

OFFICIAL SOUVENIR
OF
H.M.N.Z. TROOPSHIP No. 57.

* THE TAHITIAN "TRUTH" *

COMMANDER:
Capt. F. P. Evans (Lieut. R.N.R.)

SHIP'S OFFICERS:

J. Plowman, Chief Officer.
R. Clark, 2nd Officer
W. R. Percy, 3rd Officer
W. F. McIntyre, Chief Engineer
F. W. Errington, Chief Steward
H. M. Lamb, Wireless Operator

MILITARY OFFICERS

COMMANDING OFFICER:
Captain A. C. HUBBARD

ADJUTANT:
Lieut. C. L. Young

QUARTERMASTER:
Captain C. T. Cox

Principal Medical Officer:
Major W. J. Little

"A" Company: Capt. A. C. Hubbard; Lieut. L. W. Metcalfe;
2nd. Lieut. E. G. Ansell; 2nd. Lieut. G. N. Hill; 2nd.
Lieut. J. H. Irviug.
"C" Company: Lieut. J. Atwill; Lieut. C. L. Young; 2nd.
Lieut. G. G. Hancox; 2nd. Lieut. J. H. Thomas.
"G" Company: 2nd. Lieut. D. C. Bowler; 2nd. Lieut. O.
Magnusson; 2nd. Lieut. D. J. Shaw; 2nd. Lieut. E. B. Tustin;
2nd. Lieut. H. S. Wagstaff.
"H" Company: Lieut. S. A. Atkinson; 2nd. Lieut. B. J.
Jacobs; 2nd. Lieut. A. D. Smith; 2nd. Lieut. J. D. Vernon.
N.Z.F.A.: Lieut. J. C. Dunnett.
N.Z.F.E.: 2nd. Lieut. F. K. Broadgate; 2nd. Lieut. P. R. Angus
Divisional Train: 2nd. Lieut. F. G. Love,
N.Z.M.C.: Captain E. M. Wyllie.
Maoris: 2nd. Lieut. W. J. Little.
Specialists: 2nd. Lieut. T. H. J. Alderton; 2nd. Lieut. C. E.
H. Naylor.
Chaplain: Captain G. C. Cruickshank.

"HAPPY WARRIORS."

IN presenting the first issue of "The Tahitian Truth," the unofficial organ of the Fourteenth N.Z. Reinforcements on board H.M.N.Z.T. No. 57 we "dips our lid" for a start to all and sundry and wish them "Kia Ora." Small and unpretentious in its birth, this publication claims merely to be a souvenir of a prosperous voyage towards our unknown destination. Already the "Fourteenths" are well on their journey to take their stand in the firing line side by side with the many thousands of brave men who have made the name "Anzac" symbolical before all the world of high courage and endurance. Our aim as a reinforcement draft is to prove ourselves worthy to fill the gaps left by the gallant dead. Few of us are soldiers by profession; many, probably, are not soldiers by natural inclination; but the duty was plain, and while we are in the game we are determined to be as efficient as we can and to render as good an account of ourselves as is in our power. In Trentham and Featherston camps they called us "the fortunate Fourteenths," and not without reason. We put in our four months and completed our training with the advantage of excellent weather almost throughout, despite the fact that we were in camp during the winter months. The big trek over the Rimutakas was accomplished with the accompaniment of brilliant sunlit days and cloudless nights, and the long column that swung into Trentham Camp on the Saturday that saw the finish was as merry and bright and full of dash as though it had never attempted the arduous final test of efficiency. The fortnight that followed was hardly less arduous, for leave was distributed freely and we "looked our last" on Wellington City with great thoroughness. Gentlemen in camp whom we were accustomed to refer to as "the head serangs" addressed us during that week and assured us in effect that we could hold up our heads without shame alongside of any other reinforcement draft that had left. They went into detail, and did not hesitate to tell us our faults; but the general tone of their remarks was complimentary. There followed the bustle of embarkation and the pleasurable anticipation of novel experiences, tempered by regrets at leaving dear old New Zealand. On the evening of Monday, June 26th, we slipped out of Wellington Harbour, and on Tuesday morning we sat on deck and watched N.Z. fade from view. Now we are keen to get there. We may not do great deeds, but we hope to do our little bit, to do it cheerfully, and to be, each one, the happy warrior--"he, that every man in arms would wish to be."

LATEST WAR NEWS.

BERLIN, This Day.

Unofficial: It is reported that the Germans interned on Somes Island in New Zealand have, unknown to their guard, constructed an underground arsenal. Last evening they overpowered their guard and, to the consternation of the citizens on the mainland, the island in the morning was a veritable fortress, second only to Heligoland. The bombardment of the North and South Islands has commenced.

BERLIN, Yesterday.

