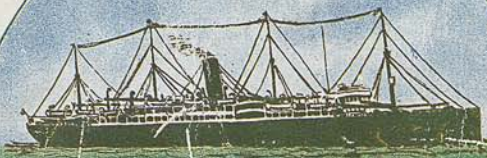


Tonic



THE
IONICALL
OF
D COY & SPECIALIST COY 37TH REINF.



W. Verbye.

ADAMS & STEDMAN

Reg. Adams R. Trevor Stedman
MOTORS MOTORS MOTORS
CARS AND ACCESSORIES

Anything a Motor Owner Doesn't Want

We have a splendid assortment of tyres and accessories that no intelligent chauffeur would use.

MR. ADAMS, Sole Agent for the ship for the new patent headlight "Ginger." Can be seen for a great distance.

MR. STEDMAN, Sole Proprietor of the great noise-producer "Conk Conk;" will last for years. Can be blown constantly, early and often, without injury to face or handkerchief.

Trial runs arranged for and not given.

Intending clients can rely on Mr. Stedman answering all questions, whether he knows them or not.

T. TRIPP-ANDREWS

SURVEYOR AND CIVILIZED ENGINEER

All kinds of survey work undertaken, including surveying of meals, landscape, seascape and female beauty.

The only licensed surveyor on board who has surveyed a disappearing meal from the inside of a porthole.

Clients requiring larger sections than they have paid for can have survey readied on payment of a special fee.

Clients are requested to make early applications for surveys, as Mr. Andrews has had to put other work aside owing to his having been recently and constantly engaged surveying his cabin porthole, and has now been engaged by the ship, for whom he has undertaken to make an extensive survey, of the sea by day, and the stars by night. The night surveys will be carried out without female companionship.

The IONICALL Magazine

1918

Published by

"D" Co., 37th Reinforcement

and the

37th Specialists

New Zealand, Australia

ALEXANDER & DEMPSTER

MERVYN CHAMPION ALEXANDER

GEORGE A. DEMPSTER

Private Enquiry Agents

All kinds of pertinent and impertinent enquiries made about you and your family friends.

We have a very inefficient staff of tactless male and female detectives.

Our secret files are always open to the general public for inspection at any hour.

Come and read all about your neighbours' family troubles.

Do not be afraid of our Mr. Alexander's Christian names. He prefers to be called "Sandy" on parade.

Mr. Alexander has had two weeks' experience in the ship's police force.

Mr. Dempster has no experience whatever, and is quite unfitted for this class of work.

Do not write to us; neither of us can read.

DENNISTON & KITSON

G. G. Denniston

Harry Kitson

The Bank Embezzlers and the Young Forgers' Friends

The above gentlemen have had several years' experience in New Zealand Banks, and, a large number of their staff having gone through a thorough practical course of embezzlement and forgery, up to and including the trial and the jail, are prepared to advise clients how to go to prison to get wealth.

A feature of our business is our fire and burglar-proof safes, where your money can be deposited with little or no safety while you are undergoing sentence.

Solicitors: Messrs. Croker & Duthie

Auditor: Mr. Ernest Caygill

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THE CAMOUFLAGE
CAPTAIN.

With the Editors Compliments.
Laurie W. Gao Nov 1919.

The Ionicall Magazine

Published by

"D" Co., 37th Reinforcement and the 37th Specialists
New Zealand, Australia

Idiotorial

After a great deal of careful consideration, we have decided to publish this Magazine and have the editorial at the beginning. We have been greatly exercised in our mind about this, because we feel that, in nine cases out of ten, magazine readers have a more or less excusable habit of passing over the editorial to what they term "the reading matter." Having toiled many weary years of our nearly spent life reading and producing magazines, our heartfelt sympathy goes out in great waves to magazine readers the world over.

Yes, we thought of putting our editorial somewhere in the middle of this small quantity of paper and printer's ink; but in the first place any kind of deceit or deception is, and always has been, abhorrent to the principles of this paper, and, besides, we were somewhat troubled how to disguise it sufficiently well to enable our deception to escape detection.

We thought of several titles under which it might pass unnoticed and unread, but the imminent risk and danger of its discovery at any moment, if not by some slow-witted reader or small boy, then perchance by the official censor, compelled us to desist. At such a moment as this, when the prestige of our great Empire is fraught with the gravest danger, when our every movement is watched by neutral nations with the keenest interest, and by some

with a regrettable doubt,—at such a moment, we cannot stoop to deception, and we now place our editorial before you as a plain, unvarnished and badly written thing, but as an editorial.

We can imagine you, gentle reader, glancing at the heading of this effusion and saying to yourself "Editorial? H'm! The usual apology for publication." We here and now emphatically state that we offer this little tribute with as little apology as it has of literary merit. Why should we not have a little magazine? Magazines have been a very common disease on troopships ever since New Zealand has been sending fighting men across the mighty deep for the cause of Country, Empire and Honour. We therefore claim the right to thrust upon you our puny efforts at producing a few merry moments for the boys, and, we trust, for the relatives and friends we have left behind us. If you do not agree with our sentiments or our reasoning, or our consequent perfect right to send out our Ionicall to you; also if you object to the magazine or anything therein, just write to us about it, and write, fully, freely and feelingly. As you do not know our address, writing to us should serve a good purpose: it will ease your pent-up feelings and it will give us no offence, as we will never get your letter.

Taking into consideration the fact that the usual ship's magazine is pub-

lished by a whole reinforcement numbering a thousand at least, while our effort is by two Companies totaling only 252, including officers, we trust that our readers will be as charitable in their criticisms as such a disparity in numbers from which to draw material would warrant.

Having ourselves perused with genuine pleasure ships' magazines published by reinforcements as a whole, we do not claim for ours any merit as a literary production. Nor have we attempted to attain to that high literary or artistic standard set by several of our predecessors.

Though many on board, who had no access to public libraries, and did not travel very often on the New Zealand railways, have admitted owning newspapers of their own on various occasions prior to embarkation, at the small expense to themselves of 2d. a time, we are signally unfortunate in not having with us even one of our number who, in civilian life, was even remotely connected with journalism. A few of us have advertised in the daily papers for billets or board and lodging; some of us have found our way into the Lost, Stolen and Strayed columns; two on board have been discovered who have on several occasions written letters to newspaper offices, but these letters were found on enquiry to have been written to the Manager for further time in which to pay subscriptions and advertising accounts.

Having, therefore, without any previous experience, and without any pretensions whatever to literary ability, produced and sent out into the world our Ionicall, without more ado we trust to your generosity and throw ourselves on your mercy.

Out in the midst of the great ever-rolling Pacific Ocean, thousands of miles from land, with nothing in sight save the billows around us and the blue sky above; at night with no lights on deck but those supplied by the stars and the phosphorescent glow upon the waves lapping against the ship as she glides through them ever onward, we

have time and opportunity for serious thought.

Some of us have been away from our parents' firesides more than long enough to appreciate the worth of them and to realize more or less not only our own loss but also the blanks we are leaving, some of us perhaps for ever, in the homes and hearts of those we have left behind us in New Zealand. Others of us have left the only homes we have ever known, and our fathers and mothers, for the first time in our lives, and here, far from the daily routine of camp life and the weekly intermission of week-end leave, we are beginning to understand more fully what they have meant to us in the past; and some of us even are beginning, in our quiet moments when we gaze backwards over the ever-receding wake on the waters, to regret that we did not express a little more clearly how dear to us were those hands that toiled for us by day, and those hearts that were restless on our account during the long watches of the night.

These are but some of the passing thoughts of those on board, a small handful of New Zealanders proud, and even happy, to be amongst those chosen to assist our Country and Empire in its hour of need, and hoping that we may yet have our share of reflected glory when the greatest war in the history of the world has been won; when the British Empire, and her faithful Allies, have added the noblest page yet written to the world's history; when honour and freedom have at last conquered and, we trust, forever subdued, the dishonourable and murderous spirits that lighted the flare which has spread a conflagration over the whole of Civilization.

Away from the daily newspapers and the constant flow of political conversation, to be listened to without money and without price, on the back seats of the city trams or in the second-class smokers on the railways, our past life is gradually fading, while what even the immediate future may hold for us belongs to the realms of the Great Unknown. We are therefore compelled



OFFICERS

Back Row: Lt. L. G. Bell, and Lt. A. Lauder, and Lt. T. T. Andrews, and Lt. E. G. Baddeley, and Lt. C. W. Milner
Mr. S. V. Parsonson.

Middle Row: and Lt. J. Mitchell, and Lt. C. W. Rule, Capt. G. G. Denniston, Lt. J. L. Will,
and Lt. A. R. C. Claridge

Front Row: Lt. R. S. J. Fitzgerald, and Lt. W. Murphy.

to live in the present. With the assistance of the ship's captain and the ship's officers, our officers are very successfully making the trip one which to many will be of lasting memory. Every one of us, great and small, is enjoying himself to the utmost. In fact, we are happy. Hardly a day goes past without its own little tribute of humour or practical joke, and thus are our spirits kept high. We have concerts, card tournaments, athletic sports, boxing, debates, reading matter galore, and quite a sufficiency of parades and drill; no excuse for dullness on board being in existence. All of us in consequence feeling exceedingly merry and bright, we have placed a few of our jokes and passing thoughts on record, in the hope that they will not only serve to relieve the monotony of the trip and assist some of the empty spaces in our heads to re-echo the laughter aroused by the jokes in the first instance, but also that those in New Zealand who are nearer and

dearer to our hearts than we have ever cared to express, may to a certain extent share with us our joys, and be at any rate a little entertained by our alleged humour. If by our efforts we bring a little pleasure to one sad heart, if during perusal of these pages one threatened tear is changed to a smile, then the existence of this journal is more than justified.

Whilst most of the jokes are personal and many are so confined to the ship that their purport may not be fully appreciated by readers in New Zealand, it has been our endeavour to make the magazine of interest both to friends we have left as well as to ourselves, and many of the jokes will in our opinion, without losing their points, stand the necessary explanation required to make them plain.

Just one word to those whose names figure in the letterpress, and to those whose figures and faces appear in caricature. We give you our assurance that our quips are all well meant and

none are malicious. Personalities in a publication such as this are essential, and the paper could not exist without them. If this explanation does not fully satisfy you, console yourselves with the thought that you are of sufficient popularity or greatness amongst us to be noticed.

Finally, should this last not satisfy you, please remember that we are taking daily lessons in the gentle art of fisticuffs under the capable tutelage of an ex-middle weight champion. Therefore, mark you, learn you, and keep away from dangers untold.

THE EDITOR.

Grunts of Gratitude

First and foremost, we pour out our gratitude and sincere thanks to all those kind friends of ours, personal and otherwise, who, both of their bounty and their need, spared some comforts for the soldiers of D Co. 37th Reinforcement and the 37th Specialists so ungrudgingly. The fact that the majority of the presents and comforts were, inadvertently perhaps, certainly by a person or persons unknown, left in the K shed at Wellington and did not come aboard our ship—this fact we wish it made public, does not lessen our gratitude or make us grudge our thanks. We do not appreciate losing all those good things for two reasons: Firstly, we cannot enjoy them and, secondly, we are unable to thank the donors personally, their names and addresses being unfortunately unknown. But we do appreciate most sincerely the kind thoughts that prompted those good people to do their part for us. Those friends, therefore, who do not receive any other acknowledgment than this will, we trust, understand why.

Then the same thanks and gratitude are due to the ladies of Otago and Southland, whose boxes of presents for the boys hailing from those districts were duly received. There are only a comparatively few Otago and Southland men on board, and we admire their sporting instincts which prompted them to so divide the par-

cels that every man aboard has now some small souvenir to remind him of the workers among the fair sex in the Southern portion of our fair Dominion.

The 37th Specialists take this opportunity of thanking Captain Hickson and the ship's officers for the supplying of bunting for making flags for signalling, and the ladies for completing the metamorphosis and handing us the flags well and neatly made and completed.

We wish to thank the Y. M. C. A. in New Zealand generally for the library and games supplied for the boys' entertainment, and also for a supply of envelopes and stationery (most of which remains unfortunately in K shed); and we wish to congratulate them particularly on their choice of Mr. Parsonson as their representative on the ship.

While speaking of the Y. M. C. A. we want to place firmly on record the thanks and gratitude we one and all owe and freely acknowledge to Mr. Stanley V. Parsonson, the genial Y. M. C. A. Field Secretary. Since coming aboard, Mr. Parsonson has laboured most assiduously and unselfishly early and late for our general welfare, while his efforts towards our spiritual welfare have by no means been neglected.

The 37th Specialists have to thank Pte. R. E. Blakey not only for the



NIGHTMARES

Back Row: Sgt. G. W. Barnes; Sgt. P. Starkey; Sgt. H. Moore; Sgt. A. C. Gibson; Sgt. W. R. H. Steward.
 Middle Row: C. S. M., E. R. Caygill; Q. M. S., R. M. Mercer; Staff Sgt. N. G. Saunders;
 C. S. M., A. K. Duthie; Q. M. S., H. M. Malcolm; Staff Sgt. H. Kitson.
 Front Row: Sgt. N. K. Smyth; Sgt. C. H. Croker; Sgt. E. B. C. Cecil.

large and valuable parcels he so kindly purchased for the boys of the Company (which, like the rest, were left in Wellington), but also for the carefully selected library and numerous games he presented to the Company before embarkation.

The thanks of the whole ship's complement are due to the Entertainment Committee for the splendid concerts they have organized, also to the performers at the concerts, both among the passengers and the troops, who gave of their talents so willingly and freely, and through whose efforts our nights have been relieved of monotony.

Similar thanks are also due to the Committee of the Brotherhood of Men of Goodwill for organizing really enjoyable and strenuous debates, and also for arranging for the well-at-

tended and interesting courses of Bible study.

To the Magazine Committee we offer our congratulations and thanks for the publication of this journal. We wish specially to mention Pte. R. A. T. Aherne, who has cheerfully and efficiently carried out the multifarious duties of Deputy-Assistant-Sub-Editor, chief reporter, general typist, and printer's devil. He is Irish and takes afternoon tea every day in the Sergeants' Mess.

We must not forget, of course, the Athletic Committee, to whose energetic endeavours we owe some splendid contests and a good many sprained toes and barked shins.

This Magazine cannot go to press without some acknowledgment of our indebtedness to Corporals Alexander and Overbye for their very

material assistance in production. Corpl. Overbye designed the Magazine cover, which he completed in co-operation with Corpl. Alexander.

Corpl. Alexander is responsible for the caricatures, which are really first-class portraits of the particular subjects, taken in characteristic poses or attitudes.

These two gentlemen, after winning the second and first prizes respectively in the cover design competition, very generously donated the prize moneys to the Magazine funds.

Corpl. Vickerman, the lucky and sporting winner of the £5 Art Union, donated one-half of his prize money towards the fund.

They are three sports of the best kind.

The members of the N. Z. Medical Corps are deserving of greater mention here than they receive, but they, like all Red Cross workers, toil for the benefit of mankind because they are

built that way and not for any praise they may earn. However, on behalf of those who have experienced their unselfish devotion to duty, we offer genuine thanks.

The onerous and usually thankless task of publishing this magazine and seeing it through the press has been very kindly undertaken without fee by Mr. William F. Hamblin, Publisher, 347 Madison Avenue, New York City. Mr. Hamblin is at present acting as Honorary Transportation Secretary to the U. S. A. National Warwork Council of the Y. M. C. A. No written expression of thanks could repay Mr. Hamblin for his services, so we leave the matter at that.

Last, but not least, we offer our thanks, unearned, unasked and unappreciated no doubt, to Dear Old Bill Massey, who through some egregious blunder has unknowingly permitted us to travel in the luxury we are enjoying.

An Appreciation

From the point of view of those of our ship's company who have for the past two or three weeks had the pleasure and privilege of working with the great and mighty "We" of this magazine, we desire to express our opinion that all aboard are extremely fortunate in having among us as Editor a man with such capabilities, disposition, wit and temperament as our friend, Sergeant C. H. Croker.

The task set the Editor of our magazine at the outset was one which might well have daunted any but a born fighting man, and one with rather more than the average allowance of grey matter to back up his pugnacity. On an ordinary New Zealand troopship, carrying at least four times our own complement, and

furnishing thereby a much wider field from which to obtain material, an editor's task is no light one. How much greater, therefore, were the difficulties which confronted Sergt. Croker. But from the first he set his face manfully to the task in hand, ignoring or surmounting all the manifold difficulties and obstacles that arose. Professional etiquette debar us from revealing secrets of the editorial sanctum, but we must say that our journalistic education has been considerably extended since our association with Editor Croker. It has been quite a daily occurrence to see him reel off by the mile, and absolutely without effort, articles and paragraphs galore, both serious and humorous; and we have heard him



SPECIAL MISSION

"D" Company, 37th Reinforcement

in the privacy of his office, interviewing contributors and would-be contributors, spring poets, and the Great British Public, encouraging, helping, suggesting, correcting, bullying (the printer's devil), and attending generally to the quite-too-numerous-to-mention duties appertaining to an Editor.

That our Magazine is the good production we who have had our little share in handling it honestly consider, is mainly the result of Sergt. Croker's untiring energy, his fertile brain, and his inimitable wit. And, in addition to so capably carrying out the many and arduous duties of this big-man job, and incidentally controlling a large and unruly staff of assistants, he has at the same time also done his bit—no small bit, either, from all accounts—for the Army, as he has ever since we came on board carried out the duties of Acting-Sergeant-Major of the Specialists.

Here's long life and prosperity to you, Editor-Sergeant Croker—you're all right.

THE MAGAZINE COMMITTEE.

"OUR MAGAZINE."

A braw idea our Chaplain sprung
Of starting on our ship a kind
Of Magazine for soldiers young,
To fill with efforts of their mind.

Half-a-dozen chaps were named,
A small executive to be,
To decide at what they aimed
As worthy of our dignity.

The custom is, we hear, for all
Our comrades who have crossed the
brine
To issue, while on board, a small
And characteristic magazine.

So, boys! your talents various and
wide,
In earnest task, that we may be
Enabled therewith to provide
A Souvenir of times "At Sea."

And let our efforts here be such
That the "Mag." which we produce
Shall lead the former ones by much,
And not receive too much abuse.

