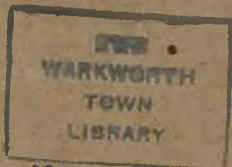
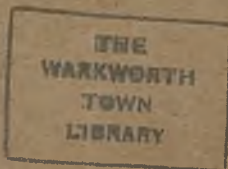


# The Dakeha

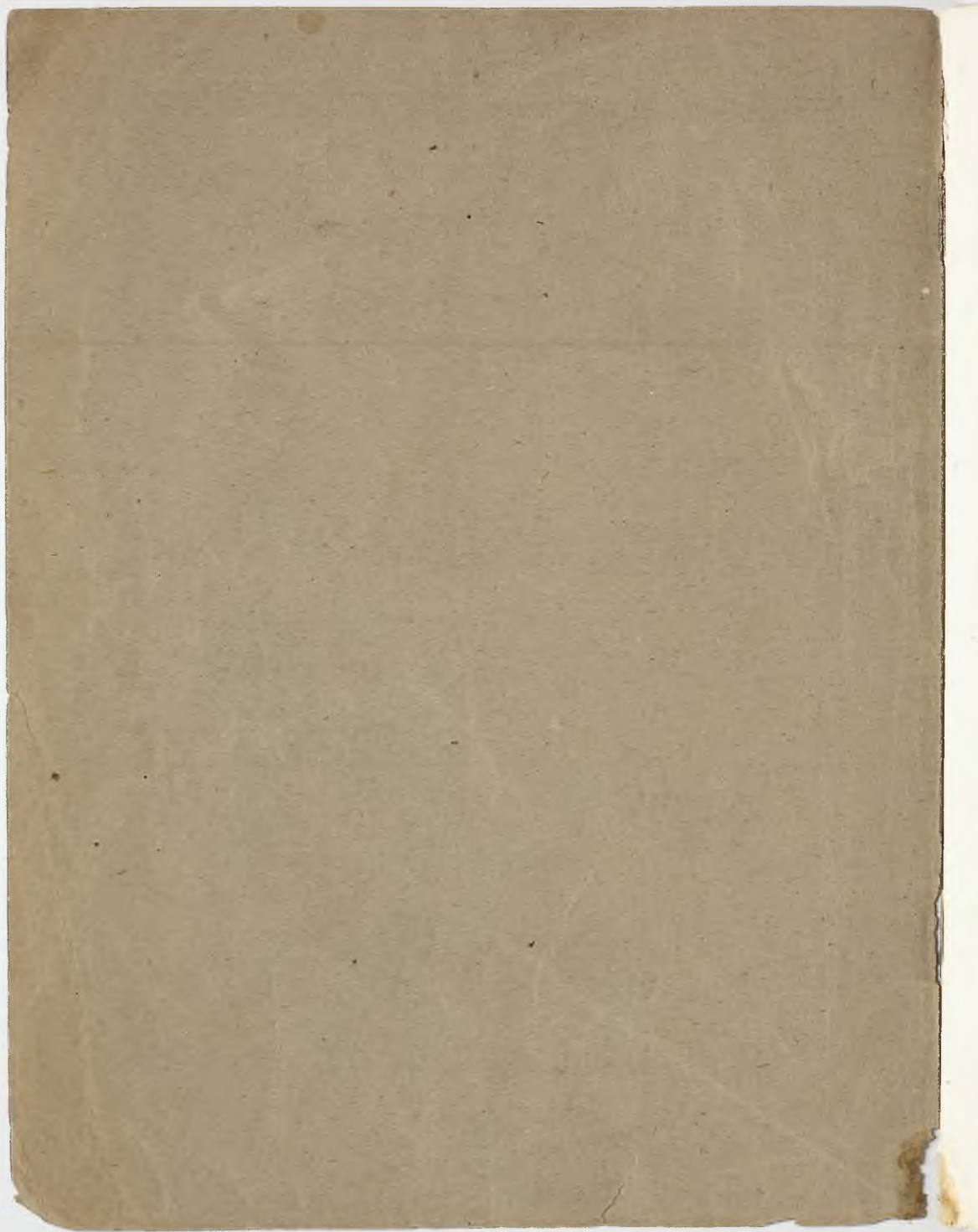
(MARK III)



*Warkworth Public Library  
from Pte N. B. Rayner  
44655  
W. 3 Rifle Brigade*



Being the Journal of the Left  
Wing of the 24th New Zealand  
\* \* Reinforcement \* \*



H.M.T. 82



# H.M.T. PAKEHA



*Completed at Belfast, August, 1910, by Messrs. Harland & Wolff, for Shaw, Saville, & Albion Co., Ltd., 10,000 tons. length 477 feet. breadth 63 feet, COMMANDER: R. S. LEWIS.*

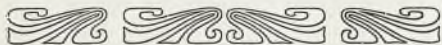
Chief Officer: Mr. H. Falconer.	1st Officer: Mr. M. A. Gilmore
2nd Officer: Mr. J. D. Johnson.	3rd Officer: Mr. R. Pearson.
Purser: Mr. J. Eales.	1st Engineer: Mr. S. A. Widdrington
2nd Engineer: Mr. C. Marmion.	3rd Engineer: Mr. F. Gordon.
4th Engineer: Mr. W. McCormick.	5th Engineer: Mr. J. McIvor.
6th Engineer: Mr. J. S. Callinan.	Boilermaker: Mr. A. Milne.
1st Refrigerating Engineer:	Mr. R. K. Patterson.
2nd Refrigerating Engineer:	Mr. A. W. Jones.
Wireless Operators: Mr. A. W. Browne, Mr. A. Abernethy.	
Chief Steward: Mr. H. J. Davies, and a crew of 101 all told.	



## “Specialists.”



“THE OLD MAN.”



Who are you?  
 Wot me! I'm the Marim Gunner!  
 Just look at the Pet; aint she a stunner?  
 She rips 'em out, and spits 'em out,  
 Oh she's the one to start a rout,  
 You should see her, givin' 'em Hell  
 When she's firing “Rapid,” and “Ranging”  
 well.

Who are you?  
 Wot me! Oh, I works the Vickers' Gun!  
 Is any better? No never a one!  
 She'll easy shoot six hundred a minute;  
 When she's runnin' well, there's nothin' else  
 in it.

Does she ever stop? No—not on your life  
 She gets better looked after, than any man's  
 wife.

Who are you?  
 Wot me! I'm the chap sees all the fun,  
 Cos I'm the bird with the Lewis Gun,  
 An I leads the mob when we make an attack  
 The “Lewis Gun” motto is “Never turn  
 back.”

She's the handiest Pal you could have in  
 a push  
 Or when the Hun devils are making a rush.

Who are you?  
 Wot me! I'm the bloomin' Flag-Wagger,  
 But I signals as well with the Morse, or the  
 Buzzer.

At times it gets hot, and the dots an' the  
 dashes

Aint nice to behold when they're made of  
 Blood splashes,

But that's all in the game, and you've got  
 to “Hold on”

Till the scrimmage is over, the battle is  
 won.

—“Onlooker.”

LOST.—A piece of toffee somewhere be-  
 tween — and —. Valued on account of  
 false teeth attached.—X.Y.Z.



Edited by 2nd Lt. W. R. BURGE, F. Coy., at Sea, June, 1917.

## Foreword.

Owing to lack of deck-space on board a troop-ship it is impossible to increase the efficiency of soldiers in their profession while they are afloat. In fact sufficient drill cannot be given to afford men the amount of work necessary to enable them to enjoy their leisure. Therefore every endeavour has to be made to occupy all in some form of amusement outside of drill hours. Boxing matches are arranged, sports meetings held, competitions in signalling encouraged, and an orchestra formed, while there are besides quoits, cards and indoor games for odd moments. Last but not least of these diversions we claim the publication of our magazine. We humbly hope it will gain approval as a production of some literary merit; but at least we claim that it has served its purpose, inasmuch as it has already profitably occupied much time and attention on the part of many, who, of late more used to handling the rifle or the scrubbing-brush than the pen, have yet struggled to make our journal a success. It has one other important object in view besides that of agreeably occupying our attention, and the more doubtful one of giving pleasure to its readers, and that is to give those, to whom our thoughts so often turn, an account of our doings on the high seas. Bearing in mind then that our magazine has been written to these ends, rather than with the notion that we have literary ability which should not be lost to the world, we ask you to peruse its pages with more sympathy than its merit may deserve.

At first, remembering the vast amount of poetry written and inspired by the sea, we

had attempted to make our periodical a little anthology of verse, consisting perhaps of an epic describing our voyage and the deeds of our principal heroes (more or less after the style of the "Odyssey"), a few selected lyrics on the different moods of the deep, a collection of odes in praise of the fair features of those we have left behind, the whole being interspersed with various satires, in a lighter vein, on our diet or the more irksome military obligations. With this laudable intention we offered sundry inducements to provoke any latent talent among us. Large quantities of alleged verse were received; but we regret to have to report that the fickle Muse had very evidently not inspired the majority of those who had invoked her aid towards the winning of the coveted reward. From this we concluded that we had better concentrate our efforts on the more humble prose as the medium of our thoughts, and furthermore have since entertained grave suspicions that those poets so happily inspired in their poetical descriptions of the deep, received their inspirations while gazing on the sea from terra firma within reach of ordinary creature comforts, and not from the more prosaic decks of a troopship.

We are further hampered in making our journal interesting to those at home by the restrictions placed on us by the censorship. The rules of which debar us from giving dates or mentioning the names of places visited (not that we have set foot on many alas!). Still we fully realize the wisdom of these precautions, and one can foresee how an apparently trivial piece of information might bring

disaster on ourselves or on others who may have to follow the same route.

