

THE HORSE MARINES

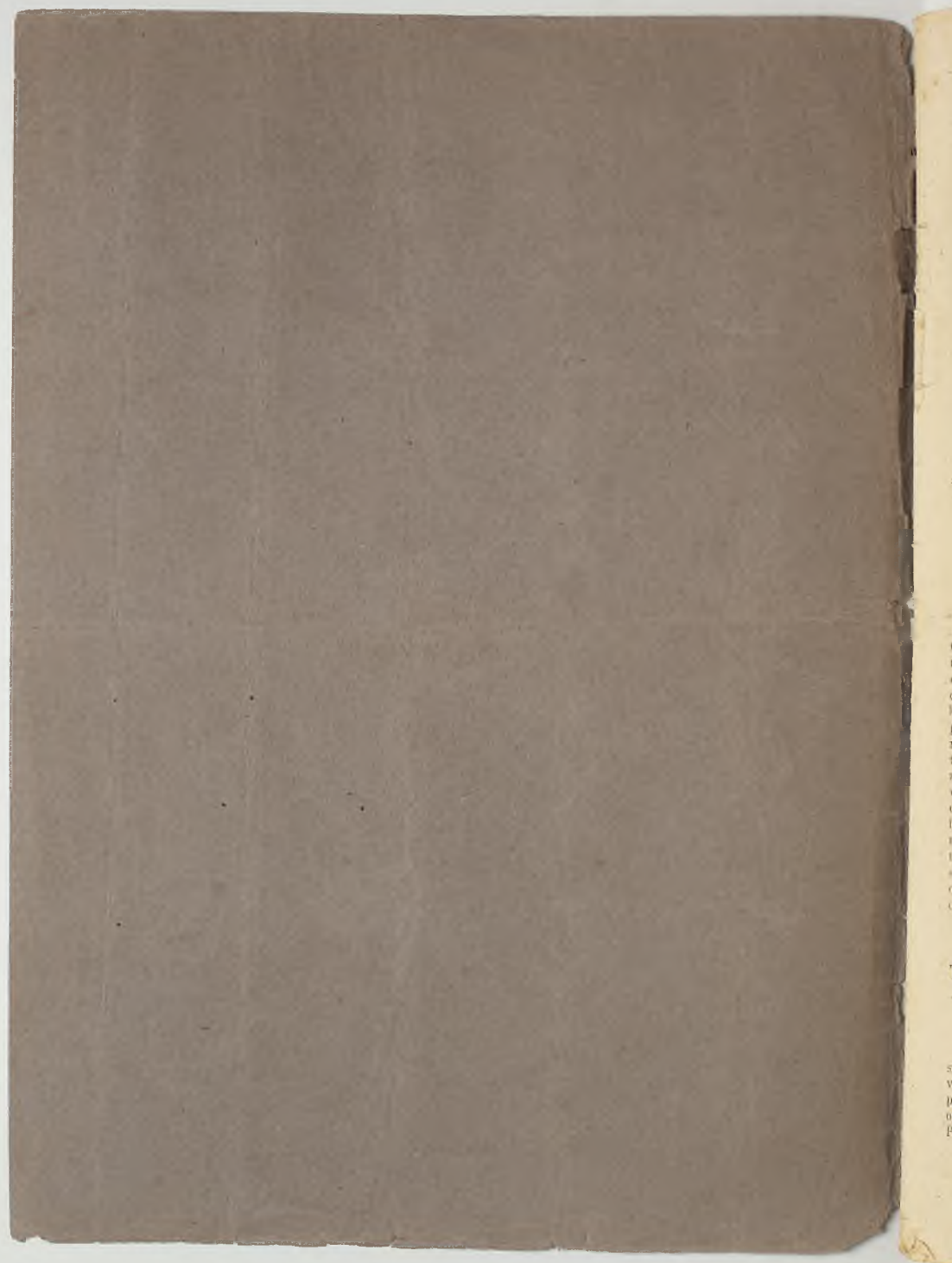


Buckley

A CHRONICLE OF
THEIR VOYAGE
ON H.M.N.Z.T.98.

"T.S.S. TOFUA"

NOV. 13. TO DEC. 21. 1917





President : 2nd Lt. Austin.

Committee : 2nd Lt. Bassett and Mr. O. Gore-Adams. *Editor* : Tpr. J.A. Kyd.

Sub Editor : Sgt. G.B. Young.

Cartoonist : Cpl. C. Buchan. N.Z.M.C.

EDITORIAL.

Now we have reached our destination we have much pleasure in placing before our readers this souvenir of our voyage. It is not a serious chronicle of our time at sea, for well knowing that serious reading is not generally popular we have tried to make it bright and humorous. All the contributions were supplied by members of the ship's company and we are pleased to be able to say that each branch and reinforcement on board has been represented. So generous have the literary efforts been that we have been compelled to omit several really good contributions owing to lack of space alone. Most of the items are of general interest

and we trust they will be enjoyed not only by the men themselves but also by their relatives and friends, to whom most of the copies will eventually find their way. Several of the columns such as "Reinforcement Notes," "Miscellaneous" and "Songs and their Singers" will be intelligible only to the members of the reinforcements to which the victims belong. We regret that we have not the space to publish a dictionary of allusions, but we have supplied a list of several of the originals with their nicknames. The pen is mightier than the sword and knowing this many have tried to wipe off an old score. All malicious contributions

have been refused and all jokes and stories which may refer to yourself or your best friend have not been published with malice aforethought. Appealing to all on board as sportsmen, we ask that these allusions will be read in a sportsmanlike spirit.

Our appendix consists of a nominal roll of all units on board and a blank page for autographs of our pals, so that in after years we can turn over to these pages to verify names connected with incidents which we will recall. We will conclude by offering our earnest thanks to all contributors, and to Cpl. Buchan N.Z.M.C. for his invaluable sketches.

THE STORY OF PEGASUS.

Sgt. YOUNG.

To the soldier to whom the universal badge of the Mounted Units conveys no meaning other than, a rampant horse with wings, a brief outline of the classical legend relating to Pegasus may prove of interest. I

will write neither disparagingly nor in praise of the design of the badge but only that the soldier may, when he sees his badge, cease regarding it as a flying horse, with scorn, and speak of it with a touch of pride, as representing a marvellous steed which although mythical, was regarded by the ancients as the most wonderful of all horses and as one of their gods.

Jupiter was believed to be the father of all the gods; the lord of the heavens and all men. He was enabled by his universal conquests to elect himself lord of everything, and to elect numerous other fine gentlemen, among whom were Neptune, Lord of the Sea, and Pluto, Lord of Hell. Like all Scotchmen and several New Zealanders, Jupiter was very fond of the ladies, and among his

numerous conquests was a damsel named Danae. The loving pair had a son named Perseus.

While the young man grew up another old villain named Polydectes kept his eye on him and trained him in the arts of war. At this time a race of terrible men and women called Gorgons were causing the gods a lot of trouble. These Gorgons inhabited hell. One of their peculiarities was their hair which was composed of deadly serpents. Polydectes commissioned Perseus to slay one of these furies named Medusa, which after a terrible encounter he did, cutting off Medusa's head and flew home with it in time to protect his mother from the attentions of the old scoundrel Polydectes. We leave Perseus to his household troubles and turn to the scene of the fight.

From the blood which spouted from the headless body of Medusa there was formed a gigantic horse with wings. On these strong wings he mounted to Olympus the seat of the court of Jupiter and was at once given the task of carrying thunder and lightning for the Lord of heaven. Three centuries later he was given to Bellerophon, so named from having slain Bellerus. Bellerophon mounted Pegasus and went on a tour of conquest but on his return to heaven Jupiter who was perhaps becoming jealous of the young man's success sent a gadfly to sting Pegasus who reared and threw Bellerophon to the earth where he wandered blind for the rest of his life. Pegasus thereupon flew up to heaven riderless, was received by Jupiter and given his place in the heavens as the god of all horses.

PERSONAL. — I am the only genuine hypnotist, clairvoyant, crystal gazer and sight seer on board. Let me teach you the magnetic force of hypnotism. Classes now forming in N° 4 Lower every evening 6 to 7 p.m. Corporal A. T. Andrews, 30th. M.R.

NOTICE. — Bottom steps of stairways should not be shipped after dark as their removal may cause serious accidents. Mattresses will in future be placed at foot of all stairs.

HONE'S WAR STORY.

By UTAHINA.

Now poys, I goin' leaf Noo Zee-
ran for te war an' don't make any
matter to you if I was goin' by me-
self or if I' se goin' korse I got push-
ed, but all te same I gotter go, and
werry soon. I find tat te lick has
all gone from me korse my ole man
you know, he te big king for te Mao-
ri and he say to me:—Now Hone you
gotter go dis war and fight like two
Maori after one dead shark", so
korse I gotter go.

Well te werry first ting I tink of
he's my lubly nife and te belt with te
pouch in to hold him, so I mus take
dat and poys, wat you tink te pat
keha ferrer do on te boat? Well,
I hang him up by te winder and so-
mewat I cant see my lookin te mor-
nin' korse he gone somehow, and py
gorry, I wild some korse dat te first
time he do dat so korse I nealy cry
and some pakeha say dat te nife no
good for te war, but he dunno I

want him for te time praps te boat
sink den, by L. I get place in raft
someow, but nife gone now, so hope
no submarine, else I drown.

Well, we get to te place where dey
fite, and gee, plenty lots pakeha de-
re, and one day I say to our Boss,
"Mate, when I goin' get Wictoria
Cross" and py gorrry, he make my
plurry plud hot all over when he say
"When you die". So korse I say
"I' se goin' home," and te Boss he
say I cant till I' se got wounded, and
you bet he's not many times till
I am wounded and nefer mind how
den I go back home to te pai
and te ole man say dat I got too
many brains for te pakeha, so I soon
get plenty Maori and go back, but
korse te Maori good ferrer but get
werry thin korse too many stew, and
no shark and no pipi, so I get
wounded again and go back 'ome to
te pah agen and I tink werry soon I
be govner, or some other big ting
but if I get dat plurry pakeha who
got my nife den I give him to te
Kiser tam' quick.



THE PADRE,

SERGEANT DRY'S KNIFE.

Sergeant Dry he had a knife
Which he was much attached to,
So everywhere the Sergeant went
The knife of course it had to.

But alas ! one day
That knife did stray,
And nobody could find it.
So everybody thought for sure
There was a tale behind it.

I'm sorry friends,
For here's the end
Of my attempt at wit.
For would you believe
In fact, conceive
He found it in his kit.

Now here's advice to all of those
Who lose things and can't find them
It's better to have them packed away
Than hanging down behind them.

A.V.B.
C.L.C. (34th M.R.)

GATHERED HERE AND THERE.