J. A. V.

Alphabetical Ravings by the Ship's Imbecile

(Published by Arrangement)

"D" COMPANY

A stands for AHERNE, who haunts the top deck.
 B is for BURRIDGE, not lacking in "neck."
 C stands for CECIL, a white man is he.
 D for our Unit, a fine Company.
 E stands for ERNIE, our leading Non-Com., who promises well at throwing a bomb.
 F is for FIELD, whose hair is so white, but whose eyes and whose features are merry and bright.
 G stands for GIBSON, whose initial is A; a Sergeant in rank with a private's pay.
 H is for HARDING, a Corporal small.
 I is for IRISH, a carpenter tall.
 J stands for JOHNSTON, an auctioneer brum.
 K is for KITCHEN, who didn't come.
 L stands for LAUDER, who was there at the "Landing."
 M is for MITCHELL, a man of some standing.
 N stands for NORTON, no sign'ller is he.
 O is for OVERBYE, re-christened "Q. P."
 P is for PARHAM, who for Polly doth pine.
 Q for our QUARTER, leadswinging's his line.
 R stands for REEDY, the man on the mat.
 S stands for SURMAN, who wears a queer hat.
 T stands for TCHERNEGOVSKI, a h—l of a name. (Excuse me, dear Ed., for inserting the same.)
 U for the Uniform in which we all drill.
 V is for VICKERMAN, who always is ill.

W stands for WOTTON, who is one of the best, though no longer a home-bird in our little nest.
 X is for Christmas and Speight's famous Beer; both call to mind our times of good cheer.
 Y is for YOUD, who never is wrong.
 Z brings us to the end of our song.

SPECIALISTS.

A stands for A'COURT, the first on the list; when fatigues are about he seldom is missed.
 B stands for "BONDIE," the "John Hop" so grave, when doing his beat he looks very brave.
 C is for CATER, a bushwhacker's name; 'tis nothing for Charlie to boast of his fame.
 D is for "DAVIE," a dark horse is he; when in his old sack he seems quite free.
 E stands for ELVINES, a machine gunner true, who puts his fame down to Bill Massey's stew.
 F stands for FAR-QU-HAR; he's not on his own, for Bibby and Calaby keep him in tone.
 G is for "GINGER," a bright little spark, who always got leave and made for the park.
 H is for "HIRSTIE," a songster so sweet, who made goo-goo eyes at the Pah girls a treat.
 I is for "IONIC," a great ship is she; our life on her could not better be.
 J stands for JOLLY, who took very bad. If he had pegged out it would have been sad.
 K is for "KARTON," the daring young boy, whose feats on the track always filled us with joy.
 L is for LANE, from Berth 34, who likes his old "possie" well up from the floor.



PARRITCH AND HAGGIS

Officers, N. C. O.'s and Men from Otago and Southland

M stands for MERCER, pretty good with the gloves; but perhaps it is "melons" that Stan really loves.

N stands for NEWMAN, a new married man, who'll do for his country what duty he can.

O is for OFFICER, one who's in charge; he always did try to makes fines very large.

P is for POSTLEWRIGHT, the monkey-trick man, who cuts funny antics to amuse if he can.

Q stands for QUARTER, a white-headed boy, but a lady's pride and the soldier's joy.

R stands for RILEY, the great billiard king, who plays scientific against all in the ring.

S is for "SWAN-IE," a brave Gisborne coon, who is good with knife and fork—not forgetting the "spoon."

T stands for "TODDIE," he's out for all fun; but give him old Greytown when his work is done.

U stands for UNION, great or small; so let it be with us, one and all.

V is for VALINTINE, who got mixed up with dubbin, and all next day was kept busy scrubbin'.

W is for "Willie"—Lever, Hulston or Green; they are ever so willing and always are seen.

X, Y, Z We must let you go, for in our brave lot there is no one you know.

SPECIALISTS.

(Machine Gunners.)

A is for ALEXANDER, a bold "Cop" is he.

B is for BIBBY, of a merry party.

C is for CROKER, a popular name.

D is for DEMPSTER, of corporal's fame.

E is for ELLIOTT, our gallant "Pat."

F is for FERGUSON, from Miller's Flat.

G is for "GINGER." (His hair is so pretty.)

H is for HARRISON, from near the Queen City.

- I is for I (Well, I'm now in a hole.)
 J is for JOLLY, a grumpy old soul.
 K is for KEILAR, a "marmalade" rep.
 L is for LANE, a "bird" for a Zep.
 M is for "MAC," our comic "stunter."
 N is for NEWMAN, a Wellington punter.
 O is for OLSEN, keeping low like a mouse.
 P is for POSTLEWRIGHT, a player of "house."
 Q is our "QUARTER," who is bolder than brass.
 R is for RILEY, who hadn't a pass.
 S is for SWAN, whom we've much to teach.
 T is for TWIDLE, who's great on the beach.
 U is for "UMPTY," whom the signallers know.
 V is for VALENTINE, who does argue so.
 W is for WEBSTER, who wrote on the wall.
 X, Y and Z are the last of them all.
- I stands for "Ikey," we've got none aboard for which small mercy we do thank the Lord.
 J stands for Johnstone, who worked in a bank. He is endowed with a "tummy," but could do with a "tank."
 K stands for Ken, our one little Mason, who at swinging the lead is as good as a Jason.
 L stands for Levick, who, the boys all say, Sleeps all the night and all through the day.
 M stands for Mercer, "Stanley Claude," who's the draw for all the fair maidens he's had by the score.
 Mc stands for McCullough, "Jock" we all know; at handling the flags will give Arthur a go.
 N stands for nobody; he lives on this ship. He knows where we're bound for, but won't give the tip.
 O stands for O'Donnell, "Lockie" the lad, who, bereft of his curls, made "Doughy" feel sad.
 P stands for "Pat,"—Keogh's his name. The Red Caps grabbed him, but he's here just the same.
 Q stands for the Quarter, whom we all adore; author of "Thank you, I expected more!"
 R stands for Richards, "Curly" we mean; the smallest of the Company, but can always be seen.
 S stands for Sanders, who the live-long day acts as a policeman and keeps out of the way.
 T stands for Todd, the newly wed, king of the Company at swinging the lead.
 U stands for Useful, which the boys will all be when this good trip is o'er and they once leave the sea.
 V stands for Vigour, which we all display when we send dots and dashes right over the way.
 W stands for Wylde, from a North Island town; not related to Oscar of world renown.

SPECIALISTS.

(Signallers.)

- A stands for A'Court, Joe of the Avon; know-all of know-alls; do anything you gave him.
 B stands for Bonnington. Mistakes he has made, but the making of "moss" was never his trade.
 C stands for Cox, a stalwart Queen City man, who's always willing to do all he can.
 D stands for Davidson—Dave of Port Chalmers—whose jokes we're afraid will never alarm us.
 E stands for Elliott, our one Irish beau; at acting the drunk he's as good as a pro.
 F stands for Flags; the boys on lookout keep them well wagging when the Sergeant's about.
 G stands for Grimwood—not grim in the face; at working the buzzer he shakes up the pace.
 H stands for Hartley—"Jock" we all know, who sings very nicely, but won't give it a go.



PEOPLE WHO SWANK

37th Specialists—Signallers and Machine Gunners

- X stands for Signallers, fine boys
without doubt; it's a shame how
they tremble when the officers
shout.
- Y stands for Yesterday, some days
ago. If asked to go back we
would say No.
- Z stands for Zealandia, the land of
the free—the last place that God
made, but it'll do me.

THE MODERN PRIVATE.

Rules for N. C. O.'S.

(A local case serves to show the independent spirit of our well-disciplined troops.)

1. Do not approach too suddenly the man with whom you wish to converse. It might upset his nerves.
2. Before saying anything, offer him a cigarette, and, before doing anything rash, discuss the weather. This is to ascertain his state of mind.
3. Turn your order into a request, and let him see that you await his pleasure. Any old time will do.
4. If the time is inconvenient to him, find out tactfully what time is suitable, and call later.
5. Above all, do not "jump" on him or speak harshly, for, unless he happens to be Keane, he will refuse to fall in with your wishes.

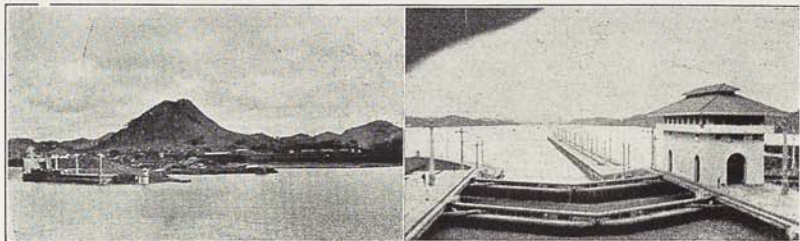
REMEMBER ME.

Remember me, when the dark blue
wave
Has borne my ship to a distant
shore;
When every scene has vanished, save
A treasured thought in memory's
store.

Remember me, on the Sabbath morn,
When the prayers are said for the
souls at sea,
Who are from their friends and kin-
dred borne;
In that fervent prayer remember
me.

Remember me, when eyes more bright
Should tempt thee with their
beams of light
To forget the past.
Then remember me.

Remember me, when others seek
To gain my fond one's love from
me.
Then still a favoured reckoning keep
Of the past, and remember me.
H. C. W.



An Attempt at a Description of Our Trip Through the Panama Canal

Wonderful Panama! At last the great Canal, of which we have heard, read, and conjectured so much, has come and gone, but its marvels will remain in our memories for many a long day.

We woke one sultry tropical morning with dim traces of land showing at several points on the port horizon. Our steamer gradually drew into the Bay of Panama, noted in days of old as a resort of Morgan and other famous pirates, and presently we dropped anchor off the entrance to the Canal, only a few cables length from two large French sailing vessels. The City of Panama could be seen to the right, while ahead of us showed up the busy port of Balboa. Shortly after lunch, the order to up anchor was given, and we proceeded slowly in, after being visited and passed as O. K. by the doctor and the custom officials, who had come off to our liner in a perky little oil launch with a fine turn of speed.

An air of not-altogether-suppressed excitement pervaded the ship as we steamed slowly up the entrance. Balboa was passed at "slow," giving ample opportunity for a close inspection of the many wharves fitted with

massive machinery, gigantic stores, public buildings and railways, and of the various vessels of all descriptions and nationalities tied up at wharf and pier. Then on into the Canal proper, between seemingly never-ending stretches of tropical growth, among which appeared here and there a homestead, and we had a first glimpse of the American darkie at home. Soon we caught sight of the hills of Ancon, with its commodious hospital and large residential buildings, all built with an eye to securing the maximum of air and coolness. But all hands were looking with eager eyes for the appearance of the justly world-renowned locks. As the first of these the twin Miraflores Locks, came in sight, looking in the distance like nothing so much as a huge water-chute, there was a rush for the rails and other points of vantage for sight-seeing. The pen of a genius and the knowledge of an expert engineer are required to adequately describe the passage of a great ship through these wonderful constructions. One looks with awe and amazement at the massive erections of ferro-concrete, fitted with their immense double sets of

gates, which move so ponderously and yet so stately to or fro in response to the touch of a master hand.

The steamer approaches the lock so slowly that she appears scarcely to move; two pilots are taken aboard; and, still at "slow" (or slower), we move towards the gates. We now notice that the two twin locks of Miraflores are built terrace fashion, looking like two great steps of a giant stairway, and the "water-chute" of a quarter of an hour ago is now transformed into banks of concrete inlaid with beautifully kept lawns, flat as a table on top, and sloping down towards us from the higher lock of the two. As we glide forward into the lower of the two locks, long steel-wire hawsers are passed aboard, connected at the shore end both fore and aft with powerful electric trams (termed electric "mules" or "donkeys"). It is the duty of these cars to propel and guide the steamer through the lock, a duty well carried out by these quaint-looking but sturdy vehicles. A massive iron chain stretched across the gates disappears as we approach; slowly and majestically the gates swing open; and we are inside. The gates swing to behind us, with one of Uncle Sam's soldiers, fully armed standing on guard where the two great steel frames meet. It seems a fitting indication, which is fully borne out as we proceed further on our way, of how well our powerful Ally guards this great International waterway.

The "mules" on shore haul taut the wire ropes, the steamer stops—never a move of her frame. Invisible flood-gates open somewhere below the ship, a huge bubbling mass of water pours into the lock, and in the space of but a few minutes the vessel rises higher and higher until she lies almost flush with the concrete decking of the lock, and on a level with the water in the lock beyond. This second lock is on a much higher level than the one we now occupy, and in passing from the lower to the higher one the ship appears to leave a full lock for an empty one.

A brief pause, the clang of a bell, and "mules" and ship are once more under way towards the gates of the higher lock, which, as before, open before us, and soon our vessel is held motionless in the second basin, having been raised, by means of the first lock, a matter of twenty-five feet. Once again the invisible flood-gates are opened, and again the boiling cauldron in under our good ship, which slowly but surely, and almost imperceptibly, rises to the top of the second lock in the same manner as before; but this time we are raised thirty feet. The ship has accomplished a climb of fifty-five feet in all, with no expenditure of effort, being borne up on the water forced in beneath her in the two locks; while the game little "mules" ashore treat level ground or steep gradient with the same calm indifference. It is a wonderful experience, and one which cannot but leave in the mind of each one of us a feeling of wonder and admiration for the great engineering brains from which all this emanated. As we leave the second lock we pass a large Norwegian tramp steamer, flying light, waiting her turn to proceed through the locks in the other direction, bound for we know not where.

We now proceed slowly, but under our own power, into the Miraflores Lake, across which we are now moving at a height of fifty-five feet above sea level. In the near distance another huge "water-chute" can be seen, but ere we have time to approach it the tea-bell sounds, and is for once a jar on the nerves, and makes an unpleasant interruption to our entire enjoyment of the scenes through which we are passing. A hasty rush below to attend to the wants of the inner man is made, but many a healthy appetite is still in good working order when there is a stampede for the deck at a call from above that the Pedro Miguel Lock is close at hand.

Unlike the other two sets in the Canal, this is a single lock, situated at the Northern end of the Miraflores lake, and is of great length. After having negotiated it, we are informed that



Pedro Miguel Lock from Miraflores Lake

we have been lifted a further thirty feet, or a total of eighty-five feet above sea level. All has been done so quickly and apparently so easily that for the moment one can hardly realize the magnitude of the achievement.

Passing on out of the Pedro Miguel Lock in much the same way as we left the Miraflores, we emerge into the Canal, and steam slowly onward between high banks and cliffs covered with a thick growth, all of a brilliant and vivid green—grass, shrubs and alike. Many houses are to be seen along the banks; while everywhere there are Darkies and United States soldiers, who give us a passing but hearty and cheerful greeting of welcome. It is here that we arrive at that famous part of the Canal known as the Culebra Cut, where the waterway has been made by reducing the Culebra Hills six hundred odd feet in height and nine miles long to sea level, and then flooding the valley thus made with a stream of water three hundred feet wide at its narrowest point, and up to ninety feet in depth. Words alone are quite inadequate to describe our feelings as we are carried along this river between the hills, this river flowing thus at the will of a great Nation, and made by the hand of man; while to attempt to describe the Cut itself in a brief sketch such as this would be an impertinence and an insult to the creative genius that put it on the map of the world.

And so we proceed on in the early tropical twilight, through great cut-

tings from which mountains of the solid rock have been blasted and scooped away, past great bodies of water pouring down in brilliant cascades; and presently we notice that the banks on both sides are lighted at frequent intervals by electric globes, almost at the water's edge. Through the celebrated Culebra Cut the ship passes with never a pause, exchanging salutes with several steamers tied up alongside the banks; past Las Cascadas and Camboa, both brilliant with electric lights, both stationary and flashing, until eventually we enter the famous Gatun Lake. Here, in obedience to the clang of a bell from the Captain on the bridge, the vessel's tanks are filled with pure fresh water, and passengers and crew are able to contemplate the luxury of a fresh-water bath for the first time since leaving New Zealand's shores. "Lights Out" is long since past, but we are specially favoured to-night and the well-known call has been dispensed with. Few, indeed, if any, have as yet even thought of bunk.

Through the great fresh-water lake the steamer throbs on her course, past the great wireless plant, and soon an object looms up which looks like an enormous edition of a boy's Meccano toy. This is an emergency dam, one of which is to be seen alongside each of the locks. These are for use in the event of anything untoward occurring to the great lock gates. In such a case the dam is swung right out over the



Dredge Working in Culebra Cut

lock, the centre frame drops down to the bottom, and so the enormous body of water in the lock is held.

The scene as we approach the Gatun Locks is beautiful beyond description. Great electric lights illumine every inch of the Locks and their many working parts, while away to the right appear the lights of the town; from somewhere out in the darkness comes the sound of an engine's whistle, indicating the presence of a train on the railway line which runs close to the Canal from Panama to Colon. At the entrance we drop one of the pilots who came aboard early in our negotiation of the Canal; the other retains his place on the bridge with our Captain. Once again the gates swing wide to allow of the passage of our vessel, and we renew our acquaintance with the powerful little "mules." Once inside the lock, the gates close on us, and, as if by magic, the water recedes from under the ship, going—where? In a remarkably few moments the top of the lock, with which our decks were just now flush, is many feet above our heads. And it has all occurred so gently although so swiftly. On again, as the next set of gates opens, and we are in another lock, a duplicate of the one we have just left, where the experience of the last few minutes is repeated; and yet again into a third lock; until finally our good ship emerges once more at sea level, four feet lower than when she lay on the Pacific Ocean only a few hours ago. The three great Gatun



Upper Portion Coaling Apparatus, Colon

Locks have by their action lowered us from the height attained by our passage through the Miraflores and the Pedro Miguel Locks.

Our never-to-be-forgotten trip across the Isthmus of Panama is nearly over, and presently we are anchored off Cristobal, whose lights can be plainly seen, as well as those of several other vessels riding at anchor.

It is a company of happy, thoughtful men who now for the first time begin to realize that the hour is late and that there is such a thing as bed. One regret, and one only, is felt or voiced by all—that we had not had daylight during the whole passage of the great Canal. But—it has been a wonderful experience, and one that will live in our memories; and, to quote one young enthusiast, "It was worth leaving even New Zealand to see it."

SOME OF THE BOYS.

Little drops of "Walker,"
 Little seals of "Green,"
 Make "Cameron" a talker
 Of a "Fortune" that has been.
 He talks of a "Bond" in making,
 And a "Swan" with a golden egg;
 Until his "Sides" start aching,
 And he pushes a "Bell" for a keg.
 But now he doth "Cater" soft drinks,
 With a "Bibby" around his neck;
 And though the "Lever" is broken
 He still rings the "Bell" on the deck.



After Rising 30 Feet in Second Lock, Miraflores;
 Lower Lock in Distance

Mock Court

On Friday afternoon, 14th June, an amusing and enjoyable Mock Court was held on the promenade deck, the objects being to afford amusement to our ship's company and also to raise funds towards the cost of publishing the Magazine.

Q. M. S. Mercer made a dignified and impressive judge, who erred only on the side of seeing that the fines inflicted fitted the charge-sheet. Sergt.-Major Duthie was an exceedingly capable Clerk of Court; Sergt. Croker, a relentless Crown Persecutor, who however, feeling assured of a verdict in his favour in every case, permitted his ever-ready wit a free rein. The role of Court Crier was splendidly taken by Pte. "Pat" Elliott, whose keen sense of humour and rich brogue were greatly enjoyed. A "fine" body of police recruited from the Specs., had a heavy day, but carried out their many duties with credit.