However we are on a comfortable boat, we are well fed, and well content. It may strike the reader of these pages that there is over-much levity displayed therein—that we are not taking our responsibilities seriously enough. We all became soldiers actuated by the motive that urges every New Zealander to make some sacrifice for his country; but, as one can imagine, the romance of soldiering may disappear on closer contact without the honesty of our intention suffering. Then again, it is not human to be constantly on the one lofty moral plane, and besides it is good to look at the humorous side of things as much as possible. So far the Twenty-fourths have gained in New Zealand Camps, on board ship, and in other places a good reputation both as soldiers and as men. We have been constantly taught, since our first appearance in camp, to regard our platoon as the best in our company, our company as the best in our reinforcement, and our reinforcement as the best that has yet left New Zealand. We have obeyed our instructors in this respect, as I suppose have other reinforcements; but then we have cause to do so. If, however, we can bring to our own little land, the same honour as that won for her by those who have preceded us, we shall know that we have not become soldiers in vain.

## To the Hospital Staff.

Being the appreciation of N.Z. Soldier Patients lying in J Ward, Liverpool Military Hospital (Sydney), 7th May, 1917.

From the land of J Ward (and Bill Massey) we've come

To "J 55 Ward" just here, 'neath big Sydney's hot sun;

And while we've been cured of our pains and our ills

(From strained inner workings to common chest chills),

We've come to conclude that the whole jolly staff—

(The Captain—worth more than a major by half—

The sisters—glad eyed by each one of us here—

And lastly, not leastly, the orderly pair)—

'Are folks who will never pass out of our thoughts,

Are what plain-spoken soldiers call "——— good sorts." —K.M.



"THE MAJOR."

### ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT,

"Gentile."—It is inconceivable in this year of our Lord A.D., that you could suggest the substitution of boxing contests on Sundays in lieu of church parades. No, Mr. Hawkins would never countenance such a drastic proposal.

## Shore Leave Regulations

ROUTINE ORDERS, 5762A.

**I**N view of the urgent necessity for protecting the reinforcements from the temptations of the worlds great cities the following regulations affecting shore leave will come into operation as from 10/5/17:—

- (1). At the appointed time men will parade with rolled oil sheets, plates, pannikins, and spoons. Knives will not be carried, as all meals on shore will be cut up for the men before being placed before them. No piece of meat shall be larger than one quarter of an inch square.
- (2). Men will be paraded into squads of three under an N.C.O., who will be responsible for the safe conduct of his party.
- (3). On arrival in the city each party will advance in its own time. The order of march will be as follows:—The N.C.O. shall lead holding one man in either hand. The remaining man will cling to the belt of the N.C.O. and toddle along one pace in rear.
- (4). The N.C.O. shall wipe the faces of his party at intervals as in his discretion he thinks fit. Upon any member of his party exclaiming "Kiss me, Sergeant!" the N.C.O. shall comply with the request in two beats of quick time.
- (5). N.C.O.'s will be provided with the sum of 4d. per diem to be expended firstly for the sustenance and secondly for the moral uplift of his party. The N.C.O.'s will see that not more than two drinks per head per day shall be consumed by his party. Drinks may be any of the following:—Lemonade, Enos, and Ginger beer.
- (6) Upon passing any female on the left side the N.C.O. will at once give "Eyes right," and after an interval of ten paces "Eyes front," "Eyes left," etc., will be given upon passing a female on the right side. Any N.C.O. permitting any member of his party to get on the right side of any female will be crimed, as serious results may follow if such a practice is permitted. Conversation with females is forbidden to all ranks below Sergeant-Major or above Second Lieutenants.
- (7) At the request of 25 of the men O.C. platoons may parade the men at intervals of not less than one week to any reputable picture show. O.C.'s are responsible that all but scenic and educational films are eliminated from the programme. On such occasions one ounce of peanuts per man shall be drawn from the Quartermaster's stores. A fatigue party will remain in the picture show after the performance to pick up the shells.
- (8) Giving or receiving the "Glad Eye" is strictly forbidden. Offences of this nature will not be dealt with under K.R. 1472, but under Section 18 (4) of the Army Act. O.C. units are responsible that the provisions of this paragraph are read on parade weekly and brought to the notice of all recruits on joining.

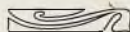
It is hoped that all ranks will co-operate in carrying out the above provisions.

(Signed) BILL HAMILTON,  
ex Lt./Cpl., 1. Coy., Adj.

—P. BURTON.



"PADDY."



Pie Seller: "One pie—one soldier; nutritious and appetising; succulent and savoury,—made by mother, sold by father!"  
The Boys: "Two pies—one Funeral."

## Persian Gulf Pictures.

By S. HANBRIDGE.

A draft of men from H.M.S. "Philomel" is taking passage home in the "Pakeha." Since the outbreak of war these men have seen service in many seas.

The following article gives glimpses of their experiences in the Persian Gulf.

For three minutes the sun has been above the horizon. The men sleeping on deck wake before the sun's rays gain power, for the Persian Gulf sun is pitiless. Caulkers (sleeping mats) and pillows are stowed away and each man wearily sets about the duties of an interminable day. Those whose duties keep them on deck do their best to work where they may dodge the sun. The thermometer soon registers 120 degrees in the shade; the unfortunates whose duties take them below, work, sweat and curse in a temperature varying between 130 degrees and 140 degrees. Breakfast time comes, but meal hours count merely as respite from work, for no one can eat. Slowly the hours pass, hours during which high temperature, prickly heat, ring-worm, the smell of sweating bodies and the stink of bilges, drive the mind into a state of chaos. At last it is noon, the time for dinner and a two hours' rest. Soon every shaded place on deck is occupied by the recumbent forms of men. Many doze fitfully. All persevere to such an extent that trickles of sweat run to the scuppers. At two o'clock work recommences and continues until four. Men crawl up from below, bath in warm water (they would prefer "cold" water) and drink great quantities of tea. For three hours there is little done. The sun sets but the temperature is high and the atmosphere oppressive. A smell of human bodies pervades the ship. There is no wind. Supper time has passed and the caulkers are down but sleep is impossible. Instead, men lay twisting, turning and cursing. About two o'clock the wind comes. There is a blast as from hell, then a steady, hot, sand carrying wind which shrivels the skin. The sense of suffocation is overpowering. Endurance is at an end, and then the wind ceases. The mercury creeps a little nearer the bulb, a breeze comes fitfully from the sea. The awnings are running with dew. About the decks men lay twisted into curious contortions, but they sleep the sleep of utter exhaustion.

At half-past five the sun rises, a new day begins.

### The Cool Season.

Not once during the last week has the temperature risen above 105 degrees. It is New

Year's Day, and at two o'clock we go ashore clad in drills and sun-helmets. Someone suggests that we climb to the old Portuguese watch tower which is on a lofty rock pinnacle directly behind the town. Our native guides do not like the idea, but we insist, and eventually we strike the rough track up the hill. No wonder our guides complained. The track consists of loose, sharp edged stones which cut into the leather soles of our boots. The guides are bare-footed. We reach the top, and to our surprise discover beauty in Persian Gulf scenery. The harbour and town are too far beneath us for the refuse heaps and filth to be in evidence. Even the stinking cesspool looks like an enchanted lake. Little brown men crawl through the bazaars or paddle canoes on the blue water. Little brown guards march to and fro on the white walls of the town or before the entrance gates. In several places we see little coves running inland from the sea, one so close that the bottom shows up plainly and the fishes look like shadows moving through its waters. The rugged inhospitable peaks which constitute much of the landscape, are a fine golden brown, a colour lent to them by the sun. A small patch of vivid green marks a native attempt at artificial irrigation. Truly a picture for our beauty starved eyes. The figure of a native appears on the track, struggling upwards with a burden. Soon the man is before us and we recognise him as "Ali," a guide. His burden is beer.

### A Night Storm.

For hours the air has been ominously oppressive. There is a dead calm. A gust of wind strikes the ship so that she heels and swings to her cable. Gust follows gust in rapid succession. Caulkers, blankets, and everything movable go over the side. On deck, men fight with the wind for possession of the awnings. At one place the men win, and inch by inch the awning is furled. Further aft the wind gains the upper hand and awnings disappear bodily. More cable is paid out and the sheet anchor let go. Yet the ship still jerks and strains as if she would break away. The rocks are fifty yards astern. Down below, the hastily assembled watch works at full pressure to raise steam. In an incredibly short time the report goes to the bridge, "Ready to move main engines." The wind dies. The ship rocks gently to her cables. Haulstones as large as pigeons' eggs clatter on the decks. There is no wind.





Our Football Team.



Back Row: Sgt. W. J. O'Meara, Pte. G. L. Holdsworth, Gnr. L. A. D. Beard, Cpl. E. Lyons, Gnr. P. E. Key, Pte. E. G. Tichbon, Gnr. J. Russel.  
 Second Row: Cpl. A. Frawley, Sgt. W. Spurdle, Lieut. Hawkins, Lieut. W. H. Grace (Capt.), Major Murphy, Q.M.S. M. Pool, Pte. W. H. L. Miller.  
 Front Row: Pte. R. C. Mason, Sgt. P. J. Amodeo, Pte. C. B. Hardingham, Pte. E. C. Prendergast.

The Fern Leaf on Top.

OUR RUGBY RECORD.

SYDNEY VARSITY BEATEN.

The left wing of the 24th Reinforcements, as happenings since our embarkation have convincingly indicated, has drawn a full measure of recruits from the athletic ranks of our fair dominions. Therefore it can be understood that the suggestion to form a rugby team found ready favour. To Lieutenants Grace and Hawkins we owe credit for the bringing into being of our rugby

side and for the arrangements for the contest with the first fifteen of Sydney University, which match was played at the University Oval on Saturday, May 5th.

