning that some drastic change had taken place, and finally, through a tangle of advice, both script and spoken, bring our tortured remnants "up on the mat."

Nous n'advions pas, mais Oh Dieu, que nous espérons — — !

A Christian gentleman's chief possession is a clean sheet, but that of a private is a full one, and we have known men descend to petty larceny to make up a deficiency in apparel before kit inspection. "Make good at all costs" is the motto of our army, but what would be the consequences of this if pushed to extremes? whether it would not be better for the Government to make good these wants rather than that a tenth of its effectives should be encouraged to steal. Should a man have hat or puttees removed by stealth he repairs the loss similarly, not necessarily by recovering the article, and so one theft is about as prolific as we are told bacteria are.

Nowhere is it more evident than in the army that "a man is known by the clothes he wears." In a town we visited *en route*, the orders were that dress was to be "service tunics, shorts and puttees." Such was the dress that caused one of the fair sex to exclaim, "Why! they look almost like white men!" and at least one citizen wanted to know if we wore shorts in civil life; "you know," he explained to his companion, "in Scotland the people go about with bare knees." At least one of us, who packs 190 lbs. into his five feet two, will always remember Norfolk, Va., U.S.A., for his knees were "the cynosure of neighbouring eyes," as far as the other sex was concerned, and he was no

small source of amusement to the coloured population, on whose countenances a broad grin appeared simultaneously with Fatty's presence before their eyes.

At any rate they were comfortable, and seeing that practically all a soldier's responsibility is taken from him, we don't see why they should have worried about their appearance.

The same cannot be said of "slacks" and puttees, especially on ship's guard. One law of our Medes and Persians is that, when on the guard, service uniform must be worn. Comfort is unknown in them, especially in the bowels of the ship, for they seem to collect and retain heat waves in much the same way as a closed hot-house does. The victim sleeps in them, too, at such a time. A fresh-water bath after his spell would give him "that feeling of cleanliness so inseparable from an Englishman's thoughts," but even such a comparative luxury is impracticable.

Before any dress parade, buttons must be carefully polished, but what connection this has with the art of war we find it hard to see. On a Sunday morning we forget the Fourth Commandment in our eagerness to be a credit to our Company at church parade. We have not yet entirely lost the habit of thinking of Sunday as a day of rest, and the nervous energy expended on polishing fatigues us more than on any other day of the week, and makes us, on the whole, glad to be finished with our compulsory church going. Eagerly we look forward to the rest of the day, which is really what Saturday afternoon was within the pale of civilization.

Lately, the fiat has gone forth that long denims and denim coats must be worn on deck, and, besides making us look like embryo convicts, they make us feel as flabby as they appear. We betide the man who comes up improperly dressed, even to the hook on his collar, the method of lacing shoes, or the socks on his feet. Still, not once only have we escaped the eagle eye of the inquisitors, when minus socks, by the simple expedient of loosening braces. O tempora, O mores!

Our limited ability prevents any discussion of the dress that appeals to the girls of N.Z. Could we all wear it, who would do the trench digging, bayonet fighting, bomb-throwing, and other little incidentals of the war? Rough serge stands hard wear much better, and baggy knees would be much less likely to catch projecting points than knee-breeches.

Perhaps we might have done more justice to the art of improving on nature's dress had we been gifted with superior intelligence, but we beg of you not to deal too harshly with the efforts of raw recruits, and for our sins of omission we humbly beseech your pardon.

72573 Pte. D. McLEOD.
76440 Pte. H. R. HARRÉ.



Longing for leave

A TOOMER N.Z.M.C.

THE PSALM OF "B" COMPANY.

MAJOR Devereux's our O.C., we will not have another,
He makes us do our drill
In two ranks; with food and drink
Our tummies he doth fill.

2 Our pay he doth bestow again,
And us to sign doth make,
Within the pages of a register,
E'en for our own name's sake.

3 Yea, though we each get vaccinate,
And we get rather ill,
He causeth the doctor to tend on us,
And cure us—with a pill.

4 Our boots he causeth to be marked
With each one's little number,
Our hair he causeth to be cut
To half-an-inch, or under.

5 Fortune and happiness all his days
We heartily wish him win,
And may his wife, in after life,
Make sweet the time for him.

C. J. SUMMERS.



Why is the ship's Orderly Room like New Zealand? Well—Massey's the boss man.

