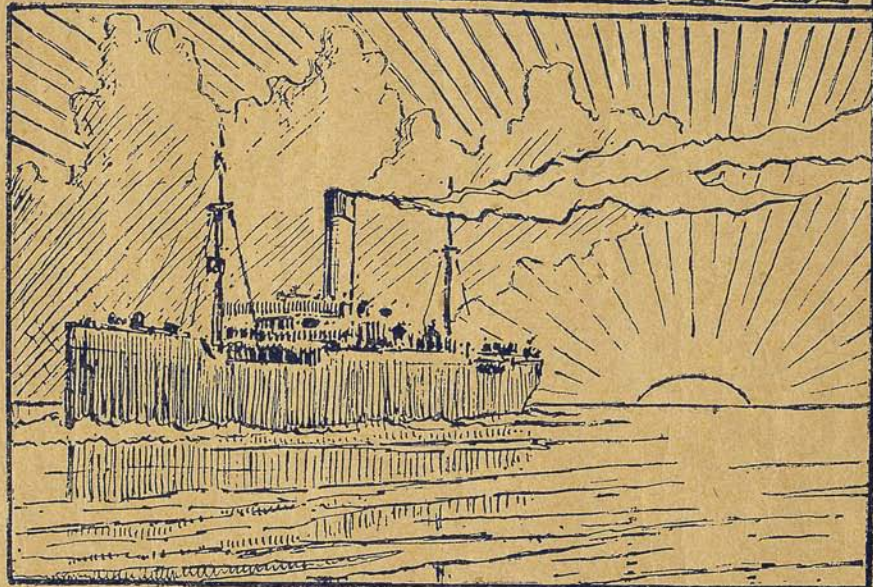


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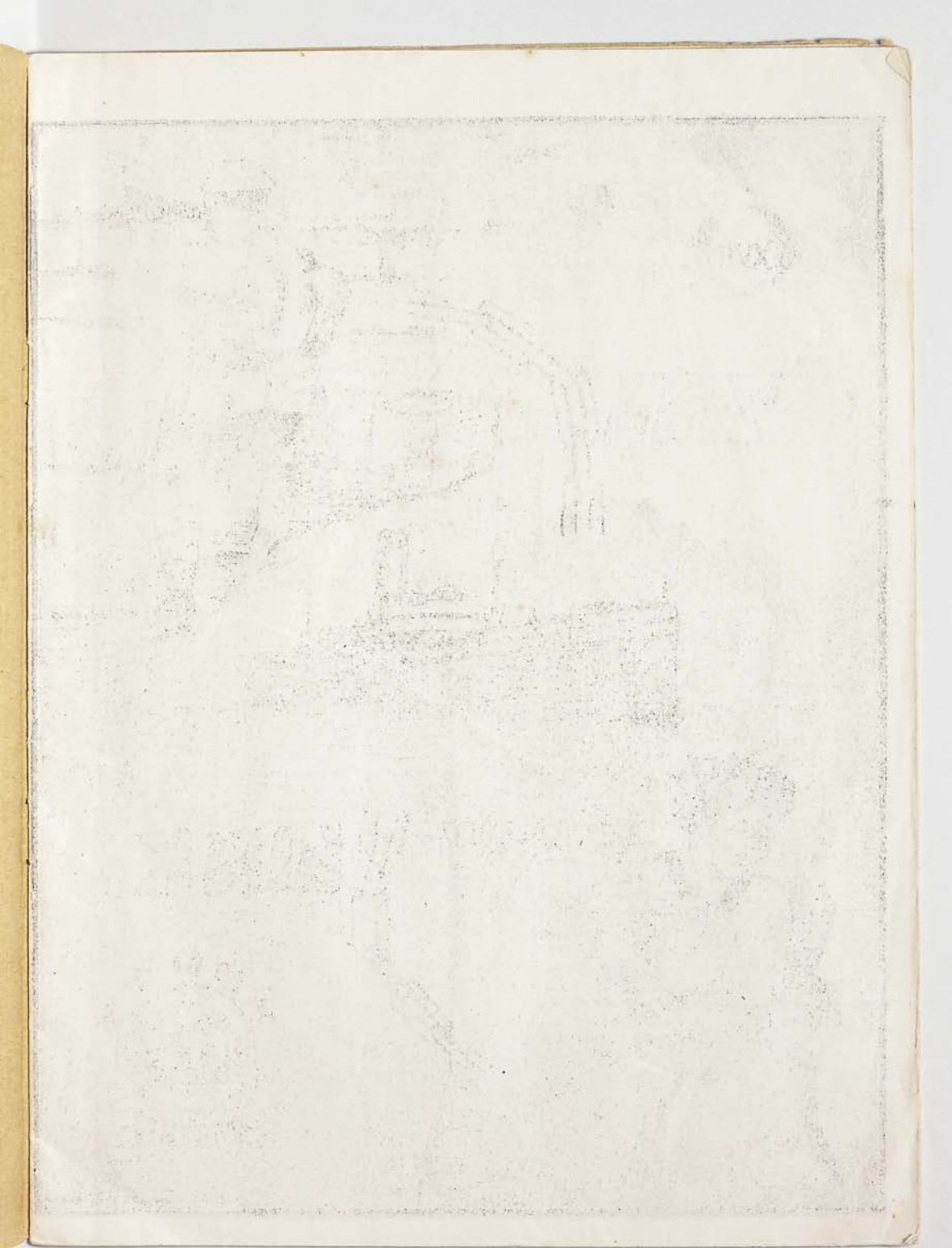


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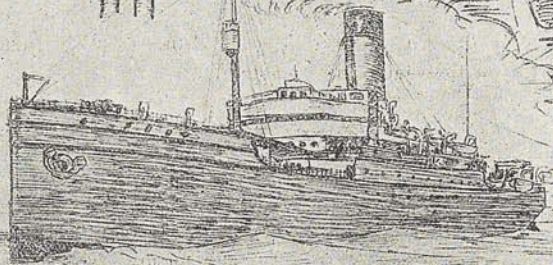
17TH NEW ZEALAND
REINFORCEMENTS





XVII

THE



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LINK



THE PAKEHA.

The Journal of the Seventeenth Reinforcements of the New Zealand Expeditionary Forces—Aboard H.M.N.Z. Transport 65 (S.S. "Pakeha").

Produced by—

OFFICERS AND MEN.

Edited by—

2nd Lieuts. E. G. PILLING and J. G. MCGHIE
and Corporal R. B. BELL.

AT SEA,

OCTOBER, 1916.

EDITORIAL.

"What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?

Or shall we on without apology?"—ROMEO AND JULIET.

"A heavier task could not have been imposed."—COMEDY OF ERRORS.

To-day we bring into existence a fresh source of interest and pleasure, THE PAKEHA. The boys of the Seventeenth have striven to make it a big success, and here we timidly express the hope that those who are fortunate enough to secure a copy will not relegate it to their book shelves—there to accumulate the dust of the ages—but will peruse it carefully and enjoy its reading. We do not attempt to express carefully weighed judgments on the great questions of the day, nor to enter into arguments on controversial subjects; our aim is merely to chronicle some of the interesting events of our voyage and to give a description of some of the more or less amusing details of the life of Tommy Atkins. "The pen is mightier than the sword"—but we do not seek to sway the public mind; we desire simply pleasure and amusement. Thus we express our aims and objects, and we hope you will agree with us when we say we have succeeded. We are the instruments of blood

and torture; for months we have tried to learn how to kill without being killed, and now we are going forward with the set purpose of bringing destruction, misery, and sorrow upon our fellow-creatures. Yet we are embarked on a noble errand—to bring freedom to the oppressed and degradation to the tyrant. In spite of it all we are but human, and the thoughts of troubles to come are not allowed entrance to our minds. Peruse this journal without fear or trembling, as little of the future will be permitted to creep into its pages. On the troopship we have our daily round to perform; ever are we busy, eager to improve, and anxious to show the merits of the Reinforcement. Sea-sickness is no bar, the difficulties of deck-space fail to stop us, not even vaccination overcomes our efforts. Physical drill, signalling, rifle exercises, lectures—all help to fill in the day. At night we have our concerts, our "stars" giving us excellent entertainment; then we resort to our games

or write to our friends at home; on Sundays there is the church parade, and an item new to us all, boat-drill. We are all happy, well fed, and content, and it makes us wonder how some of our fellow-creatures in New Zealand can continue in the drudgery of their peaceful avocations while such a life as this is open to all who are fit and well. We wish our friends could see us as we plod along. Their fears and cares would be banished. Failing that, this little paper will possibly assist. We have done our best to give you an insight into our life at sea, and trust that you will not be disappointed in our efforts.

So much for the introduction of our journal to our friends in New Zealand; now for a word to ourselves. In the Dominion soldiers are, comparatively speaking, rare, and one is apt to get a somewhat exaggerated opinion of one's own importance. One feels that one's own self-sacrifices are big things and will do much to help win the war. Moreover, people in England will give us a royal time, and we shall find that the felt hats of the Colonials are great passports. Let us warn ourselves, lest these several things tend to swell our heads unduly. Again, in Great Britain we shall meet soldiers from every corner of the Empire—from the Homeland itself, from Canada, South Africa, Australia, and perhaps from India. The same cause has called together these men from all parts of the globe. We shall find that various climes have stamped their men with different peculiarities. There is a wilder, freer spirit among all the Colonials than among the Home men. Their life-training has been different. But the essen-

tial characteristics of the British race are the same the world over. We must dig deep into the natures of the men we meet before we criticise their characters. We must not despise the county man of England because he speaks the King's English in a manner almost unintelligible to us. We shall find that his character is essentially the same as our own, even if he has lacked the opportunities for development that we have enjoyed. In France we shall exchange rations with the French soldiers, and perhaps with the Russians also. We must look for the highest and best in their characters and graft it into our own. In the firing line in France and Flanders we shall realise the small part that each individual is able to play in this great war. One of us will find himself responsible for a yard of ground in a line several hundred miles long! This will give us all some faint idea of our relative unimportance, of the relative unimportance of New Zealand, and of the immensity of the task that lies before the Allies as a whole. Then the words spoken by Ashmead-Bartlett as a farewell warning to New Zealand, which at the time seemed out of place to many of us, will be seen in their true light. 'Midst all the new scenes, the good times, and the hard times that lie ahead, let us hang on to the vision which led us to give up our little all for the great cause. Let us not do anything while on leave that will in any way blemish the good name of New Zealand, and on the battlefield let us always endeavour to emulate the deeds of the boys who fought at Gallipoli and those who already have done great things in France.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

We desire to express our thanks to the members of the Journal Committee: Sgt. Leeming (Artillery), Pte. McLeod (Ambulance), Sgt. Sandes (Specialists), Sgt. Amos (Engineers), Pte. Hawakirangi (Pioneers), Corp. Godsell ("B" Company), Pte. A. B. Clark ("C" Company), Pte. W. Dow ("D" Company), Sgt. H. E. Curtis ("G" Company), and Sgt. Robertson ("H" Company). It is due to the hard work done by these men in canvassing the various Units for literary

contributions that our paper is such a pronounced success. Especially are we grateful to our Sub-Editor, Pte. A. B. Clark; our Treasurer, Corp. Godsell; our Reporter, Pte. W. Dow; our Secretary, Sgt. Robertson; and to Sgt. Scoullar; and we are also greatly indebted to the Senior Officers aboard, who not only consented to act as judges for our competitions, but also added to the interest in them by offering a prize to the winner of each.

Interesting tales are to hand *re* the doings of "The Penguin," "Nighty," "Bobricough," "Pretty Poll," "Bones," "Shorty the Boxer," "The Wee Marker," "Sgt. Skeeter, the Mess Orderly," "Torry of the Zoo Band," "Kangaroo, the Musical Critic," "The Thirsty Sergeants-Major," "Duffy Neville," "Queensland Harry," "King's Regs. Buckley," "The Pony Stallion," "Siñipas," "John Bunny," "Scotty," "Dinkum," "Sir Henry," "Taranaki Joe," and "The Munk and the Squirrel." Owing to lack of space these stirring episodes must be left till a future publication.

There is one place on board, our Post Office, which is worthy of mention. The first two days of business were very brisk, several thousands of letters and a considerable number of parcels having to be distributed to the troops as soon as their quarters were known. There are three letter-boxes on board, and each day the contents of these are taken to the Censors. When they have had their say the letters are sorted at the Post Office for their different destinations in New Zealand and tied up in bundles ready for despatch at the first port of call.

Our transport was very well treated by the various patriotic bodies throughout New Zealand. Large quantities of books, fruit, cakes, Balacavas, waistcoats, etc., were distributed amongst the men. To the donors of the various gifts we give our heartiest thanks, and express a hope that future reinforcements will fare as well. We also hope that many of the recipients will be spared to return their thanks in person.

Boxing is the most popular sport on the troopship, and many interesting and amusing bouts can be seen at almost any time of the day. The Maoris, especially, have proved that much fun may be derived from this healthy sport without it being necessary to have an intricate knowledge of the science of this gentle art.

A new feature in our work at sea is boat-drill. It is being practised most assiduously and carried out very thoroughly. When four short blasts of the siren are sounded every man must hurry below for his lifebelt and immediately parade at his boat station. The ship's master, Captain Lewis, is very particular regarding this drill, and its importance cannot be too deeply impressed upon all ranks.

The foot of the foremast on the second deck has been christened "The Grand Hotel Corner" by that well-known and popular sport "Punch" McDougall. And the boys of "D" Company have christened his bunk (which is opposite the "Grand") "The Sport's Dépôt," owing to the huge collection of sporting material hanging around his bed. Amongst the articles are two pairs of boxing gloves, two punch-balls, two footballs, cricket material, tennis balls, fishing gear, etc. "Punch," however, with his ever-ready wit, has placed the pawnbroker's sign over his collection, and with equally ready wit has named it "The Ikey Moses Corner."

Under the supervision of the P.M.O. (Captain Orchard) and Captain Gray, all ranks are being put through a course of instruction in "First Aid." For this purpose picked men from each platoon have undergone special instruction, and are now assisting the Ambulance men, who are giving the instruction to the various platoons. A knowledge of first aid is of great value to an infantryman, for often he will be able to apply it to a wounded comrade before the stretcher-bearers can reach him. When a wounded comrade is shot down beside you, and you have to watch him bleed to death, because you do not know the principles of first aid, then it will be too late to regret that you did not become proficient in the art, while you had the chance.

