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ANNIVERSARY OF HOSPITAL NUMBER.

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THE MASSEYDONIAN STRETCHER.

The Official Monthly Journal of the No. 1
New Zealand Stationary Hospital.

No. 3

CAIRO, 1st May, 1916

No. 3

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED:—

The Pakeha's Periscope
The Last Rum Issue.
The Sick Report.

Plain Milk.
The Incinerator.
Kiwi Comments.

Gyppo Jottings.

MOTTO—"ALWAYS MERRY AND BRIGHT."

THIS ISSUE CONTAINS SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY
SUPPLEMENT.

THE MASSEYDONIAN STRETCHER

Motto --- "Always merry and bright."

No. 3.

CAIRO, 1st MAY, 1916.

ANNIVERSARY OF HOSPITAL.

To-day a year ago we were in a New Zealand Military Camp: it is true, shut off from homes, but still in New Zealand, with just three weeks to think of what we were about to leave behind. May the 1st. of this year still finds us thinking about what we have left, and, of course, "there's no harm in thinking." Three weeks from to-day, then, completes our first year's active service as a Unit, and as 'tis said that the first year or so is always the worst, we propose entering the succeeding ones with a certain amount of assurance and preparedness following the experience gained.

We must express regret at the delay in the printing of this issue, which has been held back for the insertion of a special supplement giving a brief record of the work of the Unit for the term of its active service—year ending 22nd May. In the preparation and printing of this supplement there has been one object only, i.e. to give readers (more especially those in New Zealand, who have interested themselves in our behalf) a brief, concise statement of the work done.

It may be said that since arriving at Port Said on July 1st. last the Unit has

travelled slightly over 2000 miles, completely established two hospitals (one at Port Said and one in the Field just behind the Balkan Front) (and reconstructed and fitted out a third hospital (Ismailia).)

The summary of staff changes, and the list of staff, who have worked with the hospital during the year should also prove of some interest in showing the wear and tear in a Unit such as ours for that period. It will be noticed from the Summary of Staff Changes given that the depreciation in staff due to casualties and invaliding a number of members during the year, working the figures out on the basis of our present strength, has been, Officers $12\frac{1}{2}\%$, and Other Ranks $26\frac{1}{4}\%$ (These figures do not include members transferred to base, among whom were a number who would probably be invalided to New Zealand).

We cannot speak too highly of the excellent support we have received from all parts of New Zealand both in the form of gifts of money and material, and this great help has been of immense assistance to us in filling our functions as a Stationary Hospital.

We commend our Anniversary of Unit edition to readers, and although our position back in the desert forbids to a certain extent our making it as polished as we should like, we trust that its reading may give them the pleasure it has given us to prepare.

THE LANDING AT ANZAC.

It would be scarcely right if in this issue we did not make some mention of the historic landing at Anzac, the anniversary of which was celebrated on April 25th. A number of the present members of our Unit were privileged to take part in this landing, and the remainder, we know, always "Stand to Attention" at the mention of the fine behaviour of the British and Australian troops, as well as our brother New Zealanders on that occasion, and during all the many months that followed. Our humble part was merely to receive several shiploads of wounded direct from the Beach to our hospital at Port Said, and the accounts we heard from these men of the partings of our friends and loved ones, as they died bravely fighting the foe, thrilled us, and gave us a longing to share some of the dangers to which they had been exposed.

To make our position clear, we wish to dissociate ourselves altogether from the views held by the New Zealand General Hospital (which has always remained in Cairo) through their official paper, the Hohipera Journal, when they say—"We feel that New Zealand will be as proud of the . . . Unit which left New Zealand as the No. 2 Stationary Hospital as they justly are of their brave soldiers who have fought on the battlefield." It is only by experiencing a few of the dangers to which our troops were exposed that we now realise how small was our part at peaceful Port Said, as compared with the great dangers midst bursting shot and shell of our brothers at Anzac. We, therefore, would bow with our New Zealand readers in admiration of the heroic work they accomplished.

It is not our intention to add anything further in the form of a detailed account of the heroic stand of our troops. Their noble deeds speak for themselves, and it is pleasing to know that the anniversary of the day of landing has been celebrated so well.

THE HOHIPERA JOURNAL.

Although a copy of this journal was not sent to us, we have seen the first (April) number, and must heartily congratulate the Editor on the production. Although the journal has scarcely been printed in accordance with Standing Order No. 19 issued to the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force (1/3/1916), we quite sympathise with the staff of our contemporary: such papers as ours are certainly very seriously handicapped by these strictures. The first issue of the Hohipera Journal is certainly deserving of much praise, and the pains that have evidently been taken with it remind us of the zeal which some of us used to enter into the preparation of the "Wellingtonian" in the days of long ago.

WHAT RELIGION?

The Adjutant (who is obtaining information for the preparation of new identification discs, and who is ever particular about the proper religion being inserted) XX to another officer:—

"What religion shall I have marked on your disc Major—?"

Ever obliging Major: "Let's see, what sort are you short of?"

AFTER THE TRIP TO LUXOR.

Returned Sergeant (contemplating over a book of pictures): "Mac, do you think you'll ever be a mummy?"

The Sleuth: "Well, I don't know? I had hoped to be a daddy some day, but I've never had aspirations to mummyhood."

AT SALONIKA.

All the morning men from the "Scabies" lines had been handing in their clothes to the Q.M.'s store for disinfection. One patient appeared to remain away from the rest, and was the last to be dealt with. The genial Q.M. addressed him—"You're from the "Scabies," aren't you?"

Pat: "No! indade, sirr.-Connaught Rangers!"

THE ANZACS

Out of the boats they leapt ashore
Quite heedless of the cannons roar;
Right up the heights they quickly soar—
THE ANZACS.

They landed on the Turkish shore,
They fought and fell to rise no more,
They covered them with Turkish gore—
THE ANZACS.

Their noble deeds will never die.
Forward! This was their battle cry;
Push on my lads, we'll do or die—
THE ANZACS.

In face of shot and bursting shell
What they endured no tongue can tell;
They faced the very jaws of Hell—
THE ANZACS.

Their comrades fell on left and right;
They heeded not the bloody sight:
On, On, they pushed with all their might—
THE ANZACS,

All night through they crept along:
"God Save the King!" their only song.
They helped the weak against the strong—
THE ANZACS.

No Turkish shell could hold them back;—
Though loud the rifle bullets crack,
They climbed the cliffs, there was no track—
THE ANZACS.

Their pluck and daring all have praised,
A monument of fame they raised:
The world looked on and stood amazed—
THE ANZACS.

From Australasia these men came
To help keep up Britannia's name:
Yes, loyally they played the game—
THE ANZACS.

Some have crossed death's narrow stream:
They look upon a brighter scene.
The world will keep their memory green—
THE ANZACS.

BEN JONES.



HARD ON THE YORKS.

The sick parade of the day was being held before the medical officer of the... Yorkshire Regiment. Most of the cases had been dealt with, when up stepped a man with rather a severe septic hand (right). The Medical officer carried out his duties as per Reg. 15559, Clause (b) and then gave the order—"Ordinary diet, light duty - left hand - Quick march - Left Wheel.

ROUGH WEATHER ON SEA.

Officer to Irish patient: "W' hat's your trouble, my man?"

Pat, of the Munster Fusiliers:
"Pains, sirr."

Officer: "Before or after meals?"

Pat: "After meals, sirr".

Officer: "Do you vomit?"

Pat: "Vomit, phwat's that sirr?"

Officer: "Are you sick? Do you vomit?"

Pat: "Ah, yes, sirr, shure I do."

Officer: "And when do you vomit?"

Pat: "When I'm seasick, sirr."

This article is so entirely separate & distinct in the Hohipera Journal to that which records the work of our hospital as if you have had a copy of it sent to you

No higher thought of the honor was around the range

No. 1 NEW ZEALAND
STATIONARY HOSPITAL. III.

NORTH OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

By Lieut. Colonel D. J. McGavin, F.R.C.S.

The Unit sailed from Alexandria on the H. M. T. S. "Marquette" on October 19th, 1915. At the time of sailing the destination was not officially known to us, but it was surmised to be Salonika. There was a slight delay just outside the harbour owing to the steering gear not acting. It was discovered that a soldier had placed his coat in what he evidently regarded as a convenient cupboard, but which turned out to be a box containing some of the steering apparatus. The voyage for the next three days was quite uneventful—the sea was calm, and the cooler weather was greatly appreciated by all, after the heat of Egypt. The morning of the 23rd was calm, and the sky slightly overcast. There was a slight swell owing to wind the previous night. We were expecting to arrive at Salonika about 12 o'clock, and preparations for disembarkation were begun early in the morning.

At about 9.15 when still 50 miles or so from Salonika the Marquette was struck by a torpedo. The vessel sank rapidly in a period variously estimated at from seven to twelve minutes. We were then off Cap Kassandra and about the middle of the gulf, which is here 40 miles wide, and were, therefore, about 20 miles from land on either side.

The incidents of the sinking of the "Marquette" have already been fairly and fully detailed in a previous number of this paper, and also more or less correctly in various letters written by survivors. I need not again traverse this ground except to say that of our company we lost 36—viz, 10 nursing sisters, 18 N.Z.M.C. men, 4 duty "B" men attached, and 4 native Egyptians. A few days later all the nursing sisters and others who had been injured or were sick returned to

Alexandria. Two officers were also sent back to secure equipment to replace that lost. The remaining officers and other ranks were quartered in Salonika for a day or two, and then under canvas at Lembet Camp. For the next fortnight many officers, N. C. O's and men of the Company were detailed for various duties with medical units in and about Salonika.

On November 12th we took over the site of the Casualty Clearing Station with 200 patients, and on November 20th our new equipment arrived. On November 20th and for the next three days we had a very severe blizzard, and as our hospital was not completely constructed, and we had a large number of patients to deal with, we found things rather difficult. The wind was very strong and the cold severe—ink and milk being frozen. Fortunately, we were able to secure some kerosene heating stoves, which added greatly to the comfort of the patients. During our stay in Salonika we had three or four more of the blizzards, but none so severe as this first one. In the intervals between these blizzards the weather was really very good, with bright sunny days and very little rain. The construction and improving of the hospital camp was a continuous process during our stay in Salonika. A road was made up the hill, on which it was situated; the paths were gravelled—a very necessary procedure, as after any rain or snow the clay formed a mud of extraordinary tenacity; a large portable hut was put up for an X-ray room; a telephone was connected; water laid on; and shortly before we left a compound was built for the nursing sisters we were expecting to come. However, although all preparations were made for their reception the Unit left Salonika before they arrived.

We had numerous visits from hostile aircraft, including a Zeppelin. As a protection against these a large red cross was painted on the ground on either side of the Camp; also, the tents were painted with mud to render them less distinguishable to aircraft: later, dugouts were made.

During our stay of four and a half months at Salonika we had almost 4000 patients in hospital, and have had as many as 700 at one time.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS
OF THE HOSPITAL.

BY "BIBLIQUE."

We met with many cases of medical interest, such as Frostbite, Trench foot, Trench fever (including Trench Shin), Trench Nephritis, and other conditions not frequently met with in civil practice.

When we first arrived in Salonika there was naturally some confusion—the Greeks were mobilised there. The streets in Salonika are narrow and paved with cobble stones. The large numbers of troops of different nationalities and uniforms, and the quantity of the transport, varying from the pack pony of the Greeks to the mechanical transport and guns of the French and British, crowding through the narrow cobble paved streets of the town, and along a road filled with large holes and knee deep in mud out to Lembet Camp—made a striking picture. But it was not long before the conditions were totally changed—the roads were improved beyond recognition, traffic was regulated properly, field telephones laid down, and the whole organization working smoothly and efficiently. The city of Salonika is, of course, of great interest. Unfortunately, we were unable to secure any decent guidebook or reliable guide. Later, however, this defect was very efficiently supplied by one of the Padres, who joined us. Attached to us in Salonika were the...Sanitary Section,...Mobile Pathological Laboratory and...Mobile Hygienic Laboratory. These Units greatly facilitated our work.