In anticipation of future events we have supplied addresses of next of kin, been issued with meat tickets, bought automatic pistols, and generally taken an interest in the serious business of preparing ourselves for the ordeal of war. An example has been set by our Officers, most of whom are quite keen about things. A chance observer might have noticed Lt. Doherty and Long Who Are conscientiously at work at Albany. Scouting the Shooting Galleries and all long rangs tactics they got right down to fowl play and its counter. While ashore on duty at about 3 a.m. they were disturbed by the boastful crowing of two male roosters. Their duties had not been of such a nature as to damp their characteristic spirit of adventure so they decided to make a bombing raid. Armed with six empty champagne bottles, two electric globes, a pink garter (found on duty) and a copy of Transport Regulations they crept stealthily up to the enemy's position. Suddenly with wild whoops they dashed fiercely at their opponents and in a moment the air was full of bottles (Mumm's the

word) and soldier's slang. As a piece of carefully prepared tactical work coupled with dash and élan it was unapproachable. Unluckily however the landlord appeased and I heard Tom remark, when they stopped running, "you should always practise these stunts in No Man's Land."

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What little pleasure or amusement we had at Albany we made for ourselves and each other. Our Ship's Sergt-Major and Provost Sergt-Major put up quite a tidy little stunt, to the envy of the whole outfit. You know, close acquaintance with these gentlemen (in a military capacity only) had given us the idea of two staid, sober and respectable N.C.O.'s who were far above the playful frolics of the mob. Imagine our several stages of surprise then, when they came out of their shells like new hatched chicks and, hiring the only Rolls-Royce in the West, proceeded on a triumphal march through the city. Many a flutter they caused in the breasts of the female population but for some reason, perhaps an innate sense of propriety, or an unconquerable shyness they turned a stony eye to the inviting smiles which greeted them. There were many among the more humble of the Maori-landers who would fain have fraternised with Albany's youth and beauty, but they, having seen the pure gems scorned the paste. We are inclined to believe our S.M.'s appreciated their coup. It was easy enough certainly to associate Tommy with taxis, but we found Jimmy and joy-rides hard to realise as part of the Sergeant-Majors' seaside manoeuvres.



LITTLE TICH.

REINFORCEMENT NOTES.

29th. M.R.

The 29ths. are living up to their reputation. Their O.C. finding that the junior reinforcement were getting ahead of his reinforcement as regards doing pack drill, suddenly took it into his head to have a general round up. He appeared one morning on parade, walked round and inspected the men to see if they were properly shaved, and the resulting haul was big. The police, under whose supervision the pack drill is carried out, were hard put to it to find room to drill them all.

Like all S.M.'s. ours is a beggar to roar, but unlike some of the other S.M.'s. he is not a bad sort. The O.C. and him have come to grips at various times, much to his sorrow, but they say there is a silver lining to every cloud, so cheer up S.M. and "Hold those heads up. swing those arms straight from front to rear, left, right, left, right, left, right, left."

Who said Sergeants? We have four of them. One of them is a big, black looking blighter with a lot of short, stubby N° 9 wires sticking out of his upper lip, and he thinks it a moustache. He spends the whole of the day looking out of the port-hole and looks for all the world like a condemned criminal. Is he dreaming of the girl he left behind him?

"Tubby of the Birds" is a terror to roar, but I think that is owing to having to come away and leave the wife behind. Disappointing eh! Jim, but cheer up, you'll soon be dead, so why worry old horse. Go in for more exercise and don't run on your heels or we shall have to get that lump cut away.

Gordon., I believe is the cookhouse king for the voyage. Well ever since that night at Greytown I have had great respect for your taste, so keep on looking after the boys, Corporal.

Good old Hesketh. They tell me you are king of the Canteen fatigue party Rex, but any time I see you, you are always gambling—oh! I mean playing cards as gambling is forbidden. Never mind, I never did see the force of working in Bill Massey's Army.

Corporal Blackie is very shrewd.

He hurt his foot the other day while running and is trading on it so that he will not have to go in for running drill on the boat. Am I right Steel?

Now for the Police Corporal. As far as anyone can see he is a big joke, but according to him there are only two men aboard the lugger worth anything and he is both of them. You should see him taking pack drill of an evening. It is a sight for the gods.

The 29th. have some good beer drinkers aboard, but I think Archie Laird tops the score when it comes to sinking it. Why, it simply goes down without touching the sides of his neck, and I was afraid once or twice that he would take bottle and all.

Barber Muir will have more close shaves to his credit than any other hero in this old tub.

The ship's Sergt. Major who has a liking for dark eyes (especially in pretty damsels) — was first in at the kill at the last port of call.—Lucky Tommie.

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30th. M.R.

Notes of the voyage. — It makes one realise that we are fast approaching the time when we will cease to exist as a unit and will be drafted amongst the old hands in the various regiments. There has existed amongst all ranks that spirit of esprit de corps and mutual esteem which make for discipline and efficiency. The arduous and patience-trying work of the training camp has been carried out with credit to the reinforcement and we are all looking forward to the time our fibre will be tested under the more strenuous conditions of active service.

The voyage from New Zealand has been most enjoyable, and certainly we have had ample time to appreciate it. A universal sporting spirit has been demonstrated throughout the reinforcement and in many cases it was hitherto unsuspected. Our domiciliary quarters No 4, Lower, have each evening been the scene of some spirited bouts with the gloves. On occasions science crept into the ring and the boxing was good. Big Charlie Fletcher was always there ready to take on a beginner or stand up to two rounds with the best of them. Good old sport. Ricketty Russell and George

Cain were always a star turn, while Jock Campbell and Hobbs in their one and only encounter were well received. To mention all the followers of the gentle art would be tedious but I must mention the S.M.'s encounter with S.M. Tredray of the 31st, You know our Sergt-Major as ring master wont permit any slogging, but when these two met sparks flew. I heard a critic remark "No science, no ill-feeling, no blood, but plenty of energy". Visitors from other reinforcements help the game along, but it is noticeable that most of the contestants are 30th. men.

We were all disappointed with the people of Albany and their treatment of us as men going to fight their battles. A Scotch Sergt. of ours (name suppressed) complained to the Mayor per telephone regarding this, and that gentleman's apology, printed in three volumes, will be on sale after the war.

Sergt. Beard was with the Troop recently. His job is altered.

Sergt. Cramp, although still wearing the uniform of office, relinquishes his appointment as keeper of the keys.

Sergt. Bartlett is now recovering from a pretty bad attack of colic. He wishes us to acknowledge his thanks to D... R...g.

Baby Bliss is still disappointed about not being allowed to buy that little darkey at Colombo. He feels sure Ring Lupin would add to his favour if he could stand with this youngster up.

Who were the passengers on the bum-boat which arrived at the ship at Colombo at 1.30 p.m. — one a N.C.O. the other a trooper. The blind leading the blind.

We thought Sergt. Young was badly beaten at Colombo when a coloured gentleman rang a rupee on to him for a two shilling piece. We hear he has disposed of it since for one and six. What's bred in the bone etc.

We notice Frank Bull doesn't take the same interest in watching the C. B. Parade lately. How is this Frank?

Lt. Austin seemed to fully appreciate the importance of his duties as Officer in charge of Picket at Colombo, but we think he used influence to get the job.

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31st. M.R.

Sgt. A.E. Kemp our genial and popular heavyweight has put in some good training lately in our Stadium. He has plenty of power behind his punch but is a trifle slow. We wish him success in the boxing championships.

We all wish that Sergt. C.J. Barton would desist from reciting on different occasions "Lonesome" but do not object to his sitting up and taking some little nourishment with the help of a goodly round of fruit salad.

Strange it is and unfortunate also how some people miss their true vocations. Cpl. Tom B...lle who jibes at canteen customers would certainly be of greater value in a fashionable ladies department of say a Wellington haberdashery show.

Sergt. S...ndrs mannerisms whilst dispensing with goods might better suit the booze-pulling employee of an Australian wayback alcoholic den.

"Go for it John" director of the canteen hold block and tackle (al-ways a willing horse) was noticed to lose a few drops of Empire Hotel perspiration whilst manipulating the rope end the other day.

Monte Carlo fascinated Cpl. J.D. L... He will require other than blanket protection to hide himself from the long arm of justice in the future.

C.S.M. "Hoppy" always most popular with the ladies (God bless 'em) lost no time at our first port of call in getting and keeping in touch with the enemy. Under observation he was noticed doling out ice cream in his best drawing-room-teas' fashion.

We hope that Squatter John T... for the squadron's safety and welfare will never be permitted to go out on a reconnoitering patrol because he would be certain to bring back information only as to the carrying capacity and agricultural possibilities of the country. Failing this the charms of the Bedouin Bints.

Our Sergeant Major does look grand As on the deck he takes his stand. His whistle rings out four long blasts His voice cuts clean through men and masts.

And long before the men turn out They hear that old familiar shout "Cut that talking out."

The natives of Colombo seemed to take to our Machine gun Officer. Although rather adipose the ricksha rooks rushed him for his patronage. He was surrounded by runners and our O.C. safe in his own ricksha enjoyed Lt. Doherty's embarrassment to the full.

☺ ☺ ☺

32nd. M.R.

The fatherly attitude of N° 2 troop's Old Man is at last required He has got one of his own now.

LOST three good meals a day since leaving New Zealand. Finder rewarded on returning to Sully. We note that he brought a selection of songs aboard Cacophonous duets with Neptune are all we've heard, so far, as he yields up his toll into the tub.

Our Jerry, the Lion of the Dormitory Spent his last six days in the reformatory

But Jerry on land and Jerry on sea Are as different as Jerries can possibly be.

Now Jerry's not dense, he's got plenty of sense

He's improving his "talents" at others' expense

And the latest we hear from the Dormitory Sphere

Is that he'll die if he can't get a very long beer.

Ernest Eb who is "Shorby" for short Heaved his first breakfast a good way to port

But the mermaids looked glum and old Nep bit his thumb

When the S.M.'s cigar ash his broad bosom caught.

Denny showed no symptoms of lameness when we shipped our heavy sea a few days ago. The way he hopped up those steps with his lifebelt leads us to believe that he missed his vocation. He was meant for a fireman.

Bigger Jock and Bigger Geordie are not sailors. — They are "Tons of soil" — sorry, sons of toil from New Zealand. They are a Corporal between them but their rank does not indicate their worth, since they are not the kind that look forward to the old age pension.

Sam won his commission in South

Africa. His King in the present war has further promoted him to permanent Dormitory fatigue with the rank of Lance-Trooper. However the only motto at present on Sam's wall seems to be Shakesperian. "Uncasy hangs the arm that wears a Crown."

Sgt. Mac dispenses harmony to all,

"A dark moss-trooping Scot, is he As e'er couched fiddle bow by knee."

And is proud of it. He's as canny as the rest of them. He loves the ladies (Curse them), and from Featherston experience we know he's got a very Terpsichorean toe, which he points skyward whenever he can. He neither drinks nor smokes but swears musically on occasions in both high and low keys and in the proper company.

BILL.

33rd. M.R.

THINGS WE WISH TO KNOW.

IF there is any truth in the report that Sparrow returned to the ship with a bunch of bananas under one arm and Yorkie under the other?

IF there is any truth in the rumour that Stove and Wee McGreggor who went ashore to act as part of an escort had to be brought back in a Police Boat and put to bed?

WHAT was the nucleus of the conversation held between Sergt. Cummins and the dainty Brunette in the G.O.H.?

IF Q.M. Hamilton had a motive in spilling tea into lime juice so that it was a washout for the day? What happened to the quart bottle that disappeared immediately after?