All our officers, from the C. O. Troops down, were among the prisoners arraigned on various charges, as were also the members of the Sergeants' Mess and a few corporals and men from the third class. The first saloon passengers also kindly assisted the troops, Lieuts. Green and Hanna and Messrs. Stark, Inman, Smith and Parsonson willingly consenting to appear in the "dock" to help swell the Magazine fund.

In addition to the major fines inflicted, many prisoners were relieved of various other amounts for such offences as contempt of court, malingering, or smiling at the Judge.

The various witnesses on presenting themselves were duly sworn (occasionally-at) to speak "The truth, the whole truth, and anything but the truth—as usual," the oath being taken either on the title page of Johnny Norton's Truth, an encyclopoediac

atlas, or a doctor's bible. It was notorious that none of the medical officers were prepared to take oath on the latter. The ship's Adjutant, not being a Christian, elected to wring the neck of a fowl, but, the supply of poultry belonging to the third saloon having almost run out, he compromised by attempting to blow out a canteen match; even in this he had to be assisted by the ever-watchful Clerk of Court.

A noticeable feature of the trials was the frequent appearance of accused persons with unlighted cigarettes in their hands. These were invariably promptly commandeered by the learned Judge.

Space will not permit of our publishing all the charges, or the whole of the interesting evidence put forward; we are therefore reluctantly compelled to confine our report to some of the best of the good things heard during the course of the proceedings.

Capt. Denniston, on being placed in the dock, was closely watched by two vigilant policemen. His appearance called forth a remark from the Judge that the prisoner was evidently in the habit of appearing on deck without a hat, contrary to Routine Orders. The charge against the C. O. was that of endeavouring by bribery and corruption, and contrary to all regulations, to ascertain from the ship's monkey information regarding the destination of our ship. The chief witness for the prosecution was Dr. Will, who stated during the course of his evidence that he saw Capt. Denniston offer a biscuit to the monkey, who however did not appear to appreciate it. He (Dr. Will) accordingly suggested that Capt. Denniston should try one on an officer—for obvious reasons. The accused somewhat grudgingly admitted that he

had offered biscuits to and endeavoured to obtain information from the ship's monkey, but not information regarding the destination of the ship—which he already knew, but would not tell. He said that in the interests of all of us he was trying to find out who was responsible for the vexatious Censorship regulations on the ship.

The charge was at once altered to one of bribery and corruption—the bribery consisting of offering the biscuits to the monkey, and the biscuits themselves, being ship's biscuits and therefore mouldy, formed the corruption. His Honor, being fully satisfied as to the guilt of the accused, imposed the maximum fine, which was promptly paid.

Lieut. Rule was called to answer a charge of being a public nuisance, by reason of being in possession of an explosive or infernal machine. His Honor was constrained on several occasions to admonish the prisoner for smiling in Court.

Mr. Rule claimed privilege, on account of being a conscientious objector. He also put in a strong plea that neither this Court, nor any civil or military law, had power to punish him for the alleged crime, as the possession of infernal machines was not prohibited by ship's Routine Orders. His splendid defence availed him nothing—the evidence of Lieuts. Will and Mitchell was too strong, and he was eventually fined the maximum, to which was added a further amount for contempt of Court for smiling at His Honor.

Lieut. Will, medical practitioner, who had been a splendid witness in the case just mentioned, was charged with a serious breach of professional etiquette, in that he administered a dose of medicine which cured a sick soldier in one day. The Crown Persecutor pointed out that this was a most serious offence, and one quite contrary to all rules and customs of Army medical officers, and extremely objectionable to men who go to a medical officer in order to get E. D. The evidence of S.-Sergt. Saunders was taken

in support of the charge. Accused pleaded not guilty, stating that he had only one bottle which would have the effect set out in the charge, and this he kept for officers only. This merely aggravated the offence, and he was duly fined.

Lieut. Mitchell appeared to answer a charge of tying himself up in his cabin at night, with intent of getting up late in the morning (as usual). Capt. Denniston was called by the prosecution, and as a result of his evidence a heated discussion ensued between this witness and the accused. It appeared on several occasions necessary for the learned Judge to clear the court, but ultimately peace was restored. From the evidence it seemed that accused's door had been tied up to that of Capt. Denniston, and very careful cross-examination was required to elucidate which door required to be pulled open and which



one had to be pushed. It was quite evident from the attitude of witness and accused that very bitter feeling existed between them. His Honor remarked that the case had disclosed a great deal of lying (in). The charge being fully proved (one way or the other) to the satisfaction of the Bench, accused was fined as heavily as the law permitted.

Lieut. Claridge was charged with a breach of prison regulations, in that he did refuse to take food while undergoing sentence. Evidence was given by the Gaol Surgeon, Dr. Will, who had visited the prisoner in his cell. In this case the Crown Prosecutor stated that in view of accused's circumstances, which he detailed at some length, he did not press for a heavy penalty, in spite of the crime being a serious one. His Honor took a lenient view of the case, and in a most pathetic and touching speech stated that he was personally aware that accused's position was such as had been outlined by the Prosecutor. He would fine accused three-pence—payable in six equal monthly instalments. His Honor was greatly affected when pronouncing sentence.

Stanley V. Parsonson, who gave his occupation as Secretary to the Y. M. C. A., had to answer two charges of being found in the ship's scuppers in a state of beastly intoxication and of using obscene language when arrested. The charge was fully corroborated by the Court Crier and members of the "force," and all doubt as to the accused's guilt was removed when a large flask was found in his possession in Court. The serious task of ascertaining the nature of the contents was most capably attended to, and with evident relish, by His Honor, the Crown Prosecutor, the Clerk of Court, Mr. Mitchell, and a medical analyst in the person of Dr. Fitzgerald, who declined to be left out of the argument. These gentlemen were quite satisfied as to the nature of the contents; the rest of us had to be satisfied with a deeply-drawn-in-whiff—but it was a good one. With a happy, far-away expression on his face, His Honor im-

posed the maximum penalty—and retained the flask. As the prisoner left the dock, His Honor directed, with some eagerness, that Mr. Parsonson's pockets be again searched for further flask; the order was promptly obeyed but a thorough search was without result, whereat His Honor sighed heavily.

Sergt. Moore was heavily fined for attempting to evade the Censor by inserting in a letter to his father the code words "Far-qu-har-Bibby-Callaby." For objecting to the amount of fine, he was ordered to forfeit a further sum for malingering.

Lieut. Fitzgerald was crimed and fined for committing an assault with intent to inflict grievous bodily harm, in that he placed his left hand against the face of Sergt. Cecil, thereby shattering his forefinger. A further fine for contempt was promptly also inflicted.

The crime of murder was alleged against S.-Sergt. Kitson, the charge reading "that he did at midnight avec malice a prepense kill one body-biting bug. He was duly found guilty, and, in addition to the maximum fine, had to pay a further amount for adopting a threatening attitude to the Judge.

Sergt. Cecil made a good defence to the charge of "While in charge of the Submarine Guard he did report the landing of a Zeppelin on this ship, which on investigation proved to be merely Q. M. S. Malcolm asleep on his back." In view of the great similarity of Quarter Malcolm to a half punctured Zeppelin, His Honor expressed his sympathy with Sergt. Cecil, and remarked that there certainly was a good excuse for the mistake, but the accused had to submit to the inevitable fine.

A particularly heinous offence was charged against Lieut. Green: "Refusing to comply with the wish of a lady passenger, when she asked him in a musical voice to 'Come, fly with me' on the piano." The evidence of Mrs. Ardagh proved beyond any shadow of doubt the guilt of the accused, who declined to make any

statement to the Court in his own defence. The Persecutor eloquently pressed for the maximum penalty, which was at once imposed and collected.

S.-Sergt. Saunders made strenuous efforts to clear himself of a charge of theft of 8/4, canteen funds, but the verdict went against him and the usual fine was imposed.

Probably the most serious charge of the day (from our point of view) was preferred against Q. M. S. Malcolm—that of embezzlement of all moneys collected by him in connection with the Magazine Art Union. He met the usual fate—the maximum fine.

Lieut. Baddeley's offence was that of "attempting to receive a message sent by another troopship." In view of the weight of evidence against him, accused pleaded guilty to having "attempted" to read the message, and was duly fined.

"Sedition and inciting to high treason and mutiny by raising a large case of specs. among the oranges and apples in the canteen," was alleged against Lieut. Murphy. He made an able defence, contending that in the first place the buying of goods for the canteen was a spec, and some members of the Court appeared to have the pip. It did not alter the amount of his fine, however.

Sergt.-Major Caygill's offence was that of "Committing a breach of dining-room etiquette, in that he did publicly pick his teeth with a table-knife, when he was provided with three forks for that purpose."

Lieut. Hanna was convicted and fined, on the evidence of Capt. Denniston, on the charge of "while on furlough, taking charge of the orange parade, and at the same time being guilty of publicly a-peeling in front of the men, contrary to King's Regulations."

Pte. Blowfly Johnston suffered a fine for "acting as ship's bottle gatherer without a license." His defence that he was running a two-up school and had to resort to this profession in



order to raise funds, carried no weight with the learned Judge.

The serious charge of "Disobeying in such a manner as to show a wilful defiance of authority, a lawful command given personally by his superior officer in the alleged execution of his duty—to wit, refusing to receive a donation for the ship's Magazine from the O. C. 37th Specs." was brought against Sergt. Croker. Lieut. Claridge gave evidence against the accused, and was followed by Sergt.-Major Duthie, who stated that the previous witness' evidence was absolute perjury, and stated further that the prisoner had a reputation for talking—in fact, he was "generally speaking." The usual fine resulted.

Sergt. Starkey was charged with "Assuming a dual personality, in that he did endeavour to palm himself off to the O. C. 37th Specs. as not only an orderly-room clerk but a competent sergeant as well." Mr. Claridge and Pte. Hulston were the principal wit-

nesses for the persecution. Accused refrained from any defence, contending that "abuse is no argument." Fined as usual.

On the Court resuming after boat-drill, the Clerk of Court was found to be absent from his post. He was at once arrested and fined. For contempt of court a further 3d. was taken from him; and for insulting the Judge, yet another 3d. A further charge that "Being Clerk of Court he did wilfully and deliberately stay awake during the whole of the proceedings, contrary to the customs and privileges of the Clerks of Court in New Zealand," was withdrawn on the application of the Crown Persecutor, who stated that he would personally deal with the matter—and with the offender.

Corpl. Tchernegovski suffered the usual penalty for "Fraud: retiring from a political debate under disguise of his name."

The Law is no respecter of persons! His Honor the learned Judge was next hauled from his high seat and charged that "He did commit a breach of the rules of the I. W. W. Society by being in collusion with the ship's matches, thereby preventing a good strike taking place." The evidence was overwhelmingly against him, and the maximum fine recorded—and collected. In response to his fervent "Thank you, gentlemen; I expected more," the Crown Persecutor promptly fined him an additional 3d.

A photograph produced in Court sealed the guilt of Lieut. Bell, charged with "Being a rogue and vagabond, having been found sleeping in a public place."

Lt.-Corpl. Kewpie Overbye pleaded guilty to a charge of "Being a pretty and lovable-like boy, he did make eyes at the ship's monkey, thereby causing the said monkey to have a fit." In this case the ship's monkey had been subpoenaed as chief witness for the persecution but unfortunately it was still suffering from Corpl. Overbye's overtures and was consequently unable to appear.

"Gross inattention on parade, in that he went to sleep while instructing a

class in physical drill," earned for Lieut. Tom Tripp Andrews the maximum fine. For full proof of his guilt see his caricature. It is irrefutable evidence.

Mr. Stark, a passenger, had to answer (and pay for) two charges of seditious utterances:

"That he did state that the Australian Coat of Arms was made of corned beef and carrots."

"That he did publicly make a statement contrary to the Censorship Regulations, and to the grave disparagement of the United States Navy, i. e., he did aver and emphatically state that the United States Battle Dread Nothing was being towed during the dark damp hours of the night by this troopship."

Another passenger, Mr. Inman, was charged with being a German spy, "in that he was found carrying about his person certain torpedo-shaped poisonous explosives, the chemical name for which is "Toofer." His placing a light to one of these and putting it in his ice cream receptacle caused wireless enquiries from the other troopships; one wanted to know if there was a gas attack on; while the Chinese coolies on the other sent a word of appreciation of the scent of boiled cabbage." Mr. Inman was duly fined the maximum—all the explosives mentioned found on him to be confiscated and handed to His Honor. As the Crown Persecutor was not handed his share of the cigars he said they were telegraph ones. The explanation being that they could be smoked on deck and smelt in Panama and London. But this was merely spitefulness.

A most serious charge was alleged against a third passenger, Mr. Smith. It was one of "Cowardice on the ship's Golf Links, in that he left Mrs. Murphy in the ship's scuppers without rendering her any assistance as required by the law of chivalry." As may be anticipated, the accused had no defence, and had to submit to the maximum fine.

Lieut. Lauder's charge was "that being a man of handsome counten-

ance, he did masquerade as a low comedian." Accused attempted a defence on the plea of mistaken identity, but the evidence of Sergt. Croker—both by word and action—was too much for him. Fined the maximum.

The charge sheet against Lieut. Milner read, "Attempting to kidnap a child, in that he did, on a dark night and on the promenade deck, attempt to carry away the body of Lieut. Claridge in a blanket, while the said child was asleep." A great deal of evidence was taken in this case, in which Lieut. Mitchell was principal witness for the prosecution. Mr. Milner made a noble defence, not attempting in any way to deny the facts. But rather glorying in admitting them. He stated that he had on the occasion referred to been thinking of his own small son, and in the emotion of the moment mistook Lieut. Claridge for him. In view of the conflicting evidence, and as it appeared possible a genuine error had been made by the accused, the Crown Prosecutor gave him the option of paying the fine or taking the child. The eagerness and anxiety of the accused to be allowed to pay the fine left no doubt in the mind of the audience as to his preference.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

Corpl. Vickerman begs to draw attention to the fact that he is arranging for the immediate publication of his latest book "The Science of Swinging the Lead at Sea," or "Never on Parade." This is an exceptionally fine volume, and there is no doubt that it is the work of an expert. In fact his work might be referred to as "electrical."

? How to attract the attention of a troopship policeman.—Make a noise like a lighted cigarette in your cabin.

Doctor: Well, private, what's the matter with you this morning?

Pete S: Well, Sir, I think I have got sea-sea-atica.

Porthole

A TRIP THROUGH A SHIP'S ENGINE-ROOM.

(The Only Contribution to the Magazine by an Officer.)

By Lieut. A. R. C. Claridge, care 37th Specialists.

Although this article, the only contribution to this Magazine by an Officer, was promised to us some three weeks ago, we regret that this is all we have received of it up to the time of going to press. We publish as much of the article as we have received, as we know how disappointed our readers would be if we omitted it, seeing that it bears out the opinion of the army as to the abilities of officers in general.

The Editor.



"Brains versus Muscle"

The first of a series of debates arranged by Mr. S. V. Parsonson, our genial Y. M. C. A. Secretary, was held in the Sergeants' messroom on Tuesday, 21st May, and was well attended.

In opening the proceedings the Chairman (Mr. Parsonson) stated that gatherings of the kind were part of a scheme inaugurated by the Y. M. C. A. in France and England, call "The Brotherhood of Men of Goodwill," and were for the purpose of bringing together men who are serious minded and who are interested in all kinds of educational and Christian subjects. Great gatherings of the Brotherhood have taken place in France, where all sections of thought are catered for.

The subject chosen for discussion on this occasion was "What has done most for the progress of the human race—Brains or Muscle?"

Pte. R. R. Burrridge (D Co.) was the principal speaker on behalf of Brains, and was seconded by Corp. Tchernegovski (D Co.).

The claims of Muscle were put forward by Sergt. C. H. Croker (Specs.), supported by Q. M. S. R. M. Mercer (Specs.).

Pte. Burrridge led off by calling attention to the obvious disparity in the amount of Muscle displayed by his opponents to that possessed by the upholders of Brains. He then proceeded with an earnest and well-thought-out series of arguments as to the superiority of Brains over Muscle, from the various points of view of Business, Sports, Inventions (laying special stress on the uses of steam and electricity), and Eugenics. He also spoke of the brains required to navigate our good ship to her first port of call.

Sergt. Croker took up the cudgels on behalf of Muscle in a very spirited

and witty speech. He claimed that a case for Brains could not possibly be made out, but that on the contrary all the subjects introduced by Pte. Burrridge and advanced by him as arguments on behalf of Brains, were really all in favour of Muscle.

Corp. Tchernegovski stoutly supported the arguments put forward by his colleague on behalf of Brains; he was followed, in light vein, by Q.M.S. Mercer, for Muscle.

Other speakers were Q. M. S. H. S. Malcolm (D Co.), Sergt.-Major A. K. Duthie (Specs.), Pte. W. H. Scott (D Co.), and Sergt.-Major N. G. Saunders (Army Pay Corps), all of whom expressed the opinion, on various grounds, that Muscle was superior to Brains.

The speakers were well received, and their arguments heartily applauded. Sergt. Croker's witty opening speech was punctuated throughout by bursts of laughter.

Pte. Burrridge and Sergt. Croker, having summed up, Mr. Parsonson put the question to the meeting for its verdict, the voting being—Brains 37, Muscle 36. A humorous objection by the champions of Muscle to the effect that some supporters of Brains had voted with both hands, was, after careful enquiry, ruled out of order.

A hearty vote of thanks to the Chair closed a very pleasant and instructive evening.

SOME GEMS OF WISDOM FROM THE DEBATE, "BRAINS OR MUSCLE."

What better illustration could there possibly be of Muscle without Brains than the fight on deck to-day between the two Q. M. S.'s?

A proposition in Euclid: Three

boarding house meals are together less than one square meal.

A Quartermaster-Sergt. is a person equi-distant from all places where he is wanted.

Muscle is common to all of us. Brains are not.

Who invented the steam engine—Stevenson or Jimmy Watt?

(Owing to the many conflicting statements contained in our scribe's report of the debate—his notes, of course, are infallible—we are unable to decide this vital question. The frequent and contending claims put forward on behalf of each of these two men, and mention of a cradle—or is it a baby?—being propelled by a steam engine, have caused a serious epidemic of brain (?) fever among our staff.

Editor.)

"Anno Domini:" A Spanish proverb which means "You cannot eat your soap and wash with it."

The Eugenics Society: The greatest muscle club in the Dominion.

"My friend has been talking all the time about the stomach. Of course—he is a Q. M. S." (Nuff sed.)