The Editors accept the responsibility of supplying suitable quotations to the various articles.

COMPETITIONS.

The following are the results of the Competitions held in connection with THE PAKEHA:—

Cover design (Judge: The Editors)—14 entries—Storeman Atkinson, 1; Lance-Corporal Edsell (Specialists), 2.

Limerick (Judge: Chaplain-Captain Ashcroft)—20 competitors—Pvt. C. S. Morton ("B" Coy.), 1; Sergt. Climie (Engineers), 2.

Humorous Story (Judge: Captain Orchard, N.Z.M.C.)—6 entries—Pvt. J. A. Williams ("G" Coy.), 1; Sergt. Scoullar (Specialists), 2.

Serious Poem, "Farewell, New Zealand" (Judge: Chaplain-Captain Skinner)—10 entries—

Pvt. C. S. Morton ("B" Coy.), 1; Sergt. Climie (Engineers), 2.

Prose Article, "Our Last Day in New Zealand" (Judge: Captain Columb)—7 entries—Sergt.-Major Lang ("B" Coy.), 1; Pvt. J. A. Williams ("G" Coy.), 2.

Pen and Ink Sketch—No. entries.

Humorous Poem (Judge: Major Wright, A.S.C.)—Lance-Corpl. Stewart ("D" Coy.), 1.

Essay on "Discipline" (Judge: Captain Brad-dell)—4 entries—Sergt.-Major Laing ("B" Coy.), 1; Pvt. A. B. Clark ("C" Coy.), 2.

In each case the Judge offered a prize of half-a-guinea to the winning competitor.

STANDING ORDERS FOR NEW ZEALAND TROOPSHIPS.

REVISED EDITION.

1916.

(Previous Copies are hereby cancelled.)

(By Brigadier-General Wm. Adams, M.U.G., Waterloo, etc.)

"The quality of mercy is not strained."— MERCHANT OF VENICE.

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS.

Inexperience has shown that too much attention is given to the preservation of good order and discipline, and it must be clearly understood by all ranks that such procedure must not in any way interfere with the pleasure and comfort of Men and N.C.O.'s. All routine and fatigue work, where possible, must be carried out by Headquarters Staff, under the personal supervision of a Lance-Jack or Junior Private.

SECTION 1.—DAILY ROUTINE.

Bells.	Hours.	Remarks.
2	9 a.m.	Reveille.
3	9.30 a.m.	Roll Call (optional).
4	10 a.m.	Breakfast.
5	10.30 a.m.	Free Exercise and Smoke-Oh, while officers wash up.
6	11 a.m.	Orderly Room, conducted by five Privates and one N.C.O., to deal with breaches of Ship's Rules by both Ship's and military officers.
8	12 noon.	All Privates and N.C.O.'s draw daily ration of liqueurs.
1	12.30 p.m.	Dinner and wash-up for officers only.
2	1 p.m.	Luncheon for all Privates and N.C.O.'s.
4	2 p.m.	Wet Canteen, open only to Privates and N.C.O.'s.
6	3 p.m.	Officers fall in (as per special syllabus) for Bathing Parade, under supervision of Ship's Carpenter or Bo'sun's Mate.
8	4 to 4.10 p.m.	Smoke-Oh for officers (including chaplains).
1	4.30 p.m.	Officers' mess orderlies fall in for dry rations.
2	5 p.m.	Tea for officers' only, followed by wash-up.
4	6 p.m.	Physical Drill or other light duties as arranged by P.M.O.
6	7 p.m.	Dinner for Privates and N.C.O.'s (Officers must note that a first-class orchestra must be on parade for this meal, and remain in attendance until one hour after Lights out).
8	8 p.m.	Cigars and Lounge Bar for Privates.
1	8.30 p.m.	Tattoo for officers.
2	9 p.m.	Lights Out for officers. (Any officer found with a light of any description after this hour is liable to sentence of death by drowning, or such less punishment as the Chief Steward may decide).

All Privates and N.C.O.'s may carry on with the game until they are disposed to do otherwise. Officers are especially ordered, when acting as

mess orderlies for the Private's mess, to leave all silver and plate-ware "As you were." On no account must fruit, cream, etc., be taken from the Privates' Mess down to the officers' mess.

SECTION 2.—DUTIES.

Routine Orders will be issued daily, and posted up in the Starboard Coal Bunker.

The position of Private of the Day will be drawn for by ballot.

A guard will be appointed by the P.M.O. or any Private, and will comprise three firemen, four trimmers, two officers' mess orderlies, four greasers, two pantry boys, and one engine-store-keeper, under the guidance or otherwise of at least a three-star-officer. The guards may do as they please during the day, but must on no account invade the privacy of the Privates' Decks.

All fatigues must be carried out by officers above the rank of 2nd lieutenant to the satisfaction of the Private of the Day, whose word will be final on all matters except in connection with Privates' messing allowance.

Any other duty not enumerated or detailed above will be finally decided upon by a special Board of Privates within one month of disembarkation.

SECTION 3.—ALARMS, ETC.

General Calls on the Ship's Telephone are as follow:—

STAND FAST.—All hands are to mount the port rigging and sing lustily "The Long Trail."

CONTINUE.—Sing the second verse.

ALARM.—This is generally blown when a man has fallen overboard. If it is a Private it would be just as well for the Specialists to signal that the Devon would be along soon, or, if the weather was very calm and the man a good swimmer, efforts could be made to launch one of the Collapsible Death Traps. In doing this great care must be exercised not to push anything through the bottom of the traps, as they are very tender. The best route is down the starboard gangway aft, and thence carefully over the stern railings. Great care must be taken to see that no Privates take to the water in one of these boats. The boats in all cases must be manned by the military and ship's officers. In the case of an officer being fortunate enough to fall overboard the only course available

is to "Carry on," and make up the deficiency at the next port of call—if it is deemed necessary.

CHARGE.—This is a very important call, and all Privates and N.C.O.'s must assemble at once abaft the Poop Hatch. The Private of the Day will then read out the latest "Charges" levied by Headquarters for dirty rifles, loss of Government equipment, etc., which must be paid out of Canteen Funds.

LIGHTS OUT.—This call refers only to officers, and Men must please note that it does not in any way refer to their movements.

FIRE OR COLLISION.—In the event of the call being for a fire the officers must take immediate steps to ensure that the fire is promptly extinguished. Great care must be taken that no noise is made during this operation, as the Privates and N.C.O.'s may be in their cabins asleep. In the event of collision the officers' watch will immediately turn out and make fast to the object collided with. Extra care must be given to this movement, and very stout hawsers must be used. After everything is properly secured the Chief Steward will arouse or acquaint the Private of the Day of the occurrence. The Privates and N.C.O.'s will then disembark in as orderly a manner as possible. All officers and members of the ship's company must remain on board until the Private of the Day gives the word "Every Man this Day will do his Duty!"—or some other such order.

SECTION 4.—GENERAL ROUTINE.

The Ship's Orderly Room can be held any time during day or night, but preferably in the early hours of the morning.

No set hours are laid down for parades for Privates and N.C.O.'s, but officers must have a Roll Call at least six times per diem.

No officer will be allowed to go to his quarters or dormitory during the day for any purpose whatsoever, nor will any officer be allowed in the Privates' Cabin or near gangways or approaches to the Privates' Decks.

SALUTES.—All officers and N.C.O.'s (excepting Lance-Jacks and Greasers) must at all times salute every Private whom they may happen to meet, in the following prescribed manner:—The officer or N.C.O., if on the move, will immediately come to the halt in one beat of quick time, at the same time bringing the hand up in the manner laid down in the Infantry Training Manual. He must remain in this position until the Private is out of sight. Strict attention must be paid to this regulation, and breachers will be dealt with by Court-martial. The maximum penalty is death, or such less punishment as the C. B. King may devise.

SENTRIES IN PORT.—On arrival in port specially selected sentries will be posted to prevent the officers and members of the ship's company smuggling whisky and other cheap alcoholic liquors on board.

SMOKING.—All officers are absolutely prohibited from smoking in any way whatever, except during the time laid down in Standing Orders, viz., 4 p.m. to 4.10 p.m. daily. Privates and N.C.O.'s are especially invited to smoke, as the practice helps greatly to pass the time away pleasantly; no hours or places for smoking need be observed by Privates and N.C.O.'s. The P.M.O. advises that smoking in the cabins is a great help towards keeping down the spread of infectious diseases, and, incidentally, purifying the atmosphere.

GAMBLING.—The authorities authorise gambling in every form, as the practice generally causes a large number of free fights, which are very beneficial to troops travelling on a long and monotonous voyage.

WATER.—As there is plenty of drink in the Canteen the abuse of fresh water by all ranks will be fully encouraged. The O.C. Canteen and the Ship's Fourth Donkeyman will inspect the water supply every morning, at any time convenient to the Donkeyman.

SECTION 5.

This section is generally devoted to Discipline. The Seventeenth, however, have had two lectures under this heading. The Provost Sergeant reports that no more discipline is required until the present supply runs out.

SECTION 6.—CANTEENS.

Wet and Dry Canteens will be opened for the benefit of those who can afford them. High prices will be charged in order that Company Sergeants-Major can cut a dash at each port of call.

SECTION 7.—GENERAL HINTS TO PRIVATES.

The O.C. Force will personally superintend the early morning fatigue for swabbing decks and the sanitary fatigue at 5.30 a.m.

The O.C. Troops will personally inspect every officers' tunic, and will ascertain whether any objectionable signs have been painted on the backs thereof. He will also wander about the decks during the rest of the day and throw any fruit skins, cigarette butts, and other rubbish over the ship's sides.

The O.C. "B" Coy. will be specially detailed to see that the members of "B" Coy. steal and broach every case of fruit and other eatables on board troopships. It will also be his duty to see that the morning gargle is carefully drawn from the hospital and securely dumped overboard.

The O.C. "C" Coy. will be facile princeps of the Prosecution Department of the ship, especially in connection with the Regimental Q.M.S.'s "Private" Stores and Supplies. A special clause of the Army Act stipulates that all booty captured must, ipso jure, be handed over to the Private of the Day and not thrown over the ship's side.

The O.C. "D" Coy. will take over the duties of Ship's Nark, and his special duties will include the following:—Prevention of pockets working on hinges; prevention of the prevalent use of bad

language; the abolition of orderly rooms for Privates; minute criticism of all guards and sentries; and, generally, looking into matters that do not concern any unit or Private on board. He will also be responsible for the parading of the ship's nurses.

The O.C. "G" Coy. will be placed in charge of all seasick troops, under the supervision of a Lance-Jack or nurse—preferably a nurse. All seasick men will be placed in the after-galley, and the O.C. "G" Coy. will take up his quarters with the invalids. The O.C. "G" Coy. will walk about in a brisk and soldier-like manner, and must on no account take to his bed. If he is very seasick he must "Keep moving" and endeavour to keep the said information to himself.

The O.C. Artillery must take charge of all black-boards on the ship, and endeavour to humour his Men by drawing funny cuts thereon—or by other simple forms of amusement obtainable with the aid of a piece of chalk and a fertile brain.

The O.C. "H" Coy. will take charge of the ship's gramophone, and must at all times make himself heard. If the gramophone breaks down all charges must be made against "D" Coy. On

arrival at ports of call he will lead the troops in their cheering in the main streets.

The O.C. Pioneers will be placed in charge of the Foc'le Head, and when the anchor is weighed must enter up the exact weight in the Hospital Log. He will also have supreme command of the Maori Brigade, and will make sure that the members thereof are excused from all ship's fatigues.

The Ship's Quartermaster will assist the O.C. "D" Coy. in his duties as Ship's Nark, and will especially use his best endeavours to incite the "sporting" mess orderlies to mutiny.

The Ship's Sergeant-Major will moon about all day adorned with a Samuel Browne Belt, and must endeavour to keep himself in touch with the Engineers' mess stewards at meal times. His most important duty is to arouse the Headquarters' Staff from slumber any time after 9 a.m.

All requisitions for liquor must be presented to the Regimental Q.M.S., who will draw same from his "private" store. The Regimental Q.M.S. will be held responsible that no liquor is thrown overboard without the permission of the Adjutant or O.C. "C" Coy., who in turn will communicate with the Private of the Day, as previously laid down.

"G" COMPANY'S FIVER.

"Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie!"—ALL'S
WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Order now, gentlemen, if you please!
Waiter! Another reviver.
I'll spin you a yarn of the "G's" and the "B's,"
Entitled "G" Company's Fiver."

There's a fund we're told called the "Canteen,"
From which all of us get a share,
But a fiver we're short, which wouldn't have been
If we'd had a voice in the affair.

Now, old S.M. Mac, who's a jolly good sport,
Leave got at our first port of call,
And, with that unfortunate fiver, he bought
Ten cases of apples in all.

Now in charge of a lanky Lance-Jack,
Near the lines of Company "B,"
Those cases of fruit we did stack,
Bringing nought but disaster to "G."

For, like Adam of old, Company "B"
Cast eyes at that Garden of Eden:
They were waiting their chance, we could see,
To collar that which was forbidden.

Well, the end of that fruit quickly came,
While Jack had his morning reviver;
How the "B's" got to work was a shame,
And that was the end of our fiver.

"SIMPLEX."

JUNIOR SUBS.

"Why are you grown so rude,
What change is this?"—SHAKESPEARE.

Now brevity is the soul of wit,
My verse must needs be brief;
The levity of the junior subs
Roused the anger of their chief.

"This youthful levity must straightway cease,"
And the Subs they sat up straight;
And chatted after what they'd do,
And what should be his fate.

But the Chief he was not satisfied,
And to them thus spake he:
"In truth, should this occur again,
My righteous wrath you'll see!"

The moral of this story,
Of course is plain to you,
That while a drowsy lecture's on,
Just sleep and don't say "Boo!"

"CARMEN."

AMUSEMENTS.

"No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en."—THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

CONCERTS.

