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1917
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THE
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THE KLINK
A Souvenir of the Voyage of S.S. Turakina (H.M.N.Z.T. 84)
April to July, 1917; and a History of the Doings of the Left Wing of
the 25th Reinforcements N.Z.E.F. on their Way to the Front

Editorial

The Days of Peace were full of quiet joy and mellowed sorrow: but these have
slipped away into the realm of forgotten things: and the sun to-day shines
blood-red upon a land shrouded with the clouds of war and noisy with the
thunder of cannon. Still Providence preserves a true balance in all things: through
the warp of sharp sadness runs the woof of shining joy, for these great days of ours
have seen the wonderful triumph of spirit over flesh, of warm comradeship over narrow
selfishness, and of national wellbeing over personal ambition.

Not least stirring of the wonders that confront the world to-day is that of all of
Britain's sons hastening forward to pledge their sturdy bodies and brawny arms for the
Empire, constituting a veritable band of crusaders with the red cross of right and justice
graven in their hearts. . . . What a strange concourse they be: lawyers, students,
farmers, bushmen, teamsters, ironworkers, labourers, squatters, men of commerce—
different yet the same; of various casts of mind, yet one for Empire—a citizen army in
very truth, where the distinction between officers and men is determined, not by class or
caste, but by the possession of military skill and experience, and where all are animated
with the spirit of self-sacrifice. A common purpose knits them all together: a cherished
ideal inspires them: and the soul of a citizen army with a corporate opinion and con-
genial standards is being developed.

The daily round of the citizen-soldier does not throw into high relief the great
ideals of liberty and justice for which he is fighting: that which stands out sharply to
him as the immediate result of service with his comrades-in-arms is helpful sympathy,
kindy deed and cheery word, merry quip, quiet joke, and playful banter.

To give expression to the life of this part of our New Zealand Army is the purpose
of this souvenir. It shall be nothing if not bright and gay: the small things of daily
routine will rub shoulders with thoughts of higher moment: the pencil as well as the pen
shall tell the story: the Maori and Pakeha will help to its conclusion. The sporting
instincts of our race will oftentimes be asserted, and to strengthen thoughts of home and
loved ones will be found impressions of new and strange countries.

The roll of officers and men will be emblazoned upon its pages, and who can tell the
 glory that awaits them on the battle-field? There are amongst us gunners, engineers,
tunnellers, signallers, machine-gunners, Maori pioneers, and the men of the Infantry,
the Queen of Battles, who are all anxious with harmony of action and unity of aim to
perpetuate the glory of our heroes of Gallipoli and of Flers.

We place this souvenir in the hands of our loved ones in far distant Maoriland as a
token of our affection, and an indication of the cheerful and steadfast intention that
pervades our reinforcements. To others who as yet know us not, these pages may serve
as an introduction to the thoughts and ways of a younger nation. Kia ora.
The Klink

Officers


N.Z.F.A.

2nd Lt. J. Duggan.

" R. L. Pearless.

5th Tunnelling Corps

Lt. T. Cooper.

" H. Langdon.

Specialists

Lt. A. A. Dignan.

2nd Lt. A. B. Sands.

" F. J. Baker.

17th Maoris

2nd Lt. H. S. Montgomery.

Infantry "B" Coy.

2nd Lt. J. H. McCrea.

" G. X. B. Poppelwell.

" E. Clarke.

Infantry "C" Coy.

2nd Lt. M. J. A. McKeefry.

" G. R. Jones.

" N. R. Harper.

Infantry "G" Coy.

Lt. W. B. Rule.

2nd Lt. S. M. Satterthwaite.

" L. J. Nutting.

" F. W. Parry.

Infantry "H" Coy.

Lt. W. H. O. Slater.

2nd Lt. A. F. T. Munro.

" G. H. Henderson.

Infantry "J" Coy.

Lt. T. G. Robertson.

N.Z.M.C.

Capt. R. S. Stephenson.

" S. A. Moore.

" W. M. Macdonald.

Sister (Mrs.) Macdonald.

R.A.M.C.

Capt. C. Armstrong (attached from Sierra Leone).

N.Z.D.C.

Capt. R. F. Johnston.

Chaplains

Capt. H. G. Gilbert (Presbyterian).

" C. H. Harvey (Anglican).

Ship's Officers

Commander: J. R. Kirk.

Surgeon: A. McGrath.


Steward-in-Charge: F. W. Harris.


Anzac

Soldier, soldier, over the sea,
Deep in thy sleep I mourn for thee,
For the graves are thick, and the blood flow'd free.
And sad is my soul because of thee,
And the crosses break the heart o' me,
I speak, your Mother, England!

The boys who fell at Anzac
Were not afraid to die;
These hero men, whose strength was ten,
And smitten hip and thigh,
Now take their rest among the blest
In their hallowed home above,
And the peace they know is for ever so
In the Father's realms of love.

The boys who bled at Anzac
Were like a pillared fire;
From East to West at thy behest,
They came, but not for hire;
In a shallow bed, these honoured dead
Now lie near a foreign sky,
And they sleep the sleep that is sound and deep
With the guns for their lullaby.

Mother, Mother over the sea,
List to the song we sing to thee;
Tho' graves are thick and the blood flow'd free
We gave it all—for love of thee,
Our gift to thy children, Liberty!
Mother, our Mother, England.
A PARAGRAPH in Ship's Routine Orders, No. 105, Part II., stated that No. 70127, Pte. J. Jones, had been awarded 168 hours' detention for spitting down the ship's funnel, a dirty and dangerous habit, particularly detested by the engineers and stokers. It was all very well for the Routine Orders—a man's magazine of considerable human interest and personal pathos—to use the word "spitting," but, as we expect our journal to have a wider and more genteel circle of readers, we prefer to use the word "expectorate." Now you may think that this tragic act of expectoration on the part of Pte. Jones, which resulted in a seven days' sojourn in the "Klink," brought about a full measure of remorse during the week in which he had time to dwell on the consequences of his heinous crime, but if you do you are grievously at fault. Pte. Jones actually wept when he was told at the end of the 168 hours' detention to take up his bed and life-belt and return to his humid quarters and to five hours' drill per day in a tropical sun. During his detention in the "Klink," Pte. Jones had his meals brought to him, had his mess gear washed for him, and was supplied with plenty of light literature and magazines containing pictures of dainty damsels, leading actresses and cinema favourites, upon the beauty of whose faces and forms he could feast his eyes all day long. He was also given cool and airy quarters in the best part of the ship, and, whenever he wanted a walk, was taken to a "wireless station." No wonder Pte. Jones wept. The sentries on guard, who did two hours on and two hours off, and who were dressed in New Zealand's cold-defying khaki uniform, had to stand with fixed bayonets for the period of their watch in the full glare of the tropical sun, and therefore it is no wonder that Pte. Jones was moved to remark one day to the sentry, even as the lunatic did to the road-mender, "that he was on the wrong side of the fence, that the chap on the inside had the easiest time."

There is a mythical place in the ship called the "mat." It is in the vicinity of Headquarters and is bounded on the north by the O.C., and on the east and west by the ship's police, but is quite open to the south, this being the direction from which one approaches the "mat" and retires from it. No soldier may stand on the "mat" with his hat on, and neither can a soldier who has never been charged with any crime aspire to a footing upon it. The "mat" is reserved for those who are slack in their conformity to military law and order. The shortest cut to the "mat" is to be absent without leave, but of course there are other ways known to most soldiers. Once a soldier is placed upon the "mat" he may not leave until the order "'Bout turn! Quick march!" has been given, and then it is quite on the cards that he does not return to his quarters, but that the "quick march" leads him towards the "Klink." If anyone on board this Transport has not yet been placed on the "mat," and is desirous of the experience, let him trespass on any portion of the ship which is out of bounds—practically the whole of the ship except the holds, the top of the funnel (you can only get there if you have duty on the boat-deck), and the tops of the masts—and he will find himself, hatless, in the orderly room.

Somebody on the Turakina has a "kina" sense of humour than most soldiers. After all the growling there has been between Sydney and Durban because of the confinement to the ship, somebody was awarded "C.B." in mid-ocean. God only knows where he would have gone to if he had not been "confined to barracks," which in this case, we presume, means "confined to ship." Perhaps if he had not been awarded "C.B." he would have stepped over the side and gone out into the
beautiful blue paddock to play with the flying fish or flirt with the mermaids. It was quite like old times to hear after the morning glory—"Get up, get up," and so on—the C.B. call: "You can be a defaulter as long as you like, as long as you answer the call." We had begun to think that the orderly sergeants were the only persons on board who were expected to chase the bugle, for ever since we left Wellington we have been hearing "Double, Double, Toil and Trouble, &c.," at frequent intervals during the day.

One does not expect to find much humour in a sick parade, but as one of the Medical Officers on this Transport endeavours to make the punishment fit the crime, he is at times the cause of innocent merriment. Even as the Lord loveth a cheerful sinner, so does the miserable sick Tommy love a cheerful M.O., particularly when the latter is a little suspicious and facetious. Take a typical instance: Outside the medical orderly room there is a long line on sick parade. The M.O. calls, "Next, please," and a lance-jack stiffens and roars, "Number, Four-naught-naught-two-four, Pte. Clarence Fitzwilliams, Tunnelling Coy."—tough fellows these Tunnellers—and Clarence, doubled up amidships and looking a picture of misery, is pushed in front of the almighty presence. "Well, what's the matter with you?" "Violent pains in my stomach, Sir." "Anything else wrong?" "Violent pains in my head, Sir." "You seem to be a very violent kind of man altogether." The pulse is felt and the tongue examined, and then the M.O. asks very abruptly, "Well, what do you want?" "Some medicine, I suppose, Sir." "Anything else?" "I don't know, Sir." Here the M.O. breaks into one of his special stunts. He looks keenly at the sick soldier and says, "Now look here, the only man I growl at is the fellow who won't say what he wants." The Tunneller, even if his physical being is racked with violent pains, is a quick thinker, and he says, "Yes, Sir, I want seven days' excused duty." "Ah! now we will get on famously. I want to be kind to you men, but what can I do if you won't make up your minds what you want? You can have four days' excused duty, and perhaps you had better start with a dose of castor oil." It is stated that on one occasion a sick man was paraded before this particular M.O., who, after an apparently casual glance and without examination, said, "Ah! I can easily tell what is the matter with you. You must take a dose of castor oil and can have four days' excused duty." "What's that you said? Ah! of course, castor oil would not be much good for rheumatism. Let me see your foot."