Unofficial: Two Sauerkraut Army Corps landed in Northumberland disguised as sausages. The sudden blow has paralysed England, and in all probability no resistance will be offered. Such a dramatic ending of the Great War was altogether unexpected.

Washington, This Day.

President Woodrow Wilson is in receipt of the 928th Note from Germany, which states that America's reply to her 425th Note was couched in terms highly insulting. Diplomatic relations are strained (?)

[Special to the Tahitian "Truth."]

LONDON, This Day.

The war continues on all fronts.

LITERARY.

The following books have been received for publication, and, subject to the vagaries of the Chief Censor, will no doubt appear in print before April 1st, 1955: "Terse Talks to Tiresome Tommies" by Colonel Great O.M.P.; "Ambulance Airiness" by Sergeant Weasel; "Bruises, Cuts (mostly comic), and How to Dodge Them," by Sgt.-Major Bendy; "Life on the Ocean Wave," by Quarter Joe Roscoe; "Jack Johnson and Others I Have Met and Beaten" by Pvt. Donald Munro; "Loves Little Ways" (in Maori), by Pore Glaesye; "The Inoculation of Insects," by Dr. Sly; "Studies in Zoology" by Colonels Beach and Isaacs; "Mess Orderlies' Gazette," edited by Q.M.S. Komic Kutts; "Mistaken Identity," by Pvt. Woodrow; "Life of Amy Bock," by Pvt. Maddock.

WHEN!

When the sun in golden beauty rises o'er the distant sea,
When the clouds of dawn are gathered in their wondrous majesty,
When the colours intermingle in the blueness of the sky,
Then I think of you, my darling and your cheerful last good-bye.

When the silver hue of morning settles on the waves and spray,
And the hours pass by in gladness while the transport steams her way.

When the evening shades steal on the scene and stars peep forth above,

Then I think, my darling sweetheart, of your deep and tender love.

When I wander in my slumber to the land of happy dreams.

To the bay we strolled so often where the moon in glory beams.

Then I live again the days of joy and think of years to be.

And I hear your whisp'ered promise that you'll wait at home for me

L-CPL. BERTRAM POTTS, H. COY.

THANKS.

The cordial thanks of patients in the ship's hospital are extended to members of the medical department, and especially to Sisters E. A. Smith (22-21) and E. M. Livesey (22-25), and Miss L. F. Petersen (22-273) Masseur. The two former are returning to the zone of hostilities.

Troopship Tales.

The Head Cook's definition : A transport is a mass of wood and iron entirely surrounded by rumous.

A grossly exaggerated report says that the number of "Lions" sunk in Albany recently was only exceeded by the number of "Swans" settled. The report was headed "The Breaking of the Drought."

True reasons for waiting for the Maunganui : 1. We had two and a-half pounds of butter over our share ; 2. She had towed the Ulimaroa back to Wellington ; 3. She had to be shown the way ; 4. Censored.

Clause from the Army Act : Any man discovering sharks on the port side is liable to clank everlasting. Anyway there are better fish on the menu than were ever caught in the sea.

The Semaphore Alphabet.

A stands for Atwill, who thinks he's astute.
B is for Bowler, of chocolate suit.
C is for Chaplain or Cruickshank instead ;
While D stands for "Dippy," who's now ill in bed.
E is for Evans, our mariner bold,
F for the stuff he finds down in the hold.
G stands for something I can't find a name.
H is for Hubbard, of nursery fame.
I's for Inspection--Eleven o'clock.
J is for Jacobs, checking his stock,
K's for Kanteen, he haunts like a pub.
L is for Love, or Little the sub.
M is for Magnusson, rather knock-kneed ;
N is for Naylor, of debonaire creed.
O is for Orders, containing all news,
P is for Petersen, our little masseuse.
Q is for Quoits, which is played up above ;
R for Reveille, which all of us love.
S is for Salts, the seasickness cure,
And T is for Tustin, the hard-worked (I'm Shaw)
U is for Urving, whose name I must fake.
V stands for Vernon--always awake.
W's for Wyllie, our youthful sawbones,
And X exercises at best in cyclones.
Y stands for Young, our adjutant sport,
Less Z about rhyme the more may be thought.

OBITUARY.

We publish with regret the names of four comrades who have passed away on board since embarkation : No. 14420, Pvt. Fred Gibson, A Coy., died July 3rd, 1916 ; buried at sea July 4th. No. 12876, Lieut. I. V. Sharp, N.Z.F.A., died and buried at sea July 12th. No. 14039, Sergt. B. W. Legg, G Coy., died July 15th, buried at sea July 16th. No. 25098, Spr. A. J. Campbell, N.Z. Divisional Signallers, died and buried at sea July 18th.

Printed for the promoters by Sergt. W. H. Humphreys, C. Coy

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