It was with great regret that we left Salonika. During our stay there we formed an integral part of an army in the Field, and had seen the whole system develop around us from confusion to (apparently) perfection. We had made many friends, and having been there from the earliest days of the occupation, took a peculiar interest in the growth and development of the situation. However, as the notice given us to leave was short, and apparently urgent, the expectation of getting to scenes of greater activity mitigated to some extent our regrets at leaving. We were relieved by...Stationary Hospital, and embarked on the H.M.H.S. "Lanfranc" (which had brought that Unit up) on March 6th. We arrived at Port Said after an uneventful trip on March 9th.

1. The Colonel is thine only Boss; thou shalt have no other Colonel but him.
2. But thou shalt make unto thyself many graven images of officers and staff officers whom thou shalt usually find in the cities and in quiet places: thou shalt stand up and salute them, for the O.C., thy boss, will be compelled to visit with field punishment unto the 1st and 2nd degree on those that salute not.
3. Thou shalt not take the name of the Adjutant in vain, for the O.C. will not hold him guiltless who taketh the Adjutant's name in vain.
4. Remember thou shalt not rest on the Sabbath Day. Six days shalt thou labour and the seventh day is the day when thou shalt labour tenfold; on it thou shalt do all manner of work.
5. Honour the N.C.O.'s that thy days may be long in the land of the Desert.
6. Thou shalt not bring any liquor into camp, neither shalt thou allow intoxication to get into thy legs.
7. Thou shalt not clamber for more than two pieces of bacon for breakfast.
8. Thou shalt not steal, or at any rate, not be found out.
9. Thou shalt not bear false witness in the Orderly Room.
10. Thou shalt not covet a position in the Q.M.'s store; neither shalt thou covet the rations of the Q.M.'s staff, their baksheesh, nor any other thing that is beyond thy reach.

THE MAILED FIST.

What did the militarism of
Alexander the Great achieve?

*(Written specially for the "Stretcher" from a report
of lecture given by Dr. D.M. Kay, C.F., at Lembet
Camp, Salonika).*

As a large number of the battlegrounds of Alexander the Great have been opened up by the conflict of today, a short discussion on Alexander's expedition will be of interest. Alexander the Great, son of Philipp of Macedon, was born here in Macedonia in the year 355 B.C., and right from his earliest years the fighting instinct was strong in him. Everyone has heard the story of the boy who said "Philipp my father will have conquered the whole world before I am grown". There was no luxury in those days, and fighting was specialised in by Philipp, who adopted a new formation for his soldiers. His infantry was ranged in groups 16 by 16. The front man was the Lochagos, or Sergeant Major, who was the bravest man in the Company. Behind him came a Sergeant, then a Corporal, and then the rank and file. This was called a Lochos (one file of 16) and the whole company was called Syntagma, the formation being called Phalanx (It was thus that the term "Phalanx" originated). On the wings he had light mounted infantry, who were armed with lances about 21 feet in length, held about 6 feet from the butt.

Philipp was assassinated by Pausanias in the year 336 B.C., and the engine of war which Alexander inherited was highly efficient. At that time there was no Kingdom of Greece, but a Council of Greek Cities, and by this council Alexander was voted to be leader of the Hellenes. Two years after his father's death, Alexander gathered up his highly trained army consisting of 35,000 infantry, 4,500 cavalry, secretaries, historians, and a prophet, and led them off on their Asiatic campaign. The crossing from Europe to Asia took place

at the Dardanelles, and although his coming was known to Darius—the ruler of the greater portion of the then known world—no steps were taken to oppose his landing. His first movements were towards the sea of Marmora, and King Darius gave instructions to the local governors to vanquish him. Memnon, one of these, gathered together a huge force and assembled at the Granicus River to give battle. The fight was a bloody one, and almost the whole Persian infantry was annihilated. In the battle Alexander fought valiantly in the middle of his men, but his life was saved by Kleitos, his friend. The march was continued to Sardis, inland from Smyrna, and although difficult of access the news of Alexander's previous success caused the Governor to capitulate at once to the Macedonian. City after city then fell before the invader, who at length decided to push on and meet King Darius himself. Mitelus was besieged and overthrown, and the invading army came on to Tarsus where Alexander developed severe fever. King Darius, hearing this, determined to attack, but ere he was able to move Alexander and his army had moved out and taken the pass of Syria Phoenicia. The Persian King then decided to attack Alexander in the rear, which was exactly what the latter desired as the configuration of the country afforded natural defence. By a clever manoeuvre Alexander was able to get his enemy at a disadvantage and in spite of overwhelming numbers Darius' army was completely shattered, and his wife and mother taken captive. Alexander then pushed on down the coast to Tyre and Sidon, the latter of which made a stubborn resistance, and held out for seven months. Palestine came next, and after conquering it the Philistine city of Gaza was besieged and taken.

The invincible army then moved on to Egypt, but no opposition was offered there. Governors were set up in each of the large centres and the city of Alexandria established. The Egyptian Gods were worshipped by the Conqueror who had a special sanctuary erected in Luxor Temple. After a three months sojourn, Alexander returned again to

Palestine, and came on to Nineveh. About this time he received letters from Darius offering to give him all the land west of the Euphrates if he would agree to peace, but his offer was refused. Darius thereupon raised a mighty army, and gave battle again, near Arbela. The victory again rested with Alexander, and shortly afterwards Darius was conquered and slain. The march was then continued to the Caspian Sea where Alexander met and married Roxana. India was next visited and the Punjab conquered, after which Alexander returned to Babylon.

During his stay in Egypt, Alexander had been told by the priests that he was of divine origin, and during his latter journeys he was recognised by the people whom he conquered as such. His own followers, however, refused to make obeisance to him. At a banquet, Alexander called on Kleitos, his most trusted friend, to worship him, and on the latter refusing, the conqueror drew a dagger and slew him. When he realised what he had done, his grief was uncontrollable.

In Babylon, while at the zenith of his power, Alexander contracted fever. His last physician had been crucified because he had been unable to cure one of the King's favourites. In a few days Alexander died, and instantly his mighty empire collapsed.

No better attempt to establish a world empire by the mailed fist was ever made, but like all others it failed, and today his name is scarcely known even here in his birthplace.

**"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY
BREAD AND—"**

What did the chicken say -
In a "sidey" kind of way -
When first he saw the day?
"Ma-me-laid!"

What did the messroom say—
In a sad but furious way—
When they saw it every day?
"Marmalade!!!"

A DIALOGUE.

Characters: Pte. Brown (on leave),
Mahmud (a Cairene).
Scene: Outside Sault's, Cairo.
Time: The Present—8.30 a.m.

Pte. Brown: (discovered dressed in drills, tailor made, of course, looking more like an imaginative lady artist's private soldier hero, than part of the Empire's Military Machine. He is smoking a cigarette, "Flag" brand, his pocket being unable to attain the ideal to which his clothes aspire. He is impatient, tapping his aggressively shining boots with a two piastre cane; his wristlet watch he occasionally regards but with evident mistrust). In soliloquy: "Why in the name of Jimmy Allan did I ever leave the Pig Island? I want to see the Pyramids, get up in the middle of the night to catch the tram at half-past-eight, get here with five minutes to spare, wait half-an-hour and still no tram. George distinctly told me in the 'Caffy' last night, 'No. 14 car, every half-hour'; the old ticker must be goosed, wish I'd bought a camera."

Enter Mahmud: (Clad in flowing burnouse, turban, and ridiculous tan boots, and carrying a cane slightly better than Pte. Brown's). To Brown very pleasantly: "Good morning, Mister New Zeelan', you wanta guide to-day?"

Pte. Brown: "Impshee yallah, you—"

Mahmud: (scenting a possible delicate reader, breaks in)—"No, please, you wanta guide, me verry good de guide; me take you to Peeramid de Cheops, de Spinkis, de temple built tree t'ousan' dears before de Kries, me guida Captaine las' nigh', me guida Moses, me no sharge you much—you giveit whatu like, me verry poor man, me two wives—one Cairo, one Soudan, fife schildrens, no mungaree."

Brown: "Iskoot, mafeesh faloos, impshee!"

Mahmud: "Ah! enta tarifa Arabi, ah, enta, koiess kiteer, eddini min fadlak b'ksheesh."

Brown: "Oh, shut up, get out, or I'll..."

Mahmud: "No, mistaire, please; me verry gooda guide, me show you sastifikat (producing ragged and greasy, official looking sheet), look, my photo, yes me takea you Peeramids, pay tram, pay everyt'ing for two bob."

Brown: "No, go away, I'm going to meet a cove who knows more about it than any of you blighters."

Mahmud: "Nebor mind for myself mistaire; you buy postcart (producing packet from the folds of his garment)... verry good, verry nice, verry sheap, verry"

Brown: (smiles) "How much?"

Mahmud: (Shrewdly) "Eight piastre, twenty-four."

Brown: (Producing some money) "No, I giveit two piastres six milliemes."

Mahmud: "No mistaire, six piastre, no less, nebor mind, you giveit six."

Brown: "No, ah here comes the tram, no, get away." (Walks off).

Mahmud: "Nebor mind, giveit money, five piastre, here y'are, no? Nebor mind, giveit money, yes, allri"—(tram moves off with Brown on board)—"Ah tam 'im, Mistaire New Zealan', rooh fidaiya Clinboots tamim" (Exit).

"SINN FEIN."

Although absent for more than two years from his native land (Ireland) the writer feels that he can explain to some extent the sad happenings that have recently taken place in that country.

Previous to the War Ireland loomed very large in the eyes of the World because, as everyone knows, it was on the verge of the worst of all misfortunes—a civil war. Fortunately, the leaders of both parties immediately saw that the cause of the Empire was Ireland's cause, and instantly threw in their lot with the Imperial forces, thus bringing about a condition of affairs which brought joy to the hearts of all true Irishmen. Irishmen from the North and from the South have stood shoulder to shoulder in Flanders and on Gallipoli, and have proved that the Irish have not forgotten how to fight.

Unfortunately, however, at the outbreak of war there was a party in Ireland, which did not agree with the policy of the Nationalists in the South or of that of the Unionists in the North. This Party known as the "Sinn Fein" party was not a political party. In its genesis it was an organization for the furtherance of all things Irish. The fact that "Sinn Fein" means "ourselves alone" will show that the policy of that party was complete separation from England and all things English.

It cannot be denied that that this organization was at one time a purely literary society interested in the spreading of the Irish language and literature, and indeed I can say from personal knowledge of one of those who has been shot, because of his participation in the recent revolt, that he was a fanatic of the fanatics where Ireland was concerned, but I never imagined him foolish enough to participate in such a mad enterprise. I remember distinctly playing beside him in my first rugby football match, and although at that time he was a wee bit of a poet, he had not become imbued with Irish Ireland ideas.

The Sinn Fein party of recent years never disguised the fact that they hated England and all things English.

For instance, the Gaelic Athletic Association, which controls the majority of sports meetings held in the south of Ireland, will not allow a policeman or soldier to take part in meetings under their rules. The body which controls Gaelic Football and Hurling will not allow players of Rugby, Soccer, Tennis or Cricket to take part in their matches, because these games are termed imported games. The Sinn Fein party, which is a party inside the Gaelic league, is more drastic in its measures and aims, and in my opinion is the outcome of the older Fenian organization.

It must be remembered that it was a very small organization; no Sinn Fein has represented an Irish Constituency in parliament, although the party has attempted to capture several seats. The only reason one can adduce for their illtimed revolt is that it was organized by men who wanted a political excuse

for declining the hardships and dangers of active service.

