

* THE TAHITIAN "TRUTH" *

VOL. I, NO. 2.

H.M.N.Z.T. 57.

FOREWORD.

THE welcome accorded the first souvenir of H.M.N.Z.T. 57, its apparent popularity, and the wish expressed in many quarters that another issue should mark the voyage of the Fourteenth Reinforcement, have proved a sufficient incentive for a further publication of The Tahitian "Truth." It has been customary of previous drafts to print, when possible, mementos of their voyage. There being both the facilities and the time at disposal, the editorial committee decided, in carrying on this policy, to prepare immediately a second number. Our thanks, therefore, are extended for the use of the printing room and to those contributors who have helped to make the souvenir such a success.

THE VOYAGE.

Vivid impressions still linger in our minds of the parting scenes at Wellington on the eventful day of June 26th, 1916, when the Fourteenth Reinforcement left on its mission from "God's Own Country." Handkerchiefs were waving, relatives, sweethearts, and friends calling their last good-byes: and as the troopships slowly drew away from the crowded wharf the excitement reached its highest pitch and we were gone. Since that evening the vessels have steamed far over the oceans, but the memory of the farewell will never be effaced. At day-break next morning New Zealand's shores were dim in the distance. The sea was inclined to be boisterous and the days before we reached our first port of call were somewhat stormy. Many were the soldiers "out of action" in those early days! Our brief stay in the port was a welcome respite and the touch of terra firma a pleasurable experience. Our halt, however, was not long, for next evening the course was resumed. The weather now considerably improved, and throughout our journey to the next call was excellent. The days were bright with sunshine and the sea, in marked contrast to the first stage of the voyage, was calm and smooth. While off parade the time merrily passed in lolling about on the decks, many being engrossed in the pages of magazines or books, others in the pleasure of games. Thanks to the organising ability of Chaplain-Captain Cruickshank sports and musical competitions were successfully inaugurated. On touching at the second and third ports the monotony was considerably relieved and to the soldier it appears that there is no tonic like the sight of land. The voyage to date, therefore, has been an exceptionally good one and has proved more or less enjoyable to all. Kia Ora.

RETROSPECTION.

In the month of August, 1914, now two years ago, the terrible war-cloud, which had menaced the European horizon for many years, burst in its fearful entirety. Never in the history of the world had such a catastrophe been precipitated upon the foremost nations with such disastrous and distressing severity. Unparalleled in any detail—the millions of men under arms, the modern weapons of destruction, means of communication—the struggle continues to-day in all its fierceness. Science, literature, music, and other branches of learning, the many trades and professions, have all suffered by the heavy hand of War and the toll in human life has been felt in the most distant lands. Our British Empire, risen against Germany and her Allies in response to Belgium's cry for justice, has proved herself to be a formidable military, as well as a naval nation. The manhood of the Motherland and of her Colonies have fought the aggressive Prussian militarism with that pertinacity which has characterised her progress through the pages of history. Peace must inevitably come, but with it the victory of Britain and her valiant Allies. Our own fair Dominion and other daughters of England, drawn immeasurably closer in ties to the Old Land, have answered the "Call to Arms" in no uncertain voice. The world has witnessed the dawn of a grand and glorious Imperialism!

Under the War Cloud.

Echoes of battle and anguish were blending,
Tocsins have sounded the distant alarms,
Grim is the struggle, relentless, unending,
Fateful the hour when the world rose in arms.
Far from New Zealand our troopships are speeding,
Leaving behind us our loved ones at home;
Comrades in thousands to combat are leading—
Onward in answer, we come o'er the foam.
Brave are the hearts that are patiently waiting,
Longing so eagerly tidings to learn.
Watching and yearning with hope unabating—
Heaven protect them until we return!
L.Cpl. Bertran Potts. H Coy.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Inspector of Lights: Yes we too have noticed those unscreened lights, but who dares to inform the King of Siam of the wart on his nose? Chaplain Cruickshank: Try Home Chat. Officers generally; No, we know of no certain cure for canary legs. Lieut. Bowler; Regret cannot publish your lines beginning "I wish I were a Hockey Stick, etc." Lieut. Atkinson: There are no eggs in the crew's nest. Corpl. Smitt: Try exercise and low diet. Lt. Jacobs: Naval hats scarcely suit military men. Lofty 1 and 2, 29th Platoon; No remedy, walk bow-legged. Sergt. Warner: Jolly Beggah. Lieut. Vernon: Your threat to take legal proceedings against us ignored. Next time enclose penny stamp. Provost Sergt.: We do not require a "Truth" runner. Corpl. Ryan: A sparring partner is guaranteed to kill at close range. Antiquarian: No the letters in question do not stand for Permanent Mess Orderly.

The "tidal wave" which threatened to break up our happy home on a recent Sunday night caused a big stir down for'ard. One man, it is said, bolted for the hatchway clad only in a singlet, a money belt, and a worried look.