Concerts held on the after-deck have provided entertainment for those on board, who are much indebted to the obliging and talented performers for the high standard of proficiency attained. The first one was held on Monday, October 9, 1916, and was a decided success. The programme comprised: Songs by Lieuts. Wood and Smith ("C" Coy.), Privates Green ("D" Coy.), Smith, Medder, Hebden (Specialists), and Olds (Medical Corps); recitations by Lieut. McIlroy ("G" Coy.), Sgt. Kenny ("G" Coy.) and Sgt. Scobell ("D" Coy.); violin solos by Q.M.S. Briasco ("B" Coy.), Privates Omand ("D" Coy.), Rutherford and Thornburn ("G" Coy.). The accompanist was Private Martin ("D" Coy.).

The second concert took place on Wednesday, October 11, a bright moonlight night with the sea as calm as the proverbial millpond, and proved quite as enjoyable as the first. An innovation in the way of impromptu debate and speeches was included in the programme, and provided much humour. The subject of the debate was: "Is life at sea all it is cracked up to be?" Lieut. Andrews spoke well in the affirmative, but Chaplain-Captain Skinner could advance too many recent happenings aboard the ship in support of the negative side, and was declared the winner. For the Impromptu Speech six aspirants mounted the box to discourse on "Doctors," and many and varied were the opinions respecting the "necessary evils," as one speaker termed them. Lieut. Warren was placed first, being closely followed by Lieut. Andrews and Corporal Pullin. The musical items comprised songs by Privates Smith (Specialists), Green ("D" Coy.) and Private Patu (of the Maori Unit), a pianoforte solo by Private Martin, who acted as accompanist; and a recitation by Mr. Warburton. The judge for both the debate and speeches was Captain Gray, whose opinion was in accord with the popular verdict.

On the evening of Wednesday, October 18, the after-deck was crowded once more, when the third concert of the series eventuated. At this entertainment the opportunity was taken to present the winners of the various competitions held in connection with THE PAKEHA with their prizes, while trophies were also handed to the successful competitors at the first sports meeting. Chaplain-

Captain Skinner made the presentations in his usual happy manner. The concert programme was as follows: Overture, Orchestra; songs, Lieut. S. G. Smith ("C" Coy.), Sergt. Dilks ("B" Coy.), Sergt. Cronin ("H" Coy.), Privates Olds (Medical Corps), Yetton ("B" Coy.), Corporal Hollomby (Specialists); humorous sketch, Private Duff ("D" Coy.); recitations, Chaplain-Captain Skinner, Sergt.-Major Lang, Sergts. Kenny ("G" Coy.), and Scobell ("D" Coy.); and a boka and partsong by a troupe of Maoris. The accompanist was Corporal Le Grove.

SPORTS.

On the afternoon of Saturday, October 14, a Sports Meeting was held on the after-troop-deck, both sides being utilised for the various competitions. The meeting was the first of the kind held on board, and the programme comprised seven events, all of which were productive of the greatest fun and excitement, both to the onlookers and to those participating. The promoters had every reason to be satisfied with the result of their efforts to provide recreation for the men. The principal event was a tug-of-war for teams of ten-a-side and ten teams competed. In the semi-final "C" Company's team had the bye, and on the pull-off between "G" and "D" teams the latter won by a small margin, after a strenuous pull. The final bout between "C" and "D" Companies resulted in a win for the latter, who had their opponents well in hand at the finish. The Blindfold Boxing capped all for fun, and when one of the promoters was tackled by a competitor in mistake for his opponent, roars of laughter were the result. This event ended in a draw, Privates Wallace ("D" Coy) and Jarvis ("G" Coy.) being unable to be separated by the judge. The Potato Race was won by Private Turnbull (Med.), Cock Fighting by Corporal Hollamby (Specialists), Egg and Spoon Race by Private Hook ("B" Coy.), and the Pillow Fight by Private Rolls (Med.). The meeting concluded with a Bun and Treacle Eating competition which caused a great deal of excitement. Private Faroa (Pioneers) proved the man with the largest swallow. A summary of the wins places the Medical Corps on top with two firsts, and "D" Coy. second with one first and one draw.

THE HUMOURS OF VACCINATION.

"Out, loathed medicine!"—SHAKESPEARE.

"Oh, short was the struggle—severe was the shock:
He dropped like a bullock—he lay like a block."—KIPLING.

Vaccination is somewhat of a sore subject aboard ship at present, and its many victims refuse to be convinced that there is anything humorous about the operation whatever. "Quite the reverse," they assert, with a grimace, as they tenderly caress the sore arms against which some unfeeling wretches have jostled.

Three members of the one-arm brigade—and their name is legion—are, it must be confessed, painfully biased. Their inability to enjoy a joke must be as great as that of the proverbial Scotsman, and if by a perusal of this sage article they can be brought to see the error of their ways, then the writer will be cheerfully content to die at the hands of the Huns with the epitaph "Something accomplished, something done" engraved on his tombstone.

One person in particular, the doctor, to wit, will stoutly deny the absence of the humorous element in the process. He thoroughly enjoys every moment of it. Cannot you picture him, ye vaccine victims, a gleam of pleasurable anticipation in his awful eye, as he views the ranks drawn up with bared arms, awaiting their introduction to the keen-edged knife which he flourishes, eager as a mosquito to draw blood? What untold tortures await them at his hands they know not as yet, but brave men faint at the thought of the terrible ordeal before them, and the doctor smiles sardonically at their affrighted looks. But there is no escape. The surgeon, busy with his knife, every feature of his face alight with the keenest enjoyment, scrapes away at the quivering flesh, until the red arterial blood gushes forth, and with it the lymph is mingled. At last the tortured arm is bandaged and the patient staggers out of the gloom into the sunlight, the blessed sunlight, which he had scarcely hoped ever to see again!

A few days elapse, and the softening hand of time dims the memory of that gruesome operation. No after effects are felt—as yet—and the vaccinated ones, conscious of their heroism, crack feeble jokes with one another. But alas! for their untimely optimism. Though any reasonable being would imagine that the blood-letting of some twelve hundred odd men would satisfy the most voracious vampire, the doctor's thirst for gore is only whetted, and more victims are demanded. Where are they to be procured? From the ship's captain down to the ship's cat, all have worshipped at the shrine of the calf, and there are no more. With happy inspiration, however, the medico issues a stern decree in which he regrets—oh! the delicate sarcasm of that word!—that owing to an oversight, the troops have been vaccinated with sterilized water, and that therefore all ranks will be revaccinated on the morrow. The second ordeal ac-

cordingly takes place and a few days afterwards things begin to get busy. Sore arms and sore heads are the rule; arms that bear but a faint resemblance to those natural adjuncts of the human body, heads that are sorer than the most riotous night at "Quinn's Post" or Tauheranikau could ever have made them. At the morning parade some of the men's antics at physical drill are weird and wonderful. When threatened with "the mat" by the Platoon Commander, sore arms are shown and accepted as a valid excuse. All through the day the syllabus is ignored, and both parades resolve themselves into one long "Smoke-oh!" The Sergeant-Major of the unit for duty rushes frantically from stem to stern looking for fatigue parties, and finding none. All his threats and entreaties fall on deaf ears, the men placidly smoke, and, enjoying his discomfiture, begin to realise that vaccination has its humorous side, after all.

Eventually the doctor looms in the distance, and an apprehensive shiver runs through all ranks as again the order is given for arms to be bared. But there is no need for alarm on this occasion. He only wants to see how many points in the vaccination game he has scored. If a man displays something resembling an underdone leg of mutton, with three large virulent sores upon it, the doctor scores a hundred points, smiles benignly upon him, and murmurs, "Very good arm indeed." It is a matter of indifference to him what the owner of the arm thinks; he is only a looker-on in the game. But the soldier with the normal arm which has withstood the fierce onslaughts of the knife is passed over by the medico with a look of disgust, and its owner realises that he has made at least one enemy for life.

In conclusion, let me relate a vivid dream that I experienced last night. Lying in my comfortable bunk between the downy sheets, and thinking over this article and the proximity of our best port and cool drinks and cigarettes and things, I fell asleep. I dreamt that the transport had safely arrived in port and that the troops, on general leave, were going ashore. Many of them, still suffering from the effects of vaccination, were carrying one arm in a sling. The unsophisticated citizens, not knowing from whence the troopship had come, concluded that a detachment of wounded Anzacs, straight from the trenches, had arrived in their midst, each bearing a visible token of the honourable scars of war. Immediately the city became gay with bunting and fluttering flags; the streets were lined with enthusiastic and cheering crowds; and the Mayor tendered the brave soldiers a public reception and banquet in the City Hall. Questioned as to their experiences at the front, the men were somewhat reticent, as all good

soldiers should be, but under the genial influence of a cheering glass or two, tongues were loosened and tales of stirring deeds and Hunnish cunning were told with much circumstantial detail. Suddenly the scene changed, and I found myself a prisoner standing on the mat to answer for some breach of discipline that I had committed. The ship's doctor was trying the case. Evidence was

strongly against me, and I was tremblingly awaiting the verdict. A painful pause ensued while a fit punishment was being considered. All at once my judge enquired, "Has he been vaccinated yet?" With a shriek of terror, I woke up. Thank Heaven, it was a dream!

—"BOBRICAUGH."

BILLY THE COOK.

(BY AN ADMIRER.)

"Confusion now hath made his masterpiece."—MACBETH.

PAKEHA readers: On every troopship there are what are known as "characters"—neither desperate nor notorious, but people on whom you would bestow a second glance—sometimes called "Originals." I fain would speak to you of one: "Billy the Cook," familiarly known as "Greasy." Now, mistake me not, Billy is not classed as an "original," because of his weaknesses, but because of his virtues. Billy is, of course, a soldier, but he could never form fours with sufficient alacrity to please our Sergeant. His legs are too short, and his body too long, to make a successful infantryman; and so, as Billy always had a predilection for cooking, in the natural order of things, he drifted to the cookhouse in camp, and to the cook's galley on our boat. Here he has full opportunity to display his admitted abilities in the culinary art, and here he is perfectly, supremely happy. Billy the Cook is not a pretty object to look at; his face is like nothing so much as a full moon represented as grinning broadly. On his chin is a very stubborn-looking beard of some three days' culture, and of almost sufficient resisting qualities to scrub his own potatoes. His trousers at the back, if inelegant, are artistic. They somehow give the impression that Billy belongs to them, rather than they to Billy; they hang on behind like a flapping sail clinging desperately to a mast. Billy's whole appearance conveys the impression that he and soap and water have long been strangers, and it is not long since that Billy, in the interests of "the higher sanitation," was awarded the "Order of the Bath." Well, the military life has its trials and troubles for us all, and this was Billy's. But here is the secret of Billy's individuality. Listen, ye slackers on fatigue work—take heed, ye quoit-throwing idlers: Billy is a worker. Yes, from the top of his never-discarded greasy Balaclava down to his grease-stained shoes, every inch of the four feet two and a quarter of "Billy the Cook" is a worker. The doctrines of Cleanliness and of Godliness are as a sealed book to him. His gospel is Work, and to that gospel he is more devoted than most of us soldiers are to ours.

A few days ago he lost his shirt, singlet and underpants. Dame Rumour hath it, though verily she is a lying jade, that the above article had mightily offended the nostrils of Billy's bedmates. Be that as it may, it is known that one dark night a suspicious-looking parcel was seen flying through a porthole to the great purifier. In this connection a strange story has been going around the dormitories. It is well known that Billy's ignorance of soldiering is profound. He has a constitutional horror of being soldier-like and smart. He has

never been known to "Sir" or to salute an officer in his life. The other day he approached a responsible officer and spoke thus: "I say, look 'ere! some blighter pinched my new shirt and summer undertron; whart erbout an inspection of orl kits ter-morrer? I'm in the cook'ouse; I can't be downstairs watching me kit orl day." Whether this is true or otherwise, the fact remains that next day we all had to turn our kits out for inspection by an officer—but Billy's nether garments could not be found.

With all his faults, Billy has a strong personality. There is no man on board ship for whom the men will more readily work than Billy. "Coom on; wake up, yer as awkward as an old woman. Some of yer would fall asleep if yer was frazzling in a stew, yer would." The men obey him with a good-humoured acquiescence, which is rather remarkable in the circumstances. But it is impossible to be angry with him; he is really the personification of good nature, and is inordinately proud of his cooking. "Taste that stew," he will draw to a passing officer. Did yer ever taste anything like it in yer life? I'll bet yer didn't." Or, "Cooming the double, are yer? That's the worst of making a tip-top stew. Oh, well, there's plenty of it, an' tip-top stuff, too. I'd deny you nothing that I've got, boys."

Yes, it's to Billy's eternal credit that, when bivouacuing on the march to Featherston and the other two cooks fell ill, Billy did all the cooking himself, working all day and most of the night without a grumble. On board ship he has a permanent fatigue party of Maoris peeling potatoes, etc., outside the galley door. The dusky ones are good workers, but are too fond of frolic. As soon as Billy's back is turned, knife and potato are thrown down, and a game of quoits started. Then you will see Billy at his best, yelling: "Hi, there, leatherskin! Hi, Maori, coom on, yer dusky varnints! Yer wants more watchin' than me old woman." He spends a considerable part of his time rounding them up on deck, and I'm afraid the dusky ones are the bane of Billy's existence. But don't forget it, boys—Billy's a great worker and "some" cook withal, and if it be true that the British Army fights on its stomach, then Billy is rendering a priceless service to the Empire.

Then here's to yer Billy, with yer trousers so greasy,
And yer Balaclava cap all askew;
Yer makes me uneasy, with yer face black an' cheesy,
But I knows yer alright—like yer stew.

OUR LAST DAY IN NEW ZEALAND.

The following essay won first prize in this competition :

" . . . Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper."

—THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

"DER TAG," SEPTEMBER 23, 1916.

Special Order, 17th Infantry Reinforcements.
Reveille, 3.30 a.m.
Breakfast, 5.30 a.m.
Roll Call.
Entrain for Wellington.

