

*From Mrs. M. J. Kelly
New Zealand
Mrs. E. P. M. View*

D526.2

SOUVENIR

**TALES
OF A TUB.**



NZ

**TWENTY-SEVENTH
REINFORCEMENT**

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1983.



To _____

From _____

My Address is : _____

No. _____

On Active Service with the
New Zealand Expeditionary Force.



TALES OF A TUB

Being the Story of the Ways and Woes of that Portion of the Twenty-seventh
Reinforcement on board H.M.N.Z.T. No. 87, "TAHITI."

PUBLISHED ONLY ONCE

AT THE RIGHT TIME.

FOREWORD.

We must have a magazine! Such was the popular cry ere we had been many weeks at sea, and the more serious-minded among us recognised that it was a demand—indirect and indefinite enough, maybe, but nevertheless a demand—for something which would, in the years to come, be more tangible and lasting than mere memories of bygone days.

To the great majority of us every day brings new experiences; experiences unknown and undreamed of in those peaceful days before the War. In fact, during the whole process whereby we have been transformed, more or less

slowly, from peace-loving citizens into soldiers of the Empire, we have been met at every turn by new ideas and aspirations, by new aspects of things and new ideals; and these influences have been at work during our life aboard ship no less than while in camp ashore.

And this transition from one path of life to another which is totally different marks a distinct period of our existence, and it is this that we have striven to record in some small degree here.

Much of what we offer our readers may not be, indeed is not, of very great merit when judged by purely literary

standards, but the cheerful humour, the nobleness of sentiment and the high ideals which underlie even the weakest effort justify us in offering it to our readers as a record, however imperfect, of such a time as this.

And now, having introduced this Magazine, and having intimated its limitations, we can only wish our readers the same pleasure in perusing its contents as we have had in its production.

"Tis only a thing done with paper and pen,

But it gives us a glimpse at the hearts of our men."

T.J.M.

THE TITLE.

In order to encourage "all hands" to send in suggestions for a title to our Magazine, a prize was offered for the best suggestion submitted. Out of over one hundred suggestions, received the following names were selected by the Editor and placed before the Committee for their final decision: "The Stormy Petrel," "The Smoko," "The Dry Rag," "The Lion's Tale," "The Holdall," "The Mind Sweeper," "Tales of a Tub," and "The Link."

Between "The Lion's Tale" and "Tales of a Tub" the voting was very close for first place, the final result being: "Tales of a Tub," 1st; "The Lion's Tale," 2nd; with "The Link" and "The Dry Rag," 3rd, equal. The Prize Title was eventually selected to appear on the cover of the Magazine.

THE TRANSPORT.

With the throb, throb, throb of the
turning screw
The Indian Ocean she's ploughing
through,
Breasting the waves of the southern
main,
Rushing through calm and gale the
same,
Parting the combers that threaten and
roar,
Ere they hurl their mass of foam
aboard;
Throwing one moment her nose to
the sky,
As if making a gallant attempt to fly;
A moment later, dropping her head,
As if seeking to plough up the ocean
bed,
Tossing the spray o'er her shoulders in
glee,
Quieting still as the screws race free,

Pitching and heaving on mighty billow,
Then falling in troughs there to roll
and wallow:

And thus she outrides the gale with
pride
And faces the elements far and wide,
For she has a purpose in life to fulfil!
(A purpose this voyage to make her
heart thrill)
For she carries us, sons of New Zealand,
to fight
For freedom and honour and glory and
right;
And hour after hour as the log reels
the miles
That are taking us far from those
glorious isles,
We strengthen our minds and youthful
ambitions
To keep on upholding New Zealand's
traditions.

R.E.P.

LIFE ABOARD A TROOPSHIP.

Everybody aboard a Troopship is happy as a rule except when he is sick; then he doesn't care "what's trumps," but as a rule he gets plenty of sympathy. Just fancy asking a chap if he has enjoyed a good meal, when he is leaning over the rail of the boat watching the eccentricities of the tides. If he turns an agonised face in your direction, then he isn't particularly interested in what is on for the next "feed."

One starts a day at 5.15 a.m. Then you have got to "hop it sudden and dress"—by numbers. If you don't there's bound to be a mix-up, for numbers can't dress at once, especially in the cabins. The next call, 6.20 a.m., is the friendly meeting of the "C.B.'s." They should be called the "C.C.'s." for as soon as you land on deck the first thing you see is the sea. 6.50 a.m., first parade. Nothing exciting in this parade except the rush to get there in time, in case one is grabbed for the scrubbing party. 7 a.m., first sitting for breakfast. Menu: (Permanent fixtures) porridge and bread, (casual) stew, curry or shark. The main thing to remember is to have all your complaints ready before you go into the Messroom, for you are generally too busy hanging to your bit of "grab" to think of anything new. Besides, it isn't safe to turn your head, for such dreadful accidents happen at sea. 7.45 a.m.—Second sitting for breakfast (same menu); the only difference is, the floor is a bit more greasy. After breakfast get shaved and buttons cleaned; but we won't gloat over the agony of the poor soldier in his hour of—well, lots of things. 9.15 a.m.—General parade for the day, except for the lucky chaps on fatigue. Then the music starts, physical drill or perhaps a little marching, in fact any sort of exercise, bar putting a chap on land. 10.15 to 10.50 a.m.—Spells, and perhaps a lecture. 11.45 a.m.—"Wash-out" and wait for dinner, when the same old "Rafferty Rules" are repeated.

1.45 p.m.—Fall in for the afternoon. If there is a rough sea, we fall in right enough, for a ducking anyway. When our luck holds good, we get a few apples and lollies, and some cigarettes. It is really awful the number of fine young men addicted to smoking, for one has got to be satisfied with his allowance, whereas, if less smoked, there would be more for others. 4 p.m.—"Wash-out" for the day. 5 p.m.—Tea, that is for those who are hungry enough—although so far as one can judge by the attendance at the tables, there is a very healthy crowd aboard. After tea there is generally a sing-song lasting till about 6.50, when it is time to turn in, for "lights out" sounds at 9 p.m. Taking things all through, life on board ship is a free and easy one—s), is it any wonder when you hear a cheery voice roaring "Are we down-hearted?" you hear the good old cheery answer "No, No, No!" "Well, it's time you 'turned in boys.' 'Hop it.'"

G.A.C.

Recipe for "Tahiti" Stew.

One bag potatoes.

Equal bulk of bones and gristle.

Add plenty water, as gravy is most essential.

A small quantity of onion, carrot and turnip will give flavour, and scraps from the Officers' Mess will lend an added delicacy.

Take quantities in proportion to requirements.

Put on slow fire at night and stew will be ready by morning.

If quantity of gravy insufficient, add more water. If still insufficient, add more water.

When served cold with unwashed potatoes boiled in their jackets, this makes excellent pucking for soldiers.



Our Adjutant's certainly good, But perhaps I had better touch wood, For in orders he makes Such funny mistakes—

Which really no Adjutant should.

Military Geometry.

(With apologies to Professor Leacock.)

POSTULATES:

1. A Private has a number and position, but no magnitude.

2. A Corporal has no parts whatsoever; he has height without depth.

3. A Quartermaster when required is equally distant from all parts, therefore he can be "washed out."

4. A Sergeant-Major has no parallel anywhere.

PROPOSITION: If the "side" of a Corporal be equal to that of a Sergeant-Major, then it is either greater than it or less. It cannot be greater than it, since a Sergeant-Major has no parallel anywhere. Therefore the "side" of a Corporal is less than that of a Sergeant-Major, which is self-evident, for there is nothing equal to a Sergeant-Major. Therefore a Sergeant-Major is equal to everything and capable of anything, and will do nothing.

Q.E.D.

THE RALLY.

A SUCCESSION OF SHORT BLASTS.

"When the war is nearly over we'll be there." Thus we sang at Trentham and Tauterenikau during the early days of our training.

Some sang the chorus ironically and impatiently, fretting against the checks and hindrances in "getting away."

Others, bulletted men mostly, who had been kept back by sense of duty to others or by similar reason, sang hopefully and happily and thanked God that at last the call had come and that they could now leave with a clear conscience to strike a blow in the nation's defence.

Most of us sang it because it was a good chorus and we did not bother whether the war was "nearly over" or only just beginning.

Well! here we are half-way to "there," and it appears that we shall arrive at the right time to be of service. The tired armies face each other and gather all their strength and resources for the final struggle, and it is at this time, more perhaps than at any previous period of the war, that the arrival of enthusiastic and virile men will be welcomed to hearten our battle-worn comrades and help in the solid work which will be necessary to ensure the "finish" that the nation demands.

"We'll be there!" And may we all put forth every ounce of force of which we are capable, play the game, and be able in after life, as we read the record of the history which is being made, to feel that, however small our effort may have been, it was our very best, and we made it cheerfully and wholeheartedly.

R.W.

PROSPECT AND RETROSPECT.

The desire is strong in us all to square facts with fancies, and to substitute for things as they are, things as we would wish them to be. Yet, to develop such a line of thought into a habit is to paralyse the desire for action; and in "thinking too precisely on the event" we find, like Hamlet, that—

"Enterprises of great pitch and moment
With this regard their current turn
away,
And lose the name of action."

But as now for a time we find ourselves in a world apart, a transition stage between the old and the new, in moments of leisure the mind will fly back, all unbidden, to scenes that have been.

Then, step by step, memory leads us up to the present, and we vaguely wonder what the new life has in store. There is something almost humorous now in the recollection of those first days in Camp—the confusion of mind in the attesting room; the "madeap-gallop" through the Q.M. stores; the exchange of sac suit and hard hat for the blue, green or yellow (now much obscured) of our "undress uniform." How we toiled and suffered during our breaking in to army boots and squad drill! How we groused at the technicalities of musketry! And with what pained astonishment did we first listen to "strange oaths" of the bayonet instructor. Then, these elementary trials passed, did we not "swank it" with the best before the eyes of an admiring home circle, as soldiers of experience and standing. Perhaps, too, there came over us then, for the first time, the stern reality of the call to arms which Duty makes, as the home ties and influences of a lifetime were severed one by one.

So much for retrospect—but what lies before us? Difficulties, dangers, and perhaps loss—experiences which will cause to pale into insignificance all that we have known before. But if there is much to disturb, there is much also to inspire. Not for nothing have we lived and worked together in camp. We have comradeship and pride of corps. Not for nothing have we the example of fifty thousand of our fellows, who have faced the unknown before us, and brought honour to our homeland. In our hands soon that trust will be placed, and we dare not fail.

"This above all, to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."
K.J.D.

Overheard in the Mess Room.

