HOSE who from choice, like a recent well-known writer, or from necessity, like the shepherd on the hills, the settler in the backblocks, the sentry, and the sailor man, have to witness the breaking of the day, are not without their compensations, especially if, like Crockett, they are lovers of nature or have some sense of the beautiful. Many, alas, have no such sense. They are like Wordsworth's Yokel:

A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

A sunrise to them is nothing more than the opening of a new day; its mystery and witchery is not for them; a sunset nothing but a splotch of colour in the sky; the mystic beauty is hidden from their eyes.

We have had some really fine sunsets this week. The great artist of the sky is for ever painting his inimitable pictures. How many have
been feasting their eyes upon the transformations of form and colour? We had a remarkable picture in the western sky on Thursday evening. When you had looked at it steadily for a minute you saw a broad river of red molten gold. On the far side, inlets running between great bluffs, and on the near side sedges and trees. In the upper reaches, a land-locked basin with a great ship riding at anchor, and in the lower reaches stretching into the far distance thousands of islets of every conceivable shape and size. We have seen the glories of the sunrise, and the splendours of "Sunset and Evening Star" in both the old world and the new, but never have we seen anything to equal what once we saw from the slopes of Mount Egmont, above the clouds. We had left the camp in the darkness of a never-to-be-forgotten autumn morning, and stood on a narrow razor-back ridge of the mountain, at a height of 5000 feet. Behind us was the camp, and the stunted scrub from which we had emerged; beneath us, a deep and wooded gorge, from which ascended the lowing of wild cattle; on our right and above us, the summit of the mountain, piercing the sky for another 3000 feet, majestic and still, clad in its mantle of white; in front and to the left stretching to the far horizon, a billowy sea of snow-white cloud; and in the far distance, at the gates of opening day, the peak of Ruapehu, Tongariro, and Ngaruahoe, rising like islands out of the cloudy sea, a fairy spray seeming to break upon their sides. We stood in silent wonder watching the fleeing shadows and the growing light.

Speech at such a time would have been an impertinence. Words would have been futile to
voice the feeling in our hearts, or to describe the magnificence before our eyes. The light grew clearer and the outline of the mountain seemed to cut the sky; quick fiery sparkles shot along the cloudy horizon; the majestic cone above us changed from snowy white to rosy pink; then, in a breathless moment, the lord of day flooded our upper world with radiant light.
Surgeon Captain McLean has begun a series of lectures, on First Aid for the benefit of officers and men.

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Most of the officers and men have been inoculated this week for fever.

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With this issue we present our readers, not only with the usual page of illustrations, but with a chart showing the disposition of our convoy and escort, with the name of each ship, its tonnage and speed.

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A somewhat daring local in the last issue of the Tatler, was censored out of existence. We cannot even make the remotest allusion to it, but sympathise with our readers in their loss.

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We have come to the conclusion, that we have in the Expeditionary Force as a whole, a fine lot of men, and a particularly willing lot on board this ship. There are few, if any shirkers; quarrels are almost unknown and are soon settled; and there is a capital understanding between officers and men. "The Duke's son, and the Cook's son" "Meet on the same Level" and let us hope that in the end of the day they "will part on the square".

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All the same there are men and men. Temperament is revealed not only in "boxing" but also in "brushing". It is a treat to see with what thoroughness some of the men sweep the decks and groom the horses, although they know it will have to be done all over again in a few hours. A horse ship is a continual heartbreak to a man who is methodical and tidy.

Locals.
yet some of the horses and horsestalls with their surroundings are as near perfection as the conditions will admit. On the other hand some men scuffle round the deck and use the dandy brush as though they were quite new both to broom and brush. They seem to be saying within themselves:— “This is good enough” or “this will pass muster”. We understand that two men look after ten horses. How would it do to offer a weekly prize, (not necessarily a money prize) for the best kept horses and stalls? Who will come to the rescue?

