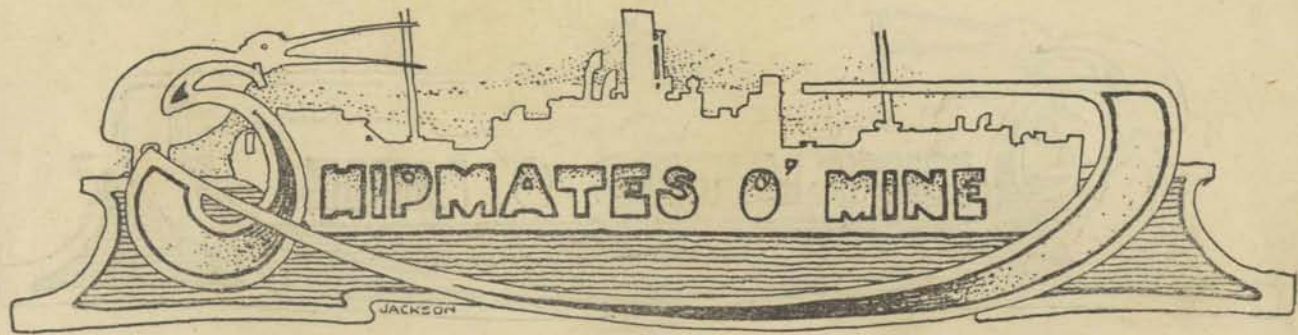




- W.A. Watson Wairoa H.B. }  
 H8228. Pvt. Charles Leary 79 Boulcott St. N8th N.Z. }  
 46034 H.G. Hill. Wairoa H.B. J. Kirkland Palmerston N. }  
 46061 J. Kenley Pt. Murchison 47190 W.G. Nichol Auckland. }  
 47062 J. Paramore Hastings W.G. Taylor Wellington. }  
 46066 J. Clauger Gisborne H. Mayo Wairoa Hawkes Bay. }  
 48220 E. Keating Palmerston N. H. Parkman Gisborne Tairāwhiti Bay }  
 46073 John Perry Gisborne L.P. Dooney Kapiti H.B. }  
 48267 P.W. Kelly Kawatau Mangarua S.F. Reid Hawera. }  
 45822 L. Christensen Feilding. J. Whelan. Armond Gisborne P.N. }  
 46849 Aldam M. Fannon Gisborne J. Boyd Mangapapa Gisborne }  
 46035 A. Seabourne Gisborne W. Cook Tawa Flak Wjhor }  
 46036 J.W. Herbert. Gisborne. W.S. McLoughlin Gisborne. }  
 46046 R.J. Lunnam Gisborne James E. Pross Bellington }  
 46011 C.A. Friedrich. York Farm Marton R. Heath. Hillgrove }  
 46103 P.L. Verry. Feilding. J. Bauer Feilding. }  
 47055 James Fitzgibbon Kapiti E. Sullivan Wairoa Hawkes Bay }  
 46027 A.B. Naehine Whata & Co. Plymouth G.P. Hyland Gisborne }  
 46032 A.H. Henderson. Marton Norman Follett Wellington }  
 46029 J.F. O'Loughlin Gisborne J.J. King Awatuna Taranaki }  
 46026 G. Paget Marton J.V.C.H. King Hawera N.Z. }



Cpl R. L. Gill. Aputi Feilding.

E. S. Fiddle Hornaby Taranaki

R. J. Shaw Wairoa B.

S. D. Black. Kaponga Taranaki.

A. E. Gray Okato New Plymouth

W. R. Ryan Kairanga Palmerston Nth

W. C. King Hastings Hawke's Bay. No 47051.

A. F. Connelly Bluscher St. Fielding No 45994.

W. M. Deuk Dannevirke Hawke's Bay.

J. Gordon Foxton

J. Mayford. Tolaga Bay.

44002 Cpl R. Derobles Hinuau Feilding.

44267 S. V. Gregory Darton.

46004 Harry J. Diamond, Dunedin, N. Z.

48301 J. H. Cook Awhitu Okehuanga

49511 Wm Neill Maheno North Otago

48282 F. W. Simms. Thorndon, Wellington.

48280. Oct. Sheeran, Pelburn, Wellington.

46094 E. Sullivan Wairoa H. B.

46063 A. Neal Matawai Gisborne



*see list of names*

*Ireland Whipaw South Canterbury North Island N. Z.  
W. R. O'Rourke Sublime Poverty Bay N. Z.*



Merwyn J. Wall Penner Auckland  
Fred Magill & live Hawkes Bay  
W. H. Danson Fern: Horowhenua  
Samuel. Piber Wellington  
Peter W. Reilly Kawatau Mangaweka  
L. M. Odell Enfield Oamaru Otago  
E. W. Coleman Motupiko Nelson N.Z.  
J. M. Hunter Wairarapa S. Canterbury  
H. Quinn Hastings N.Z.

## "AU REVOIR."

She leaned gently on my shoulder, and as we sat there on the hillside together, gazing at Wellington's glittering lights below, hardly a word passed between us. Oftentimes we had spent many an evening on that very same spot; and on other occasions I had stood there watching transports crowded with troops gliding down the harbour conveying these men to the battle front. How I had longed then for the time when I could follow in their footsteps!

But now, on this beautiful evening, our hearts were heavy. It was a time for parting. At last I had become a soldier, and was on my final night's leave. On the morrow I would embark on the greatest mission I had ever undertaken. It was my wish, and it was her wish, because it was my duty; her wish, because it was her duty. Only a year before she had given me her decision; and what a year it had been! As we clasped each other closely, as all lovers are wont to do at such a time as this, memories of those many happy hours spent with her—memories which would serve to spur me on to duty—sped through my mind. He evidently realised, as I did, what this great war meant.

Those days of joy were passed; I had received a greater call; and I could claim her as mine no longer. As a man, my duty was to my country, and it was only by proving my manliness by joining my fellow-men in the great struggle that I could once again claim her.

Presently the Town Clock chimes disturbed our thoughts, and reminded us that the hours were passing. She then spoke, though not without difficulty:

"Are you really going to-morrow?" she asked.

"Yes, girlie, I'm off to-morrow," was my careless reply.

"You know, I can't bear you to go so soon and so far away."

Again I was feeble in my efforts to cheer her, "Oh! but I must. It's no use worrying, though."

During the conversation which followed I was asked many questions, and made many rash promises; and it was not until after I had said "Au revoir" that night that I realised what her words meant to me.

Next day, along with many brother soldiers, I embarked on the Tofua. Just before leaving the wharf I could see in the midst of the crowd one who was watching for me. I soon attracted her attention, and she came near enough to hand me a parcel and bid me a final "Au revoir." As we drew away I noticed that a handkerchief covered her eyes, and—we were parted.

The parcel contained much that would give me more comfort than anything else on the long voyage. A note in the parcel bore the following inscription:

"To my soldier-boy, with best love, God-speed, and a safe return.

"AU REVOIR."



"THE OLD MAN."

**COMING. COMING.  
COMING.**

- Buffalo Bill's Celebrated Platoon.  
See Colonel Cody ride the wave.  
See Sergt. Bey mount his "hors de combat."  
See Sergt. McCarthy and his troop dromedary (dormitory) fatigues.  
See "Lance Sergeant, the trained wild boar, on the back down."  
Don't miss this treat.

Prices moderate.

D. G. CODY,  
Advance Agent.

**"THE OLD CURIOSITY  
SHOP."**

Fisher and Fowler, Ltd.  
Vaccinated arms a speciality.  
Best stock on board; wooden legs, cork arms, glass eyes. All orders promptly attended to. See us before being vaccinated. Advice free.  
No. 5, Port-street.

MATRIMONIAL.—Handsome, sprightly young Officer, with no encumbrances, wishes to correspond with hefty young lady about 21, with view to marriage. Genuine. Photos exchanged.—Write to G.W., care of "A" Company.



CAPT. JOHN GRAHAM.

## A SOLDIER'S LETTER.

Found on board. Writer can have same on application to the "Kiwi":

"At Sea."

"My Darling Ruth,—How I would love to be with you to-night instead of tossing on this restless sea. I have been seasick most of the time and have only been down to the mess room once since we left New Zealand. However, it is wonderful what a lot of fun you can have on a troopship if you have a vein of humour in you. The food we get on board is fairly good, although it is very monotonous. Jack, my mate, I think I introduced you to him before we left Wellington, usually brings up my meals on deck. He has been extremely good to me, as he knows I cannot stand the hum of the mess room. Up till lately we have been buying extras in the canteen, but neither of us have any money, so our dainties are cut out until next pay day. I only went out on leave into Sydney once. I was most unfortunate in striking

fatigue duty most of the time we were there. I think I will be a useful husband to you when I get back. I can peel potatoes, scrub floors, and am now almost domesticated. The Sergeant who is our Platoon Sergeant used to drive Jackson's butcher's cart. He is not a nice fellow, and I think still has the smell of meat about him. There are dozens of chaps in our platoon who would be more capable of wearing stripes than he. He came abroad at Fremantle "well sprung," and we got the benefit next day at drill. I met a very nice family in Sydney. Two of the girls took me out for a motor drive for three hours. I was pleased with the look of the country and sat in the back seat by myself (liar), so that I would not be tempted. Now my dear I think I have given you a good deal of news. I am longing to get to our destination to get your letters. You can't realise how I am looking forward to getting them, dear. I know, darling girl, you will keep your vow and that you will be true to me. I am doing my best to go straight and have met with much fortune. When this fight is over I hope to return to you, sweetheart, when we will buy that farm of Rob's and start a happy home. We can get the furniture on the time-payment system if dad does not do up. I can't write more as the Corporal is collecting letters to be censored—hope they won't use the pen too freely with this. In great haste, fondest love and a thousand kisses to you, my dear one.—Your loving sweetheart, ROY."

"P.S.—X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X"

## LOST AND FOUND.

Wanted Known.—That the ship's cats are still alive and that there was no truth in the rumour that the stew had hair on it.

Lost.—The reputation of being a good sailor.—Apply Capt. Paterson.

Lost.—Two waxed ends; valued by owner to complete personal appearance.—Apply Lieut. Butcher.

Lost.—An appetite for sausages.—Apply Willie Groper, D Coy.

Lost.—Since last issue of the "Kiwi," all interest in things nautical.—Apply Sergt. Williams.

Lost.—Every day since leaving New Zealand, three good meals a day.—Apply to Lieut. Wallace.

Lost, near Library, a lot of bad language and much grumbling.—Apply Sergt. Stewart.

Lost.—The desire for hard work.—Anyone finding same please return to Ship's Sergt.-Major.

Lost, near Sergeants' Mess, one well-grown Shorthorn bullock and one woolly wether, both branded "POKR."—Finder please return to Sergeant of Police (the C.B. King).

## MESS TIME.

By SEAGULL.

The other morning, being unable to sleep, I got up, and having nothing better to do, I started on a cruise round the ship. As I came to the 'tween decks aft I found the passage way blocked by a motley crowd carrying tin dishes, dixies and basins of all descriptions. Being curious, I pushed past, and my nasal organs told me I was nearing the Cook's galley. Dimly through the stream I could see the cooks ladling out coffee. "Any more coffee," came the cry. And soon all the dixies were filled and on their way to the different mess rooms.