In accounting for the premier inter-club rugby combination of New South Wales; allowing the point that it was only by the narrow margin of 9 points to 8 points, our men placed a highly creditable performance on record. Added to the decided handicap of shortness of training—the team having assembled for the first time two days before the match—the men were foreign to one another's play; being drawn from almost every province in the dominion. The first spell of the game, which closed with Varsity

leading by 8 points to 3 points, demonstrated quite plainly the handicaps alluded to, and the well trained opposition kept our side constantly on the qui vive. From the opening of the second spell the Blacks indicated by their determined assaults that they had found their real rugby "feet" and "hands." The forwards played with great dash and, assisted by accurate handling and kicking by the rear-guard, proved a thorn in the side of the opposition. Our tackling was hard and certain, and this aided further in nipping in the bud many of the attacks that were hurled at our front by the fleet-of-foot opposing backs. Let it not be represented that we had everything our own way! However, Varsity's many retaliatory movements were successfully withstood. By the persistency of our vanguard attacks and by the weight and speed with which they were launched in the second spell—not forgetting the valued support from the backs—victory can be claimed. In the closing stages of a stoutly contested but a game bearing the imprint of all that is pure in the pastime, the opposition strove hard to wrest the fruits of victory, but all attacks were successfully forestalled, and our representatives left the field victors by 9 points (2 tries and goal from mark) to 8 points (converted try and penalty goal).

To individualise was not the mind of this critic but the rugby deeds that day of Sgt. Amodes, behind the scrum, call for special notice. He was the bright particular star of the combination, and his second, and winning, try was a splendid piece of lone handed work in which he badly "fooled" the opposition. It was the effort of a master player. Hardingham's goal from a mark early in the second spell calls for notice for the part it played towards victory.

The hospitality extended the team by the students and the marked success of the dinner accorded it by the Officers of the Reinforcement, are points which complete the recording of the most important event in the "Pakeha's" field of athletics.

Iodine, the ship's cure-all. Guaranteed to cure bacon, heel your boots, draw a nail out of any case, or remove a pane from a window. Obtainable at the ship's dispensary.—Advt.

Several arguments have cropped up as to which was the best range at Trentham. Private "Spud" Murphy says he saw the best results on the Shacklocks.



THE PURSER.





"THE ADJUTANT."

The rapid growth of finger nails is considered to indicate good health. Private "Spud" Murphy opines there is nothing wrong with a lot of the men on board the Pakeha.

## A Soldier's Prayer.

WARKWORTH

TOWN  
LIBRARY

(By PTE. GEO. A. MALIN, H Coy.)

Oh great and noble Being, Commander of this vessel Pakeha, we, thy servants of the 24ths, most humbly beg Thy pardon for bringing uor unclean presence before Thee at this time and in this manner. Yet, Oh Noble One, our need of Thee is great, for within us is naught but emptiness. Thy servants have partaken often of the fare Thou hast provided for them, but this vessel is great in fickleness and rolleth overmuch, thus causing great uneasiness within, and forcing Thy servants to part hurriedly with that which they have consumed, and lo, Great One, their frontages cleave to their backbones. The ocean, too, Oh Mighty One, hast a grievance against us. It riseth in wrath and spitteth at us through the circular windows, and it leapeth over the vessel's fences and hurleth the unwary to the deck. We dare not shave the hair from our faces lest we inflict an injury to those wonders, and we implore Thee, Oh Noble One, give unto us pure fresh water, and so enable Thy humble servants at all times to keep our faces clean, as that from the angry ocean sticketh to our bodies and the taste thereof does not please the palate. The stew, Oh Great and Mighty One, hath but small acquaintance with the onions, and Thou spoileth good water by mixing it with that which is called tea. Thy servants are now but shadows of the brave fighters who so lately departed from their beloved Islands, and, on bended knee, we implore Thee, Oh Thou of great heart, uplift us and give us sustenance and strength, pour upon us the barley broth and bovrils; give unto us Thy afflicted people, the fried soles which the ocean provideth for us, heap upon us the grilled choplet and tender steaklet, the sirloin of ye Britons, the Colonial gosling, and, above all, the Maori porker, with the product of the hen attached. Dispense, Mighty One, with the leaden duff. Hurl this into the mighty depths, for it is a menace and taxeth the ship greatly. Cast Thou also the soup, for the oil therein hath a calming effect on the angry waters. The apple pie Thy grovelling menials crave, but ask not for the flagon of ale or glass of pure fresh water, these being luxuries and against our principles, but, should Thou press it, Thy servants would sup a little at Thy gracious bidding. And for all this we, Thy faithful servants, will ever humbly pray that thy days may be long in the land.

## New Zealand Troops.

### March Through Sydney.

Yesterday Sydney turned out in its thousands to give a vociferous welcome to New Zealand and Maori troops.

It was an army in miniature which detained at the Central Station shortly before 8 o'clock. Every arm of the service was practically represented in the solid stream of khaki-clad figures which lined up in Eddy-avenue. Artillery, engineers, machine-gunners, bombers, infantry, signallers, N.Z. Army Service Corps, and N.Z. Medical Corps and Maori reinforcements. They formed up in units, and a most serviceable army they appeared. The slouch hat of the A.I.F. is replaced in the New Zealand forces by the Baden-Powell hat, and the lean, bronzed faces and sturdy frames of the men beneath them spoke of force and weight—the force and weight which has carried New Zealanders to the fore in many a game of Rugby football, and generally seen the silver fern on the black jerseys of the victors after a hard contested fight.

As a long line of khaki figures swung down George-street one recalled the lines:—

Broom behind the windy town; pollen o' the  
pine—  
Bell-bird in the leafy deep where the ratas  
twine—  
Fern above the saddle bow, flax upon the  
plain—  
Take the flower and turn the hour and kiss  
your love again.

The scene as viewed from the portico of the Town Hall was memorable. On either sides of the broad roadway barricades had been erected, and lining these as far as the eye could see north and south were members of the A.I.F. standing shoulder to shoulder. The Town Hall was smothered with flags and bunting, as were the shops opposite, and the wait before the head of the column appeared was wiled away with selections given by the Returned Soldiers' Association Band and the Professional Musicians' Band.

His Excellency the Governor-General, Sir Ronald Munro Ferguson, accompanied by Major Kerr-Pearce, military secretary, arrived at 3 o'clock, and was received at the Town Hall by a guard of honour, and welcomed by the Lord Mayor, Alderman R. D. Meagher.

Major Murphy, the officer in command of the New Zealand troops, with Captain Bond, his second in command, were in attendance on the Governor-General throughout the parade.

Promptly on the stroke of 3.30 cheers were heard as the head of the column came into sight across Bathurst-street, preceded by a posse of New South Wales Mounted Police, under Inspector Mills, and the Scottish Pipers' Band. The cheers rose into a mighty roar as the first New Zealand troops—the artillery—drew level with the Town Hall, and his Excellency's hand rose to return the salute of the dominion officers. The Maori contingent, which followed, was greeted with cries of "Tenakoe!" and the marching men, catching the salutation, grinned broadly in reply. The specialists, consisting of engineers, machine gunners and bombers, made excellent showing, and the infantry, which followed, marched as marching has rarely been seen in Sydney. Every line was as one man, and the swing as the column moved past Queen Victoria Markets was as perfect in its rhythm as the long roll of the Pacific. The company of New Zealand Medical Corps men came in for a special round of cheers from the huge crowds on each side of the street, and the thousands who thronged windows and balconies waving flags and handkerchiefs, and showering the departing warriors with confetti and flowers. It was a truly gorgeous riot of colour all along our main thoroughfare, the only difference being down the centre of the street, where the sinuous line of khaki moved steadily onward.

It was the same throughout the whole line of route. Everywhere our brothers of the dominion were cheered on their way. One could tell by the faces of both officers and men how thoroughly they appreciated their official reception by the citizens.

### GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S CONGRATULATIONS.

After reviewing the New Zealand troops yesterday, at the march past in the city, his Excellency the Governor-General sent the following message to the senior officer of the New Zealand reinforcements, with the request that he would cause this message to be promulgated in orders.

"The Governor-General congratulates the officers and men of his Majesty's New Zealand troops on their fine and soldierly appearance in marching through Sydney. It was gratifying to see so fine a force to reinforce their comrades on the Western front.

"His Excellency would once more express his heartfelt wishes for the success and welfare of the men of the New Zealand forces."

The following telegram was also sent by his Excellency the Governor-General to the Governor of New Zealand:—

"The New Zealand reinforcements have just marched through Sydney. Their soldier-like appearance and discipline has made the most favourable impression here. We are glad to have had the opportunity of seeing this fine body of men from the sister Dominion.

"R. M. FERGUSON."

—Extract from "Sydney Daily Telegraph."

### The Burial of the Stew.

For six consecutive days there was stew for tea in the sergeants' mess. On the seventh day there was stew again, and it was poor in quality and scanty in quantity. So a deputation went to the regions above with the real evidence in a dish. Then followed a miniature ship's inspection. The quarter-master, the C.O. and the chief steward waited upon the lords of the galley, while in rear stood a mess orderly with the stew held high and well in front of him, and after proper trial it was condemned. And so it appeared no more in the sergeants' mess at least for many days, whereat there were great rejoicings.

We gave it the bird and a farewell gloat,

As away in a dixie it hurried.

Back to the cook it straightaway shot;

What was left through the port hole we hurried.