Can the greatest brain in the world increase the holding capacity of the smallest stomach?

You don't require brains to enjoy a pipe; or to make love; or to give the enjoyment of the cup of gladness.

Muscle is merely a tool for Brains to work on.

Brains did not put the stars up there; but I am not going to say that Muscle could pull them down.

What is going to win the war—Brains or Muscle?

(Ask Sergt. Croker or Corpl. Tch..... If you can't say it, whistle it.)

Are brains taking us to P.....a? (Name deleted by Censor.) Isn't that getting nearer to the danger zone?

As to football: On a fine sunny day, when everything is easy, the men with brains, the backs, are able to play. But take a wet muddy day, when there is something to do—then the forwards, the stalwarts with muscle, do the work. No brains required.

The King of beasts, the lion, is the

animal with the most muscle. The animal with least muscle is the fox, and he makes up for it with cunning—or shall I say brains?

Muscle produced bread; muscle plus a little brains produced the steam engine. Necessity is the mother of invention; bread is an absolute necessity; the steam engine is a great invention. Therefore, a loaf of bread is the mother of the steam engine; therefore muscle is the mother of brains, and therefore greater.

Problem of the cost of living solved! Sergt. Croker has an infallible scheme. Ask him about eggs, "unfriendly" or otherwise.

All ranks will echo the pious hope expressed by one speaker that the esteemed Master of Transport 104 will not require stilts or a Bath chair to enable him to carry out his responsible duties.



THE HARDEST "THING" ON BOARD.

Correspondence

Sir:

I trust that you will acquit me of plagiarism if I advance a few theories on a subject lightly touched "Overbye" our young friend "Kewpie" at the "local vocal fiasco" the other night. "How many legs has a caterpillar got, and why?" Kewpie's caterpillar is dead, for the reason that he curtailed it of part of its understanding, and it is only "Pro Bono Publico" that I resurrect the deceased multiplied.

Our young friend stated with apparent belief in his assertion that a caterpillar has fourteen legs. I do not like to comment on such an exposure of colossal ignorance, but imagine the incalculable loss of prestige that might accrue to the British Empire in general, and New Zealand in particular, if by any mischance, despite the Censor, the unscrupulous Hun should hear of this amazing assertion, and from what source it emanated. You may be sure that he would immediately deluge the globe with propaganda, utilizing this incident to illustrate the illiteracy and lack of kultur of the British race.

I cannot help wondering where Kewpie first became imbued with this pernicious idea. Did he chance upon some mutilated specimen in the kitchen garden, that had lost his two nether extremities to the early starling? Perhaps he saw it in print. But he should know that most of what appears in print is false, or at any rate camouflage.

How many legs has a caterpillar got? I don't profess to be a chiropodist, a taxidermist, or even a common or garden bug hunter; but for an entire caterpillar, with full understanding, the only possible number of legs is 16.

I will admit that I have not studied the caterpillar with the minute care and attention necessary to its under-

standing, but hink I can prove that it has no other number of legs than sixteen. The keynote of all things designed by the Creator is efficiency. (I will admit that there is a lot of good work spoiled through bad bringing up.) Well, a 16-legged caterpillar is a most efficient creature; he is a complete unit in himself; he can travel in line, in file, in column, can form a hollow square, or utilize himself as a periscope when submerged.

Why has he 16 legs? Because any number more or less would be no use to him.

The primary use of legs is for purposes of transport. This applies throughout nearly all forms of animal life. (We may know of instances where they seem moulded merely to display hose—or does the hose display the leg? I always look the other way, myself.)

Well, with 16 legs a caterpillar is, for purposes of locomotion, nearly as effective as a New Zealand troop train—he gets there. But supposing that he lost two of them, like Kewpie's caterpillar, and had only fourteen? He may get there, but there would be an undue strain on those fourteen legs, and his speed limit would be reduced several inches per hour. Someone may suggest that he could do with more than 16 legs. I would like to know where you are going to put them—no room underneath; they would retard, not accelerate, him if placed to port or starboard; if placed on his back they would be merely futile during business hours, and very much de trop when he curled up for a day's rest.

So, in conclusion, a caterpillar has sixteen legs. And why? Because!

I am,

THE CATERPILLAR'S FRIEND.

A Double Tragedy

Well, there is little harm in telling you the facts now, as it is many years ago. The two chief actors have both been dead for so long that all the bitterness must have passed away, and the remainder of us who did not die by disease or battle have scattered. As I told you once before, it all arose out of my unpopularity and a joke that was carried too far.

We were just 18 days out from New Zealand when the thing happened. That was in 1918, the fourth year of the great war with Germany. There were, apart from the crew, about 260 souls on board, and most of them cheerful to a degree. Apart from the dozen first-class passengers, we were two companies of Volunteers on our way to the battle front; one company was a machine gun company, even the privates of which were somewhat given to swank—doing their putties upside down and tying them at the bottom; while the other company had been embarked on a special and secret mission.

We were fourteen strong in the Sergeant's Mess and were travelling second saloon by ourselves; and, with the exception of the two Company Q. M. Sergeants and Sergeants-Major, were all sergeants, either on the staff or attached to one of the companies. Undoubtedly the most popular man on the ship was Sergt. McCawe, and he was equally so in our mess; while on the other hand I seemed to have the unhappy knack of not only being generally unpopular with those whose acquaintance I had made, but I felt I looked unpopular to strangers strolling about the deck. The pity of it was that they seemed to take a dislike to me on sight. What made the matter worse, every member of the Sergeant's Mess, except an ex-post office clerk

and myself, were gentlemen by both birth and education, and the majority of them had private means as well. The post office official, who was usually referred to in the mess as "the dead letter office," was the other outsider, but even he had little in common with me, and we accordingly each went our own way rather than chum together. I had been undergoing a sentence in the civil prison before joining up with the force, and the facts of the case, as so often happens, had filtered throughout those on board very soon after our departure, thus adding to my general unpopularity, while making my stay in the Sergeant's Mess a living torture. I have explained this so that my position may be appreciated, in the hope that some excuse may be found for my share in the awful days that followed.

While a youth at school I had been noted for my practical joking, and, with the best intentions in the world, I decided to play one on the Mess, thinking that if I got off a successful joke, the other fellows would perhaps be a little more tolerant towards me in return for the entertainment I afforded them.

I bided my time, waiting for a suitable opportunity, which was not long in arising. Staff-Sergt. Stafford, the Pay Sergeant, having a malignant growth on the top of his skull, and having paraded sick with a severe headache, was advised by the Medical Officers on board to undergo a minor operation. All arrangements were made for the operation to take place after lunch on the Wednesday at 2.30 in the afternoon, but it was, for some reason, kept so quiet that no one on board was aware of it till it was all over. Apart from fainting after recovering from the anaesthetic, Stafford was very little inconvenienced

by having a quarter inch cube removed from his scalp, and he came in to dinner looking only a trifle seedy, and wearing a piece of white sticking plaster across the middle of his head.

At luncheon on the day of the operation a very heated argument had taken place between the pay sergeant and the records sergeant over some trifling regulation, and, both being rather quick-tempered, they soon became personal. The argument was abruptly closed by Stafford's rising and suddenly leaving the saloon.

Now it happened that McCawe sat next to me at mess, and that evening at dinner he noticed Stafford's head and asked me what had happened. At once seeing my chance, I answered him quietly that Stafford had been taken ill consequent on the luncheon argument, and the Medical Officers had found him on the promenade deck running round on his hands and knees; that they had had him taken below, where he became so delirious the doctors decided to operate on his brain to relieve the blood pressure, and that this had been done with great success. McCawe, not believing my explanation of the circumstances, asked one of the mess who was sitting opposite him, and, strangely enough, he offered a similar explanation, adding that the Records Staff Sergeant, Kettle by name, with whom Stafford had quarrelled at luncheon, had apparently so incensed Stafford that he went quite out of his mind for some time. Of course good old McCawe took the joke in good part, and in a couple of days the thing would have been forgotten. I say "would have been forgotten." God! that it had been so! Both their lives might have been saved.

It was several days after the episode, and McCawe joined me in a cabin where I was chatting to some of the boys. I think it was a Sunday evening. The conversation was pretty general, and a corporal asked what had been the matter with the pay sergeant for the past few days. Thinking McCawe would enjoy the joke if

I told the corporal the same story as I had told him, I at once related the quarrel in the saloon between the two sergeants, telling the corporal that it was followed by Stafford becoming temporarily insane and requiring an operation. I went fully into details, making sure McCawe would be enjoying it immensely. Imagine my surprise when McCawe turned to me at the finish of the story and said: "Do you know I really thought you were joking the other evening about Stafford." I assured him we were all serious and, feeling sorry for Stafford, had let the matter drop and agreed not to speak of it again, in case it might come to the ears of the men, which would be most regrettable and might cause uneasiness among both the troops and the crew. Realizing at once that McCawe now believed my fabrication implicitly, I quietly left the cabin and, button-holing each member of our mess in turn, told him how the case stood. Being sports as well as gentlemen they all entered into the little joke. As luck would have it, Stafford did not come down below that evening up till the time the last of us was in bed, and McCawe naturally began to feel anxious about him. However, at about 11.45 he arrived at our cabin door wearing a lifebelt and stated quietly that he had come to say good-bye to us as he was going up on deck to do a little boat-drill by himself. It was quite evident to us all that Stafford had got wind of the joke and was going to carry it a bit further. Though nearly killing ourselves with laughter, and aching all over for want of giving vent to it, we all became busy apparently endeavouring to persuade Stafford to take off the belt and come to bed quietly. This he refused to do, and off he went. We were all convulsed with compressed laughter except old McCawe, who, naturally, looked at the matter in a very serious light. He rose from his cot and was going to wake the Captain and one of the ship's doctors. This not suiting our purposes at all, and threatening to bring such a good joke to a premature end, we assured

him that Stafford was quite all right, a little excited perhaps but not at all likely to do himself or anyone else any damage. However, nothing we could say in any way relieved McCawe of his apprehensions, and he insisted on two of us going up on deck and finding Stafford at once. Suiting the action to the words, without even donning his dressing-gown, he set off after the supposed lunatic. When I arrived on deck it was bright moonlight, and I nearly died at McCawe's antics. He was peering over the side of the boat, searching the face of the waters for sight of Stafford, who I knew was hiding somewhere. On my arrival he rushed to the other side of the boat and gazed over for a moment, coming almost immediately after to my side, when he whispered hoarsely to me that he could not find Stafford on the boat, nor could he see him floating on the surface behind the ship. He was most anxious to give the alarm at once, but, knowing what I did, I persuaded him to have one more look around the ship before reporting the matter. Almost at once I found Stafford, and he went below, while I went after McCawe. I found him a few minutes afterwards in earnest conversation with one of the petty officers, to whom he was busily explaining the situation. Luckily, I came up just in time and informed them both that Stafford had been found and was then undressing in his cabin. McCawe was very upset and nervous by this, which fact, as you can imagine, caused us the keenest satisfaction. He spoke very feelingly about the sadness of it all, referring very pathetically to the grief and sorrow it would cause to Stafford's poor young wife if he did not soon recover. Someone of us mentioned that to agree with everything a lunatic said had a very soothing effect on him, while on the other hand contradiction always angered the patient. Then we all went to bed.

I shared the same cabin with McCawe and Stafford. Stafford must have heard our conversation, because almost immediately after quietness



"R-R-RIGHT YOU ARE."

came over our end of the ship he called to McCawe: "Say, Mac, did you see the ship following us to-night?" Without the slightest hesitation, McCawe answered: "Oh, yes." Then Stafford, addressing me, asked the same question. Immediately I was vigorously prodded in the back from below by McCawe, who was so afraid of my saying no, as, of course, no ship had been in sight. Pulling myself together and gritting my teeth to keep from screaming out with laughter, I answered as shortly as possible. This, however, did not suit Stafford, who apparently wanted his fun out of the joke as well as the rest of us. Consequently I was forced into a long discussion with Stafford on the probabilities of the imaginary ship being any one of a number of ships most unlike-

ly to be near us at the time. And every time I hesitated to agree with some absurd suggestion I received several severe prods in the small of the back, serving to remind me rather forcibly of my duty towards lunatics at large and towards poor Stafford in particular. I may here mention that McCawe stood six feet two inches in his sox and was strong in proportion. Hence, you can quite imagine the conversation thereafter was carried along very agreeably on my part.

The next thing was, Stafford transferred his remarks again to McCawe, and they began discussing an aeroplane which had been (in Stafford's brain) flying round all night. I did not mind acknowledging having seen and heard even that, but his next question was too much for me. "Say, Mac!" He then sat up in the semi-darkness. "Say! Mac, what's the matter? Can't you feel it? The ship's moving sideways on." This last sally was almost too much, even for McCawe. I could literally feel his mental struggle with himself, whether agreeing to such a suggestion was not compromising his intelligence too much even to please a lunatic, or whether it were not nobler on his part to absolutely compromise his own intelligence in my hearing and thus perhaps prevent Stafford's already weakened brain from becoming eternally shattered. The struggle must have lasted for some time, as he made no answer to this query. On Stafford becoming insistent. McCawe threw discretion to the winds, cast his intelligence into the melting-pot, and actually agreed that the ship was moving sideways. This apparently satisfied Stafford, and having received this extraordinary admission he appeared content.

From then on, nothing disturbed our rest but a few intermittent grunts, sobs and gasps, caused by the escape of long-bottled-up laughter. When these had subsided, silence, save for the rhythmic throbbing of the ship's engines, reigned supreme.

The following morning we all arose later than usual, and somewhat weary

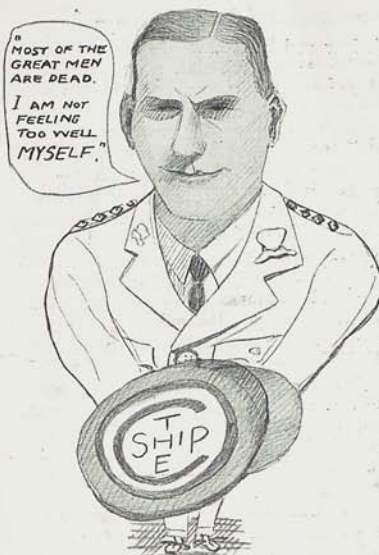
after our excitement. McCawe never looked so serious before, and after parade I took him quietly aside and tried to tell him quietly and simply that we had been having a little joke at his expense. I felt that his was too fine and generous a nature to be played on any further. Unfortunately, the joke had already gone too far, as nothing I could say would induce McCawe to believe that Stafford was sane, and it soon appeared from his conversation that, not only was he firmly convinced of Stafford's insanity, but some of the others had also been to him to put him wise to the joke, with as little success as myself. McCawe took the thing so seriously that during the day he reported the matter to two of the ship's medical officers, with whom he arranged to have Stafford medically examined at once. Scenting serious trouble ahead with the senior officers on board, I personally interviewed the doctors and explained the joke to them. Much to my surprise the doctors, instead of immediately reporting the matter to Headquarters, and me into the bargain, treated it as a huge joke. Further, they actually offered to come down that night and "examine" our lunatic in the cabin. I accordingly arranged with Stafford to be in his cabin at 9 p.m., McCawe's usual bedtime, and then sent word to the Doctors, who came down looking very serious. In McCawe's presence they put Stafford, who acted his part excellently, through his facings, ending this little ceremony by giving him a sleeping draught. Meeting me in the companion-way, they told me what had happened, one of them adding that they had given Stafford something that would stir up the feelings of even a genuine lunatic.

Even the best of jokes will wear out in time, and we were all tired of the whole business in about three days. The curious part of the whole thing was that nothing appeared thoroughly to convince McCawe, in spite of our gibes, that Stafford was really sane, and Stafford, with a mistaken sense of humour, persisted in acting certainly

in a most ridiculous manner, notwithstanding our lack of appreciation.

One evening, after acting the goat for about two hours to his apparent satisfaction and to our equal disgust, Stafford came downstairs with the apparent intention of re-acting his life-belt and boat-drill scene, and eventually went up on deck wearing his lifebelt on inside out. If he got into the water wearing the belt in this manner, it would be physically impossible for him to either swim or float. We had that day been lectured by the Second Officer of the ship on "Lifebelts and how to wear them," and this point had apparently been noticed by Stafford. Thinking that he had arranged to have someone on deck in front of whom he intended to make a fool of McCawe, we told McCawe what we thought and reminded him how he had been treated the last time he chased after the ship's imbecile, over whom he had apparently constituted himself chief warder. McCawe stayed in bed; so did the rest of us. Two hours passed, and there was no sign of Stafford. McCawe must have wakened up and noticed his empty bunk, for the first sound we heard was his voice almost hysterically calling out: "He's done it; I knew he would. Here's the belt, and he's not on the ship." McCawe's diagnosis proved to be only too true. Stafford must have been insane all the time, and the only one of us who recognized it was old McCawe. That in itself was sad enough, and Stafford's death under such circumstances cast a gloom over the whole ship. The Sergeants' Mess avoided me as the plague. I had started the joke, and apparently my fine gentlemen, notwithstanding their own share, intended me to take the whole of the blame, and my past was once again dragged throughout the length and breadth of the ship.

I was, by request of the mess, removed from the Second Saloon and



lived and dined thereafter with the privates, who were about as friendly and sociable to me as a hedgehog in winter. But that is not all, a more terrible blow was to fall on the ship: McCawe, the brightest, the happiest, and the noblest character on the ship, was in a few days a raving lunatic—hopelessly insane—and was put under restraint. His screams could be heard all over the ship. Ugh! I can hear those piercing shrieks in my sleep.

Even now, I wake up in the middle of the night and, stretching out my hand, I switch on the electric light; leaning over the side of my bunk I gaze down on my two mates, Stafford and McCawe, sleeping peacefully, one with his mouth wide open, the other with no bedclothes over him. Deciding never again to eat any more of Q. M. S. Mercer's birthday cake for supper, I switch off the light and fall into another and deeper, but this time dreamless, sleep.

WORTH FIGHTING FOR.

A low red house, with gabled roof,
 Upon a bush-clad hill;
 Roses flowering, red and white,
 On porch and window-sill;
 A great white glacier where lillies
 bloom,
 And golden sunbeams play—
 That bit of Old New Zealand
 I'm fighting for to-day.

A dear old lady with grey-white hair,
 And wistful eyes of brown,
 Who moves about the sunlit rooms
 In a dress of sombre brown,
 Who keeps the home fires burning
 bright
 While I am far away—
 That's the dear New Zealand Mother
 I'm fighting for to-day.

H. L. D.

THE ABSOLUTE LIMIT.