The Daily Mail hits the nail on the head when it says "It is perfectly true, and most important to remember, that this wicked rebellion, which has gone half-cock does not represent the real spirit of Ireland. The men who most truly typify the part which Ireland seeks to play in this great world war are the Dublin Fusiliers leaping from the boats into a hurricane of fire on the sands of Beach 5 at the Dardanelles, the Munster Fusiliers calmly emerging from the steamship River Clyde to meet almost certain death. Such men as these and the Irish prisoners of war, who turned with proud scorn from Casement and his temptations, stand for the bulk of Ireland today."

However, the real note of the revolt is its sadness and folly. Ireland is once again the most unhappy country in the world.

When I left Ireland, although the Home Rule question was not settled yet, there was an air of contentment and prosperity coming over the country. The land question had been settled, the co-operative movement was spreading in the rural districts. It is sad to think that misguided Irishmen have shattered the fair prospect which appeared to be enfolding before them, because there was every prospect that when the great war was ended, that Irishmen would settle their differences, and that Ireland would become one of the prosperous Countries of the British Empire.

J.F.C.



LOFTY'S FAREWELL.

"Well, good-bye," said Lofty, wiping a tear from his eye. "I'm orful sorry to be leaving yuh orl, 'cause I've 'ad a bloomin' good time 'ere, in spite of orl me ups and downs. Goin' away's a bit 'ard on account of never findin' Staffs' milk. It was a 'orrible trick 'e played me, and I never thort as 'ow Staff would lead me on as 'e did, and bury the tins in the duty room. A course, I bears 'im no malice."

"Suppose you don't quite like the idea of going?" he was asked.

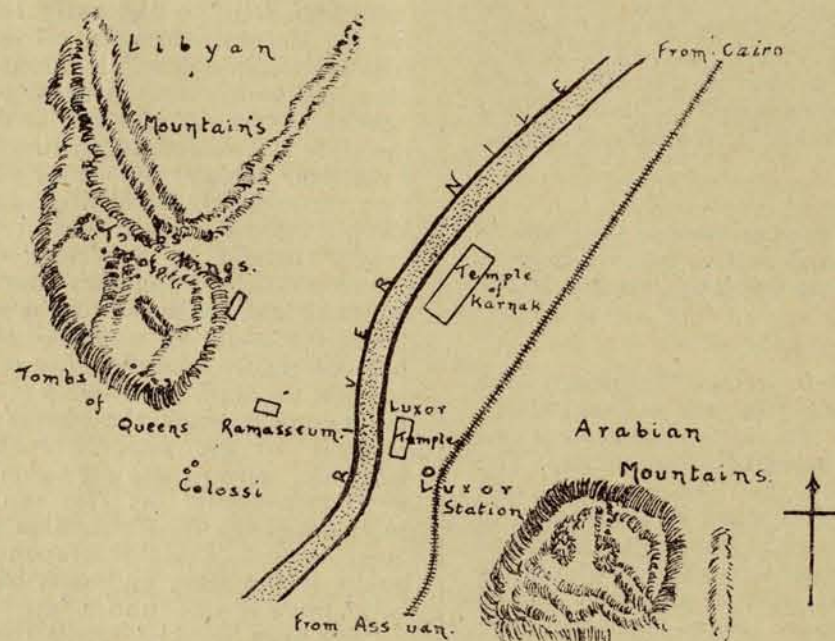
"Well, yer see, I've jist come out of 'orsepittle, bein' in there with the kolic, but the Major fixed me up orlright. Me trip to Port Said must 'ave made me bad. Me and Woodsie went there for a 'oliday, but the 'igh livin' orlmost settled me: the style was somethin' great. A course I was very cobbyery with the Perlice, and they recommends the Continental. They didn't 'ave no dinner, but a kind of supper bisniss at 8 o'clock at night. There was about fourteen courses, and a clean plate, knife and fork every time. I was for 'angin' to me knife and fork, but the waiter wouldnt 'ear of it. 'E brought the stuff around on a plate, but a feller couldnt scoop the whole lot off on account of the people lookin'! The beds they give us was very comfortable, but I kept gettin' me feet tangled up in the funny sort of curtains they 'ad 'angin' round. Takin' it all round I didn't enjoy it too well, and cum back after bein' there a day and a 'arf."

"I've been thinkin' lately that I wish the Medicine Board would send me back to New Zealand from the base. I'd like to be back in Canterbury again among the rabbits. Its a great game that, and I've made a pile of 'oof at it. Me and me clobber used to work together—I got a penny each for the tails, and 'e got a hey'penny each for 'is ears, so I gives 'im orl me ears, and 'e gives me orl 'is tails, and we both did well out of it. Its better than this 'ere fightin' racket. Then there's a nice girl down there that I've got me eye on, and lots of other 'ome comforts and things."

"Good-bye, and the best of good luck," said Lofty, as he moved away to catch the train for Tel-el-Kebir.

THE VALLEY OF THEBES.

(During April the members of the Unit were granted a few days' leave, and a number made a trip to Luxor. As a result no fewer than 30 reports were received for insertion in this issue. This, of course, was impossible, so they were summarised, into one account, which appears below. We managed to secure a letter which had inadvertently dropped out of the post bag, and this is also inserted, as it views the trip from a rather different standpoint. Ed.)



Rough Sketch of the Valley of Thebes.

Slightly over 400 miles south of Cairo the great, broad, Nile flows peacefully between the Arabian and Libyan Mountains through the ancient valley of Thebes. Here on both sides of the river about the year 2,000 B.C. stood Thebes, one of the ancient capitals of Egypt. To-day the town of Luxor stands on the eastern bank among the old temples, the western side being partly cultivated fields, and partly barren sand areas.

This wonderful old world valley, with its silent memories of bygone greatness is a fascinating sight. Each of the pillars

in the temples tells its own history, and to walk among the ruined piles is an inspiration. As the eyes roam over the valley, visions come of the long dead past—the ancient city (one of the greatest of its time), with its 20,000 chariots of war, magnificent temples, stately public buildings, private houses four and five storeys high; the processions of priests chanting incantations before the god Amen-Ra; the great expeditions of war; and the battles that were fought on the plain. All these visions stir the imagination to its depths.

The nearest building of the ancients to the Railway Station is Luxor Temple. It is situated in the middle of the town of Luxor, and the entrance is at the top of the steps leading from the Nile. This temple was built by Amenophis III. about 1,500 B.C., and, in accordance with a practice that obtained in the construction of all the temples, was added to by a number of subsequent rulers. Alexander the Great even added a sanctuary to this temple in his day. The walls of Luxor abound in hieroglyphics and beautiful relief carving, telling the history of those

ancient times, and one of the finest pieces shows a section of the King's army-footmen, chariots, &c., while overhead is a relief of the Sacred Boat. The statuary and pillars in this temple are splendid specimens.

Situated about a mile and a quarter from Luxor Temple is the Temple of Karnak, and in ancient times the road connecting these structures was lined on either side by an avenue of Sphinxes. Karnak Temple originally covered 137 acres, and although much destroyed, it contains some wonderful and beautiful architecture. The structures have been built by almost every ruler of Egypt from about 2,000 B.C. down to 100 B.C., including Alexander the Great and the Ptolemies. From the top of the main pylon or wall the view of the temple ruins on one side, and the Nile Valley, with the Libyan Mountains in the distance, and palm groves dotted here and there, makes an excellent picture. The great hall which contains a forest of 122 columns each 80 feet high, all covered in carvings, is the gem of the temple. By moonlight there is something ethereal about this hall, the pale light stealing down among the pillars, and the ghostly silence producing a weird, mysterious effect.

On the other side of the Nile the trip to the Tombs on donkey back is a rare experience, especially during the latter part of the journey when the road leads through barren mountains, where the modern implements of the excavator have been everywhere at work in search of royal tombs. This valley has been called the Valley of Death, and no name could better describe it. There is no life of any kind among these barren mountains among which lie the Pharaohs of yore. One can imagine the gorgeous funeral cavalcades winding up to the tombs hewn out of the living rock, and the mysterious rites performed therein. Inside the tombs there are excellent reliefs and paintings, which are as vivid and perfectly executed as if done a few days ago. For hundreds of feet the tombs penetrate the mountain, and every part is covered with this work, which largely illustrates the history of the King who was laid to rest within. The tomb of Amenophis II. contains many chambers

of singular beauty. At the end of the tomb the mummy of the King lies in a stone sarcophagus, and one cannot but be impressed with the quiet dignity of the scene.

On the other side of the mountains the temple of Queen Hat-shepsu presents a style of architecture quite distinct from the other temples. It is partly built of beautiful white limestone, and partly excavated in the side of the hill. The relief work on the walls is of the finest and the complete history of the queen can be traced. Nearer the Nile the Ramasseum, with its huge fallen statue of Rameses II. (the Pharaoh of the Oppression), weighing about 1,000 tons, and the World famous Colossi of Memnon each 65 feet high, are sights of interest. At the edge of the Libyan Mountains behind the Colossi the tombs of the Queens are to be found. The sides and ceilings of the chambers of these tombs are very rich in paintings of all colours, which are very well preserved indeed.

Such, briefly, is the Valley of Thebes to-day, wherein rest the fine Egyptians of old. Like the ancient kingdoms of Babylon and Persia, the Kingdom of Egypt flourished and passed away. Its people have gone their way, where, no one knows; but though dead their character "still speaketh," and their structures reflect a glorious history of a civilization and a code of morality which obtained many centuries before the dawn of the Christian era.

One writer at the close of his account, bursts forth:—

Flow on, thou peaceful Nilus, flow;
Thy course is wide and clear.
The only balm to Egypt's sun
Through all the passing year.

Four thousand miles thro' Afric's wastes,
Runs on thy silver gleam,
Where palms and crops of grain arise
Well watered from thy stream.

What secrets do thy valleys keep
Of years now passed away,
Of peoples now forgotten quite
Save for their ruined clay?

The ancient ones of this great land
Who didst adore thy throne,
And dwelt midst wondrous splendour—
Canst tell where they have flown?

LETTER FROM BILL.
ON A TRIP TO LUXOR.

Dear Liz,

'Ow stiff's a man. Jist back from a 'ummer trip on wich I took wot yer'd corl woluminous notes, and nah blah me if I arnt lorst 'em. 'Owsomever, it was like this 'ere. Larst Toosday me an' 'Erbert—yer know, the bloke I told yer abaht, wots got 'oller legs, an' can eat as much as an 'orse. Well! we 'ad jist settled our stowed bully wen the sarjint poked is' ead in an' ses—"Oos next on the list fer leave. 'Erbert yells aht "Me an' Bill." "Righto," ses Mac (I mean, the sarjint), "Rrrreporrrt at Orderly Rrrroom and get yer passes. "Were shall we go?" ses I. "Ahv only got eleven disasters, and that wouldnt take a cove as fer as Zagizig and that place aint no good to me, becos after abaht two spots yer wouldn't be able to get yer tongue rahnd it, besides Zagizig sahnds as if yer lookin' fer trouble. Funny thing some of the boys was only sayin' at dinner wot a fine place Luxor was. Nah, I ad'nt never heard of Luxor before, and thought it must be the place w'ere they made "Lux" soap, but I didn't care a 'ang w'ere we went as long as we got a spell from slingin' beds abaht, and away from the darned flies wot nearly kicks a bloke to death. So we agrees to give Luxor a go any'ow. We 'its up the Adj' fer an advance on our prospects, an' 'e corfs up like a gent. I wakes up ter find meself on the train wiv a change of putties and anell of a thirst. 'Erbert borrered a Kamerer so we was orlrite. We hits Cairo abaht 5 g.m., an' 'as a three hour pipe at the tarts and ices at Groppy's, then gets a ghari. (wot we calls a kerridge), and pushes off fer the train. Lumme! we did do things in style. We blew into the feedin' car, an' orders a feed de lux, wich we thort was the rite thing seein' 'as 'ow we was goin' to "Luxor". No one would a dreamt that in private life I was a chimbly sweeper wiv 'a wife an' two kids. Lor! Ow I did envy 'Erbert's 'oller legs. I frew in