"My luck's damn well out. If I chucked up a pound note it would come down a summons."

"Sending over a reinforcement like this to the war is like offering an elephant a son-sen."

"The Camping Days."

Here on the tracks of the boundless blue,
With world-wide spaces on every hand,
Our thoughts turn back to the lads we knew,
And the camping days in the dear old land.

To the camp at the foot of the steadfast hills—
To the joyous nights when the mists drift down;
There are ties that bind and a thought that thrills—
(And a memory of girls in the near-by town).

There's the long, long trail from the Northern Camp,
That takes us over or leads us back;
The up-hill march thro' the fog and damp—
The star-lit night in the bivouac.

Tho' the wander lust may scatter us far—
For paths are wide and ways are steep;
Tho' some of us follow the dreamer's star,
And some may drift to the Land of Sleep;

Still those who are left in the years to be—
When the glasses are filled, and the toasting sways
The old, old chords in each memory,
Will drink to the dear old Camping Days.

M.E.II.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

- "How to be Happy though Sea-Sick." O—g—y.
- "The Skeleton in the Cupboard." C—w—s.
- "Signalling Simplified"—A Text Book for the use of the R.F.C. H—r—s—n.
- "What I did in the Last War." W—th—rd.
- "The Psychology of Sleep." M—k—n.
- "Albanian Atrocities." O—k—y.
- "I Forbid the Bands." D—l—w.
- "A New Encyclopædia Britannica." The first 49 Volumes now ready. C—n—d—r E—v—s.
- "Advice to Adjutants and Others." K—st—n.
- "Comic Verses." Ch—w—r—d.
- "Meals I have Missed." M—ul—c.
- "Companies, Races, etc.—How to Run." M—k.

The Ten Commandments, according to the Ship's Signallers.

(1) Honour thy Commanding Officer, yea, thy Sergeant also, for thy Commanding Officer holdeth thy Conscience, and thy Sergeant is on the Gifts Committee; thereby shall thy sojourn aboard ship be made pleasant.

(2) Six days shalt thou be seasick and deliver up all thy dinners, and thy mates, even thy brother signallers, shall do all thy watches; but on the seventh day thou shalt do thine own watch, for thy Sergeant knoweth the time of thy travail.

(3) Thou shalt not eat thy Sergeant's dates and throw the stones therefrom on the floor of thy cabin; for verily thou addest insult to injury, and by his fruit shall he know thee and visit his wrath upon thee.

(4) When the officer of the watch saluteth thee in mistake for the officer on the bridge, thou shalt not avert thy face nor laugh privily up thy sleeve; for in the darkness he discerneth not that thou art merely a private.

(5) Thou shalt not always say: "Behold in me a signaller on duty," when thou wishest to pass through forbidden places, for verily but two signallers are on duty at the same time, and thy mates also know of this subterfuge.

(6) Thou shalt not covet thine officer's mess table, for thy Government in its wisdom hath provided one food to be as manna unto thee; therefore thou shalt not growl at its monotony.

(7) When the rain poureth down, and the sprav breaketh over the bridge, thou shalt not take unto thyself the most sheltered part of the bridge; for this is reserved for the ship's officer, who hath provided himself with oilskins and sea-boots; but a wise and all-seeing Government hath provided thee with open deck shoes to keep out the wet.

(8) Every day shalt thou shave; nor mayest thou choose thy countenance in a Balalava Cap that thine officer may not see thy whiskers; for by clean shaven faces shalt the war be won.

(9) Because thou art a ship's signaller thou shalt not give false information regarding the ship's destination, yea, even pull the leg of thy brother in the infantry, nor make believe that the next port of call is the Niagara Falls; for thy brother placeth infinite trust in thee.

(10) Verily, even though thou belongest to the Company of married men, thou shalt not talk to thy brother on watch regarding thy wife; for he, too, hath a damsel who awaiteth his return, and by thine ensample he too is made homesick. Neither shalt thou lie in thy bunk and sing "Home, Sweet Home," for a soldier thinketh only of pleasant things.

A.M.N.

"Britannia rules the waves," said the proud Britisher.

"That's right," said the sea-sick soldier, "but why doesn't she rule them straight?"

PENSEES.

"At the hour of the swarm," writes Maeterlinck, in his "Life of the Bee," "we find a whole people who have attained the topmost pinnacle of prosperity and power, suddenly abandon to the generation to come their wealth and their palaces, their homes and the fruits of their labour; themselves content to encounter the hardships and perils of a new and distant country. It is not a blind emigration, but apparently the well-considered sacrifice of the present generation in favour of the generation to come. When we, in our study of human history, endeavour to gauge the moral force or greatness of a people or race, we have one standard of measurement only—the dignity and permanence of their ideal, and the abnegation wherewith they pursue it. Have we often encountered an ideal more conformable to the desires of the universe, more widely manifest, more disinterested and sublime: have we often discovered an abnegation more complete and heroic?"

I was sitting on the boat deck in the deepening twilight. As I looked at the groups of men gathered round me, I could not help thinking of the strange parallelism between this phase of the life of the bees, and our own circumstances. Why were we all "somewhere at sea" sharing the common life of a troopship? Was it because the shores we had left had proved barren or inhospitable? Had we been driven forth as exiles? Had we abandoned prospects that seemed unpromising, and were we now seeking fairer fields? Were we the victims of some roaming spirit? It was far otherwise. We were self-exiled. This was another "well-considered sacrifice of the present generation in favour of the generation to come."

The spell of "dignified and permanent ideals" was upon us. It was to be our endeavour to conserve those privileges and liberties which past sacrifices had won for us. Was the good achieved on Calvary, at the martyr's stake, by the unseen sacrifices of our mothers, to be meekly handed over to the brutes who marched through Belgium? It was to be our endeavour to win for the future generations more of the treasure that neither moth nor rust can corrupt. We were finding courage in "a thought which an unbounded future wrought."

We were not blind to the self-abnegation involved in the quest of these ideals. The goal that the student had long held up to himself had to be abandoned when almost realised. The farmer who had set his hand to the plough felt that he was looking back. The tradesman's hard-earned custom had in its entirety to be relinquished. But these sacrifices had been "well-considered." We were not allowing ourselves to suffer from any prolonged regrets. We knew not what peril or hardship the new and distant country might mean for us, but we "wouldn't be elsewhere for thousands." We were doing men's work.

And may our Empire of To-day and To-morrow be justified of her sons!

W. T. B.

We're soldiers aboard the "Tahiti,"
Because Germany broke solemn treaty;
But back o'er the Rhine
She'll go in good time,
With the aid of the tars under Beatty.

There was a young officer Ogley,
Who sighed for the land so longingly,
And he said, "I believe,
Could I only get leave,
I'd take it, rightly or wrongly."



Our Assistant Q.M. is one Oakey,
A sad-looking, delicate bloke he;
Sings comic songs and
Could lead a brass band,
Or convert all the villains in "chokey."

HUMOURS OF CENSORSHIP
REGULATIONS.

The following legend was prominently displayed on the ship's side at Albany:

T.S.S. Tahiti
Sails for —

Via —

At midnight this day.

Mr. Censor, why were you failing in your duty?

Albany: An Appreciation.

The bad weather experienced after leaving Wellington, and the consequent unsettled state of our internal organs of digestion made us look forward to Albany as a haven of rest. The last day at sea was fine, and the boat glided into harbour in the evening in time to let us see a glorious Australian sunset. The town itself could be seen in the distance, nestling among the hills. Next afternoon an opportunity was afforded of making a closer acquaintance with Albany, which may well be named the "Town of Pubs." The fact of the hotels being closed caused some heart-burnings in certain quarters, but the people of Albany were equal to the occasion, and gave us a warm welcome. Rest rooms were provided, where reading and writing material, and light refreshments were available free of cost. It was good to walk once more on solid earth, and to see grass and trees. At night, when leave was granted, just after eight o'clock, it is stated that some of the "boys" put up record time in order to reach town before nine o'clock.

Church parade the next day to the various Churches and seven hours' leave in the afternoon and evening brought our pleasant visit to a close. The boat sailed early next morning, much to our regret at leaving a town where we had experienced such hospitality. Our feelings may best be expressed in the following words of Burns—

"When Death's dark stream we ferry o'er,
A time that surely shall come,
In Heaven itself we'll ask no more
Than such another welcome."

Ode to Albany.

Lapped by Pacific seas,
Pearl of the West,
Kissed by the southern breeze,
City of rest!

Pillared by Nature,
Rockstrewn, sublime,
Fragrant with incense
Of gum tree and pine.

Lo! when I saw thee
Thou wert so grand,
Touched by the setting sun,
Fair haven's land.

Out of thy bounty
Vast as the sea,
Blest hospitality
Thou offered'st me.

What shall I bring thee
Out of the East?
What dost thou claim
As the price of thy feast?

Trophics of victory?
Spoils of the sword?
"Inasmuch as ye did it"
Shall be thy reward.

J.B.

A TALE OF THE TUB.

And it came to pass that on the morning of the 10th day of the sixth month about the sixth hour what time New Zealand wept bitterly we did shake the dust of God's Own Country from our propellers.

And lo many winds even a gale ruffled the face of the deep likewise the faces and persons of the dwellers in the Tub for in that day when the seas were created, the spirit level had not been contrived by the Magician of the Specialists.

And the waters beat hard on that Tub Yea verily they smote it hip and thigh even bow and stern and it did roll and pitch some.

(One moment it was lift up to the skies and another it reached the bottom of the seas.

It reeled to and fro and did stagger like a drunken man.

The windows of heaven were opened and the rain descended.

Truly we were a miserable company; we did look at one another and smile wanly: yea even the flying birds were silent.

Then came the great upheaval and no man durst mock his mate for he knew neither the day nor the hour of his own down-sitting or up-rising Happy is the man who hath his quiver full.

The Tub by the grace of the firemen toiled towards the setting of the sun but the sun caused not his face to shine upon us. Furthermore our windows were darkened lest a sudden destruction came upon us unawares.

And it fell about on the fifth day of our journey even at the eleventh hour that we removed the covering of our Ark and looked and behold! on the port and starboard the tops of the hills were seen.

Alas we turned neither to the right nor to the left nor yet did we put back only excepting our sun dials.

And on the sixth day there was no more land: verily the waters compassed us round about for the sea endureth for ever: Yea even until the twenty-second day of the month when our hearts did again rejoice.

And the evening while it was yet light bringeth us into the haven of rest.

But all that night were we a prey to black devils. And in the morning of the twenty-third day when the Tub had been sufficiently blackened we cast out those devils and Dellow spake unto us saying—"Go forth of the Tub Thou and Thy companies and Thy Mess Orderlies with Yea and seek what ye may devour."