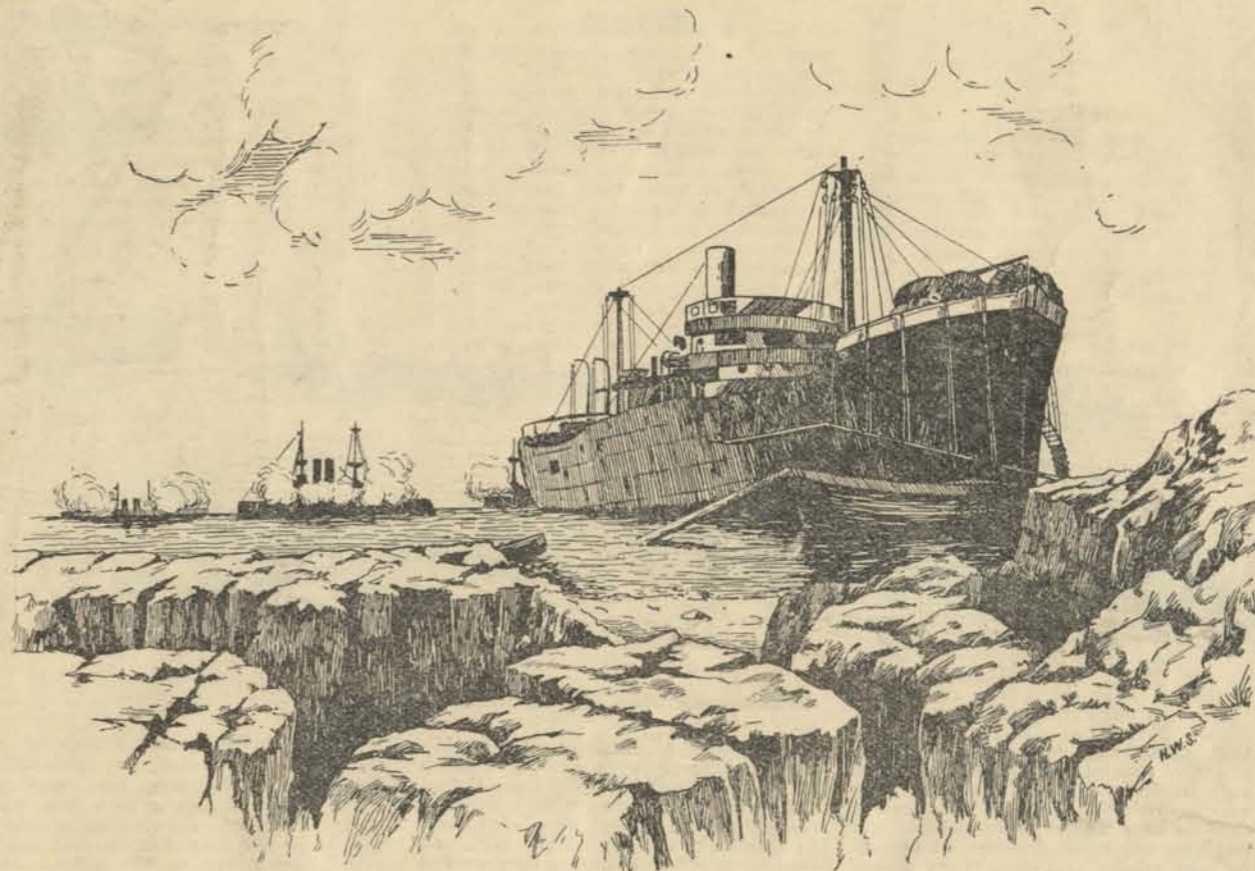
"Who wants porridge?" said the cook. This article of diet not being in great demand, the porridge men were soon away. The next dish on the menu was "Soldiers' Delight," or Bill Massey's Stew. This appeared to be a greasy concoction containing several potatoes, some onion skins and quite a large proportion of mutton bones. It was dished out from a large cauldron, like mother's washing boiler. "It puts hair on your chest," says the Quarter. The long line of waiting dishes having been filled with the savoury morsels, the mess orderlies proceeded to their respective mess rooms with gaiters suitable to the motion of the ship. On this particular morning the trip downstairs was accomplished safely, although on several occasions the mess orderlies have arrived before the stew. Having arrived safely, the mess orderlies proceeded to divide the rations. Meantime the waiting crowd began to get impatient and cries of "Hurry up there," "Shake a leg," came floating in. "Are you all set?" says the mess room corporal. "Right oh!" says he, and the crowd poured in, each man to his accustomed place, and the meal commenced. Presently a whistle sounded, and a sergeant was seen followed by a pale-looking Officer staggering downstairs. The Officer wore his "Sam Browne," evidently to keep his stomach in place. All being quiet, a weak voice said, "Any complaints, men?" Evidently the Officer was in a hurry to get it over, but he was doomed to disappointment. "Yes, sir, can't drink the coffee this morning." "Let me taste it," said the poor, unfortunate Officer. "That's all right. I could drink it all day," said he. A voice from another quarter, "No butter this morning, sir." "How's that Quarter-master?" "Butter here, sir, but the men won't eat it."

"That's all you can get," said the Officer.

Having performed this duty, the Officer of the Day hurriedly departs.

"Hurry up," says the corporal, "it's nearly time for the second sitting to come in," and their hunger having been appeased, the men retire, leaving the mess orderlies to clean up and prepare for the second sitting.

I also retired to the boat deck thinking of the trials and tribulations of men on a transport.



"RIVER CLYDE," AND WARSHIPS FROM "V" BEACH.

## REMINISCENCES ON AN OBSOLETE WARSHIP.

(Copyright.)

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE "KIWI.")

Before this war of wars actually started there took place on the 15th of July, 1914, the greatest of all test mobilisations that the British Navy has ever held, and many ships were present which were thought to be so obsolete as to be only fit for the scrap heap.

It devolved upon these old ships a few days later, however, to form the patrol to guard the first expeditionary force across to France. After this was accomplished they scattered, many going out on the trade routes, one finding itself eventually at Archangel, another at the Falkland Isles, still another ("The Albion") at Walfish Bay, German West Africa, another at German East Africa, and still more scattered over the Red Sea, Persian Gulf, and Mediterranean.

By far the greatest event in the history of these old ships was the attack on the Dardanelles, in which several of them found their final resting place, but in which all did their bit and perhaps a little more. The first event of any importance was the attack on the outer forts on 25th February. In this stunt there were employed, roughly, three or four more or less modern war ships, including the "Queen Elizabeth," five of the old 'uns and four old French battleships. The most outstanding feature in this bombardment was the extraordinary amount of battering earthenwork forts required to actually knock them out. In fact, in a fort at Kum Kale one gun was found loaded and intact by the demolition party on the following day, when parties from two of the ships landed and blew up remaining guns and magazines.

The next item of any great interest was the attack on The Narrows, and as seen from one of our four old battleships which bore the brunt of the attack, it was sufficiently exciting for most sightseers. The more modern ships were anchored in the swept portion of the Straits just inside the entrance, whilst the four old French ships steamed to much closer range, keeping on the move and firing continuously as long as they could stick it. This, however, was not as long as was anticipated, and they were soon relieved by

the four old British battleships, "Vengeance," "Albion," "Irresistible" and "Ocean." As these ships were steaming into action the French ship "Bouvet" struck a mine or was torpedoed, and disappeared in about 1 minute 30 seconds; about the same time the "Inflexible" was mined or torpedoed and had to quit the fight. Two of the three remaining French ships were damaged below water and proceeded to the nearest base and anchored in shoal water for repairs, whilst the third was more or less undamaged. In the meantime the four old British ships were getting a pretty hot time, and shortly after 4 p.m. the "Irresistible" was mined or torpedoed and began to founder, most of the crew being picked up by torpedo boat destroyers and picket boats, and probably all would have been saved had not a shell or two arrived on the quarter-deck just as the men were fallen in to abandon her.

Just after 6 p.m. the "Ocean" was mined or torpedoed and began to sink, but practically all of the crew were saved. By this time it was getting dusk and the sight was a marvellous one, all the ships still firing rapidly in reply to the spasmodic fire of a dozen or more forts and many field batteries, and the awesome splendour of the scene was further enhanced by Tchouak and several other places being in flames. As the night fell, putting a stop to fur-



"V" BEACH FROM DECK OF H.M.S. "ALBION."

ther operations, our ships withdrew, and the general feeling of all was a very mixed one. The forts had had a very severe smashing—the true extent only became known later—whilst the warships had suffered somewhat heavily for the results that were then apparent. It has been stated on good authority that the Turks, expecting a renewal of the attack on the following day, deserted their forts that evening after we withdrew, and the ships could probably have got through the next day; but from the point of view of the warships this did not appear so, and consequently the attack was suspended for the time.

The next event of any moment was the landing of the troops on the 25th April, 1915. The British troops landed at four beaches and made one or two feint landings, whilst the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps landed at Gaba Tepe and the French at Kum Kale. As an eye-witness could only view the operations at the one particular landing, the only one which can here be described is that at "V" Beach, the beach between Cape Helles and Seddul-Bahr village. The ground around this beach stretched up in the form of an amphitheatre to the skyline, being bounded on the right by Seddul-Bahr village and forts, and on the left by steep cliffs, the amphitheatre being a mass of trenches from beach to skyline. Just before daybreak the "Albion" and "Cornwallis," assisted by the "Queen Elizabeth," swept the trenches with a perfect inferno of shell fire. In the meantime the horizon had become literally black with shipping of all sorts and sizes, from four-funnel ocean liners down to French sardine boats, and this was probably one of the most wonder-

ful collections of shipping in the world's history. Troops were first seen landing at "W" beach N.W. of Cape Helles, and although they met with heavy rifle and maxim fire they were soon seen to appear at the top of the cliff, and then by a series of charges they worked their way along the top of the cliffs towards "V" beach. By this time strings of boats in tow of picket boats were landing at "V" beach, but most of them were riddled by maxim and pom-pom fire before their troops could disembark, and very few of their troops got ashore unhurt.

The collier "River Clyde," which had been specially prepared for the enterprise, was now run up on to the beach and commenced disembarking her cargo of 2,000 to 3,000 troops, but she did not run up sufficiently, with the result that those troops who were not shot down jumped off into deep water and were drowned. It is believed that between 100 and 200 troops were lost in this way before the landing was temporarily postponed.

Those troops who had landed could now be seen sheltering under the fore-shore and ruins of the old fortifications of Seddul-Bahr, while the beach appeared to be littered with dead and wounded. During this day no less than 25 dead and between 60 and 70 wounded troops were recovered from the riddled boats and taken on board the "Albion," which was the nearest bombarding ship. Numbers of dead and wounded men were also recovered by other warships.

The trenches had been absolutely cleared of the enemy by the gunfire from the warships, but maxims and pom-poms placed in caves on the left and behind the ruins of the forts on the right inflicted the terrible havoc, and these could not be easily located.

The operations were abandoned at this beach for the day, but at daylight the following morning the warships again opened fire, and in a few minutes wiped out the hidden maxims, and by 10.30 a.m. our troops had established themselves in the village and half way up the amphitheatre.

By 1 p.m. the troops from "W" beach had worked their way around and joined up with those of "V" beach, and the whole then charged to the skyline, led by Col. Dougherty Wylie. It was a truly magnificent spectacle, but as soon as our troops arrived on the skyline they were met by a hail of bullets, and the gallant colonel and many others fell. The capture of the skyline trench now gave our troops a firm establishment on the top of the Peninsula.

For many days after the landing four of the old battleships took watches in turn on right flanking duty, which entailed steaming up and down inside the straits bombarding the enemy under the directions of our army. On the 13th May, shortly after 1 a.m., the "Goliath," which was on this particular duty that day, was torpedoed by a Turkish torpedo boat destroyer which had drifted down on the current close inshore. When she was first seen she was thought to be one of our own vessels and the mistake was discovered just as she fired her first torpedo. She fired two or three, all of which hit, and then returned full speed up the straits again to safety. The first intimation the other ships received of this disaster was from the cries of the survivors as they floated past on the swift current. About two hundred only were saved out of about 700.

The appearance of submarines caused the next exciting event in the history of

the old ships. This occurred on 23rd May, when the "Albion," while zig-zagging, ran aground off Gaba Tepe about 4 a.m. and remained there for over five hours. The "Canopus" passed a tow and two destroyers also assisted, but without much luck at the commencement. The Turks remained quiet for a couple of hours and then began to fire small stuff which, however, soon developed into heavier, and the destroyers had to sheer off. During this time all spare water was being pumped overboard, and the "Albion" was also being lightened by the continuous heavy firing which she kept up on the shore batteries. These efforts, coupled with the towing of the "Canopus" and the engines of the "Albion" going full speed astern, finally got her off, but not before the enemy's fire had made a mess of things on deck, but doing, after all, no damage of any vital importance. The "Albion" proceeded to Malta after being relieved by the "Triumph," and after a refit carried the first batch of British troops to Salonika, and there the tale ends.

The "Triumph" was torpedoed and sunk by a submarine two or three days after she relieved the "Albion," and the "Majestic" suffered a similar fate just after.

Apart from the work of bombarding, these old ships supplied most of the officers and men for beach parties at the various landings, and there is no doubt that the work they had to do and carried out so well could not have been done better by the very latest of ships, and when one remembers that the "Bouvet," "Ocean," "Irresistible," "Goliath," "Triumph" and "Majestic" are all resting on the ocean bed at the Dardanelles, one realises that they were up against a stiff proposition.

### Mal de Mer.

Just glance around the deck some day  
The saddest sights are there,  
You'll see the abject plight of those  
Who suffer Mal de mer.

They try to read—alas, no good,  
Their books are cast aside,  
They cannot concentrate their thoughts,  
There's something wrong inside.

Their eyes are dim, their brows are damp,  
They tremble at the knees,  
They wish (for once) they were in camp,

Far from the rolling seas.  
They cannot sleep, their meals are few,  
They dare not face below,  
For if they did, their breakfast stew  
Would almost surely go.

With haggard faces drawn and gaunt,  
They gasp as if for air,  
And rising, staggering, reach the rail,  
And curse this "Mal de mer."

### SPORTS.

Sports afternoons have given the committee a fair idea of what is expected in the way of enthusiasm aboard in regard to sport. Seats on the pillow fighting pedestal were difficult to obtain at the first matinee, but since Lieut. Butcher set the fashion and brought about the downfall of Captain Paterson that fashion has become a craze. With a brief word in passing it behoves us to draw a veil over the initial potato race. The frenzied eagerness of all and sundry to participate nearly caused a riot necessitating a cessation of proceedings until a fresh stock of spuds could be procured. The officers' pillow fight created an immense



REFEREE LECKIE.

"Break that, and that!"

diversion, although some of our gloomy critics will argue that the handicap imposed upon our O.C. Troops was a bit severe. Inter-platoon Tug-of-War contests have reached an interesting stage. There is of course one platoon we hear of that cannot be beaten. We in our wisdom entreat you to follow Mr. Asquith's policy of "wait and see," for there is many a slip 'twixt rope and grip. It is also rumoured that some of our more enthusiastic sergeants are already arranging to play off their poker tournaments before reveille so as to en-

able them to attend the sports meetings and lend their moral support to the efforts of an harassed but otherwise cheerful committee.

Since the foregoing, vaccination, with its inevitable toll of sore arms, has somewhat limited the activities of the sporting fraternity, consequently little headway has been made with the tug-of-war competitions. Each company has decided its champion teams and it remains to decide which platoon will come out cock of the walk.

Boxing as usual occupies first place in popular favour and already several fine bouts have been contested. Private Brouard, of "F" company, after pluckily winning the featherweight championship, was challenged by Trimmer Hood and took the count in the third round, after an exhibition of the manly art resembling something between a windmill in a gale and a claret foundry. In the middle-weight championship Wilson defeated (on fouls) Wallace and Walker. The latter bout was decided in the third round amidst cheers and gore, the result being rather unfortunate for Walker, who fought well and led slightly on points at the time of his unpremeditated lapse from the rules. Wallace won his first competition round, but lost rather unfortunately in his second, as already stated. He now challenges Wilson, the winner, for the championship.