The heads looked at it darkly as well they might,

The lumps with their fingers turning.

The pieces of meat you scarcely could sight

They needed some discerning.

No morsel of meat hung on to the bone,

Not an onion or spud around it.

A flap of mutton sat up on its own,

With a trifle of juice to surround it.

The officers steadfastly gazed on the dish,

We sniffed better grub for the morrow.

Few and short were the words that were said

To the cook—and none were of sorrow.

Lightly we talk of the stew now it's gone.

The cook—we don't want to upbraid him.

We don't care a damn if he will only keep on

And feed us as headquarters bade him.

—"C."



"DAD"

The bugle call has broken the dreams

And plans we made for love and life,

And as we march away (it seems)

To chant man's age-old joy in strife.

Yet quivering through its bold refrain,

Above the drumming and the cheer,

The woman's prayer runs sweet and clear,

"God bring you safely back again."

### The Alarm.

The work of the day is done. The men are enjoying the cool of the evening after a sultry day. Some lie in recumbent attitudes about the deck, while others stroll up and down swaying to the gentle movement of the boat. Under a light a game of five-hundred is proceeding to the accompaniment of much arguing and noise, and well out of sight a man is expounding to a little "school" what would have happened had he caught his "straight." From the forward troop deck a graphophone is sending forth the haunting notes of the "Salut d' Amour," while amidships "Private Michael Cassidy, V.C." is having once more his glorious deeds advertised to an admiring audience. The soft glow of lighted cigarettes pierces the gathering darkness and a feeling of peaceful serenity pervades the whole ship. Suddenly the alarm rings out. An electric wave of activity sweeps fore and aft. An orderly rush is made for life-belts and for boat stations. Officers spring forward to the companion-ways to direct and control the traffic. The men realising what is required of them hustle without noise and without confusion. Hardly has the noise of the alarm commenced than it has again subsided. Rolls are called and checked, and from every station the report of "All present and correct, sir!" breaks upon the stillness. The master of the ship and the C.O., the latter with a face beaming with satisfaction for all previous records for the ship, both British and Colonial have been broken, go round on a tour of inspection. The time taken from the sound of the alarm until the last man is at his station is three minutes forty-five seconds. The dismiss sounds and the men quietly troop back to their respective decks to resume their interrupted leisure.

### Ten Commandments For Soldiers.

By the Camp Adjutant, Liverpool, N.S.W.

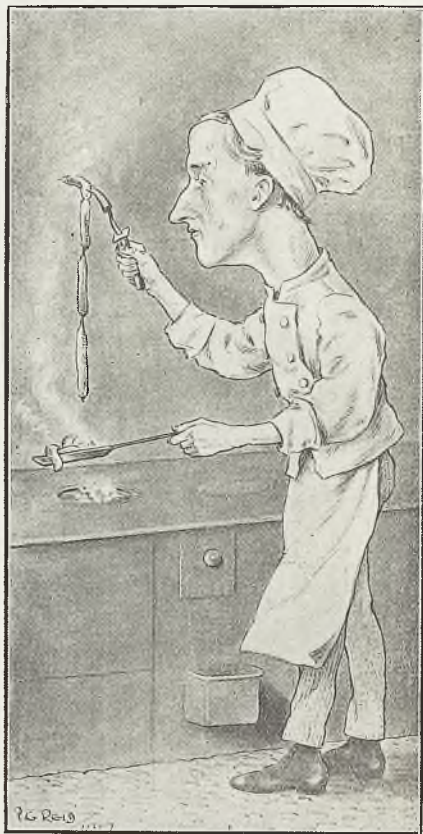
1. Thou shalt honour and obey thy superior officer and immediate leaders. Remember that the first duty of a soldier is obedience.
2. Thou shalt train 5½ days, attend Divine Service once a week, and enjoy week-end leave morally.
3. Thou shalt not disgrace His Majesty's uniform. Be smart and tidy at all times.
4. Thou shalt keep clear of the harlot.
5. Thou shalt beware of Alcohol. It is not conducive to the best interest of physical training or drill generally. Cut it out or you will see snakes.
6. Thou shalt study personal hygiene, it is the soldier's best friend. Use not thy neighbour's razor, or towel. Clean men, clean tongues, clean teeth, and clean skin make a soldier fit for war.

7. Thou shalt not steal thy comrade's kit or any part thereof, or personal effects. He that takes his mate's kit robs him of that which makes him effective, plays into the hand of the enemy. Remember "one soldier, one kit."

8. Thou shalt keep clear of the prison, the habit is dangerous, expensive, and degrading.

9. Thou shalt not conceal disease of any kind; it is serious to yourself and your comrades. It is a very costly proposition to a soldier.

10. Thou shalt be truthful to thine own self, thou canst not then be false to any man. Remember that "Pleasures are but a moment bright, then gone for ever." Many a heart weeps for you. Be a soldier and a man.



"THE CHEF."

## The Private's Dream.

He slowly tied up his hammock  
 To his peggy under the stairs.  
 Soon he fitfully slumbered,  
 Forgotten were all his cares.  
 His soul had fled on the sightless wings,  
 Of dreams of every hue,  
 To a golden sunlit country  
 That no one ever knew.

There in a wide, white city,  
 Lived a people brave and free,  
 Where tall and stately dwellings  
 Looked over a fairy sea;  
 Where dark and slender maidens  
 Lived in magic bowers,  
 It was a soldier's kingdom,  
 But different far from ours.

There was no harsh reveille  
 Before the sun arose,  
 No sergeants busied about him,  
 No seamen with a hose.  
 There was as he sat at breakfast  
 No impenetrable chop;  
 And the tea was not a bitter drink  
 With leaves upon the top.

There if it was his pleasure,  
 He slept till ten a.m.,  
 Woke up and slowly looked around,  
 And then went off again.  
 There what he did was as he liked,  
 And not because he must.  
 A major was a trivial thing,  
 And captains were but dust.

There he dined in regal state,  
 The choicest meats had he;  
 And a score or more lieutenants  
 Served him on bended knee.  
 And when he blew on a whistle  
 And loudly ordered ale,  
 A colonel smartly doubled off,

There as he took his walks abroad,  
 No sentry barred his way.  
 He smoked his fag where'er he liked,  
 And none could say him nay.  
 In the midst of a fragrant garden  
 Stood a luscious wet canteen,  
 It was stocked to overflowing,  
 And he did not pay a bean.

Through the grey and windy morning  
 Rose a cracked uneven blast.  
 He left his golden country,  
 The time for dreams was past.  
 He slowly tied his hammock up,  
 And folded it away,  
 And prayed blessings deep for the Army  
 And faced another day.



THE DOCTOR.





## World of Sport.



### Tug-of-War Competition.

The first of the competitive series of athletic events aboard took place on the port deck, aft, on the afternoon of Saturday, May 26, when tug-of-war competitions were held. The teams were drawn from the various units aboard and the quality of the sport provided was first class. Fifteen teams of twelve men aside took part in the competition and the winners turned up in the representatives of J Coy., who had a strenuous set-to in the final with the representatives of H Coy. The results of the various pulls are as follows:—

#### FIRST ROUND.

Specialists beat A.S.C.; Maoris beat Engineers; H Coy. A beat C Coy. A; C Coy. B beat Artillery A.; H Coy. B. beat Artillery B.; J Coy. beat Artillery C.; F Coy. beat Navals; G Coy. a bye.

#### SECOND ROUND.

H Coy. A. beat C Coy. B.; J Coy. beat H Coy. B.; F Coy. beat G Coy.

#### SEMI FINALS.

H Coy. beat Specialists; J Coy. beat F Coy.

#### FINAL.

J Coy. beat H Coy.

The winning team comprised:—Lance-Cpl. J. Coombes and Ptes. W. Hinton, R. Flannery, Zimmerman, J. Dodd, R. Moran, A. Lee, R. Henderson, A. B. McCorkindale, Miller, J. Turner, W. Duffe.

### Spar Fighting.

The spar fighting competition, which immediately succeeded the tug-of-war tests, was noted for the depth of mirth provided for the soldier-onlookers. The competitors were numerous, but Pte. A. McDonald, of G Coy., proved too stable a "rail-sitter" for the opposition.

### Obstacle Race.

An obstacle race, held on the afternoon of June 1, proved one of the features of the athletic programmes carried out aboard from time to time. The supervisors of the event saw to it that the course was beset with obstacles that fully tested the competitors. Nothing, however, could approach the "water jump" and the joined-thereto-test of climbing the boom, which was the point where the changes in the running occurred, and many fancied candidates were "outed for keeps." The results of heats, semi-finals and final were:—

1st heat: Farrelly 1, Aitken 2. 2nd heat: Sgt. Weir 1, Lance-Cpl. Dewe 2. 3rd heat: Wright 1, Whiteside 2. 4th heat: Sims 1, Dakins 2. 5th heat: Torrie 1, Milne 2. 6th heat: Croskery 1, Sgt. Morrison and Glover (dead heat) 2. 7th heat: Cowl 1, Finney 2. 8th heat: Crossan 1, Sgt. Kingi 2.

In the semi-final rounds, Weir, Sims, Croskery and Finney were the winners in their respective divisions. The final saw the light weight of the field, Driver Croskery, of the A.S.C., go to the front from the word "go." Although closely pressed by Pte. Sim (H Coy.) the A.S.C. man was never headed and came in alone from the water jump.