YORKIE'S WEEKLY ORDEAL.

IF a full rig of khaki makes a soldier what do three stripes and a crown make ? (Prize for best answer).

IF Sergt. Smith fares so well on soldiers rations what will he be like when he gets a star ?

IF it is a fact Charlie Hodge was offered stripes to come when he had the option of staying at home ?

IF our Suicide Brigade could be a success without Mee ?

IF there is any truth in the rumour that Carrick, McNeil and Hislop intend starting a regimental band ? We heard that they tried hard to procure a drum whilst ashore.

IF it is true that Farrier Boyd was so intoxicated that he tried to shoe a ricksha man ?

WHAT prompted the desire in Ted Hoskins to lovingly fondle the native woman's baby in the Fruit Market

IF there is any truth in the fact that even with his singing Jaine couldn't get the girls in Longbeach to love him ?

Who nick-named Sergt. Rountree The Fighting Parson?

If Barwick got his job through influence?

How Hales holds his Police job without ever doing anything ?

What Jack Boyle would look like with his hair cut?

L./Cpl. J. Cox.

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34th. M.R.

A stands for Alphabet we found it in time.
So now I will start by making it rhyme.

B stands for Batch, who claws like a hawk
He doesn't need corkscrews to pull out a cork,

C stands for Cameron who landed back late
And down the crew's gangway he did a good skate.

D stand for Dry, a man of some fame
Who says that the boxing's a nasty, rough game.

E stands for Eustace, he's always the same
And he hops right into any old game.

F stands for Forbes who is getting quite hard
His dial resembles a big ball of lard.

G stands for Gillespie, three stripes and a crown.
When he hears a man talk you see a big frown.

H stands for Hirst, a man who can't choose
Between a nice girl and a gallon of booze.

I stands for Ingram, his ways are too slack.
For he has two wives. The second's Jock Black.

J stands for Jolly. I'll leave it at that.
I'm frightened to twist him, he's getting too fat.

K stands for Knubley, a man of great vim.
His object in life is to keep us in trim.

L stands for Logan, a growler you know.
He'll not make a race horse, he's too bally slow.

M stands for McNab, one whom I guess
At Satan's roll call will be there with a "Yes".

N stands for Nesbit who had too much leave
Through getting no pay he is starting to grieve.

O stands for Osmand, he has a nice chest,
And in his pyjamas is seen at his best.

P stands for Parrant, he's right there for larks.
But since coming here they've nabbed him as "Sparks".

Q stand for Quarter who calls himself Crow.
You could fill a big book on what he don't know.

R stands for Robb, as thin as a match.
But sit him on eggs he's a moral to hatch.

S stands for Steve who suffered defeat
By a man who I know hasn't cold feet.

T stands for Taylor, a nice little chap
Who would give all he's worth for a good game of nap.

U stands for Urquhart who chases tinned fruit.
He'll empty your tin but offer no hoot.

V stands for Victory for victors are we
When it comes to a scrap we'll be top of the tree.

W stands for Wiggins, the dirty wee scamp.
Five quid to the man who can get his skin damp.

X stands for a Kiss, but beer for mine.
For it's terribly hot when crossing the Line.

Y stands for Youngster, Fred Jackson's his name.
And for a young kid he's terribly game.

Z stands for Zeppelin we hope we don't see.

Till we've beaten the Turks and gone on the spree.

Written by the Pig Island Twins.



THE ADJUTANT.

NOTICE. — Padre De Largy will conduct the prayer meeting on the poop deck on Sunday evening next. Toomey will preside at the organ. No dogs allowed. This restriction does not apply to Atheists.

MEDICAL CORPS NOTES.

Psychologists please beware — a dark green stripe is on the war path, a materialist to the backbone, but not so green as the material cabbage.

It is rumoured that Duke Jennings has at last stirred from his eternal slumbering introspection.

Campbell, the ship's Venus, has been the object of many ardent admirers. Amongst these was the world famous artist Count Fisher. — The ever bright of countenance.

On dit — that Carry "The Frivolous" has taken vows — at least the Barber says so — Judging by his tonsure we should agree with the barber.

We are pleased to note that after three years service our well-known Baker has been promoted from the rank of Private to that of Trooper.

We've got a Corporal named Stainton,

An artist at iodine paintin'
He will cure all your pains
With those health giving stains,
And bring back a man who is faintin'.

There is also a lance-jack named Sim,

Whose figure is dreadfully slim.
His voice is so loud
That our awe-stricken crowd
Of Troopers obey his least whim.

(In your dipper. Ed.)

We are fortunate in having Bovril and Wild Boar each day at mess. When these fail we can live on Love.

Amongst the tourists en route to the Holy Land are the following:—

Dr. Gibb K.C.M.G.

Count Fitz Gibbins I.C.

Prince Von Bulow Rigby

and a party of well-known diests from God's Own Country.

We wish to congratulate Lt. Christie on winning the coveted distinction of N.C.B. — Night of the Cold Bath — which carries with it the privilege of having a cold bath at least once a week with or without water.



NIGHT OF THE COLD BATH.

THE CANTEEN.

The Turks have reached Cairo and are selling Flag Brand Cigarettes at 10 for 6d.

CANTEEN prices are :

Yellow in tins 20 for 6d.

Green in tins 20 for 6d.

Green in Packets 10 for 2d.

Buy now and save disappointment.
ONLY A FEW LEFT.

The New-Zealanders have taken Jerusalem where there are no Tinned Fruits. We have a few tins left. Buy one and tell your comrades on the desert how you enjoyed the last tin of fruit on the Tofua.

The Heads say that beer in Colombo was weaker than the ship's canteen cordials. Of course they should know, but we would advise all to try our cordials. Only a few left on account of the rush by the heads.

The Germans have found that their raiders are no match for the Japanese cruisers. We find that the Japanese Match is just the thing so

buy some for they are going fast also.

No gambling allowed on transports. If you buy our playing cards at 1/- a packet it is not to say you are going to gamble. The Officers buy them. Now only a few packs left, so get in early.

They say the German mines laid at sea explode when struck, but it is said that our tins of potted meats explode without being struck. Some good! Try them.

NOTICE. — It has come to the notice of the o/c that certain officers O.C. have been entering their cabins between the hours of 2 p.m. and 4 p.m. It must be distinctly understood that the cabins are set apart between these hours for the use of those orderlies who desire a quiet siesta. Offenders will be severely dealt with.

NOTICE.—In future Provost S.M.'s and officers' orderlies only are allowed to smoke in cabins and passages.

MINIATURE RIFLE COMPETITION.

A shooting match of six a side was arranged and was shot off on the 3rd, 4th and 5th. December. Teams were composed of six men and the conditions were six shots and one convertible sighter. Possible points 180. The results are as follows:—

Officers' team	130	1st.
N.C.O.'s. team	121	2nd.
Ship's Staff and 33rd M.R.	115	3rd.
32nd. M.R.	114	5th.
34th. M.R.	109	6th.
29th. M.R.	101	7th.
30th. M.R.		8th.
31st. M.R.		9th.
Medical Corps.		10th.

The highest individual scores were made by

Lt. Austerson	29
Lt. Austin	28.

SOME PEOPLE WE HAVE NOT MET.

A Lean Quartermaster.
A sweet tempered S.M.
A virtuous lance-jack.
A quiet, retiring returned soldier.
A woman-hating lieutenant.
A soft hearted Provost S.M.
An unsuspecting Chief Engineer.
A Skipper with a smile.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Shortly after the voyage commenced we found that the musical talent on board was considerable. We are particularly fortunate in the number of good singers we have amongst us. As none of these seemed in any way bashful the Y.M.C.A. suggested holding a Concert at our first port of call. The idea caught on with the "big gins" and all those concerned seemed very eager. There was some doubt as to whether the ship's arrangements would permit of a concert, but it was decided to take the risk and work up a programme. There was a full house every evening to listen to the rehearsals. It was also decided to form a tin whistle band, but after a short time the temperaments of the artists, being in the wrong key, the scheme had to

be abandoned. Thank God from whom all blessings flow. When we reached our first port of call we were all disappointed to hear that our time there would be too short to permit of the concert. All the same, we had attended the rehearsals, and had enjoyed them to the full. Since leaving our first port of call no concerts have been held, for the heat in the mess-room, which did duty as a concert chamber, has been intolerable. Often in the evenings though, Mr. Payne, Mr. McIlveen and Sergt. McMillan have played violin selections, and everybody has appreciated them. Our thanks are due to this trio for the entertainment they have provided on the voyage. They have given us many an enjoyable time at odd hours. Lately a few enterprising singers have tried to amuse us, but their efforts have not always met with the approval of the audience. Some of the officers have looked on their attempts with much disfavour, (Bridge is a game which can prove costly and therefore requires all one's attention). A gentle hint to ye ragtime rags:—Nil Desperandum may be a good motto, but: "Swans sing before they die, 'twere no bad thing. If certain persons die before they sing".



TOMMY.

SPORT.

The sports have occupied the greater part of the voyage and they have added a lot of interest to the trip. Shortly after we left N. Z. the following committee was appointed to arrange a sports meeting:—

Lt. Paterson L.M.,	29th M.R.
Lt. Deans,	30th "
Cpl. Tatham,	31st "
Cpl. Snow,	32nd "
Lt. Masterman,	33rd "
Lt. Paterson D.,	34th "
Cpl. Stainton.	N.Z.M.C.
Mr. O. Gore Adams, Y. M. C. A. Hon. Sec.	

All the events were keenly contested. The squadron sports were concluded shortly after we left Colombo. A championship meeting was then held. The winners of the various events in the squadron sports represented their reinforcement on the Gala Day. Great interest was taken in the championships. Two points were given for first place and one for second. The 29th proved to be the champion squadron, gaining a total of 12 1/2 points. The 31sts. were second with 9 1/2 and the 30th a close third with 9.

The results are as follows:

Potato Race		
Tpr. R.A.R. Smith,	30th. M.R.	1st.
Tpr. Goodall,	31st "	2nd
Lazy Stick.		
Tpr. Coleman.	34th "	1st.
Tpr. Sparrow,	33rd "	2nd.
Cock Fighting.		
Tpr. Sparrow,	33rd "	1st.
L/Cpl. Baker,	29th "	2nd.
Pillow Fight.		
Tpr. McGregor,	33rd "	1st.
L/Cpl. Baker,	29th "	2nd.
Cigarette Race.		
Tpr. Clarkson,	31st "	1st.
L/Cpl. Cheyne,	29th "	2nd.
Bob Apple.		
Tpr. Kyd,	31st "	1st.
Tpr. Tombleson,	31st "	2nd.
Quoits		
Tpr. White,	31st "	1st.
L/Cpl. Cheyne,	29th "	2nd.

Deck Quois.

Sgt. Cramp and Tpr. Bull.
30th M.R. 1st.
Cpl. Sparrow and Tpr. Tombleson,
31st M.R. 2nd.

Draughts.

Cpl. Thomson, 29th " 1st.
Tpr. Hubber, 33rd " 2nd.

Skipping.

Sgt. Lowry, 29th " 1st.
Pte. Campbell, N.Z.M.C., 2nd.