And we did eat.

Yea verily he opened unto us the gates of Albany but forsooth not the pubs.

And there was much wailing and licking of lips that we might not enter therein and give thanks unto Evans for he is omnipotent and his tongue waggeth for ever.

Lo, after two days, out of the deep a voice called unto us and ere the cook crew we passed on the seas again upon our lawful occasions yet unto the uttermost parts thereof even by the waters of India.

And lo and behold the raging winds were rebuked and the roaring seas were stilled for a season—and we were exceeding glad.

The Canteen did open again and filled the hungry with good things and that none might be coupon-less and sent empty away all the people in the Tub did receive twenty shillings.

Wherefore the coffers of Aickin did grow exceeding full.

On the morning of the first day of the seventh month we sat down and wept by the waters for lo and behold our engines did grow weary and languid and we were sore distressed.

But the McIntyre hath done great things for us for which we rejoice. Blessed be the name of McIntyre! But lo on the third day we did grieve again for we were given over to the hands of the Wagon Men of Medicine who did shed our innocent blood and with vaccine anoint us.

And in our adversity none did hear our complaint: for truly we must grin and bear it until time shall ease our shoulders from the burden.

And the Chief Officer cried unto the Adjutant with a loud voice yea unto George he poured out his complaints saying—"Where is thy Corporal and his fatigue for verily the scouppers be full of date stones."

Our way is still in the sea and our paths in the great waters: our foot-steps are not known—save to the Censor but lo the time cometh when we shall approach Afric's sunny clime and being righteous shall inherit the land and dwell therein for a brief season.

After which all is rumour and "Rumour speaks with double tongue" for we know not our comings-in or our goings-out.

It may be that we shall see the Saint Helena though we know not.

But we do know that we shall bear the heat and burden of many days and render unto Neptune the things that are Neptune's.

Verily the Shorts will come into their own again and the Navigators of the Tub shall be clad in white raiment.

And we shall enter the Channel and run the gauntlet of the under-sea boats but our gallant Tub shall pass thereby unscathed.

And there shall be no more sea.

And we shall dwell in peaceable habitations and in sure dwellings and in quiet resting places.

We shall render our thanks unto Evans for he hath preserved us from all evil.

And afterwards we shall go forth to our work and to our labour.

H.B.S.

The Soldier's Sweetheart.

I lie alone and dream, for ever dream

Of War and you,
Yet sometimes just a little flitting gleam

Of Hope slips through;
I may come home at last some happy day

To laugh at you;
I may return to kiss your tears away,
Alive and free.

It may be so, and yet, this sullen day,
The Winter rain

Falls like a curtain, shutting joy away
Beyond the pane.

All day I toil, but in the night I pray
That we may win,
And sometimes I can hear the things
you say

Through all the din.

I hear your girlish laugh so unafraid,
Your whisper low
In answer to the frightened prayers
I've prayed;

It makes me glow.
Our love seems then so strong and
pure a tie

And doubt a sin;
Such love the very devils may defy,
Yet heaven win.

Ah! thus my spirit, but the flesh is frail;
This devil war

Can make a lonely man grow faint
and quail—

Its flames and roar.
It is not for his body that he fears,
'Tis for his love;

Could he but fight, dried all his futile
tears,
Ah, God above!

For us the awful horror of that Hell,
The blaze of hate;

Not theirs the final pang who fight so
well,

But those who wait;
And yet I may come home serene and
gay

To laugh at you;
I may come back to kiss your tears
away,

Alive and free.

G. W. P.

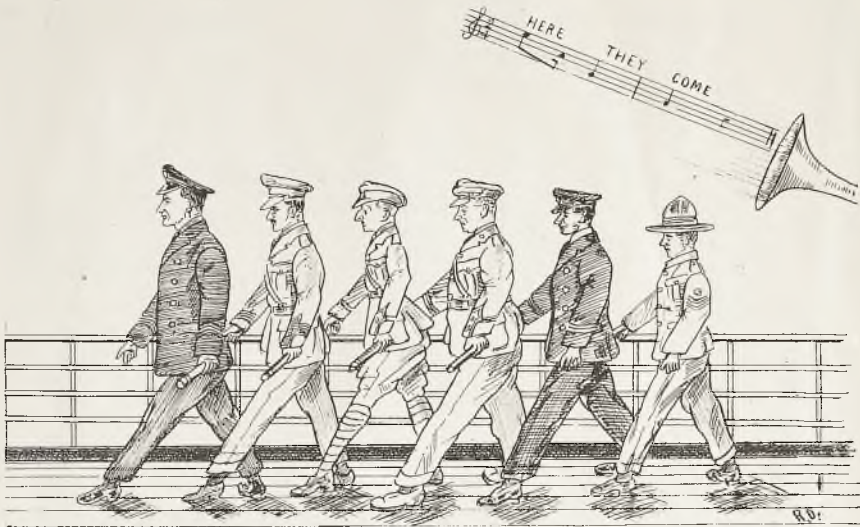
Births, Marriages and Deaths.

HOPE.—At Hut 22, Trentham, on June 6, 1917, to No. 5 Platoon, a Hope that they would have deck cabins.

DUTY-HOPE.—On board Transport 87, on June 12, 1917, by the Rev. Robt. Withersford, Hope, the only begotten of No. 5 Platoon, to Duty, the only son of a soldier.

HOPE.—On board Transport 87, under "stern vibrations" lingeringly, Hope, the dearly beloved and cherished offspring of No. 5 Platoon. Deeply regretted.

"Trentham Camp Courier" please copy.

**BIRTHDAY HONOURS.**

(By Wireless) June 23rd.

H.R.H. The Prince of Wales has been pleased to confer the following honours:

Lt. Commander F. P. Evans—Order of the White Deck with crossed Torch and Handkerch.

Lieut. S. G. Cowles—F.R.M.C. (I've Realise My Greatness).

Chaplain Captain W. Grigg—Lit.D. (Doctorer of Letters).

Mr. J. Plowman—C.G.S. (Cleanser of Gratings and Snappers).

Captain C. T. Cox—D.S.M. (Director of Ship's Mess).

2nd Lieut. Aickin—D.C.M. (Dealer in Cigarettes and Matches).

Lieut. H. S. Harrison—K.C.M.G. (King of Concerts and Mender of Gramophones).

Lieuts. A. Oskey and S. G. Cowles and 2nd Lieut. F. Macintosh—C.B.

Sergt. J. P. Weale, Provost Sergeant—K.C., P.C. (Keeper of the Cells, Port-hole Closer).

Cpl. G. Calverhouse—M.A. (Much Maligned).

It is related that one man thought the quickest way to his quarters was down the coal-chute. It was nearly a case of "No flowers."

"HERE—HE—COMES."

(A SONG OF THE SHIP.)

"Here—he—comes; Here—he—comes;"
This is the song the bugle blows,
And wee betide the lazy ones
(If they shirk their jobs they're crazy ones)

As round the ship the skipper goes,
"Here—he—comes!" and his retinue;
Corridor, crib, and companionway
Are minutely scanned (they're a motley crew).

To-morrow it's me—maybe it's you,
Doing the same thing every day.

"Here—he—comes"—with his naval torch,
And a tall straight man is he;
What little he says, well, counts for much.

"An order's an order," we treat it as such—
(You'll notice we spring to it cheerfully).

"Here—he—comes!" with his torch in hand,
Stolid and grey and Oh! so grim;
(And some of us wish we were back on land—

Some hastily hide up the contraband;
We're really mortally scared of him).

"Here—he—comes"; and the bugle plays
Every morning around the ship—
But dust and dirt have flown all ways,
That's why we laugh at his quizzical ways—

The torch hasn't found any dirt this trip!

M.E.H.

The Song of the Army Pay.

We are the gang behind,
We gladden each soldier's heart;
Seek us and ye shall find
We're playing a deadly part.

Thro' worry and racket and din,
Day in and day out for weeks,
We're drumming our motto in;
" 'Tis the silver bullet that speaks!"

Captain, Lieutenant or cook,
Private or Bombardier,
Beard us with little book,
Striving to catch our ear.

Wealth of the Incas pales
'Gainst bulion we hold in hand;
We pay, and supply never fails,
Fulfilling each one's demand.

This is the song we sing—
"This from the South to the North:
" 'Tis the silver bullet that's King
' Whenever grum war holds forth."

Chief of the powers that sway,
And bound by an iron law;
But we are the men who pay,
We handle the Sinews of War.

M.E.H.

There is an old buck called McManus,
Whose socks cry to him. "Went'n you darn us?"

"Oh, no!" says old Mac,
"I don't know the knack,
And I want all the wool where my 'starrin' is."

CROWING WINGS.

HOW NEW ZEALANDERS LEARN TO FLY.

THE SCHOOL.

The N.Z. Flying School is delightfully situated at Mission Beach, Kohimarama. The hangars are erected a hundred yards from the water-front, the machines being run in and out by a train-line. At present there are three in commission, all of the seaplane or flying-boat type, and equipped with 90 h.p. engines with side-by-side seats for instructor and pupil. Dual controls are provided so that either may take charge at will.

The tents are ranged behind the hangars. A portion of the old Mission House (a stone building erected by Bishop Selwyn about 70 years ago) is used as a mess room, and there is also a music room with piano. The moderate charge of £1 per week is made for messing, this providing food, cook's wages and sewing.

Instruction.—Pupils are required to take part in all work carried on at the school—cleaning and repairing machines, overhauling engines, and constructing new machines of which there is always at least one under way. Only in fine, calm weather can flying be successfully taught, and every minute of such weather is turned to account. Early morning is generally the best time, and pupils rise in time to have the machines on the water ready for the first daylight. Each flight lasts about 15 minutes, pupils going up in turn on whichever machine they may be allotted.

No pupil will ever forget his first flight. He takes his seat beside his instructor, and must place his hands lightly on the control-wheel, and endeavour to follow each movement and the reason for it. The engine ticks over quietly on the pilot-jet until the nose of the plane is turned seaward. Then the pilot gradually opens the throttle the ticking changes to a flutter, the flutter to a buzz, and the buzz to a healthy roar. Speed rapidly increases, the hull at first ploughing through the water, but soon rising until it planes along the surface. After a hundred yards or so flying-speed (about 45 m.p.h.) is reached, and the pupil then feels the control lever pushed down for a moment and then pulled sharply back. With instant obedience the machine leaves the water, jumping 10 feet or so into the air before a downward move of the lever brings it horizontal. In a few seconds speed has increased to over 60 m.p.h., and the sensation of rapid motion is now more striking to the pupil as he is carried along close to the surface of the water than when he rises to higher altitudes.