In the heavy-weight championship Christensen outed his opponent with a rather wild blow on the occiput, placing the result of that bout beyond possibility of a dispute. He meets S.M. Thredgill in the semi-final, while Thompson, who defeated Cashman, will dispute the championship with the winner. Private Heaney and Donkeyman Newman gave an exhibition six-round bout in the earlier stages of the competition, both welters, and a splendid fight resulted. Referee Leckie awarded the points to the soldier. We understand that these two will meet again before the close of the voyage and look forward to something good.

### Military Terms Explained.

Medical examination: The time to look modest.

Personal interest: Eliminated.

Army provisions: Mostly stew.

Discipline: Another word for doing what you are told and don't want to.

Army extraordinaries: We meet them every day, mostly at mess.

Strategy: The art of living well on a bob a day.

### Army Penalties.

The penalty for committing suicide whilst in the army is two years' imprisonment.

For creating an alarm, penal servitude. Be careful, you buglers!

PORTS OF CALL.

(By Claret.)

After several days steaming, under weather conditions sometimes ideal, but, unfortunately, more often the reverse, which latter made many on board feel anything but happy, it was very pleasing in the morning of Tuesday to hear the welcome shout, "Land ahead."

As the objects on land gradually became more discernible it was soon apparent to the traveller that our first port of call was to be Sydney, and "83" slowly—all too slowly for most of us—glided through the entrance of the harbour to the accompaniment of cheering from the residents on the nearby shores and the cursties of the small boats which came to see who and what we were.

Unfortunately, Jupiter Pluvius was still sulky, and our first view of the renowned harbour was, to a certain extent, marred by misty rain. A short time before lunch the ship came to anchor in the stream.

As the day advanced many of the fair sex came out to welcome the Maorilanders, bringing with them gifts, the scramble for the possession of which provided quite interesting tests in tactics. The lucky recipient generally withdrew to the rear of the deck to investigate his prize, and altogether the scene suggested a day at the Zoo where delighted youngsters are to be seen providing peanuts for our "alleged" ancestors.

Wednesday morning dawned bright and fair, and "83" quickly moved up to the wharf, just as the finishing touches were being added to the tunic buttons. Surely never was task so lightly done. Ashore—oh, to get a good solid grip with the "Massey's" again—a march through the city to the station, and what marching. Did not the dailies say "it was well nigh perfect?" Scarcely could it have been otherwise, with a military band to set the time, and the whole route thronged with our neighbouring cousins, the ladies—God bless 'em—being much in evidence.

Arrived at the station, entraining was but the work of a moment, and per medium of first-class carriages (the boys wish their appreciation to be stressed), the trip to Liverpool Military Camp was made in an hour. This journey was perhaps the most exhilarating experience to date. Scores, nay hundreds, of engines "cock-a-doodle-doo'd" until the brain ached from the din, whilst all along the line the residents waved flags, towels, or anything that came just to hand. As for the boys, we lay back and enjoyed it all to the full, almost feeling justified in a belief in our marching song: "We are Bill Massey's Tourists."

Liverpool station all too soon; thence to camp, where our brother Anzacs turned out to give us a welcome, with plenty of good-natured chaff and not infrequently and perhaps with an occasional touch of earnestness the query, "Did you bring any butter with you, mate?"

Our stay in camp extending over just a week was as real as it was unexpected. Thanks to the efforts of our O.C. leave was easily obtainable, and fully taken advantage of, so much so, in fact, that

a debit entry against our account with the Government was very welcome.

The return to our floating home was made on Wednesday afternoon. The route march through the main streets of Sydney would doubtless be voted a brilliant spectacle, both by the soldiers and the residents who turned out en masse to bid us God-speed and a safe return. The line of route was a sea of faces, and many of those with whom we had become acquainted during our stay, posted themselves at vantage points whereby they were enabled to pass to us small delicacies, of which, alas, now but a memory remains. Incredible as it would appear, some few men seemed not displeased to be aboard ship once more; but it was noticeable that the few who complained of snakes (and this was apparently the cause of uneasiness) were really high "spirited" men, and their assertions were altogether too "rummy" to be seriously considered.

Thursday saw us make our departure with old King Sol shining in all his splendour, and amidst many farewell greetings, we took our leave of Sydney and her people, whose hospitality will be gratefully remembered by all. Perhaps ere this we should have mentioned the truly distressing leave-taking of a charming young damsel with several of A company's N.C.O.'s. It was almost "upsetting," and to have mentioned farewells without some slight reference to this incident would certainly merit a court martial.

During the next twelve days or so we steamed for the setting sun, whilst the weather was anything but kind. Of this period perhaps the less said the better. The most noteworthy incident was the increasing number of officers and men who expressed, in no uncertain manner, a desire "to go on the land." The values, too, of quite small holdings were surely inflated. In fact we heard it mentioned (with what amount of truth we are unable positively to say) that the O.C. ship was prepared to pay something running into hundreds for a couple of square feet of solid clay. If this is so, we incline to the belief that there was something beneath the surface, since rumour has it that agriculture is a strong point with our popular captain.

Smooth water brought us again in sight of land, and proceeding straight up to our berthing place it was not long before orders came through to prepare for a route march through Fremantle. Inclement weather made "rolled coats" seem a necessary order, so we prepared. Suddenly the sun burst forth, and instructions were "disperse with great-coats." Ashore for an hour or two, during which time we all got thoroughly wet, the clouds having banked up again ere this, and then still another change to sunshine which quickly raised our dampened spirits and dried our clothes. Truly, Fremantle is a place to turn a weather prophet grey or bald-headed. The wet part of the programme may be easily understood, for it has not previously been our experience to see so many hotels (whose appearance suggested trade good) in such a short space of time. The march enabled us to stretch our legs, and the brief spell (not a minute of which was wasted) for "light" refreshments was very much appreciated.

Our stay in this port lasting but a few hours, we were unable to see very much of the township or its people, but we can safely assert that all on board have but kindly thoughts for the good people of the Commonwealth, who so ably contributed to make a wearying journey less tiresome than it would otherwise have been.

[Other ports of call will be published as soon as permitted by the censor.]

THE "TOFUA" THEATRE.

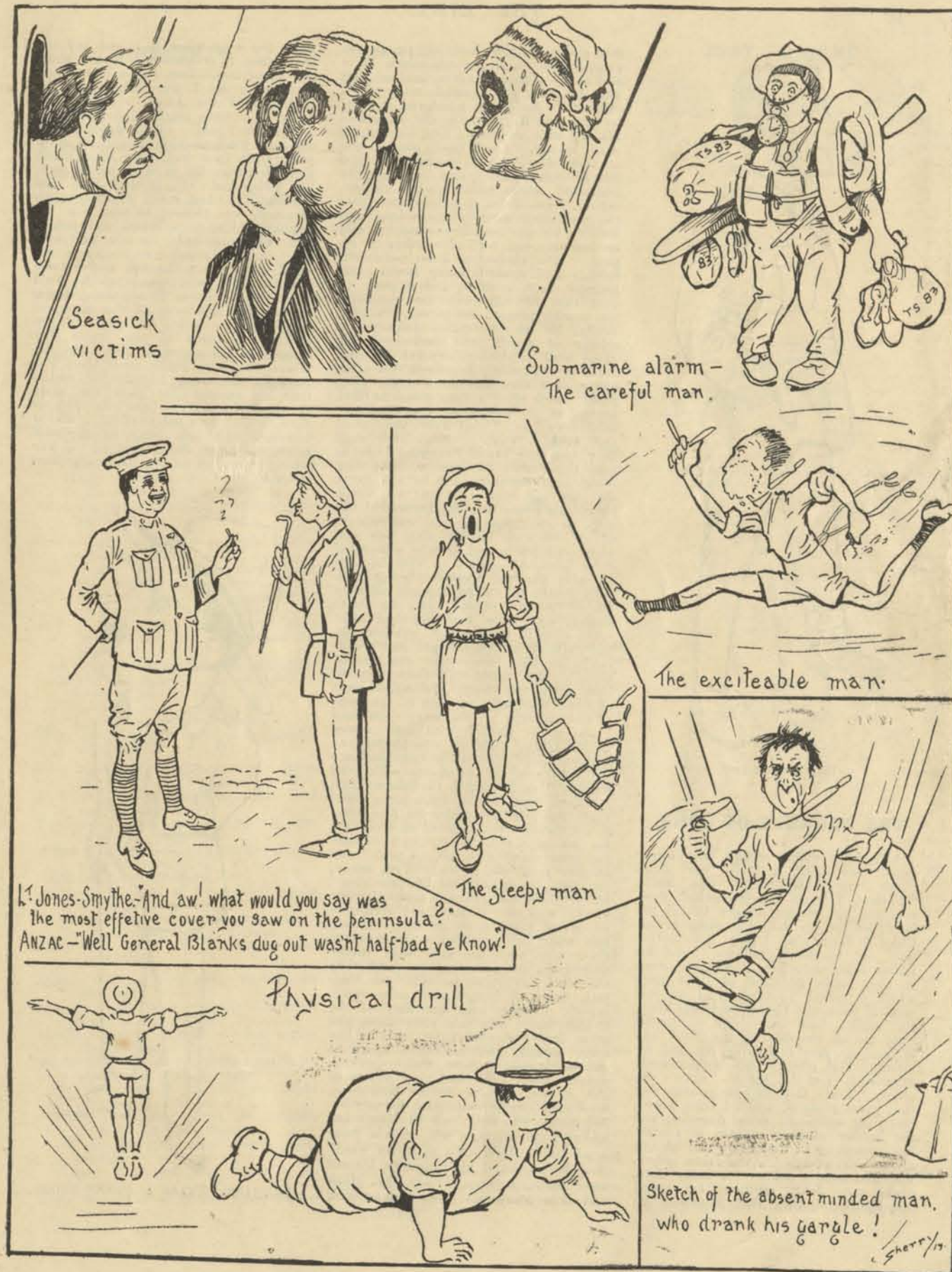
Continuous from 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. Now showing, the world-famous Quadrangle Picture,

"HOW I KEPT THE WATCH,"

Starring Claude de Val. Prices as usual. Come early to avoid the crush. Don't push, and mind your pockets. Telegraphic address: "Wid."



SHIP'S Q.M. WELCH.



Lt Jones-Smythe—And, aw! what would you say was the most effective cover you saw on the peninsula? ANZAC—Well General Blanks dug out wasn't half-bad ye know!

Physical drill

Sketch of the absent minded man, who drank his gangle!





THE ADJUTANT.

## THE PARABLE OF JOHN.

And there was a certain man whose name was John, and the said John goeth unto his father and saith, "Father, I have sinned against thee, and am not worthy longer to till the land; let me go unto the camp of big Chief William that I may be even as one of his hired soldiers," and his father saith unto him, "My son, even as thou saith, go thou into the place which is called Trentham and we will see if thou wilt become a better man, for verily, thou hast been a trouble unto me all the days of thy life," and it came to pass that when he had arrived at that place he was soon muchly impressed, and he sayeth unto one other, "Truly this place is muchly like that great place of which I have heard, and they calleth its name America, and the banner of that country is muchly like this place in that Stars and Stripes aboundeth greatly." And that other, who had been a soldier for many days, spake unto John, saying, "Lo, speak not lightly of they that flaunteth the

star and the stripe, for they prospereth exceedingly and getteth much leave and many pieces of silver, and he that weareth many stars getteth many pieces of gold." And John wondered at what he saw and he goeth to the Sergeant-Major, who was unto him like a big chief, saying, "Lo, I would also be one of they who weareth many stars and get as much gold," and he whom he addressed spake with much wisdom, saying, "Lo, John, I telleth unto you, the way unto many stars is long and weary; be ye therefore watchful and on one day you will, if worthy, be repaid." And thereafter John pondereth muchly and readeth many books and learned much wisdom, and it came to pass that he who was the big chief was muchly pleased and sayeth, "Verily, verily, he who is called John is a soldier of worth, and henceforth his name shall be Lance-Corporal." And John was so greatly honoured that after many days they called his name Corporal; then after a long time he that controlled all things of the Company saith unto him, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, henceforth shall they name be called Sergeant. Let us take ship into a far country, and they went into the ship, and to the great sea, and the rain came and the winds blew, and great was the motion of the ship, so great that he who was captain of all the men on the ship was sick nigh unto death, and he who was called John laboured muchly in vain because he who was the Captain, being nigh unto death, taketh no thought of they whom he had called upon to bear stripes, and after the ship had been many days in much rough weather, he, the Captain, taketh thought and speaketh unto they who were also chiefs, saying, "Lo, taketh all these men to look upon this land, and allow each of these to drink one pint of the wine of the country, for the way is long and I am much pleased with the manner of the men," and it was as he had spoken. Now this John sayeth unto the others of his Company with the stripes, "Lo, he that is Captain walketh in front, come let us drink some more pints, for is it not easier for the camel to go through the knee of an idol than for we of the three stripes to satisfy our great thirst with the one pint," and another speaketh, saying, "Yea, verily, for one pint is unto me like one drop; let us then duck, which meaneth fade away," and they ducked, and surrounded many pints such as they desired, and when the sun had set they made their way unto the ship with many mutterings and much mirth. And when the next day came he that was Captain, being no longer nigh unto death, sayeth, "Bring unto me they of the stripes that I may talk unto them, and great indeed was his anger, and he had them brought unto his court, which he calleth his orderly rume, and he spaketh muchly unto John and they others of the stripes, saying, "Who hath woe, who hath sorrow, who hath hurts without cause, who hath vain babblings and uncouth murmurings, who hath a great head and a thirst such as never was?" And he answered his questions himself unto them, saying, "They that duck and fade away that they might look

upon the wine when it is red and the beer when it is ambereth in the glass, did I not make thee rule's over many men, even did I not make thee the backbone of the Army, so that after many days thou might also have stars and much gold. Woe unto ye, ye children, I telleth now that at no other place shalt thou look upon that which thou desireth, for it is a punishment, but fitting unto the offences thou hast committed." And John, who was much ashamed, was pleased to note that the Captain had no more breath to reproach him, when up spoke he who had seen much war, so much that he was a big chief, almost as a Captain, and he also reproacheth with many words, until John felt verily as if he were indeed a miserable cumberer of the earth, so much so, that when he who had last spoken had used all the terms that cometh to his memory, John and the others who were guilty made their way through the many bunches of violets that lay around that place and sadly departed thence, and now the parable sheweth that it is not good for a soldier to duck and fade away to surround much wine, and John went on his way telling unto all men the wickedness thereof.



