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"Acer in Armis."

THE
'Casey Court' Gazette

With which is Incorporated the HOBART HORROR and WILLOCHRA WIRELESS.

The Official Organ of the 2nd New Zealand Reinforcements.

No. 1 Platoon, 7th Wellington West Coast Regiment.

LIEUT. R. D. HARDIE, Officer Commanding.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

December 22, 1914.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We are pleased to announce to our subscribers that arrangements have been made to publish the Gazette on board during the voyage. We sincerely trust that they will continue to give us the support which they extended to us in camp. We will be pleased to receive any contributions in the way of poetry, jokes, and sketches from any of the companies. The number of copies, on account of inadequate printing arrangements, will necessarily be limited in number, and we ask our subscribers to take care of them, in order that they may circulate throughout the whole ship.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Well, boys, here we are at last on the briny, and on our way to take up our stand for the defence of our Empire. Quite a number of warriors have fallen a prey to the ravages of that arch-enemy mal-de-mer, but that is only natural, so it is best to take it in a philosophical manner, and in a few days you will be able to respond to "Come to the cook-house, boys," with an alacrity that will turn the oldest shellback green with envy.

LITERARY COLUMN.

J. K. Crotty, No. 1 Platoon, Wellington Infantry.

BYRON'S ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;
There is a society where none intrudes
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
I love not man the less, but Nature more,
In these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be or have been before,
And mingle with the universe and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll,
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin, his control
Stops with the shore. Upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deeds, nor doth remain
One shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelted, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths; thy fields
Are not a spoil for him. Thou dost arouse
And shake him from thee. The vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him shivering in thy playful spray,
And howling to his gods, where hap'ly lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth. There let him lay.

The armaments which thunder-strike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake
And monarchs tremble in their capitals.
The oak leviathans whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war.
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves,
Which mar alike the Armada's pride and spoils of
Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee.
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage. What are they?
The waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since their shores obey
The stranger, slave and savage. Their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts. Not so thou,
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves play.
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow.
Such as creation's dawn beheld thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests. In all time
 Calm or convulsed, in peace or gale, or storm,
 Icing the Pole, or in the torrid clime,
 Dark, heaving, boundless, endless, and sublime,
 The image of eternity, the throne
 Of the Invisible. Even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made. Each zone
 Obeys thee. Thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean, and my joy
 Of youthful sports was upon thy breast to be.
 Borne on thy breakers onward from a boy,
 I wanted with thy breakers, they to me
 Were a delight, and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear,
 For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy breakers far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane, as I do here.

"Childe Harold," Byron.

SCHOOLDAYS.

The shades of eve come falling
 Soft o'er the gilded sea,
 While the voice of the night breeze calling
 Brings back soft memories to me.

Old Sol now sinks in his glory
 O'er the edge of the trackless main,
 And I dreamily read the story
 Of my boyhood once again.

To my fancy comes a stealing,
 Like light through a shimmering haze,
 A sweet and subtle feeling:
 Thoughts of my schoolboy days.

I see the Alma Mater
 Raise on high her stately pile,
 While on the playground farther
 The sunbeams dance and smile.

Through the solemn twilight falling,
 Soft on the evening air,
 Comes the sound of the church bells calling
 The boys to the evening prayer.

Swift as the troopship sliding
 Through the breakers' roar and boom,
 Before my vision come a gliding
 Scenes in the old classroom.

I view the handball alley,
 Where oft I strove and fought
 In many a stern, hard rally,
 And I see the tennis court.

While loud the seabirds screaming
 Fond memories recall
 To my fancy's aimless dreaming
 Of cricket and football.

While my fancies slowly wander
 Through the silent fields of thought,
 I sit and silent ponder
 On the lessons I was taught.

Now the wings of night are falling
 Across the ocean blue,
 Loud and clear the bugles calling
 The notes of the tattoo.

Then I cease my fruitless yearning
 For the happy days of old,
 And to this earth returning,
 Watch present scenes unfold.

Composed by Pvt. J. K. Crotty, Wellington Infantry.

AMUSEMENTS—MEETINGS.

POLITICAL.

