

These might reach you passed from another post, our last mail has gone down 13 and giving these to an officer on our Collier which sails alongside, to post at his first chance which might be at Freemantle. The date here is the morning 21/12/14 Rob.

Grand Christmas Number.

THE "CASEY COURT" GAZETTE,

With which is Incorporated the ALBANY ARMS WILLOCHRA WIRELESS.

No. 1 PLATOON 7th WELLINGTON WEST
COAST REGIMENT.

LIEUT. R. D. HARDIE, OFFICER COMMANDING.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

WILLOCHRA, December 25, 1914.

EDITORIAL.

We heartily thank our subscribers for the generous manner in which they contributed to the first edition of the "Casey Court" en voyage. We sincerely trust that we have kept the paper up to their expectations, and if some do think that it was below the standard, we pray to be held excused as there were only two of us compiling it and the time at our disposal was limited. We have purchased a cyclostyle and are going to continue the publication on board whenever there is no chance of getting it printed at any of the ports of call. If any of the various companies on board wish to have anything in the way of poetry, jokes and sketches

published, we will be only too pleased to comply with their request. We again extend our sincerest thanks to all those who have subscribed.

Notes and Comments.

Last Friday, the 25th, the time-honored custom of the Christmas dinner was upheld with as much ceremony as possible under the circumstances. The men's mess-room was decorated with Union Jacks and the ship's bunting. Quite a sumptuous repast graced the boards, and the men fell to with a vigor born of the bracing ocean. The bonds of fellowship existing between the officers and men were clearly demonstrated when the officers came down to the men's mess-

room and helped the men to make a hole in the dainties provided. The roast pork, green peas and new potatoes were excellent, while the plum duff was voted superb. The ambulance corps will no doubt have to work overtime for a few weeks in consequence. It was the first Christmas that the majority of the troops had spent on the ocean and they will carry away pleasant recollections of this unique Yuletide.

Boxing.

The noble art has struck a boom judging by the number of budding Jim Driscolls that have been shewing their paces lately. Such a pastime deserves all the encouragement possible, as there is no finer sport for de-

veloping the body and strengthening the bonds of friendship existing between the men. (The only part that doesn't appeal to me is the punching.) It is all right dealing it out but receiving it is quite a different matter.

Floisam and Jaisam.

(By Davey Jones.)

We regret to learn that that odious person—the sneak thief—has made his appearance in various quarters of the ship. It is sincerely to be hoped that he is detected and drastic measures taken with him. We are all on the way to fight for a common cause and the man who will pinch his comrade's property is not worthy the name of a man.

Father Neptune called on me the other day and informed me that he was sorry to have to make any reflection on the troops' honesty, but he had misred his budent. If it were not returned within a week he would be udder the painful necessity of borrowing the chef's toasting fork.

Lieut. Hardie, commander of No. 13 Platoon, gave a sensational exhibition of his prowess as a trencherman in the men's mess-room the other day. Made me quite envious to see the way he got round that pork and peas.

There was no need to swab the deck the other day on account of the dinner parade having to wait outside the officers' mess-room. The way their mouths watered reminded me of a lot of miniature Niagras.

Cordite Charley, the well-known athlete, will give an exhibition of slack-wire walking and wooden weight lifting on the boat deck at a later date.

A sea-sick Tommy inquired of me the other day what was a good preventive for his complaint. There are several cures Tommy, but the best I know of is a nice lump of fat pork.

They say it was the last straw that broke the camel's back. I wonder how they packed it.

"Ask and you shall receive." This precept does not, however, hold good when you back your plate for a second helping of duff.

It is a pity that the canteen arrangements are quite inadequate to cope with the demand upon it. One little barred window is quite insufficient to serve several hundred soldiers through. If a man happens to come along to purchase anything he generally has to take his place at the end of a queue

extending to the bow of the boat and as one has not yet learned to fly he finds this impossible. Could not another canteen be improvised on the other side of the same deck, and both of them be kept open all day instead of a couple of hours at a time.