### The Hempen Square.

#### SOME BRISK BOXING BOUTS.

The ship's complement lined every available vantage point of the aft deck, port, on the afternoon of Sunday, May 27, Monday, May 28, and Sunday, June 3, to witness the bouts in the boxing tourney, arranged by the Sports' Committee. The quality of the sport was of a high grade, and the liberal applause with which the various bouts were punctuated, testified to the delight of the large crowd of onlookers. 2nd, Lieut. Hawkins (Judge), Pte. Preen (Referee), Major Murphy (Timekeeper), and Sgt.-Major Bullen and Quarter Master M. Pool (Official Seconds) carried through their onerous duties with entire satisfaction. After the opening rounds had been dealt with there were numerous defections in the ranks of the competitors, owing to minor injuries of one nature and another. The following are the results:—

#### 9st. and Under.

Finney (Navals) 8.10 beat Morris (H Coy.) 8.13. The winner was later transferred to the 10st. class owing to over-weight. A. Mumford (G Coy.) 8.10 beat Munday (G Coy.) 8.9; Croskery (A.S.C.) won by default; Corn (Navals) 8.12 beat Grogan (C Coy.) 8.12; Johnston (C Coy.) 8.9 beat Gibbs (Specialists) 8.12. Semi Final.—Johnston beat Croskery.

In the final Johnston met Corn, the Naval representative, and defeated him. Johnston made practically all the attack and scored heavily, with left and right swings principally, upon his game but over-matched opponent.

#### 10st. and Under.

First Round.—Clarke (Navals) 9.12 beat Clancy (Specialists) 9.13; O'Sullivan (Spec.)

9.9 beat Mayo (C Coy.) 10; Mumford (G Coy.) 9.12 beat O'Tene (Maoris) 10; McLean (Art.) 9.10 beat Maine (J Coy.) 9.7; Lee (Eng.) a bye. Semi Final.—Lee beat McLean.

In the final Lee and O'Sullivan came together, and at the end of three willing rounds, Lee secured the judge's verdict. The Engineer representative had the advantage in reach, and his left proved an effective weapon in points' gathering, but his opponent was always willing to get in and mix matters. The bout well deserved the measure of applause accorded it

#### 11st. and Under.

First Round.—Hamilton (Art.) 10.7 beat Moffatt (Navals) 10.7; Faulkner (Art.) 10.7 beat Fulbrook (Navals) 10.5; Pugh (Spec.) 10.6 beat Hako (Maoris) 10.13; Docherty (C Coy.) 10.6 beat Bartley (Spec.) 11. Semi Final.—Docherty won by default from Pugh.

In the natural course of events Docherty would have faced Hamilton in the final, but the latter's engagement in a special contest nullified this happening and the class went to Docherty.

#### Over 11st.

First Round.—Mangan (Spec.) 11.4 beat Dunningliffe (H Coy.) 13; Russel (Art.) 13 beat Carroll (Spec.) 11.6; McNeil (H Coy.) 10.5 beat Paterson (C Coy.) 12; Harris (C Coy.) 13.3, a bye. Semi Final.—Harris beat Mangan.

Final.—Russel and Harris came together for the final, but the contest was decided at long range and was marked by few brisk exchanges. At the conclusion of an extra round, the Artillery man earned the verdict, primarily on the score of being better conditioned. In height, weight and reach the men were well matched, but Harris tired markedly towards the close of the bout.

### A Special Bout.

#### HAMILTON DEFEATS MOFFATT.

The most exhilarating display in the programme of boxing decided on the opening day of the tournament aboard, was provided in the clashing of Hamilton (Artillery) and Moffatt (Navals), the fight being stopped in the third round when the Naval man was being severely punished and, as many held, on the verge of being knocked out. On the difference of opinions which have existed on the question of the fight ending by the knock-out route, nothing can be gained by going further.

Suffice it to say that the qualifications of each man were sufficient for a further meeting to be arranged, and this took place in conjunction with the finals of the tournament.

Six two-minute rounds were agreed upon. When the weights were announced Hamilton had the advantage of 3lbs., being 10st. 7lbs. to his opponent's 10st. 4lbs. The fight was waged at a fast pace throughout and demonstrated the splendid condition in which both men stripped. Perhaps its most remarkable feature was the manner in which the Naval man could assimilate punishment. As displayed in their earlier meeting, his object was to get inside Hamilton's left and pummel the body. In this desire, however, he was thwarted as the repeated warnings to "Break" again brought him back to face the weapon just earlier out-manoeuvred. When he did evade that weapon, Moffatt executed the move masterfully, but again there were frequent occasions when it found contact and brought him to a sudden halt. His opponent made the most of all these opportunities and the right was intermingled to add to the discomfort of his opponent. The second round was the worst for Moffatt, but the gong eventually brought him welcome relief. As always, Moffatt recovered quickly and took great risks in his desire to get to close quarters. In the fifth round he had Hamilton tiring, while the ruby oozed freely from a cut over the right eye. The final round saw no slacking of pace. Several telling blows were landed by both men, but the verdict in favour of Hamilton at its close was the right one. Both men were deservedly applauded at the close of a contest brimful of interest and scientifically waged.

The bun and treacle race provided an afternoon of laughable moments, when the competition was brought off on June 2. As the quality of the wares became advertised by the early competitors, the entry list grew and the Sports' Committee's announcement that buns were running out fast alone called a halt in the number of competitors. The heat set aside for the officers provided talent possessed of appetites which found space quite in keeping with the demands made upon it. The winner of the event turned up in the deck lad, Quartermain, of the ship's company, who dealt with the subject at issue in a manner which did his constitution credit.

LOST.—All meals since leaving Wellington. —Apply Driver McCorquindale, N.Z. A.S.C., c/o Ship's Hospital.



## Local and General.

The success which has so largely attended the production of this journal is in no small measure due to the energetic interest displayed by the representatives of each unit who were constituted a committee. So active has been the canvas for news that had it been possible to reproduce every contribution sent in it would have necessitated the publication of a journal fully ten times the size of the one produced. In the matter of obtaining subscribers it must be said that the result achieved exceeded the most sanguine expectations, and a total was reached that it is safe to say has not been approximated by any previous production of a similar nature. The following are the representatives:—Naval Ratings, E.R.A., L. Hanbidge; Artillery, Bonnr. P. G. Reid; Engineers, Sapr. G. A. Laurenson; Specialists, Sgt. N. R. Matkintosh; C. Company, Sgt. A. T. Donnelly; F. Company, Pte. R. O'Kane; G. Company, Pte. G. A. Goodwin; H. Company, Pte. E. C. Prendergast; J. Company, Sgt. A. G. Price; Maori Reinforcement, Sgt. Kingi Oraukawa; Medical Corps, Sgt. W. H. Johnston; A.S.C., Driver F. W. Bean.

During the stay of the New Zealand troops in Sydney the Engineers accepted the invitation of the authorities to visit the Australian Engineers' training camp at Roseville. While at the camp the men had the opportunity afforded them of seeing and studying much that was of education. Trestle-bridge building and a demonstration in the use of explosives, were heads under which work was carried on for the benefit of the visitors. What 9 ozs. of gun cotton did to an 80 lb. rail enquire of any sapper! While at Roseville the Engineers were the auditors of a valued lecture on the "Preparation of Charges," by one of the instructional staff.

The supply of writing paper provided by the Y.M.C.A. and the Presbyterian Church, and distributed by the padre, has perhaps been the best appreciated gift placed on board the ship. Our only sorrow is that it is all gone. A great number of letters are posted at each port, a fact no doubt much better appreciated by our friends at home than by the censors, who for days before the closing of each mail are kept working at high pressure. However, writing material is a great boon, as often the writing of a letter passes pleasantly a weary hour and at the same time means a duty performed. Therefore our gratitude and doubtless the gratitude of our relations at home goes out to these two organisations which so wisely presented us with the wherewithal for epistolary recreation.

We are exceptionally well off in respect to pianos on board this ship. H. Company has one of its own—a present made to it by some

patriotic gentleman. J. Company next door also has one, the cost of which was mostly defrayed by subscriptions from the men, aided by a small sum from their canteen funds. The result is that both of these companies hold little concerts of their own, besides ably assisting the chaplain when he holds a sing-song in these quarters. In addition to these there is another piano belonging to the reinforcements. This was presented to us by T. Wilford, M.P., to whom we wish to accord our heartfelt appreciation. It has been taken full advantage of—especially at our evening concerts, and has been largely instrumental in bringing to its present state of efficiency our orchestra. In addition to these three instruments the padre also has a small harmonium, a gift from His Worship the Mayor of Wellington. If the donors were to see how frequently these instruments are in requisition and how greatly they are appreciated they would know how grateful we feel towards them.

Thanks to kind friends, Patriotic Societies, Gordon & Gotch (Wellington), and the Wellington Public Library, we are well supplied with books and magazines. Under Lieut. Ranstead a committee has been formed, and a scheme for the disseminating of the aforesaid literature been devised, so that the books are fairly distributed among the different units. A representative from each company forms this committee, and draws weekly his allotted number of books for the safe return of which he is responsible to the librarian. Where books have suffered from ill-treatment a fine of sixpence per cloth-covered book and threepence per paper-covered book is levied. The committee also take charge of any privately owned book, and so add to the general stock, to the profit of all hands. The following are the Company representatives:—Pte. S. Buffin, C. Coy. (ship's librarian), Pte. J. S. Shackleton (A.S.C.), Sapper G. A. Laurenson (Engineers), Sgt. A. Youl (F. Coy.), Pte. A. B. McCorkindale (J. Coy.), Pte. E. A. Ford (Specialists), Pte. E. G. Preen (G. Coy.), Cpl. Goldsbro (Artillery).