You can't judge a soldier by his uniform, neither can you judge a ship's potato by its skin.

WAY PORTS AND YELLOW FLAGS.

FOR a long time after leaving Albany we had seen nothing but sea, which is interesting to gaze at for an hour or so at New Brighton or Island Bay, with an electric car ready to take one back to shops and houses and fresh food, beer, and all the other luxuries of civilisation; but palls a bit when one can't get away from it for weeks at a time. So we were fed up with it. Then we sighted land, and, going closer, saw an attractive looking town spread along the water's edge. It proved to be Durban, South Africa. We had just begun to polish our buttons and make ready to go ashore when someone rushed down below to where we live among the coal and said breathlessly "Yellow flag's up!" We exclaimed angrily that having the yellow flag up was a "fair cow," but that didn't alter matters. We moored alongside a grimy wharf, got plenty of fruit, and saw a lot of dirty, picturesque black people tumbling about and begging for money. We went for a dusty route march and smelt much noisome blubber in passing a whale factory. But the city itself we did not see. They do say, indeed, that certain adventurous spirits, under cover of darkness, paid a surreptitious visit. But no one who knows our character as a reinforcement draft would believe that such a thing could be. At Capetown, which we reached a few days later, things were better. The quarantine barge raised its bilious head for a start, and the authorities said that we could not go ashore. Then they conceded us a route march to a piece of common land, where a sort of picnic was held, brightened towards the end by the appearance of a brewery cart, which resulted in a dole of one fourpenny pint of beer to each man who wanted it. We all did. The next day however, matters brightened. They took us for a route march of a few miles to one of the show spots of the city. It was a pleasant jaunt, and the weather was splendid, the only shadow being cast by the belated arrival of the perambulating canteen. On the way back some of the men represented strongly to the authorities that it would be a fair thing to give them some leave. Their representations were so powerful as to be unanswerable, and that night we had leave in the city. The same favor was granted during the two following days, and the New Zealanders did that city thoroughly. The inhabitants were very obliging, and we had but to mention that we required anything for them to present us with it. The male residents were full of goodfellowship, the ladies, black, white, and brown, were very kind and friendly. We stayed in port nearly a week, but after we had had leave for three days running the authorities thought it would be imposing on the good nature of the townspeople to accept their bounding hospitality any further, so the ship pulled out into the stream for the rest of her stay there. Now we are out on the briny again.

FOUND IN SERGEANTS' MESS:

Dear Mammy,--I want to tell you about a nasty, cruel man we have on board called the Censor. All our other officers are so kind to us. For instance, there is the boatswain who does gymnastics to amuse us, the bedroom steward who sees that our sheets are clean and aired, and the captain who tucks us in at night and hears our prayers. But the Censor is an invisible person who issues orders from a dark recess and carries on his nefarious work, generally alone, sometimes accompanied by fellow ruffians. He takes our letters (even such as I write to Mabel) and reads them! Then if he thinks any part at all interesting or a bit too strong he performs a surgical operation, and even threatens to destroy them--that is if he fails to find any one truthful sentence in any one letter. (remainder excised by Censor).

THE FOURTEENTHS: AN EPIC.

"The Fortunate" their watchword was until
They chose a battle cry their foes to thrill,
The head serangs decided on a shrill
"There he goes."

So famous came this cry that far and near
It's sound would fill e'en warriors with fear,
While craven hearts could not endure its clear
"There he goes."

Kokiri, kokiri's all very well,
But where is a more inspiring yell
Than the Fourteenth's shout as they charge
pell mell
"There he goes."

Such dire effect no nation could withstand;
An armistice was called in every land.
A hag convention said it should be banned
"There he goes."

Then indignation filled each manly breast
As this embargo was to them addressed.
No other war-cry had they e'er possessed
"There he goes."

But though the ban was placed upon this cry
A soldier did a substitute supply
To take its place and cheer each comrade's eye
"There he goes."

Tho' badgered was this substitute at first
It made your little courage fit to burst.
The Fourteenth's cry is now a well rehearsed
"Here he comes."

Lieut. B. J. Jacobs. H. Coy.

Question from C. Coy. : Should Donald go to the firing line, or be reserved for Jess Willard?

Pay Day Syllabus : Attacks on Canteen in massed formation.

Look out for "Truth's" coming serial story entitled "A Route March round a Whaling Station."

"Come and have a spot?" said the measles patient. "I'll bring the matter up," replied the sea-sick trooper.

You'll hear it at any time in the Sergeants' Mess: "I'll buy the fruit, Robby."

We have quite a good "quarter" named Roscoe

Who sees we get fed on prize Oxo,

He counts all the waves, as sea-sickness he braves,

But it does make him pull up his socks-so!

ADVT. - Cook's Tours round Capetown 8s each.
Reduction for non. coms.

Printed for the promoters by Sergt. W. H. Humphreys, C. Coy.
on board H.M.N.Z Transport No. 57, 16th August, 1916.