



or the "Aparima Apparition"
with which is incorporated the
"Waikanae Wash-out" and
"The Tauherenikau Trumpeter."

Unofficial Organ of the 7th Rfts. Transport No. 32

Volume 1. No. 1.

Anywhere—Any Date.

Price: 3d.

PRINTED ENTIRELY WITHOUT AUTHORITY
OUTSIDE A LICENSED HOUSE



"Recruit" you was when it began
But now all that is o'er
You shall be called The Service Man
'Ence forward, evermore.

Batt'ry, brigade, plank, centre, van,
Defaulter, Army Corps—
From first to last The Service Man
'Ence forward, evermore.

From Waikanae to 'Industan
Greytown to Lemnos shore—
'Orse, foot, air guns, The Service Man
'Ence forward, evermore.

With apologies to Rudyard Kipling.

The Dry Rations.

EDITORIAL.

In submitting "Dry Rations" alias "The Aparima Apparition" to the transported public the Editor declines to plead guilty for any defects in the publication. Several days' experience in the Editorial chair have enabled him to produce an almost irrefragable journal. In its earlier pages and its poetry the careful reader may detect an occasional flaw, but he will remember that the acquisition of "Sea legs" was an uncomfortable process, and during that ordeal concentration and composition were difficult and one's perceptions were apt to be green hued and distorted. Since those rolling days we have pressed forward smoothly over a blue and glorious ocean, and have generally revelled in that exuberant health for which the Seventh is already remarkable. These pages claim to be representative of a thoroughly cheerful voyage, of a long but enjoyable journey under the guidance of a much appreciated Ship Master and most capable Officers.

The Editor thanks his many associates and wishes health, success and honour to the Seventh in the Great Adventure.

MARCHES.—On October the 10th., off Steven's Island Nelson, the wife of A. S. Corps of a Son—Codger—. Both doing well.

DESPATCHES.—On October the 9th. Sam Browne, of the Defence Store, Wellington. Not much regretted.

EDUCATIONAL.—Hindustani. The Adjutant is prepared to form a class to teach officers and men Hindustani.

Fee, merely a guinea-a-week, which will be mostly distributed among the native crew for assistance rendered.

The first lesson will be devoted to abuse in the vernacular.

Padres not admitted thereto.

DANCING.—A class in sword dancing (Waikanae style) will be opened shortly by a Medical Officer.

WAR NEWS.

WIRELESS. By special arrangements with our own correspondent.

WESTERN FRONT.—A violent cannonade all along the ventral aspect of the enemy's position resulted in again of 10 yards 4 inches in the Argonne and the capture of 17 yards of shallow trenches in Flanders. The character of the Crown Prince has

been again investigated, but he was able to prove an alibi—and has not yet been dislodged from his new position.

EASTERN FRONT.—The Russians, under Private S—ly continue to retreat in accordance with the character of the country. They are certainly drawing the Germans farther into the pit prepared for them. The evacuation of Moscow is not yet under consideration, but the Ural mountains are being fortified and much cool courage is being displayed in Siberia.

The Grand Duke Nicholas is reported to be head and shoulders above the Czar, although the latter, who has just received his second issue of boots, has announced himself as head of the army.

SOUTHERN FRONT.—The Italian Alpini continue to climb the mountains, while the Austrians remain on top. The Italian warship "Marchesini" has been operating successfully in the Adriatic and has undermined several Austrian destroyers.

BALKANS.—Bulgaria explains that she has been misunderstood. Her attack on Serbia is merely a precautionary measure to ensure the export of grain to neutral states.

Greece is in the melting pot: no one is likely to hold a candle to the late Premier.

There has been great activity in Albania, where a large force of colonial troops landed unexpectedly. Several hotels were taken at the double, but the Albanians gave the visitors a warm reception in the Town Hall. This was ultimately carried by assault and Private Sprk-s has been recommended for a V.C. for gallantly coming to light.

Many guns were captured and a great quantity of stores including drugs and chocolate were obtained. This landing will rank among the many great achievements of our troops. There were only two casualties, and an overcoat was reported missing or "done."

EXTRA—REVUEILLE EDITION.—The Austrian Emperor has died for the second time, but we ourselves continue to believe this report exaggerated.

POLICE COURT NEWS.

14th October, 1915.

An unkempt individual, named Lauder, alias 'Ticklin Jock,' alias 'Harrigan', appeared in custody charged with drunkenness and assault.

P.C. 49 deposed that he was on beat on the Bridge at midnight, 14th instant. Accused came rolling along shouting 'We're all fou' the noo' but we're a richt ye ken'. He grabbed the witness by the neck, complaining that he was 'afraid to go hame in the dark.'

Then he hauled off and gave him a 'pair of sparkling eyes.' Witness promptly landed him, sat on him, handcuffed him and locked him up.

"Next Witness" hiccupped the Bench. "Kelly" said Prosecutor. "Kelly" roared the Court Orderly.

"Has anybody here seen Kelly Ke-double-ly" bawled everybody. P. Kelly, sworn, deposed that he and his sweetheart 'Mary o' Argyle' with her cousin 'Jock o' Hazeldean' and 'Annie Laurie' were going home from the pictures. Accused came up, bashed witness's hat down, threw him in the mud and fell on his chest, singing 'You made me love you, dear.'

Annie Laurie, next called, deposed—"Ye ken, yir Lairdship, A'M the bit lass frae the braes o' Maxwellton. A'm the girlie a' the laddies sing about: they're a fair aneexous to lay them doon and dee for na ain sel. Ma conscience gin ane o' the birkie's wud gae oot win the baw bees for me an' leev, a'm no sayin' a' wouldna be better pleased."

"Conduct yourself" warned the Bench in an awful tone. "Weel, yir Lairdship, verra guid. Von daffin carle Lauder was alwa' a dour chiel. We hae gae to schule thegither a' the Banks of Lomond and fir Auid Lang Syne' sake a' ken naething ava' aboot the matter."

"Remove the witness" growled the S. M. "She will have a 'Kathleen Mavourneer' to cure her impudence and contempt!" His worship, sighing softly—"Sing me to sleep for we're a' noddin'" called the next witness.

A venerable dorkie 'Poor ole Joe' shambled forward, was sworn and said he came from Dixie Land. "I was gwine dahn" he went on "with 'poor ole Jeff' to the 'ole Kentucky Home' to see the 'ole folks' and Lauder yere came up and giv us a 'wee doec and dhurrish'—we started to sing 'We won go home t' mornin'—an' i' knew no more then nor do I now."

Lauder conducted his own case. "Just as the old church bells were ringing S he declared, he was soberly going home with his friends when a city lassie began to pester his dearie with 'Won't you buy my pretty flowers'. He got wild and just then a gramophone started grinding out 'Ta Ta ma bonnie Maggie Darling'.

Adjutant Quinn had told him so much of this awful ditty that he immediately went clean daft and he supposed he mixed things pretty red. "However" he continued, glancing slyly at the Bench "there's a drappie in the bottle for 'the mornin'."

Instantaneously Justice awoke and declared the charge dismissed. Lauder sobbed to the Gaoler in his delight 'A boy's best friend is his mither' so tak' me back Tae ma leetle grey hame i' the west' The Gaoler turned pale 'The Aparima Piano' he gasped and that tune 'Got em again—worse than snakes and swooned away.

Dr. Macpherson summoned by telephone, examined the body, declared the 'song had reached his heart' operated on the spot, extracted the 'broken melody' all but one 'lost chord', then relieved the patient of his spasms, his loose cash, watch and scarf pin and scooted for a holiday to the Banks of Allan Water.

COURT ADJOURNED.

Notes on a Boxing Tournament
held on board H. M. N. Z.

Transport "Aparima,"

(By SPUR).

JUDGES :

Capt. Page O. C. of Ship.
,, MacDonald Master of Ship.

Hon. Surgeon Capt. Gordon.
Timekeeper Lieut. Parry.

REFEREE :

Lieut. Stevwright.

COMMITTEE :

Capt. Wardrop Sergt. Major Roper
Capt. Chaplain Brennan Sergt. Courtney
Lieut. Parry " Cowan
Sergt. Smart

Among the many (exciting?) hours, such as being on guard, etc., which have been spent on this the good ship APARIMA, perhaps those hours which have been devoted to an exhibition of the cunning of our arm, and the quickness of our eye, have been the most enjoyable and perhaps instructive, for who knows but what some of the more timid amongst us now feels perfectly competent to apply a kidney punch or a left hook to the jaw at the proper moment.

Sergeant-Major Roper of the A. S. C. and his assistants are to be heartily congratulated on the clever way they rigged up the ring, and we feel sure that their effective roping and padding was largely responsible for the comparatively light duties of Capt. Gordon who was in attendance, and did any patching up that was required. Unfortunately for Sergt. Major Roper, the favours of fickle fortune followed not his footsteps but fled away, and left him a very sick man. We are glad to know he is better, however, and wish him a rapid and complete recovery. Meanwhile a substitute (as the Sergt. Major would not say) had been found in Sergt. Cowan of the A. Squadron, who carried out his duties in his usual thorough and good-natured manner. He was ably assisted by Sergt. Courtney, B. Coy, Corpl. Andreasen, A Coy., Lance-Corpl. Aitken, A Squad, as call stewards.

Lieut. Parry did not let the time slip through his hands, and kept his "Waterbury" well under control.

The "Jack Johnsons" came to hand well, 48 announcing their willingness to do or die. The contests occupied three afternoons, and comprised the four classes, Featherweights, Lightweight, Middleweights, and Heavyweights.

Of the Featherweights, Private Wright, 8st. 10 lbs., of A Coy., proved himself to be "top dog," whilst Private Harris, 8st. 6 lbs., of B Coy., gave him quite as much as he wanted and secured 2nd place. These men were very evenly matched, and showed themselves to be clean and clever fighters.

The Lightweight championship went to Private Craig, 10 st. 7 lbs. of the A. S. C., "Smile damn you, smile" does not apply to Craig, 'cause he simply can't help smiling. Private Dally 10 st., of C Coy. tried to impress him with the gravity on the occasion, but found himself up against "The smile that won't come off." The winner of this is a very clever fighter, and is likely to be heard more of. His opponent had a very clever defence.