Too much cannot be said of the kindness which prompts the donors of the comforts we received after the commencement of the voyage. Under Captain Chap'an Irvine a committee formed of a representative of each company was formed to ensure a just distribution of these numerous gifts. The patriotic ladies' societies in Wellington and Christchurch sent cakes, magazines, tins of fruit, honey and a varied assortment of articles. The Y.M.C.A. contributed an invaluable assortment of indoor games, quoits and cards. These have wiled away many an hour that otherwise would have proved very tedious. The cake was cut

up and given out when we were just recovering from sea-sickness, and a very welcome change it was to our strained digestive organs. The fruit, honey, etc., was not sufficient to go round 1,200 men. So the padre gave it to the hospital patients at different times, where it was greatly appreciated. There are still numerous gifts from the Dunedin ladies in the form of house-wives, etc. These are to be given out just before we reach England. The gifts committee are:—Q.M.S. Poole (Artillery), Cpl. Low (C. Coy.), Sgt.-Major Barry (G. Coy.), Cpl. Frawley (F. Coy.), Sgt. Gibbons (H. Coy.), Cpl. Bryant (J. Coy.), Pte. Provan (Specialists), Sgt. Sutherland (Engineers), Sgt. Kingi (Maoris).

One of our most daring (and I venture to say most successful) flights has been the organisation of an orchestra by Sgt. Hanna (G. Coy.). This talented artist has collected quite a creditable collection of minstrels who discourse sheet music on all possible occasions. They make our concerts what they are, stimulate our pugilists in the gladiatorial ring to efface the features of their opponents, and with their symphonies occasionally aid the rhythmical application of the cutlery in the saloon. For the piano and most of the musical instruments we are indebted to the Wellington Patriotic Society. The orchestra comprises the following talent:—Business Manager, Sgt. F. Hanna (G. Coy.), Conductor, Pte. A. Martin (C. Coy.), Pianist, Pte. G. Wilford (Specialists), Violins, Cpl. C. W. Frye (J. Coy.), L.-Cpl. N. C. Hale (Specialists), Pte. F. H. J. Ashley (Medical), Pte. M. Armstrong (C. Coy.), Flute, Pte. W. E. Davies (J. Coy.), Cornet, Bugler Sutcliffe (C. Coy.).

The following committee has been elected to promote the interests of sport and provide amusement for the ship:—Capt. Chaplain Irvine, Lieuts. Lockie and Paterson, 2nd Lieuts. Hawkins and Taylor, Sgt.-Major Bullen (J. Coy.), Q.M.S. Poole (Art.), Sgts. Bevis (Maori), White (C. Coy.), Hanna (G. Coy.), Weir (F. Coy.), Cpl. Ahern (H. Coy.), Ptes. Keisenberg (Spec.), Higgins (Engineers), Bode (A.S.C.), Simpson (Medical). A portion of this committee, under the able direction of Mr. Hawkins, have as their care the physical welfare of the community, and foster such sports as boxing, steeplechasing over and under pieces of nautical furniture with which the deck is amply garnished. A second section under the guidance of Mr. Taylor ministers to the tastes of the more aesthetic among us—to wit by sundry concerts. One of their concerts on a calm tropical night on the aft deck with the full moon almost directly overhead, relieved by occasional bursts of melody from our orchestra, and the whole under the benign patronage of our C.O., is a treat not to be despised. In fact we owe much to the indefatigable efforts of the above-named committee.

## Celebrities on Board.



THE BOSUN.

"Turn on that ——— Tap."

### The Ship's Inspection.

Where over eleven hundred troops are congregated on one boat cleanliness is an absolute necessity, if the health of the passengers is to be maintained. The men sleep and eat and keep their kits, eating utensils and other gear on the lower or troop deck. There is a place for everything, and everything is to be clean and in that place. Each unit has a sergeant with a squad of mess orderlies who are responsible for the cleanliness of that company's quarters, and who issue meals; but who are on the other hand exempt from all parades. At 8 a.m. everyone except the mess sergeant and his thanes has to be on deck, while the floors and tables below are scrubbed and sand-soaped, the cutlery, tea urns and mess trays burnished till they shine like mirrors, kits neatly stacked, and all articles of apparel placed in the racks.

The ship's inspection occurs daily at 10 a.m., and is a solemn rite, providing at once training in observation for the master and the major, and pedestrian exercise for their numerous retinue. Slightly before 10 a.m. an imposing concourse assembles at the orderly room. Sharp at the hour the "fall in" is sounded, when all units parade on their respective and somewhat limited portions of deck the mess orderlies cease their labours, hastily don any stray article of apparel in their quarters, and stand to attention. At the same instant the inspectional suite commences its perambulation. Preceding this august assemblage and bearing a trumpet marches a herald blowing ever and anon an imperious blast in order to warn all of the approaching inquisition. He is succeeded by the ship's sergeant-major, followed in rapid succession by the Master, the Major, the P.M.O., the Adjutant, and on occasions of rare pomp and ceremony by the Quarter-master himself. Then comes the Assistant Quarter-master, the O.C. decks and his sanitary henchman, the Orderly Officer, the whole being suitably guarded in rear by the orderly sergeant and orderly corporal.

Preparatory to inspection our mess-sergeant, whose quarters would put to the blush many a neat housewife, stands to attention with his thirty slaves. He has done his utmost; but he is not deceived as to his fate. The adjutant in fierce accents abjures him to note an almost imperceptible drop of water in the last of thirty urns which he has investigated with scrupulous minuteness, and informs him it is no wonder that the men complain as to the quality of the tea. (You know the marine flavour of oil and salt water that tea always has on board ship.)

The assistant quarter-master, poking under the kit rack for five minutes or so by the aid of an electric torch, at last separates a delicate filament from the deck with a pen-knife, and further admonishes the hapless sergeant. The P.M.O. seizes on this opportunity to further overwhelm the now thoroughly subdued and trembling sergeant with a homily on the germs lurking in these hidden recesses. The procession moves on. Coming to the upper regions the O.C. decks triumphantly pounces on a magazine left behind one of the winches, draws the attention of all to this frightful act of carelessness, when each member of the inspectional party in turn descant tersely to the unit commander on his negligence, the rest completely scorching him meanwhile with their baleful glances.

The procession moves on to the next company.

We breathe again, knowing that life is again vouchsafed us until 10 a.m. next morning at least.

—J.

### A Maori War Cry.

The war cry adopted by the Reinforcement is probably the best known battle cry in New Zealand, the famous "Kamate! Kamate!" of the Arawa tribe. The war cry was supplied by Sergt. Kingi Araskawa, of the Maori Reinforcement. It is not possible to give the English interpretation as the words do not lend themselves to translation.

Leader: Niki kotata kei wani wania taku tara kei tara whhia keite rua ite kerokero. He pounga rabni kete kete kawana to pane mau au ekorore. Kowai tetangata kia rereuvre, arua kuri kakamiuraro.

Leader: Kamate! Kamate!

Men: Kaora! Kaora!

Leader: Kamate! Kamate!

Men: Kaora! Kaora!

Leader: Tenei te tangata puhwu huru nana itiki mai whaka while tera.

Men: Aupane!

Leader: Aupane!

Leader and Men: Kaupane! Whiti te ra!

A Limerick this on the Pakeha.  
On the whole its a decent old barque ye are.

You can weather a storm,  
Though you are stuffy and warm,  
And at night its the limit how dark ye are.

THE  
WARKWORTH  
TOWN  
LIBRARY



## Pars About People.

By "H."

Ronie Boyd, the ship's second steward, is perfection on the concertina. A liberal performer at the concerts, Ronie has been endowed with a measure of applause which any criterion makes him out as a musical performer of a high standard in his particular class. "When the boys come home" may they have the Pakeha, her second, and his concertina!

"Paddy the Sailor," who is as well known aboard as the proverbial had penny, eclipsed the long jump record when he volplaned into the ring at the boxing tourney. Paddy's thoughts when the boat tilted were to "get there," or how could he ever be forgiven for allowing us to go forward to Sling bearing unmistakable signs that we belonged to the tribe of Chidley! Paddy, his slippers, the Pakeha and its live freight, are not interchangeable!

Albert Slade, the chief baker, has been concerned in providing the "staff of life" for more than one detachment of New Zealand soldiers who have gone forward to the Great Fight. He sailed with portion of the Main Body in the good ship Arawa, and turned over many a dough for the Dardanelles heroes.

Charlie Brady, one of the ship's butchers, has a magic cure for toothache. We make honest confession that it is a breach of faith with the patentee in letting the secret out. An electric bulb, a hat peg and a meat hook (in no way related to Bill Hamilton's shark-bait holder) are the simple but effective appliances for permanent cure. Sufferers can obtain full particulars of the cure and its workings from Private Farmery, of the Specialists. It is dangerous to apply direct to the patentee!

Owing to a nervous breakdown, we have been in danger of losing a skilled mechanic in Paddy Daly, of H Company. Since this good ship and its complement left the shores of Kangarooland, Paddy has had to regularly attend three times daily, turn the key and open one of our store-room doors. It's not the long hours that have affected Paddy so greatly, but a shortage of seagull syrup for keys has placed an ever increasing strain on Paddy's muscles. The position is serious, but the promise of leave to attend the races in the Sahara has proved a wonderful antidote.



"THE CHIEF ENGINEER."





A person who has the right to speak with authority in applying remedies when careless soldiers throw cigarette "butts" on our decks, and in sundry other ways violate the rules that go for the maintenance of Cleanliness, is Sergeant-Major J. Sterritt, of the Artillery. In pre-war days the Sergeant-Major wore the green and white-faced livery of the North Irish Light Horse. General Maude, successor to the captured General Townshend in Mesopotamia, was the Sergeant-Major's soldier-tutor. So the ground plan bears an AI hall-mark.