"THE 'DOC.' TELLS A FUNNY STORY."

## ODDMENTS.

## TUNE: "THE HOTTIES."

Not so far from Wellington there is a soldiers' camp,  
Where patriotic ardour thrives amid the fog and damp;  
Parsons, Workers, Teachers, every class is in the game,  
Leaving homes and work behind to win a soldier's fame.

We're the Soldiers, just the Soldiers,  
We're the cause of all the trouble,  
cause of all the crime.  
If these verses seem uncouth,  
Still they seek to tell the truth.  
And remember that we're soldiers every time.

Just a little while ago we left our native home,  
Upon a troopship crowded, for many weeks to roam;  
But though we viewed with pleasure the trip we had in view,  
We'd yet to learn what rolling this noble boat could do.

Troopship eighty, three and eighty,  
You're the cause of all the churning,  
cause of all the pain.  
When you have the soldiers lie  
In all places, wet or dry.  
Then you know our boat is rolling once again.

Every night we hoped to find a calm upon the scene,  
But in the morn o'er bulwarks thick we'd see the soldiers lean;  
And when our legs were giving way,  
on knees we humbly fell,  
And in this state we thought 'twas straight the ship was bound for H—

Oh! our stomachs, heaving stomachs,  
They're the cause of all our trouble,  
cause of all our pain.  
When you hear a soldier say,  
"I can't eat my food to-day,"  
Then you know it's just his stomach once again.

Very near to Sydney town our soldiers had a rest  
At a place called Liverpool, where food was not the best;  
Jam was scarce, and butter nil, the stew was Kangaroo;  
Without the canteen to assist we'd been a sorry crew.

Liverpool, O Liverpool,  
It's the cause of all the trouble, cause of all the crime.  
When you hear remarks that pass  
On that nightly picquet farce,  
Then you know it's Liverpool rule every time.

Sydney was the daily haunt of half our regiment,  
Seeing sights and making eyes—on every pleasure bent;  
Manly, Coogee, Bondi, all are names familiar grown;  
While the Zoo and Gardens too with khaki well were strown.

It's the route march, it's the route march,  
That's the cause of all the trouble,  
cause of all the crime.  
When the girls we'd been with  
Came and marched with us so lightly,  
Then you know it is the route march every time.

## JUST TO HAND.

Butcher's second edition of Best Book on Bridge. Only a few copies available. Absolutely invaluable to all who play Bridge.

Price, 3s. 6d. In leather.  
You save the money in your first Bridge Evening.

FUSSEL AND CO.,  
News Agents.

(Next door to Hospital.)

Some are long, and some are short, and some have auburn hair,  
They are all a genteel lot, and never, never swear?  
Most are thin and full of fun, and have a taste for euchre,  
There you find just what you want—a draper to a butcher.  
It's the officers, just the officers, They're the cause of all the trouble,  
cause of all the crime.  
When you see a crowd sublime,  
Haters all of skirts and wine,  
Then you know it's just the officers every time.

After days of tossing on the rough Australian Bight,  
Spirits rose with appetites—Fremantle was in sight.  
We could tell you all about a route march on that day;  
But who would tell the story of the butter in the Bay?  
It's the butter, fishy butter,  
That's the cause of all the trouble,  
cause of all the crime.  
When those crates went overboard,  
Every man was in accord,  
That we all should have good butter every time.

## How Have the Mighty Fallen?

Scene: Street in D—.

Enter a ricksha pulled by a small runner, the passengers being the Ship's Sergeant of Police, Sergeant-Major H— and another celebrity (name unknown).

"Whoa," said the Sergeant-Major. The nigger tipped the shaft up in the air and before he could stop one wheel hit the curb. The Sergeant-Major performed a somersault backwards and landed on his feet. (Being big they came down first.—Ed.)

The Police Sergeant's feet became entangled with the telephone wires and the third man fell out and assisted the nigger to pull down the shafts. The trio then beat a hasty and inglorious retreat, moralising on the evils of employing a small ricksha runner.

It is said that rumour is a lying jade, but is there any truth in the statement that three Quartermaster-Sergeants from the boat took four Australian nurses for a ricksha ride and afterwards entertained them to a pineapple supper on the wharf? Pineapples are cheap, anyhow. Hard luck, the Lieutenant could not get away.

Lieutenant Chapple beat a hasty retreat when the Hindu fruit-seller said "You the big chief, you pay," when the men were getting away with his oranges.

Quartermaster Geddes has a bright idea. He was heard inquiring the price of land at —, and it is whispered that when the war is over he intends starting a poultry farm there. "Cackle berries" at 4s. 6d. a dozen ought to pay. Eh, what! Don't forget, Quarter, that niggers are famous chicken stealers. How about mounting a guard?



THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT.



THE BOS'UN.

**Bible Class.**

A meeting of those interested in the formation of a Bible Class was held on Sunday, 20th May, 1917. Chaplain-Captain Young occupied the chair and there were 29 present. It was decided that a class be held every Sunday at 2.30 p.m., and that the Gospel of St. John be the subject of study. The following committee was elected: President, Captain Young; Vice-President, Lieut. E. S. Smith; Hon. Secretary, Private G. W. Carrington; Committee, Sergt. Platt, Sergt. Campbell, Sergt. Milner, C.S.M. Hudson, Private Lee. It was also decided that a meeting for prayer be held on Wednesdays at 8 p.m. on the boat deck. Three meetings of the class have now been held

and drew good attendances. The membership is now 48, made up as follows:

A Company	...	2
D Company	...	20
E Company	...	9
F Company	...	9
J Company	...	4
Other units	...	4

One chapter of the Gospel is taken each Sunday and dealt with as follows: (1) Name of chapter; (2) most important subject; (3) command to obey; (4) examples to follow; (5) best verse. Whenever a subject of sufficient importance arises a full meeting will be devoted to it on a subsequent Sunday. The first of these special subjects will be considered on Sunday, 24th June, when Lieut. Gordon will open the subject of "Witnessing."

**Our Hope.**

We come from New Zealand, the land  
of our birth,  
A little Dominion, the greatest on  
earth,  
Our reason for ploughing this track-  
less sea  
Is to help in the struggle to make men  
free.

We are not anxious for fight, but re-  
joice in right,  
Our national principle—which we hold  
tight—  
For this, many of our land this day  
are at rest  
And we, too, now journey to join in  
the test.

Our foe is stubborn, and struggling to  
win,  
But "Right" is the power which can  
conquer all sin.  
Also think of our bulwarks, the great  
British Fleet,  
Shall it, linked with Justice, e'er suffer  
defeat?

Every day from our loved ones the  
space we increase,  
But their love and devotion shall never  
decrease.  
Our people did know our leaving was  
sore,  
And them we well loved; but we did  
honour more.

The hope of our Nation depends on  
her sons,  
And to-day we are proud because we  
are one;  
So with this great honour our course  
we pursue  
And trust in our "Principle" to carry  
us through.

**OFFICERS! "TEN-SHUN."**

**Try McKeefrey's Famous  
Moustache Fertilizer.**

Any colour required. Will grow hair  
on anything in any climate. Hundreds  
of testimonials.

Price, 2s. 6d. per tube.

**READ THIS TESTIMONIAL.**

The Proprietor, McKeefrey's Famous  
Moustache Fertiliser.

Sir,—I am writing to let you know  
that your fertiliser has succeeded when  
all others have failed. I bought two  
tubes three months ago and have used  
it regularly ever since. I am pleased to  
state that several hairs of a beautiful  
bronze colour have now appeared on my  
lips. I have watched them closely ever  
since they have appeared, and am con-  
vinced they are still growing.

You are at liberty to use this testi-  
monial as you wish.—Yours faithfully,

E. G. Cousins, 2nd Lieut.,  
"D" 25, N.Z.E.F.



RICKSHA BOY.



BIG JIM.

**SHOT AND SHELL.**

What stops us when our eyes are closing,  
What wakens us when we are dosing,  
What takes us from the deck reposing,  
What's worse than the Bo'sun with his hosing?  
The Bugler.

There is a Sergeant named Williams,  
Whose arms are like great pinions,  
His mates with all power  
Says he's the man of the hour,  
And that his rank won't long be Sergeant Williams.

There is a Sergeant named Goodsir,  
Who lives in an amorous mood, sir,  
For, tattooed on his arm  
Is the name of his charm,  
Let's hope that to her he'll be Good-sir.

For two months in Egypt Lieut. Cousins tried to grow a moustache, but failed. Since then he has taken courage to try again. We would suggest that bread poultices are good for drawing.

Willie Groper, of D Company, is considering whether 13 sausages are enough to whet his appetite for dinner. His table mates don't object to him trying this, provided he leaves them a little of the gravy.

Officer to Paddy on Sentry: "If the barracks were to take fire, what orders would you give?"  
Sentry: "'Cease fire,' sir."

The authorities on board "H.M.N. Z.T. 24" evidently put the comfort of the troops before everything else, as is shown by the following extract from Routine Orders: "Slouch hats only will be worn on deck."

F Company has among its boxing men some ex-champions, the latest to be unearched being the veteran Tom Voss, who accounted the other evening for the ex-light weight champion Sam Pascall in quick time. It is said that Jack Heaney is not too anxious for a meeting, and that Parkman has little to say.

At a recent meeting of the Sergeants' Mess Committee, Sergeant Milner inquired rather anxiously if he could have bacon and eggs for breakfast, and any other extras, for one and six per week. Sergeant Gorringe advised him to see the Chef himself.

I tell you, fellows, Sergeant Franklin is often to be seen round the pantry at afternoon tea time, but judging by his expressing, does not fare too well.

Sergeant Campbell says we must be careful with our money at a time like this. No Ricksha rides for our brother Sergeant. George was often seen at the Wesley Hall at meal times. Was he seen coming out with a bag of oranges?

Alarm parade produces different qualities in soldiers. One member of D Company, finding he had left his pipe in the dormitory, rushed down from parade, remarking that he wasn't going to spend 24 hours on a raft without a smoke. Another, a Scotchman, of the same company, came on parade with his kit-bag packed. He wasn't running the risk of being charged for shortages.

Steward, entering saloon pantry: "Bacon and eggs one."  
Pantryman: "For a gentleman?"  
Steward: "No, for the chief steward."

Serget.-Major M'Chesney enjoys his bath to the full, but has a nasty habit of rolling like a whale and snorting like a grampus. The other day a very mean joke was perpetrated in locking the bathroom on him. When George realised his plight his mellow voice was heard to advantage shrieking vengeance on the culprit, and attracted a large crowd. He was eventually extricated by the "Kiwi" staff.

It is reported by the sergeant of the guard (Sergt. Cribb) that four Zeppelins disguised as barn-door fowls were seen on Sunday last to drop bomb-shaped eggs in the sergeants' mess. On examination, the bombs proved to be hard-boiled, which is evidence of the great speed the airships attained in their flight. This statement is vouched for by the sergeant of police, who broke his remaining molar trying to masticate one of the eggs.

The New Zealand soldiers owe a debt of gratitude to the workers of Wesley Hall who provided tea and refreshments free of all cost to them at all hours of the day. This was probably the best patronised place in the town of D—, and it is refreshing to find, so far from home, those who take such a practical interest in soldiers' welfare. To the ladies who give so much of their time to this work we salute you, and wish you Kia Ora.



"MR. FISSEK. AKISON IN?"



"NICK."

The ship's sergeant-major appreciates a joke, and in doing so gives vent to some beautiful tenor strains. Between the hours of five and seven o'clock each morning his high-pitched voice has disturbed many from their sound slumbers, and not a few have appealed to the bos'n, with his hose, to drown the strains belching forth in the early morning from cabin No. 12. The bos'n, however, has threatened, but not actually perpetrated the deed, but "big Mac" has received a nasty smack in another form. During a conversation concerning music he was asked:

"Do you sing, Sergeant-major?"  
"No, I do not," came the modest reply.  
"Well, why try?"  
A nasty one for the S.-M. Ask him

That the ship's quartermaster (Lieut. Welch) is a past-master in the art of making "the cup that cheers but not inebriates" can be vouched for by those who parade at his office each day for morning and afternoon tea. At these gatherings the topics of conversation are many and varied. Those who are well acquainted with the police-sergeant and the pay-sergeants may appreciate the following:

The conversation was "bread," and those present were passing some complimentary remarks on the quality of the bread provided on this ship, when an erstwhile bread-winner mentioned that half-a-ton of bread, apparently thrown from the "Marathon" had been seen floating past the "Tofua."

"What a terrible waste, eh, what?" remarked the "big-bug" of the ship's long arm of the law.  
"Well—er—it would—er—hardly be a waste," put in the pay-sergeant in his characteristic and optimistic manner. "It would—er—feed the fishes."