+ * +

We hope that the troopers will respond to the invitation which the Editor addresses to them for copy. We want the paper to be representative of all ranks, and to reflect every shade of opinion. Moreover it will be much more valuable as a souvenir of the voyage if every side of the ship’s social life is reflected in it. Knowing, as we do that every class of civilian life is represented in the ranks, it is certain that there are dozens of men who have in the past contributed to School and College Magazines.
SATURDAY 31st OCTOBER.

Nothing of note has transpired today. The men have had the boats out, and have greatly enjoyed visiting the transports, and hailing some of their comrades quartered on these.

When the boat ranges alongside a veritable fusilade of questions is hurled from both sides, and a lot of good natured banter takes place. The men on board the Tahiti regarded an Orari boat load with envious eyes, as they for some reason had not been permitted the use of the ship's boats. Word has gone round that we leave tomorrow at daybreak, and general satisfaction is expressed both fore and aft.

SUNDAY 1st NOVEMBER.

At seven o'clock this morning the Orvietta, the Flagship of the Australian Expeditionary Force, the first of an imposing line of 26 transports, steamed slowly past us; then the Maunganui leading the first line, and the Arawa the second, we followed; and all had cleared the heads by 9 o'clock. The formation is now as follows:—we have a battle cruiser ahead, and one each on either flank. The Australians are in three lines of seven, nine and ten; we follow in two lines of five as before. The Japanese cruiser, and the two Westralian boats will join us presently, when in all probability the Westralians will fall in behind the Australian line of seven, and the cruiser will take up station in the rear. We have had a most auspicious start for this the third stage of our journey. Albany Bay looked its loveliest, and the sun was tempered by a gentle breeze.

We must have been a magnificent sight to any onlooker who witnessed our departure, but of these there seemed to be few.

We were not long out when we were informed that our next port of call was to be—not Colombo—but Capetown!

Official Log. Dist. run 31 knots. gentle breeze W.N.W.
In the tropics.

No. 1 Troop C. Sqd.

N. Z. Trooper in Church Parade
Uniform as per orders issued

"Slouch hats and Denim coats".
Owing to the modesty of the troopers
this was not carried out.
MONDAY 2nd NOVEMBER.

The most ominous tidings, that we have yet received, came from Headquarters this morning, viz:— that Britain had declared war against Turkey. This will probably mean the end of Turkey in Europe, by the time Russia and the Balkan States have done with her, but it may also mean grave complications in our Indian Empire and in Egypt. We may be assured that our Imperial Statesmen have not gone to war without long and anxious consideration of all the possibilities involved. In all likelihood their hands have been forced by Turkey’s open and insolent disregard of the Laws of Neutrality.

After Prayers this morning the Adjutant read the General Orders regarding the censorship of correspondence, and intimated, on the authority of the N.T.O. that the course had been altered and that we were now heading straight for Colombo. A welcome break in the somewhat monotonous round of duty, took place tonight, in the shape of a capital concert organised by the N.C.Os, and the men, which was given on the forehatch. It revealed the fact that we have musical talent aboard of no mean order. Elsewhere our reporter furnishes an account of the proceedings.


TUESDAY, 3rd NOVEMBER.

We were joined this afternoon by the transports from Freemantle, accompanied by the I’Buki and the Pyramus.


WEDNESDAY 4th NOVEMBER.

Early this morning most of the ship’s company were startled out of their slumbers by a succession of tremendous rolls. For the space of some minutes we seemed to be wallowing in the trough of the sea, and almost standing on our beam ends.

The horses got a big surprise, but soon settled down to the swaying motion. Some sensational stories are told of narrow
escapes from serious accidents. The officer on the bridge observed an extra big swell approaching the ship. Some account for it, on the ground of a submarine disturbance—not of the German variety.

Some speculation was caused today when the Maunganui left her station, and almost disappeared over the horizon; the cause we shall probably know tomorrow.