**Ships and their Names**

THERE are five-and-twenty ways
Of constructing tribal lays,
And every blessed one of them is right,
but there is only one correct way of pronouncing Ulysses, and that is by accenting the second syllable, as in molasses, and lengthening the final one. But the mercantile marine is, like Anastasius, super grammaticam, and the New Zealand Army says that what is good enough for the mercantile marine is good enough for it. Hence the almost universal use of the caption "Yewl's's" or even "Yews'l's." Pronunciation under the Southern Cross is such that no one but a philosopher can listen to it without groaning, but it has surpassed itself in its treatment of the Greek hero. Greek hero! has anyone stopped to ponder the significance of the names of our leading ships? Ulysses, one of the heroes of the greatest war of antiquity, and first of romantic adventurers, how well fitted is his name to inspire those heroes of the greatest war of all time who circle the globe to take part in it!

Ascanius, the boy Ascanius, who was led from the burning ruins of Troy by his father,
THE KLINK

Aeneas, and accompanied him on his wanderings to Carthage and Italy—and finally Marathon, what memories are conjured up in that name!

"The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free.

Shades of Aristides and Miltiades, the Haig and Joffre of ancient Athens, who overthrew the Persian invader and his trained hordes, and saved their city from a brutal foreign yoke! The Athenians have fallen, alas, from their high estate, and not to Byron, but to his American parodist, must we turn for a true valuation of the modern Greek:

Massey's Men

I'm sittin' on a troopship, in the balmy evenin' breeze,
An' the nearest land is two miles underneath;
I drink Bill Massey's lime-juice, and I masticate 'is cheese,
With a set of Massey's artificial teeth.

I've a pair of Massey's meat plates on me tiny little feet,
I've a peaked hat branded Massey on me head,
An' I wear 'is blooming trousers, so I sit in Massey's seat,
An' me individuality is dead.

Then a longin' comes across me, an' me fancy takes a stroll
Down Cuba Street and round by Lambton Quay;
Till I starts apostrophisin', for the Ocean's gentle roll
Wakes me up, an' 'ere I am—somewhere at sea—.

You might think as 'ow I'm grumpy, but it's just the way I am,
With a thousand miles between me an' me beer;
If they sold it at the canteen, you could bet your Uncle Sam,
There'd be such an 'appy soldier sittin' 'ere.

Mainly Menu

We're sailing to the War,
In our Transport 84;
We're off to fight the foe,
Just why we don't quite know.

And if we all come through
The perils of the stew,
And are not driven silly
By performing, willy-nilly,
Right turn, left turn, form fours,
We may fight for some old cause.

It is rumoured round the ship,
And is passed from lip to lip
That since the first of May,
Poor old China's in a way;
They are eating rats and mice,
For we've collared all their rice;
We get it nearly every day,
In a different sort of way,
Till our skins begin to fade,
And take on a yellow shade.

A Mess-Orderly's Grouse

It's "Where's the salt and pepper?"
"Pass the butter and the jam!"
"Oh, blast the bally blighters!
They're not worth a tinker's damn."
Ordered West

All nature was smiling and gay as we drew out from Wellington. The landing stage was a sea of cheering faces—ribbons and even puttees were lowered from deck to wharf for the final touch of farewell—the ships were blurred with khaki—the telegraph office improvised in the starboard "wireless" was rushed by an eager throng, and the band added a brightening note as three grey nameless ships prepared to go out into the deep.

The voyage across the Tasman Sea was uneventful save for our first experience of the bark of a 4.7. Our destination was whispered from lip to lip, and no one started in surprise when we drew into single line and Sydney Heads loomed in the distance. We steamed in through a grey, misty drizzle that is rarely met with in the Southern Naples. Sydney has a call, a character, a genius loci that is distinctive. Endowed by nature with a romantic picture plan of winding bays and low weirdly-clad sandstone hills, spread-eagled by man in a hopeless maze of knock-kneed streets, girt with later circles of picturesque and gardened villas, refreshed through wide and leafy breathing-spaces where the wisteria blooms and the kookaburra sings, and brought up to the latest stage of culture and civilisation by French restaurants, American bars, ferries, taxis, lightning trams, mixed beaches and pure politicians, Sydney is one of the rare cities where a month can be profitably spent in doing nothing. We were at least fortunate in having eight days to do it in. The slight drawbacks of the first day’s rain, the absence of butter, the six o’clock closing and some other discomforts incidental to the sudden arrival of many men in an improvised camp, weighed lightly in the balance against the delights of our frequent visits to the city.

On our farewell march through the city we put our best foot forward, and were rewarded by the approbation of the Governor-General, the Press, and a cheering throng of citizens who turned out to wish Godspeed to the puggareed lads from Maoriland. Some of Sydney’s flappers seemed loth to sever their brief acquaintance with the more frivolous of our number, and lavished flowers and furtive embraces. Our passage down the harbour was made to the accompaniment of an indescribable din from shoals of craft of diminutive size and enormous whistle-power.

After a severe buffeting for some eight days in face of a westerly gale and a pounding sea we arrived in a sick and despondent state at Fremantle. Our visit to this town, and its larger sister Perth, was like the snakes in Ireland—it existed only in our imagination—and we resumed our journey, with our ennui undispersed. But we sailed into brighter skies and calmer seas, our meals became more permanent, and our minds turned to sport and music-making, concerts, court-martials and the other hundred and one ways of relieving the monotony of the long stretch.

The discomfort of the hot weather was added to by an epidemic of influenza, which unfortunately coincided with the high-water mark of our vaccination blisters; but there is an end to all things, and so, after five weeks’ stagnation in the brain-starving atmosphere of a troopship, broken only—or rather, shall we say, aggravated—by a distant glimpse of the spires of Fremantle and the sugar refineries of Mauritius, we arrived at the great seaport of Natal. Like water to a thirsty man, nay rather like nectar on the lips of a god, was the first sight of that city of pleasure and beauty. And to pleasure we gave ourselves up unrestrainedly. There was fortunately no delay in getting to the wharf or in disembarking, and the whole of the XXVths, with the exception of a few victims of duty, gave themselves up to pineapples, rickshas, bazaars, oranges, tram-rides, fresh bread and butter, real tea, and so forth.
To those who were journeying from Maori-land for the first time it was a new experience to bask on the stoep of an oriental hotel and watch the curious and motley crowd there assembled, the sporting women in diaphanous frocks, with painted faces and metallic voices, cigarettes everlastingly between their lips—a type of Englishwoman peculiar to the East, companionable enough but singularly un­lovable—the white-suited business men, the deft, neat, and silent Hindu servants who spring from every corner, the flower-sellers, the snake-charmers and instantaneous growers of mango trees—all these make up a picture that was fresh and fascinating to the un­sophisticated “Bill Masseys.”

One usual concomitant of these scenes was absent, the cocktail, the iced gin-sling, the long peg, the double vermouth. These add undoubtedly to the fascination of Eastern life, but when a grandmotherly Government has insisted on treating you like sucking schoolboys for six weeks, well then you all recognise that there are some amongst you for whom the sudden unlimited indulgence in grape-juice would be peculiarly dangerous—not for yourselves alone but for everybody in your vicinity.

Three delightful days passed almost unperceived in this lotus-eating pleasure place—and once more we are in our floating prison-house, but mellowed, softened,

As though of hemlock we had drunk . . . .
Or some dull opiate . . . . and Lethe-ward
had sunk,
reconciled, almost, to caress the hand that
guides us o’er the waves.

A few days’ easy sailing brought us again to port, at Capetown—the oldest town in South Africa, but now sinking into insignificance beside the mushroom city of Natal. It is withal a place of picturesque situation under Table Mountain, and rich in historic associations, having been occupied successively by the Dutch, Portuguese, French, and, of course, finally by the English. It retains, however, or rather, it has renewed, a measure of Dutchiness that creates an unpleasant flavour in the nostrils of your trueborn insular Briton. The policemen, the railway and post-office
employees, the tram conductors, etc., are all Dutch, which seems out of proportion to the number of members of that race one meets about town and in the hotels and cafés.

Capetown is a dish that needs a sauce of good weather to make it palatable—in an easterly wind the attractions of Camps Bay, Sea Point, and the Kloof are reduced to vanishing point. Even the stately picturesque-ness of Groote Schuur, with its fine “Zoo,” statue, and Rhodes Memorial, is difficult of appreciation when the stormy winds do blow. This statue is placed on a view-point on the hillside above his house where Rhodes often used to sit and dream of Empire.

Fortunately the weather and the leave-god both smiled on us, and all ranks had numerous chances of visiting Wynberg, Stellenbosch, Hout Bay, Muizenberg, and other places of interest. Some energetic individuals even spent a day climbing Table Mountain, in which task they were aided and guided by a member of the local Alpine Club. Some hairbreadth escapes were recorded. Other more serious souls spent their evenings listening to Dutch debates in the House of Parliament. One very interesting debate took place in which Mr. Merriman shook up the would-be rebel Nationalists severely, and secured a 3 to 1 majority against them. But that division unfortunately did not settle the future of South Africa. The political horizon lowers darkly there, what with insolent blacks, rebellious Dutch, and indifferent English. But we of the Klink felt that we could not right matters by staying on, and so we pulled out and resumed our journey on a Friday morning.