Did anyone need a second call? No, straw had been burned and palliasses returned the previous day. Three-thirty, and the long, last, eagerly-looked-for day had started. "The Day Has Come." Yes. After 17 weeks of "Unit for Duty," 17 weeks of "Supplying Shortage," 17 weeks of "Lectures on Soldierly Spirit"—minus, of course, 17 days' final leave (I nearly forgot it)—the 17th Reinforcements were on the move. "Good-Bye. Glad as I am to leave you, I liked you well." Once entrained, we soon lost sight of camp and township, on past the lake, and then "Over the hills and far away." A wild rush at Kaitoke, tea and sandwiches, and soon we reached familiar ground. Past the scene of vigils and desperate battles; next, Trentham. Good old Trentham slides past; and then Wellington, and detrain. Many have friends waiting—yes, Kaiser Bill—friends who have rallied from all parts of New Zealand to bid "God Speed" to the men who are moving from the uttermost end of the globe to fight side by side with those who will prove to you that "Murder is not Kultur." Our next stage, to the wharf, was short, and we soon beheld the ship that was to be our home for the next seven or eight weeks. "Pakeha"—surely a fitting name for the boat that carried Maori and Pakeha to the other side of the world to fight a common foe. The checking of rolls, and sorting of men and swags, was quickly dealt with, and soon all were settled in their new home. A "catch-as-catch-can" dinner, and we made ready for our parade through Wellington. Assembling on the wharf, units were marched to allotted places on Waterloo Quay, and halted.

And now the hour had come, the hour that many, if not all, had looked to with fear and dread. The parting moment was near—wives, children, mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers; yes, and good and true comrades—all gathered for a final kiss or hand-shake, well knowing that for some it would be for ever; believing that some would soon look their last on the land that all held so near and dear to them. And those old comrades of the class, resplendent in new uniforms and Sam Browne belts, Perry, O'Connor, Stubbs, Deal, Doughty, Drew, Luke, and all the rest, who had achieved that laudable ambition, to hold the King's Commission in the British Army. Hector McLeod, with his gifts of telescopes and compasses, was in his usual place, ever quietly carrying out his work. But parting moments are fleeting, and soon we are on the move, here and there, wives, sisters and sweethearts marching arm-in-arm with those they love. With bands playing inspiring music, we march through the crowded street, wheeling on to Lambton Quay, and past the saluting base. There are only occasional bursts of cheering—feeling is too deep, it does not run to cheers—hearts are stirred and eyes are wet. A shout and a wave of the hand, or a hand thrust out, a hurried shake, a hearty "Good-Bye, Good Luck" from an old comrade, or, perhaps, a kiss from someone dearer still; and so it goes on until we again reach the wharf and quickly embark. But not before the ladies had further shown us how their hearts went with us: fruit, lollies, "Lucy Hinton" and other gifts were showered on us as we mounted the gangway. His Worship the Mayor and Mrs. Luke, who is surely the best Mayoress that Wellington ever had, were at their old places; tireless as ever, buzzing about to see what more could be done for the comfort and welfare of the troops. As soon as all were safely on board the gates were opened, and friends and loved ones rushed to the ship's side. With dropping tears, husky throats, and waving handkerchiefs, last farewells were shouted, and as our floating home became a thing of life, we quickly got beyond the reach of cheers—and heavy hearts, ashore and afloat, realised that the parting, so dreaded, was past, and our last day in New Zealand was over.

—A. LANG.

TE HOKO WHITU A TU.*
TE OPE TUAWARU.†

They assembled at the Narrow Neck Training Camp early in June, 1916. Whilst possibly not up to the physical standard of the Main Body, and on the average slightly younger in appearance, there was something about them that, to the keen, critical eye of the instructional staff, denoted intelligence and a keen desire to learn and assimilate what they were taught.

Most of the leading tribes of Te Ika-a-Mani (the North Island) were represented. The two notable exceptions were Waikato and Taranaki. Apparently they still retain bitter memories of the alleged grievances which culminated in the Waikato campaign of the 'sixties, and their treatment subsequent thereto.

There were members of Te Arawa, Maniapoto, Tuhoe and other tribes, but the best represented in point of numbers were the Ngapuhi of the Far North and those who hail from the Tai Rawhiti district. These latter include the Ngatiporou (East Coast) and Ngati Kahungunu (Gisborne and Hawkes Bay) peoples. To the Maori of three generations ago it would appear incredible that descendants of all these tribes should unite in one common "take" (cause)—that Ngapuhi should be allied with their hereditary foes of the South, Tuhoe with Te Arawa, Maniapoto with Ngatiporou. Omnipotent indeed is the mana of Ingarangi (England) and her mangai (mouthpieces) are verily tino tohunga (wise men).

Nevertheless tradition dies hard, likewise tribal animosities and prejudices. At first there was a certain amount of aloofness on the part of individuals. Small signs of suspicion and mistrust were not entirely lacking. A week's slow marching under the guidance of raucous-voiced but tactful instructors, a few jokes sandwiched in between the weary routine of verbal detail, and the native reserve soon thawed, new friendships were made, and they were soon literally a happy family of recruits.

They were there for one common purpose: to go forth and uphold the mana (prestige) of their Upoko Ariki, Kingi Hori te Tuarima (Supreme Lord, King George V.). Soon they would cross Te Moana nui-a-Kiwa (the Pacific Ocean) to fill up the gaps in the ranks of Te Hoko-whitu-a-Tu (the children of Tu, the god of war). Not in vain would the spirits of their dead whanaunga (relatives) call to them from far Gallipoli and from the plains of Armentiere's kia ngaki ai nga matenga (to avenge those fallen). Could they resist the call? E Kore! (Never! No!) They were toa (warriors), descendants of toa, and gladly would they lay down their lives if in so doing the mana of their Upoko Ariki (Supreme Lord) was upheld and utu (payments) taken. Hence their volunteering and their taking the oath of allegiance to Kingi Hori te Tuarima.

The dull routine of training, however, had its compensations. To the Maori mind the mannerisms and vocabulary of the instructors were at times a cause of both wonder and (I fear)

silent amusement. Oftimes of an evening the studied military gait or the flute-like words of command of some instructor proved the subject of subtle burlesque à la Maori, and never failed to draw generous applause. To some the passing of orders in English was a stiff obstacle. "Retire by sections alternately from the right" would be unrecognisable as "Retire by sections into eternity—it's alright" by even the most advanced student of English classics! Yet, withal, good, steady, progress was made, and marked improvement showed each succeeding week.

After the musketry course came final leave. To a Maori, home in the strict Pakeha (white man) sense is not known. He is a member of a whanau (family), which in its turn is a member of a hapu (sub-tribe), which in its turn again is an integral part of an iwi (tribe) descended from some noted Rangatira of the distant past. Their interests are his, and *vice versa*. He owes respect and allegiance to his elders and chiefs. Tribal and family interests are indissolubly interlocked. Ergo, a toa belongs to his tribe, and by tradition and upbringing is in honour bound to uphold the tribal prestige. Many were the gifts given to the young toa, stirring the tales of the deeds of his ancestors he imbibed, and finally came the advice of his elders: "Haere ki a u. kia toa, kia maia, kia manawanui!" ("Go forth, be brave, be courageous, be generous to the foe!")

Back in camp again, the final training was undergone, the day of departure from Aotea Roa (New Zealand) drew near. Finally they marched out with steady, swinging step, and with faces aglow with excitement. Unlike the Pakeha leave-taking on similar occasions, there were no loud hurrahs, no flag-waving; but there arose instead the farewell greeting of their race, like the roar of te taheke o Aratiatia (the rapids of Aratiatia): "Haere ra E Hoa ma ma tatau e haere atu!" ("Farewell, brothers! we shall follow!"), which was answered by "Hei Konei Koutou!" ("Salutation! Salutation!")

A journey of 18 hours, and they disenfrained at Poneke (Wellington). A march through the city, and then aboard the transport. Forty-eight hours after leaving Narrow Neck they were on the bosom of Te Moaoa nin-a-Kiwa. Individually and collectively their destinies were in the keeping of Ihowa te Tino Atua (Jehovah, the Supreme God), who, to quote one of their elders, "Would ever go before them." In their keeping was the mana of their people and the honoured names of their forbears. Each in his inmost heart was a proud man. When the time comes, gladly will they grapple with the foe, knowing that in Te Reinga (the Maori Heaven) the spirits of the children of Tu (the god of war) will always await their coming and ever welcome them.

—E.R. BROUGHTON.

*The Children of Tu (The Maori God of War).

†The Eighth Maori Reinforcements.

WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO BE A HERO:

OR

FIRST IMPRESSIONS UNDER FIRE.

"When first under fire, an' you're wishful to duck,
 Don't look nor take 'eed at the man that is struck;
 Be thankful you're livin', and trust to your luck,
 And march to your front like a soldier."

—KIPLING.

It was a beautiful Sunday afternoon, the sun was shining, the birds were singing, and probably in some lands the children were going home from Sunday school. But thoughts of birds, Sunday schools, gardens, and such things, were far from our hero's mind this Sunday afternoon. During the whole morning, and the early part of the afternoon, he had been an interested spectator of a great modern battle. From the crowded deck of a transport he had watched the initial stages of the famous landings at Gallipoli. Now, at 4 p.m., he was no longer an interested spectator, but an uninterested actor in the performance.

By now he was getting used to the sight of dead bodies and shattered corpses. But it had been a great struggle to march along the beach amongst the dead and the dying, and yet keep his heart out of his mouth. Still, he knew that the men on either side of him felt just as miserable as he did, and, as they pushed on unconcerned, he was determined to keep up a brave show himself.

All this time he was on the move, and when his platoon pushed on up over the top of a hill, and opened out into skirmishing order, he had no time to think either about the bullets, or about the other grim realities around him. As long as he was advancing, he felt brave enough. Presently the order came along the line to halt and lie down. For two hours the line had to lie in an exposed position, ready to move forward at any minute to support the firing line. It was his feelings during these two hours that we shall endeavour to show you.

First understand the situation. Our hero is a common garden private in a support line. About five paces away, on either side of him, is another such hero as himself. The scrub prevents him from seeing much of what is going on ahead of him, but it fails to stop Turkish bullets from chipping up the ground around him. There are several things going on that tend to strike terror into his soul. A perfect hail of bullets from the Turkish firing line is meowing over his head. Every few seconds there is a rushing and a roaring overhead, followed by a great thunderous roar and then by a ripping crash. It is a broadside from some British man-o'-war lying off the beach. From a few yards up in the air, in front of him, come a succession of blinding flashes, and the ground round him is cut up, as several short, sharp

explosions strike on his ears. These are shells from a Turkish battery bursting on the supports. Then there is a zizz-zz bang, as a shell from an Indian mountain battery a few yards behind him hurtles through the air and explodes over the Turkish lines. All these terrifying explosions, roarings, meowings, whizz-bangings, are going on around him simultaneously. The fact that he cannot tell which are meant for his destruction and which for his preservation adds to the terror in his heart. His first impulse is to get up and run for his life. This is no place for him. Then he digs his nose hard into Mother Earth, flattens his body against her breast, curses the day he became a soldier, and prays that the end may come fast and sudden. After half-an-hour of this he discovers he is still alive, and begins to think there is still a chance of surviving. Fellows to right and left get knocked over, cries of "Stretcher Bearers" are to be heard, but still he has had nothing worse than some mud in his eye, and a bullet over the heel of his boot.

It is growing darker, but just before dusk the Turks make the fire hotter than ever; our hero prays for night, and at length darkness arrives, bringing with it somewhat of a feeling of relief.

What were the thoughts and reasonings that enabled him to hang on instead of fleeing to the beach? It was no feeling of patriotic fervour, such as the beatings of drums and the soundings of trumpets stir up in one's heart at a grand review. But it was with reasonings such as follow that he gained control over his feelings. First, if he gets up and runs away, he is more likely to be hit than if he stays where he is. Flattened on the ground, he makes a smaller target than when standing up. Then the earth is large and the shells cannot hit every portion. It is quite as likely that the little spot where he is will be missed as any other spot. Then the Turks are feeling just as miserable as he is, and if he were to get up and run away, surely it would put more heart into them. But if he does get up and run away will he be able to face his mates again? Then there is the altruistic desire not to desert his comrades. Thus, as the result of common-sense arguments, he decides to stay where he is.

Two days later the people of New Zealand are blowing whistles, and all the world is congratulating the heroes of the Dardanelles.

E. G. P.

LIMERICKS.

"Truly thou art damned like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side."—As You Like It.

We trust that the following rhymes,
Which we hope are abreast of the times,
Will merit approval,
And not our removal
To places of more torrid climes.

Charles Miles is our genial Quarter,
There's no doubt he's a regular snorter;
He's fond of tinned fruit,
And tinned milk to boot,
If he doesn't get on, well—he oughter.

Podger's a marvellous fighter,
It's a pity he's not a bit slighter;
He goes in at the double,
Stops a left for his trouble,
Bobs up crying, "Come on, you blighter!"

Now, while we give Freed our attention,
There's one thing we must certainly mention:
When he tells off his birds
He doesn't waste words,
It's stokehold, fatigue, or detention.

Has anyone heard Warren smile?
It would blow out a match at a mile,
And his millions of questions,
And loads of suggestions,
Make the best joke we've heard for a while.

Fred Gruar's the O.C. Canteen,
About the best on the job we have seen.
But to ask him to cash
A pound-note's a bit rash—
It's "Hook it, you can't get a bean."

And now Willie Wood gets a show
(By the way, he is growing a Mo);
It's his sole joy and pride—
About fifteen a-side—
He's plucky to give it a go.

Jupiter, Mars, and Saturn are bright,
Twinkling above in the darkness of night;
But bright though they are,
There's a brighter by far—
The one newly added to Molly's old star.

"IAGO."

DISCIPLINE.

"Our cake's dough on both sides."—THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

We had none of the above
When we left our homes of love;
But now where'er we go we find a scout.
If we smoke a cigarette,
Into the "clink" we get;
If we go into a boat, its just—
"Get out."

Go down into the dormitory,
It's worse than a reformatory,
Discipline is there without a doubt;
Busting up comes a gossoon,
Asks your number and platoon,
Sternly pointing to the stairway, says—
"Get out."

Go down to the Canteen,
Where no beer is ever seen,
And take a pal along with you to shout;
You push up to the slide,
When a copper at your side
Says, "You're blocking up the passage, so—
Get out."

Go down into the Dining Hall
For stew (it's parts I can't recall),
And luxuries that give us all the gout;
You hardly get your fill,
When up comes "Mulga Bill,"
Saying, "Next relay is waiting, so—
Get out."