Official log: Dist. run 220 knots; gentle breeze, wind W.S.W. Temperature (at noon) Air 70 Sea 70.

THURSDAY 5th NOVEMBER.

We struck a South East Trade wind this morning. It will probably last for six or seven days, when we may expect the North East Monsoon, which is a warm dry wind. The sun is hot, and men off duty are seeking every available shelter. Awnings are being erected to protect the heads of the horses, and openings are being made in the horse boxes to permit free passage of air.

The ship's bedding is getting a sun bath; we are decorated from stem to stern and half way up the ratlines with the various details. From now on many of the men will sleep on the hatches, the tops of the horse stalls, or any other convenient corner.

We learn this morning that our next port of call is really Colombo. Now that we are at war with Turkey, the Expeditionary Force may be required in Egypt in certain contingencies. There is little doubt that the first intention was to take us to Europe via Capetown. We also learn that the Maunganui went off her course yesterday for a serious operation, which was successfully performed. The Minotaur came up from the rear and through our lines this morning, belching thick smoke from all her funnels. She had evidently been through the Convoy during the night on a tour of inspection. Later in the day the following message came through "The Minotaur to N.Z. Convoy, Station keeping and general order, especially as regards lights, is most satisfactory".

Some excitement was caused in the afternoon by a smudge of smoke, which was discovered on the far horizon immediately behind the Convoy, and which indicated that a vessel of some
sort was overhauling us. Very soon the cruiser in our rear was seen to leave her station travelling in the direction of the stranger. After some time she returned, and later the smudge grew until it materialised into the H.M.S. Osterly. She passed by quite close to our starboard line. Speculation is rife as to whether she will remain with us or be permitted to go on.


FRIDAY 6th NOVEMBER.

The wind today is round in the S. E. and we are consequently getting more benefit from it. There is no sign of the Osterly this morning. Someone suggests that the Admiralty may be using her as a decoy for the Emden that if she sights the Emden she will scurry back and the cruisers will hurry forward. The Maunganui and the Hawkes Bay have left their stations and retired to the rear of the convoy, for what purpose we can only vainly surmise.

Official log: Dist. run 259 knots; Gentle Trades S. E. Temperature (at Noon) Air 76 Sea 74.
That, the Naval Transport Officer likes to have his little joke concerning the route of the Expeditionary Force.

That, the Orari Troopers are to all appearance a cross between a lunatic asylum and a penitentiary! The craze for shaven heads which is spreading to the officers quarters, and is usually a conspicuous sign of a mental patient, combined with the denim overalls, many of which are branded with the broad arrow, and a number, go far to justify the conclusion.

That, certain men on this ship have very little sense of humour, and that men who deal in that commodity had better beware! Nuf Sed.

That, a certain sergeant takes a malicious delight in clipping close the locks of his bosom friends.

That, “Too many cooks spoil the broth” as witness the heaving overboard of poor Kaitoke.

That, one of the crew in the 3rd officer's boat on Saturday last, contemplating the possibility of a visit to an Australian Transport said in deeply disappointed tones as the Chaplain went down the ladder, “Oh Lord, this looks like beer; I don't think!”

That, two horse picquets one night this week were discovered, laboriously putting a horse's forelegs under him with the idea of getting him up.

That, an animated discussion took place the other day between two troopers as to the cost of living in N.Z. and Australia, one maintaining against the other that it was higher in Australia than in N. Z. A third trooper ended all controversy by stating authoritatively that it was the same in both countries, viz: sixpence a glass.

That, under medical advice the N. T. O. began to grow a beard, but was so appalled at the appearance of the first crop, that he desisted and changed his doctor.

The meeting closed with "God Save The King." Sergt. Richardson and Trooper Turner accompanied the songs very sympathetically.

Major Whyte thanked the N.C.Os and men for a delightful evening and hoped that they would have many such during the voyage.
A Dream.

With recollections of "C" Squadron parades at Awapuni.