On our voyage from the Southern Cross to the Bear we passed gradually into hot, stuffy, muggy weather, with a following wind and a growing sick parade. The hospital touched high-water mark on June 28 with fifty-four patients, but on the same day the men were granted permission to sleep on deck, and soon we were gliding into the North-East Trades and calling out for overcoats. Then hey for England and St. George!

For the unstarred members of the XXVth’s Freetown resembled Fremantle, as no leave was granted, but the officers were more fortunate, and the short glimpse of a real nigger town was interesting. At Durban there was much nigger, at the Cape there was more and of a civilised and objectionable type; but these towns were, after all, white men’s towns. Freetown is almost unadulterated nigger. The white man there is an anomaly, an excrescence, an anachronism. There are, to be sure, a railway of very narrow gauge, a general, a post-office, a bank, an hotel, a governor, a club, a bishop, and some other features of English life, but these things do not obtrude themselves. Two minutes’ walk in any direction brings you into the heart of a negro population. Their houses certainly are only imitations of those in our own slums, and deep concrete culverts bear evidence of the violence of the tornadoes, but everything else is redolent of the lazy, dirty, insanitary nigger.

The town is picturesquely laid out in straggling streets along the river-bank, which is indented by many pretty bays, and clad in tropical vegetation of luxuriant green. Beautiful red and yellow flowers meet the eye everywhere, and there are many lofty cotton and breadfruit trees, the latter heavy with their tempting nutriment. The European bungalows are raised on piles, for the double purpose of ensuring a cooling draught and lessening the invasion of various insect pests. Sierra Leone has been called the “White Man’s Grave,” as it is infested by a deadly form of tertian ague, and loathsome skin troubles are unpleasantly obvious among the native population. The Hill Station where most of the Europeans reside is reached in half an hour by the little railway which climbs round the hill above the town and passes a native village with huts laid out in orderly fashion.

The streets of the town are made simply of beaten earth, the gutters are full of sewage, and there are few decent shops. In some of these interesting curios were purchased—scimitars, gourds covered in leopard skin,
daggers, spears, carved ivory boxes, damascene ware, silken garments, etc. One adventurous spirit acquired a leopard skin partially cured which had an odour *sui generis*, and made even the Nigerians stand at a respectful distance. We each and all hugged the fond delusion that our own particular curios were "real native," indigenous, Sierra Leonian, but the owner of the leopard skin is the only one who can be certain that his property has never been in Birmingham, as it would not have been allowed to pass the Censor, unless he was a Censor deprived of his sensory organs.

The streets of Freetown are thronged with natives in picturesque and flowing garbs. In addition to the Nigerians there is a sprinkling of Haussas with smooth features and erect carriage, of cringing Hindu merchants, Arabs, and Egyptians. Many of the better-class natives have had a European education, some are qualified barristers or alumni of the Medical School of Edinburgh, and many are efficient clerks in the Post Office and other Government institutions. The native boys who act as servants, ricksha pullers, bearers for the hammocks or palanquins, which are covered with a shade and carried on the heads of four bearers, and also the numerous urchins who fetch and carry for visitors, are reputedly very honest, but the taint of our civilisation is over the youthful inhabitants. They beg unblushingly and insistently. There is a constant din of "dash me a penny, sah," from the boys, and "a kiss for a penny, boss" from girls of quite tender age. In the market places there is much fruit, but it is not cheap. Pines, mangoes, bananas, native apples, avocato pears, paw-paws and other weird fruits can be purchased, but most of them are more novel than refreshing, and require a cultivated taste for their full enjoyment.

The total impression created by the capital of Sierra Leone was that it is a desirable place to be away from, and nobody was sorry when we raised anchor on Saturday morning and set off for the last lap.

---

A devious but fortunately uneventful voyage brought us safely to our destination. The last week was rendered very unpleasant by the fact that our slumbers had to be curtailed so that we might "stand by" during the dangerous half-hour that accompanies the rising of H.M. Sol. No sleep was possible after, and very little before, as his majesty elects to begin operations at a very early hour in these latitudes. We had the further discomfort of living in our life-belts, and no one was sorry when the hospitable headlands of old England were in sight. A hasty farewell was taken of those of our comrades from whom we were separating, and we were soon happily ensconced on troop trains, with our kits, and munching the pasties for which the women of Devon are famous.

Our journey was a long and tedious one, but in the course of it we came to know each other and made many friendships that we hope will last longer than the war. Our visits to the various ports of call will be abiding and interesting recollections, and before long we will no doubt be feeling that there are worse places than the old Turakina.

*AVE ATQUE VALE.*

---

*Ortheris Ashore*

The captain brave to the shore has gone,
In the pubs of Perth you'll find him,
*With his glitterin' spurs and his Sam Brown on, And the troops all left behind him.*

"Damn the ship," cried the warrior bold,
"No wonser's threat shall daze me,
One night at least I will enjoy,
And 1,200 lads shall praise me!"

---

A follower of Rev. Bates' Meteorological Reports declares that "those weather 'predicaments' are undoubtedly accurate."

**Patient (recovering from influenza).** "No, sir, I don't want anything for my lumbago. The P.M.O. has promised to give me an anecdote for it!"
Random Definitions

A **SECOND LIEUTENANT** is, as a rule, distinguished by utter immobility of countenance, and great care in the use of aspirates. Unlike inferior ranks, a second lieutenant may wear a life-size cane in public, and must contribute to the cost of his uniform.

A **First Lieutenant** is a second lieutenant—modified by occasional contact with his men. First lieutenants are permitted to be on amicable terms with senior non-coms.

A **Captain** is a little lower than a Major.

A **Major** is the deuce of a jump higher than any Captain.

A **Lieutenant-Colonel** is a very superior officer who is never permitted to forget his early struggles and failures.

A **Colonel** does not willingly lend himself to definition: he must be seen to be realised.

A **General** is what Carlyle described as “an inscrutable somewhat.” His baton—if not his brains—may be discovered in the secret knapsack of almost any private.

An **Army Chaplain** is a spiritual officer with Headquarters in another place.

An **Army Doctor** is either an “old swine” or a “decent sort of chap,” according to his habit of signing his report sheet “E. D.” or “T. D.” respectively.

An **O.C.** is what the initials signify—always providing that the first word means “old.”

A **Sergeant-Major** is the hoarse person who stridently bawls “Markers—steady!”

A **Sergeant** is three steps in advance of a private, except on reversion, when he is one pace to the rear. In addition to an aspect of dog-like reverence and general humility, he wears six chevrons equally distributed on either arm. Owing to a passionate addiction to food, the sergeant is found in great abundance during meal hours. He is for the general purpose of receiving abusive epithets from the men and ironical innuendoes from the officers. He is usually quite tame, having bargained his moiety of original sin for promotion: his joie de vivre has run to word of command. A sergeant is by no means entitled to a salute, or even to the normal amenities of social intercourse. He is the exact opposite—perhaps the bête noire—of an adjutant. There is no such thing as a good sergeant or a bad sergeant: sergeants are just sergeants. It was probably to a sergeant that the poet referred when he wrote—

“Accursed spirit
Doomed for aye to wander ‘twixt Heaven and Hell.”

A sergeant is, by virtue of his rank, without a sense of humour. He must guffaw at any inanity emanating from an officer, but he may on no account signify his appreciation of jokes manufactured by privates. A sergeant is never—at least, in this life—forgiven for being a sergeant.

A **Corporal** wears two chevrons on each arm and is a shilling a day removed from a private. A corporal has no soul, as is indicated by the derivation of his title from the Latin word corpus—flesh. A corporal does the work of orderly-sergeant and most of the work of a sergeant.

A **Lance-Corporal** is distinguished by one chevron on each arm and is completely superior to a private. It is a common error to imagine that a lance-corporal is entitled to a salute, though the use of the word “sir” when addressing him is a customary and proper courtesy. The rank of Lance-Corporal is the first step towards the higher commands. Napoleon began life as a lance-corporal—le petit caporal—and it is worthy of note that the great general was prouder of his title, “the little Corporal” than he was of the more high-sounding “Emperor—soldier.” The rank of lance-corporal is not subject to monetary emolument.

A **Private** is the ultimate unit of fatigue-parties. He is as good a man as any of his superior officers, and “a dam sight better.” A private remains a private during
THE KLINK

L T. P A R R Y
Ship’s Quartermaster

L T. C O O P E R
The King of the Diggers

M R. S P E D D I N G
The “Third,” a typical salt-water bird

the whole period of his contempt for chevrons and other frivolous adornments. The New Zealand private is frequently referred to by himself in the most patronising and sympathetic terms. His pitiable plight is ascribed, not to circumstances, but to his possession of an abominably wicked and fabulously rich uncle, called Bill Massey. This unspeakable old sinner is blamed for the invention of denims, heavy boots, woolens, Canadian gas-pipes, prunes, rice, onions, butter, cheese, vegetables, stew, the slow march, sausages, Condy’s crystals, five-bob-a-day, and other cunning instruments of torture. It is dubious taste, and also contrary to regulations, to address a private as “Mister.” The private is often referred to in despatches as the moral of an army.

They had come to grips over the staying powers of African ricksha boys, one holding that they could cover 30 miles a day without fatigue, which statement No. 2 needed a copious draught of ship’s lime-juice to help him swallow. Thereupon No. 1 angrily demanded: “Have you ever ridden on a ‘rickershay’?”

The Call from Hades

A N A N I A S called from his place in Hades
To the master-liar and Hun,
“Come, brother, here is the place for thee,
The password is ‘Murder,’ lying the fee,
I will gladly yield my sceptre to thee
For a lower place in the sun.”

Traitor Judas then raised his voice,
And cried, “O William come,
’Tis long I have ruled the trait’rous race,
But now that you’re fit to take my place,
Come up and join me here in space,
Hail, Master! welcome home!”