The Middleweight event proved to be a most interesting match, and showed a considerable knowledge of the "Noble Art" on the part of both contestants. Private Sparks, 11 st. 4 lbs. A Coy, was declared the winner, whilst Private Orr, 11 st. B Coy. gave him a good run for his money.

In the Heavyweights Private, Syme, 12st. 7 lbs. B Coy. had a "gay time with the gloves" and came out winner of what proved to be a bout of a very strenuous nature. Private Smith, 12 st. of the A.S.C. put up a good fight and showed considerable pluck against an undoubted superior. Perhaps one of the most interesting events was an exhibition match between two of the ships "boys."

An exhibition of blindfold boxing created much merriment and reminded one of those beautiful lines "When lusty fist doth meet the unsuspecting eye" and it really was a disappointment to find that the Bo'sun's is not blue after all.

The trophies for the blindfold boxing were donated by Capt. Chaplain Brennan and Lieut. Stevwright, and the winners were Privates Wagener and Robins, the prizes being divided between them.

Lieutenant Stevwright, who is well-known in the boxing world of Wellington, is to be heartily congratulated on the way he carried out his duties as Referee, and showed very thorough acquaintance with the fine points of the game.

The first spasm of the wrestling contests has taken place, there being 40 entries.

These will be continued after the next port of call.

MUSICAL.—A Mess Choir is now in full swing with a membership of 18. Bandmaster Marshall Marshall acting as Conductor. "Tipperary" produced once without discord. Further practices every morning at 10 o'clock. Membership is not restricted to those in possession of a voice.

BEER-FACED JOKE.—The Mess Orderlies were busy cleaning up, when suddenly a late one came in, breathing heavily, wiping beads of perspiration from his brow. His eyes glistened when he saw two pannikins of Hops on the mess table; he at once claimed one and commenced to drink it.

"That's Hops," said his pal.
"D—Hops," said the late comer, thinking that was a trooper's name "Let

him go without, I haven't had a drink for two days."

RUMOUR DENIED.—Many people are of opinion that the A. S. C. came on board accompanied by Codger—as a matter of fact it was Codger accompanied by the A. S. C. that embarked at Wellington.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.—The translation of the Maori word APARIMA, we are told, is "Good Tucker and Good Time." The Ship's Officers and crew, especially the Ship's Quartermaster and Steward are in high favour with the boys; the latter two will shortly be awarded the G. B. F. Medal which is given to all jolly good fellows for a square feed.

QUERY.—Are "A" Squadron 7th horse marines?

We noticed they paraded in full strength the first day out.

ANOTHER SICK JOKE.—"I say, Corporal, you must have a weak stomach."

"Guess it's not so bad; I can throw it as far as anybody.

OUR ADVERTISEMENT COLUMN.—Dingle's Store.

Any article you can want.—From a tooth-pick to an elephant—kept in stock. Ask and you will not get it. Loot and the world loots with you.

Canteen.

Try our famous APARIMA SOAP—perfectly useless in salt water.

Wanted.

By a medical Officer—a maritime internal outfit—guaranteed not to reverse action—any price given.

Dental.

Owing to the limited number of forceps on board, it is hereby made a penal offence for anyone to suffer from toothache except in upper stumps and lower molars.

FOR SALE.—A spacious and airy Orderly Room—no further use for it as the crime sheets are still blank.

What the Editor wants to know is why does his Adjutant still draw his extra pay. Is it to pay for the printing of "Dry Rations" in Colombo?

DISCIPLINE.—Overheard at the Canteen; Well-known Lance-Corporal; "Tooth Brush please" Canteen Attendant; "Hard or soft?" W.K.L.C. "Don't mind; it's not for use; only for kit-inspection;

QUERIES.—Why is the Red Sea red? Because of the number of shrimps and lobsters in it—fact—if you don't believe it ask the Union Company's Cadets.

Who was the Officer, N.C.O. or Private who had 27 girls to see him off in Wellington? Number 19 was a Maori. Is that any clue? Not known whether she came from Waikanae or not.

WIRELESS FROM KITCHENER.—Glad to hear the Sevenths have shifted again—shift the sand from your socks in Egypt and then shift the Turks from the Dardanelles.

The Editor is informed by liars telegraph that the shifting Seventh will shift anything. He obtained more information from a certain Q.M.S. whose opinion is that all that they can shift is a square meal or a square head.

Hats off to the two new members of the Sacred Order of the Seventh.

A ll
P erfect
A board
R ations
I ncluded
M ess
A ttractive.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN

To the Editor,

Dear Sir,—May I enquire what earthly good there is having Officers, N.C. O's employed (?) on such duties as Orderly Officer, Officer of the Military Guard, Orderly Sergeant, Dormitory Sergeant, etc., etc.

The men are quite intelligent to understand what's wanted of them, and as a matter of fact get things done in a more up-to-date way if left to themselves.

The absurdity of having a Guard on a boat which no one can possibly leave or get on and the more than ridiculous idea of having a sentry posted aft to throw a life buoy over to a man overboard, when there is no one there is, in my opinion, a qualification to detention in an asylum of those responsible

COMMON SENSE.—As there are many words mis-spelt and the writing is illegible, we presume you are an Officer; if so, you should know, and if you are not, any Officer will refer you to King's Regulations, Section 1628 which reads:—

"A daily ration of one pint of ale may be issued on transports."

You also seem to be under the impression that a Dormitory Sergeant is one that goes to sleep at his post of duty—while it may news to you that the Officer's duty is to say "All's well" at 4 a.m. when the whole crowd are seasick.

EDITOR.

JOAK.—Your poem on the unhappy cabin is just a fathom below Aparima standard. You can and will do better things for us,

EDITOR

A SILHOUETTE.

He's not too fat—he's not too thin,
A purple face—a bulldog chin,
A great moustache a Roman nose,
Bits of ribbon stuck on his clothes,
Bawls like a bull when on parade,
Heady, resourceful, knows his trade,
Likes the "Scotch" and Irish too,
Cultured literary tastes—Hurroo.

K. RIPLING.

To the Editor,

Dear Sir,—If it takes an Elephant three weeks to go a fortnight up a railway line, how many more pounds of steam to the square inch will it take for the Aparima to catch the Maunacani?

Yours, etc.

GROPER.

GROPER.—The expression "a fortnight up a railway line" simplifies the problem greatly. The exact answer in decimals can be ascertained by taking the mean altitude of the sun on six successive nights, or by the judicious use of a cash Register.

EDITOR.

To the Editor,

Sir,—With reference to paragraph 1628 of King's Regulations wherein it states that a daily ration of good British ale (being Colonial, we much prefer a pint of "speight's" or "sunshine" ale) will be issued daily to Troops on board H. M. Transports.

Now, I ask you, Sir, with your vast and extensive knowledge of medicines of all descriptions, and in your impartial judgment, do you not consider that if his Imperial Majesty's Regulations were strictly adhered to—and it appears evident he wishes his instructions strictly adhered to—in every respect—many swollen tongues and much anxiety would be alleviated and perhaps panic on arrival at Albany prevented.

VERY DRY Q.Z.

VERY DRY Q.Z.—Paragraph 1628 King's Regulations reads:—

"A daily ration of one pint of ale may be issued on transports. . . . to men who desire to purchase it . . . etc. . . ."

Very Dry Q.Z., expresses no desire to purchase the ration so is presumably saving up to speculate at Albany.

Granted the Editor's knowledge of all medicines is like Sam Weller's knowledge of London "extensive and peculiar," this knowledge is useless without the means of gratification.

It is indeed strange that an unpopular prejudice in New Zealand should override the King's Regulations.

God Save the King.

EDITOR.

THE "SEVENTH"

(BY BLACK WATCH.)

As a numeral, "Seven" has been symbolic of many things great. The Heavens above, and the earth beneath have represented it by world groups, and by wonders. Shakespeare's "Seven Ages," Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture," and Omar of old in his "Quatrains" have woven their wisdom around it. In Scripture, History, Art and Poetry it has symbolized some theme, event or series of objects which have inspired master minds in all ages.

In New Zealand, I know not if it represents more, historically, than the advent of the 7th Contingent in the late Boer War and their distinguished conduct therein. To this we may now add the 7th Reinforcements—Infantry and their wanderings up to the 9th instant, when they embarked with every prospect of going through a grimmer ordeal than ever her sons went before.

Almost Ishmaelish have been the wanderings of the 7th. It would seem that all the other Reinforcements had kicked their shortcomings in their faces, as they entered tributary Trentham.

It seemed that even at Waikanae, the Heavens had determined to destroy them. When the promised land of Levin gave them joy, the Defence damned them. Back to the Weariness of Waikanae and more muddle. Driven to extended leave; scattered broadcast on sick leave or in hospitals of every variety—it seemed madness to believe that time or health would ever draw them together. Still, together they came, and if muddle followed their re-gathering at Waikanae, time, which soon took them to Tauterenikau, filled up the breaches, and breathed health into their lungs, till at last—fit as fiddles—they footed it fealty over the Rimutakas back to Trentham.

There, after a few quick days of training in practical Musketry and barrack room discipline, they entrained as gay, gallant and grivn a body of warriors as ever left the land of the fern to battle in the name of Britain and Freedom whithersoever the wind of war listeth or Commanding Arm directeth.

For out at sea on service bent, the gallant Seventh keeps full of cheer—good tucker, high spirits, happy comradeship and a finely growing spirit of discipline and tidiness which promises to make the Seventh the Best of the Bunch.

They are IT. Long may IT Roll up.

R. C. M.

On October the 16th an alleged Court Martial was assembled in the Officers' Mess, whereat certain Officers were charged with assisting the enemy, in that they hindered the navigation of the good ship APARIMA by playing Bridge with the Master.

The Court was constituted as follows:—

President: Capt. Q. M. S. Prieter.

Members: Lieut. Parry (produced at Paeroa).

Lieut. Cannan (another great gun).

Attached for Instruction; (which they needed)—Lieutenants Hutchinson and Sievwright.

Absent without leave—Lieut. Ingram. Court Orderly Officer Sergeant at Arms.

Gentleman Usher, Administrator of Oaths and Chucker out Lieut. Jamieson.

Prosecutor (on probation) Ship's Adjutant, Lieut. Quinn.