It's just "Go," and "Come," and "Bring,"
But discipline's the thing;
And we hope soon at the front to have a bout,
And every mother's son
Will have his bit of fun
In the trenches, when we bid the Hun—
"Get out."

EXTRACTS FROM A SOLDIER'S LITANY.

"The deep damnation of his taking off."—MACBETH.

From all Corporals and Sergeants, from Sergeant-Majors, Lieutenants and all other wild beasts,
Good Lord, deliver us.

From all plagues and pestilence, from famine and terrible thirst, from everlasting vaccination and inoculations,

Good Lord, deliver us.
That it may please Thee to bless and preserve our most noble and gracious Greasy (the spud

cleaner), Tobv (the dog), and all Pioneer Fatigue Parties,

We beseech Thee, hear us, good Lord.

That it may please Thee to preserve us from all Guards, Drills and Fatigues, from all work of any description, and, finally, from cold feet,

We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.

"LUCIFER."

HOW IT STRIKES US.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity."—AS YOU LIKE IT.

There are times when the life of a soldier
Seems a dull and a commonplace lot;
But believe me, if no one has told you,
It is often decidedly not.

I won't speak of battles and slaughter,
Though sometimes such things we've to face;
But of life on—(a large sheet of water;
The Censor's deleted the place)!

You live in the hold of a transport,
With room to turn round (if you're small);
You try to believe that it's grand sport
As you twist, squeeze, and wriggle and crawl.

If at last you should see a way open,
Don't think that your luck's rather hard,
When the short-cut for which you were hoping
Is blocked by an M.P. or guard.

You gargle with salt in the morning—
We're floating on gargle, indeed—
But this huge supply of it scorning,
You use what is issued instead.

On parade you cling close to your rifle,
The deck staggers round 'neath your feet;
But you're told to stand still, and not trifle!
Your thoughts I don't like to repeat.

When fati-gue's seeking a victim
You're thinking to strike a soft spot;
But you find that the sergeant who picked 'em
Gavé you the worst job of the lot.

You must shave without fail every morning,
Though downy and smooth be your cheek.
If you do not accept my kind warning,
You'll be in the stokehold next week.

If you happen to smoke, without thinking,
One innocent, wee cigarette,
You'll be caught just as quickly as winking,
And goodness knows what you will get!

These woes were the worst you expected;
You might have survived them, with luck.
But, worse than all others collected,
One tested your British pluck.

The sun shone as brightly as ever,
No terror arose from the waves;
Yet this Thing caused your bold hearts to quiver,
Ye Britons who'll never be slaves!

'Twas a huge, universal inspection;
Each kit was strewn out on the deck,
In a vast miscellaneous collection,
Which looked like a pawnbroker's wreck.

There were thousands of tunics and sweaters,
And razors and towels galore;
There were photographs, too, and love-letters,
And everything else, by the score.

When 'twas ended you grabbed your possessions
(And anyone else's you could),
And struggled in endless processions
To reach your own bunks in the hold.

Now, reader, don't think we've no pleasure,
No joys, to make up for the grief,
I'll tell you of those when I've leisure;
For the present—turn over the leaf.

W. A. STUART.

THE STICKIT MINISTER.

"'Tis a tale, full of sound and fury, told by an idiot, signifying nothing!"—MACBETH.

Willie Grey, the subject of this historical sketch, was born away in the cold North, in the grey, granite city of Aberdeen.

As a boy he was watched over with loving care by his earnest and God-fearing parents. It had always been the pious ambition of this couple to devote their first-born son to the service of God in the ministry of the Free Kirk of Scotland.

When Willie grew up he was told by his parents of the career they had mapped out for him, and he himself was full of holy aspirations for the sacred ministry. In due time the young Levite entered upon his theological studies, and, after years of preparation in the gloomy school of Calvin, Willie presented himself before the Elders of his kirk to preach his trial sermon. Now, as has been said, Willie was trained in the school of Calvin, and in consequence, had fearful notions about the broad road that leadeth to destruc-

tion," and so, in his first oratorical effort, he determined to warn his hearers against the fate that would befall those who were hurled down "the broad road" into "the bottomless pit." It would be his endeavour to lead all up "the narrow way that leadeth to Life everlasting."

So, in due time, Willie presented himself in the old-fashioned Kirk of Aberdeen to preach his trial sermon. In this Kirk was a very high, old-fashioned pulpit, leading to this pulpit a long flight of steps, and guarding these steps a very slippery banister-rail. Now at any time it is a trying ordeal to preach before a critical congregation, but in this instance it was exceptionally so, inasmuch as the preacher knew his ordination depended on his success. Therefore, Willie's knees were knocking as he ascended the steps to the pulpit. Once in the pulpit, however, he overcame his feelings somewhat and announced his text. His theme, as already alluded to, was the well-

known and well-worn one: "The broad road that leadeth to destruction, and the narrow way that leadeth to sternal life." The young preacher was anxious to make an impression. As we shall see later, he succeeded. In spite of his denunciations, and gesticulations, the congregation began to grow listless, and finally to drop off to sleep. This would never do for a trial sermon. Something must be done to stimulate interest. Willie, with his Scottish ingenuity, solved the difficulty this wise. He proceeded to illustrate his sermon in a most novel and original way. What did he do? He stepped out of the pulpit, settled himself astride the banister-rail, and slinding down the slippery rail showed how easy it was to go down the broad road to prediction, and struggling up astride, showed how hard it was to persevere up the narrow way. Naturally, the interest of the congregation was aroused. But the preacher continued the practical illustration till he awakened the interest of the small boy seated at the foot of the pulpit-steps.

Now this small boy had likewise an inventive turn of mind. He conceived rather a novel, though wicked idea. What did he do? This wicked boy bent a pin and placed it against the upright at the end of the slippery rail. Down came poor Willie, uttering invectives against all those on the broad road, and he crashed on to the pin with such force that all the congregation wondered why he cried out: "Hell!" so loudly. The preacher sprang from the rails and ran around the Church giving vent to such shrieks and yells that all his hearers thought he must have received a foretaste of the pains which he had been describing so graphically.

This was too much for the stolid Elders. Never before had their Kirk been the scene of such unseemly conduct and shrieks. They decided to banish the young Levite, and ever since poor Willie Grey has been wandering round the world doing penance for his sins, till finally he has met the ignominious fate of transportation.

WIRELESS NEWS MESSAGE.

H.M.N.Z.T. No. 999.

"Now faith is the substance of things hoped for,
the evidence of things not seen."

—HEBREWS xi, 1

DATE.	TIME RECEIVED.	OFFICE REC'D FROM.	DISTANCE.	BY WHOM REC'D.
Oct. 19, 1940.	After a Lo'st-r Supper.	Timbuctoo.	2,900 $\frac{1}{2}$ Miles.	Sparks.

A New York cable (delayed for two years by Censor) states that the situation in Europe is very strained, and war between Britain and Germany seems inevitable.

On the Western Front the situation continues to be an excellent example of an "irresistible force meeting an immovable body." However, as the Germans recently stated that they had taken Cascara, there is every prospect that the immovable body may be very much moved before long.

From London comes the startling report that the Dutch have sent an ultimatum to Holland.

Russian Communiqué: At Czerstanshtovskitch, near — (all future names will be termed —, as "Sparks" is uncertain of how to spell them—other people are less certain how to pronounce them), we have fallen back four or five inches. Nevertheless, we succeeded in capturing 2,345,678 prisoners, including humpteen Generals, 9,999 machine-guns, and a huge quantity of German sausages. It is presumed that the latter are the "Dogs of War," about which we have heard so much.

London, Wednesday.—The leading engineering firms in England are discussing the advisability of

abolishing the use of grease in their workshops, as their experience during this war has been that Greece, far from preventing friction, has promoted it. At any rate, all are agreed that she is a slippery customer.

A special *Paris* cable states: "The rumour has just reached the trenches (in spite of the noble efforts of a gallant band of Censors the night before they reached —) that the 17th Pig Island Reinforcements are on their way to the zone of operations, and it has caused great consternation in the German lines. It is reported that Hun lawyers are working overtime drawing up Wills of the picked 'Goosesteppers' who are being specially trained to oppose this heroic body. General Haig has Macaronised for the names of all the men on board the troopship, as he considers that the publication of this list will complete the demoralization of the enemy.

Berne, Wednesday.—"The Swiss Naval Department state that in view of the great depletion of their merchant fleet through the U-boat operations, they have been reluctantly compelled to lay mines and submarine nets around their coasts.

"SPARKS."

THE LIMERICK COMPETITION.

TITANIA: What! Wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

ECCOTOM: I have a reasonable good ear in music.

Let's have the tongs and the bones.—A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

I do not know if Shakespeare ever offered a prize for the best Limerick to his fellows on the stage, but if so he no doubt would have thought the tongs and bones music divine after he had endeavoured to judge between the doubtful symphonies, the ludicrous rhymes, the metre as variable as a centipede out of step, that one meets in a Limerick Competition. For instance:—

"When I see the sea is all water,
I am grieved, as you'll own that I ought to.

If the ocean were beer,
I'd get drowned twice a year,

And never get saved till I'd got to."

Time, space and the Editor will not permit me to expatiate on all the grievous errors of this production. Apart from the mistakes in rhyme and in grammar, apart from the criminal assault upon the King's English, the perpetrator has ignored even common-sense logic. How could he be drowned twice a year? No, my friend! I know what you will say, but there is not a Life Saving Society in the world that claims to resuscitate the drowned. All their efforts, all their energies are devoted to the APPARENTLY drowned. It is quite obvious—from the conditions that you lay down in your attempt at verse—that if you were drowned once you would be on the bier.

Apparently unabashed after this attempt, the same scribe sends this:

"A very rash private from D
Said, 'Ours is the best company!'
But the others in chorus
With voices sonorous,

Yelled, 'No! The best company's
B.
C.'"
G."

Notice that he goes down as far as "G." Well! don't you think he should go to H—?

Gentle reader, if you are still feeling gentle and still reading, you will now be in a position to appreciate the efforts of the winner of this competition. His theme is inspired by regulations that are deemed necessary for safety on a troopship, and the climax is reached in the last line and comes as a surprise!—

"Of all the strict rules that are set,
There's one that hurts most, you can bet.
Although they don't bar
The costly cigar,

You can't smoke a cheap cigarette."
The same contributor sends this also:—

"Some time on the ocean we've been,
And many strange sights we have seen;
But nothing so queer
To us doth appear,

As the way they conduct the canteen."

Another bard who evidently estimates his past joys as we estimate the future weather—by the glass—thus discourses on the first port of call:—

"When we called at that place called Australia,
We all togged in our flashiest regalia;
But they gave us no pay
And we could not get gay,
So our holiday turned out a failure."

After these there come many which bear on personal topics. These are published with explanatory notes where it is thought necessary.

Scene:—Port of departure. Gangway up. Young officer just released from fond embraces is hauled on board.

"We have a Lieutenant called Y—g;
He late from a derrick was flung;

The boat he near missed,
But the girl was well kissed,
As she round his neck firmly clung."

The following was awarded second place:—

"And then there's that chap McIlroy—
His company's pride, if not joy.

When the good ship heaves, (1)
His dinner it leaves

The tum (2) of that nice ickle (3) boy."

Notes: (1) When the unhappy victim of the ocean's heave was following that good advice "Count your blessings" and going over what he had received—orally—a violinist with much feeling drew near and played "Home, sweet home." The musician's efforts were not appreciated, as the sufferer had already had more than a taste of home. (2) Tum:—A soldier's hold-all. Elastic.

(3) Ickle:—A Scottish term of endearment. Equivalent to English "Petsy" or "Owniest." Many of these have been sent in under the title of "Hay-ricks for the (m)asses."

"There was a Sergeant (1) named Luke,
Who found, whilst reading a book,
That enough stew (2) for two
Could for four be made do,
And he thus halved the work of the cook." (3)

(1) Sergeant:—Known in Medical Science as a "Carrier" through habit of "carrying on."
(2) Stew:—Equivalent to x in Algebra—the unknown quantity.
(3) Cook:—Called after the famous Captain of that name, who left them in New Zealand.

"We have a Mess Orderly named Price,
Who often bogs (1) into the rice.
There are shortages, too,
In the Irish stew—
Especially when it is nice." (2)

(1) "To bog into": Irish for "eat and repeat."
(2) No shortages have taken place yet.

There was only one of the following kind:—

"A private there was named McLoughney,
Whom you ne'er would mistake for a coughney;
Quite often he sighed
As the transport would glide,

Saying, 'Sergeant dear, won't you please wugh
me?'"

We are glad there was only one.

"We have got two good Chaplains aboard.

Who both live in perfect accord;

If off sermons they'd let us

And not censor (1) our letters,

We would think they had jolly well scored."

(1) Censor:—An excuse for not writing a long letter.

"Then there is little McGhie,

Who an editor famous would be;

Instead of men drilling

With his friend Mr. Billing

He's chasing all poets like me."

"There was a Lieutenant named Stubbs,

Well known in most Wellington pubs;

His machine-gun got hot,

Then blocked when he shot.

And that was the finish of Stubbs."

A word in conclusion. It is a word of warning. Do not read this column more than once. Not for one moment do we believe that you will want to; but those who seek for pearls and are disappointed go over the shells time and again in case there be one they have missed, so perchance some reader may read these lines over and over again hoping yet to find a joke. Don't do it. The composing of limericks becomes an insidious disease, a subtle poison, pervading the whole system, insinuating itself into every thought, every word, every act. You arise in the morning and see a gorgeous sunrise. At once you begin to compose a limerick on it:—

"I see the sun rise most serenely"

You start, and while striving for the next line you wait an hour and the bugle goes for breakfast. Still meditating you sit down, a plate of ham and eggs is set in front of you; you are hungry, but there suddenly flashes into your mind:—

"I have eaten ham and eggs each day,"

Eggsactly how many they lay—"

—your appetite fades and the food grows cold, and you leave half of it on the plate, still wondering if you can finish the limerick. So the disease spreads, and by bedtime you have lapsed into that dreamy far-away condition common only to the "Lunatic, the lover and the poet." "Rest at last" you sigh, as you throw yourself wearily down. False hope! Sleep proves as elusive as the drowning man's straw. The whole of the past day goes by in broken limericks:—

"You feel what a brute you have been

To trump your partner's ace with a queen.

Of fish I've no knowledge—

I only eat porridge.