Then Herod, the king, heard that awful cry,
And knew that his reign was o’er,
“O Kaiser,” he said, “the babes that I bled,
Are nought compared with the blood you’ve shed,
Come, then, to Hades and reign in my stead,
I ought to have asked you before.”

Then all three together cried out in glee
“He’s coming, see, Attila runs!”—
Right well did they welcome His Majesty in
(A splendid addition to dastard sin),
The gates of Hell clanged loud within
On Wilhelm, King of the Huns.
THE KLINK

Our Hot-Stuff Staff
(A ditty from B Company)

VERSE

Upon this trusty transport are some members of the staff,
Whose deeds are so eccentric that they almost make us laugh,
Their law and order they've dispensed e'er since we left the wharf
In good old Wellington.

CHORUS

Oh they're hot stuff, yes they're hot stuff,
They're the cause of all the trouble, cause of all the crime,
For the discipline they keep,
Would make a German weep,
And they're thinking out new orders all the time.

VERSE

First there is the Adjutant—a man of many parts,
With n'er a smile upon his dial, he scares the stoutest hearts;
In routine orders every night his wishes he imparts,
And his will must be done.

CHORUS

Mr. Harper, Mr. Harper—
He's the cause of all the trouble, cause of all the crime,
When you see him here and there,
And there's trouble in the air,
Then you know it's Mr. Harper every time.

VERSE

Our good ship's Sergeant-Major is both small and dark and bent,
But what he lacks in stature, he makes up in temperament;
He thinks to lay the law down straight from heaven he was sent,
And for swank he takes the scone.

CHORUS

The Sergeant-Major, the Sergeant-Major—
He's the cause of all the trouble, cause of all the crime,
When you hear a hullaballoo,
Every evening at tattoo,
Then you know it's Scotchie Cameron every time.

VERSE

Our policemen are a natty crowd, clean-shaven, brushed and neat,
Upon the rafts and hatchways they won't let us take a seat.
The engine room's the only place to go to from the heat,
For they keep us moving on.

CHORUS

It's the M.P.s, it's the M.P.s,
They're the cause of all the trouble, cause of all the crime,
When you see something a'crawling,
Growling, prowling, scowling, bawling,
You can bet that it's a 'John 'Op every time!
The Poilu  By “Lance Captain”

POILU is the French for Tommy, and literally means hairy. This is not a reference to the unshaven condition of the trench-dwellers, but is intended to connote strength, from the popular idea that the hairiness of a man’s chest is a measure of his physical power. During more than twelve months I had an opportunity of studying the Poilu at close quarters, and I formed a very high opinion of him. Strong and brave he undoubtedly is—also gay, bright, light-hearted, and grateful. He knows how to be cheerful under the most dismal circumstances. The blague gauloise is a thing the Germans are incapable of understanding, and it has led even the British into the error of treating the French as a flippant and insincere race.

The pay of the Poilu is only 2½d. a day, and till 1916 it was only a penny. But he gets food, wine, tobacco, clothing, and writing-paper free of cost, and his letters are franked to any part of France or Britain. His breakfast consists of a lump of dry bread and a bowl of coffee. There is no butter in the French soldier’s ration—florant Gallia et Australia! At 10.30 he has his dinner, which consists usually of a stew with vegetables, which he calls a ratatuya or “rata,” and 8 oz. of wine. A similar meal is served at 5 p.m. He gets no pudding, but plenty of bread and salad. There is no coddling of the Poilu unless he is fortunate enough to possess a marraine, or god-mother. These useful persons are usually obtained by advertisements, which are inserted both by the soldiers and the prospective marraines. The latter may be of any age, and either single or married, but, of course, young, single ones are preferred.

I had under my care a Sergeant of Zouaves, called Berthot, who had been shot through the shoulder in a rush. His wound was dressed by a Highlander, who carried him back to safety. Berthot was wearing a Moroccan medal (the French always wear their medals and not merely the ribbons), and he took it off and pinned it on the Highlander’s breast. When Berthot arrived at our hospital, there was a letter from a marraine awaiting another Berthot, who had been advertising. Our Berthot, the wrong one, opened the letter and answered it. The young lady, who was called Gilberte, was evidently ready to adopt any Poilu as her godson, and so she accepted the Zouave and straightway began a warm correspondence accompanied by gifts of chocolate, cigarettes, &c. Then a signed photo arrived, and finally they became engaged without ever having seen each other. When a French girl is betrothed, she takes her ring to church and it is blessed by the priest. Berthot frequently gave me his fiancée’s letters to read, such is the open-hearted simplicity of the French soldier. They are just like big children, trusting, gay, and warm-hearted. They talk eagerly about their comrades’ brave deeds, but they are silent about their own, and it is inspiring to see their faces glow when they speak of la patrie or la belle France, and their chests swell as they give voice to the verses of the “Marseillaise,” the grandest of all battle hymns. The Frenchman idolises his country, but he has no imperial spirit, and that is why he makes such a bad coloniser.

Another marked difference between the French and us is the way in which they spend their spare time. Sport, in our sense of the word, is unknown to the Poilu. When he is convalescent, he works at making photo-frames out of oak-leaves, or finger-rings, doyleys, &c.; he sits on the river bank with a fishing-line, or in the café with a pack of cards, but he has no outdoor games at all. He is also very untidy in his dress, he is not spick and span like the Tommy. In a French regiment it may happen that no two officers are dressed alike. They may wear scarlet and gold képis or light-blue ones, black or dark-blue or light-blue tunics, slacks or breeches, which may be either blue or scarlet with black stripes, leggings or puttees or high boots, and all these
things they may wear in any combination they like, which gives scope for a wide variety. The Zouaves wear a red tasselled cap, long, very baggy yellow trousers, and a short jacket ornamented with much braid, while the Alpine Chasseurs, the famous “Blue Devils,” who are the flower of the French Army, wear a dark-blue hunting costume and a loose Tam-o’-Shanter ornamented with a silver hunting-horn. In the Cavalry, the most striking uniform is that of the Cuirassiers. On the outbreak of war they rode out of Paris in fine array, with their horses garlanded with flowers, but in a few weeks there were very few of them left. The Artillery, and even some of the Infantry, still go into action in the old red trousers, and it is related that on one occasion, early in the war, a German battery was advancing, when they noticed a number of red-pantalooned men in the distance, and, opening fire, they soon decimated them. When, however, they advanced to count the dead, they found that they had been blazing into a field of poppies.

The best troops in the French Army are the Alpine Chasseurs and the Zouaves. The Bretons, who speak a language very like Welsh, are the best for holding on in a tight place, while the worst and most unreliable are the “gens du Midi” or Southerners.

Although the Southerners make bad soldiers, curiously enough, they have supplied some of the best generals. Castelnau, who was appointed Commander-in-Chief on the Western Front after the ghastly failure of the Champagne offensive in 1916, is a native of Tarascon, the home of Tartarin, Daudet’s celebrated “lion-hunter.” Castelnau, who has lost all his three sons in the present war, is an ardent Royalist and a devout Catholic. The Royalist party still has many staunch adherents in France, and it is still, as in the time of La Vendée, intimately associated with the Catholic party, and this accounts largely for the bitterness of the Republican politicians against the Church in France. Some fifteen years ago the religious orders were expelled from the country, and the Sisters of Charity were at the same time driven out of the hospitals. I spent eight months in the celebrated Abbey of Solesmes, which was formerly the home of the Benedictine monks, and is now a military hospital of 400 beds. The monks of Solesmes now reside in the Isle of Wight. Many of them are retired military and naval officers, and when they marched out of their Abbey several were wearing the Cross of the Legion of Honour. A lieutenant who made his men present arms to them was broken for his rashness. One of the first acts of M. Justin Godart, on assuming the Under-Secretaryship for War, was to have posted up in every ward of every military hospital in France a proclamation calling on all wounded soldiers to remember, as sons of France, that no one could compel them to worship in any particular manner, or indeed to worship at all, that they had shed their blood for la patrie, and that in return they were entitled to religious freedom, by which he meant religious indifference. The answer was given by the men on All Souls’ Day when the annual High Mass for the Dead was specially dedicated to those soldiers who had died for their country in the present war. The service was held in the Abbey Chapel, which contains some of the most celebrated sculptures in France, and is now classed as an historic building, so that the proprietor of the Abbey cannot remove or sell anything in the Chapel. Every man who was able to rise from his bed, and several others who were carried in on stretchers, attended the service. We afterwards marched to the little village churchyard, and flowers were placed on the soldiers’ graves. Our almoner, or chaplain, an old Benedictine father who remained behind as village cure when the monks departed, made a very eloquent and touching address, the bugler saluted the dead and then the flag, and we returned to the Abbey. The same spirit exists all through the Army. One cannot go into a church anywhere or at any time without seeing soldiers in uniform kneeling in prayer. Whatever France may have been before the war, she certainly does not give one the idea now of a country without religion. The part the priests have played in the war has
made a great impression on the people. Many have shouldered the rifle, many accompany the troops as almoners and have shown great bravery, still more act as orderlies in the hospitals or as X-ray experts. Our head orderly at hospital No. 16, Le Mans, was a priest of about fifty years of age. He volunteered for the Salonika expedition, and I asked him why he was deserting our service where he was doing excellent work. He replied: “Well, I have only a small flock near Meaux, on the outskirts of Paris, but I would not like to go back and face them after the war if I hadn’t been in the firing line!”