Peter Docherty, of C Company, and orderly to our Major, proved conclusively at the boxing tourney that he will not play second fiddle to any of our rising generation of pugilists. The grey tatch indicates that Peter has seen summers sufficient to launch him near the Vets. stage, but his success was yet another vindication of the saw which says something or other about one's inability to judge a book by its cover. Peter's early boxing knowledge was moulded in company with a noted New Zealand born performer in the late Otto Cribb. This was magnified later on at an extreme southern point called the Bluff, which can claim some boxing champions, a Prime Minister, the most southerly gas lamp in the world and an annual supply of luscious bivalves. I have Peter's authority for denying that oysters are an aid to longevity as a boxer.

Bill McNeil, a familiar figure aboard this ship, is a man versatile in thought, word and deed. Before the war cloud burst over him, in other words before he became Private Bill McNeil of H Company, he was ransacking portions of the earth down gold-famed Coromandel way in search of the precious metal. That he was more or less successful is known by the specimens which he introduced to camp during the hot days endured at far away Featherston. Bill had an aim in view then, but his non-success cannot be attributed to lack of ability on his own part. When not obsessed with soldiering and gold-mining flotation schemes Bill can more than play his part as a pugilist, while he has also a bent for invention, and in this latter connection may yet rival T.A.E.

Our worthy Major and Bill Hamilton, of J Company, are vying with each other for the greater numerical catch in fish over the voyage. Bill is also an ardent disciple of Isaac Walton, but we make bold to assert, from a careful study of his manoeuvres, that he has not the knowledge possessed by his opponent in deep sea fishing. We have correspondents out at all the leading grounds for piscatorial followers, but up to the time of going to press

no word had come through to the effect that the J Company representative had succeeded in landing a frozen inhabitant of the Mighty Deep. We rely upon the ship's statistician for a report of the Major's success in the latter connection. After conference with the "Father of the Chapel," we have resolved to publish Extras as the polling proceeds. Personal enquiries at the dug-out of the "Rod and Gun" editor, in the right-of-way between the log and the port side of the vessel, will meet with the condemnation they deserve.

In galley parlance the second in command of the ship saloon cookery, immediately forward of the smoke stack, goes by the name of "Liverpool Bob." When Bob is not too engrossed with duties which take him over a red hot range and cause him to perspire like a man-o'-war's man crossing the Red Sea, he hurls adjectives at hot water purloiners. The brawny arms of sunbaked sons from the land of the Moa, have had no terrors for Robert. Lacerated biceps, as the debt extracted in the contest with Lymph, have touched no sympathetic chord with The Second, who purposes remaining inflexible, even at the risk of wearing his nerves to frazzles.

Mr. Pearson, the third officer of the Pakeha, who is well-known in shipping circles in New Zealand, is journeying home to take up service under the Admiralty.

Lindsay Gordon, the gav piper of H Company, but no relation to the famous General of that ilk, is purely a fine weather player. When the sea is turbulent a wee shade even, the Scotchman, his pipes, and one and only "Cock o' the North" are below, and the human propeller "out of action." I learn that more records are to be fitted before the voyage terminates, as "lack of variety" is what our musical critic has noted among the grotesque curios in the pigeon-hole for "Reels and Strathpeys."

There's a private in "F" named Bush,  
As green as the baize on the cush;  
All day he'll confide  
About his dear bride  
That he left when he joined in the push.

A jovial bos'un is Davis:  
Compare his song to a mavis;  
A body rotund,  
And smiles quite a fund,  
Yet they say he'll jolly soon lave us.

## A Tragedy.

Private Henry Higgins  
 Habitually swore;  
 But so surprisingly profane  
 Had never been before.  
 He gazed across the for'rard deck  
 Upon that lovely town;  
 There was no leave for anyone  
 So he could not go down.  
 Some love the twilight palaces  
 Where Charlie Chaplin lives;  
 Some love the pleasant fullness  
 That a decent dinner gives.  
 Some would sooner saunter slowly  
 Adown a moonlit glade;  
 And tell the ancient story  
 Unto a modern maid.  
 There are some who take their pleasure  
 In potting colour'd balls,  
 To some the pok-r table  
 Without cessation calls.  
 They pass the days and nights away  
 In buying to a pair  
 Or sitting on a flush or straight  
 That's not completely there.  
 Not such a one was Henry,  
 His tastes were different far,  
 His bliss was to be inside  
 A comfortable bar!  
 For him the long brown shandy,  
 For him the foaming ale;  
 With his elbow on the counter  
 And his foot upon the rail.  
 He loved to see the bottles  
 In orderly array,  
 And the glitter of the glasse  
 And the talk so free and gay,  
 He started when he came to town  
 He didn't stop till ten,  
 And the battle cry of Henry  
 Was "Fill them up again!"  
 Now on that Tuesday afternoon,  
 Dressed in his raiment fine,  
 He saw a little distance off  
 A cheerful tavern sign.  
 His tongue was rough and sticky,  
 His throat was hard and dry,  
 He could not leave the for'rard deck  
 It was no use to try.  
 Then Henry swore by all his gods  
 In language blue and pink,  
 But they stood, a man on either hand  
 And marched him to the clink.  
 The old strong bitter tea they brought  
 To him at eventide;  
 He looked at it and then fell down—  
 And thus it was he died.

At a recent meeting of the medical fraternity it was agreed that one of the causes of an outbreak of lead poisoning in certain quarters is due to an increased tendency to swing the lead.



"THE CHIEF OFFICER."

LOST, from "C" Company quarters, one piano, a keepsake from Wellington. Last seen being hoisted to the saloon deck by a rope and a reluctant fatigue party. Though its tuneful voice is no longer raised below there is yet the sound of revelry by night to cheer the bereft ones as they slumber on the for'rard deck.

Answers to Correspondents. 

(Owing to such a large number of letters in search of information reaching the editor he handed them over to Private "Spud" Murphy to deal with. The Private has sent back the following replies, accompanied by the intimation that to give a satisfactory elucidation of some of the epistles would tax the collective intelligence of the whole of Ireland. Hence he has committed the seventy and three that were beyond him to a last resting place in the mighty deep.)

C.S.M. Levy.—(1) Vot vos you vant to swim the channel for Ted? You vos no Captain Vebb! Vin the Var first. Anyvay vait till der submarine danger vos not exist. (2) The ship's medical jurist is down with mal-de-mer; in his absence advise you to consult a mental specialist at the first port of call.

"Mail."—No! Mr. Lockie has no impediment in his speech. It is peculiar that his voice wallops your tympanum. I really do not mind this officer's tenor vibrations at all.

Sergeant Ferguson.—There is nothing new or strange about the ceaseless flow of water from the sides of this ship. "Granny," dear, the ocean giveth, and the ocean taketh away (as hundreds will testify); blessed be the ocean.

2nd Lieut. Rodwell.—Will let you know if the handsome man competition is coming off. No, am unable to say what the cognomen "Gertie" means.

Sergt. Roots.—Look up Proctor's Astronomy, "Other Worlds than Ours." Yes, it is marvellous what one can see by the aid of a strong glass—especially of Watson's whiskey.

S. M. Bull'n.—Do not worry about routes, ports, etc. Remember Columbus and be patient. You will eventually hit land, that is if you do not hit anything metallic prior. Be of good cheer.

"Chemico."—No! Am unable to give any proof of Sgt. Jack's coolness under fire.

"Gloom."—Cannot understand why Sgt. Donnelly's perpetual smile haunts you. Cannot see any affinity between the sergeant and the ship's captain. Never heard of professional mourners.

Sgt. Kingi, Maori Rfts.—Your idea of a tuna net for snaring submarines, if not practical, is at least amusing. Should it be possible to get the Editor under an anaesthetic for a few moments will get his consent to pass the suggestion on to the Imperial Authorities.

"Dose."—Agree with you that Mr. Armstead and Morpheus are bosom pals. Probably this champion "nod" man retireth late and sleepeth long.



"SCOTTY"

C/o CLUNK.



There was a young fellow named Ruff,  
Who swallowed some "Pakeha" duff;

In his hammock they tide

Him up, when he died,

And without ballast, he had quite enough.

—Pte. G. A. Goodwin, G Coy.



The Soldier's

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SOLDIERY

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### The Soldier's Life.

#### ADVANTAGES & DISADVANTAGES OF A MILITARY CAREER.

On enlisting a man is regarded somewhat in the light of a hero. Until his departure for camp he is made a fuss of, he receives presentations, suddenly finds himself a popular citizen, even the staff of his local defence office speak to him as an equal, and consequently he rises considerably in his own esteem. He anticipates returning on leave as a professional soldier in a presentable uniform. His crowning glory is reached when he waves his adieux at the station to an admiring circle of friends and relations. But pride comes before a fall.

On arrival in camp he soon finds himself in an ill-fitting suit of denims, and compelled to do menial duties that in his ignorance he had not considered a part of the role of soldier. His former conception of a modern warrior was that he was a hero whose duties consisted of manning a trench with a loaded rifle and making, more or less frequently, glorious charges in the direction of the enemy to the strains of martial music. Now, alas, he knows better. On a dress parade the soldier may, if he fits his clothes, look something like the popular ideal; but his wardrobe for every day use lacks any artistic finish. His two shirts have to last a year. His denim shorts are expected to be perennial. They further bear the marks inflicted on them by many and varied fatigues which come within the scope of his profession. He makes his own bed, scrubs the floors or decks of his temporary habitation, washes his clothes and his dishes (not an extensive operation), takes his turn in waiting on his comrades at meals, and suffers impoliteness from those above him when these tasks are indifferently performed. On board ship his bedroom is shared by some 200 others, and a hammock and a pair of blankets take the place of sheets and a spring mattress. His menu is devoid of choice. He eats anything digestible—yea or indigestible, whether he likes it or not. One tin plate, one ditto pannikin, a knife, fork and spoon form his entire supply of crockery and cutlery. Napery he has none. He bathes, eats, rises, dresses, goes to bed, gargles and toils at a set hour, and not when he listeth. In private life even one of these curtailments of personal inclination would raise a shriek of protest from an outraged individual.