I am only a downtrodden, overworked and underpaid Second Lieutenant. Before coming aboard this ship I had to stay at a good hotel, and travel first class on the railways. I had little money left when I paid my hotel bill, and I had to tip the porter to carry my bags downstairs to the taxi. The taxi stopped outside the wharf limits; I had to tip another porter to carry them to the side of the ship. I then tipped a steward to carry them to my cabin. Arriving there, I tipped the bedroom steward; this certainly was a matter of necessity. I then went to lunch, where I quietly handed a half-sovereign—my last—to the saloon steward who was waiting on me. After lunch I again repaired to my cabin to adjust my toilet, and you can imagine my disgust as I turned on the water in the wash-basin, to see staring me in the face the following: "When finished washing kindly tip the basin."

"LIFE IN THE TRENCHES."

On Thursday evening, 23rd May, a lecture on trench routine or life in the trenches, was delivered in the troops' messroom by Lieut. J. Mitchell. The

address, which covered the life and movements of a reinforcement from the time of its arrival in England until it took over a sector of trenches in the front line, was attentively followed by the men, and was delivered in his usual interesting style by the popular O. C. of D Company, who, it was quite evident to all, spoke with the power of knowledge, the result of keen observation of men and things.

WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW—

Why is roll-call at 6.30 a.m.?
 Why does C. W. Rule?
 How many canteen matches it takes to light a fag?
 Is the Y. M. C. A. Secretary a Parson's son?
 Who is to blame for leaving our parcels in K shed, Wellington?
 Is it true the ship has a list when Corpl. Glastonbury arises from dinner?
 Where did the stewards get their taking ways?
 Why do we get meat only for dinner and pickles only for tea?

HOME THOUGHTS.

Hail! to thee, New Zealand,
 Land of fertile plain;
 Home of fallen heroes,
 Honoured be their name.
 They did not desert you
 For riches or for fame,
 But to keep a weaker nation
 Free from Hun and shame.

So we in turn are leaving
 For lands across the sea.
 Good keep you safe and flourishing
 Till we return to thee.

V. D. R.

Lieut. Baddeley (to Sergeant): "All men present?"

Sergt. Barnes (to squad): "Any men here absent? Cut out that laughing."

POLITICS GONE MAD.

On Thursday, 6th June, we were granted the use of the promenade deck for the purpose of holding a political meeting. There was a large audience, including Capt. Denniston (O. C. troops), Company Officers, and the passengers.

Sergt. Cecil occupied the difficult position of Chairman.

As may be imagined, the speeches of practically all the candidates leaned towards the lighter side of politics, and hilarity was the order of the evening. Every candidate on rising was greeted with a burst of mingled cheers and hoots, and the speeches were freely interrupted by hostile interjections.

Following are the names of the speakers and the parties they claimed to represent. Whether the views they expounded would be recognized by those parties is quite another matter.

Sergt.-Major Caygill	National Govt.
Pte. W. H. Scott	Reform
Sergt. Starkey	Labour
Sergt.-Major Duthie	Reform
Q. M. S. Mercer	Liberal
Sergt. Croker	Labour
Corpl. Keaney	National Govt.
Staff Sergt. Saunders	Liberal

POLITICAL POINTS.

"This constituency of mine—the one you see all round you when you wake in the morning."

A good policy—to stick to the party which holds the cash.

Although Pte. Scott's party did not appear to be over-popular, the candidate himself came in for a very good hearing and acquitted himself well.

A pertinent question: "Which do you prefer—State batteries in New Zealand or field batteries in France?"

"It is you low-class working men I am out for."

"If you don't know any more about your drill than you do about politics, then God help the Special Mission

party." (Gentle rebuke to an interjector.)

Most of the candidates were in favour of beer on troopships—provided the officers were not permitted to have any.

"The Auckland-Wellington train stops at every house on the line; wherever there is a double house it stops twice."

"That party doesn't pull together—why, they don't even drink together."

"All sorts of things may have happened in New Zealand since we left. Why, the war may be still on—or Speight's brewery may be burnt down."

"I am against the importation of foreign liquors—Kangaroo Hops and so on."



WHO'S IN FOR IT
NOW?

Some People Say

That there are several Walkers (war-curs) aboard. These must be the "dogs of war" the bard writes about.

That the O. C. after due consideration has decided that the Smiths are not to be formed into a separate platoon.

That certain members of the Infantry, not to mention the Specialists, were well in with the stewards, in that they had six meals a day—three down and three up.

That the alarm-clocks issued to the Sergeants are not of a cheap German make, despite their non-arousing results.

That in the preface, the author of "Lead, and how to swing it" (Whitecombe & Tombs, publishers) thanks all those from whom he received valuable information and advice for his work. It is pleasing to note that the list of names does not include any which belong to men aboard except Sergt.-Major Caygill.

That the price of cigarettes obtainable at the canteen is to be raised. The M. O. points out that several cases of smoker's heart have developed.

That a glimpse at Pte. Field's worthy pate is to understand the reference in the song to "Fields of Snowy White."

That it is safe to predict a storm shortly. The offerings to Neptune in the past have been so slight as to raise the ire and resentment of any deity.

That "Saïor" Bennett denies that he was a victim to mal de mer. On enquiring into the matter it appears that he was merely subject to an indisposal ad nauseam.

That attention is drawn to the fact that the first edition of the new song "Call me early, Corporal dear, for I am to be the Officer of the day," is now on sale by the ship's barber. It is

anticipated that there will be a ready sale.

That teetotalers and misogynists aboard take exception to some of the semaphore alphabetical sounds. "Beer" for B, "Doc" (suggestive of "deoc and dhoras") for D, "Emma" for M, are sufficient to illustrate that their aversion is not without some justification.

That the most unpopular man aboard (at reveille) is he who puts the clock on; the most popular (always) he who rings the dinner bell.

That the ship's "Rule" forbids the tipping of stewards. Thank goodness nothing is said about gratuities.

That the ship's carpenter is still engaged in making the Dishonour Roll. This is to bear the names of all offenders. It is understood that the board is to measure 15 feet by 10.

That a Sergeant of the Specialists was heard to say "Please" when giving an order to an ordinary, common private. Do the Specialists specialize in manners too?

That the clever imitation of the cry of a vendor of a well-circulated N. Z. paper brought men up on deck at a faster rate than would any fire, collision or "Man overboard" alarm.

That with only a dry cateen aboard it has been brought home to many how awful the experiences of the Ancient Mariner were. "Water, water everywhere, and not a 'drap' to drink."

That Corporal Adams is not the person referred to in the famous picture entitled "Up Guards and Adam."

That the growing paucity of cats aboard and the frequent inclusion of "rabbit" on the menu arouse one's suspicions.

That to hear two stewards abusing one another reminds one so of frisking

and gambolling lambs. They are such quiet, gentle, inoffensive creatures.

That several aboard this ship now realize the full significance of the saying "Casting bread upon the waters." That the action is not confined to the "staff of life" has also been beautifully exemplified.

That "poker-work" is greatly in vogue, there being several "schools," with both night and day attendances. The Captain is to be congratulated on having passengers with temperaments tuned to such a fine artistic pitch.

That it has been rumoured that the men on board Transport No. 104 are to take part in the present war. A mass indignation meeting will be held in the dining saloon to discuss the matter. Admission free.

That a new society has been formed by the Allied soldiers at the front known as "The Brotherhood of Men of Goodwill." This brotherhood is run under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., and a branch has been formed on the ship and is being very efficiently conducted by Mr. Parsonson, of the Y. M. C. A. We are told that the brotherhood has two main objects; peace on earth, and goodwill toward men. A deputation will wait on Mr. Parsonson to-morrow to ascertain if he cannot arrange for the fulfilment of the first object before our arrival in England. If he can, the deputation are ready to assure him of the heartiest support of all on board.

That the game of 500 is very popular in the 2nd saloon smoking room but that the game of "250 aboard" or "5 shillings extra a day" is much more popular with the adjutant.

That quite a number of the boys have something trembling on their lips. Our advice is—shave it off.

That although a "Mercer," a certain Quartermaster makes a really good "grocer."

That some N. C. O.'s have been discovered swatting "Infantry Training"

and "Musketry Regulations" in bed after Lights Out. It's a fact; ask the two Jews and the Scotchman in Cabin 39.

That a certain Quartermaster never buys cigarettes now; he has accumulated quite a stock—about 500.

That a certain Sergt.-Major has a soft job; he "Saunders" down to work at any old time.

That although one of our Officers professes to be a keen soldier, he is really only a Mil(li)ner.

That contrary to the usual order of things, this ship is a place for a Parson's son.

That D Co. 37ths gets quite a number of recruits at the fruit-distribution parades. I "specs" they are all right, though.

That apparently the protest against holding Church Service in the third class dining room has produced the desired result. Many found it impossible to go to sleep during the service held in this saloon, owing to the noise made by the steering gear.

That a certain officer took it very "Baddeley" being put on the mat for using a few very naughty words.

That it is very seldom a Quarter is Three-Quarters, but such was the case the day the 37th Specs. marched from the Barracks to the boat.

That it was thought a certain M. G. corporal was a Stead(y)man, but he proved himself to be otherwise the last night in Featherston.

That a certain Lance-Jack known to be a bit "Green" believed his young lady when she told him, while walking up the "Lane" one night, that he was bashful.

That few reinforcements carry a frog with them, but the 37th M. G. Specs. have a rather intelligent "Cro(a)ker."

That few reinforcements carry with them a "Fortune" such as the 37th M. G. S. do.

The First Day in an N. C. O. Class

One hot day at Trentham 25 Officers and 100 N. C. O.'s stood at attention before Sergt.-Major Bumper, who duly inspected his Company. Down the long line he walked, gazing sternly into each man's face to see that everyone had had the customary shave. Corp. Mason had not shaved, and the Sergt.-Major halted before him. "Shave this morning, Corporal?" "Yes, Sir," replied the newly-appointed N. C. O. "Damned early, Corporal—damned early," snapped the Sergt.-Major. Corporals Woods and Macfarlane had also neglected their toilets. These two Corporals stood side by side, and were an easy target for Bumper's eye. "Corporal did you prune to-day? Why, they'r coming up in mass formation. If your razor's no good, hammer them back. And you, Corporal, I suppose you are entitled to bring that face of yours on to the parade ground, and I have no objection to the whiskers coming on the racecourse, but remember that face and those whiskers can't come here as mates together."

The inspection and roll-call over, we duly marched off to the parade ground, where we were treated as a Company, and where we received our instructions in the art of handling men.

"Now, some of you Rookies," commenced the Sergt.-Major, "have had years of experience at toy soldering, and some of you know nothing. Judging by the intelligent look upon your faces, most of you know damned little. Those who have had previous Territorial experience, two paces forward—March! Now, you fellows in the rear rank have got a lot to learn. You roosters in the front rank have got a damned sight more to forget. Two paces step back—March!"

Before many days had passed we saw the truth of the Sergt. Major's re-

marks. Those who had stood in the front rank were ever ready with advice, but invariably got those of the rear rank into hopeless tangles.

"Right-oh," cried the Sergt.-Major, "the first thing you must teach men is the position of Attention. It is one of absolute steadiness—not a movement to be made by any part of your anatomy—not even flick your eyelids. Now, let's try. 37ths. 'Shun! Damn it, men, I didn't say in succession. Stand at ease! Now, men, we will try it again. 37ths, 'Shun!'"

This time the result was slightly better. "Right-oh," said the Sergt.-Major, "see if you can keep that position for one minute."

During this minute, which to some seemed like one hour, the sandflies and mosquitoes reaped a harvest from the motionless line of bare legs. Corp. Enderby failed to stand the attack, and, thinking the eye of Bumper was not directly upon him, scratched surreptitiously at his naked knees. But Bumper's keen eye missed nothing. "Look at that rooster scratching himself," he roared. Others, thinking that his eye was still directed at Enderby, also took a hurried scratch. This resulted in another blast from the now furious Sergt.-Major, who classed us as the itchiest mob he had ever had the misfortune to drill.

After an hour of Attention, Stand at ease, turnings, and slow march, we were instructed in rifle drill. The first two exercises we managed with no great difficulty, but when the Sergt.-Major explained to us in one breath that to slope arms you "give-the-rifle-a-cant-upwards-with-the-right-hand-catching-it-with-the-left-hand-at-the-back-sight-and-the-right-hand-at-the-small-of-the-butt-thumb-to-the-left-el-

bow-to-the-rear-carry-the - rifle - across-the-body-and-place - it - flat-on-the-left-shoulder-magazine-outwards-from-the-body - seized - the - butt - with-the-left-hand - the - first - two - joints - of - the-fingers-grasping-the-upper-side-of-the-butt-the-thumb-about - one-inch-above-the-toe-the-upper-part-of-the - left-arm-close-to-the-side-the - lower - part-horizontal-and-the-heel-of-the-butt-in-line-with-the-centre-of-the-left-thigh - then - cut-away-the-right - hand - to-the-side," we were at a loss to know what to do. It took endless practice, and each Officer and N. C. O. took it in turn to instruct the Company, under the supervision of the Sergt.-Major. All were utterly tired of juggling with their rifles, and Lieut. Johnston showed his feelings by widely opening his mouth to yawn. "Close your mouth, Sir," roared the Sergt.-Major, "or you'll get your stomach sunburnt. Come out here and show the Company what you can do."

The Officer took his position in front of the Company, and, straightening himself, attempted to say something. He was evidently nervous. He did say something, but not loud enough for anyone to make out the order. However, to help him out of his difficulty, we all did something, but with a lack of uniformity.

"As you were!" roared the Sergt.-Major. "My word, they're rough, Sir." "Yes, Sir," replied the Officer. "They're something awful." "Cause that to be done again until it is done to your satisfaction." After the Officer had put us through the exercise several times, he appeared satisfied, for he stood them easy and then sighed heavily. "I say, Sir, they're fearfully ragged." "Yes, Sar-Major." "They're simply awful; in fact Sir, they're damnable." "Yes, Sar-Major," said the Officer, feeling rather flattered. "All I've got to say, Sir, is that if they're taking you for a pattern they're fearfully consistent."

The Officer tried to explain that he had been in the Army many years previous to the war, and that his ancestors were also soldiers. "Right-oh, Sir," agreed the Sergt.-Major, "you're a born soldier, but I don't know what



WRITE HOME FIRST.

Mr. C. Alexander, 12/4/18

the devil has happened to you since. March the Company to the huts, get them a feed, and hold yourself responsible for the Company parading here punctually this afternoon."

Mr. McIntosh carried out his orders to a letter. At 12.45 we paraded in front of our huts. The roll-call showed all present. The Officers we were to pick up on the parade ground. "Form fours; right; quick march," commanded the Officer.

Many were tired after the strenuous morning they had had, and could not face the idea of a similar afternoon.

These N. C. O.'s dropped out quickly as the Company marched from the huts, and the Officer in charge, who had taken his position in front of the Company, did not noticed their escape. Halting us on the parade ground, he immediately reported to the Sergt.-Major "All present, Sir." In taking over, the Sergt.-Major, unfortunately made a recount, and the number, exclusive of officers (who were always short), instead of being 100, was only 78.

"Did you have 100 men in your army when you left the huts, Sir?" enquired the Sergt.-Major. "Yes, Sir," was the reply. "Well, Sir, you have had 22 casualties between the huts and the parade ground. Turn yourself into a Red Cross hero, collect those casualties, and have them on parade here in ten minutes. They have an hour's punishment drill after the parade is dismissed. And you, Sir, will be included." This was bad news for Mr. McIntosh who had just held the exalted position of Acting Company Commander. "Right-oh, Sir," said the Sergt.-Major, again using his favourite expression, and addressing another Officer, "Get the army moving please, sir, and explain how to form fours before you move off. They probably know it, but just show them that you do too, because they know it it quite unusual for an officer to know anything."

"If you wish to form fours," commenced the Officer—"They don't wish," interrupted the Sergt.-Major. "They'd rather lie down. Tell them what to do when you give them the order, 'Form fours.'"

"To form fours," again commenced the Officer, "the odd numbers take one pace to the right, and one pace to the left." "Thank you, Sir," again interrupted the Sergt.-Major. "To save casualties among the even numbers I think you had better return to the Company. Go and act as a lance corporal for a while and I'll give another Field Marshal a go. Next Officer, please. Now, Sir, get the army moving, or they'll take root."

This officer didn't attempt to explain

anything. "Form fours; right; quick march!" So he got the army moving, leaving the execution of it in the hands of the army itself. "Left wheel!" came the next order, followed by another left wheel, and another, and another, and still another. "For goodness sake, stop them, Sir; they're getting dizzy," requested the Sergt.-Major.

The Sergt.-Major in the meantime giving up the idea of getting instructional work from any of the officers, took command himself for the rest of the afternoon. After parade he gave us a brief lecture on *Esprit de corps*, Customs of the Army, and Guard Duties. "In conclusion," said he, "I ask every officer and N. C. O. to take his duties seriously. The work we have had to-day is a disgrace to any army. To-morrow we must get some intelligent work done, so I shall call upon the N. C. O.'s for instructional purposes. The officers will remain in the ranks. Don't be discouraged, gentlemen, you're not the worst I've seen, but you're damned like them!"

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

"The new game of Conversational 500," or "Have you got the Ace of Spades, partner?" by "The Colonel" and his pal "Waggie."

"He never smiled again," or "Always Merry and Bright," by the Adjutant.

"Call me early. Corporal dear, for I'm to be Officer of the Day," by Lieut. Lauder.

"One and two are three," or "Stripes I have earned," by Sergt. Gibson.

"Some may come and some may go. But I'll stay here for ever," by Corpl. Tocker.

"White sweaters that never get dirty," or "Percy off the yacht," by Sergt. Starkey.

"I cast my bread upon the waters," L.-Corpl. Morrison.

"Innocents Abroad," with apologies to the original author, Mark Time, by Ptes. Cox and Fox.

"How to be happy though married," by L.-Corpl. Youd.

"Lofty Ideals," or "Advance Australia," by Pte. A. E. Cross.

"There is a second stripe, Far, far away," by L.-Corpl. Harding.

"I hear you calling me," or "Asleep on the deep," by L.-Corpl. Wagstaff.

"Spare Generals, and where to find them," by the members of the Sergeants' mess.

"Three weeks behind the mast," or "The Bogus Bosun," by Pte. W. H. C. Bennett.

"Many are called, but few get up," by The Orderly Corporal.

hoarse voice from the rear of the crowd blurted out "Then, for Gawd's sake, Mister, wash out this blanky parade and let's go home." The O. C. overheard it, but he's a sport—we got the rest of the afternoon off.

(With apologies to The Bulletin.)

"500" TOURNAMENT.

A "500" Card Tournament was played on board during the voyage. A large number of entries were received, and play extended through four heats and a semi-final, the final round being won by Ptes. A. C. Swan (Specs.) and B. C. Webster (Specs.) who beat Ptes. J. Mahon (D Co.) and A. L. Johnstone (Specs.).