Castelnau was superseded as Commander-in-Chief by Nivelle, and later by Pétain, both young men. Pétain, the present Commander-in-Chief, was only a major at the beginning of the war, but he rapidly distinguished himself. When the Verdun offensive broke out he was in charge of the reserve army in Lorraine, where the attack was expected. General Langlé le Cary, whose military career ended at Verdun, had no heavy artillery, very inferior troops, and he had made no preparation. The French lost 17,000 prisoners alone during the first two days, and were giving way rapidly. Joffre arrived and decided to fall back behind Verdun and fight a moving battle. Then Castelnau and Pétain came on the scene. Pétain assured his chief that he could hold the position if his army could be brought up. Some of the divisional commanders were already falling back when the chiefs decided to hold on. Indescribable confusion naturally existed for a time, and the French lost heavily. Pétain’s army was brought up in motor waggons, and he issued his famous order: “Ils ne passeront pas, on les aura” (They will not pass, we will hold them). The wounded men we got from Verdun used to mutter in their delirium: “ne passeront pas.” The Poilus held on, the German phalanx was shattered, and for the first time in the war the advantage was with the Allies, every one in France knew that the Boches could not beat them in the field, and the star of hope was in the ascendant. We owe many debts to France in this war, but none greater than that of Verdun.

General Foch (pronounced Fosh), who has lately been retired from active command on account of his age, was the only French general who could get on with the English staff, and so he was always placed in command of the army next the English, i.e. on the left wing. Foch spent several years in London as Military Attaché to the French Embassy, and so came to understand our English ways.

Another interesting figure was General Gallieni, who was Governor of Paris in 1914, and subsequently became Minister of War. When he died in 1916, after undergoing a severe operation, von Kluck paid him a high compliment. He said: “When I deflected my army from Paris I relied on a rule that has been laid down in all books of military tactics ever written, viz. that the garrison of a fortress should never take the offensive, but should be reserved for defensive purposes. But I reckoned without Gallieni, who was above military rules.”

This refers of course to Gallieni’s action in scraping together all the troops in Paris—garrison, republican guard, civil guard, agents de ville, etc.—commandeering the 6,000 taxi-cabs of Paris and hurling this body of fresh troops against von Kluck’s right flank—probably the deciding factor in the miracle of the Marne. The British Army played a conspicuous part in that battle, but the British and Colonial Press were somewhat lacking in perspective in dealing with the part taken by the British. Our Army was 80,000 strong at Mons, and at the Marne it had been reduced by half its effectives. As there were nearly 2,000,000 troops engaged in that battle, the British forces constituted only 2 or 3 per cent. of the total. And so, later on, while the British Press was dealing with events in Flanders as if there was only one army opposed to the Germans, we were holding, two years after war began, only thirty-seven kilometres of front, while the French were holding 531 kilometres. The Germans have made much fun over this swaggering attitude of our Press, and especially over our accounts
of the struggle for Ypres. When our men were putting up a magnificent fight and holding on with a miserably thin line of soldiers and camp-followers against four, five or six times their number of adversaries, holding on and nothing more, our papers were full of a “great advance in Flanders,” and “notable British victories.” That this amused the Germans is of small importance, but unfortunately it also gave pain to our Allies. If we were doing nine-tenths of the fighting and our Allies claimed that they were doing three-fourths of it, I think we would have something very plain to say to them. It is very important that New Zealanders going to France should have a true knowledge of past events, and, while we listen with pleasure to appreciative comments on the work of our New Zealand Division, it is good that we should leave the singing of our own praises to others. Our trumpeters are not dead. Still more is it good that we should not depreciate the bravery and military skill of our adversaries or of our Allies. Let us keep in mind then all that the Poilu has achieved in this war, and, when the chance comes, let us extend to him the warm right hand of fellowship, pledge him in his own wine, and bless him for one of the gayest, brightest and bravest things that God ever made.

Musical Transports

I HAVE been asked to make excuses for the existence of the Entertainment Committee. I don’t intend to make public the ravings of some of its harassed members when they are told, about five minutes before a concert, that half the performers have developed symptoms of diseases and sicknesses ranging from galloping consumption to sporadic boils. I don’t intend to say anything about the demureness and coquetry of one or two Amys and Flossies who can do things but won’t, or of the (putting it mildly) blunt refusals of some of the sterner sex, who probably tell one, amongst other things, that it was Bill Massey’s they joined, not the Salvation. I merely wish, as we are about to enter the danger zone, to make my peace with the world. I feel that the people we wish most to enmesh with our cobwebs of sophistry are the companies in No. 2 Hold. We admit unconditionally that we have failed to provide them with a concert of any kind. The nearest we have been able to get to them was the concert given on No. 3 Hatch. I was not there (practical experiments with the rotten smallpox-preventing methods of a chap named Jenner prevented my appearing), but I was brutally told that it was “plurry awful.”

It is when we get loose in No. 4 Hold Aft that we scintillate, coruscate, and radiate.

THE ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE:—


The historic landing of the New Zealand and Australian Army Corps at Gallipoli on the morning of April 25, 1915, has been the subject of many reports and stories, but I doubt if anything more descriptive of the spirit of the New Zealand soldiers has been given than the narrative of a regimental cook. We have had the dry official reports, the glowing praise from His Majesty's Imperial Government, the graphic stories of the official war correspondents (written sometimes from the deck of a battleship) and the disjointed communications of men who took part in the day's operations and lived to tell the tale, but with the exception of the last-mentioned none has got quite to the heart of things, none has shown, as the cook's story shows, that every New Zealander felt that day that the honour of his country and the fate of the British Empire rested on his shoulders. Great as the task was with its attendant danger to life and limb no member of the New Zealand Army shirked his share. He had left home to fight and if need be lay down his life for King and Country. This regimental cook was a member of a unit which went into action about 1,000 strong and at roll-call next morning mustered only 217.

Gallipoli gave to our men a glorious opportunity of showing the Motherland that the freedom of life under the Union Jack in far distant countries was regenerating the race, and that a new, but distinctly British, type was being evolved under the sunny skies and on the wide open spaces of the Dominion, a type devoted to sport and outdoor life, free and independent in manner and nature, yet amenable to discipline, and distinctly superior in physique to the average resident of the United Kingdom. Such were the men who answered Kitchener's call and went into camp in New Zealand as members of the main body of the Expeditionary Force, and who, after months of home training, a perilous voyage to Egypt, and months of training in that land of sin, sand and sweat, were ordered to take part in the Dardanelles operations.

Joe, the regimental cook, who was a member of the main body, was landed with his comrades and he lived to tell the tale, but he returned to the Dominion a cripple and will probably remain so for life. It was from the depths of an easy chair against which his crutches were leaning that he told his story. A newspaper man had a brother, sergeant in an infantry regiment, killed on the day of the landing, and it was while seeking information about the manner of his death that he met Joe, who was attached to this particular unit.

"Know your brother? I should think I did. He was one of the two or three non-commissioned officers left standing at midday, but shortly afterwards he got smacked clean out. He was leading the few remaining men of his platoon when he was hit. There was no suffering, he was killed on the spot."

A little coaxing and Joe told the story of his adventures on that never-to-be-forgotten day. He said they were keenly expectant overnight at the prospect of going into action next day, and most of them felt nervous, but each man was determined not to show his anxiety. When the troops were being towed ashore in the early morning most of them had an uncanny feeling which was enhanced by crackle of rifle and machine-gun fire and the white puffs of smoke. He then continued:

"When the boats grounded on the beach I made a rush with the others, and as I was landed without cooking utensils and without arms I did not know what to do. I was afraid and yet I was determined to do my bit, so I decided to get into it with my pals. I felt that I might be smacked out on the beach, doing nothing, so I said to myself, 'Joe, old boy, you just hop along and if you keep going there will soon be a rifle and ammunition to spare.' Some of our chaps were being pinked on the beach, so we were ordered to climb the steep face of the hill and lie under cover of the
ridge. All the time we were lying there the shrapnel was bursting on all sides of us. I was asking myself while I was lying there why I ever left my home in peaceful Wairarapa, for I was really scared to death. Then the order to charge was given and I thought to myself, 'Now's your chance, Joe, somebody is sure to get hit and you can get his rifle and bayonet.' There was a barrage of shrapnel on the reverse slope of the hill and we went over the top and down into the gully with a great yell. I went down in two or three jumps, too fast for shrapnel to hit me, and then to my great joy saw a pick, one point of which was stuck carelessly in a mound of stones such as might mark the burial-place of some person. I noticed two other similar mounds past and over which our boys were racing. I made a bee-line for the pick, with which I knew I could do effective work if it came to fighting at close quarters, but just as I was about to grab the handle a tall Australian soldier came out from cover under some scrub and roared, 'Leave that blanky pick alone, you blanky, blanky madman. It's the key to the blanky Turkish mines. You'll blow the whole blanky lot of us to blanky hell if you try to pull it out.'

Continuing, Joe said, 'I stopped dead in my tracks, but my blood was up now, and as we were in Shrapnel Gully I soon got an opportunity to arm myself. Our men were going down like ninepins, but eventually the remainder of the company worked up on to a plateau, and here we made a fine target for the Turkish machine gunners. We had come over what for all the world might have been described as the edge of a large saucer with the enemy machine guns posted on a height on the far side. Again we lost a lot of men, and at about 2.30 p.m. an Australian officer ordered us to retire to cover on the gully side of the plateau. It was just as I was about to go over the edge of the saucer's lip into cover that I felt an awful whack in my back as if someone had thrown a brick at short range and hit me between the shoulders, and I knew nothing more until I woke up on board a hospital ship with my leg in a cradle and seemingly the whole of my body bandaged. I did not care a damn in those days what they did to me except at dressing time, and then I was unable to help taking an interest in things. I don't know how I got wounded in the leg, I only felt the smack in the back, the result of which was a broken shoulder blade. My leg was broken at the ankle. I was taken to England, and I don't know which was the worse, the two-bob or the hundred-quid wound. You see when a man arrived in England in those days with a wound the bandages of which could not be seen he did not get the same attention as the soldier with a bandage round the head, or with his arm in a sling, or on crutches. The hidden wound was called a two-bob wound, but the injury which caused a fellow to use crutches was worth fully a hundred quid to him. He was made a great fuss of, and ladies called with their motor cars to take him for a run into the country and also entertained him at afternoon tea and other little functions. Of course they made a fuss of all wounded soldiers, particularly the men from Overseas, but the soldier on crutches—like the Artillery-men in the camps—swanked it over all the rest.'