Yet as a soldier he enjoys his lot. He does not appear contented. He growls, when he dares, about everything, whether he feels aggrieved or not. He complains mostly as a matter of principle. His life, although lacking in creature comforts, has its attractions.



"THE SHIP'S QUARTER."

6100

He has no financial difficulties to wrestle with, for, when his pay is spent, he is fed just the same, until the next instalment is due. He often receives what is known in military circles as a "blast," which in civil life would cause him to tender his immediate resignation; but he soon learns that forceful and even uncomplimentary remarks do not hurt, and are dis-

tributed impartially on all. He has to be guilty of a very grave disdemeanour before he is really punished. He has to be very intoxicated indeed, before he can be charged with drunkenness in the Army. Above all he is fit and strong. Life is always good when the digestion is good, and his outdoor work renders that perfect. If his diet is plain and withal a trifle monotonous yet is nutritious. Many a man, whose occupation in civil life enables

him to see only an occasional glimpse of sunlight on the Sabbath, is greatly benefited in health by the regular hours, enforced abstinence for continued periods, and the fresh air treatment meted out in the Army. His capacity for growling increases in proportion however. He is contented enough; but he would never admit it.

After all, it is not the advantages of a military existence that lead a man to join the ranks, nor is it the discomforts that deter him. These are only incidentals. A man rarely acts from a single motive; but all of us suffer these things to be done to us, and obey our seniors not because we are compelled to it by them; but, because it is natural to a Britisher to become a soldier when the necessity arises.

—J.

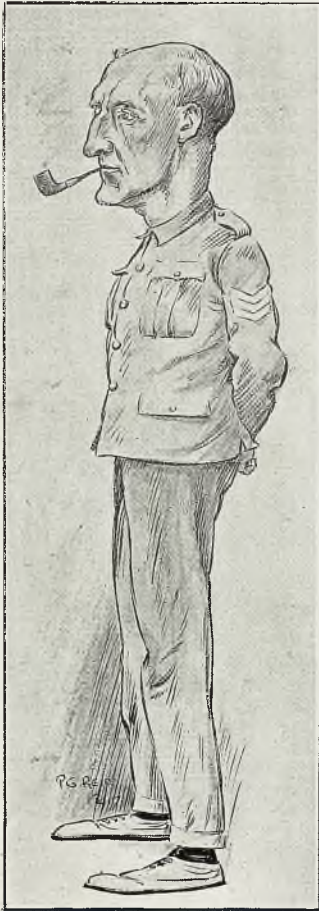
### Our Quarters.

#### EXTRACT FROM A LETTER HOME.

... Where we live and eat and sleep is the only portion of the boat we can really say is ours. We live underground, between the upper deck and the sea. Jointly with two other units we are issued with one porthole through which the blessings of light and air are frugally bestowed upon us. Our mess proper consists of a long narrow table with a trough of the familiar farmyard pattern beneath. Our domain runs to the roof above and the floor beneath, and includes a hinterland or strip of floor about six inches on either side.

Our home consists of drawing-room, dining-room and bedroom all in one, and our furniture is scanty and immovable. Our wardrobes, termed kit-racks, are curious trave-ties of the carpentering craft built into the roof. No largish bag will go in at all, while the gaps between the battens ensure that all smaller articles will fall through. One has to tread warily, because a heavy footfall or a harsh word will cause a cascade of minor impedimenta, or the sniping of a comrade in the back of the neck with a shaving-mug and then civil tumult will arise for a little while.

Our bedroom consists of that riper portion of the upper air, which is immediately adjacent to the roof. At midnight it is thicker than the soup we quaff at mid-day and tastes much the same. In the evening we take our hammocks from the bins where they have been airing all day long, and string them up to hooks affixed to the roof. Poets have sung about hammocks swinging in the breeze. I daresay a hammock might be a romantic thing swung perhaps under a shady tree on a summer's day, with a creek running near by and cigarettes and a book, and something fizzy



"MAC."

within reach of your hand, or someone pretty to talk to. Here there is no breeze and very little air, and you couldn't swing anyhow because there is no room. And so we sleep packed like the carcasses in the hold below and not half so cool.

In the morning we place the hammocks away in the bins provided. And then we feed. There are strategic positions at the table. Those who sit at the end are sure of any surplus sausages or chops there may be, while those who are near the porthole are far from the whiff of the beastly tea urn. Tea is a bitter subject with us, especially when there is no fresh water, and we have to drink it. Some are reminded by it of a mouthful of sly grog whiskey consumed unsuspectingly in the dark. It is indeed a strong, full-bodied drink, so strong that one of us said the other day two cups of it would make a rabbit sit up and spit in the face of a bull-dog.

Our meal times are brightened by the cries of those lamenting the loss of their cutlery. Fortunate are they who have dined in good restaurants for their gear is unmistakable.

One game we play is to guess which is the sharp side of an issue knife. You can only tell by the grip of the handle; the sharp side is the one nearest the meat as you hold it. Another game is hunting "the submarine." The stew-dixie is passed round and one man acts as banker. Each man sticks his fork once into the stew if there is any solid matter adhering to the fork after its withdrawal the bank pays out according to a fixed rate. The odds are: meat, 100 to 1 against; potato, 50 to 1 against; onion, 25 to 1 against; hunks of fat, 5 to 1 on. The last quoted price is short, but that is due to everyone wanting to be on it. Sometimes the bank has a skinner for days on end. In fact the promoters were crimed for running a game of chance; but were acquitted as it was held that the bettors had no chance.

However, we are having a very good time and are bearing up well against these little horrors of war.

The space outside the sergeants' quarters is very densely populated at night, and the hammocks sag almost to the floor. In consequence the sergeants have been barred from starting in the hands-and-feet race at the sports, as their practice in getting up and down the passage would give them too great an advantage.



"BILL."

Someone woke up suddenly one night. "Lost," he exclaimed. "What?" said his neighbour. "The pea in the soup," was the reply. So it must have been because there has been no soup since.

## The Pakeha's Roll:

### HEADQUARTERS STAFF.

Commanding Officer—Major J. Murphy.  
Ship's Adjutant—Capt. V. R. Bond.  
Ship's Quartermaster—2nd-Lt. Armstead.  
Ship's Asst.-Quartermaster—2nd-Lt. Cameron.  
Ship's Sergt.-Major Sgt.-Major Hamlin.  
Ship's Quartermaster-Sergt.—Q.M.S. Morris.  
Orderly Room Sergeant—Sgt. S. M. Parry.  
Records Sergeant—Sgt. R. Fairweather.  
Army Pay Corps—Sgt. Tolley.  
Army Pay Corps—Sgt. Hay.

### NAVAL RATINGS.

Lieut. F. Millar, D.S.C., R.N.	R.N.V.R., W. Lockwood.
P.O., H. Elliott.	R.N.V.R., T. Neilson.
P.O., F. Floate.	R.N.V.R., D. Collins.
P.O., W. Wright.	Sig., W. Finney.
L.S., R.F.R., J. Hoskin.	Tel., H. Maynard
A.B., A. Spilar.	Ptr., P. Sheridan
A.B., E. Fullbrook.	L.C.M., W. Betts.
A.B., J. Cowl.	E.R.A., L. Hand- bidge.
A.B., G. Clarke.	Mech., W. Padley
A.B., A. Christmas.	Ch. Sto., H. Lee.
A.B., R.N.R., E. Moffatt.	S.P.O., A. Long.
A.B., R.N.R., J. Davies.	L. Sto. J., Ra- cliffe.
A.B., R.N.R., J. Chisholm.	Sto., W. Day.
A.B., R.N.R., J. Mahoney.	Sto., F. Milan.
A.B., R.F.R., F. Bntland.	Sto., R. Corn.
	Sto., A. Brittan.
	Sto., R.N.R., J. McShields.

### 24th NEW ZEALAND FIELD ARTILLERY.

Lieut. R. Paterson (O.C.), Lieut. C. J. Brown, Battery Sergt.-Major F. N. Binney, Battery Sergt.-Major W. H. Hamlin, Quarter M.S. M. P. Pool, Serjts G. S. Anderson, R. K. Bryant, L. W. Menzies, W. J. Power, E. J. C. Reston, J. Seritt, Corporals E. S. Busby, B. Cooper, H. E. Goldsbro, H. V. Harreaves, G. H. M. Napier, P. G. Tilson, E. W. M. Wallis, Bombardiers A. P. Cameron, E. F. Clarke, S. H. Faulkner, H. Howard, C. M. Jones, P. G. Reid, G. C. Tait, Drivers W. Allen, H. L. Brown, R. Blackwood, G. W. Chisnall, A. J. Cliff, S. H. Cotter, A. Dodds, W. J. Douglas, E. A. Dowling, J. H. Fahey, A. Greig, C. E. Hamilton, R. H. Hannah, W. Harper, W. H. Jackson, W. Jamieson, J. R. D. Mannings, C. V. Marceau, E. J. Mil-

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### "C" COMPANY, 24th RIFLES.

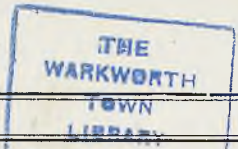
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