the towl afterabaht thirteen rahnds and a swig of water out of a brass dish, but 'Erbert, lumme! 'e 'ad'nt 'ardly started. Wot 'urt me was, 'e did'nt 'ave to pay no more than me. I could write anell of a Preskripshun of shine scenery of the Valley of the Nile. I'am on dooty in 'arf an hour, so serfice ter say I shuts me eyes, and thinks I'm livin' back in the days of Moses and Julier Seeser. There was green fields and yeller fields, camels, gyppos, donkeys, goats, kids, mud 'uts, chickens, kows, parm trees and orl—the stuff wot yer sees in biblikel pickchers. I fergot to mention that durin' the night 'Erbert 'ad a bloomin' night mare—'e thort 'e was a airyplane chasin' a zep, but 'e eventually got tangled up in the luggage rack, so I leaves 'im to it. A cove on the train told us they did'nt make no soap at Luxor—'e ses orl they made was *baksheesh* from the mugs wot goes sight-seein'. E said that we would see ruins of grate temples bilt 'undreds and thousands of years B.C. (By Crikey). This bird told us the proper fing to do to was engage a draggerman. Wen we gets to the stashun we could'nt see nothin' else but draggerblokes—'undreds of them. I spots a genial lookin' rooster wot reminded me of a bloke I used ter know wot collected bottles. He wore the usual gippo night dress, wiv a rag turbin—I think yer calls it—round 'is 'ead, and abaht four days wisker on 'is chin. I tips 'im the wink. "'Orl rite," 'e ses, "if yer please this way kernel?" E if-yer-pleased-us three times per minate the ole darn time'e was with us—terrible perlite. A barf and a brush up at a pub, 'an there was Abdul somethin' 'Assin with three mokes awaitin' fer us. 'E intredooiced me to a donkey wot 'ad the cognomen of "Boneypart." I could see that was 'is name wiv 'arf an eye. Liz, straight, it made me feel quite 'omesick ter see that little moke. I got a lump in me eye, and a tear in me—oh! you know wot I mean—it reminded me of you and the little uns. Nah don't get the 'uff an' think the donkey was like you,—taint likely, ole thing. Boney was a goer an' 'e took a fancy ter me rite away. 'Avin-lorst me notes I 'asa very 'azy recollekshun of wot I did see—orl I knows is I saw 'uge pillers, statoos and drorings of kinks, queenses,

gords and gordesses, birds, fishes and kattle wot 'ad orl got tangled up so much that ardlly one chap or gal 'ad 'is right 'ead on. I only saw one tart wiv a feaver in 'er 'at-they evidently was'nt the rage then. Any'ow I can jist tell yer that wot I don't know abaht Egypterpology (I thinks its called) is certingly worth knowin'. Abdil would squat us dahn an' tell us the most 'orrible, 'arrowin' yarns about these 'ere blokes knifing each other. One kink bloke 'e called "Sat"—'e was a fair terror, and wen 'e passed in 'is checks they 'ad 'arf a 'oliday,—'ence "Sat-erday" arf day we gets nah. Then there was a queen called Hatansomethink. 'E ses she was real 'ot stuff—blew round in 'er brothers togs, she did. Any'ow she 'ad a decent 'ouse painted with 'orl queer pickshers, like she 'ad been teachin' kids ter dror. In some of these 'ere 'aunted dens I really thort I'd get 'em, for talk abaht snakes—they looked arf a mile long an' walked on legs. Struth! they was real uncanny. Some of the yarns was a bit tall, but ole Abdil was so perlite abaht it that I did'nt like to corl

'im a blanky liar. Some of the tombes was burred rite into the mountings—Snorter dugouts they they would 'ave made. Well, we donkeyed this side and that side of the Nile, and talk abaht it bein' ot—I'm sure it must 'ave been one of the gods said to one of the kings that famous motter—"Its anell of a long time between drinks" (and my oaf it was). Oh! I a-most forgot to tell yer abaht a king we saw wot looked like Faro—Moses cobber—wot 'ad been pickled or mummied—(thats wot Abdil ses),—with his missus and kids. 'E did look dry, poor bloke, an' he's been a long time dead too. 'Fraid I aint give yer much of an account of this 'ere Febies, but I bort yer a shorl, a mummy necklace, and a scarab—wot the gippos wear for luck an' internal life or somethink. I got a couple of blue dolls fer the kids. Anythink I aint told yer yer can get out of a guyed book. I can't write no more.

Yours loverly

BILL.

THE MORNING PARADE.



"Yeh-hey-ho-ho," "Show a leg," and "Get on to it,"

CHRONICLES CHAPTER III.

By "GHEVGELI."

Now it came to pass that after many days sojourn in the desert, the Joakems grew exceedingly weary and sore in spirit. Moreover as the days multiplied they were nigh sick unto death of the scorching sand, and pests of flies, and they cried with a loud voice, saying—"Wherefore have we been taken out of the Land of the Greeks, which was a goodly land, and lain aside in the desert. Yea, verily, we shalt surely turn to dead men, even like unto the mummies of the Pharaohs themselves. Were not our officers the greatest among all the physicians in the land of Massey the Hittite, and are not our men strong and sinewy men, and well practised in their work." And they further reasoned together among themselves, saying—"Behold our High Priest hath thrice started anew in the field, and hath get unto him much knowledge in the organisation thereof: should, therefore, the boastful Medes and Persians, who sit in their chariots in the quiet city be likened unto him, for his wisdom is great, and who shalt declare his understanding."

And before these days two ships had crossed over the waters from the Seas of the South, even from the chief port of the land of Massey the Hittite; and the ships were for the taking of the wounded from the battlefield to another shore. And the staff of the first ship were given great power, and by many they were reckoned like unto the tin gods of old. Their military officers were all powerful on the sea, and were great navigators. Moreover, many of the officers and men did claim to have their attestation parchments witnessed by the Governor of the land. And a certain Dunbar, a Salonite, had mapped out great plans for keeping the records of the wounded, and many other new and costly things were done in keeping with the great monies bestowed upon them by the

people of the land of Massey the Hittite. But, behold as the days passed by the ships for taking the wounded multiplied greatly in the seas, and there was little for the ships from the South to do, and the people of the Land of Massey the Hittite repented that they had subscribed such great monies to these ships, and that they had bestowed such greatness on the staff thereof: "For," they said, "rather had we given some of the money to cheer our soldiers in the hospitals in the field of battle."

Now about this time the forces of Massey the Hittite were great in the land of the Pharaohs. And they that arrived last in the land received much persecution from the remnants of them that arrived first. And the latter spake unto the former, saying—"Wherefore dost thou come to help at such a late hour, for behold the trumpets of the King and of Massey the Hittite have sounded loud and long, even for the space of six hundred and fourteen days. And the accused answered their tormentors, saying—"Be not hard with us, good sirs, but rejoice that we are now here with thee in repentance thereof for our wrongs; far rather that thou shouldst stay thine anger for them who are still in the land of Massey the Hittite, who have not yet gone forth to give battle to the Huns—many of whom hide behind the petty garments of certain of the weaker women of the land, and all of whom are indifferent to the call of the Great High Priest Jimallan.

And it came to pass in the fourth month of the year that most of the forces from the land of Massey the Hittite left the sands of Egypt, and there was great rejoicing among them.

And after they had gone the men of Western Asia drew their forces towards the Canal, even to the waters which join the Great Sea with the Oceans of the South. And at divers times they attacked portions of our army, even across the desert from Ismailia. Moreover, they brought cars through the air, from which they flung deadly missiles on the city of Port Said; and when two Joakems, to wit, Bartholomew the Apothecary,

AIRCRAFT.

By S. G. JONES.

and Staffe, King of the Mungaree, who had journeyed quietly in chariots to Port Said, heard the crashing thereof, they immediately fled to camp. And great was the rejoicing in camp that they had received no hurt, though they they were slightly stunned.

And the fourth month grew on even until the last day, and the Joakems were very disconsolate in heart, "for, lo!" they said, "even shall it be as Hazard the Sorcerer hath said.—"No man of the Joakems shall leave the sandy desert of Egypt until seven times seventy and seven days."

But, behold! at midnight on the same day a bright light appeared before the Prophet Lonedale in a dream, and a voice of great might spake unto him, saying—

"Be not afraid for I speak unto thee words of comfort and of wisdom."

"Many days hast thou and all the Joakems laboured in this land of sand and flies, and in other lands, but the time is at hand."

"Before thirty and seven days have passed away thou shalt remove from this land, and the place on which thou standest shall know thee no more."

"Be just and aspire to wisdom; be of noble thought; and when thou sittest in the taverns take not so freely of spirits which only harm the body."

And Lonedale the Prophet trembled greatly, and his knees smote one against the other, and he bowed himself many times in his dream. And when his courage came he asked of the spirit when the great war would cease. And the spirit answered him saying—"Lo! the reapers shall go forth twice to reap the golden grain, yet the end shall not be. But, lo! in the last year thereof when the trees become yellow in the leaf, and the Autumn winds stir the branches, then thou shalt know that the end has come."

And Lonedale, the Prophet, awoke from his slumbers, and told all the Joakems even as the vision had spoken unto him.

Aviation, up to 1914, was only a sporting proposition, until, on the outbreak of hostilities the military powers became aware of the immense possibilities of the flying machine. This brought about the miraculous transformation of all aircraft. Previous to this both England and Germany were almost entirely dependent on France for their engines. The machines used in both countries were mostly Bleriot's, Voisin, Antoinettes, Poulhan, Farman and the wonderful little Wright.

The first step in military aviation really took place in 1912, when Germany first began to doubt the efficiency of her Zeppelins and to turn her attention to the creation an aeroplane fleet. At that time she was dependent on France for the motors and the rotary Gnome figured largely in German sporting events. The change was rapid: under military direction the automobile factories of Germany devoted themselves to the task of producing a strong, reliable water cooled fixed engine motor, refusing anything in the nature of the French Gnome. The outcome of their efforts, was a machine called the Albatross. This machine was fitted with a Mercedes, six cylinder 100 horsepower motor, that proved insufficient for an armoured, long distance machine, but quite satisfactory so far as short flights for reconnaissance were concerned. It is interesting to recall that the first Albatross to visit Salonika, on a raiding expedition, was brought down with the first shell from an Indian Howitzer Battery, the bursting shrapnel being easily discernible from our Hospital. Their next attempt was the Taube which was for a while, thought the acme of aviation. This machine is a tractor screw biplane, possessing an exceptional turn of speed, and climbing power. It is engined with a Mercedes motor of 120 horse-power, and has a mounting of one Maxim gun. It is easily distinguished on account of its short

fuselage, which makes it look very birdlike. It obtains its elevation by means of its tail and is balanced by warps, operated by a rod that projects from under and behind the pilot's seat, and is shaped to fit his back, thereby allowing him the free use of his hands, even when banking. The steering is connected by steel wires to a pedal under his foot, while his left foot controls the speed of his engine. This machine was thought all powerful by the Germans, until it was unfortunate enough to come in contact with the French "Silver Streak" This machine proved literally a trump card for France, firstly by routing enemy aircraft during the retreat of Mons; secondly, completely destroying a Zeppelin when under the control of Lieut Warneford V. C. and, (interesting to us) by bombing Monastir, 130 miles away, and also turning back two Zeppelins at a height of 1200 feet, that were on their way to make a raid on Salonika. In the Balkans our Unit had quite a unique experience in the matter of observing aircraft, on account of the French aerodromes, of which there are two, possessing several of each design of aeroplane. They had the big biplane, used only for bomb dropping, and reconnoitring, several 'Silver Streaks' and also six 'Taubes', captured in this vicinity.