Your language will soon be obscene."

So, kind friend, if you read this column more than once, you do so at your peril.

"Of Limericks now there's no more,

The task of the poet is o'er,

So I lay down my pen,

Go back to my den,

And let someone else take the floor."

B. D. ASHCROFT,

Chaplain-Captain.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A MESS ORDERLY.

"What did you get to eat and drink,

'Johnnie, Johnnie?'

Standing water as thick as ink,

Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha!

A bit o' beef that were three year stored,

A bit o' mutton as tough as a board,

And a fowl we killed with a sergeant's sword."

—KIPLING.

TRANSPORT 65.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 24—THE SECOND DAY.

Thank God, I am now finished for the day, and have a few moments to myself. Yesterday was bad enough, when the boys had only dry rations, but to-day—well, I think I'll turn the job in. This morning I was in the dining room at the appointed time, 6.30 a.m., and from then until now it has been one continual rush without a moment's pause. Everything went wrong with the works this morning; the cooks were new to the ship, and the breakfast was delayed. The hungry boys were kept waiting outside for a considerable

time, and, not knowing the reason of the delay, became very impatient. At last they were admitted, but again had to wait till we brought along the breakfast from the cookhouse. The first relay had underdone sausages, and, my word, they did growl. The second relay, however, was more fortunate, for the sausages, being well done, were all eaten and enjoyed. All were satisfied at lunch, which went off well, the meal consisting of soup and pudding. Tea was a bit of a mix-up, the boys having to wait, and before we started to cut up their meat for them the Officer came round and asked: "Any complaints?" The men replied:—

"No, sir." The second relay was again lucky, for the meat was well cooked. Next there was a scramble to get finished—and here I am at last.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 28.

Another day nearer to England. Praise the Lord! To-day has been the easiest day so far; we are getting down to the fine points of the Mess-Orderly profession. I can see myself head waiter in some flash restaurant when I return to New Zealand. Everything is now in splendid running order. I had an hour off this morning, the same during the afternoon, and to-night was finished at 6.50. The dinner hour is the worst meal for us, as we have to wash the mugs twice at each relay. The last relay has the best of the deal, for if its men have a special appetite we can score a return for them—a thing we cannot do for the first relay. I have a fine lot of boys at my table, and they all give a "bob" a week to pay the Mess Orderies for their trouble; but it isn't the best job in the world, and they know it is well worth the money.

SUNDAY, OCT. 15.

My fourth Sunday on the boat—why, I can hardly credit it! I think the Mess Orderly is the busiest man on the boat. So far, only six of us have stuck to the job right through; but then the boys on my table are such a fine crowd that anyone would stick to them. They are full of fun.

Just a few of the incidents that occur at almost every meal:—

Jack: "Ted, pass the fly-catcher (treacle)." Ted passes the treacle and accidentally dips his sleeve in Dave's tea.

Dave: "Yes, Ted, when you've quite finished washing your coat in my tea, you might pass the Bung (cheese)."

Tom: "Chuck the dough (bread) down, Dave."

Dave: "Do you want the grease (butter), too?"

Then a mocking voice pipes out: "I wish you chaps would chuck up using kerosene language. Pass down the sand (sugar) and make the juice (milk) chase it."

And so it goes on right through the meal. It is as good as a "Charlie Chaplin." But now I'm going to turn in and sleep the sleep of the just.

—J. FRASER.

DISCIPLINE.

"He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city."—PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

We have been told that the greatest thing in the soldier's life is Discipline, and so we must get a clear and correct idea of what is really meant by this much-abused word. If we go back a little to the time when every great philosopher had his own circle of followers, we find them called "disciples," and the control he had over them called "discipline." Now, since that time, the meaning of the word has changed somewhat, but it still retains two of the main ideas of its former meaning—the ideas of trust, or confidence, in the leader, and of the faithful obedience which springs from that trust. So discipline may be defined as implicit obedience to the command of a trust-worthy leader.

But discipline is more than this, it is that organisation which distinguishes a thoughtful and reasonable being from an unreasonable one—a civilised man from a savage. Discipline is to an army what accuracy is to a scientist—the final test of efficiency. Watch but for a moment a well-trained boxer in the ring, and you will be impressed at once by the ease with which he can control every movement of his muscle, how eye and hand work together with an almost marvelous certainty. Or, watch a skilful surgeon during an operation, and you will see how he can think and act with the utmost rapidity and precision. These men are capable of their respective tasks just in so far as they have brought their bodies and minds into discipline under their wills. In the same way an army is powerful and efficient only when its each and every part is brought under the complete control of its commanding

officer. For if the commander cannot depend upon every order he issues being conscientiously obeyed his position becomes absurd, and he himself a useless figurehead. For, suppose he deems it important to advance quickly at a certain time, with great secrecy to surprise his enemy, and issues orders to that effect, and some part of his army, seeing no reason for the order, delays the advance and destroys the surprise, the position of that army is foolish and dangerous.

An undisciplined army is not only useless, it is a menace to itself. History has many instances of undisciplined armies being defeated by fewer numbers better disciplined. I shall take three typical examples, all from times far enough away to have attained the true historic perspective. The defeat of 10,000 undisciplined Persians by 5,000 Greeks in the Battle of Marathon, one of the greatest in history, would of itself be enough evidence. But add to that, the conquest of the world by Caesar; and then, to that, the crushing defeat of the careless, pleasure-seeking Royalists by Cromwell's "Ironsides," and the case may be taken as established. In all these cases we see an army which was thoroughly, perhaps even severely, disciplined (Caesar always punished disobedience by death) defeat a more numerous but less disciplined enemy. The late Lord Kitchener knew all about this when he said, early in the war, "If we cannot send to the firing-line disciplined troops we had better send none at all."

Now in each of the cases mentioned above I can trace three characteristics which seems to me to be necessary for the attainment of true discipline. The leaders of three victorious armies—Alcibiades,

Caesar, and Cromwell—were men of the highest type, in intellect and in character. Each army too, was fighting in a just cause—the Greeks for safety, the Romans for conquest, the English for liberty. The men understood what they fought for, and were determined to win. So I believe that Discipline depends on the leader, the cause, and the men. I do not mean that it requires Caesar or a Cromwell to maintain discipline; far from it. But I mean that the leader must be fit for his position—a man selected for sense, foresight, and coolness of head, who can manage and lead men. Neither do I mean that every disciplined soldier must be perfect. But if a man cannot or will not discipline himself, no officer can do it for him. Everyone who would be a soldier must learn the lessons of self-mastery and obedience to reasonable authority.

A word now about some of the outward signs of discipline—the salute, personal neatness, and quiet behaviour. We must not forget that these in themselves are not discipline, and that to attain these without discipline is useless. Discipline is

the test of efficiency; but salutes and polished buttons are no test of efficiency. But when respect is spontaneously given to an officer, he must deserve it: when a man takes pride in his calling it is a good one; and when he behaves quietly he is clear-headed and sensible. So Discipline may generally be judged by these.

Now lastly let us consider what discipline means to us, and what it should mean. What Kitchener said about the British troops means simply this, "that an undisciplined Briton is not worth putting up against a German." And surely no Briton will suffer such reproach to remain with him, a reproach which is almost an insult. Yet it is true that discipline means efficiency. Efficiency means success. Lack of discipline means defeat and failure. And what will our friends think of us; what will our enemies think of us? More than that, what will we think of ourselves, if, through lack of discipline, in the great crisis we fail? No, we must not fail, we must succeed. We must be disciplined so that we may succeed.

G. H. BATTERSBY.

THE GROWLER.

The growler, like the poor, is always with us. He is a good fellow at heart, and when he gets to heaven he'll chafe about the fit of his halo. When a body of men is cut off from its fellows the growler shows up like a dollar on a sweep's bag. He considers himself "just the one," when there's any growling to be done. A "tin hat" once said to me that, if some men didn't growl, there was something wrong somewhere. Taking this as a criticism, we find our reinforcement is the "best vet," for verily the growler's here in force. When we first embarked and were shown our quarters, nearly everyone was delighted to find a mattress and behold a pillow. "This'll do me!" was heard from one end of the ship to the other; but with our worthy friend it was different. "S'truth, this nest's not long enough for me, and this" (pointing disgustedly to the mattress) "blimy, they expect a 'bloke' to sleep on sacks. Who wouldn't go to the war? Them officer 'bokes,' look at their nests, yer don't catch any of them down 'ere. They're no better than us an' they gets treated like lords, blast 'em!" Waking up in the morning after a night's good rest in the balmy air of the hold, he is particularly ferocious and must be approached with caution. "What sort of blanky beds are these? Blimy, I nearly rolled out in the night! This is no good to me. I'm going to see if I can't sleep on deck after this. I'll have a word with the O.C." Exactly who and where that mysterious person is to be found, no one seems to know except his august majesty the grouser. Well, after getting a search party out in pursuit of a yesterday's sock that persists in hiding somewhere, he loudly exclaims, "S'truth, who's gone down on a cove's sock; let's have a look at yours?" After many trials and tribulations—for these are troublous days—he finally tracks it to its lair under the bottom bunk. He finally finds himself at the ablation basins, and, very much against his grain, has to wait his turn, like any ordinary mortal. All of a sudden his steely eye spies someone shaving. His remarks are a treat to hear. "Hey, mate, expect a bloke to stand here all day waiting for a wash? Hurry up." The shaver nods knowingly and calmly proceeds. "Blimy, some of you bokes has got the cheek of a —." Of a truth his days are full of trouble, and he hunteth for the most of it. After the wash he fights his way back to his quarters, and, properly "rattled" by this time, finds himself late for early roll call. When asked by the sergeant-major why he is late, he unburdens himself in this wise: "Couldn't 'elp it; 'ad to wait wile some cove shaved 'imself, must 'a been down there about 'arf an 'our." The sergeant-major smiles indulgently and administers a fatherly warning. At the mess, where we dine à la grande, it is his luck to get (in his imagination) a "crook" piece of meat. He at once proceeds to cast the Orderly Officer and the cooks to everlasting damnation. When he has eaten his fill, and almost invariably he is a glutton, he for a few minutes is content. When he finds he has to learn semaphore signalling, his rage is a thing to be feared amongst the nations. "Blimy, this is 'ot stuff. What's them signallin' coves doin' all day. This is no good to me. What's the good of that stuff to us." He's afraid that he will be deprived of his daily sun bath. Physical drill occupies fully ten minutes of his

time, during which he displays about as much energy as a well-developed worm. When asked the other day his idea of the kit inspection, he replied, "Oh, some cove's lost a tray bit, and all the "tin hats" are down there looking for it.

They think we're all thieves and they can't stand to see us loafing about." His arduous day's work over, he goes to bed with a conscience like a babe, and sleeps as though he'd earned it. Faugh!

J. G. SCOLLAR.

FAREWELL, NEW ZEALAND.

[This piece won the competition for the best serious poem.]

"There's a long, long trail a-winding," etc.
 "Ho! get away, you bullock-man, you've
 eard the bugle blowed,
 There's a regiment a-comin' down the
 Grand Trunk road."

—KIPLING.

Farewell, New Zealand! Country of my birth,
 Where all my childhood passed in dull content,
 Heedless of trouble; nothing worth
 My mind perplexing, through the years I went.
 Farewell, New Zealand! Where as boy and youth
 My dotting parents did my mind instil
 With pearls of wisdom, duty, love and truth,
 And all the budding knowledge gently drill.
 Farewell, New Zealand! Where in manhood's
 prime

Revealed to me was Love's transforming power,
 Whose fairest daughter, in the sweet springtime,
 Did yield her to my keeping, one glad hour.
 Farewell, New Zealand! Who, when foes assailed,
 Did proudly call her noble sons to rise;
 And showed me, when my feeble spirit quailed,
 That duty was the strongest of all ties.
 Farewell, New Zealand! As you bid "God-
 speed"

To me, who leave you for a distant land,
 No further promises of care I need
 Than is expressed in your outstretching hand.
 Farewell, New Zealand! As I sail away,
 Each long-drawn hour my thoughts are all with
 thee,

And ever nearer draws the fateful day,
 When, in their might, thy hateful foes I'll see.
 Farewell, New Zealand! As mid battle's strife
 I do my little to uphold thy name,
 No thought of glory, no desire for life,
 If, through my living, thou are brought to shame.
 Farewell, New Zealand! When, if Death unsought,
 Thy son doth clutch within it's icy hand
 Peace will be mine, if by my blood is bought
 The freedom of New Zealand.—Motherland.

C. S. MORTON.

RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT.

BY PLIMSOLL.

Oh, to be back in New Zealand to-night,
 Back in the land I love,
 Back on the farm so fair and so bright,
 Oh, to be there, my dove!

Such, gentle reader, is a fragment from one of the competition "pieces" which our judges have had to read. Truly, "we are such stuff as dreams are made on": one can almost hear the judge murmuring—

..... Bear with me,
 My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar."

Real feeling, real pathos, weighs down every word. We wonder what it is that has inspired such a poetic outburst. Is it that spirit of adventure for which our forefathers were so well known? Is it the desire for fame? Or is it the fear that the sweet and buxom wench will be amongst the missing in the land to which we are travelling?

We cannot print the whole of this touching poem: it would be too, too much. As the good old Latin tag has it, "Love overcometh all things, and even we succumb to love." Verb sap! We are led to believe that this pulsing heart-throb, "this gem of purest ray serene," this gem of art, is the earnest effort, the fulminating outburst of a brave and gallant infantryman. Let him keep fresh the memory of his "dove"; our hearts go out in sympathy to him.

Yes, retrospect is pleasant—nay, not pleasant, but bitter-sweet. Verily all our hearts are back in God's Own Country, but—we are soldiers, and,

like John Brown's body, our souls go marching on. Sentiment is of the past, we go forward—retrospect must become prospect. With trepidation we face the unknown, with bated breath we ask what the future holds in store, and then, our courage firmly grasped in both hands, we look into the horoscope of Fate. Ah! what do we see? "Death, dark death, or dreamful ease?" Neither, dear brother, neither, for retrospect has tinged the face of prospect and "All's well." The glass is merciful. "Resurgam" is its theme. True, our hearts are "on the farm so fair and so bright"; but—the location of that farm has changed! Our spirits are alive within us again. Things are not what they seem, but seem what they are—and we are risen from our dead selves. Need more be said? Here, on the other side of the world, are "visions fair to see." We are men in a world of women, and once again beautiful maidens cling to our necks, enlure us with their voices, enfold us with their arms, caress us with their lips, enrapture us with their eyes, and with their whole beings utterly possess us! And as we suffer it, what, oh what, do we think?