Procurable at ship's Orderly Room for a small charge—Board and lodgings in the clink—attention guaranteed.

(Heard in vicinity of ship's Orderly Room)—
"Hey, Digger! what do you take that water in there for, to wash the floor?"
"No, you silly ass; to cool the typewriter."

REVEILLE!

"THE IDLERS' REST."

ALL week-enders are notified that select bungalows are "To Let" on Isolation Deck. All home comforts. Once there, never leave. Visiting hour: Open day and night. All invited.

Intending boarders don't be shy, step right in and inspect. No fee charged. All forms of exercise encouraged. Lead-swinging a speciality.

Boarders need never be thirsty; there are springs in the beds.

When visiting at nights please remove boots before entering to avoid waking Night Orderlies—on watch.

Leave your valuables with the Orderly, but *don't* leave the Orderly.

All those with shortages of kit are requested to walk in and help themselves at any time. Always a good supply of towels, mess gear, etc., on hand. Nothing too hot or too heavy.

Don't bother to close the doors—it's quite all right, the wind will do that—**BANG—D—N!**

No tips allowed as all Orderlies are independent.

In case of Nightmare you will find a set of harness under the bed.

Do not feed the animals—Give all eatables to the wardkeeper.

Light diets at any hour, day or night. Unlimited stock.

For writing paper you will find two sheets on the beds.

Any language allowed in Hospital with the exception of the following words: See! See! See that! Right-oh—Carry on.

"FALL IN, NO. 12."

Respectfully Dedicated to No. 12 Platoon, C Coy.

A Stands for Alexander and Arnott, a great shot,
B is for Bull, as a batman he's hot.
C stands for Cooper, who's sorry he came;
D is for Duncan, of "Glaxo" fame.
E is for Evans, a burly farmer is he,
F stands for Fulton, Fields, and then we pass on to
G that's for Golding, who does "C.B."
H stands for Horn, who's at last left home shore.
Despite any desire to remain and learn more, while
J is for Johns, late of Samoa.
K stands for Kemp, who makes brass buttons shine,
L is for Lisk, in the Contracting line.
M stands for Matthews, who argues a lot,
And for McDonald, McKenzie, both fond of a "spot."
P is for Parker, where the gloves are he's found,
Ever ready is he his opponent to pound; while
R stands for Rolston, a big man "all round."
S stands for Shortridge, our Sergeant so slick,
T is for Tagg, Tate, Tylcote, and Tick.
W stands for Watson, who swings the lead,
Also for White, H., who wants breakfast in bed.
The other White, "F.," sees that we're fed.
Now our quota of all other letters is nil,
And this we have cause to regret, but still
When the hard times come and we're in the game,
Together we'll stand, no matter what name,
Each man ready to do his share,
And where there's work to be done,
"No. 12" will be there.

H.E.K.

A Compendium of Information, Useful and otherwise, with copious Notes and Jottings.