The instructor lets the machine climb to about 100 feet, when the pupil may feel the rudder bar at his feet pushed over to one side or the other. The plane at once cuts over steeply to that side ("banks") and commences to turn round. Any tendency to overbank and cause "side-slipping," is corrected by a slight turn of the wheel ("warping") to the opposite side. By this time the

pupil is probably thrilled to excitement, but if he wants an extra thrill he may get it by glancing along the wing on his side, which on a bank forms a steep angle to the water surface, far below.

The most exhilarating feeling of all, however, comes with a "vol-plane." When at a sufficient height the pilot stops the engine, at the same time pushing the lever sharply downward. For a moment the falling sensation gives the pupil a queer feeling about the stomach, but the next instant he recovers himself and rejoices at the sudden silence. The machine glides swiftly and silently downward, but to the pupil it appears that he is stationary, while the water comes up to meet him. When it almost strikes the water the machine flattens out gracefully under the merrily hand of the pilot, gradually losing way and "landing" softly and sweetly.

Landing requires more care and training than any other feature of flying. The machine must be brought down in such a manner that the keel may touch the water well aft, just at the moment when speed drops below flying point. A pupil who desires to get through his course quickly never wastes time in high-flying, but confines himself to practising landings. When he is able to make every landing fairly well he is sent out alone, and after a few solo trips he is ready to go up for his certificate. In New Zealand the tests are conducted under the auspices of the Royal Aero Club. Headquarters Offices of the Auckland District act as observers and must certify that the required evolutions are correctly and capably performed.

The Royal Flying Corps.—His certificate gained, the air-pilot must once more undergo a medical examination, this time before the Headquarters Medical Board. Next he receives a probationary commission in the New Zealand Forces, and is attached to the Royal Flying Corps Reserve for further training. His passage to England is provided, either on a troopship or a passenger steamer, by the Imperial Government. Three months or more are spent on instruction in cross-country flying, military manoeuvring, machine gunnery, wireless operating, photography, signalling and aeroplane mechanics. On qualifying in these subjects the pilot's commission in the R.F.C. is confirmed and the Home Government grants him £75 towards the cost of his New Zealand training.

The motto of the R.F.C. is "Per ardua ad astra." The difficulties which beset the path to the pilot's first military star are fully described by the adaptation "Per ardua ad aster." But though the way is long and hard, the whole course of training is extremely interesting and pleasant, and fortunate are they who are able to undertake it.

R.J.T.

Why are D Company men not afraid of rain?—Because they have a Macintosh over them.

There were some big C's running for'ard on Friday last; also a very fair flow of D's in the Mess Room.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Naturalist."—"Yes, a F.R.O.G. can stand a lot of 'blowing up,' but never deserves it."

"Nomenclature."—Sergeant Hobart is incensed at your conclusion that he is a Tasmanian. He is one of North Auckland's best. You'll probably get C.B. for this.

"Kesty."—"Yes; it would be quite all right to put F.I.A.T. at the end of your letter. The initials stand for 'Friendly in a Taxi.' The distance twice round the Marine Drive is about 10 miles."

"Anxious."—"Where are we going?" "Evans knows."

"Here He Comes."—"Yes, torchlight processions and suchlike frivolities ought to be abolished in times like these."

"O."—"Your poem is too lengthy for publication, but the last two lines appeal to us:

"Tis sweet to love, but oh! how bitter
To court a girl and then not 'git' her."

"Mealies."—"That's right, formalin does knock spots off your socks."

"I.M.J."—"Any one who could make a practice of bringing you the menu card each day to show you what a good dinner had been served would in our opinion be most inconsiderate."

"Anti-Vaccine."—"Yes, those doctors gave me the needle, too."

"Specialist."—"No; your O.C.'s illness was not due to sea sickness. Dr. Rastler diagnosed it as heart trouble, contracted in Albany."

"To-morrow."—"Yes; we have many enthusiastic students of the French language aboard, as witness the following dialogue, overheard in the dispensary:

"P.M.O.: 'Quel temps fait-il, mon caporal?'"

"Corporal: 'Je n'ai pas une montre, monieur.'"

"Mermaid."—"No; there is no 'bus driver' attached to this Reinforcement. Probably what you heard was one of B Company's officers having a bath."

Results of Competitions.

Prizes were awarded by the Magazine Committee as follows:

Best Cover Design: Private R. Downes.

Adopted Cover Design: Sergeant H. L. Massey.

Best Title: 2nd Lieut. H. B. Speight.

Best Verse: Corporal G. W. Pope.

Best Humorous Article: Private G. A. Crawford.

Best Limerick: 2nd Lieut. L. J. Maule.

Best Sketch: Private R. Downes.

We desire to express our thanks to Lieut. Milliken, Lieut. Cowles and 2nd Lieut. Speight for prizes donated.



OUR BABY BLISS.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

The heavy weather experienced during the first week of the trip militated against any organised attempt at entertainment. In spite of adverse conditions, however, a highly successful concert was held in the Main Messroom, the fifth evening out, and the following week G Company provided a very enjoyable programme.

Shortly after leaving Albany, when the weather was more settled, a Ship's Entertainment Committee was formed. It was decided to hold concerts every Tuesday and Friday—weather, etc., permitting. The first concert, under the auspices of the committee, was held on the evening of Tuesday, 3rd July. During the evening Capt. Dellow, the chairman, outlined the plans which the committee proposed to adopt. The orchestra played several instrumental items; songs were rendered by Capt. Dellow, Lieut. Oakey, Corpl. Lunt and Corpl. Bullock; and recitative items by Lieut. Speight, Corpl. Gillick and Pte. Mc-

Culloch. Corpl. Richmond gave a mandolin and voice selection. The hit of the evening was undoubtedly an improvisation between Lieut. Oakey and Lieut. Speight, in which Lieut. Oakey appeared made up as an interfering innoman. A most enjoyable evening was closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

The second concert was provided by B Company, assisted by the orchestra and the Male Quartet. Owing to the heaviness of the weather, it had been postponed to Tuesday, July 10. Besides the orchestral items, Sergt. Bailey, Corpl. Lunt, Corpl. Thornton, Corpl. Gray, and Pte. Baeyertz sang. Q.M.S. Wilkinson gave "The Land Where the Kowhai Blooms," both words and music being of his own composition. The man quickly caught the swing of the chorus, and joined in heartily. Corpl. Mason gave a humorous song, Pte. Clarke a recitation, and Pte. Lynch a whistling solo. A special feature of the evening was the singing of the quartet, consisting of Lieut. Oakey, Corpl. Lunt, Corpl. Bullock and Lance-Corpl. Bailey. As an encore to their item, they gave an adaptation of the Scarlet Troubadour's "Push Him Through the Window," entitled "Threw Him in the Scuppers."

Much of the success of the concerts has been due to the orchestra. The personnel of this little band is as follows:

Piano: Corpl. Whitehead (conductor).
Violin: Sergt. Dewhirst.
Cornet: Q.M.S. Kirk.
Flute: Sergt. Dempsey.
Piccolo: Pte. Tuck.
Clarinet: Pte. Wood.

We are also under a debt of gratitude to Pte. Blight, of the Medical Corps, for his work as accompanist.

On Wednesday, 4th July, a debate was held, and judging from the number present and the interest shown, this form of entertainment should prove popular for the rest of the voyage. Corpl. Gillick moved: "That retaliatory measures should be adopted against the enemy both now and after the war," his motion being seconded by Signaller Nicholson. The motion was opposed by Sergt. Reynolds, supported by Pte. Blight. After the question had been freely discussed by the audience, as well as by the original speaker, the motion was put to the meeting and carried. It is proposed to hold debates and lectures alternately on Wednesdays, and the Padre has kindly offered to give the first lecture, on some subject connected with his travels.

At the time of going to press, bridge, chess and draughts tournaments are being organised, and large entries are expected.

The committee has also organised French classes, a work already begun by Corpl. Chant. A general meeting was called relative to the study of French, and it was decided to form several small classes, and these are now progressing favourably under their various instructors.

H. E. R.

SAW SEA!

THE SEA-SICKS' FRIEND.

Shakes the Strongest Scoffer.

Never known to Fail.

No longer need the sea-sick suffer in isolated agony while robust friends jeer and laugh. One tablet of "Saw Sea" dropped in your friends' tea and they'll be sick for a week.

TRY IT.

We can all get some fruit and some dates
To divide with our "cobbers" and mates.

But A, B, C and D
Are content with their tea,
While E have abundance of
"Speight's."



"How long, O Lord, how long?"

SPORTS.

Sports are held on the Transport on Wednesday and on Saturday afternoons. The sport provided is of a varied nature, consisting of boxing, wrestling, tug-of-war contests, with an occasional intentionally comic event, such as an appealing contest. The entries are good, and the Company competition is very keen. All ranks derive much amusement from the events, which certainly help to pass the time quickly. Prizes are given from funds voluntarily subscribed by the different units on board. The following are the results up to the time of going to press:

FIRST MEETING.

TUG-OF-WAR.

First Round.—D Company defeated A Company; B Company defeated E Company; C Company, a bye.

Second Round.—D Company defeated C Company; B Company, a bye.

Final.—B Company defeated D Company.

BOXING.

Light Weights.

First Round.—Taylor defeated Richardson; Benson defeated Fox; Whitwell defeated Gray; Dean defeated Chant; Dunlop defeated Peterson.

Second Round.—Benson defeated Whitwell; Dunlop defeated Dean; Taylor withdrew.

Final.—Benson (C Company) defeated Dunlop (A Company).

Middle Weights.

First Round.—Norgrove defeated Phillips; Duff defeated Mills.

Final.—Duff (C Company) defeated Norgrove (A Company).

Championship Points.

	Points.
C Company: Two firsts and one third (equal)	7
A Company: Two seconds	4
B Company: One first	3
D Company: One second	2
E Company: One third (equal)	1

SECOND MEETING.

TUG-OF-WAR.

Challenge.—B Company defeated Mess Orderlies' Team.

Challenge.—Officers defeated Sergeants.

Mess Orderlies.—Main Mess B team defeated Aft Mess Team; Main Mess A Team defeated Main Mess B Team.

APPLE-EATING CONTEST.

Won by Private Somersfeld (D Company).

THIRD MEETING.

WRESTLING.

Light Weights.—Douglas (B Company) defeated Butterfield; Harrison (A Company) defeated Mills; Benson (C Company) defeated Sergeant Edwards; Holmes (E Company), a bye.

Heavy Weights.—McLoughlin (A Company) defeated Hadland; Fletcher

(B Company) defeated Crawford; Sergeant Tomlinson (D Company), a bye.