(forward)

Although all the accused were able to prove an alibi, this plea was over-ruled without hesitation.

The Ship's Master, Captain Macdonald, the first of the accused to be called, took an oath instead of producing one, and proceeded to embarrass the Court by smoking an Oriental cigar, despite the protestations of the youthful members, who lacked instruction. He betrayed a sound knowledge of the art of transportation, and assumed a remarkable ignorance of the game of Bridge.

It was suggested by Lieut. Parry that he be fined drinks but his statement that he could not find any drinks so confused the Prosecutor that the charge almost languished.

shed. Lieut. Averill whose chief qualification for giving inaccurate evidence seemed to rest on the fact that his father bore the christian name of "Bishop" showed a profound ignorance of the anatomy of a transport. From his evidence a crowded Court might have been so misled as to believe that sailors occasionally used harsh words. This witness left the Court with several stains on his character.

Capt. Macpherson, another witness, stated that he knew nothing, a statement in which the Court acquiesced.

Capt. Taylor was found to know very little more and was ordered to his seat at the double.

The next prisoner was an old offender, Capt. Chaplain Maldon, who gave the chucker-out considerable trouble from the outset. He was found merely to have a theoretical knowledge of Bridge, and pleaded that he was teaching a new code of signals by means of a pack of cards—the words "No Trumps" being used to signify "We are being left behind". The ingenuity of this officer in parrying the question "Are you married?" caused him to be rebuked by the Court. After he had introduced a witness, Lieut. Crump, whose veracity was quite economical, it was not surprising that his removal from the dock was followed by a general feeling of relief.

The evidence of Captain Herman at this stage failed to convince even the press. He spoke familiarly of pockets bulging with bank notes, which no Officer is entitled to do and rendered himself liable therefore to a charge of perjury.

He was cautioned by the accused, and would have been censured but for the fact that his knowledge of ship's time was unusual. He took time by the fetlock, and so saved his bacon.

Captains Page and Gordon were brought into Court together. The former soon aroused the popular sympathy by ordering drinks, but the drinks proving to be quite soft, this sympathy was unanimously withdrawn. These two accused were confronted with the evidence of Captain Wardrop, who showed no signs of the good conduct which won for him a mat at Waikanae. He claimed to have had unusual opportunity for ascertaining the characters of the accused, as he had been Commandant at Waikanae and Cook at Tauerhenikau; otherwise his evidence was short and bald.

Lieut. Averill, recalled by Captain Gordon, denied complete knowledge of the "creeping up" propensities of H. M. Transports, and again stained his character in the witness box.

Throughout the Trial the Probationary Prosecutor, Lieut. Quinn, interjected many inappropriate remarks, and was several times called to order by the four accused Officers.

The President, when appealed to, invariably ruled the Kings Regulations out of order, and seemed to prefer a work of fiction as an authority.

An impartial trial ended in all the prisoners being found "Guilty".

The Ships Master was treated leniently, as he had not reached the years of discretion, but was warned to be more careful in the choice of his associates.

Capt. Chaplain Maldon was sentenced to holystone the deck on Wednesdays and Saturdays for the remainder of the voyage.

Captains Page and Gordon were enjoined to arm themselves forthwith with a day's pay and warned to be present at the Freemason's Hotel, Albany, at an hour to be named later.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

A CHOICE PAGE.

He is a rattling real good sort,
Splendid shot—all round sport,
Never gambles, never curses,
Bridge expert, sweepstake winner;
Tips from Captain Mac—the sinner;
Very festive, very free,
Throws pound notes into the sea;
Keen on drill, keen on chaff;
Monopolises M. C's bath;
Shouts out "quinnie" down the table,
Tells the girls another fable;
Then when things are going slow,
Whistles loud and cries "You know".

K. RIPPLING.

TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

Extract from Routine Orders dated 13th October, 1915.

1. "Discipline—The Commanding Officer is very pleased that there have been no crimes on board since H. M. N. Z. Transport No. 32 left New Zealand."

Morning Scene in Orderly Room.

- Ship's Adjutant; "Any crimes this morning?"
Orderly Room Clerk "No, Sir."
Ship's Adjutant; "No sickness; no-one jumped overboard?"
Orderly Room Clerk; No, Sir."
- Ship's Adjutant; "What sort of a d—ship have I struck?" Walks away snorting and turns in for the rest of the day.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Snooker, M. A.
Your "Lay of the Mess Table" emulates the sea serpent in length and is equally rare in appearance.

Evidently you prefer "Aparina" to "Trentham" diet, so that your judgment is excellent. We would prefer prose from you.

EDITOR.

Grand Forthcoming Concert (Projected.)

AMUSEMENTS.

PROGRAMME.

- Duet ... "A little bit off the Top"
Capt. Herman and Myers.
Song ... "Only a leaf."
Capt. Page.
Song ... "She didn't want to do it."
Sister Goldsmith.
Descriptive "The return of the Swallow."
Sister Brawn.
Selection ... "The Villain still pursued her"
Capt. Wardrop.

INTERVAL (to watch pursuit).

- Ragtime ... "The Gramophone Man."
Lieutenant Sievwright.
Song ... "Flow gently, sweet Afton."
Sergeant Clark.
Descriptive "Once aboard Tin Lizzie."
Speed (Lieut.)
Recitation "Quinn's Post" or "Such is Beauty."
Lieutenant Quinn.

The whole to conclude with the brilliant musical extravaganza entitled "Blocked in the Passage" or the "Sea Cook's Vendette" written, composed and produced by Captain Macpherson whose musical abilities are the envy and anxiety of his personal associates.

SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT

POSITIVELY

LAST APPEARANCE

OF

CAPTAIN MACDONALD

AS

HORATIUS, THE KEEPER
OF THE BRIDGE

supported by a full Company (not very full) of talented performers.

COME AND SEE, the final scene, where Horatius, though armed only with six inches of gas pipe and two green peas, nevertheless attacks the villain who possesses a belaying pin of 39 inches and two cast iron projectiles of 16 lbs. each, and succeeds in hurling him into the abyssal depths. Just as the curtain is dropping, the heroine rushes on, at whose approach Horatius falls into her willing embrace and gets his knee painted with iodine.

GREATEST THRILLER EVER

PRODUCED IN AUSTRALASIA.

Popular Prices.

Seats may be booked at the Black Hole of Calcutta.

K. RIPPLING

SHIPS THAT SAIL.

(BY BLACKWATCH.)

Some Ships sail East an' some sail west,
An' some sail North an' sooth,
The maist get hame, tho' a few less blest,
Gae doon in the Ocean's Mooth.

Some Ships sail near, an' some sail far,
An' some jist ride at the quay;
The maist seek peace, but a wheen seek war,
An' dark is the weird they dree.

Some Ships sail fast an' some sail slo w
Some sail through storm and calm;
An' some are laden wi' grief an' woe,
While some bear blessin' an' balm.

An' the Ship o' Life is like a' these,
Sailing thro' foul or fair;
But there's only a'e port tho' many the
seas

It sails till it landeth there.

It's a silent port wi' an anchorage fast,
Nae storms has ever riven,
It's the port we a' maun come to at last,
An' its peace is the peace o' heaven.

THE EQUATOR.

For the benefit of the many on board who are as ignorant of nautical lore as they are of soldierly spirit, we graciously vouchsafe a little reliable information.

A treaty was concluded about three hundred years ago, between the British Government and the Sea-king Neptune, whereby that venerable and hoary monarch, feeling the trident too heavy for his aged hands, assigned to Britannia the task of ruling the waves, but stipulated that she should, in the first instance, rule a line around the earth as a token of Neptune's suzerainty, along which line he still holds undiminished sway.

The line was named the equator, from the latin "e"—"out"—"quatis"—strike—, the allusion being to the ancient slogan of the cold water devotees "Strike out the top Line."

The appearance of the Equator is kept secret from those who have never voyaged across it. It consists of a belt of water about 100 yards wide, surrounding ten feet above the level of the surrounding ocean. The maintenance of this inequality was for many years a difficult and expensive task, but quite recently, Mr. Winston Churchill concluded a very advantageous agreement with the Lords of the air, whereby Britain, besides gaining the mastery of that elusive element, also received such a manipulation of the air pressures in the Tropics as would automatically ensure the stability of the Equator in the form we have described.

All along within this eminence of water Old Neptune has his sentries posted (two hours on and four hours off) and they can sit there without the discomfort of getting dry, can watch the ocean for approaching ships, and give their Lord and Master time to don his above water vestments and ascend to receive the worship and tribute of all uninitiated land-lubbers aboard. Reverence forbids us to anticipate the solemn ceremonies then enacted.

Quite possibly, a good number will fail to see the Equator itself; it is not conspicuous, and the dignity and splendour of his Oceanic Majesty rivet the gaze so that other sights go unseen.

But we have the personal authority of both Chaplains for asserting that whoever watcheth with the eye of faith, steadfastly believing that he shall see it just as we have stated it to be will not be disappointed.

GEO. WASHINGTON.

CONCERT to be given by "B" Company on Monday, the thirty-seventh October this year, at the sounding of one "G" on the Bugle.

"B" Kompanee	Captain Wardrop
Play the Game	Lieutenant Cannan
Soldierly Spirit	
(recitation)	Lieutenant Sievwright
Steady, men Steady	Lieutenant Joplin
Halt that Man	Sergeant-Major Ward
Keep those heads up	Sergeant LaRoche
Vera good Sir	Sergeant Smart
Who'll make a load	
for Masterton	Sergeant Mackersey

All hands on Deck	Sergeant Mawley
Anybody wants	
their pay	Sergeant Heley
Any more Sick	Corporal McConkey
Hold your horses	Private Wain
Any leave to-night	Private Ghimane
Anything missing	Private Coxhead
Bothered if I know	Private D. Beattie
Weary Willie	Private McQuilkin
Any more Puddin	
Chum	Private Bosworth
They have block'd	
me leave	Private Card
Bullocky Brown	Private Toon
Give me the hook	
(duet)	Privates Fly and Vile
Lend me your	
Canteen ticket	Private Hawke
Who'll have a hand	Private Gibb
Keystone Melody	Private Morgan
Billy Bos & I, old	
Pard	Private Corkhill
What call was	
That	Private Martin (C.B.)
Hop your frame	
out	Private J. Thomas

PRIVATE TAM TRACHLE'S TRIALS ON A TRANSPORT.