Why did Sergt. Morgan blush when the Belle of Hobart shook hands with him and wished him bon voyage? And I thought you were a lady's man Sergt.

Davey Jones' children had to forego the time honoured custom of hanging out their stockings for Santa Claus to fill on account of the amount of sneak-thieving going on. They dont want to go barefooted for the New Year.

Christmas Eve Concert.

(By J.K.C.)

On Christmas Eve the officers and men on board the transport Willochra assembled on the after promenade deck to listen to a concert given by the officers and men. Although it was impossible to celebrate the Yuletide festival with the same pomp and grandeur as on shore, the unique circumstances under which it was held did not prevent all on board opening out their hearts to each other and wishing each other the compliments of the season. The various talent on board contributed items and the concert went with a glorious swing from start to finish. The inimitable Casey was there and he was as versatile as ever. His rendering of the P.C. 49, while dressed up as a pie and beer shifter, fairly brought down the house (or rather the boat deck). He was of course encored and gave a character sketch "Down at the Barley Mow" in a manner known only to himself. In the second half he gave a couple of items and these were received with the usual vociferous applause that greets his efforts. Major Charters, the officer commanding, delighted the company with a couple of songs. His rendering of "Thora" was exceptionally fine. As an amusing aftermath to his item one of the audience handed him a bouquet in the shape of 14 days C.B. in order to show his appreciation. Colonel Bowler gave a spirited rendition of Roget du Lisle's famous battle song "The Marselaise." As an encore he gave "I'm off to Philadelphia in the morning." Special mention must be made of "Sons of New Zealand" by Chaplain-Captain Tobin. Private Holmes is

the possessor of a splendid tenor voice, but he would do better to leave the classical songs alone and sing melodies more appropriate to a troopship. Jim Piper (the Shanghai rooster) did not put in an appearance, as he and Casey are a concert on their own. Sergeant Morgan gave a fine rendering of that old favorite "Starlight." It would be too lengthy to go into the details of the other items, but thanks are due to Privates Stephens, Ridley, Abaitua, Sergt-Major Boate (who gave a fine rendition of "Gunga Din" and as an encore an extremely funny song "The Young Soldier"), Lieut. McKenzie, Corpl. Tabernacle and Privates Amos, Anderson and Taylor. Altogether an enjoyable evening was spent and the men will always bear fond recollections of a Christmas Eve weich very few people can say they have celebrated. Private S. Durling gave every satisfaction as accompanist.

To the Girls in Hobart.

Oh! You darling girls in Hobart
To you I've fairly lost my heart
And made me feel downhearted,
Since from you I've had to part.
And though we're going far away girls
And our duty have to do;
Leave behind all lace, frills and curls
But we'll always remember you.
And when home again were's sailing,
Oh! then won't it be a lark
To be with you once again, darling,
Up in that dear old park.
And remember all your promises
That you made on our last night
That you would always think of us;
And Lily don't forget to write
"Ginger"—Casey's Court.

A Query.

To the Editor.

Sir,—

If you have read the last verse of J. K. Crotty's poem "Schooldays" in your issue of the 22nd inst., you must be wondering, as I am, where he was doing his yearning. I have to do mine on board ship. Did he have leave to sleep on the wharf all night, or was it in a musical box he had his dream? I did not see him up at Orderly Room. What were the military police doing? I should further like to remark that from the amount of "counting out" heard of the ship while berthed at the wharf

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the men seemed to think that they were the only ones entitled to the ladies. They must remember that the officers are human beings also.—Yours, etc. CRITIC.

[I suppose when the composer of "Schooldays" penned his poem, he must have been suffering from a bad attack of Shakespearitis, as he certainly never has had the privilege of sleeping inside a musical box. He furthermore wages that he is one too many for any M.P. that has a band around his arm. As to the absurd "counting out" that certain soldiers delight to indulge in on the slightest provocation I offer no comment other than they ought to be sent back to a kindergarten school to have some instilled into them. As to the officers seeming to think that the men collar all the girls, that is their own funeral. If they are not quick enough to get in on the men, and they have every opportunity they are not worthy of the name of officers.—J.K.C.]