Tug O'War.

29th M.R. 1st.
31st " 2nd.

The results of the boxing competition are recorded elsewhere. In conclusion we wish to thank the officers and the Y.M.C.A. for the prizes which they so kindly provided.

FOR SALE.—CHEAP. — A compact stock of spaghetti, special 29th, quality. This brand has appeared regularly at the Officers' Mess except in rough weather and has been in the soup in lots of other places. Apply after Lights Out to Orderly Sergt. 29th. M.R.

SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS.

"When the roll is called up 'on'er
I'll be late."

By Tpr. G. F. McRae.

"Nightman, what of the watch."

By Sgt. Beard.

"My Noserie."

By S. M. Rowe.

"Curly Locks, Wilt thou be mine."

By Barber Muir.

"Take back the hash that thou
gavest."

By The Cook.

"Hush-a-bye, Baby."

By Sergt. Bartlett.

"We saw thee not when thou didst
come."

Trio sung to Jimmy
Rowe by Troopers
caught gambling.

"And I got the sack."

By Sergt. Cramp.

"Afraid to go home in the dark."
By Lt. Doherty and The
Human Pull-through accompanied by A Rooster.

"Sweet Spirit, hear my prayer."

By Tommy Hoare.

"Fou, fou, till death."

By Cock White.

"Ginger, you are balmy."

Sung to Ginger Pat
by Snowy Collins.

"Dreamer, Awake."

By Tpr. Peacocke.

"Keep the C.B.'s turning."

By Police Corporal.

"Let me like a soldier bawl."

By Tpr. Peacocke.

"Has anybody here seen Wynyard."

By 2nd Lt. Georgetti.

FOUND. — An old Rugg. Apply
immediately to Lt. Christie N.C.
B. or storage will be charged.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Argument" desires information regarding the speed of the ship.

This is a very knotty question, and knot easy to answer.

"Malodour" sends us a criticism of S.M. Rowe.

To compliment "Malodour" on his effort would resemble putting a brass handle on a pig-sty gate. "Malodour" should try "N.Z. Truth".

"Stupid" asks the cause of the ship's list to port.

It is caused entirely by the weight of our Wastepaper basket, which is jammed tight with silly rot like yours.

"Anxious" asks how wireless Mes-sages connect with the deep sea cable.

The cable is raised to the surface by methods detailed in the works of Isaac Walton.

"Curious" asks where he is likely to be sent after reaching Egypt.

This may depend greatly on the gentleman's past life. His relatives would perhaps be well advised to send his letters in asbestos envelopes.

"Ignoramus" asks for information about the working of the ship.

We strongly recommend "Iggy" to go right on to the Bridge and ask the Skipper. "Ig" might let us know when he intends going as we want to hear what the old duck says to him.

THE GENTLE ART OF LEAD SWINGING.

The art of swinging the lead is one that requires great skill and ingenuity. It is practised almost exclusively by troopers and not so much for the mere love of the art as for the great reward attached to its successful achievement. Lead-swinging is a most exciting pastime. It gives a man plenty of nerve, yet is not at all fatiguing as its name would imply. No physical exertion is required. As in all the other arts, one can only become efficient with practice, and markable



MAC.

how diligently pupils practice it. After a short time in camp an apt pupil soon becomes a proficient lead swinger. Lead swinging is carried on very successfully in camp and the number of exponents of the art is steadily on the increase. Men will parade sick five mornings in the week for the treatment of imaginary ills, but how is it that by Saturday or Sunday these men seem to be cured? Is it because they know that if they parade sick on Saturday they stand a big chance of losing their week-end leave? It is a well known fact that the attendance at sick parade over the week end is practically nil, so the week-end leave theory is the only feasible explanation.

A good lead swinger is hard to detect, but a novice is soon caught. It usually takes a lead swinger to catch a lead swinger, and I think that is why most of our sergeants are so adept at spotting malingering troopers. A third rate lead swinger will come to all meals, eat as much as anyone, gorge himself with luxuries at the canteen and take part in any tomfoolery, but once order him to scrub out the dormitory or do any other fatigue, he will plead headache or some other ache, and

beg to be excused. This is the man who is not worthy of the name of lead swinger. He arouses the suspicion of his N.C.O. and hence will be carefully watched. Detection surely follows, and he deserves all the extra fatigues he may get.

The successful lead swinger practises his art at seasonable times, at reasonable intervals, and generally does not make things too hot. A short time ago I was an exponent of the gentle art but my career was suddenly cut short by a sergeant who was too good for me. I did not practice what I preached. I swung too often and too much, and this was the cause of my downfall. The dire punishment meted out to me (leave stopped and extra mess orderly) soon made me see the folly of my ways, so I earnestly advise one and all to become thoroughly proficient at the art or not practise it at all. Once you are caught lead swinging you cannot start on that career again, for you will be under suspicion for some time to come. Verily the way of the transgressor is hard.

Since we embarked the lead swingers have not failed to display their skill. Seasickness was a fine excuse for dodging work. Of course there were numerous cases of genuine sea sickness. For the first week only half the required number of men for dormitory fatigues was available. The remainder pleaded sea sickness, yet the takings at the canteen for the first day amounted to £70 odd. It is wonderful how a man suffering from mal-de-mer can consume tinned fish, tinned fruit, and countless bottles of lemonade and yet be incapable of doing fatigues.

Of course there are cases of justifiable lead swinging. Few will sympathise with the man who, after six weeks special leave gains a few extra days under the pretence that he is suffering from lumbago, and is too ill to return to camp. We know that this youth is probably spending these extra days flirting with the eligible damsels of the district. All our sympathies, however, go out to the unfortunate fellow who has been refused the special leave granted to the rest of the squadron after making many fair and square efforts and who swings the lead successfully and gets a few days leave. He is entitled to it.

PASSED BY THE CENSOR. (OR CENSURE).

My Darling Jean,

Every time I think of you, my heart flops up and, down like an excited eel in a fish basket. Visions of ecstatic rapture caper over it like kittens on a cow-shed roof, and thrill through it like barbed wire through the garments of a nocturnal thief. Your hair is like the mane of my chestnut mare, and your eyes are glorious to behold. When their fire first struck my manly bosom, it penetrated my whole anatomy like a charge of bird shot going through a rotten apple. In gaping into their liquid depths I see legions of little Cupids bathing like a cohort of ants in an old boot. Thoughts of your perfection fire me so greatly that I am tempted to ring the ship's fire bell or to run amok and hit the Skipper in the bay windows. If you cannot reciprocate my thrilling passion I shall pine away like a poisoned fly, and fall from the flourishing vine of life like an untimely branch, and in coming years, when the shadows fall from the hills, and the tom-cat sings his cheerful evening hymn, you, happy in another's love, can come and shed a tear, (and catch a cold) on my last resting place.

BILL.

△△△

-On the Briny,
15-12-17.

My Dear Little Dream Girl,

In spite of mal-de-mer and other discomforts I have never let you out of my thoughts since I kissed you good-bye at Lambton. It is only my great love and the thought of what I hope to come back to that have kept me alive. Truly, love and kisses are most sustaining fodder and I am recommending them to all my friends. They are all anxious to test my advice at our next port of call. We reached our first port a few days ago but, darling, I never saw a pretty face all the time I was there. Perhaps I am blind to beauty now. I saw no one to compare with you, my most precious one. Your beautiful face is before me as I write. I can see your sparkling eyes, clear and blue as the ocean, your long silken lashes, your chic little nose,

your adorable kissable lips, your little pink shell-like ears, and your curly raven locks. I can see your exquisite ankles and dainty little feet peeping out from under your skirt. Oh, how I miss you. Oh, how I love you. You must send me photos of your sweet self regularly for I have kissed you nearly all away on the ones that I have. Fare thee well, my beloved. I shall always remain true and constant, and shall ever be thinking of you. Ever your most devoted lovesick.

JOHN.



DOC.

A JOKE AND NOT A JOKE.

"Cut it out you're not here for a joke." The trooper to whom some military technicality did not seem of absorbing interest, and at whom these words were consequently flung wiped a smile off his face and met the glaring eye of the sergt.-major with that customary look of stolidity, which almost alone, can hide the indifference of a soldier. The great man was satisfied. He turned on his heel, and the military machine the activities of which had been temporarily suspended through the perverseness of one of the cogs moved on again. "Not here for a joke." The words, sarcastically though they were uttered, rang again in the ears of the maldor of the morning, as he lingered over the ship's rail at night. Perhaps it was the twilight. Perhaps the moon shone out, "All golden over the sea" and aided his present reflections. Perhaps the phrase had strangely made its imprint on the mind of the man—only to recur. "Not here for a joke." Somehow or other he dreamed on. Life rose before him. Truly he had enjoyed it. He realised that he had had everything that a reasonable man could have desired. The burden of excessive toil had not fallen to his share. Fortune had indeed smiled on him, but now he felt that life had somehow altered, and not because it was his environment, for he liked sea travel. In some way circumstances forced themselves strangely upon him. In a few things—the sand he had cursed as it filtered between shoe and sock on Brighton beach, he now yearned for, though only to scour the oxides from his messing gear. (But he was enforced to steal the substitute from the boatswain's box on the top deck.)

For the healthy soil he had been wont to kick from off his boots he now longed as he sluiced the penetrating coal dust off his face. Now he pined for the green tuft of grass which he had oft uprooted with destructive toe. These however, he felt were only minor things for they were indeed but semblances of a change which had overcome the mind of the man. But there must have been something momentous in his decision, when he resolved to join up with the N.Z.E.F., was

revealed to him. His attitude towards life had been subsequently changed; his whole journey through life altered. Life! how sweet was that word. How he lingered over the pronunciation and repeated it to himself. Life! Life! The primordial instinct of mankind — self-preservation — had certainly of late been developed strongly within him. But his thoughts were not of that for he deemed much lay with fate. Life to him was life in the Alaska regions—life in contrast with the deadness, the stillness of things, (He had read Jack London), life intensified when the boundaries of "that unfrequented country" which sends back no traveller, draw near. Life was real, life was present. Was it not one man's onslaught upon it's sanctity that had made "countless millions mourn?" Was it not to help to uphold life, to help to ensure its traditions, to generations yet unborn, unfettered, that he was standing where he then was? Truly his errand was great. "For a joke!" Assuredly no!

But the Officer of the Day descending menacingly upon him aroused the man from his reverie. By some bright flash of intelligence he suddenly realised that "L.O." must have gone. Beating a hasty retreat, he half flung himself down the first flight of steps, once more the Soldier on Active Service.

BARON.

TRIALS OF A CENSOR.

To be a Censor one has first to be appointed a censor. This thought is worthy only of a censor. This is how he is appointed. A worried O.C. looks around among his burly henchmen and his eye lights when he spots a likely victim. "Ah!" he cries, "there he is, a censor with God-given gifts—Our noble friend with the frosty face—I'll bet nothing ever gets past him—why! he would even cut the kisses out of the letters!" And so he was appointed.