"Oh, to be back in New Zealand to-night,
 Back in the land I love,
 Back on the farm so fair and so bright,
 Oh, to be there, my dove!"

OUR RETURNED MEN.

The following is a list of the officers and other ranks aboard the "Pakeha" who have served in previous drafts of the New Zealand Expeditionary Forces:—In Samoa.—Major H. H. Wright; 2nd Lieutenants C. W. Jones and A. V. Young; Quarter-master-Sergeant P. Aekins; Sergeants P. J. E. Robertson, and W. J. Robertson; Corporals J. D'Oyly, A. W. Godsell, and R. J. Payne; Lance-Corporal T. C. Sloan; Privates C. S. Morton and J. A. Scott. In Egypt.—2nd Lieutenants E. R. Broughton, C. C. Miles, A. Orr, and E. G. Pilling; Sergeants R. Rickard and J. H. Straw; Corporals R. S. Ohlsen, D. Smith, and S. F. Sutton; Privates S. D. Barr, W. R. Duckett, A. C. Goodlet, G. McCracken, G. G. O'Neill, J. Olds, A. N. Sligo, R. Stocks, and S. B. Turnbull. At Gallipoli.—2nd Lieutenants E. R. Broughton (Sari Bair and Evacuation—June to December), A. Orr (Landing, Cape Helles, wounded Sari Bair—April to August 21), E. G. Pilling (Landing, Cape Helles, Sari Bair—April to

August 14), and C. C. Miles (September); Sergeant-Major F. J. Wilkinson (Sari Bair—June to August); Sergeants R. Rickard (Landing, Sari Bair, twice wounded—April to August 8), J. H. Straw (Landing, Cape Helles, Sari Bair—April to September), and W. J. Robertson (Sari Bair, wounded—August); Corporal R. S. Ohlsen (July and August); Privates C. McCracken (Landing, Cape Helles, Sari Bair, wounded August 8), A. C. Goodlet (Landing, Cape Helles, Sari Bair, wounded five times), N. Te Paa (Sari Bair, wounded August), R. Namana (Sari Bair, wounded Apex in September), W. G. Richardson (November), and A. N. Sligo (Landing); Troopers G. Scott (Landing, Sari Bair, wounded August) and T. Mitchell (Sari Bair—May to August—wounded). Sister P. N. Reynolds served on a hospital ship and in the Alexandria base hospital. Lieutenant Broughton received his commission on the field on November 14, 1915, and Lieutenant Pilling was returned to New Zealand for a commission on March 10, 1916. Lieutenant Orr was invalidated home to the Dominion, and on the recommendation of the G.O.C. in the field was granted his commission.

THE PAKEHA'S ROLL.

First Witch: When shall we . . . meet again?

In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

Second Witch: When the hurlyburly's done,

When the battle's lost and won.—MACBETH.

THE SHIP'S COMPANY.

Commander, Captain R. S. Lewis.

Chief officer, Mr. H. Falconer; second officer, Mr. M. A. Gilmour; third officer, Mr. W. A. Breen; fourth officer, Mr. H. Houchin. Marconi operator, Mr. S. W. Helms; assistant Marconi operator, Mr. J. Gibb.

Chief engineer, Mr. S. Weddington; second engineer, Mr. C. Marmion; third engineer, Mr. F. Gordon; fourth engineer, Mr. W. McCormick; fifth engineer, Mr. A. W. Jones; sixth engineer, Mr. J. S. Callinan. Boilermaker, Mr. A. Milne. Refrigerating engineers: Mr. R. Latta (first), and Mr. L. Jackson (second). Electrician, Mr. G. Lidgett.

Chief steward: Mr. H. J. Davis.
And a crew of 75 all told.

THE TROOPS.

Officer Commanding Force (carried by the Pakeha and Devon): Major H. H. Wright, A.S.C.
Staff Officer to O.C. Force: Captain G. W. Braddell, N.Z.S.C.

Officer Commanding Troops aboard the Pakeha: Captain D. S. Columb.

Ship's Adjutant: 2nd Lieutenant W. G. Wood.
Ship's Quartermaster: 2nd Lieutenant C. C. Miles.
Ship's Quartermaster-Sergeant: Acting R.Q.M.S. P. Aekins.

Ship's Sergeant-Major—Sergeant-Major H. Lang.
Record Branch: Sergeant-Major F. J. Wilkinson;
Sergeant T. Hulme.

Pay Office: Sergeants I. J. Quigley and C. Morral.

NEW ZEALAND FIELD ARTILLERY.

Officers: 2nd Lieutenants S. G. Holland and J. Wilson.

N.C.O.'s and Men: Battery Sergeant-Major E. Aldersley; Sergeants L. J. Brewerton, E. L. Enting, and R. E. Leeming; Corporals R. A. Collio, A. R. Duthie, C. E. Evans, E. G. Fahey, C. H. Pully, and L. Wilkinson; Bombardiers J. J. Douglas, R. Pairman, T. A. Turei, G. Walpole, F. Wilson, L. Wootton; Gunners G. Anderson, J. D. Anderson, D. H. O. Averill, D. Athfield, H. Beesley, J. R. Bell, C. Bell, J. A. Brewerton, F. J. Butler, B. A. Carter, E. Chetwin, C. C. Clements, T. Coleman, W. Cormack, O. W. Cromar, G. F. Dawson, L. C. Daykin, J. E. Dowland, R. Duncan, A. Eastlake, G. Eeroyd, A. R. Elley, L. R. Ewan, F. S. Falloon, A. J. Fielden, G. J. Fitzgerald, H. Hamilton, W. P. Harries, G. R. Hiron, H. E. Hoffmann, L. S. Hughes, H. R. Hunter, R. Isbister, C. H. Jaggard, G. S. Jeffs, V. J. Jenner, P. A. Jones, D. Keane, E. W. S. Killick, E. P. Liddell, J. Longmuir, F. L. Luff, W. G. Masson, T. Mitchell, P. G. Morgan, A. Morris, G. Moyes, L. B. Murray, J. G. A. McGregor, R. McGregor, W. C. McHugh, M. R. McKinlay, M. B. O'Grady, E. O'Reilly, E. E. Osborn, E. Owen, A. P. A. Pevreal, A. C. Philpot, J. Poole, W. R. Ramsay, H. C. Skeen, S. Stockdale, H. E. Stowe, F. O. Thomas, R. Thompson, O. M. Todd, O. S. A. Tombs, A. E. Turner, J. A. H. Vivian, T. J. Wakefield, H. O.

Wallis, H. H. Wilsher, L. R. Wilton, A. S. Winger, J. A. Wisharr, and E. J. Woolf.

ENGINEERS.

N.C.O.'s and Men: Sergeants D. Amos and R. D. Climie; Corporals C. E. Jones and R. J. Pain; Sappers E. A. Anker, W. N. W. Bain, M. B. Blake, W. B. Burns, W. M. Caddie, H. Cowan, S. T. Carter, H. V. Hayman, C. B. Handley, E. Hanrahan, E. J. Holtham, P. F. Jardine, T. F. Kerridge, J. E. Lambourne, W. R. Miller, W. H. Needs, C. B. Peart, L. Richards, P. D. Robb, G. H. Shaw, G. C. Staples, D. Watson, and A. P. Young.

MOUNTED RIFLES.

N.C.O.'s and Men: Sergeant C. de Pass; Troopers G. Francis, S. W. Martin, C. R. McKay, D. Philipson, G. Scott, W. Seabright, C. Smith, S. F. Toon, and E. Worth.

INFANTRY.

"B" COMPANY.

Officers: Captain D. S. Columb (O.C.); 2nd Lieutenants A. Andrews, E. G. Pilling, A. V. Young.
Non-Commissioned Officers and Men: Sergeant-Major H. Lang; Quartermaster-Sergeant J. D. A. Brians; Sergeants R. J. Bird, D. T. Dilks, R. A. Hamerton, W. R. Harris, J. H. Luke, W. J. Robertson, W. F. Tomlinson, and E. J. Webb; Corporals H. J. Allison, F. P. Doyle, G. Forbes, A. W. Godsell, E. E. Le Grove, C. G. Mather, J. F. McClenaghan, M. McKay, C. H. Silby, and T. Wilkie; Lance-Corporals E. H. Eason, H. A. M. F. Fesche, D. F. Foote, T. D. H. Hutchison, J. A. Jopp, W. T. Mair, and T. C. Sloan; Privates A. Aitken, C. Anderson, G. Anderson, B. J. Annabell, H. N. Arnold, W. R. Arthur, W. Askew, F. Baker, A. J. Balks, L. F. Ballinger, T. E. Bennetts, R. W. Beu, L. Bishop, R. E. Black, S. Blair, A. Blanchard, A. W. Boddington, J. J. Brady, H. A. Breed, R. Brogden, T. M. Brown, W. A. Brown, J. A. Buderus, E. Bunn, R. Burns, G. Cairns, G. Capper, C. P. Carroll, M. A. Chainey, C. G. Challis, E. C. Clark, F. J. Coatsman, W. D. Cochrane, J. H. Cole, T. Coleman, E. Colson, F. A. Cook, R. M. Cowan, T. L. Craigie, W. T. Cubbon, J. S. Davies, E. A. Deadman, T. Doherty, J. R. Donaldson, H. Donkin, S. H. Donkin, A. J. Dornauf, A. E. Doyle, S. H. Eades, H. L. Emery, G. Fitzgerald, E. J. Flynn, L. F. Foote, S. E. J. Fowler, J. Fox, H. Gainford, H. Gardner, J. M. Gardner, F. G. Gates, H. Gisborne, E. D. Godfrey, J. Groshinski, W. D. Gulliver, W. B. Gush, E. Hains, T. D. Hamblin, W. C. Hamblin, H. Hanson, W. Harkneth, F. J. Hart, G. Harding, P. B. Hende, J. Hewson, W. C. Hickey, A. C. Hickton, J. G. Hodder, E. Hook, B. Hunt, R. Hunter, J. G. Hutchison, F. W. Ingram, W. J. Irving, E. A. Jackson, A. Jeffery, A. Johnston, E. A. Jones, G. Kells, J. Kelly, T. C. Kennedy, J. R. Ketteringham, V. Kirkby, E. F. Lacey, C. J. G. Lamberg, A. Lamont, L. Lewis, T. Logie, R. Lynch, T. Mangaroa, A. T. Marshall, S. Martin, A. J. Millward, J. J. Mooney, W. V. Morey, E. Morris, C. S. Morton, W. A. Muir,

D. A. McCorquodale, A. H. McFadden, W. R. McLeod, H. Nicholas, A. S. Nicolson, J. H. M. Norris, L. G. North, J. O'Brien, J. O'Connell, P. V. O'Connell, J. J. O'Donnell, H. M. Oxenham, H. B. C. Parkin, H. Paul, G. A. Petch, C. A. Pettit, J. H. Phillips, A. E. Price, E. Price, A. Putnam, G. S. Raby, C. J. Randall, J. J. Reynolds, G. J. Roper, A. E. Roe, R. Ross, N. L. Sarten, B. Saunders, C. W. Saxby, A. Secker, O. Sheppard, E. H. S. Smith, W. W. Smith, A. E. Sparrow, J. C. Stewart, J. T. Stott, H. R. Stunell, F. A. Tanner, A. J. Taylor, G. Thompson, C. N. M. Tilley, F. Turchie, C. E. Vickers, C. F. Voss, J. Wake, L. Ward, A. E. Wasley, R. B. Webb, G. E. Wells, W. White, J. Wood, T. Wright, F. J. A. Wylie, and D. H. Yetton.

"G" COMPANY.

Officers: Lieutenant S. G. Smith (O.C.); 2nd Lieutenants F. W. Grnar and W. G. Wood. N.C.O.'s and Men: Sergeant-Major J. Kirk; Quartermaster-Sergeant A. Taylor; Sergeants L. R. Bishop, F. F. Cameron, A. E. Jackson, L. L. S. Knight, D. M. G. MacKay, R. Rickard, J. S. L. Sherriff, and A. Thain; Corporals A. Alexander, A. L. Askew, R. B. Bell, F. A. Carter, C. K. Cotton, R. S. Goodman, H. J. E. Gunn, H. H. W. Gibson, J. C. Nicholls, and A. A. Shierlaw; Lance-Corporals E. W. Adair, F. Benson, R. W. H. R. Blazey, T. C. Bonniface, J. Breslin, H. G. Grigsby, L. S. Johnson, W. R. Oliver, R. W. Orton, W. H. Riley, G. Stapleton, H. A. C. Taylor, N. M. Wadsworth, A. V. Went, and S. R. Webby; Privates W. C. Adams, J. Adkins, A. M. Aitken, A. Albon, F. C. Allen, J. Allen, J. M. Anderson, B. Armstrong, R. Ash, J. W. Bate, R. J. Bate, J. Beatty, R. I. Black, J. C. Blackley, W. Booth, H. E. Bonar, H. L. Boon, T. S. Bowden, T. B. Brown, F. C. Bryant, A. H. Hurley, W. Burrows, W. J. Byrne, R. Bell, W. T. Cavanagh, F. E. Chantler, W. Chatham, A. B. Clark, F. Collins, P. G. S. Cookson, J. L. Costello, W. H. Cribb, T. H. Cursons, A. E. De Buo, W. J. A. Docherty, J. R. Dunlop, W. H. Dukes, J. M. Eaglesome, N. V. Emsly, I. G. Evans, H. B. Ferguson, T. S. Ferguson, J. Finlay, J. Fisher, E. Fletcher, J. Fletcher, J. Flood, C. R. Foster, L. Foster, N. H. Fraser, B. W. Gibbs, C. W. Glasson, W. J. Gould, J. Gunn, N. C. W. Grigg, C. G. Hack, A. Halliday, F. M. Hamson, J. P. Harvey, T. J. Hargreaves, C. Henderson, J. W. Heslop, H. H. Hill, G. G. Hibell, J. W. Horsfall, W. Hoffmann, H. Hollings, C. H. Inwood, F. Isherwood, R. Jackson, E. R. James, H. T. Jeffries, G. A. Johnson, J. A. Johnston, C. Kean, D. Kearns, R. N. Kenning, C. Kerr, S. F. Kerr, P. Kiely, T. E. King, W. G. Kohlies, L. V. Laugesen, C. G. Lawrence, C. V. Leslie, E. W. R. Leslie, D. Lindon, R. Lodge, G. Loversidge, E. E. Lutton, A. Major, G. D. Marsh, S. C. Marsh, A. Marshall, W. H. Marshall, G. Masterton, E. Matthews, H. Moody, N. S. Moore, P. M. Moran, J. H. Morris, W. J. Morrison, R. Morton, S. G. Mortland, C. G. Mudford, W. McCann, H. B. McCauley, J. H. E. McChesney, J. McConaghey, G. McCree, H. R. McDonnell, R. McDowell, C. McGowan, J. McGrath, J. J. McHugh, W. J. McLean, R. Nankivell, J. Newman, W. S. Noonan, E. O'Brien, J. O'Connor, A. L. Parker, H. P. G. Petterson, J. Pierce, T. Pilcher, G. J. Pitcher, J. L. Prebble, R. T. Pratt, V. B. Price, A. Reeves, H. T. Reilly, P. Robb, W. J. Robb, T. H. Sheridan, S. C. Sherrard, B. Simons, J. Simpson, C. H. Skinner, G. Skurr, F. F. Smee, H. Smith, B. R. Stafford, R. Sutherland, C. C. A. Tahourdin, F. Tansley, N. F. H. Tavender, J. Teasdale, F. W. Thomas, R. F. Thompson, W. M. Thom, T. Thurlow, W. H. Trower, H. V. Tucker, J. F. Twiss, H. Walker, F. S. Walker, H. Wards, T. Wark, R. H. Watkins,

S. D. Weastell, J. B. Weller, A. R. Whelham, N. W. H. Wilkinson, L. Williams, J. W. Wilson, S. Wilson, N. L. Williamson, H. Wintle, G. H. Wood, and A. J. Young.