"J. Bennett, the well-known resident of Casey's Court, and Liberal candidate for Parliamentary honours, will deliver an address at the Town-hall on Friday night." The foregoing notice appeared in the columns of the "Willochra Wireless" of the 13th inst., and the citizens of the Court knew that there was a literary treat for them, when they would hear the famous Ginger expound his views on things political. He had been a highly respected and capable citizen, and had played a prominent part for several years in the management of municipal affairs, and, after a deal of persuasion, he had consented to his nomination for the representation of his town in Parliament at the forthcoming general election. He was held in high esteem by his fellow-townsmen, and consequently it was no surprise on the following Friday night when a vast concourse assembled outside the Town-hall to listen to him. The meeting was timed to commence at 8 o'clock, and ten minutes afterwards standing room was at a premium. Mr. S. Durling, the worthy mayor of the Court, presided, and on rising to introduce the candidate, he was accorded a warm reception. "Ladies and gentlemen, in introducing the speaker, allow me to pass a few remarks." At this juncture, some member of the audience, in order to show his appreciation of Mr. Durling, passed a ginger-beer bottle on to the stage. Unfortunately, it was minus the contents, and the manner in which it came in contact with Mr. Durling's face, without any formal introduction, necessitated the cutting short of his introduction. Mr. Bennett then arose, and he was received with tremendous enthusiasm. The following is a verbatim report of his memorable speech:—"Ladies and gentlemen, the first thing that strikes me on rising to address you to-night." The first thing that struck him fair on the equatorial regions of his countenance, and created a rather unfavourable impression. He looked more like a walking custard than a human being, and he smelled like a glue factory working overtime. The chairman and committee beat a hasty retreat, while Mr. Bennett disentangled himself from the remains of an intended chicken. The man who was responsible for this dastardly breach of political rules came under the eagle eye of Mr. Porter, the official cjector (classy name for chucker-out), and was immediately taken in chancery. ("Friends and relatives of the late Mr. West are reminded that his funeral will leave his late residence, No. 16 Hardup-street, en route for the general cemetery. No flowers, by special request.") Mr. Bennett continued as follows—"I was going to remark, ladies and gentlemen, when that interruption came along that I am here to-night to place my political views before you." "You're a liar," came a voice from the gods. "You're here because your wife threatened to break your neck next time you came home drunk, and you were boozed up this afternoon." With true political grandeur Mr. Bennett passed this shaft by with disdain. "I am quite satisfied, ladies and gentlemen, that with my vast experience in municipal matters I am quite competent to look after the interests of the district. With this idea and view, and knowing that there is a great future ahead of us, and knowing that there are several acts in our present legislature that could be reformed, I consented to my nomination for the privilege of appearing in Parliament as your representative." "What about the three hundred quid a year, gunvor? That's more in your line." Mr. Bennett froze the interjector with a look of withering contempt. "My ideas in standing for this constituency are not in the least mercenary. I have already stated my reasons, and if that individual cares to argue the matter out with me, I will only be too pleased to do so, but in a manner that will not be to his liking. I know him personally, to my sorrow, ladies and gentlemen, and for your benefit I will warn you against him. He is one of the biggest cadgers and beer spongers in the town. He once put the nips into me for five bob, and I have bidden that five bob a long farewell." This sally

promptly quashed further interruption from that individual. "Consider," continued Mr. Bennett, "the amount of legislation benefiting the multitude that has been passed since my party has been in power. Consider the benefits that have accrued to the community by the repealing of the Dog Act. I have to-day received a telegram from my party leader, Sir E. Grant, placing his confidence in me, and trusting that I am returned as your representative. He also stated that should we be again returned to power, he would at once proceed with the passing of the Free Beer Act, by which every British workman would be empowered to go into any pub. after the cessation of his day's toil, and demand a mug of snake juice. My opponents have criticised me, and labelled me as a blind follower of Sir E. Grant. Such is not the case. While knowing that Sir E. Grant is the best man we can have at the political helm and to guide the ship of State through the present turbulent waters of party conflict, I still recognise him to be only human, and as liable to commit a mistake, as was that late lamented statesman, C. Dustin. When Sir E. Grant tried to pass the Feeding of Swaggers Act, I was the first to oppose its passage, and it was mainly through my efforts that the bill was blocked in the Upper House." Here another political opponent of Mr. Bennett was detected in the bottle passing act, and he was immediately pounced upon by Mr. Porter. He, however, had more presence of mind than the former marksman, and he whispered something to Mr. Porter's ear and passed something into his hand. Mr. Porter thereupon went down to the Cow and Mouth-organ to drink the health of both parties. "Now, ladies and gentlemen," continued the speaker, "I am open to answer any questions the audience care to put to me." "Are you in favour of votes for women?" piped the falsetto voice of Mary Jane Foster, the noted suffragette. "Well, candidly," replied Mr. Bennett, "I don't think that the period has arrived for women to take part in the management of the affairs of the country. Besides, if they got even one female member into Parliament, she would talk all the men blind in two hits." "Well, then, I will put the bailiffs in for the two bob you owe me for washing." Once again were Mr. Porter's services requisitioned. "Is it true that you attempted to bribe Mr. Keeyes, the Labour candidate, to retire from the contest, in order to make your own prospects more secure?" was another query. "Such an imputation is monstrous," replied Mr. Bennett. "My political record, I am thankful to say, has been without blemish, and, besides, even if such an event had happened, it would have been impossible to bribe Mr. Keeyes. Although he is a political opponent, I consider he is a man of the highest honour and integrity, and beyond a tendency to swing for the dope more than the ordinary. I think him the very essence of a gentleman." "Are you in favour of the rag and bone merchants and bottle obs working shorter hours?" came from the stalls. "I am," replied Mr. Bennett. "It seems incredible that in this present age of enlightenment nothing has been done to lessen the hours of labour of men employed in an occupation so arduous and delicate that it almost amounted to a profession. I can speak from experience, as I am one of the push, having served my time with Tom Mace, of Wanganui, the Bottle Oh King. Should you return me as your member, I will at once endeavour to pass legislation ameliorating the conditions under which they work."