And our Censor does love the man who after carefully reading all the notices re prohibitions (This prohibition does not refer to local option—it is another breed) cheerfully fills his epistle with forbidden details. Frosty loves spending hours mutilat-



PINWIPER.

ing letters so that the writer's best girl won't be able to read them. Our Censor is a bit of a mathematician, (he also possesses a dictionary for you notice that he spells this word right). He has worked out that the number of girls that the troops on board have pledged undying love to is exactly 4.29 times the number of troops. This partly accounts for his worried look for, how can a man have 4.29 wives? We understand that Bill Massey has cabled to Salt Lake City asking for three experts (a man there is not called an expert until he has 11 wives and he is then some expert, believe me) to act as a Royal Commission to advise the New Zealand Government on this question. The Censor calculates that if all the kisses promised were to be given at the same moment the noise produced would beat a Somme cannonade hollow.

The Censor is a martyr to his duty. Have you ever seen the other officers taking to him on deck with lazy sticks, deck chairs and language? Well, that's because he set a limit to their letters—not more than two ounces of paper to be allowed for kisses and not more than eighteen girls to be written to per mail. Some of the officers consider these regulations unduly restrictive, hence their enmity.

FROSTY.

WHY 2nd LT JAMES WAS LATE ON PARADE

Sydney ran along the lane,
And he was very late.
He hurried on to catch the train,
And had no time to wait.
He must hasten, but against the pane
He got a glimpse of Kate,
And he didn't.

Katie had her pastry cut,
Her sponge was light as air.
Her cakes were in the oven shut
And needed all her care.
She couldn't spare a minute, but
She saw Sydney there,
And she didn't.

So Sydney stopped and spoke a word,
And spoke it very low.
But still I thought the maiden heard,
And yet believe it so.
And all the time our Syd averred
That he would have to go
But he didn't.

Katie said the fire was warm
And she was like to drop.
And Sydney seemed to think his arm
Was needed as a prop.
And all the time the lady said
That he would have to stop,
But he didn't.

And as he held her to his breast
And thought of all that he had missed
With Katie waiting in her nest
Just dying to be kissed,
He bent his head, her face was hid.
I caught a gleam
And flash of lovely eyes: then he did.
I was quite sure that kid would scream
But she didn't.

ANONYMOUS.

We did not see much of Lieut. Manchester at Colombo, but knowing of our O.C.'s partiality to pretty nurses it is not hard to guess how he spent his time.

❖ ❖ ❖

LOST. — Lieut. Manchester, said to be in "A Bed of Roses". Finder return to Y.M.C.A. Librarian.

❖ ❖ ❖

FOUND. — In the Sergeants' Mess two Crown and Anchor boards. Owners apply to Police Corporal.

"TOFUA" CUP.

NOTES AND JOTTINGS.
By CARLTON LOUNGER

Batchelor. — Job-His Comforter. A good sort. His track work is never brilliant but on the day is always at the business end.

Smith. — Yorkshire Pudding - Blighty. The top weight. Has been spelled for some time and is carrying rather too much condition, but always can be relied on to run a good honest race.

Rugg. — Kaipoi - Black Draught. Has been seen very little on the track having been hacking about, but is well put together and shows promise of upholding his colours.

Welch. — Rarebit - Jugged Hare. Horse for courses. If so should run well on his home turf.

Georgetti. — A good sort. Looks well and bound to be well backed by the gentler sex. His trainers, White and Wynyard have great hopes of him.

Paterson. — Has done most of his work on his home track where good reports are heard of him. Although not seen much may catch the judge's eye.

Ricketts. — His last race before being turned out. He has had a long racing career, and amongst his classical wins is included the D.C.M. We wish his lady owner luck.

Austin. — His sparking plug was reported to have gone wrong, but having been re-bushed and had his cylinders taken out he should run well up to expectations.

Deans. — Is causing the bookmakers a lot of anxiety. A good sort and bred the right way. He is full brother to the famous All Black.

Manchester. — Was reported to have got kicked by Johnny Walker the other evening but his trainer is quite confident of him breasting the tapes perfectly sound.

Bassett. — A big raking sort with plenty of dash, but has had rather too much galloping this season to be seen at his best.

Doherty. — Fit as a fiddle and goes well but a bit troublesome at the post causing quite a lot of jostling among other horses, but will always be found handy when he is wanted.

Evans. — If breeding counts should give a good account of himself. This horse needs some hard work; he is carrying too much condition.

James. — Another from the land of milk and cheese and by all accounts his owners did not accept with him for fun.

Ebbitt. — Has been very sleepy in his track work but when the time comes will be a hard nut to crack.

Hooker. — This imported horse has run very consistently for the last three years and should give a good account of himself. He is not likely to sport silk again in Pig Island.

Collins. — Was off his feed during the early part of the trip but now is doing good work and should give a good account of himself.



AUSTY.

Masterman. — Has done his work well and is not likely to disappoint his owners in catching some of the prize money at least.

Knubley. — Is nicely weighted in spite of his dam who is so well known. He has had a long career and has the Veldt Cup to his credit and the Rafa thousand.

Pulerson. — His first appearance in open company, but his performance in the Masterton Maiden and Carterton Lady's Bracelet entitle him to a very prominent position amongst the favourites on the tote.

Wanden. — A good chance on recent performances. He went out favourite in the Carlton Stakes and finished in good style.

Winton. — On his day a regular flier. Has always had reputation of paying for his tucker.

Christie. — It is some time since he has been seen at the barrier having been in the Vet's hands for quite a while, but his previous performances will make him carry quite a lot of money on "Der Tag."

A GAMBLING SKETCH.

By a M.P.

Gambling is a game of chance indulged in by all classes — even soldiers have been known to develop a fancy for it. Of course there are various ways of gambling—from the bloated capitalist in the share market who generally aims at getting into the "House" so as to get a peep at the dice before they are thrown. down to the man with limited means who occasionally takes a hand at "Draw" or halfpenny nap. The men and women of the upper set who go to Monte Carlo to have a few hundreds on the tables, or even those who go no further than their clubs, and make a hole in their banking accounts playing "Bridge", are only considered eccentric, but with the small man who puts his few bob on the "Banker Pack", it is considered a crime—even on a troopship.

Army Officers and Military Police never gamble—at least that is what we have been told, but through a private source of information, knowledge gleaned makes us doubtful.

It is said that strong drink and gambling go hand in hand and are therefore both forbidden on a troop-

ship, but I have more than once seen quids change hands whilst the "Banker" drank ginger pop. Even in Port the model Reinforcements in T.S. '98 kept strictly away from the "stagger juice". There were one or two who were a bit fatigued; when returning to the ship after the first landing; but that was mostly due to the excitement and heat!

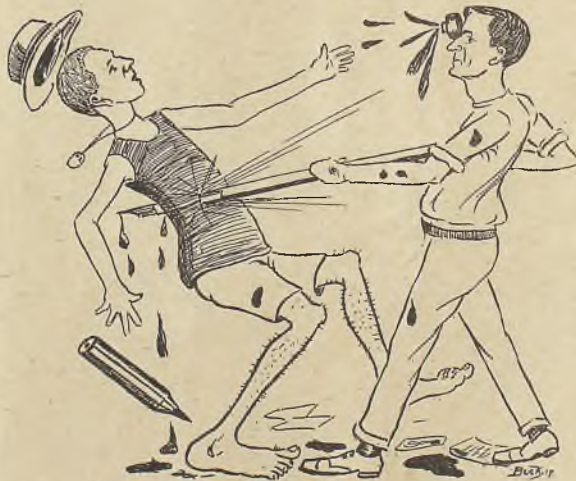
As we did not put in the day with any of the Officers it would be unjust to criticise any of their actions, but we didn't see any of them at the tea fight. Still we blame our Information Bureau, as everything was rushed.

Gambling is an easy way to make money—it is also an easy way to drop it. Or course if you haven't any hard cash you can always play for matches and judging by the number of soldiers who fill in the idle hours in this way we should judge it to have a fascination all its own. "Under and over seven" is also a good game—to leave alone. Then there is "Draw poker"; this is not a bad game either. It is very simple; you just draw and then pay.

Of course we cannot be all losers so some one must see the funny side of it. The game of the moment seems to be "Crown and Anchor". In fact it has caught on like wild-fire, and every one is interested in it from the Skipper down to the rank and file. Wherever a game is in progress a crowd soon congregates and things get busy.

The "Banker" rattles the dice, money covers the board, there is a breathless silence for a moment until the leather is lifted, then a smothered oath or two, a smile, with here and there a flushed face and then—a new game starts. So the play goes on and excitement rises to fever heat. Suddenly, without any apparent reason, the board is whipped away, dice and money disappear, and the crowd disperses. A khaki-clad figure wearing a trench cap moves along the deck, all is quiet as a mill pond. The figure passes out of sight and in the twinkling of an eye, the well-known words "Any more for any more", "What about the nine" etc., fall appealingly upon the ear, and once again the game is in full swing.

A "Crown and Anchor" board is possessed of a kind of hypnotic in-



THE INKSLINGER'S ARGUMENT.

fluence from which M.P.'s. are not even immune. We know of certain members of the force who have been smoking shredded rope during the voyage through having fallen under its spell. We don't like giving secrets away but it is a pretty well known fact that the Captain, the Adjutant and the Police Corporal were so attracted by this magnetic board that they ventured into the firemen's quarters not so long ago to take a hand in a game they had got wind of, but they were unlucky arriving when they did as the interval was on, supper having been provided early, and the three musketeers were too late even for supper. No wonder they were annoyed. The Adjutant came with the express intention of passing off as British coinage a pocket full of Ceylon money. He will have to wait. The Captain with the torch was after another green table cover and nearly sweated blood in his disappointment. The Police Corporal was of course after that other stripe. They have tried to come in on several occasions since but have been only partially successful. It seems a shame to see men so keen after a game disappointed in this way, therefore we would like to make a suggestion and hope it will be taken in the spirit in which it is given. It is this, gentlemen, why not start a school of your own. Look at the talent you have among you. There are sufficient officers both military and mercantile to make quite an interesting gathering. The Police Corporal could easily be induced to guard the door from outside attacks. Lieut. Bassett could reach it from any part of the room with his foot. The Censor is sufficiently emotionless to keep down any excessive exuberance and The Adjutant could get rid of his foreign money.

Besides it would save quite a lot of running about looking for a game. You would be free from any interference as the military police have quite enough to do — running their own school. All you need is a piece of canvas half a dozen cards, three dice and a box. As leather is pretty scarce hereabouts, a baking powder tin packed half full of paper answers the purpose just as well; besides you can hear them rattle better. Any sailor will get you the canvas. "Wake up Jerry" knows

where you can get a tin, and surely the Y.M.C.A. can dig up a few cards and the necessary dice. Furthermore, coming from such a source you will be sure to get a straight run for your money, as the Y.M. wouldn't stock the leaded stuff. All you need to do then is to wait until pay-day and after that let her rip.

As we said before, for card games where the pack is used, use matches. Gambling is a very simple thing to start but it is harder than a cyclone to stop. Lots of the boys on this ship will continue this pastime when they get to the next world, and if they can't get the little wooden pegs to keep tally with they will be plucking the pin feathers out of the other angels to use as a substitute.