The regimental cook paused for a while, warily moved himself into a new position and then musingly said: 'The landing was a hell of a botch. No arrangements were made to feed the men or to cook for them, but by God you should have seen our boys get into it that day. I was knocked about a good deal, and God only knows if I will ever be right again, but I wouldn't have missed that one glorious day even if it costs me half my lifetime, as well as the pain I have suffered. Victoria Crosses were won by the sugar-bag full that day, but we weren't looking for medals, we were looking for Turks and I'm damned if I saw a single one!'

 Sister (to inexperienced orderly). "This patient has not got a temperature."

Orderly (gloomily). "Oh, yes he has, Sister, it's normal."
ON Sunday, July 1, we crossed the equator in weather "that would make your bloomin' eyebrows crawl."

In order to avoid a clash of ceremonies Neptune held his court on the Saturday, and the proceedings were thoroughly enjoyed by everybody, including the victims. The time-honoured traditions of the occasion were not widely departed from, but the costumes and disguises were above the average, and the gags were not of the hackneyed order.

Father Neptune's part was well taken by Gr. Dent, and his wife and daughter were interestingly represented by Cpl. Redstone and Pte. Woods. Their by-play was at times distinctly good. The part of lawyer was taken by Lce.-Cpl. Grayson, whose humorous remarks and resonant delivery were in a large measure responsible for the success of the afternoon. Sgt.-Major Jennens was a capable barber, and his boy, Pte. Saunders, was one of the chief successes. He was distinctly gentle in his handling of the brush and paste-pot, as were the four bears, Sgt. Gordon, Cpl. Shakeshaft and Mackie, and Gr. Grant, in the administration of the punishment meted out to the culprits. The doctor's part was taken, with great success, by Captain Moore, who (tell it not in Gath) was arrayed in the blue-and-white stripes of the butcher. Captain Macdonald acted as anaesthetist. Instead of administering the usual tar and soap pills, they operated on their victims. The anaesthetic, which consisted of ice-cold water, was introduced under the shirt by a Higgins's syringe, and had anything but a calming effect. On the operating table various objects of interest were extracted from the patients. The policemen, Sgts. Old and Butcher, Pte. Puller and Gr. Wright, with Pte. Ansell as sergeant, had no difficulty in making the arrests, as all the culprits came willingly.

Sgt. Prosper and Pte. Massey made captivating mermaids, Cpl. Fauvel was well up as chaplain, and Pte. Smith was quite a fascinating nurse. Sgt.-Major Childs was elaborately decorated for the part of Beau Brummel. Sgt. Darracott acted as Master of Ceremonies, and the arrangements for the afternoon's amusement were made by a committee consisting of Captain Kirk (chairman), Sgts. Macartney, McLeod, Ward, and Darracott (secretary). There was an entire absence of horse-play, and everybody accepted the punishment meted out in the spirit of perfect good nature.

Punctually at 1.30, pip emma, Neptune and his cortège emerged from the sea and clambered over the starboard bow. They were received by the Commander, who welcomed them, and so far forgot himself as to imprint a hearty embrace on the lips of the nurse. He then gave orders for all intending communicants to be handed over to the judgment of Neptune. The procession then marched up to the hospital, where they amused the patients for some time, after which a photo was taken on the boat deck.

Business then commenced on No. 3 hatch, at the side of which a canvas tank of seawater had been rigged up. Proceedings opened with the trial of Captain Kirk, who came sportingly forward to take his gruelling. Neptune was surprised to see him, as he thought he had missed the boat at Fremantle. He was handed over to the Doctor, who gave him some "gift pineapple" to chew, the supposed pineapple consisting of pieces of turnip soaked in solution of quinine. An exploratory incision revealed a long string of ship's sausages in the abdomen, and he was sentenced to three duckings. Captain Veale was charged with conspiring with tinned tongues to damage the men's insides. He also submitted to the tender mercies of the operator. From one padre was extracted a diminutive baby, while in the heart of the other (an ardent prohibitionist and anti-everything) were found a bottle of "green
stripe” and a euchre pack. From the O.C. Gumdiggers was removed a sheep’s jaw, and from the mate a large amount of abdominal fat which breathed a suggestion of having spent some time in the butcher’s shop. The diminutive S.M. Engineers was brought up well corded, as befitted such a dangerous character. He pleaded guilty to being a war-baby, and was forthwith led to the christening. His opposite, Lieut. Baker, had a thigh bone removed by the surgeon, but was still able to get a scissor’s hold on the barber, whom he dragged into the bath with him. Lieut. McKeeffy was found guilty of “colour” blindness and duly sentenced. The cateran chieft who struts about as ship’s S.M. was convicted of being a renegade Irishman, and of being the cause of all the trouble, the cause of all the crime. Other officers and men passed through the ordeal, and then, in order that no one might feel that he had been overlooked, the bos’n turned the hose on all and sundry. Everyone agreed that a very agreeable and amusing afternoon had been spent.

**Trench to Liverpool**

Immediately after the despatch of the main body of troops Trentham was selected as the site for the central training camp for the Dominion. Some people said it was a case of a carpenter building a house because he had a door; that because there was a rifle-range at Trentham a huge camp was built adjacent to it. Be that as it may, and despite opposition from the other provincial capitals, a central camp was established there. Nobody had had any actual experience of the new order of things, and it stands to the everlasting credit of the higher Defence Authorities in New Zealand that they noted criticism and listened to reason, and, as the result, Trentham eventually became one of the best military training camps in the Empire. When the Featherston Camp was built a little over 12 months ago an attempt was made to avoid the faults of the older depot, with the result that for comfort and completeness the new establishment also ranks very high among similar institutions.

Those of the 25ths who growled at the disabilities of camp life in New Zealand had an opportunity to reflect on their ingratitude when they were sent to Liverpool for a week under canvas. Of course no one was to blame when heavy rain fell the first evening and streams of water ran through the tents, but somebody might have given the New Zealanders some butter to spread on their bread! To stop a New Zealander’s allowance of butter is as bad a crime as robbing a babe of its mother’s milk! And then, again, the Maorilanders come from a place which produces excellent beef and mutton, and they are not used to eating kangaroo meat. However, life at Liverpool Camp had its compensations, and there were some little things that counted. For instance, no one in New Zealand ever saw an ice-cream vendor accompany soldiers on a route march, and neither did anyone ‘way back in “Pig Island” ever see a one-man travelling pie-shop in our camp. There was very little drill at Liverpool, but there was a bathing parade in about six inches of water—it was fresh water, and, oh, the luxury of a fresh-water bath!

There was an inspection by the Governor-General of Australia, a concert at which all the performers were ex-New Zealand ladies, and there was the first active-service pay parade at which we received ten-days’ pay at a shilling a day, and with that magnificent amount some of us averted starvation by having our meals at the Hotel Australia. Nobody had any trouble to get leave from Liverpool. You just bought a railway season ticket, which carried you from the camp to Sydney, and vice versa, for a fortnight, at a cost of 2s. The possession of this railway ticket was equivalent to a pass, and thus most of our men travelled into Sydney every night and also stayed in for the week-end. Sydney we loved, Liverpool we loved less, but the warmth of our welcome, and the enthusiastic tributes on our departure, demonstrated plainly that the Sydney people did not mean to inflict Liverpool on us. It just happened!
Festive Fremantle: A Futurist Impression!

I HAVE seen the festive city—and I am glad! How feeble a word is festive—how meagre the pale word glad. But Art is restraint, and I am boiling over. How shall I begin? And where? Those “crowded hours of glorious life” . . . . The vivid memories pushing each other out of the way in a feverish helter-skelter—a sort of roisterous rigadoon. “See Naples and die!” quoth the fool. Ha! Ha! See Fremantle and live, say I. For I have seen it with these very eyes; have seen it in the twilight, bathed in riotous shimmer of lamps; have seen it sleeping under the sable curtain of night; have seen it in the strong, glad sunshine of the morn. Oh, the vision of Fremantle!

When our careless craft glided slowly into the harbour my heart thumped madly against my ribs. I was to quaff the chalice of realisation—to taste the very substance of my early dreams. It was all too wonderful! And the captain . . . . what an artist! A common skipper might have pushed the nose of our craft between the hulks of ugly ships and hurried beside the squalid wharf. Our captain has an eye for contour—for landscape—for distance. Yes, distance. For what is Art without perspective? And what is perspective but distance?

We “laid off”—what a phrase! . . . whilst vulgar vessels sneaked “alongside”—hateful word! We shaded our eyes, and swept in many glances the fine escarpment which divides Fremantle from her caressing waters. All through the quiet night we laid off . . . and an argosy of mercy brought us fuel—O, aesthetic captain!—so that our morning view of the perfect port might be without alloy.

In the evening I gazed landwards . . . and there was the happy city. Towering above all else was a great hotel—fitly named Australia. The structure of that voluptuous pile gravely itself on my very soul. With fluttering heart and throat parched with excitement, I watched the young Ganymedes pull down the satin blinds. I watched their shadows as they flitted swiftly and gracefully to and fro, bearing silvery salvers in their
shapely hands. Each salver held frothing beakers and glittering glasses

*Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,*
*With headèd bubbles winking at the brim*
*And purple-stained mouth.*

I saw the shadows of the well-clad guests as they drained the vessels to the dregs! I watched the rise and fall of their manly breasts . . . . and my soul called out to Fremantle . . . . and the echo of my soul's cry sounded strangely in my heart of hearts. A poignant longing swept over me . . . . and the unbidden tears rushed to my amorous eyes. It was too much! I swallowed a draught of warmish lemon-juice and retired to bed—to dreams—to dream of the city of unsatisfied thirst.