"Do you uphold the proposed scheme of asphaltting Wellington Harbour and making a skating rink out of it?" was another question levelled at the speaker.

"Well, speaking from a general point of view, I am in favour of an area extending up to within three hundred yards of Loames Island, but not beyond that, as it would offer the German prisoners interned there an opportunity of escaping, and, besides, we want sufficient room for our Dreadnoughts, the Psyche and Torch, to conduct their battle practice."

No more questions were forthcoming, so Mr. Bennett continued:—"Without wishing to throw bouquets at myself." Just then a bouquet in the shape of a bunch of carrots struck him on the think-box against

his wishes, and incapacitated him from addressing the crowd further, and then ended one of the most exciting political meetings ever held within the confines of Casey's Court.

Composed by Pvt. J. K. Crotty, Wellington Infantry.

WIT AND HUMOUR.

(By P.C. 49.)

Waiting at the canteen to be served is so tedious that they are going to allow the troops to bring their bed up on deck to wait their turn.

He was an officer's servant, boys, at singlesticks he was a nut;

He's done three years at the fencing school, where they learn you to slash and to cut.

He waltzed and jumped around Casey; he progged and thrust in despair,

And Casey told that Frenchy he was sure he wasn't all there.

Groper is a name of a fish, but there are a lot of gropers on the troopship after lights out.

One of the officers, although very sick, was much annoyed because he was unable to shave. Still his whiskers "Grew."

Promotion comes quick on a troopship. It must be the sea air. We notice quite a lot of corporals have grown to be sergeants.

It is not to be wondered why the Redskin called us pale faces. What price some of the faces on board this troopship?

Kindly take notice. If any officer cannot go his bacon and eggs, P.C. will be only too pleased to give him all the assistance possible. It's an ill-wind that blows nobody good.

The stewards missed a few good tips, and there were a good few given to the fishes.

On exhibition next week—George, the Indiarubber Pantryman. The only living specimen of this wonderful animal, commonly called Wiley.

The staff of Casey's Court will give a sketch called the "Dangerous Barbers," written by E. Grant. They also have some good talent from the different companies on board, and Ginger will give an exhibition of sausage swallowing.

We hear from good authority that they have captured some of the Gisborne savages, and they are now making dough nuts.

The troops are cautioned against sucking oranges in front of the buglers whilst they are sounding the calls, as it causes the poor little fellows to dribble so.

One by one they lay around us, as the sea it lay them so,

Grimly sighing, still unconquered, but no dinner can they go;

By the God that made thee, Casey, tell us all, oh! tell us true,

When will we get into harbour—we would not had we come if we only knew.

Poor Tom, of Casey's Court, had a rough time, and we are glad to see him roll up once again, and he keeps the canteen so busy that they were obliged to put on extra hands.

There can be seen a fine passage of arms on the boat deck every morning amongst the officers. P.C. does not care to get too near that cold steel, as he don't want his blood stirred up till he meets the Germans.

Some of the officers won't think so much of that beautiful song, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." I lay me down, no peace, no sleep, and what you've got look after. Don't throw anything away. Put a little bit away for a calm day, for the sun don't always shine.

Latest cricket news. The Willochra's chief bowler out of action. But we're pleased to hear that Mr. Frandi is now quite well enough to act as substitute. It's a wonderful thing to crack Hardie and feel all right soon.

Overheard by a stoker on the starboard side. Auckland Full Corporal (expounding nautical wisdom to open-mouthed private): "This ship is a double-burner. She burns oil, and when she wants more speed she sprays with coal." Collapse of the dirty stoker.

All waiters are requested to attend a meeting to be held in the spud locker. The chief steward has kindly consented to give an exhibition of carving joints and fowls and other flying things, but not lumps of bread.

THE HARD KNOTS!

Happy Liz, otherwise known as the messroom steward
Or "the smile that won't wash out."

His messmate, Tomlin, known as Tom.

His face it is the fairest,

His neck is like the Swan,

And hair it is the finest,

That ever brush went on.