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- Abdomen**—Used in physical jerks only; at other times it is the tummy.
Absence—The general state of a soldier when he is wanted. The chronic state of the orderly sergeant when he is wanted for orderly room duties.
Advance—The prices in the canteen have been raised.
Advice—Keep out of the army.
Alarm—Boat Drill.
Allotment—That part of a soldier's pay he thinks a lot of.
Ammunition—Rifle. Souvenirs for the Germans.
Arms—Instruments to prevent soldiers, etc., from going on shore without leave.
Army—A heterogeneous collection of men who do not pray for one another but prey on one another.
Barbarous—The military style of hair-cut.
Bayonet—An instrument for puncturing anything. A tin opener. A candlestick.
Beat—Sometimes the extent of ground over which a sentry is posted. N.B.—Often a sentry gets "beaten" at his "post."
Beer—The soldier's delight. Corresponds to the ambrosia of the gods.
Boots—Beetle-crushers, made in two qualities for the army, coarse and coarser.
Bugs—Small objectionable insects whose peregrinations in the mid-night watches are a source of annoyance to the sleeper, who awakens to find an intense itching on some part of his anatomy, necessitating his seeking relief by feverishly scratching the afflicted portion.
Bullets—Articles that take a lot of dodging.
Buttons—(1) Brass. The soldier's pet aversion. (2) Others. We use nails.
Camouflage—Hot water disguised as coffee.
Camp—The place where a soldier learns to swear.
Canteen—The spare cash sink.
Capture—To seize. To seize our neighbour's lime juice.
Cards—Five hundred.
Cash—A means to an end, viz., pineapple.
Censor—Wait till I get him, and I'll wring his — shirt!
Charge—Ask the canteen how they do it.
Clink—The malingering's retreat.
Deadhead—We have a few in our Company.
Debate—An argument on the question of the photo on the wall re relationship. Ask B. C Coy., if it caused a fight.
Defaulter—He who answers the divine call—the angel's whisper.
Dubbin—Axle grease.
Egg (or hen fruit)—Unknown in the army.
Empty—The space in the bottle where the lime juice was.
Encore—A piece of cake each—encore.
Err—To err is human.
Example—That which is never set. Don't do as I do but do as I say is general.
Excuse—The result of deep thought.
Faint—How one feels after inoculation.
Family—Something to look forward to. No rest for the wicked.
Feet—Our pedal extremities, the subject of many lectures and the object of great care.
Food—A remembrance from home.
Gallantry—Giving one's neighbour the greatest portion of the pineapple. Extremely rare cases of this malady have been found in the army.
Grab—The motto of the army.
Guts—We apologise for this vulgarism, but it is as much part of the army as "internal organs." It is generally referred to as the place into which the bayonet is to be driven. Often used when one wants to compare something with a rough substance. N.S. (Note: "N.S." means "Nuff Sed.")
Hair—Means more work for the barber.
Ham—We never see.
Hope—Of dodging fatigue is useless.
Icy—The feeling in one's spine when one is on the mat before the O.C.
Indigestion—One helping of plum-duff.
Influence—The motive power of the army. That to which we owe everything.
Inoculation—Getting punctured in the left breast. The first six inches the needle penetrates causes the most pain.
Iodine—The universal panacea.
Jam—A preparation of highly flavoured turnip.
Joy—Any sort of leave.
Language—What a soldier indulges in when he finds his washing gone.
Lead—A heavy metal. Often swung at sea and on the ship.
Legion—Our sins.
Leisure—Spare time. When you have to polish or do any odd job—do it in your leisure.
Limit—The stew we get.
Lofty—We refuse to be personal, even though he is tall.
Mess Room—The scene of many a *lough* struggle.
Mince—Is an unknown quantity.
Missile—Something thrown at one from the other end of the table.
Moustache—An indication of laziness.
News—We only hear rumours. Is the war still going on?
Nerve—The quality possessed by the man who said "Au but" to the Lieutenant at the mess table.
Optimist—A man who expects to find his washing intact on washdays.
Odd—Everything in the army.
Officers—The least said about them the better.
Orderly Officer—His words betray him: "Any Complaints."
Orifice—That opening out of which comes the cry, "Any bottles?"
Pagan—A man who takes another man's toast.
Pay—A sort of "sinking fund."
Physical Drill—A means to develop muscle. Intended soldiers' wives note well.
Plum duff—Sudden death.
Pineapple—Our stay and our staff. The staple article of diet.
Rain—Wet day syllabus.
Reel—The result of crossing (to) the Bar.
Red Tape—Dinner parade on board.
Remains—Most of the coffee.
Reminders—The Military Police.
Rip—Darn that nail.
Rumour—Seven subs. in chase of our ship.
Salvage—A small piece of potato rescued from the stew.
Savage—The state of the cheese. N.B.—We muzzle it.
Sea Sickness—The old game of "tip and run" reversed, "run and tip."
Sinister—The look of the meat.
Snooze—While drill is on—seven days' C.B.
Stern—That prominent portion of the human frame which according to the eternal fitness of things is well adapted to considerably augment our material comfort by acting as a shock absorber when assuming a sitting posture. At physical drill it is the subject of many remarks.
Stew—Don't mention it.
Swap—Exchange is no robbery. Ever been had?
Thirsty—Ask "Au but" how many bottles of fizz we drink. It is the general state of the army.
Transfer—Your pay to the canteen.
Trip—The journey a soldier gets for nothing.
Ugly—The man whose turn it is to play—Your turn, Ugly.
Uniform—Suits of the latest flour-bag cut as supplied to the army by Bill.
Vaccination—A sure excuse for E.D. Oh bliss, Oh fortune unforeseen, etc.
Void—After the mal-de-mer is left an "aching void" (pardon the quotation).
Wash Out—New York leave.
Windfall—The issue of canteen tickets.
Yawn—At physical, earns a run round the deck.
Zeal—Volunteering for fatigue.