In the golden haze of dawning my Fremantle was still there! It hadn't moved! The façades of the beautiful building of Pleasure were richly gilded by the generous sun. I felt again the relentless call of the city, and laid aside my raiment ready for the great surprise. But something held me back. What was it? . . . . Even when the little

tender came to us, and some of the curious went aboard, I remained glued to the deck—held by the golden chain of destiny. Hour succeeded hour . . . . and there I stood—feasting my eyes on the sensuous beauty of that glorious hotel, what time imagination ran riot in its interior. What were its happy denizens doing! I wondered. And I was still steeped in tense surmise when the party of sight-seers returned. It was even as I feared. Like the envoys to the land of the Lotus, they had fed on the fateful fruit. Their eyes danced with the morbid brilliance of those about to die; they swayed to and fro—as if the grandeur of their vision had relaxed the muscles of control. Some faces wore the hectic flush of men who have gazed upon unspeakable things . . . . and do not wish to talk of them again. But the officer commanding was yearning to hear them speak—and their tones were awe-stricken.

Enough for me that I have seen the festive city. For my soul was light on the morrow; but the spirits of those who had ventured forth were heavy—as with secret sin. Fremantle—adieu! *My Fremantle!* I shall visit thee again!

**Our Commander**

Our Commander, Captain White-Parsons, V.C., is a bluff sea-dog of the old type—a veritable handy man, ready at a moment's notice to take on the job of any other man on board and to do it better. He knows more about military procedure than the C.O., more about medical diagnosis than the P.M.O., more about guiding-rods than the chief engineer, more about Christian experience than the padres, and more about sanitation than the W.H. fatigue. He is, in very truth, *homo teres, totus atque rotundus*, an Admiral Crichton of the King Edward VII. Class—in fact he took the trouble to have appendicitis some years ago just to increase the resemblance. On rounds he roars as gently as any sucking dove, but on occasion his language becomes quite figurative.

When, however, we arrived in the danger zone we realised that there was one job that the Captain understood thoroughly, and that was his own. None of us will ever forget the way he stuck to his post on the bridge from early morn till late at night, snatching only a few hours' sleep during the hours of comparative safety in the dead of night. As a wise commander should do, he kept up the *moral* of all on board by avoiding all reference to the possibility of danger. There is nothing so paralysing to oneself and so infectious to others as the indulgence in dispiriting and depressing thought, and it is the rule at sea, as in the army, to avoid unnecessary reference to the dangers that await us. Captain White-Parsons earned the gratitude of all for his bearing in that trying week.
The Hospital

If we can make any deduction from the number of men on sick parade lately it is possible that by the time this journal reaches its readers nearly everybody on Transport 84 will have passed through the ship's hospital. The efficiency of the calf lymph sent abroad for vaccination purposes has been responsible for some hospital cases, and in addition to minor casualties and ailments there has been a severe epidemic of influenza. Luckily there is on board Transport 84 a nursing Sister, Mrs. Macdonald, who has had wide active service experience, and in consequence the ship's hospital is, under her direct guidance, very efficiently run. The calm and tactful, yet firm, manner in which a nurse handles the patients in hospital earns the admiration of those whose misfortune places them in a position to note the daily routine of the institution. There are good and bad patients, the very ill and the "grousy," convalescent, the impatient "dinkum," and the foxy malingerer, and these have to be treated according to their personalities and idiosyncrasies. Most of them leave hospital satisfied at least with the attention given them, and if our sick appreciate the ministrations of nurses, how grateful must the poor broken boys at the Front be when they are brought in from the field to hospital covered in mud, and are received by the night sisters, washed, dressed and put to bed as the preliminary step to recovery. Mrs. Macdonald worked as a member of that noble sisterhood in a war hospital in France, therefore we are indeed fortunate to have her in charge of our hospital, where the work has been anything but light, as may be judged from the fact that on one day there were fifty-four in-patients and eighty others paraded sick. The medical orderlies have had a great deal to do, and have done it well. Corporal Ellis and Pte. Cartwright, in charge of the wards and dressing station respectively, have rendered special service and have worked untiringly. Some of us may unfortunately have further experience of military hospitals, and, if we do, let us hope that we will be as well cared for as on the Turakina.

Just before our arrival at Sydney, Pte. G. W. Wright, of C Coy., was found to be suffering from appendicitis. He was conveyed ashore to a military hospital at the barracks under the direction of Captain Stephenson, P.M.O., and was immediately operated on. When we left Sydney he was making a rapid and successful recovery from the operation.

At Sydney Q.M.S. W. Baker, Tunnelling Corps, was sent back for medical reasons, and at Capetown the following N.C.O. and men were examined by a Medical Board and sent to Maitland Hospital to await a boat for return passage to New Zealand:—Sergt. Grant (Specialists), Gnr. Eban (N.Z.F.A.), Pte. Morris (Specialists), Ptes. Harding and White (B Coy.), Pte. Sangster (G Coy.), Pte. Walker (H Coy.), and Ptes. Olsen and Turfus (J Coy.).
As the health of men cooped up on board ship is likely to become affected unless plenty of physical exercise is provided, it is considered sound practice in the Army to encourage this on troopships by the organisation of games and sports. Usually the Sports Committee is one of the first formed, but, owing to the rough weather, very little was done on Transport 84 until after departure from Fremantle. The deck space is limited, but much friendly sparring with the gloves was done on No. 3 Hatch, and the men also amused themselves with friendly athletic contests of a varied nature. However, two committees were eventually formed.

**EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.**


**UNIT REPRESENTATIVES.**


Chairman of Committee, Pay-Sgt. F. H. Burbush.

Secretary, Sgt. N. McCartney (Art.).

The first events were decided on June 2. The principal event of the afternoon was the Alarm Race, in which teams of one N.C.O. and twelve men (one team from each unit on board) competed. The Artillery and Specialist teams tied for first place, and in the final the Artillery won.

An event which caused much amusement was the "Cock-fight" competition. Each unit was represented, and the final round was contested by Norman, G Coy., and Brown, Maoris. Norman succeeded in pushing his dusky opponent out of the ring, and thus won the competition.

The hopping-the-quoit competition, which attracted a representative nomination, was won by Pte. Friday Pirini, Maoris, who defeated Spr. L. J. Williamson, Engineers, in the final.


**BOXING.**

The Sports Committee decided in regard to the holding of the Boxing Tournament that four classes be catered for, namely: 9 st. 8 lb. and under, 10 st. 8 lb. and under, 11 st. 8 lb. and under, and any weight over 11 st. 8 lb. Each unit was invited to nominate one representative for each class. A large number of men took part in the eliminating trials, which were held on No. 3 Hatch for the purpose of finding the unit representatives. These trials took some days to dispose of, and there were some really sporting bouts. The boxing experts on the Sports Committee controlled the eliminating trials.

The finals, after a number of postponements, were fought out on the starboard side of the fo'ard deck on July 16. The boxing throughout was interesting and at times exciting. The whole of the contests lasted the stipulated period of three two-minute rounds, and on one occasion the Judge and Referee called on the contestants to box another round.

The final of 9 st. 8 lb. class was contested by Pte. D. Algar (8 st. 13 lb.), B Coy., and Spr. T. Lowe (9 st.), Tunnelling Coy. This was a very even contest in the opening rounds. Algar, who was in the better condition, was awarded the contest on points.

The 10 st. 8 lb. class was won by Pte. E. Tempest (9 st. 13 lb.), B Coy., who defeated
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Pte. M. J. Murphy (10 st. 7 lb.), H Coy. The winner was very aggressive, and worried his heavier opponent throughout the three rounds.

Sgt. J. Prosper (11 st. 8 lb.), Engineers, had a somewhat easy win over Pte. Pikikotuku (11 st.), Maoris. The latter, who was better known on board as Massey, provided, in spite of severe punishment, the humour of the morning.

There was a simmer of excitement among the spectators when Lance-Cpl. H. McNeil (14 st.), Tunnelling Coy., and Lance-Cpl. E. Maddern (12 st.), B Coy., entered the ring to contest the heavy-weight final. Maddern kept his older and more experienced opponent busy during the three rounds of the bout, and the Judge and Referee ordered the men to box another round. McNeil's experience and weight told in this round, and he was declared the winner.

The officials who acted during the eliminating bouts and final matches were:— Referee, Pay-Sgt. F. H. Burbush; Judges, Capt. R. V. Johnston and Pte. A. A. Pritchard; Surgeon, Capt. S. A. Moore; Timekeeper, Sgt. N. McCartney; Ring Steward, Pte. A. Saunders.

Football Match.

A Rugby football match between teams representing the Turakina and Tofua Contingents was played at the High School Ground, Durban, and was won by the former team by 9 points to 3.

Life on Board Ship

In accordance with the usual custom, shortly after leaving Wellington the sergeants held a meeting for the purpose of forming a Sergeants' Mess.

During the course of the voyage Battery Sgt.-Major H. E. Childe, and later Sgt.-Major J. T. Mosley, occupied the Presidential chair, and the following members formed the committee: Sgts.-Major F. Green, T. K. Jennens, H. McLean, F. Tyerman, Pay-Sgt. F. Burbush and Sgt. J. Prosper, with the Presidents ex-officio members. Sgt. C. J. Darracott was elected secretary and treasurer, and Sgt. T. C. Ward was appointed auditor. A committee was appointed to deal with the social side of the Mess. The members elected to this body were Sgt.-Major T. K. Jennens, Sgts. E. Bastion, J. Prosper and A. Ross.

The entertainment committee did good work, and special praise is due to its convener, Sgt.-Major Jennens, who took an active part in arranging concerts for the men on board.

The Turakina team was as follows:—


Presentation of Prizes.