(Sung to the tune of Annie Laurie.)

The other morning, whilst washing down decks, the crew discovered a stowaway under the winch, but when pulled out, lo and behold, we discovered it was our old friend Priv. Bitossi, who had put in there for repairs.

It's wonderful what a N.C.O. can do. One was actually seen cleaning his rifle with another man's socks.

The pipe band has started to practise, and they are doing well down below. By the time they reach the main deck we hope to hear some good selections, but don't hurry on our account. Practice makes perfect. In the Indian Mutiny the pipes were heard quite a long way off.

The members of the sergeants' mess were much annoyed when they offered to give them dessert in the form of a few nuts. One Cockney was heard to remark, "Blimy, do they take us for a blooming lot of monkeys?"

Wanted some cosmetic to put on the sergeants' moustaches, so as to make them have a more military appearance. Some of them look like walruses.

The troops are much annoyed at having to turn in at 9 o'clock. P.C. 49 has offered to bath the little deers, and, if they are good, perhaps mummy will let them stay up an extra half-hour.

Steward on board telling troops his different travels—"I was 12 years in P. and O., 10 in the Castle Co., eight years in the White Star, and across the western, five in the Adelaide Steamship Co., and I've done six years in the Union Co., and was chief steward on Lord Brassey's yacht." I wonder if he was in Noah's Ark.

HE KNEW.

Steward (to sick officer): "Try some eggs, sir?"

Officer: No thanks. I could not eat anything."

Steward: "Try some toast, sir. It will do you good."

Officer: "It's no good, steward, I couldn't look at any food."

Steward: "What you want, sir, is a good stiff brandy, sir. Fetch you round in no time, sir, and if you couldn't go it all at once, I could put it away for you, sir."

Officer: "Thanks, steward. I'll give you something when I get up."

Steward: "You take my advice, sir, and get up now. You'll fell all the better for it."

TROOPER TO SHIP'S CARPENTER.

"I say, Carpenter, there ain't much use for your trade on an iron ship, is there?"

Chips: "Of course, there is. I make the coffins for you blokes when you snuff it."

Whilst searching for meat in some curry one of the A.S.C. discovered a hidden treasure, in the shape of a small curry bottle. The cook can have the same on application to Casey's Court.

Len. Caldwell, the well-known face-pusher, will give an exhibition of lights out. Volunteers for the operations are requested to send their names in early, to save delay.

Father Neptune has opened a livery stable. Dirty livers cleaned. Terms moderate. No stomach pumps used.

We extend our heartiest congratulations to Mr. A. Johnson on graduating from a Tommy to a full-bloom A.B. We hope he will soon rise to C.D.E.F.G., till he reaches the top note, and then we will have much pleasure in dishing him out with some spun yarn.

Hobart is noted for apples, and beer the finest of brew, and lovely jam tarts show you round, and make a fuss of you.

The wad and orange scoffers: The Infantrymen. The thirsty half-hundred: The Vets. Their march past is "How dry we are."

Some of the officers are placed in an awkward predicament during boat drill. They are the last to leave the boat deck, poor brave officers sticking to it to the last. How thoughtful of them!

They stand by the boats,

Not at stand-at-ease,

And when the ship shivered and shook,

So did the officers' knees.

We were pleased to see that they called on the Vets. to bury the Chinese stink pot, or, in other words, bad cabbage. We are seriously thinking of giving those brave men the Iron Cross.

Whilst writing these few lines we (the editorial staff) are being entertained by officers' orchestral staff, which we appreciate very much, and some of us are trying to write in ragtime.

Lost on the Willochra, a Major. Finder please return to headquarters. We think he must be lying low. "Not a moue."

Lieut. Wrightson had a duel with a captain, "and drew" first blood. He also went easy with P.C., "in case he" hit him too hard.

Although we may be out in the middle of the ocean, we can still gaze on a beautiful Bloomfield in the person of the second steward.

Mr. Hirsberg must be of bulky dimensions, judging by the size of the singlet he lent Mr. Wrightson. It would suit our late friend, John Bunny, better.

Private Amos, of the Vets., ought to be named A-mis, as he is never there when wanted.

We are pleased to see our dear friend, Tubby Forbes, has done "heaving-to," and will again oblige us with that beautiful selection on the banjo, "Will ye no come back again."

Printers beware. The toilet paper is not to be used for printing purposes, as we do not wish to keep them as souvenirs, so when you buy a copy of "Casey's Court Gazette," see that you get proper paper. Look at the trade mark.

Heard aft:—"I say, Joe, I thought she was shipping a load of seas over here." Joe: "So she was this morning, but I suppose the tide's gone out now."

From Mr. A. B. Mielke
& Graham St.
Main Hill
June 1921.