Semi-finals and finals of the Wrestling Competition will be decided at the next meeting.

TUG-OF-WAR.

A Company defeated C Company; D Company defeated B Company.

Final.—D Company defeated A Company.

Teams have been picked to represent the North and South Islands in Hockey and Football matches, to be played at our next port of call, providing time permits and the necessary arrangements can be made ashore. There are some capable exponents of both games aboard, and keen matches are expected in each case. The selectors were at a heavy disadvantage in having to choose their teams largely on reputation and performances, so it may be that mistakes have been made in the selection. However it can easily be understood that these were under the circumstances unavoidable. The following are the teams selected:—

HOCKEY.

North Island: Lieut. L. J. Mark (A), Sergt. F. Dewhurst (B), H. C. Becroft (E), Lieut. A. Milliken (D), Lt. Sergt. H. E. Reynolds (A), J. Logan (A), Sergt. H. Macdougall (B), Capt. E. C. Barnett, N.Z.M.C., Lieut. H. B. Speight (E), L.-Corpl. J. F. Dowling (A), Corpl. S. Whitehead (E).

Emergencies.—Forwards: F. Davys (E), A. A. Steel (E), R. Barry (B). Backs: S. Perrin (E), Sergt. F. Nash (B), C. A. Longhurst (A).

South Island: A. Douglas (D), L.-Corpl. P. V. Bale (C), L.-Corpl. R. Whitwell (B), S. Bloomfield (D), P. Rodgers (C), Corpl. G. D. Wilson (C), Lieut. P. A. Ongley (D), Sergt. P. Campbell (D), Lieut. T. J. Morrow (C), Corpl. Moore (C), Bugler F. Ferguson (D).

Emergencies.—Forwards: V. M. Wood (C), L.-Corpl. W. B. Bradley (B). Back: Corpl. H. Scott (D).

FOOTBALL.

North Island: C. T. Mills (B), D. Norgrove (A), A. E. Collins (B), C. E. Baddeley (Spec.), D. Kenealy (A), A. D. Stewart (E), R. J. Simpson (B), W. Gilchrist (B), H. W. Spearman (B), T. P. Williams (E), J. A. Bennett (E), A. Ryan (E), J. A. Watt (E), J. J. Bailey (B), J. C. Bernstein (B).

Emergencies.—Backs: R. M. McIsaac (E), C. F. Harbidge (E). Forward: R. J. Somers (B).

South Island: W. S. R. Hazlewood (D), J. Taylor (D), W. H. Baker (C), C. W. Hollands (D), Lieut. D. L. Kosteven (C), G. D. Wilson (C), F. M. Hansby (C), T. Read (C), Lieut. P. A. Ongley (D), G. Merton (D), W. D. Brunsden (C), J. A. Wood (D), H. E. Brown (C), J. Hughes (C), C. A. Froggart (D).

Emergencies.—Forwards: A. E. Mong (D), A. W. Bowley (C), C. N. Aiken (C). Back: D. J. Matheson (D).

It is also probable that an Association Football Match will be arranged.

Song of the Twenty-sevenths.

Sing a song of Trentham,
Of Awapuni, too;
Sing a song of gaggle
And Massy's Irish stew.

Sing a song of Featherston,
Of Rimutaka fog;
Sing a song of Carvastown
And Terenkau grog.

Sing a song of week-ends,
Leave to go to town,
Riding in a luggage van,
Rocking, rolling down.

Sing a song of "final,"
Gee! whizz! what a time!
Strolling out with Moley
And drinking—ginger wine.

Sing a song of sailing
O'er the rolling sea,
Meeting every morning
What you had for last night's tea.

Sing a song of "first port,"
Overstaying leave;
Gathered by the piquet—
Seven days' C.B.

Sing a song of "Blighty,"
Home on England's soil,
Good-bye, Old Tahiti!
Settle down to toil.

Sing a song of battle,
Rounding up the Hun;
When they see the Twenty-sevenths
Won't the devils run? J. B.

One of the Medics on board apparently felt home-sick, for on the second day out he was accusing his fellow-officers roundly of sneaking his "comforter."

SHIP BOARD NECESSITIES.

SEA WATER SOAP.

Absolutely Cannot Harm Dirt.
No Disagreeable Lather.
Won't Wash Anything.
Money Refunded in Full if Customer is Satisfied.

TRENCH COMFORTS.

NON-REFILLABLE AIR CUSHION.
PERFECTLY SAFE.
CANNOT BLOW UP.
ALWAYS NICE AND FLAT.

Inflammable and Easily THROWN AWAY.



OFFICER : Are you nearly finished?
SCRUBBER : Y-E-S, Yes.

OFFICER : Yes, what?
SCRUBBER : Yes, thank you!!

FASHION NOTES.

BY "ADELINE."

The small, tight-fitting toque, so much in vogue at present, is both becoming and comfortable. It is made either of woolen material or from the leg of a pair of dressed undershirts. The "Bill Massey" variety will be found specially adapted for the purpose. The toque has been approved by the O.C. of D Company.

The wearing of flowers, either real or artificial, in headgear is not to be encouraged this season. Mr. Ongley strongly advocates the discontinuance of the craze, as "being extravagant" and out of date.

Tunics will be worn rather long (probably about six months). Those blessed with the fashionable Grecian bend of figure will find the Sam Browne belt very bracing, adding dignity to the gait. These are easily obtainable nowadays!

According to the latest "modes," the comfortable "shorts" are soon to come into their own again. It is rumored that the Crown Prince (Mark you!) was present at a big stomach-lining event recently, garbed in these relics of Trencham days.

Macintoshes are fairly common for this time of year, and may be seen almost any afternoon on the promenade.

Soft hats are again greatly in vogue, and when worn well back improve the appearance of even the plainest. A short military moustache is particularly appropriate with the above.

Young medico—Sergeant McKeown, He's the friend of the 'allin' and 'spuin'.

He treats all our ills
With potions and pills,
And is always about and adoin'.

Remarked by the Officer of the Day after leave on the Saturday night at Albany: "There's not an absentee on the ship."

SENSE OR NONSENSE?

At the base was a Censor;
He chopped up my letter,
Thus he was a base Censor,
Or why didn't he let her
Go by? Yet he'd sense or
News even better
You'd get in my letter!

OBITUARY.

It is with deep regret that we have to record the death at sea on the morning of Sunday, 17th June, 1917, of No. 43484 Private John Hastie Tait, of "D" Company, 27th Reinforcement. It will be of some comfort and consolation to the relatives of our late comrade to know that the deceased had every care and attention from the Hospital staff during his few days of illness on board. His body was committed to the deep on the Sunday afternoon with full military honours in the presence of the assembled Reinforcement, the service being impressively conducted by Captain W. Grigg, Ship's Chaplain.

A.J.F.

Limericks and Worse.

There's a young quartermaster named
Beck,
He's as thick as a bull round the neck.
A little work-shy,
A fellow most "fly,"
When the O.C. calls "Quarter," he'll
trek.

A sporty lieutenant called "Kes,"
When asked, "Will you spot?" answered
"Yes,"
"You'd hardly believe,
I've a throat like a sieve—
Mine? A whisky and soda, I guess."

A trim little figure has Aickin,
The girls say his ways are so takin';
When he strolls on the shore,
"Glad eyes" by the score
He's sure to be gettin'—and makin'.

On our tight little ship the "Tahiti"
We departed from Wellington city;
We arrived in the West
With a thirst of the best,
And found the "pubs." closed—what a
pity!

The Kaiser in Potsdam was hearty;
Mused he, "I surpass Buonaparte";
But his colour turned green
When the wireless he'd seen:
"Arrived—Dellow and party."

A broth of a blov is O'Gorman,
You couldn't take him for a Mormou;
He can handspring sky-high
And twinkle his eye;
He's as fresh as the dew every mornin'.

Weale is our Sergeant Provo',
He's a fellow you all ought to know;
If he catches you "swilling"
When you ought to be drilling,
"There'll be trouble for you, So-and-

Old Salt: "Yes, mum, them's men o'
war."

Sweet Young Thing: "How interest-
ing! And what are the little ones just
in front?"

Old Salt: "Oh, them's just tugs,
mum."

Sweet Young Thing: "Oh, yes, of
course, tugs-of-war."

Bill (writing home): "I must say,
dear, we are fed well—six meals a day—
three down and three up."

Autographs.

27th REINFORCEMENT. Right Wing.

On H.M.N.Z.T. No. 87.

SHIP'S ROLL.