The most powerful of their machines is a huge gun-plane. They have in Salonika about twenty machines of this type, and they have proved a big shock to the German Flying Corps. They mount a 75 mm. gun in addition to the usual quickfirer; are armoured, and carry two observers with one pilot, a searchlight and wireless apparatus. When attacking they will often descend to 1000 ft. to ensure the accuracy of their aim. They are the dread of the Zeppelins and hostile aeroplanes. Their motive power is two 150 horse power engines, combined with practically automatic control, and their weight with fuel and ammunition being nearly two and a half tons, can stay in the air for ten to twelve hours, and usually fly at an altitude of about 5,000 ft. Their power was demonstrated by their recent achievement of destroying a Bulgarian village, and killing one thousand Bulgarian soldiers.

The latest German "bubble" is the "Fokker", which was successfully pricked by the Allied Airmen, who brought down five out of the first 8. They proved to be simply a heavy engine monoplane of a similar type to the "Bleriot." Their horse power being 150, with a propellor revolution of nearly 2,000 a minute, a high speed was able to be attained. However, on account of their heavy engines, they cannot carry much ammunition, so are usually kept well in the rear of the German lines, only rising to chase off invaders. Another distinctive feature is the hollow propellor shaft, which enables the quickfirer to fire on an object directly ahead.

(To be continued).

TO THE SPHINX.

The name of the builder of the Sphinx, and the date of its construction are unknown. It is older than both the Pyramids of Cheops (3733 B.C.) and Chephren (3633 B.C.) for these two builders are both said to have repaired it. It is supposed to be a colossal image of the Egyptian deity, Harmachis, the God of the morning. The body is 140 feet in length, while the head is about 30 feet from the forehead to the chin and 14 feet across. The front paws are 50 feet long, and the height of the figure is nearly 70 feet, although the sand has covered the greater portion. Authorities consider it possible that the Sphinx has been built over a great temple of the 1st and 2nd dynasties (4,000 B.C.), and that probably wonderful monuments of that period lie buried there. It would however be a great undertaking to carry out the excavations necessary to prove the correctness of this supposition. In the early years the Sphinx was said to be a most graceful figure, but owing to continued mutilation it to-day looks a very hideous monster indeed. Ed.)

Impassive Sphinx! What is that smile
That draws our gaze, inspires deep
thought?

Is't cunning handwork by man wrought
In carved, provoking, sensuous style?
Or wer't thou living, animate,
Till some Medusa, gorgon-headed,
Did thus create in sand embedded
A mockery? Oh jealous hate!
Or stay, wer't thou a Magdalene?
For mark the impassioned lips, and
sense

A surging up that beast immense
That sleeps within us, but unseen,
So like thy claws that lie so deep
In drifting sand. Must silent keep?

H. J. H.

THE HOSPITAL ZOO.

By "CHAMELEON."

Since our arrival in Egypt from Greece in March last there has been a terrible rush on animals and insects as pets. Lembet, the Salonika lamb, and the skinny goat found in the Camp when we took over, excluded, the chameleon rightly has first place among the multitude of creeping things that are now known as pets in the Ismailia Camp. It endeared itself to every one from the first, especially to the owner, as will be seen in the appended lines written by him to a friend in New Zealand—

"I have a little friend doing yeoman service while I write this, keeping some of the flies away. A chameleon perched on the side of a green drinking mug, his tail curled around the handle and his paws—funny bifurcated paws—on the rim. His eyes are independent of each other, they survey the World, in which - to him - the interest is chiefly centred on flies, and should a fly alight within four inches, the ugly misshapen head very gradually comes round, facing the fly, the mouth opens a yawning angle, out flashes the tongue, the fly is touched, and disappears.

The tongue is about 4 inches long, and is attached to the front of the mouth; it is covered with a sticky viscid substance that leaves the victim, be it fly, ant, or other species of the lower life, that are sent to try us, little chance of escape. The colour is neutral. He appears of green persuasion now, but on the table he inclines to a light brown, and on dirty white canvas is almost, invisible at a few feet.

That was the start, and before a few days had elapsed about a dozen specimens had been collected. Pte. Randell found a monkey but unfortunately it died a few days after its capture, its temporary keeper. "Pount," not knowing much about the ways of monkeys. Then Freddie Cooper caught a scorpion and Grit Lawlor, a rabbit. It was just after the capture of bunny that opposition was

noticed in the Camp. The enemy was on the trail, and one dark night when all was still the ringleader, believed to be Corporal Nathan, kicked the rabbit to death, his reason being that the bunny attempted to bite him. From this cruel and despicable act, there arose a spirit of kindness and pity towards the poor dumb animals such as would even make the worthy Mr. Crewes dance with joy. The next day Pte. Leo. Mann was observed in a quiet corner of the camp stroking and crooning to a snake about three feet long. Often after "lights out" Percy Wilkinson would roam away back into the desert among the wild dogs, and one night with the aid of a little "mun-garee" he succeeded in enticing a great "tike" back to camp with him. The collecting went on for some weeks until almost every member had a pet which he claimed to have caught. The Colonel himself noted the rapid accumulation of animals, and ordered a general parade a 5 p.m. on April 30th. The day being Sunday everyone was dressed as neatly as possible, and as they were called for, the animals were brought in by their owners. "Benji" led in his rabbit first, and he was greatly admired by all. Percy Wilkinson came next with his wild dog, but here trouble commenced, and immediately the canine caught sight of the bunny he charged with a blood-thirsty howl. Fortunately, Captain Teichelmann had brought his sword along, and forthwith commenced to hack his way between the dog and his victim. It was a great sight, and at the finish the three participants were smeared in gore.

The parade which thus commenced in heavy drama, was continued by a number of semi-serious acts. For a time every thing proceeded quietly enough, as each specimen was brought in for inspection to a sort of a march entitled "Pushin' Around," played by Freddie Cooper on his violin. Lizards, snakes, scorpions, cats, mosquitoes, and even flies were led into the Marquee and examined critically by all. Then came another storm. Tailor Pit's pretty green lizard (which Pit always affirmed was a relief to his eyes while sewing) had been brought in. It was just performing its third trick, when Saph's cat, which was

some distance outside the tent, smelt it. The cat broke the cord that held it in one bound, and in a jiff had pounced on the lizard, the tail falling off in Pit's hand. Pussy's eyes gleamed angrily, for she had tasted blood.

"March Clark's dog in," said Captain Frazerhurst, in a helpless sort of way. This order proved to be a signal for a general offensive by all the waiting animals. Stan Nathan's post donkey allied itself with Dave's "Lembet" and Lonsdale's goat on the side of Pit's lizard, carrying with them as a sort of decoy Randell's dead monkey. Meanwhile, Arthur Judge, who was always anxious for a "dinkum go" secured another mad dog from the desert, and this monster added to the forces of the other "tike," Jacky William's rat, O'Mall's tortoise, and the cat made a very good defence. It was a fight to a finish, and after many attempts to quieten things the parade broke up in disorder, the odds being even.

Next day was spent by Corporal Roche, and a special bandaging party in patching up the ghastly wounds made the previous evening.



The 101st Inoculation in the year—The Fluid used is supposed to be a preventative for many diseases one of which is Flytits.

MUSINGS.

First came the rain, then came the mud,
A deluge first, and then a flood;
Then came the snow with chilling breath
And stillness like the sleep of death.
A fog us then enveloped round;
For four long weeks no sun was found.
Our little creek was frozen o'er,
But worse than that was yet in store;
For a blizzard came up from the Vardar,
Fast fell the snow, the ice froze harder;
And then we longed with all our might
For Egypt's sun, and warmth, and light.

* * *

Under a spreading sky of blue,
The daily roast and daily stew—
Around us spreads the yellow sand
A desert drear, a no man's land.
Mid'st dust and flies we sit and ponder
Of that cool land that lies o'er yonder
And pray again for one long blow
Of breezes cold, and ice, and snow.

MUSICAL NOTES.

by "CROTCHET."

Music has naturally enough occupied a place in the affections of the Unit for a long time, but it was really not until the beginning of last month that a representative gathering voiced the opinion that such interest could be fostered, if some kind of club were formed. Hence, in less time than the telling takes a male choir was organised, officers were elected, and funds for the purchase of suitable music were collected. Twice weekly, then, have the reverent followers of St. Cecilia met together in sundry places, and, uniting in vocal harmony, and raised their voices under the direction of a most enthusiastic and imposing wielder of the baton—Pte. V. C. Peters.

Already the Choir has obtained some distinction outside the Unit. A concert was given at the Y. M. C. A. buildings a few evenings ago, and the items rendered were very cordially received by the large audience. The choral work, both in the quartette and the choruses, showed that although the choir is yet in its infancy, very fair balance is maintained, and it is gratifying to have such a pleasing result after so short a time of practice. Members of the Choir should, however, in fairness to the Conductor, remember that only by regular attendance at the practices can genuine improvement be effected; and the better the Choir becomes the more pleasure it can give to others, and the more pleasurable will it become to members themselves.

Programme of the concert given in the Y.M.C.A. Hall.

Overture: Ragtimes Mr. Donnally.
Chorus: O, most Holy One. Male Choir.
Recitation: H. 69 Express. Pte. Dicker.
Song: Asleep in the Deep. Pte. Fawcett.
Part Song: In Absence. Quartette Party.
Recitation: O'Connell's Encounter with
Biddy Moriarty. S. Sgt. Prentice.
Song: Selected Pte. Broom.
Lullaby: Sweet and Low. Male Choir.
Song: The Deathless Army. Pte. Abey.
Song: O, Dry those tears. Pte. Pitkethely.
Song: Selected Capt. Chap. Burrige.
Recitation: Selected Mr. Donnally.
Chorus: Hail Smiling Morn. Male Choir.
Song: Jessie's Dream. Pte. Tennent.
Accompanist—Mr. Donnally.



The Male Choir.
The conductor wields the baton while the members sing their star piece—"Flies Away."

SOME LETTERS FROM GYPPOS.

Sir,

I am Achmed Mohamed, the Interpreter, who comes from Ismailia with reference very good. If you please I was work for British Army, and I give good work for 20 Piastre a day, but I take sick and my missis she ask me come to Port Said, I ask your kindness to give me small sum of money, and I speak four languadges—
Your obedient servant,

ACHMED MOHAMED.

Please to note that Turks and Germans no good.

To the Chief Doctor,

I am Said Aly Sheta, Contractor, come with entire confidence, first to congratulate for coming safe, secondly to remember you when I've been partner with Abdu since we come with you to Alexandria. I forgot to take from you a certificate for having no change that time. And since a long time I've not received my work, so, herewith I beg you for having work to me at anyway, or if it is impossible at the present time, please do me this favour and give a good certificate from you. Should my request meets with your approval be sure sure that your favours put in its way. Thanking you in anticipation.
Yours truly
SAID ALY SHETA.

A TRIP TO LUXOR.

"No one has really seen Egypt who has not been to Luxor." Such an opinion coming from one who knew Egypt well aroused a strong desire to visit, if possible, this Mecca of Egyptologists. The opportunity came early in April, and I found myself, with two companions, a passenger by the night express from Cairo, on its long 450 mile journey southward to the site of ancient Thebes, "the city of a hundred gates," as Homer tells us. The line skirts the west bank of the Nile for about 350 miles, and then crosses the great river by a fine bridge, and thereafter follows the eastern side to Luxor and Assouan. Upper Egypt, as we saw it from the train till arrival at our destination, was a revelation to us. The Nile Valley, lying between the barren, reddish coloured, sun scorched Arabian and Libyan Ranges, varies in width from 5 to possibly 20 miles, and from one side to the other it is the scene of intensive cultivation, and carries a large population of seemingly contented and prosperous fellaheen. From the train windows there was a kaleidoscopic view of splendid crops of various grains (chiefly wheat, barley, and dhurra—maize) being reaped, threshed and winnowed by methods as primitive as those of biblical times—of canals running in every direction, and revealing on the river banks the enormous thickness of the rich black soil brought down through countless ages by the Nile—groves of waving date and dun palms—scores of the familiar Arab mud villages—slender and graceful mosque minarets—ungainly camels and patient donkeys—men, women and children wending their way to the fields in the grey morning light; and presently, the great Orb of Ra, the Sun god, lifting his golden rim over the Arabian Mountains.