¶

M. SUMMERS AND
W. A. CAIRNS.

SPORTS.

THE troops have taken great interest in sports which are held every Saturday afternoon. It is arranged that each Company shall hold its sports separately, and on the last Saturday of the voyage a representative meeting shall be held at which only the firsts and seconds of each Company will participate.

Blindfold Boxing	{ A 2nd—Pte. Lucas (Bye) B 1st—Pte. McFarlane
Cock Fighting	{ A 1st—Pte. Tropsky B 2nd—Pte. McFarlane
Lazy Stick	{ B 1st—L/Cpl. Whiteman C 2nd—Sutherland, J. H.
Pillow Fighting	{ A 1st—Pte. Dodds C 2nd—L/Cpl. Murray
Tug-of-War	{ A/4 2nd C/10 1st
Artist Race	{ A 2nd—Cpl. Grant and Pte. Jones B 1st—Pts. McLeod and Starre
Boot and Puttee	{ B 2nd—Pte. Pinchin 1st—Cpl. Dickey, N.Z.F.A.
Potato Race	{ A 1st—Pte. Butler 2nd—Murray, N.Z.F.A.

BOXING CONTEST.

ON June 3rd, the King's Birthday, a boxing contest was held on board. Satisfactory entries were received in all weights, and many spirited bouts were witnessed. Gunner Mayze, ex-light weight champion of Australasia, officiated as referee, and in that capacity gave entire satisfaction. The following were the results:—

Weight.	1st.	2nd.
9st. 4lbs. (and under)	Pte. H. Ken, B Co.	Gnr. Moggeridge, N.Z.F.A.
10st. 4lbs. (and under)	Pte. McClusky, C Co.	Pte. Keesing, C Co.
11st. 9lbs. (and under)	Pte. Lockett, A Co.	Pte. Moke, A Co.
11st. 10lbs. (and over)	Gnr. Murray, N.Z.F.A.	L/Cpl. Barney, A Co.

A CHAMELEON SOLDIER.

I BURNED with martial ardour,
I'd scrubbed my buttons clean,
I marched aboard the transport
With gay and martial mien.

I felt I was a hero,
Let Austrian and German quail;
The "Thirty-sevenths" had started
A-nosing on the trail.

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

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

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

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

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

74098 T. R. KNOX,
No. 1 Platoon, A Coy.

SUNSET AT SEA.

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean, roll."

AS the great troopship ploughs her way through the long, undulating swells of the Atlantic Ocean, a bugle call, sharp and shrill, echoes through the balmy air of the tropical evening.

Numerous groups of khaki-clad men clustered about the decks do not spring up with the usual alacrity and hurry to their various parade decks. No! still maintaining their lounging attitudes, they continue to play their cards and sing catchy songs with the airs of men who have finished their day's work.

For this is the official military sundown call, which as near as possible coincides with the glowing orb's disappearance over the horizon every evening. Sunset and sunrise are glories wasted upon the inhabitants of cities. Eyes blinded by dust and smoke, minds wrapt up in the cares of business fail to appreciate their beauty and poetry. One must stand soul to soul with Nature, in the quiet places of the earth, to understand the wealth and variety of colour that cluster round "His Majesty the Sun" as he sinks to his resting place amidst the solitude of mountains, in the emptiness of great plains, or on the blue, tossing bosom of the mighty ocean.

As the last mellow notes of the bugle tremble and die away in the uncanny stillness, the great crimson orb is rapidly approaching the distant horizon, upon which nestle several thickly wooded islands. The whole western heavens are a mass of glimmering colour. The sun sinks lower towards its ocean bed, clouds crimson and gold gather about it. Thousands of small fleeces, torn away as by some mighty, destructive, unseen hand, gather around and become wonderful little glowing worlds all by themselves.

To the enchanted gazer, the occasional gaps in the vivid colouring are as gates into fairyland, or some beautiful haven wherein no mortal may ever roam. The clouds change colour and seem to put forth one final effort to blend a fitting canopy for their fiery monarch's resting-place. The troops are drawn in spite of themselves at this marvel of Nature. Cards are dropped from nerveless fingers. Here and there a cornet or a flute becomes softer and more indistinct, and finally ceases altogether as player and audience become conscious of a greater entertainment—Mother Nature demonstrating the beauties of a sunset to a whole Universe. A wonderful stillness surrounds the whole scene. All Nature is hushed at her own glory. The sunset reaches its fullest brilliance, and then, slowly but surely, the great red world dips over the tossing brow of the mighty ocean and twilight settles on the lonely scene.