"D" COMPANY.

Officers: Lieutenants E. V. Freed (O.C.) and C. H. Molloy; 2nd Lieutenants C. W. Jones and H. Digby-Smith. N.C.O.'s and Men: Sergeant-Major A. E. Stevens; Quartermaster-Sergeant F. Bartlett; Sergeants J. M. Boyle, H. Ingram, D. Martin, H. H. Peables, P. S. Robertson, C. F. Scobell, J. W. Watt and N. L. F. Wood; Lance-Sergeant St. J. V. Beadle; Corporals C. Beby, J. E. R. Bonton, H. C. Brown, T. P. N. De Spong, L. M. Faircloth, G. V. Jenkins, A. S. McDougall, C. V. McKenzie and D. S. Ritchie; Lance-Corporals J. A. Clark, N. F. Jackman, A. McLaren, H. E. Perkins, A. Peters, R. R. Ramage, W. A. Stuart and C. Thomas; Privates E. C. Agnew, A. Allan, L. Allen, D. M. Alexander, E. C. Allison, R. S. Andersson, J. C. Ashton, W. Baker, R. Beaton, B. Beatty, S. Bear, R. B. Binning, J. Brass, J. H. Bray, A. Brookes, D. D. Brown, H. J. Bryan, J. Buchan, H. R. Bunn, J. Byers, O. Cairns, E. H. Campbell, T. M. Campbell, G. E. Chapman, J. Clark, J. T. Clark, F. A. Collins, G. Collins, T. Collins, A. M. Connor, D. C. Connor, T. P. Corcoran, D. A. Coster, F. P. Coster, H. Coulter, L. G. Cowie, E. A. Coxon, E. Coyle, G. Davidson, F. E. Davis, W. Dempsey, W. Dow, J. Duff, G. H. Duffell, J. H. Eastwell, N. Edgar, R. A. F. Felton, C. M. Ferrar, J. Findlay, J. Finlay, J. F. Flynn, J. Fraser, A. Fyfe, J. A. Godsell, A. C. Goodlet, C. Goodall, A. Grant, D. A. Grant, A. G. Green, A. W. Guthrie, W. Guthrie, C. Hall, B. Hardy, A. S. Harvey, J. Haslemore, H. P. Healey, R. J. A. Hodge, W. G. Hodge, E. Hogg, T. Holgate, J. T. Hutchinson, P. Ingoldby, H. W. Ingram, E. Jacobsen, R. L. J. Jane, A. J. Jenkins, J. Jenkins, G. Joiner, J. W. Keogh, J. Kerse, J. T. Kirk, J. H. Kitto, R. W. Kyles, E. R. Latimer, J. C. Leckey, J. Leslie, J. Lilley, M. Lilley, A. E. Lines, L. P. Lonie, W. Lovel, W. D. Maitland, J. M. MacLean, J. H. Mallett, C. A. Martin, W. Matheson, W. C. Meager, J. Michie, G. B. Miller, D. J. Miller, J. Milligan, A. Minogue, I. W. Moore, J. Morrison, E. Mountney, J. L. Murphy, N. S. Murrell, J. McCarthy, R. A. McDonald, H. McDougall, D. McEwen, E. H. McFarlane, J. McGimpsey, W. R. McHugh, J. McIntosh, A. J. McKenzie, J. McKenzie, D. J. McNab, J. McNece, D. G. McQuarrie, J. F. Noble, J. Norman, J. W. Omand, J. O'Halloran, R. O'Neill, E. Parker, J. A. Peat, R. J. Phillips, F. L. Pilfoot, C. M. Poppelwell, G. Pow, W. S. M. Ramson, A. J. Reynolds, J. E. Reynolds, J. A. Rhodes, W. C. Richardson, W. G. J. Richardson, J. Robb, C. N. Robertson, J. Robertson, J. Robson, J. Robinson, W. Roche, E. A. Rosie, J. P. Royal, A. Scott, J. A. Scott, A. Sellars, J. Shepherd, F. W. Slaughter, A. N. Shigo, R. Smallman, C. L. Smith, C. R. Smith, W. J. Smith, H. Spratt, J. A. Spratt, W. J. Steans, R. G. K. Stout, C. Street, R. Stuart, R. J. Summers, J. S. Sutherland, J. Taylor, P. Taylor, J. Thom, R. Thompson, H. R. Thorp, R. E. Thorsen, J. Torrance, A. C. Tulley, A. B. Turner, L. Turner, W. C. Waldren, W. R. Wallace, J. Walsh, H. D. White, M. J. White, D. W. Winter, and J. S. Wishart.

"G" COMPANY.

Officers: Lieutenant G. T. McIlroy (O.C.); 2nd Lieutenants A. Orr and G. L. Rogers. N.C.O.'s and Men: Sergeant-Major C. McKeegan; Quartermaster-Sergeant A. L. Poll; Sergeants C. T.

Brown, H. E. Curtis, J. A. Elliott, A. I. K. Franks, T. H. Kenny, C. M. J. L. Sheppard and J. M. Sutherland; Corporals L. H. Bull, F. T. Butland, J. R. D'Oyly, W. F. Hadwin, W. Harnett, A. J. S. McEwan, M. H. O'Leary and W. P. Stephenson; Lance-Corporals E. Bissett, E. J. Burn, I. D. Donaldson, J. F. Fraser, A. Gavin, J. Hanrahan, G. F. Lambert, F. J. Panting, H. G. Vipond, C. Walker, C. L. Welch, and M. C. Wilkinson; Privates R. W. H. Ashmore, A. C. Alquist, J. Austin, E. A. Badby, A. H. Baker, T. Barber, G. T. Beasley, J. Belesky, J. Bennie, A. J. Bergahan, J. A. Berry, R. P. Brennan, J. Buckley, A. F. Burns, E. Burns, J. Burns, N. F. Callahan, F. R. Cameron, A. M. Carson, J. W. Carson, W. J. Carson, A. J. Carter, C. Charlton, J. S. Clarke, H. Collins, N. W. Cook, T. Coogan, G. Copestake, P. G. Cormes, S. Cowie, S. W. Cowdell, A. J. Crawford, D. Crawford, C. D. Cruickshank, J. Currie, A. Dale, J. Dobson, B. Donaldson, T. O. Drake, E. J. De Rungs, A. F. Esson, H. E. Farland, H. Fenner, P. Fitzgerald, W. Garden, J. A. Garrett, A. Gavin, J. R. Geldard, D. W. Gibbs, A. E. Gosden, J. Gray, D. Grievie, H. D. Gudsell, P. F. Gunn, A. S. J. Haddon, R. J. Hanrahan, V. H. Hayles, J. L. Hayward, M. H. Heywood, C. Hodges, A. H. Hogarth, J. R. Hollows, A. G. Jarvis, E. C. Jeffs, J. Johnson, J. S. Johnston, N. R. Johnston, E. Jones, W. R. Keay, J. L. Lochead, S. J. Long, J. F. Lookyer, R. G. Main, S. H. F. Marsh, F. W. Martin, T. Mastalarchuk, R. May, J. Mill, H. Miller, R. Milne, J. Milne, W. J. Moloney, E. C. Morgan, F. L. Morgan, J. R. Morrison, — Morrison, W. McGarvie, W. C. McGowan, J. W. McGuigan, W. A. McRoe, W. G. McQueen, W. McKay, J. A. Neilson, R. Neville, J. T. O'Key, W. T. Oliver, H. R. Olsen, C. W. O'Neill, W. A. Orr, G. H. Plested, D. Povey, A. C. Price, W. Price, A. Pullar, C. G. Reyland, L. H. Reyland, G. A. Rigden, W. Ross, B. R. W. Roydhouse, J. D. Rutherford, H. G. Ryan, J. R. Saunders, G. Scott, M. Scott, T. G. Senn, T. Shaw, T. L. A. Shepherd, G. G. Sinclair, J. H. Smith, W. G. Stables, A. C. Stewart, T. K. Stickle, A. L. Stokes, C. T. Strother, J. Stubbs, E. T. Sweetapple, S. A. Syme, F. R. Selwood, R. Stocks, W. Teehon, G. A. Thompson, L. T. Thompson, E. A. Thompson, S. Thompson, C. S. Thorburn, J. Tolme, W. H. Trail, W. T. Tripp, L. D. T. Trouland, C. G. Truser, S. G. Truser, P. O. Vallange, H. G. Vipond, G. Wadesworth, H. Ward, W. J. Watts, F. E. Webster, J. Welsh, P. W. Western, B. H. Wheeler, M. Willey, J. W. Wilkinson, J. A. Williams, L. S. Williams, J. Wilson, T. G. Wilson, S. Wilmshurst, A. R. Woods, F. M. Woodward, J. G. Wregglesworth, and J. Wright.

"H" COMPANY.

Officers: 2nd Lieutenants R. J. Warren (O.C.) and J. G. McGhie.
N.C.O.'s and Men: Quartermaster-Sergeant A. J. Kerr; Acting-Sergeant-Major N. F. Rigby; Sergeants T. J. Cronin, R. A. Dibble, M. M. Giblin, E. A. Lucas, and P. J. E. Robertson; Corporals C. B. Beeson, P. W. S. Catchpole, G. W. Colebrook, R. S. Ohlson and W. J. Tabb; Lance-Corporals A. E. Brown, H. C. Bunny, G. F. Duxfield, O. Feisst, C. P. Giddens, S. Goldsmith, E. H. Jarvis, P. C. Kelly and H. S. Mulholland; Privates W. L. Absolum, J. L. Amiel, E. Anthony, F. Armer, J. T. Atkinson, W. Barrett, J. E. Bennet, T. Best, G. Blair, McE. Boyd, W. Boyd, H. W. Bree, T. Brighouse, H. W. Brown, W. Brown, N. G. Brown, E. Callaghan, C. E. Cameron, D. Carmody, J. J. Carroll, Y. C. Carthy, J. R. Clarke, W. J. Clarke, E. Clayton, J. Collins, H. A. Corbett, M. Crosby, J. Dean, J. C. Dibble, V. T. Dibble, E. G. Dobson, C. Daw, F. H. Doway, F. R. Drake, R. H. Dunbar, A. Dunlop, D. Dynes,

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PIONEERS (MAORI).

Officer: 2nd Lieutenant E. R. M. Broughton.
N.C.O.'s and Men: Sergeant J. Adlam; Corporals T. Mulligan, R. Te Tau, and J. Wynyard; Lance-Corporals A. Nathan, R. Kumara, and T. Pirinu; Privates R. Akuhata, H. Akurangi, M. Akurangi, P. Albert, T. Bell, T. Birch, W. Cotton, M. Enoka, W. Erimana, P. Farrell, F. Harris, P. Hawaikirangi, P. Hautapa, W. Hoani, J. Hunt, E. Hughes, T. Hotu, H. Kere, J. Jones, N. Kopua, J. Leach, E. Leef, R. Leef, G. Leef, J. Marsh, H. Matai, W. Moore, D. Moss, H. Moller, G. Nicholls, H. Ngatai, R. Namana, W. Northover, W. Park, N. Poibipi, J. Poutawera, W. Ratete, W. Raroa, P. Raharuki, J. Ranghi, H. Rawhira, N. Rungarunga, W. Smith, M. Smith, P. Tarau, A. Te Hini, W. Te Keepa, R. Te Paa, S. Thompson, T. Tohiriri, G. Ua, H. Whakataka, H. Wawaatai, H. Williams, F. Waipuka and N. Waioimo.

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SIGNAL SECTION.

Officer: 2nd Lieutenant G. Ackhurst.
N.C.O.'s and Men: Sergeants L. J. W. Hitch and N. Sandes; Corporals H. G. Lay, G. W. C. Shirley and A. Smith; Lance-Corporal D. Edsall; Privates V. H. Baird, J. Boucher, E. J. Burton, L. Craighead, J. S. Henderson, C. E. James, L. G. Lawrence, D. G. Lunn, C. E. Mountfort, E. McMahon, G. A. Parker, P. W. Roberts, G. L. Teychenne, A. Walker, C. Waugh, J. A. Wiltshire and A. W. Yates.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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VETERINARY CORPS.

Corporal G. Gibson.

ARMY SERVICE CORPS.

Private G. C. Stearn.

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