GAS!

The following (only much better expressed) was told by an Australian Billjim in France, in a letter home:

At last we had been relieved in the front line trenches, and were dumped down in a "rest" (?) billet in rear. Having a vacant hour one afternoon, a Tommy one-star artist was told off to give us a lecturette to fill in the gap. Only a shame how much the boys needed the time off to themselves. The only subject his nibs could think of to jaw about was the gas mask and its uses—the flaming thing we had lived with, fought with, slept with, woke up with, and eaten with, for two long years. And he gave it to us right from the word "Go!" "When I say, one, you take the etc., etc." The boys were getting restless, and when at last the droning voice came to "And with the mask on in that mannah a man can go almost anywhere with impunity," a



"FALL IN "D" COY."

Found in the Ship's Scuppers —Uncensored and Unclaimed

At Sea,
2nd June, 1918.

My Dear Doris:

Just fancy we are away out on the deep blue sea on a ship. The funny thing about it is that here where we are now the sea really is blue. Ultramarine is, I believe, the correct term.

We've got such a lot of funny old rules on this ship. After to-night we will not have any lights showing at night, and at no time, day or night, are we allowed to throw match heads or cigarette butts overboard. I understand that they attract submarines. If a submarine or raider were to find an orange or apple peel in the water they would work out our position from the way the peel was floating. As a consequence we must not throw peels overboard either. Our ship is camouflaged all over; that is, it is painted all colours everywhere. If you were to ask any of the ship's officers why the ship is painted that way they would tell you that it was done to deceive the Germans. You see, the Germans, when they come up to a ship that is camouflaged, pretend it is a whale with the back-ache, or an iceberg anchored to a very big wave. They then go away again and write to the Kaiser about it, and he sends them a camouflaged decoration, which is a bit of iron cut to look like an honourable decoration, which it is not. If the Germans hit a ship that is camouflaged, they have to go "he" for the rest of the game. Camouflage is French and means deceit. It is a slang term, and that is why it is so popular in America. Now, this is a camouflage letter; that is, if you did not know better you might be led to believe it meant something.

Now, that's what an officer would tell you, but you can't always believe

officers. I have been watching things carefully ever since I came aboard. I mean I move about the ship with my eyes open, and I have seen the painters at work with my own eyes, painting bits of the ship here and there, and I know better. As there is nothing in the world I hate more than misunderstandings, I do not want you to think that the men I saw were using my eyes to put the paint on with, in lieu of either paint or paint brushes. They were using paint of the ordinary kind, and brushes. Now, I notice one peculiarity of all these queer camouflage painters, and that is that they paint with only one colour at a time. Now, that at once struck me as peculiar, and I went carefully and unobtrusively round the ship, as is my wont, and nowhere could I discover a painter putting on more than one colour with his brush at one stroke. Such a singular thing as this caused me to give the matter my most serious consideration, but I could in no way account for these things until I had had a chat with the Commander of the ship, a second nephew of Capt. Reece, R. N. I am not sure of that part, but believe it to be true.

Now the Captain is such a funny chap, and they call him "the camouflage Captain," because he speaks to the crew in so gentlemanly a manner that although he has been commanding the ship for quite three weeks none of the crew know he really is the Captain, and he has become so camouflaged himself that he now thinks he is a passenger, and has actually been seen on the passengers' promenade deck laughing just like an ordinary human being.

There are quite a lot of other things I should love to tell you about this

ship, about the way the wind is blowing, and all that kind of thing, but the other day the Captain I was telling you about heard the cabin boy telling a soldier which way it was coming, and, unfortunately for the rest of us, he at once had the wind camouflaged, and now none of us can tell which way it is blowing, neither where it is coming from, nor which direction it takes after leaving the ship. As a matter of fact we are having a debate on Thursday as to whether the wind is really blowing the ship or the ship is actually bumping the wind. Everything is so camouflaged here.

Even the doctors on board this ship have all got the camouflage craze too, and last week they had all the troops lined up, and they went through and camouflage the lot of them, except me. My, I was glad, because a lot of those poor beggars don't even know they are soldiers now. Quite a lot of them think they are invalids for life, and several of them have this idea so fixed in their minds that they actually went off to the ship's hospital, and it is quite pretty, though a little affecting, to watch those camouflaged soldiers going off into a sweet slumber holding the hand of the hospital orderly. You see, they are so well camouflaged that they actually think the orderly is a real hospital nurse. The way they talk to that orderly does make me a bit homesick, though.

The craze has gone right down to the third saloon now, and the other day the privates had shepherd's pie for dinner. The pie being camouflaged forgot it was a pie and began moving round the dining saloon on its own, and three of the men who had been shepherds in private life had to go up and bring down the ship's dogs, and it was quite exciting for a while. You see, they were ship's dogs and of course had been camouflaged along with the rest of the ship, and they could not tell which of them was being whistled at by the shepherds, and one of them ate some of the pie by mistake. We buried that dog at sea yes-

terday. You didn't know we had dogs on ship! Oh, yes, we have several. We keep them for watch dogs, and they live up near the front or thin end of the boat in the dog watches. No, not "hatches;" I said "watches." There is always a ship's officer in charge of these animals, although they are, generally speaking, quiet enough when they don't get too much raw meat. These officers are said to be in charge of the dog-watch.

I told you there were quite a number of rules on this ship that we have to obey; but there is one Rule on the ship which says we must not say too much about the other rules. This Rule is the most important of them all, and must on no account be in any way transgressed. In fact, this Rule must be followed implicitly all over ship at all hours. I have always followed it myself, but mostly at a distance. I ran into it by mistake on one of the companion-ways the other day, but luckily was not crimed for a breach of the ship's Rule, as this one is familiarly known. However, of all the rules on board, for the first few days of our trip, this one, though most in evidence, was the least understood by the boys. Nevertheless, after a week at sea we had all seen it working so often and so well that we could not help realizing that it was working for our good, and a Rule that does so much as that cannot be a bad one. We are now convinced that it is rather a good Rule, and we expect that before we arrive at our final destination it will end up by being the most popular Rule on the ship.

Although this Rule has to be obeyed generally, it is most strictly enforced in the First Saloon, where it can be seen strenuously working without interruption for nearly an hour three times a day, at breakfast, luncheon and dinner. Latterly it has been brought into force at afternoon tea time also, but it is not then kept working so long. Down below it is called the "Rule of the ship," but in the first saloon everyone except the lady passengers refer to it as "Clarence."

Well, Dear, I really must close now,

with very best love and two sweet little X X.

Ever yours,

CYRIL.

P.S.—Those two asterisk looking things are kisses, but I have had them camouflaged so that no one but you can recognize them. If you do not want them please return them by next mail.

THE LANCE-CORPORAL'S LAMENT.

(With all apologies.)

When the Captain strafed Young Clarence in a way most impolite,
Mr. Rule on Mitchell's outlook sorter cast a blight;
Then the O. C. talked the Sergt.-Major pretty nigh to death,
And Caygill told the Sarg'nt off, till 'e was out of breath.

And so on down the ranks—Burly Cecil couldn't see
Why he should shoulder all the blame—'E passed it on to me;
An' jes' because my section's kit's was not laid out exact
'E told me I was—well, in fact, 'e 'adn't got no tact.

An' all that I could do was stand an' listen to 'is jaw,
'Cos senior N. C. O.'s remarks is sacred nor law,
While I'm a full Lance-Corporal what gets no extra pay,
And 'as the glory of a stripe, an' works both nigh an' day.

Suppose an escort's wanted, sudden-like, about midnight,
Or a coal fatigue is detailed, jes' when dinner 'eaves in sight,
Sneythey doesn't do the job—Satherley can't be found—
So unpaid Acting-Corporal Overbye (that's me) gets chased around.
For ev'ry blessed speck of dust what catches Mitchell's eye—

For ev'ry kit what ain't complete— they comes an' asks me "Why?"
I'm wanted 'ere, an' worried there— can't call my soul my own—
I'm everybody's servant, since my arm a stripe 'as known.

They say the backbone of the Army non-coms are—well, there,
At proppin' up the Army I 'ave more than done my share;
But don't think I'm complainin', for although I grouse a bit,
When you know it, bein' a soldier ain't a job you wants to quit.

An' so I rubs along some 'ow, an' still I 'as my 'opes
That I'll be climin' 'igher when I gets to know the ropes;
An' when I've riz like Malcolm on the roll of fame,
No doubt, as I've been treated, I'll treat Lance-Jacks the same.

"I WIL-SON."

It was at Trentham that a "Cross" country runner and a "Walker" were passing through a "Field" which is a short cut to camp from Heretaunga Railway Station. If you had seen them flying like the "Wind," "Youd" think they were running to "O'Sullivan's" Hotel, "Newton" (Auckland), or the "Cecil" Hotel, Wellington, to drink "McCollum's" whisky. To tell the truth, they ran as fast as a "Fox." Being early morning, the farmhands were at work on the "Hay" "Fields," while others were "Whiting" the barn. At the time a "Satherley" breeze was blowing from "Overbye" the "Moore," and we could hear the "Smiths" at work in the little town of "Wallington." Someone said they were making "Potts," while another remarked, "The worthy Sergeant was discharged at Trentham. "Cross" took his turn and said, "We have missed Major Taylor's 'Surman' through breaking camp, and we wanted to tell 'Uncle' all about it." Not until then did "Tom Scott" discover the loss of his overcoat. As a "Rule" a thing like

this has to be reported, so we informed a military policeman, and asked him to do what he could. He replied, "I Wil-son."

By the way, Mr. Editor, no doubt we will find plenty of funny articles to "Reid" in the Magazine.

A FEW SPECIALISTIC TOASTS.

Here's to the O. C. A. R. C. C. Do you see?

Athletic and sporting, no doubt??
When not playing poker, he's shaking up Croker,

When more than themselves are about.

Here's to Jim Baddeley, who on the race course

Gave a good exhibition of riding a horse.

All went well till the turn of the track,
When off he came with a h—l of a crack.

Mounting again, away he sped—
The back of his coat just held by a thread.

Game he was—he didn't go sick,
But limped round quietly with the aid of a stick.

Here's to Tom Tripp—a gentleman he.
Tho' he looks well on land, he looks sick at sea.

With him as O. O. we'd have nothing to grieve,

For, when he could do it, he got us our leave.

Here's to Duthie, the Company S. M.
Called by the O. C. time and again.
When "Tin-Hats" inspect, and question the O. C.,

You will hear the sharp call, "Sar—Major Duth-ee!"

Here's to old Croker, as fat as a match,

Whether lawyer or soldier too sharp to catch;

Brimful of wit, and partial to joke,
Only annoyed when unable to smoke.

Here's to Geo. Barnes, with stripes on his arms,

As in photos they plainly do show.
In a signalling test he is one of the best;

Only, why can't he cut off his "mo?"

Here's to Moore—a Sergeant, of course;

Straight from the land of tussock and gorse.



"FAR-QU-
HAR-BIBBE."
THE MOORE YOU GET
THE MORE YOU WANT.

"Far-qu-har," "Bibby," you may hear
him roar.

Men of his "Callaby" we want for
the war.

Here's to Steward, "Mark" my word
Rose from the ranks just like a
bird.

Tho' keen on his job, dancing's his
hobby;

When placed with the ladies he
grows quite nobby.

Here's to Corpl. Keaney, one of the
band;

Always in trouble, and never at
hand.

But cheer up, A. J., the future is ripe
For adorning your arm with
another white stripe.

Here's to the Quarter, who runs the
canteen;

Opens thrice daily,
And sleeps in between.

ROUTINE ORDERS No. 28.

For 16th June 1918.

By Capt. G. G. Denniston.

Officer Commanding Troops,
Troopship No. 104.

Part 1.

1.—Duties.

Officer of the day	Lieut. Murphy
Next for duty	Lieut. Andrews
Ship's orderly Sergt.	Corp. Dempster
Next for duty	Corp. Dempster
Ship's orderly Corp.	L.-Corp. Morrison
Next for duty	L.-Corp. Wagstaff
Company for duty	D. Coy
Next for duty	Specialist Coy

2.—Water Bottles.

When coming on deck all ranks
must bring their water bottles. Those
men who place their bottles with their
lifebelts must remember that they are
personally responsible for loss. So

long as this is understood there is at
present no objection to the stacking of
water bottles.

3.—Found.

A pipe.—Owner can have same by
applying to ship's orderly room.

4.—Church Parade.

Time and place to be given later.

Part 2.—Nil.

At sea, 16-6-18.

C. W. Rule, Lt.,
Adjutant.

MILITARY GEOMETRY.

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 shall the Sergeant-Major be equal to anything that is capable of anything.

Proof (by reductio ad absurdum): For if the "side" of a Corporal be not 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 to equal a Sergeant-Major. Therefore a Sergeant-Major is equal to everything, and will do nothing.

Q. E. D.

Orderly Officer at men's mess on Sunday: "Mess, Ter shun—Any complaints?"

Private: "Ain't 'ad any eggs since we came aboard, Sir."

Orderly Officer: "Can't expect any, either. There's only Cox on board."

The Platoon Commander

"This war is being won by Second Lieutenants."—Ian Hay, in "The Times."

If people knew the truth about this war they would realize that there is no prouder title than that of Platoon Commander. It is the unflinching modesty of the youth of this country, coupled with a horror of heroics, that has blinded the people to the fact that they possess in the Army at the front incomparable young men serving as second lieutenant who are second to none in the world. Ask any officer who has commanded a battalion at the front what he thinks of the subalterns who have served under him. Unless he has been most unfortunate, his voice will take on a note of praise when he replies to you. He will tell you that they are wonderful and the most surprising fellows.

The women of Florence used to point out Dante as a man who had been in hell. When you look on a second lieutenant who has been through it at the front you can say to yourself with truth, "This man has been in hell," and, noticing how fit he looks, you may go further and say "Perhaps hell is not such a bad place after all." Think of young E. L. Townsend writing to his father before he "went over." "You must console yourselves with the thought that I am happy, whereas if I had lived—who knows? . . . But for this war I and all the others would have passed into oblivion like the countless myriads before us . . . But we shall live for ever in the results of our efforts. We shall live as those who by their sacrifice won the Great War. Our spirits and our memories shall endure in the proud position Britain shall hold in the future." I have quoted from this remarkable letter because I wished to show that some of these young men are, or were, alive to the fact that their fame is assured.

The second lieutenant does most of the dirty work at the front. If a covering party is needed, it is invariably a second lieutenant who is in command; a raiding party, or a carrying party, is generally led by a second lieutenant; and it is he who goes out on patrol.

Imagine young Percy Coleman, D. S. O., isolated in the German trenches with fifteen men, fighting all night and through the next day with a broken arm and a bullet in his shoulder, making a sketch of the German position, and not withdrawing until he got orders to do so.

No officer is so near to the men as the platoon commander. He censors the letters written by men of his platoon, inspects their feet daily, and issues the rum ration. He inspects rifles daily, and when out of the line drills his men and keeps them in good condition.

When a platoon is at full strength it should number about fifty men, but as many of them are what is termed "employed," the working strength is generally about thirty. The platoon commander makes out the indent for necessary kit for his men, and looks after them like a father. He keeps an eye on the "duds" in his platoon, and, with a patience that is remarkable, in time makes them into self-respecting men who will follow him anywhere. When a man becomes a casualty the platoon commander writes to the nearest relative, and if he dies he attends the funeral if possible. The two last-mentioned duties he is not asked to do by anyone in authority; he does them because he has the right instincts. If a second lieutenant is a good platoon commander he has won the respect of his men, and when he has won that he should be a proud man.

(R. H. B., in "The Graphic.")

"Conscientious Objectors"

A good story is told touching the affection the New Zealand troops have for those persons coming under the wide heading "conscientious objectors."

The incident occurred at a place "somewhere in France." At an ammunition dump close to the lines several wagons containing food for the guns had been drawn up, and required unloading. A party of British "conscies" were detailed to carry out this highly dangerous (?) task, under the direction of a subaltern. Presently the latter reported to his battalion commander that he could not get the men to proceed with the work. "What!" exclaimed the latter. "Aren't you ashamed to come to me and tell me you can't get them to work?" "Yes, Sir," replied his subordinate. "I am, but I have tried all manner of means, and they won't do it. They have struck."

"All right," were the words of the Major; "come with me while I see them."

Together they went to the dump. The battalion commander had his defaulting objectors called up to him, and spoke to them as follows: "Do you see those fellow over there? They are New Zealanders; and they wear Bill Massey's boots. I don't suppose you know who Bill Massey is, but he is Premier of New Zealand. He is a big man, and he wears very heavy boots. Now, all those New Zealanders wear a pair of those big boots, and if you don't get on with this work within five minutes, I shall set those chaps on to you; and then Heaven help you!"

He went away and left them to their job. In doing so, he noticed one or two of the New Zealanders who were in earshot of his remarks creeping suspiciously among the gang. They were

for the moment sent back to their business.

In five minutes time the Major received with satisfaction the report that the gang had commenced their task. Ten more minutes gone and he betought himself to visit the working party. When he drew near, two of the precious "conscies" were running in his direction, and yelling fit to reach the clouds. He stopped them and enquired their trouble. "Oh," they stammered, between their sobs, "Oh, the New Zealanders, the dreadful New Zealanders!"

"What is it?" he asked, and followed them back. About the fourth truck along could be seen a couple of the men from the land of the kiwi busily engaged in doing the work of their very conscientious friends. "They are the ones," said the latter; "they did it, they did it." The Major accordingly called his two New Zealanders and asked them what they had done to the C. O.'s. From them he got no satisfaction, but from the pitiful tale of the howling objectors, and from those near by, he got the facts.

The C. O.'s had resumed work, it is true, but had commenced with a "go-slow" policy. This so disgusted the New Zealand boys that two of them hopped in and took charge of the truck. They chucked the occupants over the small bank alongside, and followed up smartly with cases of ammunition. Case after case was thrown, and these they took care to see came into contact with the men then "down under." Soon bruised limbs, black eyes, and a free flow of gore were much in evidence, and the sorry "conshees" had had well brought home to them the futility of turning down their countrymen at a danger point.

MACHINE GUN TIT-BITS.

Wonders will never cease. Corpl. Alexander was actually seen the other day without a draughts board in his hand. Has the said draughts board anything to do with his position as Chief of Police, whose war-cry always has been "Move on."

It is rumoured that Wee Donnie McKenzie received a wireless yesterday to the effect that the Bride he left behind in Greytown has passed into the Fourth Standard. He seems quite elated over the news.

With regards to goods left in K shed, it is admitted Bro. Blakey has the biggest grievance as he had four dozen bottles of Speight's XXXX amongst his cargo, and he has been dry ever since. You have only to mention K shed and he swears, and swears, and swears, in his usual style.