With the remark, "Some good, eh Bill?" the Devil-may-care New Zealander dismisses a scene which the greatest poets and painters of the ages would have considered a bounteous treasure. "What's trumps, Jack?" Cards are picked up again with renewed vigour, and the man with the cornet strikes up to the tune of "There's a ship that's bound for Blighty," his mates singing in good round voices.

But to me the scene has grown suddenly lonely and desolate, since that great fiery orb sank down into the blue depths of the mighty ocean, taking with it the beautiful and ever-changing canopy that is no more.

J. EWEN MACLAREN, R.A.F.

NEW BOOKS.

"THE History of the Bottle of Water." By Pte. Willis, author of "The Lime Juice I Paid for."

"Bunks, and How to Make Them." By Pte. Fulljames, author of "How to Train for Running."

"How I Missed my Week-End Leave." By Pte. Ellicock.

"The Canary Down the Road." By Pte. Hunter, author of "How to Wrestle."

"Silk Shirts." By Pte. Feist, author of "How I Lost my Hat."

"Mess Orderly." By Pte. Allison, author of "How to Miss Fatigues."

"The Hair I have Left." By Pte. France, author of "Sparking Plugs and Exhaust Pipes."

"Why Trench Mortars Save the Army." By Lieut. Jarrett.

"Memories of a City Park." By Q.M.S. Kensington.

"Girls I have Met in Foreign Ports." By R.S.M. Loveday.

"My Experiences at 'Ocean View,' Norfolk, Va., U.S.A." By Sergt. Broadie.

OUR SUBMARINE GUARD IN THE CARIBBEAN SEA.

ONE fine day a number of us suddenly found ourselves told off to act as a submarine guard. We mounted up on to the hurricane deck. Each man was allotted a section of ocean over which he was to keep a diligent watch until relieved.

It was quite a new experience. For nearly four years we had heard almost daily of the doings of the Hun "U" boats, of their ruthlessness, and of their utter disregard of international law. None of us, though, with the exception, perhaps, of a very few, had ever seen a submarine or its periscope. We wondered how big the periscope would appear should one suddenly make its appearance a mile away. We were on the look out for what we had never seen and yet seemed somewhat familiar with.

The good ship "Maunganui" sped along through the deep, dark blue ocean, with a tropical sun blazing down upon her and glinting upon the small white-crested waves all around us. These same waves were ever rising and falling, attracting the eye and causing those who beheld them to rivet their gaze for a moment and ask themselves if anything was lurking in the shadowy hollow by the white crest.

And thoughts would come of other peoples who had sailed upon this same stretch of ocean. Was not this once the Spanish Main? For centuries ago, when Spain had conquered large portions of Central and South America, and her treasure fleets and warships sailed these seas, she forbade all other nations to venture there without her permission. And then came the great English seamen, Drake and Raleigh and many others, who finally defeated the Spaniard upon what he regarded as his own special domain.

To-day another Power, ruthless as ever Spain was and stronger by far, menaces the right of peaceful merchantmen to sail the seas. He cannot claim any part of the seas as his special domain, and so he creeps beneath the surface and seeks to destroy indiscriminately.

And so it comes about that the "Maunganui" has a submarine guard

F. J. WOOTEN, C/37

REVISED NURSERY RHYMES.

MAJOR DEVEREUX had a band,
Who lived on Irish stew,
And everything the Major said
Those men were sure to do.

Our Mr. Abbot
Contracted a habit
Of putting his men on the mat.
When they got there
The man in the chair
Said "Two days' C.B. for all that."

Captain Gray
Came 'round one day
To see our buttons clean.
Said he to me,
" 'Tis plain to see
No buttons cleaned have been."

Pte. S. SHAW, 5th Ptn., B Coy.

LIFE ON A TRANSPORT.

LIFE on a Transport, 'tis of this I will write.
It's not very dull, nor yet is it bright.
Few of us love it, nor its praises would sing.
Everyone thinks, though, it's better than Sling.
Of stew and of drill we still get our share.
New scones in the messroom are as scarce as fresh air.
Attention! the old order, is still on the go.
Takes a darned lot of learning, "Casey" says so.
Rumours, real dinkums, direct from the "Heads";
Alarms, a new stunt, when we're all in our beds.
No doubt about it, we're kept on the hop.
"Smoking not allowed in your bunk," says the "Cop."
Pinching, why, nobody thinks of doing that;
Only a few chance being put on the mat.
Reaching, a pastime, and a good run it had.
Take it all round, this life isn't bad.