W. HALES.

Quoth old Robbie
Tis awful this scrubbing.
My practice at quoits I'm losing. -
But given a chance
I can make them all dance
But to scrub twice a day — O.L.

COLOMBO.

After a rather tedious voyage across the Indian Ocean, we were all glad to sight Ceylon on Thursday morning 7th December. A few hours steady steaming brought us into the harbour of Colombo where we were met by the Pilot Boat. As soon as we dropped anchor inside the Breakwater we were surrounded by craft of all descriptions. Much amusement was created by the natives on the Pilot Boat who fought or pretended to fight for coins thrown to them. Several of the natives made quite a little pile by diving for silver. A few of the more venture some climbed aboard, but thanks to the Skipper, the Bo'sun and our Jimmy, they all went down quicker than they came up. It is rumoured that Jimmy nearly wore a hole in the toe of his boot. Up till midday we expected to get ashore for the afternoon but we were then told that leave would be granted from 8 till 2 the following day. We passed the rest of the afternoon in striking bargains with the natives and in



UNCLE.

swimming. At night a boxing contest was arranged between two little black boys. The bout, which occupied the best part of an hour was highly entertaining.

Between 8.30 and 9 o'clock the following morning several lighters towed by a sturdy little tug took the crowd to the landing stage, and from there they were marched to the main barracks of the city where, after a short speech all were dismissed. Immediately there was a rush on the rickshas, and soon the streets were alive with soldiers going here, there and everywhere. All pubs were out of quarantine and as the day was particularly warm they did a roaring trade. The silk shops also had a busy time, so someone on the other side of the ocean should come in for some nice presents in the coming New Year. Several of the boys took rickshas and drove along to the fruit market in the native quarter. It reminded us of a beehive. All kinds of people were to be met with there from a busy salesman who did his utmost to get rid of all the green fruit he had at top price down to the drones who hung around and in a pitiful whine begged for coppers.

In the native quarter we came across some of our boys holding trotting races. They had borrowed carriages, and putting the native coachmen inside to act as ballast, they perched themselves on the boxes and tried to cut out Cup time, whilst the huddled up figures inside quivered in mortal terror, knowing full well that they had only to hit a postage stamp to be landed on the hobs of Hades.

On the outskirts of the City some more of our boys were seen trying their hands at riding cattle; from the way they got pitched about it is hard to say whether they or the cattle got the most fun out of it. The only spectator who didn't seem tickled to death was the owner of the cattle. He begged, threatened, swore and eventually finished up on his marrow-bones, banging his head on the ground, and appealing to the Prophet for assistance. Of all the fun we saw, none of it was of a vicious nature, and no serious damage was done. A few of the boys who had imbibed a little too freely of the elixir of life—at 1/4 a bottle — in a moment of thought-



PERCY.

lessness, borrowed a couple of motor horns and brought them back to the ship, but handed them into the orderly room the following morning so that they could be returned to their rightful owners.

We believe some of the Quarters had a pretty good time too, but then it is only natural that a Quarter should have a good thirst as he is supposed to taste everything to see that it is all it should be,—even the lime juice. A certain Quarter on

returning to the ship was in the best of humours. His spirits were high and so was his imagination. He offered to swim anyone in the ship any distance for any amount. To pacify him one of the wags took him to the bathroom, turned on all the showers and let him loose. After striking out wildly for a few seconds he started to yell for a lifebuoy to be thrown to him, as he swore he had cramp and was drowning. He was dragged out and put to byelaw and next morning he denied everything, but what is the use of denial when there are several witnesses?

Food and fruit was very reasonable ashore — we heard of at least six who actually got their dinners for nothing. Tattooing was in great demand, and some of the officers as well as the boys came away with picture galleries of their own. We did not see much of our officers whilst ashore. Most of them seem to have a happy knack of making themselves conspicuous by their absence when the boys are out for a good time.

On returning to the ship, quite a lot of small change again found its way into the native coffers through their skill at diving and dodging the Chief of Police. We were not a little surprised to learn that our Adjutant, being a man wrapped up in the stern game of war should have a sentimental side to his nature, but such is the case unless we misjudge him greatly. Horticulture seems to be his weakness.

Some people may be inclined to doubt this statement but we give you our word for it. The last day of our sojourn in port the Adjutant was seen standing on the gangway loving holding two fine specimens of "Black Bulbs". There was much comment as to the nature of these bulbs; some romantic individual suggested they were seed of a wonderful orchid, but being of a practical turn of mind ourselves, we are inclined to think they belonged to the native rubber plant and that our worthy Adjutant intends starting a rubber plantation and bringing about a revolution in the prices of motor tyres and motor horns.

On the whole, everyone seemed to have an enjoyable time and although there were a few sore heads and carpet-coated tongues the following morning, they will soon

be a thing of the past, and in spite of all the vows made re "The morning after the night before," they will still go the pace at the next landing.

THE THREE STAGES OF SEASICKNESS.

First Stage. Victim hopes the ship won't sink.

Second Stage. He doesn't care whether the ship sinks or not.

Third Stage. He wishes the damned tub would sink.



We've a little old grey P.M.O.
Whose nickname is Uncle, you know.
When at times we would swear
He shouts "Don't you dare."
Our little old grey medico.

TOMMY'S PANTS.

The O.C. 31st M.R. becoming embarrassed with the large number of letters he had to censor glanced behind his cabin door and perceived a pair of trousers conspicuous for length. He conceived the idea of making these trousers into useful office equipment. He tied round the bottom of each trouser-leg a garter and into the right leg he dropped the censored and into the left leg the uncensored letters.

They hung upon a cabin wall
Owned by a person somewhat tall.
If only Levy he could see
His well designed trousers tied
With garters pink around each knee
And letters stowed down either side
He would exclaim, "I'll give my skill
To make "male" bags for Massey
Bill."

Oxo — Hereford.

Whilst doing the rounds one evening a certain trooper was heard to inquire of the ship's Skipper where a good "possie" for his bed was to be had. The genial Todd replied — "Oh, anywhere, only keep off the propellers."



MAC.

LOST. — In first port of call, old shako. Girl in brown suspected of stealing same is warned to return to the Adjutant to save further trouble.



WANTED KNOWN. — We have the most up to date garage on this ship. Sole agents for Buick Cars and Dunlop Tyres. 31st M.R.



LOST. — A good reputation. Apply to the Skipper.

THE SERGEANT'S MESS.

BY A STEWARD.

With the Sergeants punctuality seems to be a strong point, especially with Sergt. Gray who never fails to make his appearance ten minutes before the bugle, but there are a few who always sit late arguing the point and keeping things back generally. Wherever a high class of men (ahem) partake of meals it is only natural that a few scavengers hang round for the crumbs but the President scares the life out of them.

We stewards are fairly happy, but really the Mess should provide us with glycerine and cucumber for our hands, as they are becoming a bit rough from washing the tablecloths.

We notice with pleasure that after Bob made it up with the Cook a vast change for the better took place in the tucker. We remember reading somewhere that Samson lost his strength when he lost his hair, but little David Crough Q.M.S. has proved the exception to that rule and if he only increases his rations he will lay out somebody real big soon.

We consider that Sergt. Barton is qualifying for the London Scottish or some other wild mob as he daily rises to the surface for porridge twice, but probably glancing into the fierce eyes of the Scotchman opposite he seeks thus to fortify his courage.

The figure of P.S.M. Rowe sitting under the warning against spies was at first a trifle awe-inspiring but we found our little Sherlock Holmes all right and being upright men ourselves have little to fear from him. We have no desire to meet him on the boat deck from 8 to 9 a.m.

A vain little man is Sergt. Bartlett but one of the best. He is often taken for Scotty. We presume that he is a teetotalter as milk goes badly with beer.

Sergt. Young informs us we are not to smoke in the mess room but was not that same Scotty seen there with his pipe going goodo?

S.S.M. Reid goes for two tins of canned fruit at once. It has not improved his temper the least bit. We give him this dig because he never leaves any in the yins for the stewards.

Sergt. Kemp eats far too much even for such a big fellow.

S-Sergt. White is always late for mess, especially breakfast. He sits up late counting the gold and is a devil to lie in bed. We quote the same for Sergt. Hogan only he has no money to count, at least he has never come to light.

Sergt. Saunders, the Canteen Duke, always finds pineapple for tea.

How do you do it Baldy?

Sergt. Wills is our silent member and seems afraid to speak in case that wild Highlander snaps his head off.

S.S.M. Gillespie, when taking soup, sounds as if he was taking a gargle.

Sergt. Young always springs to it when any argument starts, but nobody can remember him suffering defeat. Never worry Scotty, your bark is worse than your bite.

S.S.M. Martin is generally quiet. Probably his strong favourite, Tinned Salmon holds his attention.

We are most assiduous in our attentions to S.S.M. Tredray on Tuesdays, our pay day.

When Sergt. Thomas is having his meals he is like a pup with a bone.

He growls when disturbed.

Is the way Sergt. Cramp snubs the stewards a reflection on Sergt. Cramp or the stewards?

S.S.M. Irvine hardly ever leaves the mess room when he is not eating which is seldom.

Sergt. Batchelor is a h.... of a man, to be only one man but all our brothers are not O.C's. of ship. Perhaps we are jealous.

Sergt. Beard has a beautiful lisp and would be a real good chap if he would refrain from licking the neck of the sauce bottle.

Sergt. Dry is forever talking in a tearful voice about some blessed knife he lost.

However gentlemen, taking them one and all, they are a fine body of men.

FIRST BRUSH WITH THE ENEMY.

N. Z. SCORES.

Our special correspondent reports.

—Our representatives, Ginger Mick and Long Tom upheld our noble traditions at Albany by "rooking" the "rummies" to the tune of twenty odd quidlets. Their generosity to the

poor and unfortunate is well known. All their earnings is to be divided equally amongst those in the 31st reinforcement who have been skinned at Crown and Anchor.

☺ ☺ ☺

In opposition to the 30th M.R. the 31st. M.R. have started a boxing school in their house each evening and many of those who could not gain admittance obtained a birds eye view of the proceeding by looking through the skylight. Scientific boxers seem to be few and far between, but raw material is not wanting. The same hands step forward each evening and we would wish that same of those who block the stairways would occasionally don the gloves. Cocoa is provided for the boxers afterwards.

☺ ☺ ☺

Long Tom is some gun and likely to go off in any port. Ware girls.

☺ ☺ ☺

The Editor to acknowledge wishes "Zam Buk's" character sketch of Sergeant Major Tredray. It is quite publishable but after much debate we have decided to spare the worthy Sergt. Major's blushes.



CIGARETTE BILL.

WE CONGRATULATE.

The C.O. on the good training of the troops which kept them fit and well through the voyage.

The men on keeping up the reputation of the N.Z.M.R. at Albany and Colombo by playing the game.

The P.M.O. on his success with his No. 9's.

Provost Sergt.-Major Rowe on his sensational discovery of a keg of rum in the Cooks' Galley which turned out to be Lime Juice.

Mr. Rule, Y.M.C.A. on his ability as padre at Church Parade.

The Censor on the way he censored letters to sweethearts in New Zealand. We are sure he tore all the kisses out and the sweet nothings in each letter, as he hates to see girls' hearts broken.