Luxor was reached at 9.30 a.m. and after a hurried breakfast at our hotel on the bank of the Nile, we sallied forth to view the nearest ruin—the Temple of Luxor. This great temple, erected about 1,500 B.C., and in its day the most beauti-

ful temple in Egypt, yet suffers by comparison with its greater neighbour of Karnak, a mile away, with which it was originally connected by an avenue of sphinxes. It has also been damaged by the earthquake of 27 B. C., the marks of which are seen all over the Theban ruins, and by the hands of the Coptic and Persian vandals. Nevertheless, as it is generally the first ruin visited, its magnificent proportions (500 by 180 feet), its 14 huge central Lotus columns (51 feet high and 11 feet in diameter), its bas-reliefs of the time of Rameses II, and its massive though mutilated statues of the same great monarch, as well as the shrine at one end added by Alexander the Great, still leave a peculiarly vivid impression on the mind.

But Luxor is as nothing compared to Karnak, where we spent the whole afternoon, amid the grandest ruins of their kind to be seen in the World, in examining which many afternoons might be profitably spent. For 2000 years at least Karnak would seem to have been the holiest ground in Egypt and the greatest monarchs of the palmiest days of Egyptian history vied with each other in the erection of temples and colonnades, obelisks and statues, and in the carving of bas-reliefs, which for number, variety, beauty and all that constitutes architectural and artistic excellence are unequalled, not only among Egyptian monuments, but among those of all other nations. Chief among the ruins, probably, is the wonderfully pillared hall of Seti I. (1370 B.C.), the most splendid single chamber that has ever been built by any architect, and even in its ruins one of the grandest sights the world contains. With its floor area of 88,000 square feet (larger than any cathedral, except St. Peter's at Rome) its 164 massive stone columns, each carved out of a single block and the largest of which are 66 feet high and can be just spanned by seven men with outstretched arms, its roof of solid blocks of granite, and all coloured with painted bas-reliefs and hieroglyphics, it may well be imagined that the whole building was the most magnificent on which the eye of man has ever rested. A like magnificence of construction and of execution marks the other portions of

this enormous temple built by Queen Hat-shepset (the Queen Elizabeth of Egyptian history), Rameses II. and III and Thothmes I, II. and III.

Our second day was spent on the western side of the river, here some 500 yards wide. Crossing early in the morning we bestrode our donkeys (yclept "Jim Corbett," "Rameses," and "Whiskey and Soda"), and rode over the site of ancient Thebes westward for perhaps three miles. Entering a valley in the Libyan Range, which bounds the Theban plain on the west, we rode into the heart of the hills, and reached a natural amphitheatre partly choked with sand and debris from the surrounding heights. In this natural basin are the marvellous tombs, tunnelled for hundreds of feet into the solid rock, of some of the greatest kings of Egypt, who reigned during the most flourishing period of its history, between 1700 B. C. and 1000 B. C. Out of quite 40 of these tombs we examined two, those of the Great Seti I and of Amenophis II. They are really like gorgeous underground palaces, containing a succession of passages, corridors, and pillared halls, and all covered with an infinite variety of the most brilliant paintings, the colour of which is as fresh as though the workmanship were but of yesterday, all expressing the idea of conducting the King to the World of Death. "The further you advance into the tomb the deeper you become involved in endless processions of jackal and monkey headed gods, everlasting convolutions of serpents, monstrous forms of genii—good and evil, sacred lakes and barges, till at the very end of all you arrive at the vaulted hall, where lies the immense marble sarcophagus, which ought to (but rarely does) contain the body of the King." In Amenophis's tomb, however, we saw the royal mummy—a strong face—also those of his queen, a daughter, and a female servant—an impressive if somewhat gruesome sight. The queen's dark brown hair presented an almost uncanny appearance of freshness as it hung in wavy masses over her shoulders. Many of the royal sarcophagi and mummies have been removed to different museums, especially that in Cairo. We would strongly advise those intending to see Luxor to arrange before-

hand for the electric light to be turned on in the tombs—this can be done for a comparatively small cost. Leaving the valley we climbed to a neighbouring eminence, and enjoyed a remarkable panoramic view of the Valley of the Nile and the site of Thebes—an ideal one for a great city. Thence down a steep mountain path to the Theban plain again to see the temple of Egypt's only great queen, Hat-shepset, remarkable, not only for its magnificent situation and architectural proportions, but especially because its bas-reliefs contain the earliest human record we have of a naval expedition—that of five Egyptian ships to the land of Punt, probably part of Somaliland. Every detail of the expedition is pictured with astonishing faithfulness, and it forms a record of fascinating interest to the sight-seer.

The chief remaining "lion" of Luxor was the twin Colossi of Amenophis III. standing well out on the plain, each 60 feet high, and originally of one solid block of sandstone. We think a statue vast, of magnificent dimensions, if it be 20 or 30 feet high, but we were now face to face with mighty sculptures that originally were probably nearly 70 feet in height. One American writer thus speaks of them—"The impression of sublime and tranquil magnificence which they convey from a distance is confirmed by a nearer approach. There this gigantic pair sit, keeping watch, hands on knees, gazing straight forward across the old river towards the sunrise, seeming, although so much of the faces is worn away, to be looking across to the monumental piles of Karnak and Luxor, which became gorgeous temples after these throne seats were placed here—the most immovable thrones that have ever been established on this earth."

Many days might be spent in Luxor, for everything is on so vast a scale that it requires time for the meaning of it all to soak into the mind. But even if only a few days can be spared, none should leave the land of the Pharaohs without seeing, if possible, these remains of one of the oldest and most remarkable civilisations this earth has produced.

H. W. BURRIDGE.

SPORTS
BY PLAYER
SOCCER.

Recent matches have been confined to our own Unit, and a few good games have taken place.

NURSING STAFF V GENERAL DUTY.

Teams representative of the above divisions played off for the championship on April 15th. A great number of spectators were present, including a few Gyppos. The game was played on the desert sand, which was very loose in places making the play a little hard. Winning the toss the "G. D's" elected to play with the wind in their favour. The Nursing staff kicked off and were early in the vicinity of their own goal, whence they had been driven by a magnificent kick by Sgt. McLaren. The Nursing Staff, however, were not to be outdid so easily, their positions being ably defended by Pte. Cumming (alone I did it—no interruptions, please). Sgt. McInnes was prominent in their charge which followed, with Pte. Tennent keeping close up in the rear. However, "P. A." turned this onslaught by kicking a piece of the desert sand into Mac's eye. Cries of "Fowl" were heard, but as none of the feathered species were to be seen Captain Isaacs said "Carry on." The game was resumed 'mid storms of dust, and following a brilliant kick by Peters the G. D's were again pressing, when Haigh relieved. Harder and harder they pressed until at last success crowned their efforts, and Cpl. Baker with a well timed shot at close range beat Pte. Cumming. A heated altercation, however, arose between the two Scots as to whether or not the goal was legitimate.

Sgt. McInnes "Its no a goal, it was ower high."

Sgt. McLaren: "But it is a goal—he did'na jump for it."

Sgt. McInnes: "He did jump, and coud'na near touch it, an' onyway if he didna jump he was affside."

Sgt. McLaren: "Gae awa' mon, yi're bletherin."

Sgt. McInnes: "Haud yer tongue mon."

Sgt. McLaren: "!!!! ??????"

The referee put his fingers to his ears at the last remarks, so they must have been fairly strong, and disallowed the goal. The Nursing staff commenced to get disheartened after this, and a raid was made on Cpl. Kingsford, but without success. Half time was called without score. The Nursing Staff commenced the second half in great style, and Sgt. McInnes, cleverly evading the other Mac, almost had the ball within shooting distance, but the G. D's again relieved. From then till the end of the game the ball was kicked about the field in good style, but when time was called the score sheet was blank.

Several more games of Soccer were played during April and some good exhibitions of football were given.

Cricket is all the rage in camp just now, and every evening practices are held. The Unit should soon have an "eleven" capable of taking on any team in Egypt.

Although I suppose the news has not travelled very far yet, it may interest our readers to know that a Chess Club has been formed in camp, and is progressing very satisfactorily.

SOME MORE GYPPO LETTERS.

Most Gracious Sir,

I rite to tell you that I am milkman which milk cows for hospitals at Port Said and Damietta and has very good cow. I am also give you good chicken and fish cheap, and I the poor man with large family, and I will drive cows to hospital and give you milk fresh.

Yours reverently,

MOHAMED EL HASSAN.

To the Chief Hospital,

Abraham Mohamed presents his compliments to the New Zealand Hospital which has come to look after the wounded soldiers. I am very good ironer and wash. If you please I wash for the big hospital and have give entire satisfaction for two ½ piastre per dozen pieces, but as I am now without food and having two wives and child I will irons and wash for two piastre. Please do me this favour and remain.

ABRAHAM MOHAMED,

Ironer, Port Said.

OUR PUZZLE COLUMN.

BY "G."

Readers are specially invited to hand in suitable puzzles for insertion in this column, which has been commenced to add to the interest of our readers. A few puzzles will appear in each month's issue, the correct answers being given in the following numbers.

As an offset we append the following puzzle, in the form of a disjointed story, the answer being the filling in correctly of the blank spaces, with the correct names, which are to be found among the List of Staff contained in the Supplement at the end of this issue. The small prize of 5/- will be given to the most successful answer to this puzzle.

Those competing should forward their answers together with this page to "G" C/o The Secretary, Pte. N. Procter, before June 1st.

PUZZLE No 1.

On our way through the.....we had to cross several.....which were swollen by the heavy..... We then visited the..... of the..... having walked over..... and..... He told us that he had a bad..... in the..... We then visited the..... to see his prize..... As we entered his garden our.....made for his..... and caught it, but a..... of his just came in time to save its..... We rang a..... and his..... came and invited us inside. We were told that the..... had gone to..... to see about a..... At dinner we had some..... pie, but it was like..... We finished up with a..... of, and were given some for the.....

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QUICK LUNCH & DINING ROOMS**

MIRAGE AVENUE

Two minutes from Sports Grounds.

Bring your own mugs. Patrons are requested not to remove the silver from the tables, or throw the butter about.

Our Marmalade tarts are

out on their own.

**Field Service Post Card being specially
printed for Ismailia Camp.**

NOTHING is to be written on this side except the date and signature of the sender. Sentences not required may be erased. If anything else is added the post card will be destroyed.

I am quite well.

*The temperature to-day has been 1...°
in the shade.*

*The sand has { quite } covered up everything.
 { almost }*

I have swalloweddoz. flies to-day.

*Had { Marmalade }
 { Orange Jam } for tea.
 { Lemon Jam }*

I think the war will be over in years.

*With { love }
 { and kisses }*

Signature only.....

Date.....

[Postage must be prepaid on any letter or post card addressed to the sender of this card.]

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SHEEHAN'S EARLY RAISERS** Guaranteed
to act before Reveille.

ROCHE'S SLEEPING POWDERS. Never
known to hear Reveille.

COOPER'S CEMENT—never known to
fail. Student in Egyptian diseases.
Dark Room for Amateurs.
Photographic material always in stock.

MALE CHOIR. MALE CHOIR.

Some of you may have heard us taradiddling in odd corners of the Camp, and if you like it we should be glad if you would come and help swell our volume, also our pockets—for we have to levy a subscription of Ten Piastres to cover the cost of the music—Any Monday or Thursday evening about 7 o'clock, then.