J. C. IRVING, Cpl., A Coy.

STOP-PRESS ITEM.

BEFORE we go to press let us just add this short letter. I think perhaps our good Editor has forgotten to insert a remark or two about happenings in a general way, and something too about the things that we have thought about from time to time on the voyage. Well, then, Readers, let me see. I think the chief event of importance that you would like to know about is our run from the submarines. It was glorious fun, "I don't think," as we say in the Army; it was also a beastly nuisance, because we had in very truth to wear our coverings of cork and of kapoc, as has been said in an earlier part of this paper, and they are uncomfortable garments at any time. We didn't enjoy this experience at all; in fact we put on steam, took a zigzag course, and cut as hard as we could for our next port, and although rumour had it that an enemy submarine had been seen in the offing at three in the morning, we got through without actually being chased, for which we were very thankful. However, that was the worst thing that happened to us, and even that was attended by a certain amount of fun later on, when we got an escort of two American submarine chasers and one beautiful destroyer. We could not help thinking, as our great steamer ploughed her way through the water, that she seemed very much as though she were a monster mother of some kind, whilst the destroyer and the two chasers were her young ones, as they gambolled round about her, crossing and recrossing her track, then lagging behind, to race at top speed to catch her up again, which they did with the greatest of ease, for they have great speed, these active small craft. They seemed so much like young lambs, that I really felt compelled to tell you so. I hope it will amuse you. In the darkness of the night we looked out to sea. Where was our destroyer? There she was still, on our port bow; the baby submarine chasers had retired, and gone back to port at dusk; but she was still sticking to us, and we were very glad to see her. No doubt she kept looking at us in the same wondering way. Both ships were in total darkness, as they sped over the water; the giant transport going straight ahead, the little one seeming to take her direction from the larger boat, but continuing to gambol and play around her in the same juvenile way; at least so it seemed to us. But in reality this little destroyer was doing a noble work. Truly the sailors of the Allied Navies are living perilous lives, and are serving their fellow men as unselfishly as it was ever man's privilege to do. And what about our merchantmen? Don't let us forget what they have done, and are still doing, for without them we could not have carried on this war; yet they have not had escorts as our soldiers have. No, they have sailed alone through the dangers of mine and submarine again and again; many of them for the last time. All honour to them!

All this impresses us strongly as we see it with our eyes and hear so much about it. We have seen them alone so often, and each time we have felt such great sympathy for them. We should be ungrateful indeed if we forgot these brave sailors.

Readers, this is not to make you mournful; only to show you some of the things we see and think about, as our Editor said he hoped we should be able to do, in his Editorial.

Of course, I do not mean that you will not have caught something of the spirit of our doings from what you have already read, but I mean this to help you to get in closer touch with us as we travel.

We are seeing strange lands and strange people, and we find some amusement in making comparisons between their ways and ours, but we always seem to arrive at the conclusion that we like British ways and ideas best after all.

To-day we have left American shores for the last time, and are heading for Blighty, accompanied by about a dozen other transports, with an escort from the American Navy. The sight is a weird one, if you think of it as associated with the particular freight these ships carry, and the purpose for which they are here, and why they are all together, clustered in one flotilla, like a flock of frightened sheep. Can it be true that there is a hidden danger under the sea, and that these ships know it? A wonderful achievement, a modern steamship. With its motor and its sensory nerves it is as sensitive a creature as any that has life. More wonderful, the invisible foe against whom we range our strength and our cunning; still more wonderful, the fact that we have defeated that foe so often and so effectively in hiding our transports from him; but most wonderful of all is surely the fact that man can and does use his subtlety in this way to become the greatest enemy of man; grim thought!

But that is enough. The stop-press column is not usually a long one, and I am afraid lest I have filled it this time all by myself. Once more we wish you "Good-bye." We are all right, and soon, all being well, we shall be in Blighty. Our best wishes go with this magazine.

Au revoir!

CAECO.

If a submarine hove in the oughing,
Could we drive it away by all coughing?

If we raised such a row
That we buckled her bow,
We could see it turn turtle with scoughing.

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