S.M. Hoare on his agility in getting down stairs.

The canteen Staff on the way they sold cigarettes and ginger pop.

Long Tom and Ginger Mick on the bombing raid at Albany and the successful way it was carried out.

Austy on saving his own skin on the same occasion.

"Wake up Jerry" on keeping up the reputation of the Anti-wowsler's party from the word go.

The men that managed to get on board at Colombo in such a tired condition.

The Officers who beat all comers at the miniature rifle range.

Mr. Gore Adams on the way he administered the Sports.

The Adjutant on the way he impressed the Troops with a few well-chosen remarks at Colombo.

Cpl. Snow on the way he dealt with the outlaws.

The Troops on the way they turned out for the sports events.

The Corporal of the Police on catching the Crown and Anchor mob.

The Trooper in the 30ths. on cutting the flagstaff off the target at 250 yards.

Christie's pals who rescued him from the dry bath.

The cold-footed mob who applied for the return voyage.



CAPT. ETTY.

The Officers on the assistance given during the Sports.

Sergt. Young on the way he piloted the boxing competitions.

Trooper Asplin on the way he played the piano, which was a great asset to the troops.

Sergeants McMillan, Perry, Batchelar, Tpr. Peacocke, Tpr. Ross, Tpr. Jaine and Cpl. Dunlop for their entertainment.

Cpl. Buchan N.Z.M.C. on his clever caricatures.

Tpr. McRae on his good sporting spirit.

The Skipper on his cheerful smile and obliging disposition (sic).

Trooper Scott for the excellent way in which he carried out his duties as Y.M.C.A. Librarian.

The 29th. Squadron on winning the Tug-o'-War. Everybody will agree that they were the best team.

Sergeant Lowry on winning the skipping competition. 3160 skips with the boat rolling is about a record.

Trooper R.A.R. Smith on winning the potato race. We thought an Irishman would win this event.

Trooper Clarkson and Trooper Cheyne on winning the Cigarette Race. Although they ran a dead heat in the final, one envies their swallow as half-a bottle of water had to be drunk in this race.

Trooper McGregor on winning the Pillow Fight after a hard battle. This event is not so easy as it appears to be for balancing on the spar requires a good deal of skill.

Trooper Sparrow on winning the Cock Fighting. He well deserves the win.

Trooper Coleman on winning the Lazy Stick. It requires sheer strength to win this event.

Trooper Kyd on winning the Bob Apple Race. As apples were short en voyage onions had to be used which caused a few tears amongst the competitors.

Trooper White on winning the quoits because it requires skill out and out.

Sergeant Cramp and Trooper Bull on winning the Deck Quoits. Although skill is required, luck is a good asset.

Corporal Thomson on winning the Draughts Competition. Every man playing one another we can easily say that he is the best draught player on board.

Trooper Jamieson on winning the Light Weight Boxing. He showed science, skill and endurance.

Trooper Walker on winning the Middle Weight. Skill and stability were shown.

Trooper Fletcher on winning the Heavy Weight. Every man on the ship was proud to see Charlie win. "MASSEY".

THE BITER BIT.

It happened this way:— hearing that a few of the boys were in the habit of gathering together in one of the Engineers cabins for a friendly game of cards, Jimmy Rowe decided to go along and give them a good fright. He would pretend to accuse them of gambling and enjoy their discomforture. Somehow or other they got wind of his intentions and planned a counter attack. Detaching the wires from the electric fan they fixed the circuit to the door handle and calmly awaited the results. In due course Jimmy and several witnesses arrived accompanied by the ship's cat and our junior reporter. The cat wore a look of innocence which contrasted strangely with the gleam of triumph in Jimmy's eye and his smile of anticipated victory. Winking broad-

ly at our reporter he stealthily approached the door and, assuming that Sherlock Holmes expression which Conan Doyle would have gloried in, grasped the handle. Then there was much turmoil. Jimmy swore, the cat spat, the boys roared and our reporter's pencil flew over his notebook in a frantic effort to catch a few of Jimmy's flowery phrases. Seeing he was fairly done, Jimmy decided to hand on the job and the next round commenced. We next saw Hookie come round and bite like a schnapper. Dug, Deans and Austy followed in rapid succession and then came the N.C.O's. Each arrived with firm intention of landing the school, and it is unfortunate that our artist was at another school himself, as we would have liked him to catch some of the expressions (before and after) grasping that door handle.

DICTAPHONE.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir,

I have made several complaints to the O.C. of our reinforcement but in vain, and having heard of the great influence which your paper exerts I am telling you my tale of woe, in the hope that you can assist me. Often when I seem to have just got to sleep a raucous voice has disturbed my slumbers by yelling at me — (Here the writer's remarks are unprintable. Ed.): This morning I was sweetly dreaming of the girl I left behind me, dreaming of our evening at Fuller's on my last night of leave. In the midst of this dream the unmannerly bo'sun hopped his frame in with "Come along boys, clear the gangway." To be awakened at 5 a.m. in this manner is bad enough but the way he threatened me with the business end of his hose was infinitely worse. Most of us have insured our lives against the risks of war. If I am to get a thousand pounds on my life I prefer to be killed in action to being riserably drowned on deck like a rat in a trap. I am afraid this kind of death is not included in the War Risks Policy. Now I have set forth my complaint could you kindly advise me what to do, and please reply urgent.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

I have read your letter setting forth your grievance and after much deliberation I have come to the conclusion that your best remedy is to call a meeting of your mates and form an association for mutual self-protection. When you get to your next port of call drown the rude disturber of your dreams in XXX. Kind forward a fee of 6/8 by return mail and as you did not enclose a stamped envelope for a reply I shall also expect a penny stamp. — Ed.

Corporal D...p is to be congratulated on his appointment to one of the most responsible positions on the ship. We understand that it was influence as usual that enabled him to beat Cpls. D...n, W...n, and McF...e for the envied job. Perhaps his "Tattooed Lady" did the trick.



SHIP'S ROLL.

O.C. Ship. Major Batchelar.
Adjutant : 2nd. Lieut. B. Hooker.
Provost S.M. S.S.M. (W.O.) Rowe
J.L.O.
Ships S.M. S.M. Hoare, J.
Returning for duty. Major Smith.

29th. M.R.

O.C. 2nd. Lieut. Georgetti.
2nd. Lieut. L.M. Paterson.
N.C.O's.
S.M. Irvine, R.J.
Q.M.S. Browne, J.A.
Sergt. Anderson, J.L.
Sergt. Evans, J.A.
Sergt. Lowry, R.J.
Sergt. Thomas, G.H.
Cpl. Anderson, W.J.
Cpl. Bassett, F.E.
Cpl. Blackie, J.S.
Cpl. Henderson, W.
Cpl. Hesketh, R.F.
Cpl. Lewis, W.
Cpl. Steele, M.
Cpl. Sweetman, R.
L.Cpl. Baker, A.W.
L.Cpl. Cheyne, A.F.
L.Cpl. Cooke, J.G.
L.Cpl. Matheson, A.
L.Cpl. Stops, G.
L.Cpl. Tucker, F.

Troopers : Aitcheson, A.M. ; Albrechtson, G. ; Andrew, J.T. ; Annandale, A.F. ; Beattie, H.L. Beere, H. E. ; Birmingham, W.H. ; Bowe, P.J. ; Brewster, A.E. ; Bruce, R.G. ; Budge, A.D. ; Butler, T.M. ; Cameron, G.A. ; Cameron, W.W. ; Campbell, B. ; Cartwright, A. ; Clareburt, J.W. ; Cochran, D. ; Connell, F.T. ; Crawford, T. ; Curtis, P.E.A. ; Douglas, A. H. ; Edwards, W.G. ; Edwards, H. C. ; Edwards, H.H. ; Ferrari, H.T. ; Finlay, T. ; Forbes, A.J. ; Fretwell, A.C. ; Fretwell, H. ; Frus, L.M. ; Gibbard, C.H. ; Goodin, D.J. ; Grace, H. ; Gray, J. ; Harms, J.A. ; Hudson, R.L. ; Irwin, J.T. ; Jamieson, D. ; Johnson, C.H. ; Kemp, H.S. ; Kingston,

S. ; Laird, A.C. ; Laird, M.K. ; Landers, L.A.P. ; Leo, A. ; Leslie, W. ; Linkhorn, V.W. ; Lynch, T. ; Lyons, J. ; McFarlane, C. ; McDonald, R.J. ; Mehrtens, V.E. ; Miller, O.A. ; Milne, J. ; Morgan, J. C. ; Mulcaster, T.G. ; Muir, J.M. ; McDougall, R. ; McGinness, J.A. ; McLaren, J.A. ; MacLean, G. ; McPeak, J.R. ; McRoberts, R.C. ; Meeley, R.M. ; Neighbour, G. ; Notman, A.J. ; O'Conner, M. ; O'Shaughnessy, B. ; Pepperell, H. ; Randle, T.W.W. ; Randle, W. S. ; Rathie, J.D. ; Richards, S.E. ; Rickman, R.H. ; Robertson, A.E. ; Rolands, J.W. ; Rookes, R.S. ; Russell, A.K. ; Scarlett, J. ; Scott, T. ; Seals, G.R. ; Sergeant, C. ; Shard, R.O. ; Sheard, G.W. ; Shield, P. B. ; Shield, F.H. ; Sopp, R.E. ; Taylor, P.G. ; Teague, B. ; Thomson, G.G. ; Thorpe, A.F. ; Thrupp, T.F. ; Townley, A.C. ; West, J.W. ; Whale, C. ; Whyte, T.J. ; Wilson, H.L. ; Williams, R.E. ; Withers, T.W. ; Wynyard, L.H. ; Young, A.

30th. M.R.

O.C. 2nd. Lieut. W. Ricketts.
2nd. Lieut. D. Deans.
2nd. Lieut. W. Austin.
N.C.O's.
S.M. Martin, R.R. Junr.
Q.M.S. Landon, F.
Sergt. Bartlett, A.E.
Sergt. Young, G.B.
Sergt. Beard, P.C.
Sergt. Cramp, F.J.
Cpl. Nash, J.L.
Cpl. Andrews, A.T.
Cpl. Graham, J.A.
Cpl. Dalton, B.F.
Cpl. Johnson, J.R.
Cpl. Kyle, J.V.
Cpl. Jones, J.S.
Cpl. Meads, W.
Cpl. Wiggins, H.
L.Cpl. Campbell, J.D.