The prizes won in the various competitions held during the voyage were presented to the winners by Capt. J. R. Kirk, O.C. Troops on No. 3 Hatch, on the evening of July 18. Capt. Kirk congratulated the winners and thanked those who had assisted in the arrangement and carrying out of the various sports and competitions. The banner presented for competition among the various units in connection with the sports and athletic contests was won by B Coy. with 8 pts., the Maoris being second with 7 pts., and the Engineers and Tunnellers equal for third with 5 pts. each. Lt. McCrea received the banner on behalf of the company.
To the committee is due the credit for the formation of a ship’s orchestra, whose music added to the pleasure of the concerts held during the voyage. A “500” tournament was eventually won by Sgts. A. G. Caines and G. H. McLeod.

Towards the end of the voyage a letter was sent to Mrs. Macdonald, the transport’s nursing sister, expressing the gratitude of the members for her kindness towards the patients that had come under her charge.

Thanks are also due to Sgt. Darracott for his work as secretary and treasurer; to Sgt. Ward for his services as auditor; and to Cpl. Grayson and his staff.

**Literary Committee**

The following were appointed to act on this committee: Capt. Kirk (convenor), Capt. Macdonald, Lts. Rule and Duggan. The following N.C.O.s and men were also appointed to this committee and acted as reporters for the journal:—Sgt.-Majors McLean and Tyman, Pay-Sgt. Burbush, Sgts. Darracott, Gurr, Macartney, and Ward, Cpl. Perks, L.-Cpls. Grayson and Shakeshaft, Ptes. Moore and Cartwright, Gunner Watts, Sapper Lowe.


The following are the results of the prize competitions:

1. **Title of the Magazine**: Sgt. Brown, H.Q.


4. **Short Story**: Pay-Sgt. Burbush.

**Religious Services**

Religious services were held regularly every Sunday during the voyage for those of the Anglican, Roman Catholic and Presbyterian faiths. Prayer meetings were also held on Wednesday evenings by Chaplain-Captains Gilbert and Harvey.

Captain Harvey also held several services for the patients in hospital. During the voyage he prepared some thirty men for confirmation. They were confirmed at Cape-town by Bishop Gaul, late of Mashonaland. The first communion was held in the saloon on Sunday, July 8, when there were some fifty communicants in all.

The services for the Roman Catholics, who had no Padre, were conducted in turn by Lieuts. Dignan, Duggan, McKeeffy and Poppelwell.

**The Merry Pipes of Pan**

Before our arrival at Fremantle a sum of about £30 was subscribed by all ranks for the purpose of acquiring an orchestra. The task of selecting the instruments was entrusted to Capt.-Chaplain Harvey, who was very successful in his choice, and we possessed quite an imposing band, consisting of euphonium, cornet, clarinet, piccolo, triangle, &c. The men are under a deep debt of gratitude to Captain Harvey.
for the interest he has taken in arranging frequent concerts for them.

Turakina Camera Club

On June 2 a meeting of all those interested in photography was held in the saloon. Capt. Kirk was in the chair. After some discussion it was resolved to form a club to be known as the Turakina Camera Club. Sgt. McCartney was appointed chairman of the executive committee, with Cpls. Fauvel, Leach and McKinnon, and Pte. Green as members. Sgt. C. J. Darracott was duly elected secretary. Captain Kirk undertook to censor the films. A developing committee was set up, consisting of Cpl. Leach and Pte. Green.

Publishers' Explanation

A FEW words of explanation are necessary in regard to the publication in London of this journal. In the first place we desire to apologise to several contributors, literary and artistic, for the non-publication of their articles and sketches. The high price of paper and printing-material in London necessitated a reduction in the size of the journal, and therefore we were reluctantly compelled to reject some good articles, sketches and photographic matter. The exigencies of military life caused unforeseen delays, and the work of distribution will probably become a serious problem. The delay has been caused by circumstances quite beyond our control. However, we are confident that members of the Left Wing of the 25th Reinforcements will be proud of their journal, and we assure the subscribers that no matter how great the difficulty the copies will be delivered to them. All communications should be addressed to Corporal F. H. Burbush, Army Pay Corps, Ardmay Private Hotel, 24 Woburn Place, London, W.C.

Capt. W. M. Macdonald, N.Z.M.C. 
Publishing Corp. F. H. Burbush, A.P.C. 
Committee.

M.O. (on sick parade). “Well, what is wrong with you?”

Pte. Orthiers (in the tropics). “I’m suffering from a population in my breast.”

King’s Messenger

On the day we was unit fer footy,
I was detailed as runner on deck;
Done up in me slouch ‘at an’ putties,
An’ me life-belt slung round me neck.

A bloke sent me out with a message
Right down the blunt end o’ the “Ark.”
It was just 9 a.m. when I started . . .
Before I got back—it was dark!

I’d barely got up to the ladder,
When a sentry sings out “Old on, mate!”
I salutes ’im an’ ses “Tis, yer ’igness!
Don’t stop me, sir, else I’ll be late!”

The second adventure I met with
Was along of a young N.C.O.,
‘E was wipin’ a dormit’ry floor up
Fer the Cissy lads—spec’lists & Co.

I next ’ad a go at the mess-deck,
Where the Lance-Jack in charge isn’t ’ard;
But ’e bawls “Go back! ’Rounds isn’t been yet,”
So I thinks to meself “Promenade!”

The next cove I meets ’ad a badge up:
They call ’em ship’s p’leece, I believe;
On footy, they swagger an armlet,
Wot used to be white, on their sleeve.

“Ter mustn’t come ’ere!” shouts Perliceman,
“Yer’d better get back!” howls ’is mate;
“We’re on a parade!” whines a Corp’ral,
“You’d better go for’ard an’ wait!”

Any’ow, I got through in the finish,
An’ when I got back on the deck,
I was ’ungry an’ tired an’ bewildered—
A bundle of physical wreck.

Ab, soldiers and comrades, in future,
If you’re sent anywhere with a note,
An’ yer ’aven’t an aeroplane ’andy—
Just hire or borrow a boat!

Orderly (to new patient). “Have you got pyjamas?”

Patient. “No. I’ve got influenza.”
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Nominal Roll

Officer Commanding 25th Reinforcements:—

Officer Commanding Troops Transport 84:—

Principal Medical Officer:—
Capt. R. S. Stephenson, N.Z.M.C.

Headquarters’ Staff


Principal Medical Officer:—
Capt. R. S. Stephenson, N.Z.M.C.

Headquarters’ Staff


N.Z.F.A.


N.Z. Engineers


5th Tunnelling Company

Specialists

SIGNALLING SECTION.


MACHINE-GUN SECTION.


Infantry, "B" Company


Infantry, "C" Company

Infantry, “G” Company


Infantry, “H” Company


Infantry, “J” Company


17th Maori Reinforcements


N.Z. Medical Corps


N.Z. Dental Corps

Obituary: Pte. A. E. Thomson

There is something unusually sad—unusually depressing—in a death at sea. This sadness is increased when the life lost is that of a young soldier of the Empire going home to the old country for the first time on the stern errand of offering his youth, his strength, his life on the altar of national sacrifice. It was not given to Private A. E. Thomson to reach the battlefield, to take part in the glory and pomp of war; but he died none the less in the execution of his duty, and in answer to his country's call. He earned the guerdon of his country's gratitude no less than his comrades who have fallen in action. After a brief illness, during which he struggled manfully against increasing weakness, he suddenly collapsed from heart failure. He was admitted to hospital, but unfortunately his heart did not respond to treatment, and he passed away peacefully at four o'clock on Monday, May 28. Next morning we drew ahead of the other ships, and at eight o'clock a touching and beautiful service was conducted by Captain-Chaplain Harvey, and the body was committed to the deep. A firing party of his comrades fired three volleys, and the bugler sounded the "Retreat" and the "Last Post." All troops were paraded and stood to attention during the sad ceremony. On the other ships also troops were paraded and messages of sympathy were signalled across to the Furakina.

Thomson, who reported at Trentham on March 8, was a native of Christchurch, and his home was in the Cashmere Hills. We understand that two of his brothers are on active service, and that his sister is a nurse in Christchurch Hospital, where she helps to tend wounded soldiers.

The deep sympathy of all officers and men of the XXVths goes out to his mother and family in their bereavement. When peace comes, some New Zealand mothers will pay a sad visit to lonely graves with plain wooden crosses amid the smiling fields of France, or the arid plains of Egypt. Some may even make a pilgrimage to graves at Anzac and Suvla, not far from those of Hector and Agamemnon, or to the historic spot where Samson toiled.

Eyeless, in Gaza, at the mill, with slaves.

Our comrade's grave is marked only by the Southern Cross, his sole requiem is the call of the wheeling sea-bird, his sleep is in the everlasting waters.

Capt. Kirk's Message

Extract from Routine Orders.

I desire, before disembarking, to express to all ranks my appreciation of the manner in which their various duties, since we left New Zealand, have been carried out. The discipline observed has been commendable, while the conduct of the troops at all times, both on sea and shore, has been such as to uphold the good name gained by previous drafts. The voyage has been longer than anticipated, but the good spirit and willing and cheerful obedience shown have caused it to be such as can be looked back upon with pleasure; and it is with the heartiest good will that I am reporting to Headquarters my keen appreciation of the assistance to this end rendered by all ranks.

Through the perils of the deep we have, under the guidance of the Almighty, been safely brought to our destination by the master of this transport and his officers, and it is with a due sense of gratitude to God that I express my thanks for the care and protection that has been afforded us all.

On disembarking we shall possibly be drafted to different camps, and before that occurs I wish to say that whatever the future may hold for any of us, wherever our footsteps may be directed, I shall always cherish the remembrance of the days I have spent with you, my shipmates. Wherever you go my thoughts will follow you, and you will carry with you my warmest wishes for your safety, welfare, and promotion.
THE NEW ZEALAND WAR CONTINGENT ASSOCIATION

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM, 3190 and 3191.

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Hospitality Committee: THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE (Chairman).
Entertainment Committee: R. M. MACDONALD, Esq. (Chairman).

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Matron: Miss TOMBE.

N.Z. MILITARY NURSES' REST HOME, Sandwich, Kent. Matron: Miss TOMBE.