The big police-sergeant, never slow to seize an opportunity, unwittingly replied: "Yes, but the trouble is to get the fishes, what! what!" (The audience was tickled.)

They jaw us on women and wine  
And refuse us the same all the time;  
They cut down temptations,  
As they cut down our rations,  
But the officers run a side line.

E Company was sorry to lose Sergt. Jenkins, who was put ashore at Fremantle suffering from pneumonia. Harold was popular with the boys, and we all wish him a speedy recovery.

The Padre and the "Boss" are keen horticulturists, and are often seen together in the evenings discussing the subject of "beans," the value of which they thoroughly understand.

Excerpt from Routine Orders:  
"The officer commanding troops wishes to express his appreciation of the exemplary conduct of the troops whilst in —, which was worthy of the best traditions of the previous reinforcements of New Zealanders." Well done, 25th!

We take off our hat to the D Company corporal who asked his O.C. for the chains with which to lead his prisoner out to sentence. Surely he could not have been imbibing Johnny Walker?

Go up one, N.Z. officers; it was freely said at one of our ports of call, by Australian nurses: "Oh, your N.Z. officers are such nice men." Nuf Sed.

"I can only drink beer with a dash," said Pat. "Other stuff goes right to my head." "Well," said Mac, "where could it go with less danger of being crowded?"

That one of the medicoes of the ship is very backward with his tongue was proved at a supper party at The Carlton when, visiting our first port of call; but according to Lieut. Ch—'s version of the aftermath, the medico completely recovered from his fit of bashfulness on the way home. He now wiles away the hours with visions and fond memories of the "wee lassie" left behind.

Those sleeping in close proximity to Alex can vouch for the fact that he snores vociferously. He professes innocence of being responsible for these musical evenings, stating that he always sleeps like a top. Does he mean a humming top?

At our last port of call three N.Z. soldiers considered themselves fortunate. They were seriously perturbed (?) at being twenty minutes late, and had concocted many excuses. As they were about to board "83" they were met by four Australian sisters who were unable to find their ship. The sisters were much upset, but the three gallants were only too glad to have the chance of escorting them. They reported the matter to the officer of the guard, and that gentleman, being a sport, said he was sorry that he was on duty, but that the boys might accompany the sisters to their boat. With the aid of three rickshas the party set out to find the boat, and had nearly reached the Town Hall when they were informed that the sisters' boat had pulled out into the stream during the afternoon. A hurried trip soon found the party again on the wharf, and after they had partaken of a pineapple supper, a launch was procured, and the sisters boarded their ship. One of the party wants to know why there are only two sisters on our boat.

Who was the sergeant who "bit" so well when he got a P.C. from an old acquaintance at D—? If not "trumps," it was not a bad "suit," was it, Sergt. W—e?



THE GIANT OF "E."

## Looking Leeward.

In the evening time as the darkness falls,  
You can see them looking out seaward,  
What are they thinking of gazing out there,  
These soldiers of ours with never a care,  
While their eyes and thoughts wander leeward?

Perhaps it's of glory in days to come,  
Some gallant deed in a bloody fight,  
The cherished cross won at the point of death,  
While comrade and foe watch with bated breath,  
Are these their thoughts in the fading light?

Are they building some castle in the air,  
Some dream hid away from noon-day light,  
Of a fortune won by a brilliant thought  
Or some high position which men have sought,  
Are these their dreams in the gathering night?

Some may be dreaming of glory and fame,  
As they stand with eyes resting seaward,  
But most hearts turn to the home far away,  
Where mother, wife, sweetheart wait on and pray,  
Ah! these take our thoughts away leeward.



The maids of Fremantle Port,  
Thought our trousers exceedingly short;  
Though they're not very long,  
Their judgment was wrong,  
For they found they stopped just where they ought.

## Football.

The following Rugby team, representing the "Tofua," played the "Turakina" reps. at our last port of call: Full-back, V. F. McLeod (A); three-quarters, W. Platt (A), S. G. Wilson (A), Sergt. Peckham (E), five-eighths, G. S. Wilson (A), Corpl. Finlayson (E); half, — Pringle; forwards, J. Heaney, W. H. Haship (J), T. B. Baird (D), Corpl. Clarke (E), Hyland (F), Lawson (D), Innis (J), Sergt. Kennedy (wing). Emergencies.—Forwards: McCurdy (D), O'Connell (J). Backs: Dods (A), Savage (D).

Losing the toss, the "Tofua" team kicked off, and with a forward rush took the ball to their opponents' line, where Sergt. Peckham crossed, but was unable to touch down. Resuming, play was worked to "Tofua" territory, where the attackers were awarded a

free kick, which they converted, making the score: "Turakina" 3, "Tofua" nil. Play was next taken to "Turakina" territory, where a free kick gave the attackers a chance to equalise, but the ball carried over the post. Just on half-time "Turakina" by a forward rush scored a good try, but failed to convert. "Turakina" 5, "Tofua" nil.

On resuming, "Tofua" made the play willing, which resulted in Sergt. Kennedy scoring a try, which was unconverted. "Turakina" 6, "Tofua" 3.

From this on, play was fast and even, good work being done by both sides. Just on the call of time "Turakina" by clever play scored their second try, which was also unconverted; the game ending: "Turakina" 9, "Tofua" 3.

The success of the afternoon was due in a large measure to the very able manner in which Pvt. W. Price acted as referee.



'ABBY.

## "KAPAI! SYDNEY!"

(Being a Condensed Version of the Experiences of Two Soldiers belonging to Troopship No. 83, "Tofua.")

(By "RUMMY.")

Snakey and I has been great pals for a long time, and when we signed on for the Front (leastwise, Snakey gets copped in the Ballot) we gets into Camp together, and after our trainin' in Trentham and Featherston we gets away on the same boat, the "Old Tofua" they calls her. As soon as we gets out of Wellin'ton Harbour Snakey starts to heave up a terrible lot, and I tells him as how he is wastin' good food; but, by cripes, he was dinkum crook; and when his heavin' had eased off a bit, he got into bunk and stopped there. I used to take him tucker, but 'twas no good; he wouldn't eat nothin' but lemons. So I tries to cheer him up by telling him what is happenin' up on deck, and as how I heard some of our officers saying that the O.C. was very seasick; but old Snakey only says, "Poor bloke!" and then tries hard to heave up nothin'.

For a few days he stops down below in the hold, like many of the other chaps, while I bogs into every meal and does nothin' else but loaf around the deck. Then one day I hears that we are goin' to Sydney and expect to get there next day. So I straightway takes the news to Snakey, and he bucks up a bit and comes up on deck looking for land; but he still feels squirmy, and presently heaves some more lemon juice over the side.

"No good to me, I'm crook," he says. "Tell us when we get in, Rummy"; and he hooks back to bunk, no better for the "blow" on deck. Poor old Snakey! He was havin' a bad spin.

Next mornin' I sees land ahead, and then gives me sick clobber the good news. He reckons I'm kiddin' to him, but when he hears the other blokes in the dormitory talking about it, he hops out of bunk and comes up on deck. Heavin' a big sigh, he says:

"By cripes! That's land all right, ain't it?"

"Yes," I says, "too right it is! Wait till we gets ashore, eh! Snakey?"

When we were told to stop on board the ship for duty, while most of the troops went into Camp, Snakey and I thinks we were in for a bad time; but it turned out all right, 'cos we got plenty of leave after the cleaning up on the ship was done.

The first night we gets leave to see the sights of Sydney; and, by cripes, it was some place! Wellin'ton nor Auckland wasn't in it! After looking at the big shops, we goes in to a theatre and sees the play "Turn to the Right." Talk about funny! We both laughs all night, until I finds that some blighter has pinched me flash cane, the same one as I had borrowed from the storeman—the little dark bloke on our ship. Snakey thinks this pinchin' act was a great joke, and I wouldn't have cared if it belonged to me, but I got the loan of it from that cove Sam. We finished up the night with a fish supper. It was some good; so we goes back to the "Tofua" quite happy, but me minus me cane.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Q.M.S., Fam.—Yes, we thoroughly sympathise with you. It was real mean of the young lady to bring her mother. Pvt. Jack(son).—Yes, we agree that she had a figure like a Venus, hair like burnished gold, a complexion like a sun-kissed peach, and lovely brown eyes—but what we want to know, "was she any good or rotten?"

Thos. Angus.—Your criticism we like, all excepting the word "stick-at-tiveness," which certainly sticks in our gizzard.

## A Fact? (Ask D Company.)

A dinner full the private stored,  
But soon he lost it overboard.  
A second time his luck he tried,  
But once more cast it o'er the side.  
Boldly a third time he descended,  
But finding that the meal had ended,  
Cursed the orderlies for their haste,  
And straightway to the canteen raced.

## Medical Curiosities.

M.O.: "What's wrong with you?"  
Patient: "I've got a pain in my heart, sir!"  
M.O.: "Well, where is your heart?"  
Patient: "I'm bothered if I know!"

M.O.: "What's your trouble to-day?"  
Patient (who has been a consistent attendant at such parades): "A singing in my ears, sir!"  
M.O. (in sceptical tones): "Well, what's it singing?"  
(N.B.—Editor will give a prize for best answer.)

During the famous trip across the Bight, our veterans described in glowing terms the comforts of life in the trenches as contrasted with the fatigue of pouring out libations to Neptune.

Many of our young officers gave the married section of the medical staff much cause for grave anxiety, as their seasickness was complicated by symptoms of a much graver malady, from which they are all slowly recovering. A relapse is expected at next port of call.

It is stated that a slight (very slight) uprising has occurred in the Free State. The Adjutant and Lieut. Harcourt have been despatched to inquire into the matter, and in case of accidents have taken with them Sergeant Cumming of the medical staff. It is understood that the adjutant is in charge of the expedition, and that Mr. Harcourt is accompanying the party as special representative of the "Kiwi." A full report will appear in our next issue.

The next time we gets ashore it was in the afternoon, and when we was goin' off the wharf a lady comes up to us and says: "Kia Ora! New Zealand." We grins a bit, and knowin' a little Maori, I says: "Tenakoe." That did it. She asks us to go for a motor ride in her car; and for two whole hours that afternoon Snakey and I was "some kids"; doing the grand in great swank in a motor-car. We went for miles and miles all over the place, and when we sees any of our soldier cobbles we kids ourselves a bit more, sittin' up in good style, and waves to them. It was real great! We never got nothin' like it in New Zealand. When our joyride was finished, too soon for Snakey and I, the lady shouts us to tea in some flash place in town. We both bogs in a treat, and then we thanks her very much and says we hopes to meet her again some day. So she takes our addresses and says she will write to us. She was some sport, that lady!

That night Snakey and I visits the pictures and sees Charlie Chaplin as "The Vagabond." Snakey likes Charlie, and he near cracks his sides with laughin'; and I laughs too, but Snakey's laughin' was makin' me laugh more than Charlie was. When we comes out, we again blows in a couple of bob by havin' a fish supper, leastwise I had ham and eggs. It was real good, but Snakey seemed to like the pretty waitress better, by the way he was kiddin' to her. Going home, we couldn't help thinkin' what great times we were havin'. We were real glad we had become Bill Massey's soldiers.

The next time we goes ashore we were strolling past the Post Office, and happens to meet the big Sergeant, who they calls "What! What!" and he shouts us a couple of drinks. I always thinks he was one of these stuck-up blokes; but I reckon he's a sport, is "What! What!" to turn it on to us chaps. That day when we was walkin' up the street two nice young ladies comes up to us and asks us if we knows a New Zealander called Chesney, or somethin' like that, and we says we thinks that's our Sergeant-Major, but tells them that he has gone to Liverpool Camp. As we gets talkin' a bit, they offers to take us to a beach called Manly; so Snakey hops in quick and says: "Right O!" Those girls were good sports, too, and we enjoys our trip to Manly. We meets plenty of New Zealanders there with girls sittin' on the beach, and also some of our Officers with girls. To pay the girls back, we takes them to the Pictures at night; and the next time we goes ashore on our last night's leave, we meets these girls again, and they takes us to a place called Coogee. Again we has a good outin', and did it hard sayin' "Good-bye." Poor old Snakey! He was dead struck on his girl.

And now, as we sails along on the ocean, we often talks of the spiffin' times we had in Sydney, and we both reckons that, if we has the luck, we will go back there again some day. Snakey is not seasick now; and it's all right. We gets plenty of drill every day, and enjoys bein' soldiers. As old Snakey often says: "This is the life for me!"

## THE "CARNEY" HOTEL.

## MARINE PARADE.

Ideal home for seaside visitors.  
Excellent cuisine. Good accommodation.  
Tariff, 3s. per day.  
All home comforts.

**WANTED KNOWN.**—Black eyes cured by one application of soap and water. All communications confidential. All applications to be addressed to "Chap," Cabin 21.

**NOTICE TO HOUSEWIVES.**—All bottles and "Ashtins" bought. Highest prices paid.—No. 6, Port-street.

**HARK! HARK! HARKNESS.**

Photo fiends this way. All the excitement of big game hunting without the risk. No charges. Hospital expenses paid.

**Second-hand Clothing Bought, Sold and Exchanged.**

Highest prices charged at Welch's Q.M. Stores, Starboard-street. Bring your old hats to us and we will exchange for new ones at a small commission.  
Closed 10 to 10.30 a.m. and 3 p.m. to 3.30 p.m.

C. B. "BLAWKES" required in any quantity. Hard doers only need apply. No previous experience necessary and no references required.—Apply before 8 a.m. to Bosun.

**Harper's Apache Company.**

Rough houses at shortest notice. Particular attention paid to Officers. Business hours, "Lights Out" to "Reveille."  
Charges fast and furious.  
Phone No. 9.