I dreamt that we were torpedoed, and the ship was sinking fast,
Our days on earth were numbered, we soon would breathe our last,
But the sergeant gave his orders in the customary way,
For our dying could not alter Standing Orders for the day.

Parade on deck immediately, and pass the words, you chaps
Roll your overcoats and covers, and today you'll wear your caps
Bring your haversacks and bottles, and rations for the day
Make your boots and buttons shiny, and shake it up, I say.

Come on, get out, "C Squadron" the sergt. major cried,
"You're nearly half a minute late, and what is more beside [drown
You shall wear your hats this morning, and although we are to
You must not have the sides turned up, be sure they all are down."

The captain next gave orders, and his voice was rich and clear,
He knew his end was coming, but held no thought of fear,
He gave his order sharply, with perhaps a touch of scorn
"I've told you once already that caps are to be worn."

The Major next approached us, with a slow and stately stride
He scanned the row of faces, and his heart was filled with pride
Then gave his final order like a born aristocrat,
"I have issued my instructions that each man will wear a hat."

Just then the ship dived under, and each man met his fate
We crossed death's lonely river, and knocked at heaven's gate
St. Peter made us welcome, he would not turn us down
But said "Your trouble's over, you each shall wear a crown"

BECEJA,

Transport No. 6.

7th Nov. 1914.
Correspondence.

(The Editor does not accept any responsibility for opinions expressed by correspondents).

Answers to correspondents. Anxious; “Buster” is a nom de plume of course, but his identity is known to us.

Curiosity; We cannot divulge the information you ask for.

Non Combatant; Your lines have no little merit, but both the rhythm and the rhyme want licking into shape before we can publish them in the Tatler. Call at the office for them and try your hand again.

Tarry-Diddle; We have thrown your communication into the waste paper basket. It would in any case have been censored out of existence.

Subscriber; Your sentiments are unworthy of anyone who reads our high class paper.

Prohibitionist; We can vouch that nothing stronger than coffee is served in the officer’s mess. They share the ship’s water with the men.

Mr. Editor,

The top av the mornin’ to yez; an’ I hope yez are lukkin’ as venerable as Pat Sullivan’s grey haired donkey, and as swate tempered as new milk. When i seen that litter av me frind “Buster” wid its quare lingo, in your paper lasht week, I sed to mesilf, “Pat me boy, perhaps the editur can do yez a good turn too begorra, as the cat said to the hin whin she was alitin the chicken”, an’ so I vinture to address your ’anner, God save your ’anner’s soul, to see if yez can can do anything for a poor divil of an Irishman.
that has the misfortune to be wid yez on this T.T. ship. Bedad I was rale proud to offer me services to the Impire that's givin' justice at long last to me distressful Countrhy, but I little knew avic what a burnin' thirst wad consume me inside in the doin' av it. Ye see your 'anner I've been used to takin' a drap o' the cratur wid me males and a few drops wid the boys in bechune, ever since I was a gossoon at Biddy Maloney's wee shebeen in the Kilkenny hills "a long long way from Tipperary". And, be the same token, in O'Flaherty's little shanty, forninst the Bush, in a Wist coast township which we needn't mention your 'anner, where good old "Dick" wud take a sup wid me, and me bussom frind Mike O'Hara. So your 'anner what I'm after sayin' is this, as the cow said to the man when she was pokin' her horns intill him, Wud your 'anner use your influence wid the Gineral to have me taken off this ship, and put on one of those Australyan boats where I'm told they get there grog wid every male. If your 'anner cud see your way to do this for a poor divil of an Irishman that's never been behind before, in the matter of his grog, he'll pray that your 'anner may never wear a wig till the sun burns all the hair off your pate.

**PAT O' SHAUGHNESSEY.**

We regret that our principles will not permit us to do what our correspondent desires. Indeed policy as well as principle forbids it. Our readers can see that were we to do it for Pat, we should be simply overwhelmed with similar applications.