Maister Editor:

I hae ma doobts as to the wisdom o' writin' at a' Ye ken when yer maist thinkin' ye've hit on a Graun' idea, or something oreginal, someither Chap will think different an' thus ye are robbed o' yer individuality. For instans, me an' a mate ca'ed Gow proceeded wi' Scotch Caution to transac' Usefu' business at Albany, efter which, ha'eim' a thrifty thirst, ane o' they thirsts that leave nae dreepins in a glass, we jist drappit in to a Bar an' signified the same in the usual manner. Says I "Son, yon's fine." I wis speakin' in the past tense ye ken, when anither cheel says, "Fine d'ye call it, gae wa' and tak a roll."

(Of course nae lang efter he wis daein' the rollin'. Fuir bairn, Edinbore's beer's no for the likes o' him efter helpin' to empty the Ship's Canteen o' Choklate and Hobson Street Champain.)

But to return to oor muttons, as auld Francois o' Monastery an' Medicine fame wad say. I've an idea that we're a' sailin' without charts. Tak ter sea seekness or yer prevailing Liveritis, baith are but a combination in the gastronomic seat o' fric things as Hop Beer, Dates, Enos Fruit-Sauts, Pills, Puddin, Sausages, pine apples, cakes, candies, choklate an' a wheen o' ither eccetres. No to speak o' inoculation an' the excessive use o' fresh water for washin'. A'whilk things retard evacuation as well as evaporation.

What's th' cause, think ye Sir, jist the want o' a chart—in ither words a guid thinker. Sir, thochts like this are gayan tryin' an' they lead to ither—for instans—I'm thinkin' the wows'er o' New Zealand is stoically determined to murder us instead o' fittin' us to murder oor enemies. Here we're confined to the saintliness o' sobriety, an' dawm me the first port or ca' at—Behold, Lord Liverpool's very ownest, deekit out in floers an' fu'. Lat Burns speak:—

Wi' ippeny we fear nae evil.

Wi' Usquebae we'd face the devil.

CONCERT.

There are one or two things that are usual at a concert which are not easy to get on board ship, and in consequence we have suffered somewhat; but considering the limits of space and the piano, the concerts have at least helped to pass the evenings.

The first one had to be postponed, and when it did come off, some of the performers had developed bad colds and could not sing; but the remnant gallantly stepped into the breach and did the best they could; our gallant Q. M. S. steadied the Seventh with such good will, that we distinctly felt the ship pull herself together and steady in her onward plunge; while the sad fate of Private Murphy, who was crimed because he was not a canary, moved all to tears (of laughter).

The second concert showed us some of the best talent on board and although we have no wish to single out one than another, because all are equally deserving of praise who do their whack to pass the time away, yet we must specially congratulate Fletcher, Aitken, Corp. Pettit, Q. M. S. Strack, Bennett, Billens and Mr. Steele and Heather on their singing—while the recitations were also good and L-Corp. Chammen as usual brought down the house with his warning to Mrs. Miggs not to be late again this year.

The Committee hope to be able to produce yet more new talent before the next port of call and would like to take this opportunity of thanking the Captain and First Officer of the Ship for their kindness and help in preparing for the concerts.

O but yer drunk sodger's a hero up to the very top o' his 33 odd feet o' intestinal pipin'. Macauley's definition o' a wholesome drunk is no in it.

Tak mysel' oppressed wi' my trials, i jist had a pint o' lika day's sail irae New Zealand. Then aiced wi' a bath, soap, an' a guid scrape doon wi' a bread knife an' a course o' Sweedish massage i had to tak' anither to or twal pints as a sleepin' draught for me an' clean sheets has Lang Syne parted company. Efter inarticulate recital o' Byron's invocation to the ocean, I gaed to sleep but ere mornin' ether trials rose up, an' I rose up two wi' extra furrows on my lofty forehead. Mair anon, a' I ask is naethin' be set doon to mallice, for like Hughie Foulis's Erethie I've a warm hert tho' I've fiet i net.

TAM TRACHLES.

P. S.—When a man says he's as guid as any Officer an' then throws the guts o' an orange an' choklate an' tobacco tins neath his bed, then I'm no gaun farther than to ca' him a dawm gomeril.

I canna like dirt. If I'm to dae or dee I want to dae it alongside clean sodgers. The Ships Captain looks a sounsie buddy. I've aften thocht it'd like a bit dram wi' him, but I'm afraid it's ane o' the hopes likely to be deferred till the hert's sick.

If ye've made a mistake in winkin' at the wrang women, jest rub your ee as if sand had got into it. I hoap this nod will be as guid as a wiuk to a'e bliin horse. Nae mair jist noo. T. T.

HELP.

We can face the Prussian bay'nets,
Without turning nary hair;
Big "Jack Johnsons" do not daunt us,
And for shrapnel we don't care;
But the thing that does upset us,
You will see it in our looks,
Is the menace to our stomachs,
From the Cooks.

As for me I'd go quite gladly,
To an' 'ope forlorn and snide;
I would charge a blooming Army,
In the good old British style;
But I shirnk from measly whittles,
And it fairly takes my bief,
When I miss the mess wot's mangled,
By our Shef.

So perdooce yer neat domestic,
Wat won't ruin Gawd's good shirnk;
Let her boss the bally kitchen,
She will do it well, I fink,
Stop the orle devastashun,
Ere we tumble off the 'ooks,
Ere we all knock under, Jummie,
Stop the raid on Tommy's tummy,
From dud Cooks.

WHO'S WHO.

By "Foresight."

(Owing to limited space available, we have been compelled to confine our "sketches" to those who might possibly escape attention otherwise—"Foresight.")

AV-R-LL W. Lt. "A" Squadron. Like most mounted men, a keen soldier. Always treats his men as men and contrary to the expectation of older but less experienced soldiers, this policy has been successful in winning for him the esteem and respect of his command. This Officer also possesses an excellent voice, and it is noteworthy that he is the only Commissioned Officer who actively assists the Transport Choir.

He is related to an eminent pillar of the Church in N. Z.

Has made a close study of the system of supply in the Army, and is a great admirer of the A.S.C. and its work.

B.T.G.R. Sg-t. "A." Co. 7 Rfts.—Was a member of the New Zealand Force which captured Samoa and met with "signal" success on the expedition. He is reported to have been one of the first to announce the approach of the German warships on their memorable visit to Samoa.

Sg-t B.T.G.R. is responsible for the introduction into the Army of many ingenious labour-saving devices. He won much praise for the great tactical skill he exhibited at Waikanae (N. Z.) in carrying out an enveloping moment of great importance when things were looking black.

Hobbies; Leave of absence and long route marches without a rifle.

C.N.N. N. Lieut. "B." Co. 7 Rfts.—Has acted O. C. of his Company on several occasions during the absence of his Company Commander. Introduced a new system of field Justice, which did away, to a large extent, with the delay and waste of time caused by "Company Orderly Room."

This system, so far as is known, has never been adopted by anyone—the old cumbersome method, i.e., as laid down in K. Regs. being preferred. Directed the erection of a cookhouse at Waikanae, which produced much good food subsequently.

His "boys" are his first consideration. Has recently developed strong musical tendencies. As his name would lead one to expect, his presence in any particular locality is usually beyond doubt. CR-MP. (sometimes spelt with a final "y")

L.T. No. 5 Co. A. S. C.—Recently promoted to the temporary command of his Unit, in which capacity he has won the approval of Ships Headquarters by the fatherly interest he has taken in his men. He is at present endeavouring to solve the problem as to whether the supply (as supplied by No. 5 A. S. C.) equals the demand. It is understood the matter is not entirely beyond doubt as yet.

His "Syllabus" is likely to be adopted as a model by the N. Z. Labour Bureau. He is well on his way to the front.

C.XH-D. Pte. "B." Co. & 7 Rfts.—First came into prominence through his advances views on the "leave question," which was quite a burning question with his Company at different periods of its training course in N. Z.

Unlike most of his contemporaries, he believes in much leave for the soldier and has always acted according to his convictions on this point. He objects to the "pass and limited leave" system universally adopted in N. Z. Training Camps as irksome and an unnecessary restraint on the freedom of the soldier. It is understood he intends publishing a "Vade Mecum" entitled "Loopholes" or "How to default without being a Defaulter" for the use of Soldiers unable to explain "the reason why." He is reported to have said that it is often a sound policy to enter the bonds of matrimony if a soldier finds he may not otherwise overstay his pass. Pte. C.XH-D is a keen sport and has made quite a name for himself as a "towel wagger" in the Ring on the Transport. Can pick a winner from a distance and in doing so he never forgets the man in the other corner.

C.R.D.N. C.P.T. N. Z. M. C.—Rose rapidly after joining the N. Z. Forces and soon received appointment as P. M. O. at Waikanae to the 7th Infantry Rfts. He introduced the "garble" to the 7th Infantry Rfts. with much success. Has recently attracted attention by his plain talks to "men only," which greatly interested large and enthusiastic audiences and which, we all join the Doc in hoping, will enable many unsuspecting soldiers to guard against a foe as dangerous and deadly as the bullet (vide Doc's remarks—with stiff backs 6d. each.)

Has a keen sense of honour and edits "Dry Rations." Enjoys a good medical joke. Also noted for a remarkable power of diagnosis—one look is enough in a great many cases.

Q.NN L.T. No. 5. Company, A. S. C. Ship's Adjutant. Most important Officer on the Transport—Confirmation of our statement will be easily obtained from the Adjutant himself. He holds three Medals for long and faithful service to his country in peace and war. It is the general belief that he served in India for a number of years and no one can doubt this. He is a noted authority on everything and will always cheerfully assist with his expert advice, the less informed (i.e., all others on the Transport) and this in many cases without any provocation. He is regarded as an authority on the question of organising, supplying, equipping and training an army of any size, anywhere in the world. He has been consulted more than once by the War Office as to the most suitable system of training the different branches of the service—in particular the Artillery, Mounted Troops, Infantry, Engineers, Medical Corps, and of course the A. S. C. The Officers on the Transport owe to him entirely their slight acquaintance with discipline, and with the exception of the Medical Officers who were trained in Medical Schools the various Officers have to thank him for their increased efficiency. He is a wealth of good "jokes" which bear repetition (just as well) altogether his appointment is looked upon as a God-send and "Q-nnie" ranks with the best.