There is a scotch lad named McKay, Who is always saying "Hoch ai;"

He gave away his badges

To a couple of female cadgers,

But when asked he says it's a lie.

It used to be a matter of conjecture at the men's mess how the ship was able to supply milk daily, but since seeing the monkey aboard we know it must be Monkey Brand.

If there are any more debates to be held aboard the ship, the M. G.'s reckon a suitable subject would be "North Island vs. South Island," with Good Old Jeff chief spokesman for the latter, and Nick Brown Lee, the Auckland laundryman, acting in a similar position for the North Island. It would perhaps take more than one night, for when the Orepuki rep. gets going he is some orator.

Is it a fair thing for a chap to be wakened from his night's repose by the Chief of Police putting his hand on his shoulder and saying "Come on; time's up." If a chap had heart disease, the effect might be disastrous.

Is it true that Corpl. Stedman, the Pineapple King, does not buy these goods for the sake of the contents but is busy sending the tins to his Dad in Dunedin to make Studebakers from?

If so, is it not a crime under the Shipwreck Act?

How is it that Q. M. S. Mercer has all Dunedin chaps on the canteen staff? Is it because he knows that, coming from the Scotch town, they will not be too liberal in the value they give?

Corpl. Walker is one of the few of the Christchurchiana quota. Three were discharged, and the Skittle King took his hook. But Good Old Bill will keep up the good name of the Flat City and make up for the shortages.

THE "GIS" BOYS

For the Gisborne boys are happy,

As happy as can be;

For the Gisborne boys are happy

When they are on the spree.

They never, never quarrel,

They never disagree,

And the password of the "Gis" boys is,

"Come and have a drink with me."



FUNNIEST "THING" ON THE SHIP

Proposed Farewell Military Concert

To Be Held On Disembarkation

Duet	- - - - -	Sergts. Starkey and Cecil
	"Oh Where, Oh Where Has Our Whisky Gone?"	
Trio	- - - - -	Drs. Will, Fitzgerald and Bell
	"Another Little Drop Wouldn't Do Us Any Harm."	
Song	- - - - -	Ship's Adjutant
	"Smile, Boys, Smile."	
Song	- - - - -	Lieut. Mitchell
	"If You're Waking Call Me Early."	
	Encore Item—"Tie Up My Door at Night."	
Recitation	- - - - -	Pte. Burridge
	"How I Beat the Censor." (Dramatic)	
Song	- - - - -	Q. M. S. Mercer
	"Put Me In My Little Bed."	
Duet	- - - - -	Paddy the Deck Steward and Miss Kirkcaldie
	"Life's Dream Is O'er, Love—Farewell."	
Song	- - - - -	Sergt. Barnes
	"Come to Me in the Silence of the Night."	
Lecture	- - - - -	Sergt. Smyth
	"Etiquette For Men," or "How To Be a Gentleman in 10 Lessons."	
Song	- - - - -	Q. M. S. Malcolm
	"My Little Mary."	
Recitation	- - - - -	C. S. M. Duthie
	"When I'm a Man I'll Be a Soldier."	
Song	- - - - -	Sergt. Croker
	"It's Nice To Get Up in the Morning Early, But It's Nicer To Lie in Your Bed."	
Address	- - - - -	S.-Sergt Kitson
	"Eminent People I Have Met and Conversed With, or Whose Photos I Have Seen in the Illustrated Papers." (Time limit—4 hours.)	
Song	- - - - -	Lieut. Claridge
	"I've Been a Naughty Boy, So I Will Not Dine To-night."	
Song	- - - - -	Capt. Denniston
	"Little Monkey Come Tell Me or Mixed Biscuits."	

IT'S NICE TO KNOW.

Orderly Officer (to Chief Steward, Third Class): What are you giving the boys for dinner to-day, Steward?

Steward: Pea soup, roast beef and vegetables, and duff, Sir.

O. O.: That's good. Poor devils, they deserve it. Probably half of them are going to shot soon.

Question: Name the most up-to-date example of the art of lead-swinging.

Answer: Acting as sub-editor of the Magazine.

(This anonymous contribution has roused the Irish in a member of our literary staff. With the help, however, of the proprietor of the office type-writer (the bar steward) we have succeeded in somewhat calming him. —Editor.)

CONCERT.

On Friday, 24th May, a concert was held on board, being the forerunner of many such gatherings which the Amusement Committee hopes to get off during the course of the voyage. Capt. G. G. Denniston (C. O.) presided.

In addition to the items contributed by "ours" (mostly on this occasion from the Specs.), we had the pleasure of being entertained by a lady passenger, Miss Kirkcaldie, whose items were thoroughly enjoyed and invariably encored. Miss Kirkcaldie's singing of the tuneful "Mother o' Mine" was a treat to listen to. This item was followed by a spirited rendering of an Italian song.

The enjoyment of the evening was further greatly added to by the inclusion on the programme of another passenger, Lieut. Frank Green, of the Royal Flying Corps. Besides contributing several items on the piano, Lieut. Green kindly acted as accompanist throughout the evening.

Sergt. Starkey (D Co.) was in good voice, and sang three songs, including, by request, "Coming home."

The Specialists' items were all well given and enthusiastically received. They consisted of popular chorus songs by Ptes. Hirst and Elliott, song Pte. Henderson, recitations Sergt. Barnes and Pte. Strathern, and piano solo Sergt. Steward—not forgetting the humorous "talk" of Sergt. Croker.

After the concert, supper was provided in the men's messroom by Mr. Parsonson, on behalf of the Y. M. C. A., and was much appreciated, cheers being heartily given for the Association.

SECOND CONCERT.

The second concert of the trip was given on Saturday evening, 1st June, Capt. Denniston in the chair. Through the courtesy of the Master of the ship, we were granted the use of the promenade deck on this occasion, a concession which was fully ap-

THE SHIP'S RULE.

preciated by all, there being more space available and better facilities in the way of lighting and so on.

Lieut. Green again presided at the piano, and greatly added to the success of the several numbers. He opened the proceedings with a spirited march.

Corpl. Keaney was loudly applauded for his piccolo solo, and had to respond to a vociferous encore.

Miss Kirkcaldie made a welcome re-appearance amongst us with two

songs, for both of which she was enthusiastically recalled. As her last item she again sang, by request, "Mother o' Mine," which was greatly enjoyed.

Mr. Parsonson (Y. M. C. A.) was heard to advantage in the bass song, "The Blue Dragoons," and of course had to submit to an encore.

Staff Sergt. Saunders was very successful in his rendering of "The Blind Plowman," and well deserved his fate in being loudly recalled.

Sergt. Croker told several good stories in his inimitable style, and the boys continued to ask for more.

Other items (all enjoyed and enjoyed) on a splendid programme were supplied by Pte. Hirst (whose topical chorus on Featherston Camp was very popular), L.-C.-1 Youd (D Co.), Pte. Henderson, and Sergt. Starkey.

The concluding number consisted of the catchy "coon" melodies "De Old Banjo" and "Good Night," sung in good style by a quartette party composed of S.-Sergt. Saunders, and Ptes. Hirst, Harrison (Specs.) and Aherne (D Co.) These were splendidly given and heartily applauded.

After the singing of the National Anthem, three hearty cheers were given for the pianist, Lieut. Green.

KAISERISTIC MODESTY.

I've travelled all over the world,
And have seen all there is to be seen;
I know all the notable Lords.
And have dined with the King and the Queen.

In Germany, too, I am known,
And will soon have all battles to cease.
My country demands that I go
To discuss the conditions of peace.

With the ladies I'm also a catch,
And my welcome I never need doubt;
At night, when there's dancing on deck,
You hear 'em call, "Mason about?"

I know all the secrets of Britain,
And my statements are facts without lies;
Here's one little secret I'll give you—
It's in Malta you'll demobilize.

For the welfare of Corporals so noble
I think I should put in my spoke;
I'll decide, for the sake of their duty,
They should work all the day, and not smoke.

At night they must go to bed early,
And never the smoke-room go near;
For the Captain may come and say,
"Mason!
Come along to my room for a beer."

Now, the bath is another grave matter,
And really I must take a stand;
The Corporals will have to go dirty—
They can bath when they first get on land.

While on board I am kept very busy;
In fact, I'm the chief man afloat;
The Purser cannot do without me—
I'm just about running this boat.

Now, the Pay Clerk is really quite stupid;
And the Post Boy, he can't write his name;
While the N. C. O.'s from the Company—
Well, I regret they are all just the same.

The Officer commanding the troops
He refused to sail without me;
I've directed his work and my own
Since this army has been on the sea.

Don't think I bragging or uppish;
These things I most strongly rebuke.
Just to prove I am not, I'll show you
A picture I've got of a Duke.



"Sergeants Only" OR
"THE LANCE JACK'S GODFATHER."

SHIP'S OFFICERS.

Commander

Capt. V. W. Hickson, Lt. Commr.
R. N. R.

Chief Officer

J. McCrostie

1st Officer

F. Murphy

2nd Officer

R. Hawkins

3rd Officer

N. Roberts

Surgeon

H. W. Mann, M. B., Edin.

Chief Engineer

W. Scott, R. N. R.

2nd Engineer

R. Butler

Purser

E. Kettle

Chief Steward

F. Moss

COMMITTEES.

Magazine

Q. M. S. R. M. Mercer (Chairman)
2nd Lt. J. Mitchell
Sergt.-Major E. R. Caygill
Q. M. S. H. S. Malcolm
Sergt. C. H. Croker (Editor)
S.-Sergt. N. G. Saunders (Secretary
and Treasurer)
Pte. R. R. Burridge
Pte. J. W. Elliott
Pte. S. G. Cameron
Pte. R. A. T. Aherne

Cards

2nd Lt. A. Lauder (Chairman)
Sergt.-Major A. K. Duthie
Q. M. S. H. S. Malcolm

Amusements

2nd Lt. A. Lauder (Chairman)
2nd Lt. T. T. Andrews
Sergt. C. H. Croker
Sergt. P. Starkey (Secretary)

L.-Corpl. D. L. Overbye

Pte. D. S. Mackenzie

Mr. S. V. Parsonson (Y. M. C. A.)

Sports

2nd Lt. A. Lauder (Chairman)
2nd Lt. E. G. Baddeley
Sergt. E. B. C. Cecil
Sergt. G. W. Barnes
Sergt. P. Starkey (Secretary)
Pte. A. W. G. Walker
Pte. G. A. Fortune

Canteen

Capt. G. G. Denniston (Chairman)
2nd Lt. W. Murphy (Canteen Officer)
2nd Lt. C. W. Milner
2nd Lt. A. R. C. Claridge
Q. M. S. R. M. Mercer
Pte. J. W. Elliott

NOMINAL ROLL OF TROOPS.

Officer Commanding Troops, Capt.

G. G. Denniston *

D. Co. 37th Reinforcement

2nd Lieut. Mitchell, J. (O. C. Company) *

" Rule, C. W. (Ship's Adjutant) *

" Milner, C. W. *

" Murphy, W. *

" Lauder, A. *

C. S. M. Caygill, E. R.

Q. M. S. Malcolm, H. S.

Staff Sergt. Kitson, H. *

" Saunders, N. G.

Sergt. Cecil, E. B. C. **
(King and Queen's Medals Boer War
1900-2—7 clasps, Natal Rebellion 1906
—2 clasps.)

" Smyth, N. K. ***

" Starkey, P.

Corpl. Adams, R. M.

" Morrison, J.

" Reynolds, D. D.

" Satherley, V.

" Surman, H. R.

" Tchernegovskii, C. L.

" Vickerman, A. L.

Actg. Postal Sergt. Gibson, A. C.

L.-Corpl. Harding, G. C.

" Morrison, L. A.

" Overbye, D. L.

" Wagstaff, H. A.

" Walters, A. M.

" Yould, H. G.

Pte. Aherne, R. A. T.

" Andrew, A.

" Barltrop, A. W. S.

" Barltrop, L. H.

* Service in Boer War.

** Previous service in present war.

*** Service at Samoa.

Pte. Bennett, W. H. C.
 " Biddle, J.
 " Black, F. G.
 " Bradley, A. J.
 " Brien, H. L. C.
 " Brightwell, E. F.
 " Bunting, S. M.
 " Burridge, R. R.
 " Campbell, C. K.
 " Capes, W. F.
 " Chellew, G. R.
 " Chester, C.
 " Clarke, B. F.
 " Cohen, L. A.
 " Colebrook, R. S.
 " Coston, A. H.
 " Cox, T. J.
 " Cross, A. E.
 " Dale, G.
 " Davidson, J. J.
 " Davis, H. L.
 " Dennis, T.
 " Dent, W. J. B.
 " Drummond, A.
 " Field, A. E.
 " Fisk, A. D.
 " Flint, N. S.
 " Fowler, G. H.
 " Fox, E. R.
 " Fray, V. H.
 " Gibbins, T. S.
 " Gregory, J. A. E.
 " Hay, D.
 " Hildreth, J. W.
 " Hunter, W. A.
 " Husband, J. W. G.
 " Irish, P. F. G.
 " Johnson, J. J. C.
 " Johnston, A. G.
 " Loudon, J.
 " Luff, H. A.
 " Macown, D. N.
 " Mahon, J.
 " Martyn, A. T.
 " Matthew, S. H.
 " Matthews, H. J.
 " Mills, A. J.
 " Moon, C.
 " Moore, J.
 " Multrus, J. H.
 " McCollum, H. A.
 " McIntyre, J.
 " McFarlane, F. E.
 " McKenzie, W.
 " McLean, A.
 " McLean, C. R.
 " McMaster, R.
 " McRae, D.
 " McTaggart, D.
 " McWhirter, W. A.
 " Newton, F. H.
 " Norton, R. A.
 " Olsen, A. S.
 " O'Sullivan, J. D.
 " Parham, C. R. H.
 " Payne, W. H. A. * **
 (King and Queen's Medals Boer War
 1899-1902—5 clasps.)
 " Pegg, J. L.

Pte. Raven, W. E.
 " Rayner, V. A.
 " Reedy, J. *
 " Reid, G. C.
 " Rodda, R. P.
 " Rogers, T. (70065)
 " Rogers, T. (74270)
 " Rusden, L. J.
 " Russell, W. B.
 " Ryan, J. R.
 " Schollum, B.
 " Schwartzegor, P. V.
 " Scott, J.
 " Scott, W. H.
 " Seccombe, G. G.
 " Shannon, A. J.
 " Slade, R. E.
 " Smith, A. N.
 " Smith, J.
 " Smith, K.
 " Spencer, L. G.
 " Spoor, T.
 " Stewart, K. A.
 " Stewart, W. R. J.
 " Stone, T. R.
 " Talbot, H.
 " Thomas, A. E.
 " Thomas, C. J.
 " Twidle, J. J. J.
 " Valpy, J. A.
 " Vercoe, A.
 " Walker, A. W. G.
 " Walker, V.
 " Wallington, E.
 " Watson, R. H.
 " Webster, H.
 " Whisker, J. A.
 " Whiting, F.
 " Whyte, P.
 " Williams, W. B.
 " Wilson, R. M.
 " Wind, S. H.
 " Wood, R. G.

37th SPECIALISTS.

N. Z. M. G. S. & N. Z. S. C.

2nd Lieut. Claridge, A. R. C. (O. C. Com.)
 " Baddeley, E. G.
 " Andrews, T. T.
 C. S. M. Duthie, A. K. (Acting Ship's
 Sergt-Major) ***
 Q. M. S. Mercer, R. M.
 Sergt. Croker, C. H. (Acting C. S. M.)
 " Barnes, G. W. R.
 " Moore, H.
 " Steward, W. R. H.
 Corpl. Alexander, M. C.
 " Dempster, G. A.
 " Keaney, A. J.
 " Stedman, R. T.
 " Walker, W. H.
 " White, L. A.
 " Wood, A.

L.-Corpl. Bonnington, R. H.
 " Bramley, R. A.
 " Glastonbury, A.
 " Green, W.
 " Hammond, C. P.
 " Hollyman, E. J.
 " Jones, V. W. O.
 " Lane, W. E.
 " Worthington, J.

Pte. A'Court, F. A.

" Agnew, J.
 " Ayson, F. C.
 " Baird, J.
 " Bell, W.
 " Bibby, F. W.
 " Blakey, R. E.
 " Bond, E. A.
 " Brindley, E. R.
 " Bray, J.
 " Broadbent, G. E.
 " Brown, E. S.
 " Brownlee, N. D.
 " Callaby, C.
 " Cameron, S. G.
 " Cater, C.
 " Cox, W. J.
 " Davidson, A. W.
 " DeCoursey, D.
 " Doherty, T. L.
 " Elliott, J. W.
 " Elvines, W. G.
 " Farquhar, G.
 " Ferguson, V. M. N.
 " Fortune, G. A.
 " Glanville, E. V.
 " Griffiths, F. S.
 " Grimwood, E. A.
 " Harris, H.
 " Harris, J.
 " Harrison, W. R.
 " Hartley, F. I.
 " Henderson, R. B.
 " Hirst, G.
 " Howie, J. A.
 " Hulston, W. G.
 " Johnstone, A. L.
 " Jolly, C. S.
 " Jones, J. W. R.
 " Karton, J. A.
 " Keane, C. D.
 " Keilar, A.
 " Keogh, P. L.
 " Lander, G. K.
 " Lever, W. J.
 " Levick, A. E.
 " Loveridge, L.
 " Miller, H. F.
 " Mitchell, A. C.
 " Moir, E.
 " MacCurdy, A. F. A.
 " MacIntyre, D. L.
 " Mackenzie, D. S.
 " McCullough, J. R.
 " McKay, G. C.
 " Newman, E. R.
 " O'Donnell, M. F. J.
 " Postlewaight, W. F. G.
 " Purdom, D. J.
 " Richards, E. K.

Pte. Riley, J. W. F.
 " Sanders, A.
 " Sides, F. R.
 " Smith, W. C.
 " Smith, W. V.
 " Strathern, D. G.
 " Swan, A. C.
 " Todd, L. W.
 " Toomey, J. T.
 " Twiddle, R.
 " Valintine, E. N.
 " Webster, B. C.
 " Wedderspoon, W. N.
 " Williamson, H. C.
 " Withers, P.
 " Wright, E. H.
 " Wylde, W. P.
 *** Service at Samoa.

ARMY MEDICAL CORPS.

Lieut. Will, J. L.
 Lieut. Bell, L. G.
 Lieut. Fitzgerald, D. S. G.
 L.-Corpl. Lawson, J. S.
 Pte. Bishop, W. J.
 " Spencer, W. T.
 " Sutcliffe, H.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Cabin 32:

We deeply sympathise with you, but we certainly understood that your neighbour, Pte. For-ne, did not continue his arguments, in favour of Orepuki and the South Island, in his sleep. We would suggest that you provide him with a respirator, which will perhaps improve matters.