**The Bosun's Hose.**

At early dawn aboard the ship  
The Bosun's hose doth prowl,  
It lurketh round the corner and swil-  
leth up and down,  
And if you come across its path  
You're bound to nearly drown.

The Bosun dearly loves his hose  
And handleth it with cunning,  
He loves to get the blighter down  
And get the water running.

So if you go to sleep on deck  
And forget to wake at dawn,  
You'll start and think the boat a wreck  
When water swilleth round your neck.



"OUR SMALL BOY."

**Harcourt and Co., Canteen Alley.**

Apples, peanuts and biscuits, 1d.  
Our prices higher than any other  
Pakeha firm. Don't come here when  
you can purchase elsewhere.

**ROYAL NAVY ENGINEERING COMPANY.**

Experts in all matters pertaining to  
Sketches and Pastry.  
Students coached for exams.  
H. W. STIDSTON,  
Resident Secretary.

**Crossing Australian Bight.**

Sick Parade, 4 p.m.—Sergeant proceeds to seasick Medical Officer's cabin. "Sick parade is ready, sir!"  
M.O.: "How many?"  
Sergeant: "Quite a lot, sir."  
M.O.: "Put them all on light diet."  
Next morning, 9 a.m.—Glad tidings having spread: enormous sick parade.  
M.O. (a different one and a much better sailor): "Well, my man, what's the matter with you?"  
Soldier: "Seasick, sir."  
M.O.: "Are you taking your food?"  
Soldier: "Yes, sir, light diet."  
M.O. (to Orderly): "This patient, two No. 9's and T.D. Ordinary diet."  
Sick Parade, 4 p.m.—Wash out.

Scene 1.—A secluded part of the beach. A young quartermaster and an elderly female who looked like a forlorn-hope strolling along in the dusk.  
Scene 2.—A cabin aboard ship, about four hours later. "I tell you chaps she was the loveliest girl in the town, and she is only about 23! Smoodge! By Jove, she's a bonson, etc., ad lib.  
Query: Was it our ship's quartermaster-sergeant's aunt or grandmother!

Thought at one time that he was going to drown himself, but it turned out that he was being snapped with his back to the waves. That d— Q.M.S. again.

Exercise.—If you want to know all about it ask Corpl. Bill Baillie how he specialised in his jumps. Yah, Cable-layer, Fountain Lane.

Complaints have been made in isolated quarters regarding charges made by the canteen authorities for matches; but we would draw our readers' attention to the fact that single wooden matches in the sergeants' mess are sold readily every evening for 1d. It is authoritatively stated that one sergeant bought over 240 matches in one night.

In the parlour there were three,  
The Adjutant, the parlour lamp, and she.  
Two is company, no doubt,  
So that is why the lamp went out.

Could anyone inform Sergt. Winter where Lieut. McKeefrey puts his feet at night? We suggest that he puts his feet to bed and sleeps on deck.

**WANTED TO BUY.**—A Small Farm. Waiuku district preferred. Suitable for potato ranch. Must be well watered (not salt water).—Reply, giving all particulars and stating terms, to J. N. Nicol, Second House below Bridge.

**PADRE BROS.**, Mail Experts, have vacancies for several boys to lick envelopes. References required.—Reply in own handwriting to Padre Bros., No. 3, High Port-street.

**OVERHEARD.****FROM JACK AND BILL—OUTSIDE THE WINDOW.**

Jack: I say, Bill, there's a lot of chaps on board this ship that seem to have nothing to do. There is that one with gold on his hat and sleeves, you know; him that they took a whole page in our paper to draw; and it cost us threepence; what does he do?  
Bill: They say he is here to look after the nurses and pianos.

Jack: Who's that fellow with three gold bands round his sleeve, that goes about every day with a torch?

Bill: He is the boss.  
Jack: Well, what does that little fat fellow with two gold stripes on his sleeve do?

Bill: I think he is the Ship's Photographer; they say he takes good photos.

Jack: There's two more up on top who wear blue?

Bill: Yes. Don't know what they are here for; sometimes see them taking exercise on the bridge.

Jack: Then I often see an old fellow walking up and down in front of rooms marked "Engineers"; seems to want all the passage to himself. He wears blue too, with pretty bands round his sleeve?

Bill: Him! He looks after the canary.

Jack: There are a lot of fellows down there in those rooms called Engineers' Rooms?

Bill: They are the chaps that grease and polish the engines.

Jack: Of course, those coons they call firemen are wanted?

Bill: Oh, yes! They work the engines.

Jack: The cooks and bakers are hard workers?

Bill: Rather! And so is the Bos'n, the chap who hoses the floors.

Jack: There's a fellow called Quartermaster. What is he here for?

Bill: He runs a morning and afternoon Tea Shop for the Officers.

Jack: That fellow with two silver bands round his sleeve seems to have an easy time?

Bill: He has charge of the Ship's Lime Juice.

Jack: That other chap with one silver band seems to do nothing?

Bill: Oh, yes, he does! He stands by the Officers' Mess Room door at meal hours and stops the stewards from going too fast; them fellows that carry up the tucker.

Jack: My word! Some of our Officers have an easy time. Why do they call that tall chap O.C.?

Bill: Oh! I think O.C. means "Overseer."

Jack: Who is that chap that wears the white coat, he is always in the operating room?

Bill: Oh! He is the chap that keeps the men away from the window, so that the Dental Sergeant can go on with his work.

Jack: And there is that chap that they call Adjutant, he doesn't seem to do any work?

**REMOVAL NOTICE.**

Captain Paterson wishes to notify the general public that owing to bad weather he has removed from No. 1, State Room, to less commodious premises, 21, Starboard-street, Opposite Butcher's. Orderly Rooms arranged on shortest notice.

**"The Elite Refreshment Rooms and Temperance Boarding House."**

Smith and Carncross, Proprietors. Try our famous biscuits and cheese. Home-made cakes a speciality. Card parties catered for.  
Open all hours.

**To Photographers and Would-be Photographers.**

Have you tried  
Phowler's Famous  
Photographic Phormul?  
Satisfaction Guaranteed  
Office and Laboratory:  
No. 5 Port-street.  
Booklets free on application.



THE PATRIOT.

### The Song of the Tough-Hewers.

The O.C. lay on his heaving bunk  
Like a wreck in the trough of the sea,  
And his face was as sad as a fasting monk,  
For a sorry man was he.  
Then he caught a hold of the Adjutant Bold  
And to the cabins swing,  
In accents queer, and voices drear  
They both began to sing.

Chorus.

Oh! Oh! up we go  
We'll surely hit the clouds!  
Oh! 'er, who's rocking her?  
We'll soon be in our shrouds.  
As soldiers grand on land we stand  
But Oh! this rolling sea,  
When heaving thus  
Is not for us,  
Most fervently sing we.

The officers sat at a game of Bridge,  
But a greenish look had they,  
As the ship gave a kick on the top of a ridge  
And dipped with a sickening sway,  
And they raised their eyes to the wet, grey skies,

**Bought,** o the mess room's swing,  
queer, and voices drear  
began to sing.

Highest of—Chorus—repeat.  
Q.M. Stores,

Bring your all over the ship  
will exchange for the world were all,  
commission.  
Closed 10 to seas gave them the  
to 3.30 p.m.

et seemed to pall.  
ed out prone with many

C. B. "BLAV<sup>n</sup> transport's swing,  
quantity. Hard eer, and voices drear  
No previous began to sing.  
no referenc Jegan to sing.  
Chorus—repeat.

### DENTAL CARD.

**CAPTAIN FUSSELL.**  
GUMDIGGER.

**CAPTAIN LACROUX.**  
LINGUIST.

N.C.O.'s and men desiring French lessons will be informed later where classes will be held.

French Leave a specialty.

### MONEY TO LEND.

Impenious soldiers who wish to borrow money may do so at the low rate of 2½ per cent. per week.

No security other than word of mouth required.

Lieut. WELCH, S.Q.M.

### A FRAGMENT OF ANCIENT HISTORY.

Professor Lihar, who has been conducting the excavations of the ancient village of London, has come across some remarkable documents which seem to form part of a record of a tribal war between the Brits and the Huns about the year 1914. We are fortunate in being the medium through which the learned Professor's translation of this notable discovery is to be given to the world:

I.—And it came to pass in the third year of battle that the Brits were hard pressed, and Geor, who was King over all the Brits, did summon a Council of the great men of the lands beyond the seas. And Bill the Masseite sent a fleet messenger whose name was Cable unto his trusty henchmen Jimalan to raise levies of fighting men among the people. And Jimalan did this work right well, whereat the King was pleased, and said unto him, "Thou has't done well, O Jim; henceforth shalt thou be called Sirjimalan."

And a great host came together in a place called Trent Ham which, being interpreted, means Home, and were exercised and became proficient in arms and were divided into many parts. And it came to pass that, as the time drew nigh, when certain of the warriors were to embark on the ships, presents of goodly raiment and silver were given unto them, yea even sweet cakes and the fruits of the land.

And of this body which embarked on ships there were of Artillery a few, and of the Flagwaggers a few, and of the Bodisnatchers a few, and of the Gumdiggers a few, and a great company of In-fan-tarv or Gravel-crushers. These filled the ships which set sail from Noosealand, amid the wailing of the maidens and the women of the land, of whom a great multitude was assembled.

And of the warriors which were in the ships were Pat or Bossoverus, a tiller of the field and a valiant sailor withal; Swain, the son of Atkin, surnamed the Adjudger; Jac, a yeoman of sturdy build, from the roadless North; Ashi, and Kuz, bold sailors, well skilled in the swinging of lead; Bute-Hur, a man of great stature and hairy face; Cha-Pell, a collector of the Blaki; Fich and Flow, valiant men, though sorely smitten by the Medicos; Har, the son of Cort, a vendor of sections. And with them were the Priests one Lacroix, a man of sturdy build and a teacher of languages; and one Young, both men of letters and of great righteousness. And there was one among them, a stranger from a far country, who was skilled in the arts and in the ways of Nature, and of man, and from whom nothing was hid, and he was known among men as Nay Vee, son of Stit. And there was one Mak-Ches-nee, surnamed the Fatun, but he was of lesser note.

And after a short time the ships came to a strange land, whose name was Orstrilia, and there was gladness

in the hearts of the warriors. And the people of the land saw them when they were yet a great way off, and made merry even by the blowing of horns. And they killed the fatted calf and thenceforth there was no butter in the land. And the warriors murmured and said:

"We often wish that we were back in Trent Ham,  
For its Home, Sweet Home."

But the people gave unto them many gifts, even of jam and sweet cake, and the name of Orstrilia was like honey in the mouths of the warriors.

And it came to pass that, after they had tarried awhile in this place, they again set sail, and journeyed many days across the sea, trusting greatly in one Todd, who was chief over the Ay Bees and toilers in the ship, and who was a man of great knowledge and rightly called The Skipper. And all were well pleased and made much noise, saying "We are IT." But Neptune waxed wroth and called forth his slaves, and the wind did blow and howl, and the waves did toss the ships about even as a cork; and lo, the warriors were sore smitten, yea even the captains of the hosts and the mighty wielders of the pill-box. And they one and all paid unto the fishes tribute of great quantity, and straightway Neptune was appeased, and the Sun did shine.

Here the document is unintelligible, though mention is made of one "Censor, a mighty wielder of the Blupensil," who, Professor Lihar assures us was a chief of great power in those days.

### Johnson's "Merry Widow Picture Palace."

NOW OPEN.

Continuous Pictures.

To-night's Star Picture: Clark's famous 200 yards Reel:

"THE STORM FIEND."

Picturing Typhoon Jack and Daredevil Hodgson in a fierce battle with the Elements.

Book your Seats early.

Prices: 4s., 3s., 2s.

H. JOHNSON, Proprietor.

### SOMETHING NEW.

TODD'S New Lifebelt Corsets in all the Latest Shapes and Sizes.

We guarantee to fit all figures from a Hindu to the Padre. Come and inspect. On show daily from 6 a.m. Prices moderate

THE TODD CORSET CO., LTD.,  
Bridge Avenue.

D. Harkness, General Manager.

## CANTEEN.

The proprietors of the Canteen wish to intimate that they have disposed of their business to Sergeant Cummerford and Co., and wish to thank their customers for past favours, and request the continued patronage to the new firm.

In connection with the above I hope by strict attention to business and stocking only the best of goods to warrant all soldiers' trade.

I purpose running my business on the coupon system and will not accept cash from soldiers. Tickets may be obtained from Ship's Quartermaster, who is only too pleased to see your smiling face at the window. You are requested not to apply for tickets during morning tea time, the hours of which are as follows:—Morning Tea—Officers only—9.30 to 10.0 a.m.; Sisters and other Officers, 10 to 10.30 a.m.; 10.30 to 11.0 a.m., N.C.O.'s and Signallers. 11 to 11.30, a small game; 11.30 to 11.59, tea for hangers-on and officers on duty.

My Prices are as follows:—

Fresh (?) Herrings	4 canteen tickets.
Other Herrings	1 canteen ticket.
3 Castle Cigarettes	3 tickets for 20,
	(Can't do them at 4d.).
Oranges	100 for 1/3 (in )
	My Price, 8 little beaubs for 6 Coupons.

All other lines at equally high prices.

If prices don't suit, try the "Turakina," where they sell at a loss.

SERGT. CUMMERFORD & CO.

THE KIWI.  
SHIP'S ROLL.

O.C. Ship: Captain T. Paterson.  
Adjutant: Lt. H. S. Atkinson.

**A Company.**

No. 1 PLATOON.