H.TOH-NS-N, L.T. No. 5 Coy. A. S. C. Also known as "H.TCH-Y" a young officer with a future in front of him. Further comment is unnecessary.

F-L-T-N. Private A Coy., 7th Reinforcements. A steady hardworking and reliable soldier, who caught the eye of his Company Officers soon after he went into Camp in Trentham. His influence on those with whom he comes into contact, is most noticeable. He takes a keen interest in sport, which he holds is of even greater importance in the present crisis than Military Training. Recently he made quite a name for himself as a blindfolded boxer—his performance was responsible for a heated controversy as to when a blindfolded boxer was not a blindfolded boxer—all that can be said with any degree of certainty is that there two sides to the question—the one you see, the other you don't. We understand P.T.E. F-L-T-N is due to receive the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal shortly. His principal hobbies are Reporting Sick and overstay-ing his pass.

L.V.E. L.T. "C" Coy., 7th Reinforcements. At present acting as second in Command of his units "Aparima" draft in which capacity he has exhibited much administrative ability, and earned the well-deserved approval of his Acting Company Commander. He is one of the keenest Platoon Commanders on the Transport. Unlike some other Platoon Commanders who appear to be of the opinion that a Platoon Commander in some mysterious way, becomes transformed into a "tourist" on a Transport, L.T. L.V.E contends "once a Platoon Commander always a Platoon Commander",—in other words his contention is that a Platoon Commander while a Platoon Commander is a Platoon Commander which all seems clear and simple, but so far as we can gather this view is not universally accepted. A casual observer is immediately struck by L.T. L.V.E.'s soldierly appearance. "Every inch a soldier." Lord Kitchener is reported to have said of him some fifty years ago. He is a tall man standing about six feet one and a half inches, in gum boots, with a Commanding presence.

He is not unlike Lord Kitchener and Generals French and Joffre, in appearance and build. Has attracted some attention as a lecturer.

J-M-S-N. L.T.—"A" Coy. 7th Reinforcements.—Learnt most of his soldiering in the "Engineers" but accepted his present appointment as at the time there was no vacancy in his own branch. He is a keen and efficient soldier and is gifted with a deep knowledge of human nature and the world in general, which is considered by many to outshine his military genius. He is of a somewhat retiring disposition, but is always a force to be reckoned with. His "leadership" is of a high order and is apparent in his everyday life—he easily and readily at every possible opportunity "slips" in charge of all and sundry within reach. His masterly interference has often been the subject of comment. It is said that there are only seven people in New Zealand (all of whom live in the backblocks of Central Otago) with whom L.J.M-S-N is not intimately acquainted—he has only a "nodding" acquaintance with the seven referred to. He is endowed with an enquiring and retentive mind. His "Hints

to Senior Officers" has been adopted by the War Office. In this excellent work he suggests that Senior Officers should act as "Orderly Officer" on occasions when such duties are likely to interfere with the leave of junior officers, or that if sufficient capable senior officers be not available for this purpose, "Orderly Officer" be dispensed with at such times. It is understood he was especially selected to supervise the "teetotallers" in the shooting match held at Trentham a short time ago between the "Hard Doers" and the "Teetotallers."

M-RL-Y. S-GT—"B" Coy. 7th Reinforcements. Came into Trentham some time in May last as a full private but was quickly promoted "Corporal" and soon afterwards was again promoted to his present rank for good work while in charge of "Details" at Trentham. He has a quiet effective way of working and, so far as his particular job is concerned, it is believed that, if Cecil Rhodes were with us to give an impartial criticism he would be compelled to admit that for once his famous dictum did not hold and that it was a case of "so much done and so little to do." As a Dormitory Sergeant he has shown much ability and is a master of "the gentle answer which turneth away wrath" should a boot or other article of kit be found out of place.

N-I-S-N. C-P-T.—New Zealand Medical Corps.—Is not related to N-I-S-N of Trafalgar fame—or for that matter with any other N-I-S-N of importance—however it is well known he is a personal friend of Larry Pagin, which speaks for itself. To a great extent he equalises the numerical inferiority of the Medical Corps to the other branches of the service, he is a host in himself. He is "good company" and can be relied on for a joke or a song in an emergency. He is an easy favourite for the prize offered by the Chief Cook for the most regular attendance at Officer's Mess. Understands horse-racing from start to finish. Fortunately for the Seventh, he did not reach Trentham or he might have been there still. Is gifted with Scottish blood, or might have been mistaken for a Texan. Has not yet been seen at his best. Will be greatly missed by his patients, who have shown their gratitude to him in various ways. "Ohakune expects that Horatio will do his duty" is the signal he flies, and on all sides he is vcted the "goods."

LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

4-30 a.m.	Reveille	(I Hear you Calling Me)
7 a.m.	Breakfast	(There is a Sound that is Fairer than Day.)
9-30 a.m.	Parade	"Somewhere a voice is Calling"
12 noon	Dinner	"The Hours I spend with Thee, Dear"
3-30 p.m.	Parade	"We're Here Because we're Here"

5 p.m.	Tea	"Trumpeter, what are you Sounding now?"
6 p.m.	Retreat	"When the Golden Sun Sinks in the West"
9 p.m.	Lights Out	"The End of a Perfect Day"
9-15 p.m.	Rounds	"Now the Labourer's Task is O'er"

BOXING.

(CONTRIBUTED.)

Since we have been aboard the ship, several interesting Boxing contests have been witnessed, all of which have been conducted in a very sportsmanlike manner, and in many instances, considerable enthusiasm aroused. An exhibition bout given by the brothers Berrymann—Ship's cadets—at a recent contest was particularly enjoyable, and called up a deal of speculation as to whether we had among our own boys one who could meet the elder brother on equal terms with any chance of success. Arrangements were ultimately made for George Judge of "C" Company whose knowledge of the "noble art" has stood him in good stead in the past, notably when he met the late Jim Hegarty (then in his prime) in a six-round contest, being beaten on points only. Judge met Berrymann on Tuesday evening in a three-round contest, and those who were fortunate enough to witness the bout were favoured with a particularly clever and clean exhibition. Judge, who was at a decided disadvantage, owing to lack of training, and having suffered considerably from seasickness, showed a truly sportsmanlike spirit in giving Berrymann the opportunity of bringing himself out, which he did in a manner which must have been very gratifying to his supporters. In the first round Berrymann (who looked in perfect condition) forced the pace right from the gong, and, using his left to full advantage, got home some stinging blows to both face and body. Judge used good judgment in evading some mighty swings, getting some telling blows home, when opportunity offered. When the gong sounded, Berrymann showed no signs of fatigue, while Judd appeared somewhat distressed. Round Number two provided the finest exhibition of boxing seen on the boat. Both men were triers all the way. This was Judge's round, but the gong found him suffering from lack of training, his wind perceptibly troubling him; while Berrymann, to all appearance, was as fresh as ever. The third and last round was exciting, both lads getting in good work, but Berrymann's good condition was too much for Judge, who fought gamely, but could not keep out Berrymann's left, which could not keep out Berrymann who thoroughly deserved it, and it was received with enthusiasm by the boys. Judd also received hearty cheers for his fine exhibition.

THE DAY WE LEFT.

There was never a mate to say good-bye,
 there was devil a one to care.
 No rollicking martial music broke the still
 of the morning air;
 And I "numbered off" in my usual squad,
 in the same old usual way,
 And we slung our kit bags shoulder high,
 and stolidly marched away.

And many that marched were merely kids,
 whose young feet hardly knew.
 That life held rugged tracks to tread, or
 ever a thing to rue;
 Who faced the blood-red road ahead with
 gallant laughing eyes,
 With breasts already fancy-decked with
 many a gleaming prize.

And some of us were men who'd fought the
 battle of life anain,
 With garnered store of truths hard-wrung
 from labour and joy and pain,
 And the years were stale--so we took up
 arms in a casual sort of way,
 With nought to lose and little to win, but
 gurb and a soldier's pay.

"And the more fool you" to myself I said,
 as I stepped to the drum's low beat.
 "You've sown and reaped, and the long day
 wanes . . . and rest at the end is sweet;
 "Let young blood fight that is yet unsapped;
 young spirits as yet unbent";
 "You've nothing to give to your country's
 need, but the dregs of a life illspent."

"Twas a selfish thought that vagrant woke
 in me whose eyes had seen.
 The treasured hopes of years pass by like
 pictures on a screen.
 Who little recked of what might be yet over
 the dear past yearned,
 All flecked with memories' golden sheen and
 sacred grief inurned.

For often so it comes to one that in his
 noontide days
 He stands bereft and lonely at the parting
 of the ways;
 And silently he turns away--though the
 world holds men as kind,
 No strong hand ever shall grip his own like
 the mate's that dropped behind.

The troopship's sullen sides were wreathed
 with streamers glittering bright,
 That gaily stretched from hand to hand,
 what matter though cheeks were white?
 And here a sorrowing mother wept and
 there a sister sighed,
 And here and there a sweetheart sobbed
 in mingled grief and pride.

And tho' no fluttering ribbon swung from
 me to the cheering throng,
 I felt the warmth of kinship surge in my
 pulses sweet and strong.

Not strangers these, but brothers; aye,
 altho' my head was grey.
 These gladsome boys I held as kith and
 what could I do but pray?

"Lord, give me the luck to turn the stroke
 from one of those youngsters here,
 To keep from a mother's heart the pang,
 from a sweetheart's eye the tear.
 That, like a fragrant flower that blooms in
 a desert parched and bare,
 Some breast, unknown to me, may hold my
 memory bright and fair.

And so I go with a glad content to whatever
 my luck may bring;
 For I know that to tread upon Duty's path,
 heart-whole, is a splendid thing.
 My limbs may fail and my head sink low,
 with devil a friend to care,
 But it's proud I'll be with my soldier mates,
 to lie like a soldier there.