J.H. HANTLER,

Hon. Sec. & Treasurer

V.J. NICHOLSON & COMPANY

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LATE LAMPLIGHTER TO H.M. FORCES

ELECTRIC LIGHT.

GAS LIGHT

MOON LIGHT

**ISRAEL LIGHT FITTINGS ALWAYS
IN STOCK**INSPECTION INVITED OF OUR
LEADING LIGHTS

QUOTATIONS GIVEN (SHAKESPEARE)

HOURS—SUNSET TO SUNRISE.

Hanna, Tynan & Wilson,

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TONSORIAL.

An easy shave

You can get

Hair nicely trimmed

And razor set.

The Barber's shop

Is known to all

For razor strops

Give us a call

Our Razors are

Not made of lead

We'll shave your face,

Yes! or your head.

Photos (before and after) given gratis.

THE MASSEYDONIAN STRETCHER**SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY OF HOSPITAL SUPPLEMENT.**

Supplement to No. 3.

CAIRO, 1st MAY, 1916.

SPECIAL MAY SUPPLEMENT.

As the May issue of the journal was unavoidably detained until well into the month, it was thought advisable, as May 22nd would complete the year's active service of our Unit, to withhold its issue still further, until some sort of record was included relative to the year's work. An attempt has, therefore, been made to include the necessary record in this supplement, and, as such, we commend the following pages to our readers.

MEMORIES OF A YEAR.

The constitution of our Unit on leaving Wellington on May 22nd, 1915, was eight officers and eighty six men, and our mission was to establish a 200 bed hospital in the Field. Sydney was reached by the s.s. "Marama" on the 26th, and after spending a few days in Sydney we departed by the P. & O. steamer s.s. "Moldavia." The "Moldavia" called at Melbourne, Adelaide, Fremantle, Colombo, Aden, and Suez, and arrived at Port Said on July 1st. Here the Unit was temporarily split up, half travelling the same day to Cairo by rail, where they mainly staffed the now New Zealand General Hospital, pending its being taken over by the No. 2 Stationary Hospital some months later.

The remainder of our Unit immediately set to work in Port Said, and fitted out a hospital on a barren sand area, in less than two weeks—15 days after arrival in Port Said 150 patients were received.

Several shiploads of serious cases arrived direct from Gallipoli during the first month, and the hospital was soon full. As already stated the establishment was 200 beds, but for a good while nearly 400 patients were attended to by our Unit, which was reduced to half strength by the details at Cairo, and without, at first, any nursing sisters. Before leaving Port Said our establishment was increased to 400 beds, and the staff increased correspondingly. We remained on the Port Said site during the months of July, August, September, and left Alexandria by the H.M.T.S. "Marquette" on October 19th.

The next few months' history of the hospital is given by the Officer Commanding in this month's issue, to which we would refer readers. This account deals fully with the work done by our Unit at Salonika, and describes our experiences till arrival at Port Said on March 9th.

The next few days after our arrival at Port Said were spent in transferring our large equipment to Moascar Camp at Ismailia. An auxiliary hospital had already been started here on a site around which the New Zealand Division was camped. This was taken over by our Unit, and we started off with about 400 patients. Since taking over the site much labour has been spent, and to-day the hospital is in almost perfect order.

The total number of patients treated since our Unit commenced operations are papended below, as follows:—

SUMMARY SHOWING NUMBER OF PATIENTS ADMITTED TO HOSPITAL.

Number of patients admitted at Port Said between July 16th to October 18th, 1915	1,809
Number of patients admitted at Salonika between Nov. 12th to March 5th (excluding about 3,000 who attended sick parade, were treated, and returned to Units) ...	3,989
Number of patients admitted at Ismailia between March 20th and May (excluding about 400 who attended sick parade, were treated, and returned to Units) ...	1,321
Total Number of Patients received into hospital	<u>7,119</u>

CHANGES IN STAFF.

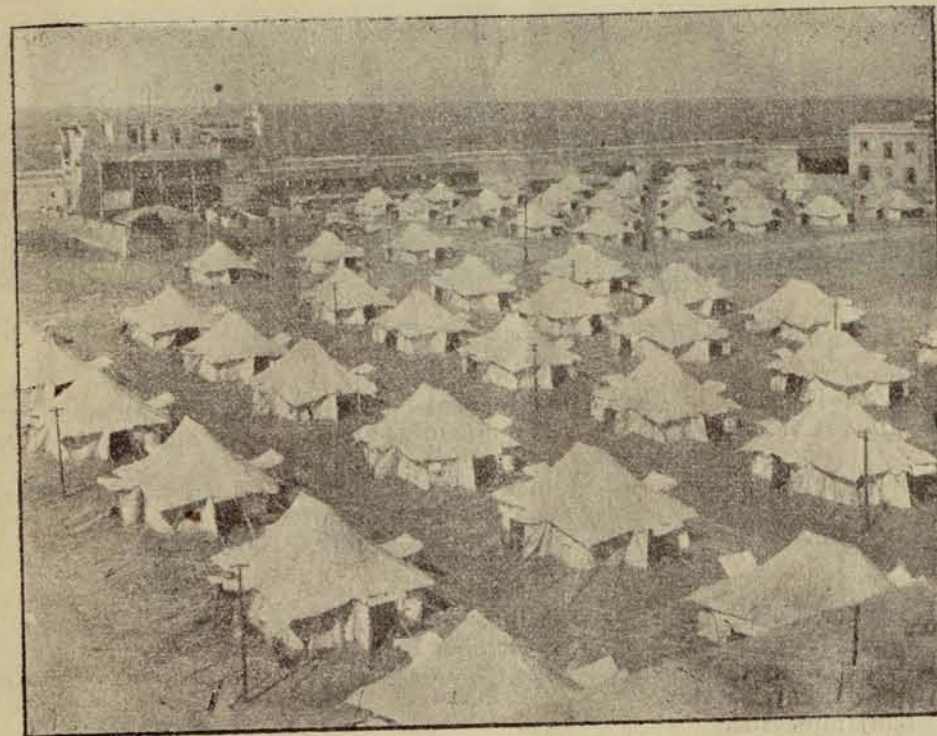
A full list of the names of the Officers and other ranks who have been with the unit during the year, showing the time of their joining or leaving the unit is appended. If the date of joining is not stated the members have been with the Unit since it commenced in July; those not marked to the contrary are still with the Unit. It may be mentioned in connection with Reinforcements that have arrived from time to time that these have not been sent from any particular hospital or Unit to reinforce us, but have simply been sent to make up our strength by the Director of Medical Services under whom our Unit was working at the time.

In numbers the changes in staff may be briefly summarised (approximately), as follows:—

SUMMARY OF CHANGES IN STAFF DURING THE YEAR,

ENDED MAY 22nd, 1916.

	Other Officers Ranks	Other Officers Ranks
Arrived at Port Said	8	86
Staff added by increase to 400 bed hospital, October, 1915	4	51
Staff added to replace those lost by sinking of H. M. T. S. "Marquette", November, 1915		21
Reinforcements, December 1915	1	
Further Reinforcements, February, 1916		16
Added to Unit at Ismailia, March, 1916	5	0
Missing, believed drowned, at sinking of H. M. T. S. "Marquette" October, 1915	0	22
Transferred to Base	0	20
Invalided from Unit	2	10
	18	174
Less missing, transferred and Invalided	2	52
Present Strength	<u>16</u>	<u>122</u>

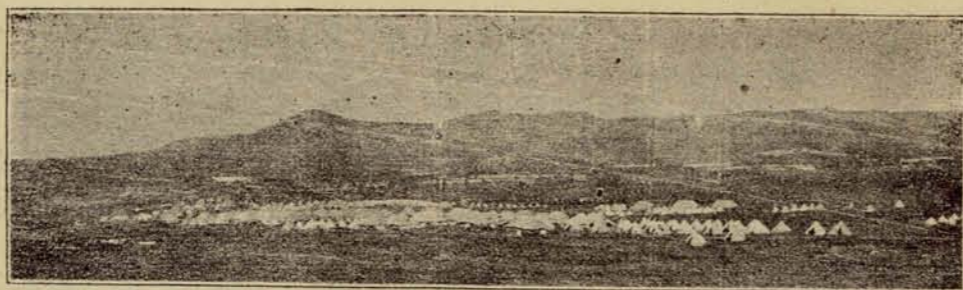


Our Port Said Hospital on the Mediterranean Coast.

COMPLETE LIST OF OFFICERS AND OTHER RANKS WHO HAVE WORKED WITH No. 1 NEW ZEALAND STATIONARY HOSPITAL FOR YEAR ENDING May 22nd 1916.

OFFICERS.

Lt.-Col. McGavin, D.J. F.R.C.S., Eng.	Officer Commanding.
Major Wylie, D.S. F.R.C.S., Eng.	
Major Acland, H.T.D. F.R.C.S., Eng.	
Capt. Leahy, J.P.D.	Invalided from Salonika, February 1916.
Capt. Frazerhurst, J.L.	Adjutant.
Capt. Stout, T.D.M. F.R.C.S., Eng.	
Capt. Marchant, E.L. F.R.C.S. Edin.	
Capt. Isaacs, D.N.	Quartermaster.
Capt. Ferguson, W.B.O.	Joined at Port Said, October 1915.
Capt. Harrison, T.	do.
Capt. Teichelmann, E. F.R.C.S., Eng.	do.
Capt. Marshall, A.M.P.	Joined at Ismailia March 1916.
Capt. Willis, W.F.	do.
Capt. Jory, T.	do.



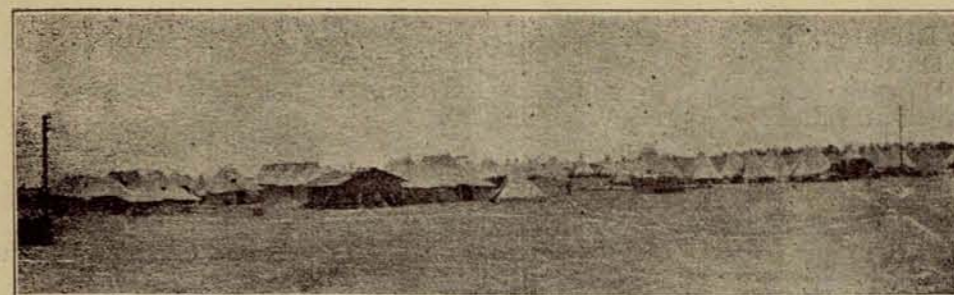
View of Lembet Camp, Salonika, showing our Hospital in the foreground.

CHAPLAINS.

Rev. Blamires, H., C.F. With unit at Port Said, July to September 1915.
 Rev. Burridge, H.W. ,, With unit 19/23 October 1915 and rejoined March 1916.
 Rev. Brennan, J. ,, Joined unit at Salonika, January 1916. Invalided to Base March 1916.
 Rev. Coursey, J.F. ,, Joined unit at Ismailia, March 1916.

OTHER RANKS.

Sgt.-Major Baker, G.H. Missing, believed drowned on Marquette 23rd October 1915.
 Sgt.-Major Fitz Gibbon, D.
 Staff-Sergeant Prentice, Alex.
 Sergeant Benjamin, A.R.
 ,, Benfield, F.C. Died suddenly at Salonika, March 1916.
 ,, Burgess, D. Invalided to New Zealand, September 1915.
 ,, Edwards, A.R.
 ,, Ferguson, R.A.
 ,, Hanna, J.L.
 ,, Hyde, H.S.
 ,, Honore, D.A.
 ,, McInnes, D.
 ,, McLaren P.C.
 ,, McConnell, M.
 ,, Ray F.C., Transferred to N.Z.M.C. Zeitoun October 1915.
 ,, Remmett, A.H. Missing, believed drowned on Marquette 23rd October 1915.
 ,, Sheehan, B.C.
 ,, Wilson, L.T.
 Lance-Sergeant Pettit, H. Joined November 1915.
 Corporal Baker, G.A.
 Corporal Chrystall, J.W. Transferred to Zeitoun Base.
 ,, Haggett, L.D. Joined unit August 1915. Invalided from Salonika February 1916.
 ,, Henderson, F.G. Joined October 1915.
 ,, Kingsford, A.R.
 ,, Mirfin, M.
 ,, Pratt, A.M. Missing, believed drowned 23rd October 1915.
 ,, Roche N.R.
 ,, Saphir, C.H.
 ,, Thompson, W.J. Joined unit October 1915. Transferred to Base February 1916.
 ,, Williams, J.W.