O/C TROOPS :	L/Cpl. Campbell, Frederick W.	Pte. Hadland, Charles E.	Pte. North, Frederick A. N.
Captain K. J. Dellow.	L/Cpl. Cowan, Peter M.	Pte. Hay, Douglas	Pte. North, Henry James.
	L/Cpl. Anderson, Arthur W.	Pte. Hampton, Robert	Pte. Palmer, Thomas.
SHIP'S ADJUTANT :	L/Cpl. Dowling, Joseph F.	Pte. Hanton, John	Pte. Parker, George Henry.
	L/Cpl. Faulkner, Ernest.	Pte. Harrison, Harry	Pte. Pennell, William R.
Lieutenant S. G. Cowles.	L/Cpl. Jarman, Hugh W.	Pte. Hartstonge, James P.	Pte. Peterson, Albert C.
	L/Cpl. Gavin, William R.	Pte. Hawken, Darcy A.	Pte. Phillips, David.
SHIP'S QUARTERMASTER :	L/Cpl. Lynch, Lawrence D.	Pte. Herbert, Frank	Pte. Pithkethley, David W.
	L/Cpl. Poole, James W. G.	Pte. Hill, John W.	Pte. Pratt, Alfred J.
Captain C. T. Cox.	L/Cpl. Ramsey, Arthur H.	Pte. Hirst, Henry L.	Pte. Quinton, Ernest J.
	L/Cpl. Steel, John.	Pte. Holloway, Percy	Pte. Redditt, Charles.
ASSISTANT QUARTERMASTER :	L/Cpl. Vipond, Leigh.	Pte. Horsman, Arthur F.	Pte. Reed, George A.
	L/Cpl. Scott, Douglas.	Pte. Hunt, Thomas P.	Pte. Reeve, William.
Lieutenant A. Oakey.	L/Cpl. Smith, James L.	Pte. Hutchinson, Thomas	Pte. Robison, James.
	Pte. Adams, Walter J.	Pte. Hyslop, George D.	Pte. Robson, David W.
	Pte. Aitchison, Joe.	Pte. Ivory, Charles F.	Pte. Rogers, Joseph J.
SHIP'S SERGEANT-MAJOR :	Pte. Allwill, Albert J.	Pte. Jackman, Frederick W.	Pte. Roman, Joseph R.
	Pte. Armitage, Lewis F.	Pte. Jennings, James H.	Pte. Ross, William.
Sergeant-Major A. N. Rowe.	Pte. Bastion, Henry J.	Pte. Jones, John J.	Pte. Rowe, James.
	Pte. Bateman, Norman C.	Pte. Keenan, Thomas J. C.	Pte. Roberts, Alexander J.
SHIP'S QUARTERMASTER-SERGEANT :	Pte. Best, Albert E.	Pte. Keith, James G.	Pte. Sadgrove, Edward T.
	Pte. Boler, Edward C.	Pte. Kell, John W.	Pte. Scott, Harold A.
R.Q.M.S. W. H. Paull.	Pte. Bourke, Walter.	Pte. Kendall, George H.	Pte. Seymour, Frederick K. W.
	Pte. Boyd, William G.	Pte. Kimber, Edward F.	Pte. Shanks, John W.
	Pte. Brown, Herbert E.	Pte. King, John B.	Pte. Sim, Walter.
PROVOST SERGEANT :	Pte. Browne, Theodore C.	Pte. Lee, Frederick	Pte. Smith, John A. C.
	Pte. Burn, Wayman D.	Pte. Lenon, William T.	Pte. Soudron, Augustus.
Sergeant J. P. Weale.	Pte. Byrnes, John.	Pte. Levett, Arthur L.	Pte. Spier, Allan.
	Pte. Carey, Michael.	Pte. Longhurst, Charles A.	Pte. Stewart, John G.
ROYAL FLYING CORPS.	Pte. Carter, Cecil C.	Pte. Lambert, James	Pte. Strong, Thomas W.
	Pte. Catley, Fred.	Pte. Logan, Joseph	Pte. Sullivan, John.
FLIGHT 2ND LIEUTENANTS :	Pte. Chaplin, John C. A.	Pte. Martin, Henry S.	Pte. Sykes, John H.
	Pte. Clark, Arthur John.	Pte. Martin, Herbert P.	Pte. Taylor, Frederick.
Bayly, H. L.	Pte. Clarke, Joshua R.	Pte. Martin, J. S.	Pte. Thomson, Murray.
Cheal, A. E.	Pte. Coffey, Michael J.	Pte. Melville, William A.	Pte. Thompson, Arthur J.
Thompson, R. J.	Pte. Collins, Sydney J.	Pte. Merrick, Harry C.	Pte. Todd, Thomas E.
Carr, I.	Pte. Cousins, Thomas.	Pte. Millar, George F. G.	Pte. Todd, John.
	Pte. Conyngham, John.	Pte. Millan, Percy	Pte. Vokes, John.
"A" COMPANY.	Pte. Coward, William R.	Pte. Moir, James A.	Pte. Walker, James J.
Cpt. Dellow, Kenneth John	Pte. Crawford, George A.	Pte. Morris, Henry	Pte. Ward, David Clapham.
Lieut. Oakey, Arthur	Pte. Croft, John W.	Pte. Mortimore, William H. H.	Pte. Willey, William A.
2nd Lieut. Mark, Louis James	Pte. Cummins, Chidley.	Pte. Morton, Charles J.	Pte. Wanless, Frederick A.
C.S.M. Redgrave, Arthur F.	Pte. Dean, Henry.	Pte. Morton, John C.	Pte. Watt, Arthur.
C.M.S. Whitaker, Walter M.	Pte. Dibble, William H.	Pte. Musker, Fern C.	Pte. Wilson, Gerald H.
Sgt. Edwards, Herbert J.	Pte. Dingle, Vincent R.	Pte. McConnell, Walter J.	Pte. Woods, Charles P.
Sgt. Mansill, John H. V.	Pte. Douglas, David.	Pte. McCoy, Edmond D.	Pte. Worker, Reginald.
Sgt. Norton, Edwin A. B.	Pte. Dudden, Charles.	Pte. McEnteer, Martin J.	Pte. Willis, Louis R.
Sgt. Pollard, Frederick.	Pte. Dunlop, Oliver C.	Pte. McGahan, Hugh.	Pte. Weldon, John E.
L/Sgt. Reynolds, Harry E.	Pte. Dunn, John	Pte. McKenzie, Kenneth	Pte. Young, Alexander M.
Cpl. Bagnall, Albert E. R.	Pte. Dunstan, Thomas H.	Pte. McLew, Robert T.	Pte. Washbourne, Herbert C.
Cpl. Allwill, John R.	Pte. Dysart, Archie	Pte. McLeod, Owen S.	
Cpl. Cahill, Victor J.	Pte. Edwards, James A.	Pte. McLachlan, Clement R.	
Cpl. Jones, Thomas F.	Pte. Evans, Frederick S.	Pte. McLaughlin, Francis	
Cpl. Kemealy, Daniel J.	Pte. Foote, William	Pte. McNab, John A.	
Cpl. McKenzie, Alexander.	Pte. Foster, James F.	Pte. McPherson, John R.	
Cpl. Richmond, Charles A.	Pte. Forsyth, Malcolm K.	Pte. McQueen, John	
Cpl. Wilson, David D.	Pte. Fox, Henry J.	Pte. McQueen, Robert	
Cpl. Williams, Simeon H.	Pte. Flemming, Samuel	Pte. McQuoid, Mancel T.	
Cpl. Wyatt, John P.	Pte. Frost, Richard C.	Pte. Nairn, Ernest B.	
	Pte. Gant, Albert H.	Pte. Neilson, Ernest S.	
	Pte. Geaney, Daniel M.	Pte. Nicol, Melville L.	
	Pte. Grinlinton, William L.	Pte. Norgrove, David.	
			"B" COMPANY.
			2nd Lieut. Witherford, Robert
			2nd Lieut. Maule, Leslie J.
			2nd Lieut. Churchward, W. T.
			2nd Lieut. Moore, Garnet W.
			C.S.M. Chesney, James A.
			Q.M.S. Wilkinson, Frank
			Sgt. Darracott, Lawrence A.
			Sgt. Dewhurst, Francis