M. E. J

THREE TALES FROM THE
OLD SOD

The tourist was a Cockney and the
 Jarvey was pure Dublin. Pat was pointing
 out the many points of interest on the
 road, and it so happens that quite a number
 of well-known spots bear unenviable
 designations. "Why Pat, man" said our
 Londoner, "His Majesty below has a great
 deal of property in Ireland--The Devil's
 Bit, The Devil's Punch Bowl, etc." "Yis
 begor, yer onner" ses Pat, "but he's an
 absentee landlord lek all the rest an' spins
 his time an' money in London."
 "May the blessin' o' God an' all the
 angels folla ye"- prayed a crone on Kings-
 town pier, in hopes of alms from a swell--
 "through all eternity"--and as the swell
 hurried away unresponsive: "an' niver
 overtake ye."

A mischievous looking flower seller at
 Nelson's Pillar Dublin pushed her wares
 on a pompous overbearing lady visitor.
 The lady had in tow a meek, sad little man
 who looked tired of life and all else besides.
 "Cawn't you take no for an answer girl?"
 the lady angrily demanded. "Take no for
 an answerme lady" returned the lass "Jerra
 Gad pity the poor onshugh of a little
 craythur of a man that couldn't give no for
 an answer whin ye asked him to have ye."
 All dignity rapidly vanished, and so did
 our stately madam.

THANKS.

The Officers and men of the 7th Reinforce-
 ments take this opportunity of thanking
 many kind friends for gifts sent with the
 object of making the journey to the Front
 thoroughly enjoyable. Needless to say,
 these gifts have been much appreciated by
 all ranks. The Editor regrets that this list
 is incomplete as so many good friends of the
 soldiers remain anonymous.

The following have been brought under
 his notice:—

Her Excellency the Countess of Liver-
 pool; a Gramophone and 2 cases of
 cakes.

The Mayoress of Wellington; 30
 packages of assorted gifts.

Auckland Ladies Patriotic League (for
 "A" Squadron); Clothing, Literature
 and Games (divided with "E"
 Squadron)
 Clothing, Literature and games (for
 "A" Company).
 Victoria League Wellington; Hospital
 Clothing and comforts.
 Mrs. Bateson, Trentham; Books and
 papers.
 Wright, Stephenson & Co. 60 cases
 appies.
 Parliamentary Library; 1 case books,
 Mesdames McBride and McKay,
 Albany Flowers.

NOTICE.

I will not be responsible for any debts
 (Canteen or other) contracted in my name
 without my written authority.

THE SKIPPER.

A PLUCKY CHALLENGE.

The Spotted Dogs of the Isolation Ward
 challenge the Influenza Innates of the
 Upper Deck to a friendly game of "Bowls"
 to be played in the parlor of the Grand
 Oriental Hotel, Colombo. Admission--a
 current coin.

Grace in the Saloon.

"Benedictine like that is a good enough
 drink if we could only have more of it."

Information from the Chart
House.

Combatant Officer: Good morning Skip-
 per. What does the
 Barometer say to-
 day?

Ship's Master: Oh! it's fallen a bit.
 Combatant Officer: Much?

Ship's Master: About 5 inches.
 Combatant Officer
 warns his platoon
 about approaching
 bad weather.

On the saut watter
29th October, 1915.

Maister Editor;—

a'n sendin' ye this wee bit letter tae tell ye tae ma name frae th' list o' subscribers tae th' "Appreciation." Man, a'n fair shamed o' ye tae gie that fulsome body Tam Trachle sic a bearin' i' yir paiper. A drunkin' stravagin' skirling carle wi' na mair o' the mon than to maik a dom lule o' himsel' at a wee bit tastin' O mon! an a'm telt ye hae a braw gude Scots name yersel'. The verra teetle o' yir paiper—"Dry Rations" sud be enough tae pit ye to shame o't. Div ye no ken hoo our leal Scots aboard feel aboot you havers—Jack an' Mac an' Wardie an' Jamie, na tae mention Captain Alec an' oor braw O.C. They're a fair disguised wi' ye. I'd be sure th' Ajootan' honest man isna ower conceairnt—him na beein' Scots, mairs the peety—forbye he canna haud wi' yon fule pairt aboot t' e tastin'. The fule body Trachle wesna aboon spierin' wi' unco' impidence a' oor counthly Captain Mac—him as hes ither wark tae dae than haverin' wi' roisterin' gommeril lek you na to mention hoo Mac loves the caller watter himsel' an' canna bide the tastin'. Why, men, he hes kept a' the watter tae himsel' an' gars the puir bairns n' o'ffecers redd themsel' wi the saut watter ilka morn! What div ye think hoo? Wha cud gar Mac gae tastin' think ye?

I canna haud ava wi' the collie—shangie o' the fule Trachle aboot the lasses, wi' his wenkin an' squeentin' a' the puir boddies Pegs, its na i' Drumtochty he was brocht up. Its maist fearsome the consait o' the birkie O mon! a'n sair desappent a' the hale pockle o' nonsense. Mair sairafu' than angry
Auld Licht.

Wha's you carle Washington? A hae ma, doots aboot pairt o' his descreption o' th' Equatthor. Hes he ony connexion think ye, wi' yon iaddie i' Ameriky as cud na telt a wee bit lee to sauf his peit? If sa a'm na takin' a' he pits doon as a wud the Guid Buik. Yon birkie i' Ameriky wes ower gude for this warl, a trow, na tae mention th' nationality o' th' anecdote.

A. L.

YE OLDE CANTEEN "S.S. APARIMA."

We beg respectfully to thank our numerous clients and customers for the very liberal patronage bestowed on us, during the voyage.

We have been able to dispose of all our good, bad, and indifferent stock of luxuries. We regret that owing to the number of wowers who stay at home under the K & K pledge we have been unable to dispose of all our stock of Speights Staples and dear old Hancock's also other Beers.

Daring our stay in the next unkn own port we hope to replenish our stocks with a varied assortment of toothsome and succulent articles, all guaranteed to render our 7th th Reinfs. fit to fight anybody or anything.

(ADVT.)

Fruit fresh from the jungle and spicy dainties from the furthest East and No. 2 hold will be on sale everyday hours as usual—civility is also our motto—wait for the page in our next issue how hard it is to please sometimes, but we will do our best.

THE MEN WHO MADE THE TRANSPORT MOVE.

J. E. MacDonald	Commander
G. Knowles	Chf. Officer
A. Christie	2nd "
F. W. Collins	3rd "
H. Houchen	Tut. "
T. Rogerson	Chf. Engineer
J. Dunwordie	2nd "
P. M. Cairns	3rd "
R. G. Houghton	4th "
J. W. Weir	5th "
A. McGregor	6th "
R. Robinson	Electrician
R. Alexander	Wireless Operator
E. Perkis	Chief Steward

Also the Capt. apprentices abaft the funnel: and Gunga Din, Dar Jeeling, Chut Nee, Friday Achi Baba and other tiends of the forecastle.

THE SONG OF THE SEVENTH.

O Seventh make ready,
The foe we must find;
Tho' hard 'tis we know,
To leave dear friends behind;
When the charge-it is sounded,
We'll give a good cheer,
And soon let them know,
That the Seventh are near.

Chorus.

Steady, Seventh, Steady Steady,
Steady, Seventh, Steady Steady,
Die we can all do,
Yield we will never,
A brave British cheer, lads,
Then all charge together.

Our comrades before us,
Have taught us the way,
How brave lads can meet,
A proud foe in the fray;
They fought till they fell,
And we'll do it again,
For the Old flag of Freedom,
Musy float without stain.

Chorus.—Steady, Etc.,

'Tis for freedom we fight,
And for freedom we'll fall,
For the old Union Jack,
Must float fearless o'er all;
We're the lads of the fern,
Bravehearted and true,
And we'll show over again,
What New Zealand can do.

Chorus.—Steady, Etc.,

New Zealand,
7th Reinforcements,
H.M.N.Z. Transport "Aparima."
No. 32.

HEADQUARTERS STAFF HMNZT 32.

O.C. Ship, Capt. W.C. Page, N.Z.A.S.C.
Adjutant, Lieut. R.M. Quinn,
P.M.O., Capt. Kenneth Gordon, N.Z.M.C.
Ships, Sergt.-Mjr., S.M.T.L. Ward, B. Coy.
7th Lefts.

Staff Sergeant, Sergt. V.W. Cox, N.Z.A.S.C.
Orderly Room Sergeant, Sergt. J. H. McKay, B. Coy.
Orderly Room Corporal, Cpl. E. D. Snell, B. Coy.
O/C. Records, Sergeant J. E. Dempsey, N.Z.A.S.C.
Trop. Deck Sergeant., Sergeant-Mjr. Ormiston, A. Squad.
Provost. Sergeant., Sergeant G.P. Quinlan, A. Coy.
Sanitary Sergeant, Sergeant Truman, B. Coy.
Paymaster Sergeant., Sergeant G. N. Wallace.

SHIPS Q.M'S STAFF.

Ships Quartermaster. Capt. & Q.M. Pricor
Ships Quartermaster Sergeant., Reg. Q. M. S. Dingie.
Q.M.S. In Charge Store, Reg. Q.M.S. Slade, C. Coy
Bookkeeper, Pvlte. H.V. Norris, B. Coy.
Bookkeeper, Pvlte. N.C. McCallum, A. Coy.

CHAPLAINS.

Capt. J. Brennan. (Roman Catholic).
Capt. E. E. Malden (Anglican).
CANTEEN COMMITTEE.
President Ex-Officio, Lt Colonel Fulton.
President, Capt. W.C. Page.
Members, Capt. C. A. Herman, O/C., A. Coy.
Members, Lieut. G. H. Fell, Secy., A. Coy.
Ex-Officio Members., Capt. & Q.M. Pricor.

STAFF.

Canteen Sergeant., Q.M.S. R.W.J. Page,
N.Z.A.S.C.
Assistants., Drivers Dearsley & Howard
N.Z.A.S.C.
POSTAL STAFF,
Sapper M. J. Schabb, N.Z. Army, Postal Div.
Sapper S. Hancock., N.Z. Army, Postal Div.

OFFICER-IN-CHARGE OF PEAK DECK.

Sergeant-Major Codger, N.Z.A.S.C.

A. SQUADRON.

MOUNTED.