L.Cpl. Smith, F.T.
L.Cpl. Fitt, S.F.
Troopers : Andrews, W.P. ; Andrews, W.R. ; Arthur, W.C. ; Baker, A.A. ; Barnett, W.J. ; Baxter, S.D. ; Borland, W.J.M. ; Boyd, A.G. N° 1 ; Boyd, A.G. N° 2 ; T. ; Brooks, J.G. ; Bull, F.C. ; Bull, H.B. ; Calders, K.D.M. ; Campbell, H.D. ; Campbell, J. ; Cann, G. ; Carpenter, A.D. ; Christie, A.G. ; Cole, L.J. ; Collings, C. ; Cooper, W.M. ; Currie, A.R. ; Cumming, R. ; Dalton, P.F. ; Fabling, J. ; Fletcher, C. ; Frame, H.E. ; Freeman, G.P. ; Fulljames, A.J. ; Gleeson, R. ; Goodley, J. ; Hall, A.J. ; Halliday, A. V. ; Handcock, A. ; Harris, G.A. ; Hay, H.G. ; Hobbs, H. ; Honeyfield, L. ; Hooper, R.W. ; Houghton, R.C. ; Hook, E.E. ; Jamieson, F. R. ; Joblin, R.A. ; Johnston, A. ; Johnston, J.P. ; Kerr-Taylor, L.S. ; Kirkpatrick, D.A. ; Kirkwood, E.J. ; Lanc, T.H. ; Leslie, J.F. ; Lewis, R.C. ; Macauley, J. ; Manuel, J.W. ; Mincher, W.E. ; Mooney, H. ; Mossman, P.W. ; Murphy, C.D. ; McArthur, A. ; McCulloch, G.A. ; McDonald, L.T.A. ; McDonald, R.J. ; McKenzie, A.G. ; McKenzie, R.G. ; McManus, F.J. ; McRae, G.F. ; McWha, R.J. ; Nicol, W.J. ; Nicholson, L.H. ; Oliver, H. ; Payne, E.J. ; Phillips, G.H. ; Pollock, T. E. ; Powell, G. ; Pringle, W.J. ; Quilter, P.G. ; Reardon, D. ; Ring, G. ; Robertson, W. ; Russell, J.R. ; Schaw, F.G.S. ; Sheahan, T.M. ; Sinclair, E.L. ; Sloan, J.H. ; Smith, A.L. ; Smith, J.E.V. ; Smith, R.A. R. ; Stock, E.J.M. ; Stuart, C.E. ; Summers, A.E. ; Synnot, H.B. ; Targett, F. ; Thompson, T.M. ; Trickett, B. ; Walsh, E.C.A. ; Watt, J. ; Walker, A.S. ; Wells, H. ; Welsh, W.G. ; Williamson, J.A. ; Williams, H. ; Wolfe, C.F. ; Wright, C.W. ; Wright, F.R.

31st. M.R.

O.C. 2nd. Lieut. Manchester, A.R.
 2nd. Lieut. Bassett, T.
 2nd. Lieut. Doherty, P.G.
 N.C.O's.
 S.M. Tredray, P.G.
 Q.M.S. Tidyman, W.
 Sergt. Barton, C.J.
 Sergt. Gray, E.W.
 Sergt. Kemp, A.E.
 Sergt. Wills, H.C.
 Cpl. Cook, W.S.
 Cpl. Dalton, J.H.
 Cpl. Hopkirk, E.S.M.
 Cpl. Lourie, J.D.
 Cpl. Dunlop, J.
 Cpl. Robson, F.H.
 Cpl. Sparrow, A.G.
 Cpl. Tatham, J.H.
 Cpl. Wilson, C.H.
 L.Cpl. Bairstow, R.B.
 L.Cpl. Box, F.
 L.Cpl. Bremner, R.W.
 L.Cpl. Coates, J.H.
 L.Cpl. Finch, A.G.
 L.Cpl. Hadfield, E.R.
 L.Cpl. MacFarlane, H.M.
 L.Cpl. Wild, G.W.

Troopers : Ablett, F.G. ; Alexander, H.D. ; Allen, D. ; Anderson, J.J. ; Arnold, R.R. ; Babe, J. ; Bache, F.W. ; Bell, R.A. ; Bennett, G.W. ; Bindon, H.R. ; Bishop, A. E. ; Bleach, P.F. ; Blows, P.T.W. ; Boyd, A. ; Bizendale, G. ; Buick, W.E. ; Burrow, E.B. ; Campbell, C.J. ; Cavers, D.H. ; Christensen, F. ; Clarkson, O.E.B. ; Cockerill, E. ; Cocking, F.W. ; Copestake, L. ; Corcoran, P.J. ; Davidson, A.V. ; Dillingham, H. ; Duggan, D.J. ; Dunn, H.J. ; Emmerson, E.L. ; Fincham, T. D. ; Gibson, J. ; Goddard, W.R. ; Goddard, N.R. ; Goodall, T. ; Guernier, E.M. ; Harding, J.C. ; Harnett, J.J. ; Helm, W.O. ; Henderson, W.R. ; Holland, A.A. ; Hoskin, E.L. ; Howard, A.M. ; Howell, W. ; Hughes, A.H. ; Hurley, G. ; Ireland, R.E. ; Johnson, W.L. ; Johnston, F.N. ; Juan, C.P. ; Kelly, R.S. ; Kyd, J.A. ; Lancaster, A.V. ; Lane, J.N. ; Little, J. ; Lowe, T.A.B. ; Manning, V.R. ; Mason, H. ; Meldrum, P. ; Mohring, A.E. ; Mohring, L. ; Moore, A.J. ; Morton, T.C. ; McAuley, M. ; McCarty, J.E. ; McDonald, A. ; McIntosh, A.W. ; Neilson, F.H. ; Nikolaïson, P.E. ; Ottaway, E.E. ; Patridge, E.G. ; Parish, H.A. ; Peacocke, H.G. ; Quigley, C.V. ; Robinson, M. ; Sands, R.B. ; Saunders, A.H.T. ; Sinclair, D.H. ; Sinclair,

M. ; Smith, E.M. ; Smith, V.S. ; Smith, W.G. ; Stanton, V.W.L. ; Stevens, W.F. ; Stevenson, A.H. ; Sutherland, G. McK. ; Thomson, W.A. ; Tombleson, W.M. ; Turner, B.C. ; Waddell, W.H. ; White, J.M. ; White, R.S. ; Wootton, A.D. ; Wright, F.H.

32nd. M.R.

O.C. 2nd. Lieut. H.T. Penrhys-Evans.
 2nd. Lieut. S.M. James.
 2nd. Lieut. W.H. Ebbitt.
 N.C.O's.
 S.M. Short, E.E.
 Q.M.S. Holden, W.R.
 Sergt. Hayes, S.P.
 Sergt. McMillan, J.D.
 Sergt. Perry, W.C.J.
 Cpl. Crampton, H.D.
 Cpl. Jamieson, J.C.
 Cpl. Lawry, R.S.
 Cpl. Oxtan, G.
 Cpl. Pearce, J.M.
 Cpl. Snow, R.V.
 Cpl. Sullivan, W.
 L.Cpl. Biggara, G.
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33rd. M.R.

O.C., 2nd. Lieut. B. Hooker.
 2nd. Lieut. H. Collins.
 2nd. Lieut. Masterman.
 N.C.O's.
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 Q.M.S. Hamilton, J.H.
 Sergt. Cummins, T.W.
 Sergt. Mee, A.R.
 Sergt. Rountree, A.N.
 Sergt. Smith, G.W.H.
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 Cpl. Payne, G.
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 L.-Cpl. Clear, W.T.
 L.-Cpl. Cox, J.
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34th. M.R.

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2nd. Lieut. E.W. Wanden.
2nd. Lieut. D. Paterson.
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Q.M.S. Crow, A.
Sergt. Dry, A.J.
Sergt. Bachelor, H.D.
Sergt. Jolly, S.H.
Cpl. Forbes, S.H.
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L.-Cpl. Gibb, S.G.
L.-Cpl. Simmonds, G.H.

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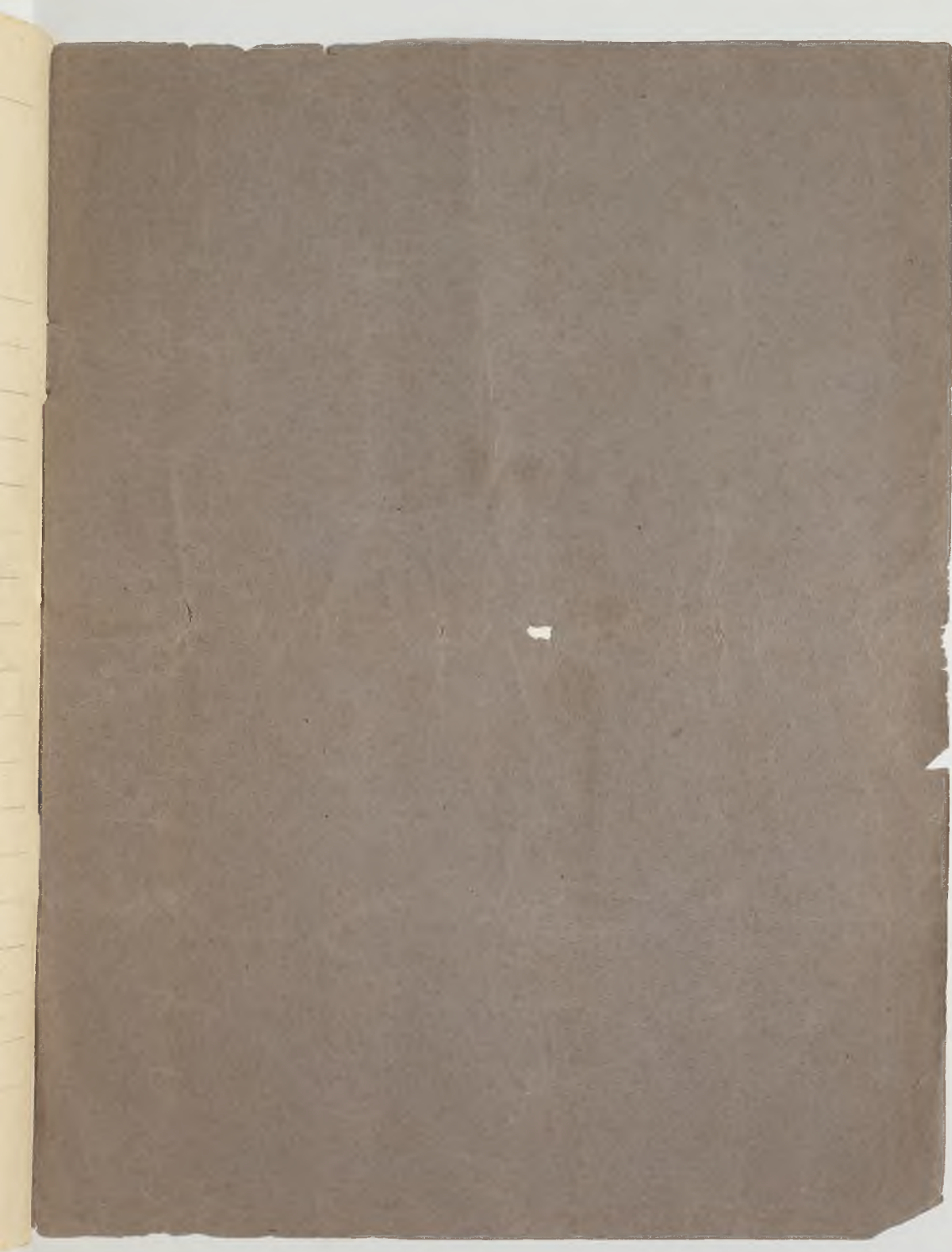
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