2nd Lieutenant: Wallace, G.  
O.C. Company: C.S.M.: Milne,  
A. C. H. Sergeants: Larnach,  
M. J.; Byres, H. H. Corporals: Court,  
F. G.; Mackie, B. W. Lance-Cor-  
porals: Becroft, R. M.; Watson, G. R.  
E. Privates: Armstrong, S. D.; Bate,  
J.; Bates, R.; Bacon, T. J.; Baxter,  
T. O.; Baker, H. J.; Bennett, C.;  
Bird, S.; Broadbent, J.; Brockelt, R.  
G.; Broll, R. G.; Brunton, A.; Caird,  
D.; Clark, W. H.; Clarkson, W. H.;  
Conningham, T. G.; Curry, F.; Days,  
A.; Days, H.; Dawson, D.; Donald,  
A. F.; Edmondson, T.; Eltringham,  
D. W.; Gillingham, G. L.; Griffiths,  
C.; Gillingham, G. L.; Griffiths,  
C.; Hall, J. H. B.; Herrick,  
Johnston, A.; Kennerley, H.;  
E. A.; Murphy, J.; McIn-  
Highest price: Nicol, A. T.; O'Rourke, E.  
Q.M. Stores, H. L.; Wilhelm, E. H.  
Bring your  
will exchange for  
commission.

Closed 10 to 11:30 p.m.  
Sergeant: Andrew, E.  
Lock, E. B. Lance-Ser-  
geant: Strong, J. E.; Platt, W. J.

C. B. "Blay"als: Francis, H. A.;  
quantity: C. A.; O'Donnell, E. P.  
No. 3 PLATOON.  
Privates: Asher, W.; Austin, A. H.;  
Bell, A.; Blaymires, W. J.; Cairns,  
D.; Campbell, A. J.; Dalton, G. N.;  
Donovan, J. P.; Doran, W. A.; Far-  
row, J. E.; Gallie, C. S.; Gedye, S.  
W.; Gibson, J.; Gill, B.; Greenwood,  
P. H.; Groves, R.; Hassall, F. A.;  
Hana, C. W.; Hendry, A.; Herring,  
A. E.; Hicks, R.; Hyde, W. J.; Innes,  
F.; Jameson, E. M.; King, H.; King-  
dom, G. W.; Kenny, C. P.; Lange,  
L. F. W.; Lawson, K.; Lempriere, R.  
P.; Lloyd, W. A.; Mayall, H.; Oakes, J.  
B.; Pullin, J. F.; Smerdon, E.; Sut-  
cliffe, G. W.; Taggart, J. W.; Taylor,  
F.; Tucker, W. H.; Wilson, W. A.

No. 3 PLATOON.

Sergeants: Levy, W. P.; Lam-  
bert, W.; Winter, A. L. Cor-  
poral: Cox, E. H. Lance-Cor-  
porals: Baker, E. R.; Carroll, A.  
J. Corporal: Wells, A. L. Privates:  
Allen, G. J.; Alsop, W. H.; Bell, C.;  
Catlow, W.; Challinor, A.; Channing,  
F.; Coad, W. E.; Coleman, F. E.;  
Cooper, P. J.; Cullington, A. H.;  
Dimond, H. H.; Ellis, R. C.; Emmer-  
son, R.; George, B. R.; Godley, W.  
P.; Hoyes, J. P.; King, F. J.; Mann,  
A. C.; Maxwell, W. E.; McAnally,  
S. C.; McDonald, E. B.; McFarlane,  
J. M.; Nightingale, G. R.; Owen, G.  
W.; Payne, E.; Rawcliffe, J. F.;  
Rickett, E. D.; Ross, H. J. C.; Sedg-

wick, R.; Smith, F. W. T.; Speedy,  
A. L.; Stanton, A. L.; Storey, C. O.;  
Stranix, J.; Strauch, H.; Wilson, A.  
G. K.; Wilson, J. H.; Wright, H. S.;  
Young, S. C.

No. 4 PLATOON.

2nd Lieutenant: Jack, A. D.  
Sergeants: Le Noel, N. E.; Aus-  
tin, A. T. Lance-Sergeants: Fos-  
ter, L. C. Corporals: Cottrell, B.  
V.; Houston, J. S.; Leckie, H. A.  
Lance-Corporals: Barcroft, A.; Roose,  
M. Privates: Bassett, W. J.  
Bates, R. C.; Bowers, F. N.; Brown,  
W. H.; Calvert, L.; Campbell, T.;  
Dods, G. N.; Duncan, C.; Dunton, J.  
W.; Edmondson, J. H.; Fowlie, J. J.  
L.; Hampton, H.; Hill, C. P.; Hollidge,  
J.; Hunt, A. B.; King, J. F.; Kneeb-  
bone, F.; Litchfield, A. C.; Meaney,  
A. W.; McConaughy, F. E.; McLeod,  
V. F.; Price, E. T.; Rice, B. L.;  
Shaw, J. G.; Sullivan, A.; Thorburn,  
C. R.; Tole, J.; Torr, F. J.; Wallis,  
G. B.; Waring, R.; Widdison, A.;  
Widdison, T. S.; Wilton, S.; Wilson,  
G. S.; Wilson, S. J.; Welsh, J.; West,  
C.; Young, A. W.

**D Company.**

O.C. Capt. Graham, J.  
C.S.M. McChesney, G. A.  
Q.M.S., FAMILTON, L. J. K.

No. 13 PLATOON.

Lieut. McKeefry, J. H. A.; Sergt.  
Goodsir, A. J.; Sergt. McNiece, J. A.;  
Corporals: Walker, J.; McLeod, N.;  
Wilson, J.; Swinburn, J. A. F.; Lance-  
Corporals: Raines, C. P.; Thomson, E.  
Privates: Anderson, C.; Bauchop, N.;  
Blair, W.; Christie, M.; Cotton, J. H.;  
Coutts, F. A.; Cuzens, A.; Davies, G.  
H.; Davies, R. W.; Dickison, J.; Dor-  
ant, W. H.; Downie, J. S.; Drum-  
mond, S.; Fox, W.; Graves, E. W.;  
Harris, J. Bugler Hutton, P. Privates:  
Kearney, T. A.; Kennedy, R.; Lang-  
muir, J.; Leng, G.; Leng, L.; Low-  
den, L. J.; Macaskill, J. A.; Matheson,  
W.; Matthews, R. H.; Mitchell, W.  
S.; McCormick, J. J.; McCrossan, J.;  
McEwan, A. F.; Mackie, T. F.; Nai-  
smith, G.; Nicholas, W. S.; Richard-  
son, R. J.; Robertson, J.; Taylor, J.  
A.; Willcocks, G. L.

No. 14 PLATOON.

Second Lieutenant: Cousins, E. G.;  
C.S.M. Luxton, H. D. Sergeants:  
Gilks, J.; McDougall, D. Corporals:  
McCurdy, E. T.; Smith, A.; Barnes,  
J. Privates: Angus, R. G.; Avers, W.;  
Barclay, J. A.; Barclay, S. M.; Ry-  
ford, B. G.; Chisholm, J.; Craig, D.;  
Darragh, J. F.; Dungey, A. H.; Fisher,  
M.; Hardy, J.; Hay, W.; Kaill, W.  
C.; Keen, A. L. D.; Keenan, J.; Kerr,

J.; Lawson, F. R.; Lawson, R.; Mar-  
wick, J. R.; Moir, R.; McEwan, E.;  
Mackey, S.; McLachlan, D.; McSwee-  
ney, T. M.; Penrose, I.; Peterson, J.  
R.; Ranger, R. W.; Richmond, H.  
H.; Rutherford, J.; Ryan, J. (No. 2);  
Shea, V.; Sheddan, J. R.; Soper, J.  
F.; Spark, J.; Taylor, J. H.; Taylor,  
W.; Thomas, J.; Wilson, J.; Wilson,  
W.

No. 15 PLATOON.

Sergeants: Comerford, M. P.;  
Brown, W. Corporals: Smart, A. C.;  
Stobo, A. H. Lance-Corporals: Ballan-  
tyne, W.; Hendry, A. Privates: Ait-  
ken, J. H. H.; Baird, T. B.; Ballan-  
tyne, B. F.; Ballantyne, J.; Barr, G.  
McK.; Borthwick, W.; Chittock, R. E.  
C.; Corrie, J. K.; Craig, W. D.; David-  
son, W.; Dee, J.; Dow, A.; Ferguson,  
G. T.; Gillan, R. H.; Haig, A. D.;  
Hughes, A. F. T.; Hutchings, E. H.;  
Hutchinson, T.; Kern, C. F.; Kyles,  
A. R.; Lawrie, T.; Lester, J. E.;  
Love, J. R.; Mather, A. R.; Mathie-  
son, A.; Moylan, J. J.; Murray, J. B.;  
MacDonald, A.; O'Rourke, P.; Pear-  
son, T.; Perkins, S.; Pulley, L. J.;  
Roger, J. A.; Ryan, J. (No. 1);  
Scoones, S. J.; Thompson, E. P.;  
Thompson, T.; Thomson, A. K.;  
Troup, J. W.; Usher, G. B. G.; Var-  
coe, W. C.; Walker, C. E.; Warner,  
L. C.

No. 16 PLATOON.

2nd Lieut. Chapple, L. J. B. Ser-  
geants: Campbell, G. P.; Sinclair, R.  
M. Corporal: Whalen, F. E. Lance-  
Corporals: Groves, G.; Baird, D. Priv-  
ates: Allin, W. H.; Beadle, H. G.;  
Bell, S. F.; Braid, G.; Brent, V. S.;  
Burns, T.; Carrington, G. W.; Cau-  
ghey, W.; Chalmers, J. B.; Clark, C.  
W.; Cox, M. C.; Cummings, C.;  
Dakers, C. E.; Fox, W. H.; Fraser,  
R.; Greenslade, C.; Hyslop, J. R.;  
Jenkins, A.; Johnston, J.; Johnston,  
R.; Kean, T.; Kellock, J.; Knowles,  
G. H.; Laing, J.; Lamond, W. B.;  
Matthews, A. E.; Melrose, R. W.;  
Munnings, C. C.; McDermott, H.; Mc-  
Kay, R.; McKinlay, J. B.; McPhail,  
A. D. J.; McQuilkan, C.; McWilliam,  
J.; Nelson, L. C.; Oxenbridge, J.;  
Pratt, S. G.; Savage, A.; Shaw, J. A.;  
Smith, S.; Wards, J. R.; Whitaker,  
F. J.; Williamson, D.; White, A. S.

**E Company.**

O.C.: Lieutenant F. J. Fisher.  
Second Lieutenant W. K. Fowler.  
C.S.M.: R. C. S. Brabant.  
Q.M.S.: A. Geddes.

No. 17 PLATOON.

Sergeants: Peckham, H.; Burnard,  
H. G. Corporals: Finlayson, A.; Wil-  
hamson, R. A. Lance-Corporals: Clarke,

L. H.; Hahn, L. A. Privates: Ald-  
worth, R.; Butler, S. H. T.; Bell, K.  
L.; Button, G. A. T.; Brown, H. J.;  
Brown, P. H.; Brunton, A. R.; Brun-  
ton, J. L.; Cavanagh, E. P.; Davies,  
R. S.; Deeble, W.; Esler, W.; Gar-  
diner, J.; Gray, J. P.; Harper, G. H.;  
Harper, J.; Litchfield, A. E.; Madill,  
A.; Moore, F. P.; McFetridge, D. R.;  
Moorehead, D. J.; Moreland, E.;  
O'Toole, F. R.; Parker, T. W.; Paul-  
sen, S. R.; Power, T. R.; Paul, C. W.;  
Rankin, A. S.; Reynolds, C. H.; Rid-  
dell, J.; Ryan, J.; Ross, F. W.; Smart,  
G.; Smith, A. J.; Silcock, R. W.;  
Tatham, J.; Vail, R. L.; Vickers, F.;  
Watkins, N. H.; Woodall, A. D.;  
Wright, A. E.; Watson, E.

No. 18 PLATOON.

Sergeants: Milner, H. W.; Kennedy,  
A. G. Lance-Sergeant: Kelleher, D. F.  
Corporals: Coate, H. L.; White, W. C.  
Lance-Corporals: Douglas, J. H. C.;  
Lawry, W. J.; Davidson, C. A. L.  
Privates: Ashby, T. D.; Bell, A. H.  
E.; Belesky, F.; Bethell, R.; Bowles,  
A. E.; Coulthard, J.; Cockbill, W. E.;  
Cunningham, O.; Coop, N.; Davies,  
R. H.; Devitt, J.; Dundon, H. J.;  
Gulland, G.; Harrison, A. J.; Holden,  
E.; Johnson, E. A.; Keith, A. W. G.;  
Lloyd, J. D.; Maunder, J. H.; Mead-  
way, E. J.; Moyes, H. A.; McIntyre,  
J.; McCoy, E.; Kydd, J. R.; McLusky,  
P.; McNeish, W.; Naim, D. B.;  
O'Donnell, C. C.; Quinn, W. E.; Ryan,  
W.; Sheehan, J.; Sutherland, A.;  
Simpson, E. A. L.; Sloane, F. H.;  
Taddy, W.; Thorpe, W. H. A.; Tierney,  
A. E.; Vickers, H.; Willis, W. J.

19TH PLATOON.