Capt. Raynes, J. J.; Lieut. Averill, W. W.; Sgt.-Mjr. Ormiston, T. D.; Q. M. S. Duffey, A.; O. R. S. Strickland, E. H.; Ser. ts. Burgess, A. G., Carswell, J., Cowan, W. H., McMillan, T. S.; Farrier-Sgt. Bates, A. T.; Corporals Campbell, W. J., Guthrie, R., Makay, J. T., Sifton, E. A., Stames, R.; Lance-Corporals Aitken T. G., Burrell, J., Le. Beau, E. J., Mills, P. G., Ritter, W. H., Smith, L. G., Watson, W.; Troopers

Aiken, K., Abmond, J. R., Anderson, G., Anderson, P., Barnes, H. M., Bates, W. H., Barracrough, W., Backin, P. B., Birch, H., Boyd, J. L., Brown, A., Burbush, F. A., Burbush, R. H., Burnett, B. A., Carter, A., Carter, F., Clemeats, G. H., Coakley, C. H., Cole, L. J., Crauston, A., Currie, W., Dalgety, H., Davis, B., Dolery, A., Fittion, J. A., Fletcher, T., Gibson, G. W., Gibson, W. D., Glasgow, W. M., Goddard, C. W., Goodacre, E. L., Gray, G., Gyue, W. H., Gyde, D. R., Hemstock, J. W., Higginson, F., Hildreth, R. H., Hildreth, R. E., Hindman, F. W., Hird, L. C., Hollis, C., Jeans, W. J., Kelly, A., Livingston, P. H., Maxwell, D. W., Measham, E., Meyrick, A. O., Miller, J. B. H., Moffatt, L. P., Mohr, H., Morrison, N., Mousley, R. J., Moyle, G. A., McCanl, W. H., McGurk, J., McMurtrie, J., Nemo, A., Pncey, J., Patmore, W., Peart, A. C., Peterson, L. T., Peuley, G. H., Roberts, C. F. V., Ridell, J., Scastle, E., Scott, T., Scott, J. L., Scott, R. H. V., Scott, T. T., Smart, H., Stanford, A., Stevens, K. McK., Steward, J. W. E., Sutcliffe, L., Shepherd, J. St. A., Thompson, R. L., Tyson, J. V., Wazstaff, A. R., Whaley, W., Winsett, P. P., Youngson, R., Zimmerman, F.

7th REINFORCEMENTS (INFANTRY).

"A" COMPANY.

Capt. Herman, C. A.; Sergt-Major, Hewitt, E. L.; Q. M. S. McMaster, F., Sergt. Gow, N.

No. 1 PLATOON.

Lieut. Parry, E. C.; Sgt. Batger, G. H.; Corporals Cricket, A. G., Dixon, A. L., Grant, G. J.; Lance-Corporals O'Donnell, J., Walmsley, John H.; Privates Aldred, J. R., Baylors, J. R., Beehere, H. M., Billings, B., Buckton, R., Blucker, F. D., Blucker, C. T., Briggs, C. R., Collins, A., Grubb, D., Godfrey, H., Gribble, L. G., Hard, C. H. A., Harrow, R. M., Henderson, R., Jackson, H., Knight, F., Kenworthy, Low, S. D., Jewell, J., Lobb, S. C., Lovelock, F., Marshall, B., McIntosh, L. A., McKay, J. C., O'Donnell, P., Owen, J., Parks, J., Rickman, R., Roycroft, K. D., Stewart, J., Stanley, G., Taylor, A., Thompson, J. H., Taaffe, A., Unwin, W. E., Walmsley, Joe. H., Wyatt, G., Weeks, L. S., Watchorn, J. F.

No. 2 PLATOON.

2nd Lieut. Steele, M., Sergts. Smith, W. H., Poland, J. J.; Copris. Brennan, E. L., Fordham, R. E. W., Nelson, E. G.; L.-Corpls. Neels, P., Robbins, P. C., White, S. H.; Privates Alley, D. C., Bartels, E., Beaufoy, J. H., Billens, G., Bland, R., Blouquist, F., Burt, J., Cooper, B., Delavren, L., Dixon, C., Penton, G. G., Poster, A. J. K., Friis, G., Geary, W., Grant, W., Guy, K. J.,

Hall, A. J., Hamilton, H., Horne, W. B., Johnson, H. A., Kelly, J., Laurie, J. E., Lomas, H. J., Mitchell, W. R., Murray, J. A., McCarthy, S. E., McLaughlin, A., McMillan, N., Neave, K., Perfect, A., Phillips, G., Preece, N. G., Spark, A., Towers, L. J., Vickary, P. H., Voysey, W., Wadsworth, T., Whitehouse, C., Wilson, A. R. E., Young, A.

No. 3 PLATOON.

Lieut. Jamieson, R. L.; Sergts. Clark, O., Quinlan, C. P.; Copris. Pratt, A., Campbell, D. B., Howie, W. J.; L.-Corpl. Good, S.; Privates Chappell, M., Brennan, L., Gallagher, E., Morkhouse, H., Delahoyd, W., Worthington, H. H., Fitzpatrick, J., Seater, J. T., Laird, W., Ravelhill, P., Mahoney, N., Begovich, S., Bidick, J., Hill, A. S., Robson, A. L., Anderson, J., Goodall, J. C., Vanse, W., Lardner, A., Walker, A., Patton, H., Gambling, E., Leigh, T., Prescott, H., Close, H. M., Johnston, A. H., Clinkard, S., McCallum, A. G., Turner, J. F., Barber, W. J., Finnerty, J., Pope, H. A., Wells, J., Armstrong, E. G., Conlthard, J., Simpson R. O.

No. 4 PLATOON.

2nd Lieut. Ingram, C.; Sergts. Sheath, A. B., Johnson, D. W.; Copris. Bawden, O. W., Smith, C. G., East, L. O.; Privates Bradley, T. G., Closey, B. W., Campbell, F. A., Campbell, F. M., Corlett, J., Dalzell, H., Deeminy, J., Edward, S., Fatt, J., Groves, G. H., Gardner, J., Halliwell, H., Inch, V. W., Irvine, T., Kelsey, T. H., Loftus, T. H., Lowe, H., Mooney, J., MacIntosh, J., Mousley, L., O'Niell, J., Page, A. G., Potts, W., Quarrie, L., Russell, E., Ryan, J., Ramsay, A. W., Shelton, W., Stephenson, A., Smith, W. R., Torkar, G., Toombs, H. G., Wagner, W., Waugh, C., Wright, S., Vorston, T. E., Young, R. G.

No. 5 PLATOON.

Lieut. Taylor, F. A.; Sergeants, Rice, S. D., Gordon, A. W.; Corporals Johnson, R. H., Tyer, A. W.; Lance-Corporals Mincher, G. J., Bannister, H. B., Hunter, F. W., MacMillan, W. A., Wicks, H. W.; Privates Aldridge, R. B., Bailey, W. H., Bonnor, W. H., Booth, B. B., Cameron, C., Coppell, R. W., Daking, C. G., Dillon, G., De Luen, F., East, W. F., Ede, O. A. J., Edmondson, J., Gilroy, N., Harris, W. J., Hintz, P. B., Hooker, S., Howe, A., Huc-kin, A., Jefferson, T., Kiddle, T., Lonergan, R. A., Menzies, J. S., McMillan, R., McMillan, T., Pearce, R. J., Perkins, W. R., Price, T., Reynell, H., Riddle, J., Hiddle, H., Rubb, R. D., Rutter, C., Stewart, L. E., Taylor, S. A. R., Widd, C. F., Wilkinson, K. R.

No. 6 PLATOON.

Lieut. Senior, C. H. A.; Sergts. Pountney, E. R., Rogers, T. G., Taylor, F. C.; Corporals Dougherty, A. T., Pethybridge, W. D.; Privates Allen, J., Anderson, G., Beconsall, F., Bennett, J. R., Bridson, J. J., Brighouse, J. S., Brown, J. J., Brown, J., Butterworth, R., Charman, H. H.,

Dickson, H. A., Drummond, C., Edgecombe, W., Edwards, R., Ewan, R., Fegan, J., Felton, P., Freeman, O. N., Garry, W. E., Heather, E. H., Hayward, L. B., Mack, C., Masters, G. S., Martagh, F., Morrison, J., Mc D., McIntosh, C., Rosa, E. J., Roach, T., Russell, L., Smith, G. F., Stewart, D. W., Terry, W. J., Thoutie, F., Washer, H. A., White, W. H., Wilson, J., Woodings, J.

"B" COMPANY INFANTRY.

Capt. Wardrop, G. W.

No. 7 PLATOON.

Lieut. Cannon, W. H.; R. Q.-M.S. Dingle, E. J.; Sergt.-Maj. Ward, T. L.; Q.-M.S. Strack, K. J.; Sergts. Heley, G. E., Foden, F. C., Stuart, J. L.; Copris. Crawford, A. G. C., Whitehouse, H. O.; Privates Adam, E. J., Ashton, N. H., Allan, A., Bridges, W. E., Ball, F. E., Brooks, W. H., Bennett, W. M., Brown, G., Cook, R. J., Collins, G., Donovan, C. A., Elliott, W. H. M., Ellis, M., Finucane, E. M., Grieg, R. W., Gifford-Moore, G. F., Littlejohn, P., Little, S. H., Millar, F., Marsh, J. W., Martin, W. J., McLaughlan, M. N., Pegley, W. H., Pidwell, H. H., Powell, G., Ross, A. W. N., Rogers, J. L., Rodgers, L., Rodgers, V., Reynish, C. R., Reynish, T. H., Sandman, W. A., Stuart, D. M., Stokes, A. M., Wallace, B.; L.-Corpl. Mackrell, H. H.

No. 8 PLATOON.

Lieut. Siewwright, A. B.; Sergts. Courtney, J., McArthur, A., McKay, J. H.; Corporals Andresson, T. A., Goffon, F., Snell, E. D.; L.-Corporal Dodgson, S. H.; Privates Alexander, C., Burnley, L. A. G., Barter, J. H., Brown, W. E., Buxton, A. B., Chappell, F. E., Carmichael, M. M., Dalgleish, V., Davies, J., Flavell, C., Froad, H., Gibbs, J., Henderson, A. A., Heidenstron, N. H., Harris, R. J., Hill, E. M., Levy, R. R., Lange, L. W., May, F., Mulholland, W. C. B., McGilivray, R. N., McDonald, T., McNiven, C. A., Osborne, A. A., O'Reilly, F. C., Sally, J., Stafford, F., Strauchan, H. St. G., Steele, O. K., Smith, A. W. H., McMillan, S.