Back view of Hospital at Moascar, Ismailia.

Corporal Allan, W.R.S. Joined January 1916.
 ,, Anderson, C.W.J. Joined unit October 1915. Transferred Base Hospital April 1916.
 ,, Andrews, S.H.
 ,, Brooks, R.J. Joined unit October 1915. Transferred Base April 1916.
 ,, Jennings, A.C. Joined unit October 1915.
 ,, Lawlor, G.T.
 ,, Martin R.B.
 ,, Nathan, S.D.
 ,, Stone, W.F.
 Private Austin F.G. Joined March 1916.
 ,, Abey, G. Joined November 1916.
 ,, Aitken, V.J. Joined October 1915.
 ,, Andrews H.J. Joined November 1915.
 ,, Barton, V. Joined October 1915. Invalided from Salonika October 1915.
 ,, Bartlett. Joined March 1916.
 ,, Barker F.F. Joined October 1915. Transferred Base hospital April 1916.
 ,, Batchelor, J. Joined October 1916. To Base May 1916.
 Trooper Bottle, F.E. Joined October 1915. To Base 9 February 1916.
 Private Branigan, J.R. Joined February 1916.
 ,, Brighting, J.H. Joined October 1915.
 ,, Brittain, N.C. Joined October 1915.
 ,, Broom, J.J.
 ,, Burgess, S.J. Missing, believed drowned 23rd October 1915.
 ,, Bird, J.S. Joined October 1915.
 ,, Bell, B. Joined October 1915.
 ,, Bell, W.J. Joined November 1915. Transferred No. 3 Field Ambulance March 1916.
 ,, Campbell, A.H.
 ,, Clark, S.J. Joined October 1915. Invalided from Salonika October 1915.
 ,, Cogswell, A.
 ,, Colley, F.
 ,, Cooper, F.E. Joined October 1915.
 ,, Coutts, A.
 ,, Croucher E.W.
 ,, Culling, A.
 ,, Clissold, F.O. Joined November 1915.
 ,, Cumming, W.B. Joined November 1915.
 ,, Denton, V. Joined February 1916.

Private Dempsey, G.W.	
" Dicker, A.	Joined October 1915.
" Duke-Clayton E.W.	Joined October 1915.
" Elliott, L.E.	
" England, C.	
" Fawcett, J.	
" Finch, L.	Joined October 1915.
" Forsyth, A.W.	Joined February 1916.
" Fricker.	Joined October 1915. Missing, believed drowned 23rd. October 1915.
" Fisher, J.W.	Joined October 1915. To Base March 1916.
" Gallanagh, J.	Joined February 1916.
" Gillett, J.B.	Invalided from Salonika, October 1915.
" Godfrey, L.A.	Joined October 1915.
Private Goldsman, A. R.	
" Gundry, K.	Joined October 1915. Invalided from Salonika October 1915.
" Glover, T.	Joined October 1915. To Base May 1916.
" Hamill, G.	Joined October 1915.
" Hamill, M.	Joined February 1916.
" Hantler, H. J.	Joined November 1915.
" Haggitt, H. E.	Joined November 1915.
" Hartigan, T.	Joined October, 1915. Invalided from Salonika, January, 1916.
" Helmes, A. M.	Joined November 1915.
" Horrobin, F. W.	Joined November 1915.
" Hamblyn, W.	Joined November 1915. Transferred to No. 3 Field Ambulance April 1916.
" Hewitt, A.G.	
" Hazard, T.	
" Herdman, R.B.	Missing, believed drowned 23rd October 1915.
" Haigh, J.W.D.	Joined October 1915.
" Hunter, J.	Joined October 1915. To Base February 1916.
" Inkster, J.L.	
" Jackson, A.	
" Judge, A.W.	
" Jones, S.G.	
" Jones, B.	Joined February 1916.
" Jones, A.	Joined October 1915. To Base May 1916.
" Johnston, T.	Joined February 1916.
" Jorgensen, C.O.	Joined April 1916.
" Keyworth, A.	Joined November 1915. Transferred No. 3 Field Ambulance March 1916.
" Kay, V.J.	
" Keat, G.H.	
" Kirk, T.H.	Missing, believed drowned 23rd October 1915.
" Kirk, C.E.	Joined October 1915. Missing, believed drowned, 23rd October, 1915.
" Keely, E.R.	Joined November 1915.
Trooper Leather, R.J.	Joined October 1915.
Private Lester, A.F.	Joined November 1915.
" McAlpine, L.	Joined October 1915. To Base February 1916.
" McCaw, W.A.	
" McDonald, W.C.E.	Joined October 1915. To Base May 1916.
" McGrath, W.	
" McGregor, R.	

Private McGee, J.M.	Missing, Believed drowned 23 October 1915.
" McIntosh, G.A.	Joined October 1915. To Base May 1916.
" McKechnie, H.	Joined October 1915. To Base May 1916.
" McKenzie, L.A.	Joined October 1915.
" McKenzie, M.	Joined November 1915.
" McMillan, R.	Joined February 1916. To Base Hospital May 1916
" Malcolm, R.C.E.	
" Mancey, C.H.	Joined October 1915. To Base May 1916.
" Miller, F.H.	
" Montgomery, J.D.	Joined October 1915. To Base February, 1916.
" Moselen, W.	
" Moore, F.	Invalided from Salonika January 1916.
" Moore, F.D.	Joined February 1916.
" Munro, F.S.	
" Medland, B.L.	Joined November 1915.
" Mann, L.	Joined November 1915.
" Muggleton, G.	Joined October 1915.
" Newell, J.T.	Joined February 1916.
" Nicholas, J.	Joined October 1915.
" Nicholson, C.H.	Joined October 1915. Died 27 October at Salonika.
" Nicholson, V.J.	Joined October 1915.
" Pickering, W.C.	Missing, Believed drowned 23 October 1915.
" Paisley, H.E.	Joined October 1915.
" Pitkethley, L.	
" Pole, R.	Missing, Believed drowned 23 October 1915.
" Phillips, W.	Invalided New Zealand September 1915.
" Perrin, C.	Joined October 1915. Missing, believed drowned 23 October 1915.
" Peters, V.C.	Joined October 1915.
" Petrie, W.A.	Joined February 1916.
" Pounteney, A.E.	Joined November 1915.
" Preston, T.	Joined October 1915. To Base February 1916.
" Procter, N.H.	Joined February 1916.
" Raine, H.	
" Randall, E.	
" Reid.	Joined October 1915. Missing, Believed drowned 23 October 1915.
" Rhodes, V.C.	Missing, believed drowned 23 October 1915.
" Richards, G.B.	Missing, believed drowned 23 October, 1915.
" Ross, J.T.	Missing, believed drowned 23 October, 1915.
" Robinson, W.B.	Missing, believed drowned 23 October, 1915.
" Robinson, W.J.	Joined October 1915. To Base May 1916.
" Roots, A.	Joined October 1915.
" Shardlow, W.	Joined October 1915. Invalided Base Hospital, April, 12, 1916.
" Smart, W.	Joined October 1915. Missing, believed drowned 23 October 1915.
" Smith, P.	Joined October 1915.
" Sanders, S.F.	
" Singleton, E.A.	To Base August 1915.
" Stevens, H.M.	
" Swan, J.W. (D.C.M.)	Joined October 1915. To Base March 1916.
" Spurrier, D.	Joined October 1915.
" Swinburne, S.C.	Joined November 1915. To Base Hospital March 1916
" Tauri, W.H.	Joined October 1915. To Base February 1916.
" Tennent, W.	

Private Thompson, C.D.	Missing, believed drowned 23 October, 1915.
" Tioke, T.T.	Joined October 1915. To Base February 1916.
" Thornton, H.W.	Joined April 1916.
" Tynan, W.J.	Joined October 1915.
" Verney, J.	Joined October 1915. To Base February 1916.
" Walter, J.B.	Missing, believed drowned 23 October, 1915.
" Wilson, A.W.	
" Wilson, P.A.	
" Wilkinson, P.C.	
" Wheelans, J.P.	To Base Hospital March 1916.
" Wood, W.R.	Joined November 1915.
" Wallis, S.R.	" February 1916.
" Watson, J.	" October, 1915.
" Wright, G.B.	" February 1916. To No. 3 Field Ambulance April 1916.
" Westaway	Missing, believed drowned 23 October 1915.
" Wilson, G.G.	Joined October 1915.
" Yeo, F.G.	" October 1915.

The following officers were temporarily attached during our stay in Salonika :

Rev. Harrod, W., C.F.	From 5 January to 24 January 1916.
" Phillipps, T.C., "	From 1 January to 3 March 1916.
" Dr. Kay D.M., "	From 4 February to 3 March 1916.

Attached to Hospital at Salonika :

No. 1 Mobile Bacteriological Laboratory	Captain Urquhart, A.L. Lieutenant Adams and 5 men.
No. 1 Mobile Hygiene Laboratory.	Captain Carnwath, T. and 2 men.

Several Royal Army Medical Corps men were attached to our unit while in Salonika for instruction as operating-room attendants.

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(4) THE WILSON SISTERS (4), Paulena, Lenora, Alberta and "Gee-Gee"—the "Rosebuds."

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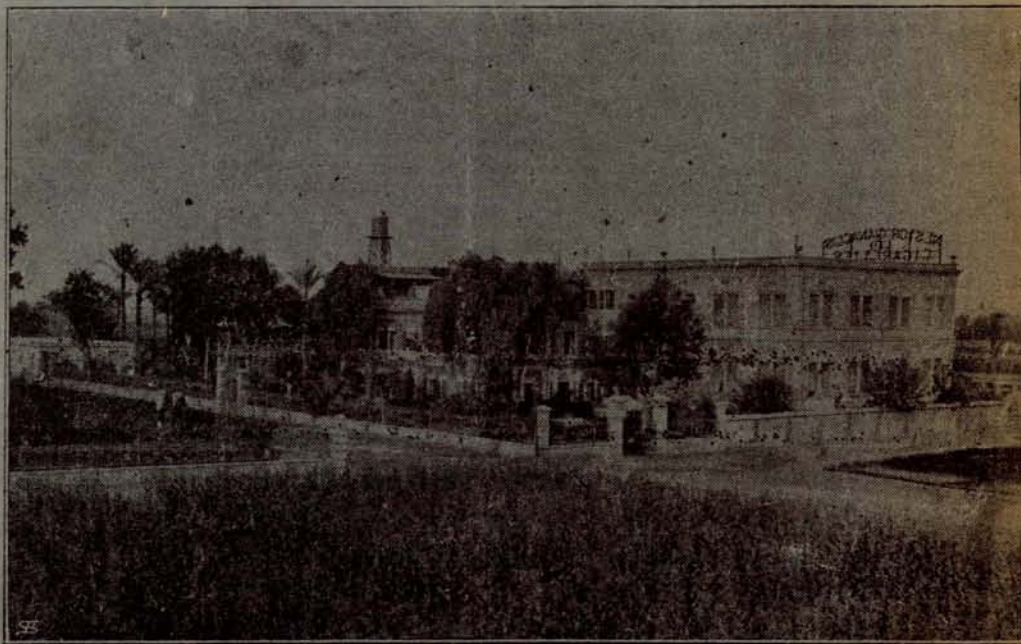
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