- Sgt. Nash, Frederick
 Sgt. Macdougall, Harry
 Sgt. Weale, James P.
 L/Sgt. Simpson, Thomas F.
 L/Sgt. Bailey, Frank L.
 Cpl. Alderman, Arthur
 Cpl. Benson, Otto F.
 Cpl. Chant, Percy T.
 Cpl. Gouch, Arthur H.
 Cpl. Gray, Douglas
 Cpl. Lunt, John L.
 Cpl. Mason, Fred
 Cpl. O'Grady, Maurice G.
 Cpl. Richardson, James M.
 Cpl. Thomson, Robert
 Cpl. Thornton, Gerald
 Cpl. Walker, Archibald
 L/Cpl. Ball, Richard
 L/Cpl. Bradley, William B.
 L/Cpl. Broome, Thomas
 L/Cpl. Drake, Edward W.
 L/Cpl. Newport, Ernest K.
 L/Cpl. Palmer, Frank E.
 L/Cpl. Pierce, Norman R.
 L/Cpl. Somers, John
 L/Cpl. Temperley, Arnold H.
 L/Cpl. Tosland, Joseph S.
 L/Cpl. Whitwell, Ronald
 L/Cpl. Wilson, William R.
 Pte. Johnson, Crawford B.
 Pte. Bruce, Robert D.
 Pte. Allan, James F.
 Pte. Anderson, Harry
 Pte. Anderson, William
 Pte. Aylward, Leslie W.
 Pte. Bailley, Joseph J.
 Pte. Barriball, Archie E. C.
 Pte. Barry, Daniel
 Pte. Barry, Richard
 Pte. Bartlett, Stanley A.
 Pte. Batson, Henry
 Pte. Berntsen, John C.
 Pte. Bignold, Alfred E.
 Pte. Binns, Richard
 Pte. Bossehuann, Fred. A. H.
 Pte. Brinkman, Norman H.
 Pte. Brodie, John
 Pte. Brotherstone, Robert H.
 Pte. Brown, Edward
 Pte. Brown, Hugh P.
 Pte. Brown, James
 Pte. Butler, William
 Pte. Caddick, Charles I.
 Pte. Campbell, Alexander
 Pte. Cann, Albert E.
 Pte. Childs, William G. N.
 Pte. Clark, Percy N.
 Pte. Clark, Willie H.
 Pte. Claxton, Albert P. J.
 Pte. Clements, Charles H.
 Pte. Clement, Mark
 Pte. Coatman, William
 Pte. Coffey, Paul
 Pte. Colechin, Charles H.
 Pte. Colechin, Frederick G.
 Pte. Collingwood, Harry
 Pte. Collins, Albert E.
 Pte. Connor, John
 Pte. Cooper, Nicholas
 Pte. Crichton, Wilford
 Pte. Davis, Harold L.
 Pte. Day, William
 Pte. Dickie, John D.
 Pte. Doran, Frederick A.
 Pte. Douglas, John McLeod.
 Pte. Downing, James.
 Pte. Ellis, John H.
 Pte. Finlayson, Malcolm
 Pte. Fitzsimous, James A.
 Pte. Fletcher, Samuel J.
 Pte. Forest, Leonard L.
 Pte. Free, William A.
 Pte. Fussell, William G.
 Pte. Gardiner, Elijah H.
 Pte. Gelling, Thomas Ellison.
 Pte. Gilchrist, William
 Pte. Gilbanks, Joseph
 Pte. Gordon, Charles
 Pte. Goss, Albert Roy
 Pte. Grav, Louis E.
 Pte. Green, Fred L.
 Pte. Hall, John
 Pte. Hampton, Robert J.
 Pte. Harris, James D.
 Pte. Hawken, Edward A.
 Pte. Hawken, Ernest T.
 Pte. Henderson, Francis A.
 Pte. Henderson, James S.
 Pte. Henzler, Robert
 Pte. Higgie, Colin L.
 Pte. Hocking, James
 Pte. Hooper, Sidney
 Pte. Hosken, Leslie
 Pte. Instker, Edwin C.
 Pte. Ireland, James
 Pte. Jackson, Twentyman
 Pte. Jensen, William N.
 Pte. Joyce, Wright
 Pte. Kerrigan, Owen
 Pte. Kreahter, Leonard W.
 Pte. Lancaster, Wilfred J.
 Pte. Leary, Edwin
 Pte. Leatham, Daniel
 Pte. Lobban, Gordon
 Pte. Low, Charles
 Pte. Loye, Samuel John
 Pte. Lynch, Harry
 Pte. Mahon, Phillip W.
 Pte. Marshall, Archibald
 Pte. Malin, Henry C.
 Pte. Merrill, Sydney J.
 Pte. Merritt, Alfred J.
 Pte. Mills, Charles T.
 Pte. Mitchell, William J.
 Pte. Moore, William
 Pte. Morrison, Arthur Gordon
 Pte. Morrow, William George
 Pte. Moyes, David
 Pte. Murchison, John S.
 Pte. Mullooly, Peter G.
 Pte. Murray, James
 Pte. MacInnes, Robert M.
 Pte. McCarthy, Richard L.
 Pte. McInnes, James R.
 Pte. McMenamin, William
 Pte. McRae, Pargpar
 Pte. Nichols, Percy J.
 Pte. Nicholson, Cecil
 Pte. Norling, John C.
 Pte. Nuttall, Horace
 Pte. O'Carroll, Gerald E.
 Pte. O'Grady, John
 Pte. O'Neill, Bernard
 Pte. O'Toole, Patrick
 Pte. Payn, John F.
 Pte. Parker, Thomas
 Pte. Pearce, Charles
 Pte. Peck, John W.
 Pte. Pevreall, William H.
 Pte. Popham, Henry G. A.
 Pte. Prue, Thomas E.
 Pte. Quinton, William
 Pte. Read, Edward
 Pte. Reid, John K.
 Pte. Reeve, William L.
 Pte. Reeves, Charles W.
 Pte. Rendall, John
 Pte. Richardson, Sydney G.
 Pte. Riordan, Daniel
 Pte. Rooney, James
 Pte. Russell, Edward
 Pte. Rattray, Archibald J.
 Pte. Savory, Henry P.
 Pte. Scragg, Leonard
 Pte. Siegel, Charles C.
 Pte. Soal, Louis O.
 Pte. Spearman, Henry W.
 Pte. Sweeney, Henry J.
 Pte. Sweeney, Patrick
 Pte. Swetnam, Alfred
 Pte. Taylor, Leonard J.
 Pte. Thomson, James C.
 Pte. Thorstensen, Frederick W.
 Pte. Thorstensen, Neil E.
 Pte. Vrede, William J. D.
 Pte. Walker, George
 Pte. Walker, Percival T.
 Pte. Walshes, William P.
 Pte. Walters, Albert
 Pte. Webb, Edward D.
 Pte. Whiting, Albert C. H.
 Pte. Wilkin, Maurice D.
 Pte. Wilson, John J. H.
 Pte. Wilson, Arthur J.
 Pte. Worsnop, Edgar
 Pte. Wysocki, Douglas F.
 Pte. Banton, John W.
 Pte. Bean, John
 Pte. Bell, John McPeake
 Pte. Benson, Garnett F.
 Pte. Blank, Frank Albert
 Pte. Blomkvist, Henrik H. A.
 Pte. Bolton, Archibald M.
 Pte. Bowley, Alfred W.
 Pte. Boyle, Robert W.
 Pte. Briggs, Dawson
 Pte. Brosnahan, Barry B.
 Pte. Brosnahan, Robert M.
 Pte. Brown, Herbert E.
 Pte. Brown, Leonard F.
 Pte. Brunsden, William D.
 Pte. Calland, Henry
 Pte. Campbell, Murray
 Pte. Clarke, Albert C.
 Pte. Clarke, John James
 Pte. Claridge, Charles Reuben
 Pte. Close, Harold A.
 Pte. Collings, Herbert G.
 Pte. Collins, Frederick
 Pte. Collins, George
 Pte. Conway, David Deans
 Pte. Corbett, Adam
 Pte. Corbett, William H.
 Pte. Craighead, Frank
 Pte. Creamer, Frederick
 Pte. Culverhouse, George
 Pte. Cummings, Joseph W.
 Pte. Curtayne, Jeremiah T.
 Pte. Davidson, Francis
 Pte. Dawson, James
 Pte. Delany, Michael P.
 Pte. Dinmuck, Alfred R.
 Pte. Dineen, Michael J.
 Pte. Dixon, Albert W.
 Pte. Duff, Walter
 Pte. Dunlop, Frank
 Pte. Elliott, Arthur E.
 Pte. Ewart, George
 Pte. Flanagan, James A.
 Pte. Fox, Donald L.
 Pte. Fuss, Leslie Eugene S.
 Pte. Gardiner, Gilbert T.
 Pte. Garvey, Patrick
 Pte. Gates, Charles W.
 Pte. Gay, Harry
 Pte. Grant, Robert O.
 Pte. Gray, Charles J.
 Pte. Gray, James
 Pte. Gribben, Andrew
 Pte. Griffin, Martin
 Pte. Haines, Archie
 Pte. Hanlon, William S.
 Pte. Hansby, Francis McHugh
 Pte. Harcourt, Gordon McK.
 Pte. Harkness, Francis
 Pte. Harrington, William E.
 Pte. Harrison, Walter F.
 Pte. Hazeldine, William
 Pte. Head, Ernest Richard
 Pte. Heary, Frederick W.
 Pte. Herring, Cecil A.
 Pte. Hewitt, Robert
 Pte. Higgins, Arthur
 Pte. Higgins, Daniel
 Pte. Hill, Arthur
 Pte. Hill, Henry E.
 Pte. Hill, John O.
 Pte. Hobson, Henry M.
 Pte. Fogue, Alfred J.
 Pte. Honey, Ernest S.
 Pte. Honey, William R.

"C" COMPANY.

- Lieut. Kesteven, Douglas L.
 2nd Lieut. Aikin, Edward G.
 2nd Lieut. Farnell, Allen J.
 2nd Lieut. Morrow, Thomas J.
 C.S.M. Schofield, William H.
 Q.M.S. Mason, Albert S. M.
 Sgt. Aiken, Charles Nelson
 Sgt. Eade, Edward
 Sgt. Gregory, Gerald D.
 Sgt. Hillyer, Ernest A.
 Sgt. Sagar, George
 Sgt. Tolley, Cyril
 Sgt. Twomey, Patrick
 Sgt. Wilke, Ernest Leonard
 Cpl. Bullock, Frederick A.
 Cpl. Cleere, Richard
 Cpl. England, Kelynge E.
 Cpl. Moore, Asby C.
 Cpl. Paimer, Percival J. L.
 Cpl. Randle, William H.
 Cpl. Shaw, Martin J.
 Cpl. Smith, Roland B.
 Cpl. Wilson, George D.
 L/Cpl. Baker, William H.
 L/Cpl. Ball, Frederick V.
 L/Cpl. Bridger, Percy
 L/Cpl. Curtis, Arthur George
 L/Cpl. Erikson, George E.
 L/Cpl. Gillard, William R.
 L/Cpl. Laing, Henry
 L/Cpl. McDougall, Malcolm
 Pte. Alexander, William S.
 Pte. Anand, William D.
 Pte. Arnold, Horace E.
 Pte. Backshall, Walter N.

Pte. Hope, Francis H.
 Pte. Hoggood, William.
 Pte. Horan, Joseph.
 Pte. Hughes, Joseph.
 Pte. Hunt, Charles L.
 Pte. Hyndman, James A.
 Pte. Jacobs, John.
 Pte. James, Ernest.
 Pte. Kane, Anthony P.
 Pte. Lamplough, Robert.
 Pte. Laughton, Andrew.
 Pte. Macauley, Angus.
 Pte. Manzoni, Joseph Martin.
 Pte. Martin, Michael.
 Pte. Mason, Vincent J.
 Pte. Mawhinney, Isaac.
 Pte. Maxwell, James E.
 Pte. Maylen, William.
 Pte. Mealing, Joseph.
 Pte. Merrick, Richard P.
 Pte. Miller, James.
 Pte. Mills, Edward W.
 Pte. Mitchell, James H.
 Pte. Mitchell, William A.
 Pte. Molloy, Patrick J.
 Pte. Mulloy, William.
 Pte. McAdam, James.
 Pte. McCartin, Patrick F.
 Pte. McCaughan, Hector.
 Pte. McConnon, Edward.
 Pte. McDowell, Harold H.
 Pte. McDrury, Patrick.
 Pte. McEneaney, John M.
 Pte. McEwen, Thomas.
 Pte. McGuire, James P.
 Pte. McLeod, Murdoch.
 Pte. McMahon, Francis.
 Pte. McManus, Henry P.
 Pte. Nelson, Thomas.
 Pte. Newnam, Thomas.
 Pte. Nixon, George A. H.
 Pte. Nolan, Denis Joseph.
 Pte. Parcell, Philip M.
 Pte. Paterson, Charles.
 Pte. Phelps, Edgar E.
 Pte. Pearce, Louis A. B.
 Pte. Pearce, Willie E.
 Pte. Pegler, Clarence H.
 Pte. Piper, Richard T.
 Pte. Pizzev, John B.
 Pte. Porteous, David.
 Pte. Prettejohns, Harry W.
 Pte. Read, Thomas.
 Pte. Read, Charles E.
 Pte. Reveley, John.
 Pte. Rickaby, Edgar V.
 Pte. Ricketts, Clarence R.
 Pte. Ricketts, Frank.
 Pte. Richardson, Robert H. W.
 Pte. Roberts, George.
 Pte. Rogers, Frank.
 Pte. Rols, James E.
 Pte. Ruddenklau, John F.
 Pte. Rumble, Charles E.
 Pte. Sexton, James.
 Pte. Smith, William.
 Pte. Stanton, Fred N.
 Pte. Stewart, Thomas C.
 Pte. Street, Frederick C.
 Pte. Tarbotton, George R.
 Pte. Taylor, Benjamin.
 Pte. Terry, Walter W.
 Pte. Todd, Andrew H.
 Pte. Trembath, William.
 Pte. Turner, Frederick N. E.

Pte. Waddell, Clifford D.
 Pte. Walsh, Thomas J.
 Pte. Watt, George G.
 Pte. Williams, Albert C.
 Pte. Williams, James H.
 Bugler Wilds, John E.
 Pte. Wood, Vernon M.
 Pte. Wright, William.
 Pte. Wyde, Harry E.

"D" COMPANY.