No. 9 PLATOON.

Lieut. Joplin, C. H. G.; Sergts. La Roche, C., MacKervey, D. B.; Corporals Downard, S. C. G., Hudson, E. R., McConkey, P. M.; Privates Beatty, A., Beatty, D., Bradley, V. C., Bosworth, W., Blair, J. W., Baines, H. O., Barker, C. A., Bogan, J. E., Brittain, A. E., Corkill, R., Coombs, H., Card, W. T., Crawford, L. J. B. C., Curbis, E. J., Collinson, R. W., Coneskey, P. L. C., Coxhead, D., Doyle, E., Ellis, E., Fly, M. H., Foreman, J. F., Gibb, G. A., Ginnane, J., Harvey, J., Harvey, Z. A., Hutchinson, J. W., Hutton, R., Howes, H. J., Hawke, E. H., Kendrick, C. G., Lindot, W. H., Masson, F. W., MacPhail, D. C., Murdoch, J., McDonald, T., McNeill, S. J., McQuicken, A. N., McO'nie, G., Neilson, P., Phelps, J., Faget, B. L., Thomas, S. W. R., Thurston, J., Toon, C., Vile, A. M., Wheaton, H. J., Williams, L. J., Wood, N. C., Wain, S., Callagher, F. C.

No. 10 PLATOON.

Lieut. Bailey, L. H.; Sergt. Burgess, S. F.; Corporals Reid, A., Hogg, J. L.; L.-Corporals Beck, M., Bulcock, W. W., Howell, A. B.; Privates Allen P., Anderson, B. S., Andersen, R., Baird, R. F., Bernsten, O. B., Bolton, S., Chote, A. J., Christian, H. J., Copley, H. W. R., Erickson, A., Flenner, W. H., Fraser, R., Hirststone, F. R., Grant, J. G., Hansen, C. W., Hamilton, W., Jury, E. A., Leigh, C. H., Leighton, H. V., McLachlan, W., McManus, P., Newman, F. G., Old, H., Otto, N. C., Pearce, W. M., Poole, A. W. G., Prestney, R. J., Pye, W. O., Richardson, F. G., Southam, J. E., Syme, T. M., Thomas, J. W., Thornton, G.; Sergt. Treman, F. L.; Privates Turnbull, B. J., Williams, S. G., Woodcock, A.

No. 11. PLATOON.

Lieut. Nell, G. H.; Sgt. Talbat, P. G. A.; Cpls. Billing, F. H., Boyd, D. S.; Lance-Cpls. Foley, W., Kelly, G. G., Luke, G., McKay, G. R.; Pvtcs. Bourke, L. D., Barrs, C. N., Copeland, W., Conway, H. M., Gooper, R. W., Clark, W. J., Clare, H., Giffney, J., Howard, A., Hern, A. L., Hurley, W., Henry, M. K., Henderson, J., Larkin, E. A., Lane, V. E., Lamb, J. W. R., McParlane, H. M., Monahan, J. J., McMahon, T., Morgan, H. C., Moffatt, G., Norris, H. Y., Parker, E. L. C., Rowntree, E. A. S., Redshaw, F. J., Robertson, P., Stewart, J. C., Sullivan, J., Thompson, A. V., Tiller, C. N., Watts, J. E. W., Woodnut, F. H., Whyte, W. B., Wilson, W., Whitelaw, E. R., Robbins, A. V., Thomas, W. J.

No. 12. PLATOON.

Lieut. Strack, G. S.; Sgts. Sutton, H. H., Mawley, R.; Cpls. Callender, W. G., Jackson H. M., Stubbs, P.; Lance-Cpl. Empey, W. A.; Pvtcs. Andrewes, L. C., Banks, H. V. T., Benney, J. G., Baker, M. A., Buchan, J., Baldwin, S., Black, R. M. S., Cutts, B., Cutts, W., Cranswick, A., Cranswick, J., Cumming, G., Clark, J. D., Davis, E. S., Harris, J., Hornsby, J. E., Hurst, T. H., Johnstone, A. B., Jones, W., Kenny, A. H., G. Keats, H., McIvor, J., McEwan, R., McKay, J., Monk, F., Mills, H., Miller, H. G., Orr, J. G., Perry, D. A., Rawlings, W. J., Rutherford, E. W., Reid, P. D., Smith, P. T., Smith, A., Scott, G. R., Thorburn, E. C., Wilson, R., Wood, T., Watmore, G. F., Walkden, R.

C. COMPANY INFANTRY.

No. 14 PLATOON.

Lieut. Wakelin, W. R.; Sergeants Milne, W. H., Hayhurst, L., Q.-M. Sergt. Slade, T. H.; Corporals Heslop, W., Lukis, C. W. F.,

Connell, H.; Lance-Corpl. James, W., Keith, R. G., Page, W. E., Gadd, A. C.; Privates Armstrong, G. Beddis, W. J., Broughton, A., Brown, R. L., Coumbs, J. F. H., Donaldson, J. L., Kennedy, H., Lord, E., March, W. H., White, W. Aitken, T. H., Davis, A., Hight, G. L., Harris, G. W., Knox, T. S. J., Mudden, V. G., Morris, W. J., McQuilken, Jas., McQuilken, Jno., McDonald, J. A., Mathies, A., Nordstrom, H., Orme, H. E., Prothecoe, W., Prothecoe, E., Pearce, W. A., Reeves, W. J., Rennie, A. F., Russell, R. D., Shirley, S. G., Stone, G. L., Tavendale, J. P., Williams, C. S., Woods, L.

C. COMPANY.

No. 15 PLATOON.

Lieut. Lavie, Sergt. Ramsay, R. G.; Corporals Beumelburg, E., Eaton, J. A., Darwin, L. J., Wood, C. Lance-Corpl. Chammen, H. F., Dalley, E. R., Elderton, A.; Privates Ashby, M. A., Anderson, H. J., Barnes, H., Brown, J. H., Cresswell, L., Cristofanini, J., Cummins, T. F., Friel, D. P., Gallagher, P., Gardiner, S., Hazelton, T., Higgins, A. E., Hodgson, W. E., Judge, G., Long, F. W., Mantine, W., Milne, G. R., Mitchell, R. E., Pearey, G., Rose, L. H., Richards, Smith, A. W., Smith, N. L., Suckling, E. A., Tregonning, H. V., Tesio, S., Wat-son, W. L., Walton, L., Walker, H., Wilson, C. M.

No. 5. COMPANY ARMY SERVICE CORPS.

N. Z. E. F.

Lieuts. Crump, S. H., Hutchinson, G. R.; C.S.M. Roper, G. E.; Q.-M.S., Page, A. W. J.; Sergeants Smith, S. H., Slingsby, T. W., Issr. Middlebrook, N. V., Cox, V. W.; Whlr. Johnson, G.; Saddlr. Pritchard, A. E.; Sergt. Dempsey, J. E.; Corporals Pettit, L. H., Evans, D. H., Farr, Sim, T.; Lance-Corpls. Scott, J. A., Dale-Taylor, H., Taylor, E., Pollock, G., Hawthorne, R. W., Jerrau, W. G., Brown, A. F., Secombe, H. C.; Drivers Beacham, F. H., Beagle, F. G., Benjamin, A. E., Beresford, L. C., Bakers W. T., Butt, F. C., Craig, R. F., Crompton, H. M.; Dvr. Cook, Dearsley, W.; Drivers Dewar, V. S., Donaldson, R. C., Dixon, L. E., Fabian, J. C. R.; Private Cook, Gribble, H.; Drivers Howard, J., Holmes, N. K.; Private Ings, A.; Drivers Jamieson, A. J. H., Low, W. A., Mackay, F. W., Mackay, W. H., Manning, H., Mathias, S. G., Newman, W. H.; Private Page, W. C.; Drivers Pigott, W. H., Parkins, C. A., Radd, T. H.; Private Reed, H. L.; Farrier Rodman, C. A.; Drivers Rose, F. E., Smith, C. T., Smith, F.; Dvr. Pitter Speed, H. M.; Drivers Stanley, R., Stutchbury, S. C.; Private Summers, T. W.; Wheeler Taylor, R. S.; Drivers Turner, H. G., Ure,

E. H.; Wheeler Ward, W. G.; Drivers Williams, D. W., Wilkinson, F. C.; Saddler Wray, R. L. H.

NEW ZEALAND MEDICAL
CORPS.

Capt. Gordon, K. F., Myers, D. F., Macpherson, D. G., Nelson, A. D.; Sergeants Hostick, J. B., Gould, S. H.; Corporals Perkins, S. N., Tait, J. D.; Private Anderson, J. D., Bruford, S. H., Britton, J. G., Bowell, F. T. A., Clarke, W. A., Clarke, H., Cummins, J. A. B., Combridge, O. E. B., Dickson, J., Devine, J., Ellery, E. V., Greenwood, C., Gibson, R. J., Hammond, H. M., Hendry, C. A., Joy, G. R., Jones, C. R., Lunt, T. A., Middenhall, P. E. B., Neill, P., Pullynn, E. O., Sievwright, W., McL., Stratford, H., Stewart, H., Tiffen, H. M., Yeaton, H.

NURSING STAFF.

Sister Goldsmith, E. M., Sister Brawn, E. M.

N. Z. VETERINARY
CORPS.

Captain Taylor, A.; Sergt. Bell, T.; Corp'l Lunn, F. J.; Lance-Corpl. Lloyd, A.; Pvtcs. Bevan, W., Davidson, W. A. A., Cookson, R. M., Fitzgerald, T., Little, A., McConnell, T., Norgrove, C., Farnell, H., Tubman, R., Wallace, C. G.

The earth is full of anger,
The seas are dark with wrath,
The Nations in their harness.
Go up against our path:
Ere yet we loose the legions—
Ere yet we draw the blade,
Jehovah of the Thunders,
Lord God of Battles, aid!

(From Kipling's Hymn before Action.)