Isle of the Blest.

On the ocean that hollows the rocks
where ye dwell,
A shadow land appeared as they tell;
Men thought it a region of sunshine
and rest,
And they called it, "O Brazil, the
Isle of the Blest."
From year unto year, on the ocean's
blue rim,
The beautiful spectre showed lovely
and dim,
The golden clouds curtained the deep
where it lay,
And it looked like an Eden, away,
far away.

A peasant, who heard of the wonder-
ful tale,
From the breeze of the Orient, loosen-
ed his sail;
From Arra, the holy, he turned to
the West,
For though Arra was holy, O'Brazil
was blest.
He heard not the voices, that called
from the shore,
He heard not the rising wind's mena-
cing roar,
Home, safety and kindred he left on
that day,
And he sped to O'Brazil, away, far
away.

Morn rose on the deep and that sha-
dowly isle,
Or the blue rim of distance, reflected
its smile,
Noon burned o'er the wave, and that
shadowy shore
Seemed lovely distant and faint as
before,
Tone evening came down on the wan-
derer's track.

And to Arra again he looked timidly
back.

Oh! Far on the edge of the ocean it
lay,
While the Isle of the Blest was away,
far away.

Rash dreamer, return; Oh, ye winds
of the main
Bear him back to his own, peaceful
Arra again.

Rash fool, for a vision of fanciful
bliss,
To barter thy calm life of labor and
ease,

But the warning of wisdom was spo-
ken in vain,
He never re-visited Arra again.
Night fell on the deep, amidst tem-
pest and spray,
And he died on the waters, away, far
away.

To you, gentle reader, need I pause
to reveal

The lesson of prudence, my verses
conceal?

How the phantom of pleasure seems
distant in youth,
Often lures Weak Heart from the cir-
cle of truth.

All lovely it seems. Like that sha-
dowly isle,
And the eye of the wisest is caught
by its smile.

But, Ah, for the heart that is tempt-
ed to stray
From the sweet home of beauty,
away, far away.

Poor friendless adventurer, and vain-
ly might he
Look back to green Arra, along the
wild sea.

Oh, who for a proffer of safety would
spurn,
When all that he asks is a wish to
return.

To follow a phantasm, from day unto
day,
And die on the waters, away, far
away. —Griffin.

Kaiser Bill.

The Kaiser drinks to "Dem tag,"
Where the German flag's unfurled,
And think he sees that dirty rag
flaunt throughout the world.

He's a rotten sort of codger,
This dirty Kaiser Bill;
Though he's an artful dodger,
He's bound to have a spill.

He thinks the German army
Is just the bloomin' limit,
But he's cranky and he's barmy,
'Cos they ain't nowhere in it.

For when they meet the Allies,
You can bet your bloomin' socks,
They break up just as water flies,
Scattered off the rocks.

In the vale of shades Napoleon stands
Looking out across the Styx;

"Strikes me, Bill, your German bands
are in a nasty fix."

You think, that as a leader,
You are miles ahead of me;
But when you take a header,
You'll bloomin' well soon see."

"Take the chat, from one who knows
it,
You are bound to lose the game,
And then you'll stop a bullet,
and you've got yourself to blame.

"You're not a bloomin' wonder,
Not by dashed long chalk;
You'll find that out, by thunder,
And you'll stop your skite and talk.

"Me one time great ambition
Was to be the world's big not,
I near achieved it, but, perdition!
I couldn't lick the lot.

"So Billum, take a tumble,
Sky the bloomin' wine;
Just beter be your humble,
Or else you'll stop a swine."
(Composed by J. T. Crotty, Wel-
lington Infantry.)

Wit and Humor.