37th Specs:

Under the doleful circumstances described by you we would suggest that you should try and arrange for Sergt. G-b-s-on to receive some lessons on the tin whistle. We have heard the fearful noises ourselves.

L.-Corpl. D/37:

Do we understand you to say that you have not yet seen the spittoons on deck? We hope you have not been knocking your pipe out over the side of the ship. You must understand that this is a most dangerous practice, as by so doing you are leaving a trail which might end in someone discovering the destination of the ship.

We might mention that these spittoons were ordered, and might possibly be in K shed.

Corporal:

We hasten to assure you that Lieut. Green will not reach heaven in his plane—at least, not intentionally.

Specialist:

No, Pte. D. S. Mac---zie did not study for the Church. He is only a lay reader.

Anti-Gargle:

We fully understand your views on this matter, and quite agree with your objections to the obnoxious practice being resumed. We would, however, give you to understand that Dr. W--l has to do something to prove that he is not travelling altogether as a passenger.

Enquirer:

You are evidently under a very serious misapprehension. In your reference to the fluid which is placed on the tables in the men's messroom in jugs, did we understand you to call it MILK?

Thoughtful:

No, Corpl. Ad-s was not always like that. He grew that way on the Glaxo Farm. No, his weight is not 17 stone; and one lifebelt has so far been found sufficient.

No. 2 Platoon, D/37:

We assure you that, despite appearances, Q. M. S. M-l--m is brainy as well as muscular. If he is not, can you tell us how he became Q. M. S.?

L-Jack 2:

We quite agree that Sergt. G. W. B-rn-s should not grow a mustache. His peculiar style of beauty cannot stand it.

Corpl. D/37:

"New Zealand Mugs Get Shot" is not the meaning of the letters on the machine gunners' shoulder badges; nor does N. Z. S. C. stand for "New Zealand's Silly Coves;" though in the latter case we admit there is some ground for your idea. We have seen them at work.

Signaller:

We regret that so far our utmost endeavours have failed to disclose how the person you mention came to be called "Blowfly." Perhaps a few judicious enquiries amongst the men of D/37 would bear fruit.

Paymaster:

No--although Sergt. Cr-k-r is a public spouter, he cannot be used as a drinking fountain.

X. Y. Z.:

Yes, your unlucky star must have been in the ascendant when all your washing went overboard. There are no shirts on sale at the canteen, and we can only suggest that you take a button to one of the ladies aboard and request her to sew a shirt on to it. The ladies have intimated that they will be only too pleased to do any needlework for the soldiers.

Physical Jerks:

No, we regret we have not been able to trace the presence of a Professor of English among the troops aboard. As you suggest it would be a good idea if Corpl. Ad-ms were to take a protracted course from such a gentleman.

Corporal:

It grieves us to learn that a gentleman holding a position like Q. M. S. Mercer would do such a thing. As he comes from Dunedin it is possible that he entered into partnership with Effie White before leaving New Zealand. His action would apparently lead one to think so.

Pte. K. A. Stewart:

Yes, the game of poker has become such a business on board that a "Clarke's" assistance is deemed indispensable in the best circles. We thought you knew enough about your favorite game not to ask such a silly question. You should peruse the rules of the game only when the "Moon's" up.

R. R. B.



"THE EDITOR."

Daily Routine on Troopship No. 104

Revealed by the Regimental Hymnbook.

6.00 a.m.	Reveille	"Soldiers of Christ, Arise."
6.15 "	Roll-call on upper deck	"When the roll is called up yonder I'll be there."
6.30 "	Physical Jerks	"We are not here to play," "Work for the night is coming."
8.00 "	Breakfast	"Break thou the bread of life."
8.45 "	Sick Parade	"Rescue the perishing, care for the dying."
9.00 "	Parade	"Go, labour on: spend and be spent."
9.30 "	C. O.'s Orderly Room	"In the hour of trial," or "I lay my sins on Jesus."
10.30 "	Inspection by C. O.	"One there is above all others."
10.45 "	Smoke O	"For all the saints who from their labours rest," or "My heart is resting, Oh my God."
11.30 "	Dismiss	"Lord! dismiss us with thy blessing."
12.30 p.m.	Dinner	"Oh come, all ye faithful."
1.45 "	Parade	"Come, labour on."
3.00 "	Dismiss	"Now the labourer's task is o'er."
4.00 "	Boat Drill	"Pull for the shore, sailor; pull for the shore."
4.30 "	Pay Parade	"Come, ye sinners, poor and needy."
5.00 "	Tea	"Meekly wait, and murmur not."
8.00 "	Lecture by Officer on promenade deck	"Here we suffer grief and pain."
9.00 "	Returning to cabins in the dark	"Courage, brother, do not stumble."
10.00 "	Lights Out	"Christian, seek not yet repose."
10.30 "	Police Patrol	"Hark, 'tis the watchman's cry."
12.00 midnight	At Rest	"Now the day is over."
Any time	Attacked by a torpedo	"Nearer, my God, to thee."

Text for a service to be held over any meal in the Third Saloon: Hebrews XIII, 8.

THE GOODS WE LEFT BEHIND US.

'Twas in the merry month of May,
In the year nineteen one eight,
The Ionic left New Zealand
Minus some of "K" shed freight.

But before we sailed on the seas to
bask,
A Sergeant aboard named "Croke"
Betook himself the enormous task
Of speaking straight to the
Colonel's folk.

And although he fought a valiant
fight,
It was of no avail,
For he was informed in accents polite
All goods were on board, except
ale.

Alas and alack! 'tis hard to state
That when well away at sea

The 37th Specs. were then informed
All their goods were left in "Noo
Zee."

List while I tell of a sadder thing.—
With many a groan and sigh
The Y. M. C. A. have now announced
That they are three cases "shy."

Think not of gorgeous spreads we've
missed,
For it makes us very sore
To have to part with promised feeds,
Of which there were galore.

"Who was to blame?" You well may
ask;
But for an answer we're still at sea.
So we are quite resigned to our fate,
And greatly obliged to our O. C.
We don't think.

Classified Advertisements

Lost

LOST: A quantity of cheese, from the n. l. c. o.'s mess, Third Saloon. Answers to the name of Rip Van Winkle. Last seen carrying a ship's soup plate. Any person detaining same will be prosecuted. Finder please return to above mess. Reward (alive or dead).

LOST: Spittoon, from deck of Troopship 104. Finder please return to any convenient spot. Reward offered by adjutant.

LOST, STOLEN OR STRAYED: Several parcels; last seen at K shed. Wellington. Will finder please return them to

the 37th Specs., Transport No. 104. Reward will be given by the "Tin Hats" who were on the wharf when the "big ship" left Noo Zee.

LOST OR STRAYED (no reward): The long, sad faces so common at meal times among the boys before embarkation. Since leaving behind them the days of "Stew every morning for breakfast," as the well-known hymn puts it, and becoming Massey's tourists, their bright smiles haunt us at every meal.

For Sale

FOR SALE: An unlimited number of brum safety matches. Guaranteed not

to light under any conditions. Apply at the Canteen.

Wanted

WANTED: An office boy. Must be an expert pugilist, and not afraid of disappointed contributors. No married men need apply. Apply immediately to the Editor of this Magazine.

WANTED KNOWN: That all are invited to hear Signaller Strathern give an address entitled "Seven reasons why I signed the pledge." Early doors extra. D. de COURSEY, T. S., Manager.

WANTED KNOWN: That Sig. De Coursey, M. A. (late lecturer in botany) will give an instructional address entitled "The story of a potatoe from the seed to the saucepan." Patrons are advised to book early seats. N. DONNELLY, Understudy.

WANTED TO EXCHANGE: Third class cabin, electric light, bathroom, h. and c. water attached, with fine healthy expansive outlook, situated in desirable locality, for First Class Cabin or Cabin de Luxe. Conveniences not essential. Write "Cabin," this office.

WANTED KNOWN: J. J. C. Johnston is now ready to receive commissions as seller's agent. Best prices obtainable for all articles. Clothing a specialty. Hours: 9-11 a.m. to 1.45-3 p.m. (off parade).

WANTED TO EXCHANGE: One ocean-going vessel for a quarter-acre section of terra firma. Auckland district preferred. For fuller particulars apply to F. E. D. Up.

WANTED: Anyone wishing to become proficient in the art of fatigue duties—cookhouse a specialty—apply JOE ZOUCHE, Specialist.

WANTED: Recruits to learn art of self defence. Guarantee protection whilst on week-end leave. Apply PAT AND DAN, ex-Wellington Week-End Fugs.

WANTED TO KNOW if Lieut. Lauder is in any way connected with the famous Harry.

WANTED TO KNOW why the Specs. are so keen as to signal with the electric lights after Lights Out. Some think a game of poker is on.

WANTED TO KNOW if the Canteen Committee is going to continue the sale of "cadgers" matches.

WANTED MADE PUBLIC that the same "Rule" applies to all on board.

WANTED TO KNOW if the Sergeants and Sergeants-Major take turns in coming on the early parade, as only one appears each morning.

WANTED TO KNOW when a Private may lie in bed until 7 a.m.

WANTED: A woman who has had previous experience at washing clothes. Apply in own handwriting to Cabin 18.

WANTED KNOWN: Any person, either civilian or a member of Bill Massey's army, requiring either a parcel or parcels, may have their choice by calling at K shed, Wellington, on or before the return to New Zealand of the 37th Specs.

WANTED: An alarm clock. Apply Cabin 50.

WANTED, AT ONCE: Tenders for removal of rubbish of all descriptions from Cabin in Third Saloon. Through a mistaken sense of humour on the part of the air-shoot, assisted by the playfulness of the gay sea breezes, advertiser is by painful degrees becoming buried under a mountain of debris, the ownership of which he absolutely disclaims.

Owing to the imminent danger of an appearance on the mat, no reasonable or otherwise tender will be refused.

ERNEST KEITH RICHARDS TAILOR, PRESSER, CLEANER

By Special Appointment to the Ship's Bos'n

All classes of ill-fitting clothes made for ladies and gents.
Ladies' cast-off clothing remodelled for men.

Military styles are very fashionable just now with the women.

Ladies: Come and see some of our stock of
second-hand soldiers' uniforms.
Shorts a specialty.

If you have a good, clean suit, take it to Richards. If it fits him, he will wear it. If not, he will dirty it for you.

If your best suit is getting dirty, take it somewhere else and get it cleaned.

Mr. Richards made the uniforms for the ship's police. Go and look at them and laugh.

POSTLEWAIGHT & PURDOM

F. G. POSTLEWAIGHT, Proprietor D. J. PURDOM, Manager & Typist

PIGS POULTRY PEAS PORK EGGS

Feed your hens on our patent pork and poultry producer.
We produce pigs and pork, hens and eggs, both at once,
raw or cooked, all done with our Patent Producer.

We have nothing to hide. Come and inspect our premises;
you will find nothing amazing; you will find nothing at all.

If you are short of provisions for your Christmas dinner,
or for the children's birthday, call on us.

One tin of our Patent Producer, properly applied, will
induce a hen to lay eggs or hens, or an egg to lay hens or eggs,
early and often on the same day.

Purchase one can of Postleweight's Patent Punctured Peas.
They are flat on two sides, and enables both amateur and ambitious pea eaters to eat them at any table and at all times with perfect ease and comfort. They never roll off the knife; never leave the knife from plate to palate; no more danger of cutting your throat.

PERCY STARKEY
COMPANY AND UNION SECRETARY AND STOCKBROKER
COMMISSION AND GENERAL AGENT

Secretary to

The Creepers and Crawlers Society of those who are willing to work, but won't.
 Denniston's Disused Dog Dip, Ltd.
 Concerts, Unlimited.
 Croker's Colossal Cash Coal and Coke Co., Ltd.
 Cameron's Cure for Chronic Club Foot Co.
 Society for the Prevention of the Propagation of Poker on ships.

Agencies:

Kitson's Anti-Bug-Bite.	Malcolm's Fat, Hide and Skin.
Bibby's Baby Bootees.	Rapid Debt Collecting Co.
Fortune's Ferro	Concrete Fences.

Call early and I will sing to you.

E. ROBSON-HYPHEN-CAYGILL
Public Accountant and Auditor
TWENTY-FIVE YEARS' EXPERIENCE
IN A LARGE NUMBER OF FIRMS

Mr. Caygill has been Accountant and Auditor to a large number of firms, persons and companies that have had heavy failures and bad bankruptcies.

A large number of past and present clients have been publicly examined, and up to the present only seven have actually been sentenced to imprisonment.

All kinds of improperly-kept books and accounts readied so that no dishonest auditor would detect anything.

Any kind of book made to balance anything.

N. B. Owing to the nature of the business, all fees must be paid in advance.

FRANK GREEN

A. T. C. L.

(At the Call of Ladies)

R. F. C.

(Ready for Courting)

Professor of Pianoforte and Singing.
Come and soar with me thro' dizzy
flights.

Come and hear me and my advanced
pupils make noise without music.

Producer of the Famous Spanish
Butterflies.

CROKER & DUTHIE

Barristers and Solicitors

C. H. CROKER, L. L. B. (lies late in bed)

A. K. DUTHIE, N. P. (never punctual)

Dates faked.

Cases won and lost.

Perjuries prepared.

Deeds doctored.

Witnesses suborned, and prompted for any case.

Forgeries fixed up.

Divorces, dubious deaths, and all kinds of dirty
work and deviltry dealt in at shortest notice and at
reasonable charges.

Chinese work a specialty.

H. SEDCOLE-MALCOLM

**THE LIVE INSURANCE AGENT AND UNDERWRITER;
THE BIG MAN IN THIS BUSINESS.**

All kinds of risks undertaken (except going to the firing line or anything dangerous.)

Will underwrite against C. B., punishment drill, and all other unreasonable fatigues.

Seasick and lead-swing insurance a specialty.

Will insure you against waking up with that nasty brown taste at the first port of call.

Insure your jewelry against burglary on board, especially your plates and pannikins.

Insure at once, as risks are nil and the premiums high.

WILL & FITZGERALD

James Leslie Will Robert Stevenson Jordan Fitzgerald

MEDICAL PRACTISERS

HOURS: One hour last Monday week, and no work since.

YOURS: 6.30 a. m. roll-call, 9 a. m. to 11 a. m. parade,
1.45 p. m. to 3 p. m. parade; exclusive of lectures.

Sole proprietors of that great soldiers' medicine "anti-stew."

Specialties: Scalp operations, vaccinations and inoculations.

We beg to notify our patients that for the convenience of their relatives we have removed our surgery to premises more adjacent to the ship's undertaker.

CLARENCE W. RULE

**Bookseller, News Vendor and
General Stationer**

All kinds of bad books
always kept in stock.

The one place for out of
date train, tram and steamer
time-tables.

I have the cheapest and
worst assortment of playing
cards that can be found.

SPECIALTIES :

**Rule's Ruler for Ruling Rule's
Rotten Paper**

Have you read the latest
novel, "How to smile tho'
worried," by A Private in
the Army."

HERBERT MOORE

**Stud Farmer and Stock Agent
Pig Producer and Teat Teaser**

Owner of the famous Stud
Bull "Far-qu-har-Bibby."

Pedigree:

Out of "Mind of Moore"
By "Sudden Inspiration"

Sole Agent in the District for
Postlewaigh's Patent Pea, Pork
and Poultry Producer

See Special Advertisement

E. G. BADDELLEY

F. N. Z. I. A.

From New Zealand into America

The Jerry Builders' Friend

ARCHITECT

Designs submitted on the un-
derstanding that they are paid
for whether useful or not.

The above initials not only in-
dicate where Mr. Baddelley is
going, but also give an idea of the
limits to which his knowledge does
not extend. He has had little or
no experience. But that does not
matter,—he is prepared to experi-
ment on you.

Engage him now before his
office is compulsorily closed for
want of business.

Convenient houses. No con-
veniences about his houses too
small.

ARTHUR JAMES KEANEY

Professional Piccolo Player

Has played before the
Prince of Wales and the
Duke of Edinburgh and in
front of many other hotels
in the main centres of New
Zealand.

It is his custom, however,
to pickalow hotel to play
before.

And a flash one to pick
his teeth in front of.

This adds tone to his
playing.

Professor Keaney has also
played before breakfast,
dinner and tea.

JOHN WILLIAM ROY JONES WOOD TURNER

Will turn anything, including taps.

Has been known to turn corners.

Turns wood into sawdust.

Turns drink into drunk; and then turns somersaults.

Mr. Jones is now busily engaged turning over a new leaf.

JAMES WALTER FREDERICK RILEY

Plumber, Gasfitter, Drainlayer

Electric light installed on the most out of date systems.

We all know "Dishonest Jim," the ship's plumber.

All kinds of leaks stopped and started, including leakages of information.

Sole Agent for Valentine's gas, from which you get a great deal of continuous noise and no enlightenment.

Will lay anything except eggs.

PARSONSON & BLAKEY

Turf Accountants

Stanley V. Parsonson

Ralph Ernest Blakey

We are not the usual type of bookmaker. We will make a book out of anything on anything.

Settling Days: Sunday during Church parade. This prevents disturbances by dissatisfied clients.

You can rely on our supplying the latest betting information. We can almost guarantee the incorrectness of any statement we may make.

Bets laid at all times.

Bets paid at no times.

There is an elite gambling saloon connected with our premises where customers can rely on receiving little or no consideration and meeting and learning from the cutest crooks.

Saloon Manager: Blowfly Johnston.

R. M. MERCER

GROCERIES, IRONMONGERY, FRUIT, CONFECTIONERY, AERATED WATERS

Fifteen days' experience as canteen manager on a troopship, and is now equal to anything.

Mr. Mercer has had two years' experience as a Q. M. S. in His Majesty's Forces, and has a thorough knowledge of all troops' requirements, and of how they are not catered for.

WITHOUT PREJUDICE: We have been past the canteen several times, and this man appears to have two specialities:

Judging by the appearance of the ship, we should say one is cadgers' matches.

Judging by the smell about the canteen, we should say the other is rotten apples.

We mention the above in fairness to our other advertisers, as this advertiser has not paid his account. EDITOR.

THOMAS ROGERS **SHIP'S UNDERTAKER**

I use only Adams & Stedman's motor hearses.

Why wait till you get to England? Die on board and have a burial at sea.

A sea service, besides being much more impressive, is a great deal cheaper, as the lady passengers are making flags for nothing.

My premises adjoin Will & Fitzgerald's surgery and private hospital.

Entrance to my premises through the big gate marked "Abandon hope all ye who enter here."

The first building is necessarily the private hospital; my premises are at the rear of the hospital.

Patients dying under Dr. Bell's treatment receive special burial concessions.