2nd Lieut. McIntosh, Fraser.
 2nd Lt. Onley, Patrick A.
 C.S.M. Egerton, Fraser L.
 C.Q.M.S. Kirk, Herbert F.
 Sgt. Campbell, Thomas L.
 Sgt. Fuller, James F.
 Sgt. Greenway, Richard.
 Sgt. Heazlewood, W. S. R.
 Sgt. McIntyre, William.
 Sgt. Paul, Morton E.
 Sgt. Tomlinson, John E.
 Cpl. Gullinger, Ernest L.
 Cpl. Mong, Albert E.
 Cpl. Page, George H.
 Cpl. Pope, Gordon W.
 Cpl. Stack, James P.
 Cpl. Stebbings, Charles E.
 Cpl. Stott, Rutherford H.
 Cpl. Thomson, Merton M.
 L/Cpl. Chapman, Alexdr. H.
 L/Cpl. Douglas, Allan L.
 L/Cpl. Galloway, Joseph E.
 L/Cpl. Jamieson, Magnus.
 L/Cpl. Johnston, John P.
 L/Cpl. McLean, Edward.
 L/Cpl. Packer, John H.
 Pte. Aitchison, Archibald.
 Pte. Aitken, Thomas H.
 Pte. Alexander, Arthur H.
 Pte. Allen, Carden.
 Pte. Amos, David.
 Pte. Anderson, Henry.
 Pte. Anderson, John C.
 Pte. Anderson, John R.
 Pte. Andrews, Alexander B.
 Pte. Ball, Edward J.
 Pte. Barr, David.
 Pte. Barry, John E.
 Pte. Bates, James.
 Pte. Beattie, Henry W.
 Pte. Bee, William J.
 Pte. Benyon, Thomas.
 Pte. Binney, Thomas L.
 Pte. Blomfield, Sydney.
 Pte. Beaid, Charles M.
 Pte. Braid, James.
 Pte. Brandford, Alfred J.
 Pte. Broomhall, Abel R.
 Pte. Bryant, Herbert.
 Pte. Butterfield, Leonard W.
 Pte. Calder, Walter P. S.
 Pte. Capon, Herbert.
 Pte. Carnie, John.
 Pte. Casey, Richard.
 Pte. Chambers, John.
 Pte. Chartres, William.
 Pte. Clark, Samuel A.
 Pte. Cockburn, David H.
 Pte. Corrigan, John.
 Pte. Cosgrove, James.
 Pte. Crawshaw, Clarence H.
 Pte. Currie, Albert E.

Pte. Coats, George W. M.
 Pte. Davey, Arthur.
 Pte. Davis, Albert W.
 Pte. Dickson, Edmund F.
 Pte. Dorgan, Timothy.
 Pte. Drake, Francis A.
 Pte. Driscoll, Patrick D.
 Pte. Dunford, Patrick.
 Pte. Dungey, George.
 Pte. Duston, Hugh R.
 Pte. English, Vincent.
 Pte. Everitt, Earl H.
 Pte. Ferguson, Frank.
 Pte. Ferguson, Frederick.
 Pte. Findlay, Robert J.
 Pte. Fitzgerald, Michael J.
 Pte. Fitzgerald, Robert.
 Pte. Flaanagan, John Patrick.
 Pte. Foote, William Henry.
 Pte. Forrest, James.
 Pte. Freeman, Ralph E.
 Pte. Fricker, Alfred J.
 Pte. Froggatt, George Albert.
 Pte. Fulton, Henry Andrew.
 Pte. Gilbert, William.
 Pte. Gough, Leonard.
 Pte. Haley, Thomas.
 Pte. Hamlin, William.
 Pte. Hanna, Robert.
 Pte. Hansen, James Meldrum.
 Pte. Hansen, William N.
 Pte. Hanson, Oscar H.
 Pte. Hay, David N.
 Pte. Henderson, Thomas.
 Pte. Hishon, Michael.
 Pte. Hollands, Charles W.
 Pte. Howden, Thomas.
 Pte. Huddleston, Robert.
 Pte. Heberton, John F. A.
 Pte. Irvine, Robert J.
 Pte. James, Josiah.
 Pte. Johns, Sydney.
 Pte. Jones, Josiah Lee.
 Pte. Jones, Herbert Stewart.
 Pte. Junor, Hugh.
 Pte. Kingdon, Thomas Wesley.
 Pte. Kinker, Robert A.
 Pte. Kydd, David A. F.
 Pte. Leith, Charles C.
 Pte. Lilley, Hugh.
 Pte. Livingston, Dugald.
 Pte. Lumsden, James.
 Pte. Macdonald, Peter.
 Pte. Macgregor, Frederick H.
 Pte. Mackay, James.
 Pte. Marshall, John.
 Pte. Matheson, Duncan J.
 Pte. Neehan, John H.
 Pte. Morgan, James Edward.
 Pte. Morrison, Donald.
 Pte. Morton, George.
 Pte. Muir, John.
 Pte. Muuro, James.
 Pte. Murphy, John.
 Pte. Milne, John A. D.
 Pte. McAdie, William R.
 Pte. McBride, Archibald M.
 Pte. McChesney, John.
 Pte. McDermid, Duncan.
 Pte. McDonald, Angus A.
 Pte. McDonald, Ernest.
 Pte. McDonald, George A. A.
 Pte. McGee, David.
 Pte. McIntosh, Samuel.
 Pte. McMaster, Hugh.

Pte. McKeown, John.
 Pte. McQueen, James.
 Pte. O'Brien, William T.
 Pte. Pack, Charles.
 Pte. Paterson, William.
 Pte. Pay, William H.
 Pte. Perry, Horace.
 Pte. Perry, James.
 Pte. Pottinger, John.
 Pte. Rabbit, Michael.
 Pte. Reeves, Ernest F.
 Pte. Roapcv, Daniel.
 Pte. Robertson, Thomas A.
 Pte. Robinson, Albert.
 Pte. Ross, John.
 Pte. Ross, William T.
 Pte. Sainsbury, Walter.
 Pte. Sinclair, Eric C.
 Pte. Smeaton, Thomas S.
 Pte. Smith, David K.
 Pte. Smith, James P.
 Pte. Smith, Lawrence.
 Pte. Summerfield, Gilbert.
 Pte. Stanley, George.
 Pte. Stanlick, William.
 Pte. Steele, William.
 Pte. Stevens, John W.
 Pte. Stewart, Edward.
 Pte. Stewart, Nelson.
 Pte. Stewart, James R.
 Pte. Stookes, Albert A.
 Pte. Sutherland, Arthur F. B.
 Pte. Swain, Donald M.
 Pte. Swain, Robert G.
 Pte. Tait, J. H.

(Decased : 17/6/17).

Pte. Taylor, John.
 Pte. Thompson, William H.
 Pte. Thomson, Albert II.
 Pte. Thorburn, William F.
 Pte. Todd, Duncan Cameron.
 Pte. Tomlins, William J.
 Pte. Tuffery, Robert J. H.
 Pte. Waddell, Francis J.
 Pte. Walker, Alfred G.
 Pte. Walker, John.
 Pte. Ward, Clarence H.
 Pte. Watts, Robert J.
 Pte. Weir, Robert W.
 Pte. West, Herbert J.
 Pte. White, Donald.
 Pte. Wilks, John.
 Pte. Wilson, James M.
 Pte. Wood, James Andrew.
 Pte. Williamson, Jesse G.

"E" COMPANY.

Lieut. Milliken, Alexander.
 Lieut. Cowles, S. G. (Adjnt.).
 2nd Lieut. O'Gorman, F. R.
 2nd Lieut. Speight, Henry B.
 C.S.M. Rowe, Arthur N.
 Q.M.S. Beck, Gordon McL.
 Sgt. Ashton, James H.
 Sgt. Bowden, Theodore F.
 Sgt. England, Frank.
 Sgt. Hobart, Rowland E.
 Sgt. Massey, Horace L.
 Sgt. Hankins, Melville E.
 Sgt. Hunt, Daniel.
 Sgt. Kennedy, Thomas M.
 Sgt. Dempsey, Walter S.*
 * Assistant Ship's O.R. Clerk.
 Cpl. Arnaboldi, Phillip G.

Cpl. Duffell, Charles E.
 Cpl. Fyers, Amelius B.
 Cpl. Gemmill, James.
 Cpl. Hamilton, Archibald F.
 Cpl. Taylor, Thomas J.
 Cpl. Whitehead, Stanley.
 Cpl. Wise, Leonard J.
 Cpl. Wright, John E.
 Cpl. Young, David L.
 L/Cpl. Bradburn, Stanley M.
 L/Cpl. Clark, Charles.
 L/Cpl. Clark, George.
 L/Cpl. Cooper, Thomas S. E.
 L/Cpl. Cronin, Edward J.
 L/Cpl. Farnall, Nathaniel R.
 L/Cpl. Henderson, T. G. W.
 L/Cpl. McMillan, John S.
 L/Cpl. Walker, John.
 L/Cpl. Warwick, George A.
 L/Cpl. Whitehorn, Walter K.
 L/Cpl. Williams, Augustine.
 L/Cpl. Youngman, Reg. J.
 Pte. Atwood, Harold W.
 Pte. Baker, Peter H.
 Pte. Baker, Walter L. V.
 Pte. Bain, Thomas.
 Pte. Bassett, Robert W.
 Pte. Beattie, William C.
 Pte. Beacroft, Hubert C.
 Pte. Bennett, James A.
 Pte. Bennett, Richard A.
 Pte. Billingsley, Andrew.
 Pte. Bond, George H.
 Pte. Bovett, Albert.
 Pte. Brame, Albert V.
 Pte. Brock, Edward.
 Pte. Bronwich, Richard.
 Pte. Brown, William J.
 Pte. Bruce, Alexander M. A.
 Pte. Bruce, William F.
 Pte. Burns, Robert F.
 Pte. Clarke, Alexander.
 Pte. Clarkson, Albert E.
 Pte. Colquhoun, Thomas A.
 Pte. Cooper, Herbert O.
 Pte. Cornwall, James D. M.
 Pte. Coultter, John J.
 Pte. Craig, Walter R.
 Pte. Curd, Arthur D.
 Pte. Daubeny, John S.
 Pte. Davys, Francis.
 Pte. Day, Lionel C.
 Pte. Dement, George V.
 Pte. Dick, Archie A.
 Pte. Dickey, Joseph W.
 Pte. Downes, Robert.
 Pte. Edwards, Alfred J.
 Pte. Edwards, Lewis J.
 Pte. Ellen, Balph.
 Pte. Ellis, Howard.
 Pte. Ernest, David.
 Pte. Farley, Frederick H.
 Pte. Fenemor, Edwin J.
 Pte. Fenemor, Robert A.
 Pte. Fenton, John Gilmore.
 Pte. Finn, Michael.
 Pte. Fitzgerald, Cornelius F.
 Pte. Flowerday, Herbert N.
 Pte. Fowier, William.
 Pte. Gale, Frank E.
 Pte. Gallagher, Christopher J.
 Pte. Gibbons, Oscar F.
 Pte. Gibson, Joshua W.
 Pte. Gray, Joshua W.
 Pte. Green, Edmund A.
 Pte. Greenwood, Albert E. J.

L/ta. Groves, Sidney T. J.
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