Officer, in a hot corner, to private,
who is making an earnest endeavour
to lower the 100 yards' record to a
wall in rear: "You, there, what the
Devil are you running for?
Private. (earnestly): "Because I
can't bally well fly.

Up Country Warrior (in Tasman
Sea), gazing at the transport astern:
"Blime, Bill! Ain't the Verdala a
cow? Look at her trying to stand
on her blanky head; all the blanky
water is running in through her
front fence."

Royal Vet (spotting albatross):
"Hell, Jim, look at the hostruck."

Officer (at arms inspection, looking
down rifle of recruit): "Confound it!
I have you a rag in the barrel? I
cannot see through.
No, sir. Please, sir: it's loaded.
(Exit officer.)

Apparently there is a small sleep
station on the Knight. Yesterday's
smallest parade state included the
item: "One Shepherd. But perhaps
Sergt.-Major Shepherd was meant.
There is no accounting for signallers.
Ph, what?

In India a certain fort is surround-
ed by a moat full of stagnant water.
A very unpopular officer, returning to
quarters one night, tripped on his
doob on dales and fell off the draw-
bridge. He was fished out by a
senior and the following dialogue en-
sued: Officer: He, corporal, don't
tetch me—his—you pulleh me out.

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therash good chapsh—hic. Corporal: No, sir. No blooming fear. Why if I did they would chuck me in, sir.

Privates Grant and D. Wiling are open for engagements for dances.—Apply to "Casey's Court" office.

One of the Lieutenants on board has started to grow his moustache again and it presents a Grut-some sight.

An engineer took his lady love down into the engine-room to show her the machinery.

Engineer: "You give this wheel a turn to open her out. First, you go slow, then half speed, then full cock, then you stop."

I wonder what the lady thought.

The naval boys miss the hash up, stow, rise and shine; but they miss their raggie more. Chuff Timero.

The second engineer is a good old sport. He is quite capable of his duties. P.C. wished him a merry Christmas and he came to light, not with one over eight, but with one bullet-proof.

The Chief Engineer, who we all admire, he spliced the main brace with P.C. 49, and you can guess he will live long and die fat in the estimation of Johnnie Walker.

The Naval Lieutenant was very much disappointed at not sounding

"Bubbly Call, One Bell." Never mind, he can have one with P.C. 49.

The Third Engineer is a hard working man and he is quite capable of looking after Christmas. Of course, Casey is not.

The expression "Off goes his head," was used very freely by the officers in Hobart. But we would like to know whose head was meant. As there was no bloodshed, it must have been Champagne Charlie's.

I wonder what the Sergt.-Major and Q.M.S. were doing in Uncle Three-Ball's shop in Hobart? The little dears must have dived deep. Archibald, certainly "yes."

From the shores of young New Zealand,

They are sailing o'er the brine,
To a place called Sunny Egypt,
Where the sun ne'er cease to shine.

The boys you've sent are strong and brawny,

Full of pluck and courage, cool,
And we send to you, New Zealand,
Hearty greetings for this Yule.

In the fray they'll prove their valor,
Whilst the shot and shell doth fly,
And you'll find them in close quarters,

Give a good fight 'fore they die.

The Mother Country's sure to need you,

And we're sure you'll do your lot,
For to keep her flag a'flying
'Gainst an enemy's knavish plot.

And when this bloody war is over,
To your homes you may return,
There to live in peace and quietude,
As for peace we'll always yearn.

—C. Marsh, Signaller.

A Young Scottish recruit was put on guard outside the general's tent.

In the morning when the general looked out, he said to the young Scot in a stern voice:—

"Who are you?"

The young soldier, turning smartly, replied:

"Fine, sir, thanks. Hoo's yersel'?"

At the training of a Yeomanry regiment in the West of England, one of the trippers' horses became restive, broke out of the ranks, and galloped straight ahead at full speed. As the man shot by the colonel called out:—

"Hi, sir! Where are you going?"

Yeoman: "Hanged if I know! Ask the horse,"