Sergeants: Stewart, J. M.; Wilding,  
S. H.; Jenkins, H. Corporals: Hey, J.  
F.; Cartwright, J. Lance-Corporals:  
Gamble, V. W.; Hey, E. J. Privates:  
Boggs, J. W.; Cashman, F. G. E.;  
Coleman, A. J.; Cowley, W. N.;  
Curro, W.; Eaddy, W.; Edwards, H.;  
Evans, J. E.; Fordyce, F. W.; Grey, J.  
B.; Irvine, G.; King, G.; Knowles, F.  
W.; Lamb, H. J.; Lennan, J.; Long,  
F.; Logue, L.; Mackay, F. J.;  
Matthews, D. S.; Mitchell, R. W.;  
Montgomery, T. T.; Moir, J. H.;  
Morey, W. A.; Monteith, J. H.; Mc-  
Alister, W.; Macdonald, C. W.; Olson,  
E.; Petley, J.; Preston, H.; Reyburn,  
C. T.; Stewart, A. E.; Trogoweth, W.;  
Underwood, E. G.; Walker, H. W.;  
Webster, J.; Weaver, R.; Whitelaw,  
H. B.; Wilson, E.; Youngman, W.

20TH PLATOON.

Sergeant: Blair, W. A.; Corporals:  
Jamieson, A. D.; Symonds, W. T.  
Lance-Corporals: Johnston, A.; Laffo-  
ley, A. P. Privates: Adams, G.;  
Angus, T.; Burns, W.; Bolstad, J. A.;  
Brady, T.; Boggs, F. P.; Bowden, L.  
D. T.; Brown, S. D.; Bull, P.; Brad-  
shaw, A.; Collier, J. W.; Chisholm, C.;  
Clayden, J.; Crouch, E.; Drought, E.  
N.; Drought, G.; Edgar, A.; Flynn,  
J.; Griffin, J.; Haddock, J. M.; Harri-  
son, J.; Hunt, W.; Laffoley, P. D.;  
Lang, A. T.; Marshall, G.; Morris, J.  
M.; McKenzie, J. B.; O'Keefe, M.;  
Pearce, O. D.; Port, T.; Rae, G.;  
Stacey, W.; Sherlock, P.; Taylor, W.;  
Walker, W. K.; Young, S.

THE KIWI.

**F Company.**

O.C.: Lieutenant Johnston, H.  
Company Sergeant-Major: Hudson, F.  
H.; Quartermaster-Sergeant: Hannan, J.

21ST PLATOON.

2nd Lieutenant: Harcourt, J. G.  
Sergeant: Cribb, C. H. Lance-Ser-  
geants: Gorringe, M. H. E.; Hughson,  
M. S. Corporals: Gill, R. L.; John-  
ston, E. A. Lance-Corporals: Petch, L.  
J.; Riddle, J. S. Privates: Allen, C.;  
Allen, J.; Black, L. A. D.; Blair, N.;  
Borchart, C. R.; Bremner, J. A.;  
Bremner, W. R.; Brown, J. L.; Brown,  
A.; Bulford, C. D.; Christensen, F. J.;  
De Mey, T.; Dooney, L. P.; Down,  
R.; Eggers, J.; Farmer, H. G.; Follett,  
N. A.; Gaylard, W.; Greig, A. E.;  
Hay, A.; Hay, A. E.; King, F. V. C.  
H.; King, J. J. M.; Letts, H. J.;  
Moreland, R.; Neilson, C. H.; Pepper-  
ell, L. A. R.; Pray, G.; Pringle, W.  
A.; Pyne, F. J.; Rickards, A.; Scott,  
W. E.; Scott, J. S.; Smith, H.; Smith,  
R.; Speight, C.; Stitt, A. M.; Steele,  
J. E.; Taylor, F.; Wain, R.; Walsh,  
T. A.

22ND PLATOON.

2nd Lieutenant: Cody, D. G. Ser-  
geants: Bey, W. F.; McCarthy, P.  
Lance-Sergeant: Wildbore, V. J. Cor-  
poral: Treweek, S. F. Lance-Corporals:  
Collier, E. K.; Deroles, R.; Reeve, W.  
F. Privates: Buchanan, R.; Burgess,  
S. A.; Campbell, J.; Campbell, P.;  
Cately, P. R.; Clegg, D. W.; Collinson,  
C. A.; Connelly, A. F.; Curtis, A. E.;  
Dow, G.; Elliott, G.; Evans, D. R.;  
Fitzgibbons, J.; Gale, J.; Harris, W.  
H.; Hastings, W. C.; Lancheater, E.  
N.; Leary, C.; Loveridge, A. F.;  
McGhie, V. L.; McIntyre, J. S.;  
McLoughlin, W. S.; Neill, W.; Para-  
more, J. A.; Parker, W. H.; Reid, S.  
F.; Robinson, H.; Russell, W. J.;  
Ryman, W. R.; Sauer, J.; Sheeran,  
L. D.; Simms, F. W.; Smith, J.;  
Stratton, G. E. P.; Sullivan, E.; Wells,  
D. K.; Wilde, R. E.; Williams, W. J.;  
Wingett, W. R.

23RD PLATOON.

Sergeants: Barr, W. R. R. L.; Ten-  
nent, K. W.; Crow, W. A. Lance-  
Sergeant: Williams, G. G. Corporal:  
Saint, S. C. Lance-Corporals: Gibbs,  
A. D.; O'Neil, T. F.; Rhodes, J. F.  
Privates: Barnett, G. H. S.; Boyd, J.  
C. J.; Brockett, A.; Brouard, D. W.;  
Christensen, L.; Coleman, E. W.; Cook,  
A. W.; Coridas, H.; Diamond, H. J.;  
Duncan, W. A.; Earp, W. V.; Gregory,  
I. V.; Hall, M. T. B.; Heath, R.;  
Heaney, J. H.; Herbert, T. W.; Hope,  
E. J. O.; Houghton, R.; Hyland, G.  
J.; Jacenoth, N. H.; Keating, E. A.;  
Kelly, H. H.; Leggett, F. G.; Lunan,  
R. T.; McLennan, A.; Neal, A.; Niel-  
son, J.; O'Donoghue, M. R.; O'Dwyer,  
T.; Parkman, W.; Perry, J.; Reilly,  
P. W.; Rennie, W. D.; Revill, M.;  
Seabourne, A. W. R.; Taylor, J.; Tay-  
lor, W. J.; Ullman, A. E.; Verry, P.  
L.; Whelan, T.

24TH PLATOON.

2nd Lieutenant: Deavoll, W. I. Ser-  
geants: White, W. J.; Dean, L. R. H.  
Corporals: Couper, P. D.; Jewell, C.  
V.; Russell, H. S. Lance-Corporals:  
Hill, H. G.; Magill, F.; O'Dell, L.  
M.; Watson, W. H. Privates: Am-  
bler, A. P.; Bentley, W. F.; Biber,  
S.; Bird, H. R.; Bovey, W. S.; Chris-  
tophers, J. A.; Condon, J. A.; Con-  
lan, C.; Conlan, E.; Connell, J.; Cox,  
J. H.; Devons, J. A.; Dickens, A. E.;  
Friedrich, C. A.; Green, C. H.; Haw-  
kins, R.; Henderson, L. A.; Hoeschler,  
L.; Hunter, J.; Ireland, F.; Kirkland,  
J.; Maclean, Jas.; Maimman, E. R.;  
Mayo, H.; Mogford, F.; McKinley,  
J.; McLoughlin, T. J.; Nichles, W.  
J.; Paget, G. T.; Paskell, S.; Quinn,  
P.; Ranson, W. H.; Rex, G.; Sala-  
monson, A. J.; Senk, W. M.; Shaw,  
K. J.; Tew, A.; Voss, T. H.; Yes-  
berg, R.

**J Company.**

33RD PLATOON.

O.C.: Lieutenant C.  
Lieutenant: Smith  
Sergeant-Major:  
Sergeants: Gordon,  
Lance-Sergeant:  
poral: Walker,  
Atkinson, T.  
Walker, Jas.  
Blackman, S.  
Brathie, A. J.  
R. H.; Cleary,  
Cook, S. G. M.;  
Creamer, L.;  
Carse, P.; Drury, F. B.; Ebbett,  
S.; Ferguson, A. G. E.; Galbraith,  
C.; Hannon, E. J.; Hill, O.; Hodg-  
son, A. F.; Irvine, C.; Jackson, R.  
G.; Leslie, W. R.; Luckman, H.;  
Langley, F. N.; McManus, H.; Mc-  
Gregor, W. T.; McCullough, D.;  
Neilson, M. W.; Oliver, E. J.; Par-  
ker, C. V.; Quinn, R. C.; Sturdie, T.;  
Spittle, J. W.; Tew, H. P.; Toombs,  
G. J.; Viall, Sam. E.; Viall, Sid. R.;  
Walker, H. R.; Wright, J. A.;  
Wright, John.

34TH PLATOON.

Lieutenant: Girling Butcher, W. L.;  
Sergeant: Matheson, N. McL. Ser-  
geants: Franklin, A. L.; Irvin, V. C.  
Corporals: Howard, D. B.; Downes, D.  
E. Lance-Corporals: Batchelor, L. J.;  
Coppins, W. M.; Gregory, C. H.;  
Johnson, H.; Maunsell, A. S.; Stewart,  
H. Privates: Booth, C. C.; Brain, J.;  
Bryan, I. D.; Coleman, D. J.; Cou-  
ston, H.; Curtis, W.; Cox, J.; Drew,  
A.; Duffin, J. F.; Forester, A.; Has-  
lip, W. H.; Hills, A. M.; Hood, O. E.;  
Hosking, L. H.; Hymen, C. H.; Innes,  
A. E.; James, C.; Lee, A. C. K.; Long-  
man, T.; Mills, V. H.; Monaghan, R.  
C.; McKenzie, J.; Nicoll, S. A. G.;  
O'Connell, M.; Olds, H.; Parker, H.  
G. McG.; Patterson, E. C.; Philipps,  
F. E.; Robb, D. T.; Ryan, W.;  
Shadbolt, F. G.; Strond, W. R.;  
Vaughan, W. C.; Walker, J. J.;  
Woods, F. W.; Watts, G. J.; Ziegler,  
A. J.

## THE KIWI.

**Medical.**

Captain Harpus, T. G.; Captain Hodgson, R. G. K.; Lieutenant Gordon, W. P. P.; Lieutenant Gibbson, H. R. Sergeants: Jones, G. O.; Watson, J. E. Lance-Corporal Riddell, D. Privates: Baldwin, C. P.; Boswell, L. D.; Baigent, L. C.; Dodds, G. A. G.; Devoy, T.; Gray, A.; Kerr, E.; McPherson, A. J.; Mailman, J. H.; O'Donnell, K.; Olphert, O. C.; Strong, J.; Silvester, H.; Salmon, W. G.; Slade, G. A.; Wilkinson, G. F.; Wilton, L.; Walker, J. A.

**Dental.**

Captain Fussell; Sergeant Bird. G.; Bro. D.; Clark, Conningham.

A.; Days, H. **Signallers.** A. F.; Edmonds, and Woley, J.; Gr.

**Bought,** Gillinghat, Engineers: Sergt. C.; Hall, Corp. C. J. Baillie, Johnston, A. A.; M. hey, I. Davis, W.

Highest pr. Nicol, A. Q.M. Stores, H. L.; Bring your will exchange for 2 PLATO commission.

Closed 10 to 12:30 p.m. **FERRICK.** Sergeant lock, E. ENSER.

C. B. "BLAV" you for all your ills quantity six-four-ought liver pills. No these don't suit and have their faults, All we have left is Epsom Salts.

**Appreciation.**

Our thanks are due to Corpl. W. T. Symonds and Privates R. G. Jackson and G. Naismith for their very valuable

J. Moran, F. J. Shearer, H. J. Terry. Specialists' Company: Privates A. Edlin, E. O. Gay, J. M. Robb, G. A. Sherson.

**Other Ranks.**

Postal Sergeant: Drake, J. Pay Sergeant: Guthrie, A. B. Pay Sergeant: Solly, G. G.

**PERMANENT STAFF.**

Lieut. Welch, E. J. J., Ship's Q-M.; Q.M.S. Hornblow, R.; Staff Sergt-Major, Kinnimonth, W. D.; Sergt. Cumming, W.; Sergt. Ferrick, A. C.; Lance-Corpl. Nicholson; Pte. Dalgleish, J.

**Army Nursing Staff.**

Staff Nurse J. Nicolson, Nurse S. Hetherington.

**CHAPLAINS.**

Captain J. R. Young. Captain C. Lacroix.

**NAVAL OFFICERS.**

Eng. Lieut.-Commander: H. W. Stidston, R.N.

Chief Steward: H. G. P. O'Neil, R.N.

**Ship's Officers.**

D. Todd, Captain. D. Harkness, Chief Officer. J. Nicol, Second Officer. R. B. Dennison, Third Officer. J. R. Bain, Fourth Officer. O. Jones, Wireless Operator. C. McIlveen, Asst. Wireless Operator. G. H. McDonald, Chief Steward. G. Stoneham, Second Steward. J. McArthur, B's'n. A. Munro, Carpenter. S. Stump, Storekeeper. H. Burt, Chief Engineer. J. Rutherford, Second Engineer. P. Payne, Third Engineer. P. Middleitch, Fourth Engineer. W. C. Falconer, Fifth Engineer. J. O'Shea, Sixth Engineer. H. Rasmussen, Seventh Engineer. R. Knewstubb, Electrician.

**"FATHER" ATKINSON.**

Subject: "The Evils of Intemperance and Gambling: or, The Story of My Life."

Come and hear him.

Seats reserved for Officers.

Admission by silver coin at door.

During the interval the renowned "Welch" singer, Mr. S. Quartermaster, will render

"Oh, Stay But-ter Moment."

Chairman ... .. Captain Graham.

**No. 1 MESS ROOM.**

TO-NIGHT! TO-NIGHT! AT 7.30.

Lecture by the world-famous Evangelist,

assistance in the publication of this and our previous issue, and to our many contributors for both papers. We also tender thanks to Capt. D. Todd and those officers who did all in their power to facilitate our endeavours to make the "Kiwi" the success it rightly deserves.